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IRELAND!

The Land League Still in the Ascendant—Desperate state of affairs at New Pallas—Resisting Unjust Ejection—Father Sheehy and Brennan Arrested, and other True Men Step to the Front and fill the ranks.

DUBLIN, May 13.—The *Irish World* correspondent cables the following:—

The sentiment of the country is becoming stronger against the bill; and the National Convention which has been summoned to convene in Dublin, after the bill has passed the committee of the House is sure to reject it.

The Government manifests great anxiety about Dillon. Not for his sake but for its own. A certain member of the Cabinet has been heard to express an opinion that if anything occurs to Dillon their lives will be in danger.

Some patriotic music bands serenaded the prisoners of Kilmalham last Sunday. The Castle was in consternation. A rescue was feared, and the authorities immediately drafted all the available police to defend the prison.

The land movement is going on vigorously. Meetings are being held in all sections, and a "no surrender" resolve rings in the speeches and resolutions. The people who begin to realize their own power and the resources of the Land League are determined to strike against rents all round.

Secretary Forster has made an appeal to Parnell, in Parliament, if he (Parnell) promised he would not encourage those tenants who are able to pay the landlords to resist the collection of rents, he (Forster) would offer some protection to such tenants as are not able to pay. The offer will be refused.

The general strike against rents is maintained all round. The landlords cannot collect the rents even from the most prosperous farmers, notwithstanding they are reinforced with the assistance of police, soldiers, sheriffs, and the emergency men.

Another sale for non-payment of rent took place in Meath yesterday on the "property" of Lord Gormanstown. Two hundred police and a company of soldiers attended. Forty-five cows in the first case were seized—two for a one hundred pound rent. All that had been seized was bought in for the tenant, with the exception of an old horse which had been left on the hands of the emergency men.

Much mirth was created by the spectacle on its arrival in Dublin. Miss Parnell attended and bought in one of the cows for the tenant.

In the next sale, for a rent of seventy-four pounds, property worth a hundred pounds was seized. It realized only forty. What money was extorted from the people had to go to the sheriff. The landlord, who is still without any rent, is tearing his hair.

The sheriff, soldiers, and police next took themselves to where an eviction was advertised to take place. A crowd of five thousand people assembled round the house. The priest was there. When the Crowbar Brigade made signs of moving on the poor people in the cabin, the priest went into the house for the purpose of being evicted with them. The doors were closed in order to compel the exterminators to go through the full programme of eviction, by breaking in the doors and dragging forth the family. For an hour the people stood facing the soldiers. At length the sheriff refused to go on with the eviction, and the people triumphed.

Miss Parnell was present and spoke on the occasion. She said: "We have been very badly treated to-day. We have been brought so far to witness the sight of an eviction, and we have been deprived of the spectacle. Perhaps it may seem strange to many of you that, long as I have lived in Ireland, I have never seen an eviction; and perhaps I never shall, for it appears to me that the time is coming when evictions will be out of fashion."

LONDON, May 17.—Michael Brennan, in a speech at Ballyron, declared that a year hence any Reformer who proposes to compensate landlords will be laughed off the platform. He characterized the Land Bill as a miserable measure, and advocated a general strike against rent. He said the anti-slavery movement in America commenced by offers of compensation to the slave-owners, but slavery was washed away in blood. He said the people should make it impossible for the landlords to collect rent.

In his recent speech, Brennan said he thought the cry recently raised in some parts of Europe of "Land and Liberty" would be found to be the rallying cry of the Irish race world over. They must not waste their time in the discussion of the Land Bill, but make the country hotter, so as to make it impossible for landlords, assisted by police and soldiers, to collect rents.

Solicitor Morgan, one of the most energetic members of the Limerick Land League, has been arrested under the Coercion Act.

DUBLIN, May 18.—Mr. Parnell received a despatch yesterday announcing that a society of fishermen in America had placed \$20,000 to the credit of the Land League.

It is said that the Conservatives in the House of Commons will make an effort to protract the debate on the Land Bill beyond Thursday next. The *Daily News* says:—"In the event of the Bill being read a second time on Thursday the House will be asked to go

into Committee on Monday next and take up the Bill at the morning sittings, thus devoting four sittings a week to debate on it."

Archbishop Croke, speaking to the people at Mullinahone, urged them, while standing firmly by their rights, not to violate the laws, and not to molest the police or soldiers, who were only doing their duty. Nothing, he said, could resist a united people, and, thank God, they were united. Bishops, priests and people were all of one mind. He was proud of Tipperary's imprisoned member of Parliament (Dillon). The moment the Government put the man in prison, even if he knew nothing of him before, he concluded there was something sound in him, and that the Government believed there was something dangerous in him. By means of the present agitation Ireland would become a prosperous, contented country.

The returns of the arrests made under the provisions of the Coercion Act up to May 5th shows a total of 54.

The warrant for the arrest of Mr. Dillon asserts that he is reasonably suspected of inciting forcible resistance to the execution of the process of law for giving possession of lands, and to riot and assault.

DUBLIN, May 18.—At the meeting of the Land League yesterday the attendance was larger than usual. The reference by one of the speakers to the advisability of a general strike against the payment of rent was applauded.

DUBLIN, May 19.—A large force of police and military endeavored to serve writs on an estate at New Pallas to-day. The tenants have taken refuge on a large castle on the estate, which they put in a thorough state of defence; the service of the writs was abandoned. A flying column, with four guns, will proceed to the castle to-morrow to serve the writs.

A riot occurred over evictions in Kilmalham the Royal Marines and civilians. The people had to be dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

LONDON, May 19.—An attempt precisely like the late ones at Liverpool and Chester was made to-day on the police barracks at Hereford. A hole was dug under the wall and a torpedo put in and exploded. No one was injured, and little damage was done. The attempt is blamed on the Fenians, but is believed to be part of a plot to alienate sympathy for the Irish by making them odious.

DUBLIN, May 19.—Mr. Dillon, at his own request, has been removed from the infirmary of Kilmalham Jail to his cell. Walsh, who claims to be an American citizen, intends to appeal for intervention.

LONDON, May 19.—A caucus of Irish members of Parliament was held this afternoon, and after a warm discussion a resolution to abstain from voting on the second reading of the Land Bill was agreed to.

DUBLIN, May 19.—A large force of military and police proceeded under command of Major Vandelin, of the 9th Regiment, and Major Rolleston, of the Royal Marines, to-day, to New Pallas, County Limerick, to aid the Sheriff in evictions upon an estate. Early on the march the force was met by a large body of people who followed them, yelling, shouting and pelting them with stones. Amid a shower of missiles the Sheriff succeeded, after much difficulty, in evicting a few families. He then proceeded with his escort to a distant part of the estate, but it was discovered that the people had left their homes and had taken possession of a large castle upon the estate, which they had loop-holed and put into a thorough state of defence, and rendered it so impregnable that all idea of dislodging the occupants and serving writs were abandoned for the day. Stones still continued to be showered upon the police and the military, and so threatening was the aspect of the people who thronged round the castle that Major Rolleston ordered the police to load their rifles and the military to fix bayonets, and warned the people that if they persisted in their hostile conduct he should visit the Riot Act, and if they did not disperse within a short time he should feel it his most painful and awful duty to order the constabulary to fire and the soldiers to charge. The warning had the desired effect and the people dispersed, but not before Lieutenant Gowan, of the 9th Regiment, had received a blow from a cudgel. Several persons have been arrested, including Gowan's assailant. To-morrow morning the flying column, with four pieces of artillery, will proceed with the Sheriff to execute the writs upon the people in the Castle.

LONDON, May 20.—Nine Irish members voted on the second reading of the Land Bill. Several Irish and Conservative members abstained.

DUBLIN, May 20.—Father Sheehy and Mr. McCarthy, Secretary of the Land League at Kilmallock, and two other members of that association, have been arrested under the Coercion Act.

Sheehy and the three others arrested at Kilmallock are charged with assembling with others, and attempting by threats to incite persons to quit their employment.

Patrick Doyle, a prominent member of the Kilmallock Land League, has been arrested under the Coercion Act.

Archbishop Croke continues to make triumphal progress through his diocese holding visitations of clergy and attending Land League demonstrations.

DUBLIN, May 20.—The Government has taken a bold step in arresting a Catholic Priest. This morning the Rev. Father Sheehy, Parish Priest of Kilmallock, was taken into custody under the Coercion Act on the charge of assembling with others and unlawfully attempting, by threats and menaces, to compel divers of Her Majesty's subjects to quit their lawful employment, the aforesaid being an act calculated to interfere with the maintenance of law and order. Along with Father Sheehy were arrested Henry Gibbert, an auctioneer and farmer, John Collins and Michael McCarthy, farmers, all members of the local Land League. Not only in the county

of Limerick, but throughout the whole South of Ireland, Father Sheehy has taken a leading part in the Land Agitation. He was always a bold and popular leader. He attended the Land Conferences at Dublin and took a main part in the debates condemning the Land Bill.

Father Sheehy and his fellow-prisoners were conveyed at once to Naas jail under a strong escort. Great excitement prevailed at New Pallas. The flying column with two guns, left Limerick this morning to assist the Sheriff in making seizures for rent in the district.

LONDON, May 22.—There was a desperate fight between the people and military yesterday. Five hundred military and police endeavored to enforce evictions, and were fired on from the old Castle, where the tenants had taken refuge. Three constables were wounded, one having his skull fractured, and a soldier was also severely wounded. The attacking party clubbed the people, inflicting some serious wounds. The Castle could not be carried without artillery, and the bailiffs having disappeared, the force retired. The whole district is in a semi-insurrectionary state.

The castle on the estate at New Pallas in which tenants took refuge last Thursday to escape the service of writs has been surrounded by police and soldiery in order to starve out the garrison.

At a land meeting in Lessoway, Roscommon County, to-day, Mr. Kettle made a violent speech.

A circular has been issued to the Constabulary urging greater vigilance and activity in finding out lawless persons. Six flying columns are preserving the peace in the districts disturbed.

There is now an organized attempt by the Land League to boycott solicitors, auctioneers and others who act against tenants.

Among the Irish members who voted for the second reading of the Land Bill were Messrs. William Shaw, Mitchell Henry, David La Touche Colthurst, George Errington, John Philip Nolan, P. J. Smyth, John O'Connor Power, Daniel O'Donohue and Charles Russell. Several Irish Conservative members abstained from voting.

Salisbury, in a speech last night, characterized the Land Bill as the embodiment of Communism, and too contemptible and ridiculous to be seriously discussed. It is presumed that this outlines the attitude of the House of Lords on the Bill. A prominent journal says the risk of rejection by the House of Lords has been grievously increased and nothing more serious in British politics could be imagined. Another journal anticipates that Salisbury's action will be wiser than his words. The victory of the Conservatives in the Parliamentary election at Preston yesterday causes a sensation. The full strength of the Irish party was thrown for the Liberal candidate.

Ireland is therefore to be chosen as the Tory battle-ground. A policy of conciliation, based on justice to the tenant and compensation to the landlord, would probably be put forth as the alternative solution promising finality. This policy has been discussed by the Tory leaders as well as by Parnell, who would hail the situation with welcome, calculating on the new elections to return him to Parliament at the head of a solid phalanx of eighty men ready to support the Land League programme and self-government. He believes the Whig government would be politically annihilated, and that he could count on holding the balance of power between the two English parties.

The arrest of Father Sheehy is the first arrest of an Irish priest since the days of the old Penal Laws for an offence of the kind. A large increase in the number of agrarian outrages, and a series of collisions between Parnell's followers and Forster will likely follow.

DUBLIN, May 21.—There has been a desperate fight between the people and the military and police at New Pallas to-day. This morning 400 men of the 9th and 57th Regiments and 400 police proceeded from Limerick to the property of Col. Hare, near New Pallas, to carry out evictions. The bailiff disappeared during the march, so that no evictions could be carried out, and as the people had removed all their cattle no seizure could be made; some desperate scenes, however, occurred. The military and police were fired on from the old Castle in which the people had taken refuge. Showers of stones were also thrown. Sub-Constable Murray had his skull fractured, two other constables were wounded, and a soldier of the Royals was also severely wounded. The police and soldiers had their guns loaded, but they received no orders to fire. They, however, used their swords, bayonets, batons and rifle-butts to some purpose, and several desperate, and it is supposed, fatal wounds were inflicted. No attack could be made on the barricaded ruins without artillery, and the force returned to Limerick without having accomplished anything. The whole district is almost in a state of insurrection. Orders have been given to the Scots Guards in Dublin to hold themselves in readiness to go south at an hour's notice.

DUBLIN, May 22.—The state of affairs in the Pallas district remains much the same. The Sheriff is still unable to execute his writs of execution. The military force consisting of 100 picked men of the 9th Regiment and a similar number of the 57th returned to headquarters early this morning without attacking, as any assault on the Castle in which the occupiers of the land have fortified themselves could not but have resulted in most serious consequences. During the course of the day a council was held between the resident Magistrate, the Sheriff and the military and police officers. It was resolved to invest the castle and starve out the occupants. With this object a cordon around the castle to prevent the besieged from obtaining provisions. It is plain that all who are in the castle are determined as ever to hold out. They seem to be in the highest spirits and to be amply supplied with creature comforts of all kinds. The holders

of the castle are loudly cheered by those who are outside. The bridges have been broken down, as the idea got abroad that artillery was to be sent to storm the castle. The destruction of the bridges was intended to obstruct the passage of the cannon. It seems that the disturbances began after the sheriff's visit to the farms of two tenants. No other stock nor property of any kind was to be found, nor was any resistance offered until the Castle was reached. As soon as the Sheriff and his party approached a shower of stones came on the police from this stronghold, and the resident magistrate states that a bullet struck the wall alongside of the agent. The police, with swords, batons and rifles, beat back the crowd, but could do nothing against the Castle garrison, which was armed with scythes, forks and other implements. Three Priests arrived on the scene and exerted themselves to secure order. But for their interference there would have been blood shed. When the expedition faced for home they found another broken bridge before them, and while they were making the passage the crowd, who had broken away from the Priests, opened fire with stones. Immediately the police were given the order to load. Father O'Donnell sprang forward in front of the levelled rifles and shouted out that he would be responsible for order. Meanwhile a body of police rushed on the crowd of men and women in the rear. Swords and batons were flourished, a reporter was roughly handled, and the police struck out excitedly right and left. This was the last collision, and the police then safely crossed the bridge. Half an hour after two Land League bands, with banners, and accompanied by thousands of people, arrived on the townland from Tipperary, and, being too late for the disturbances, proceeded to celebrate the defeat of the landlords.

DUBLIN, May 23.—The state of things at New Pallas is more quiet, but the final issue of the difficulty is still very doubtful. The Sheriff has thus far refrained from any further attempts to serve his writs of ejection. Reinforcements have been ordered from Dublin and Wicklow. Neither the constabulary nor the military appear to have their hearts in the work assigned them. They give the people many indications of their desire to fraternize with them. The people still occupy the castle, and are quite confident of ultimate victory in this extraordinary contest. The bridges leading to the castle are still unrepaid.

The tenants have deserted the castle in which they took refuge at New Pallas.

DUBLIN, May 23.—Thomas Brennan, Secretary of the Land League has been arrested by order of the Lord Lieutenant under the provisions of the Coercion Act. The arrest was made in this city this afternoon. The condition of affairs in Ireland hourly becomes more and more gloomy and threatening. The remark is heard everywhere among the people "The Government is trying every means to drive us to despair; they want to torment us until we can stand it no longer, and then because we revolt they will mow us down with their artillery and their rifles." The general feeling in Dublin and outside circles immediately connected with the Castle is that the arrest of Mr. Brennan is a wanton act of petty malice, or else one of the steps which are deliberately taken to drive the people into acts of resistance and violence.

Mr. Brennan, in the complaint to the Lord-Lieutenant asking for his arrest, was charged with inciting the populace to violence, an accusation which, in the opinion of most people here, cannot be substantiated. He was taken wholly by surprise, having received no intimation of the probability of his arrest. He was arrested by Detective Mullen just as he was leaving the office of the Land League to go to luncheon. He was conveyed to Naas jail, where he now is. The exasperation of the people as they thus see day after day their friends and spokesmen suddenly snatched away from them and locked up for an indefinite period, without even a chance of being seen or of speaking, hourly increases. The English Government, with all its fine promises, is doing its best to fan the flame of discontent into a conflagration that will startle the world.

AN IMPORTANT LAW SUIT SETTLED.

AN ARMY OF DOCTORS AND LAWYERS, AND A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

A chancery suit begun at Kingston of late which, as several well known citizens of Montreal are concerned, may be of interest to our readers.

Patrick Conroy, a merchant of Kingston, died in July, 1879, leaving behind him property of all kinds worth about \$120,000. He had been confined in the Toronto Lunatic Asylum during the months of August and September, 1878; he was discharged, not as being cured, but as being improved, and a will was made by him in September, 1879, a year later and two months before his death, leaving the great bulk of his property to his sister, Mrs. Ellen Ward, and leaving John Ward, his nephew, real estate to the value of \$20,000. This will was highly unsatisfactory to his other relatives, who commenced proceedings in Chancery on the ground that deceased made the will while insane. We may mention that the parties who undertook the suit were left only nominal sums, according to the will. They are Mr. William Conroy, brother of the deceased, St. Constant street, Montreal; Dr. M. O'Brien Ward, son of Mr. Galbraith Ward, and Mrs. Sarah Cullen and Miss Rose Ward, daughters of Galbraith Ward, Esq., of Montreal, and children of sister of deceased, now herself deceased. The executors of the will were Oliver Gunn, M.P., and Dr. Sullivan of Kingston, and Mr. James Nice, Chancery Clerk. The number of doctors, lawyers and experts mixed up in the affair was something extraordinary, and there were 120 witnesses to be

called. The plaintiffs were to prove that their deceased relative was of unsound mind when he made the will, and the defendants that he was possessed of lucid intervals, during one of which the deed was executed. The Kingston *Whig* says relative to this suit:—

"What would have been the issue had the case gone to trial must remain forever unknown. By the settlement effected scientific men are deprived of what might be termed a rare treat. The plaintiffs are said to have shown a moderation in their demands. Nothing but the fact that the matter is in family dispute would have induced them to grant the defendants such favorable terms. The cause is in the case were Messrs. Galbraith Ward, for the plaintiffs, Mr. R. T. Walkem, J.C., and Mr. J. B. Walkem; Mr. T. H. Metairie for the defendants. There were for the defence, Mr. O'Sullivan, Toronto, for John, Ellen and Maurice Ward, and the Episcopal Corporation; Mr. G. M. Macdonnell, for the executors; Mr. Ewart, Toronto, for the infant Helena Gardie; Mr. R. V. Rogers for the infant Rose Ward. His Lordship took evidence with regard to the property of the settlement effected as far as the same affected the interests of the minors. The only witnesses examined for this purpose were Messrs. Galbraith Ward, father of Rose Ward, and William Conroy, Montreal, brother of the deceased, after hearing whose testimony the Vice-Chancellor confirmed the settlement."

The settlement referred to is in the nature of a compromise agreed upon by all the parties, the provisions of which give—

W. Conroy \$12,000, instead of \$10,000.
Margaret Gardie \$10,000, instead of \$5,000.
M. O'Brien Ward, Sarah Cullen, Rose Ward, an aggregate of \$10,000, instead of \$2,000.

The bulk of the property goes to Mrs. Ellen Ward therefore, instead of to the unhappy lawyers.

NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

LONDON, Ont., May 22.—The corner-stone of the new R. C. Cathedral was laid to-day, with imposing ceremony, in the presence of an immense throng. Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, Bishop Crinion of Hamilton, the Bishop of Kingston, and a large number of the clergy of London Diocese took part in the ceremony, and assisted in the services. Splendid musical services were provided both morning and evening. At the evening service, Archbishop Lynch preached a powerful sermon. The new Cathedral, when finished as it is expected to be in three or four years, will be one of the finest structures in Ontario, costing about \$100,000. A large collection was made to-day in aid of the building fund.

THE BIDDULPH MASSACRE.

FURTHER ARRESTS—GREAT EXCITEMENT.

LONDON, Ont., May 21.—The Biddulph murder case is up again in all its horrors. James and Wm. Feehey, former residents of Biddulph, who have settled in Michigan, were arrested in East Saginaw yesterday afternoon for complicity in the murder of the Donnelly's. Mr. Hutchinson, County Crown Attorney, accompanied by Detective Schram and Patrick Donnelly, left for that place on Thursday for this purpose. The information on which they are now proceeding comes from a Biddulph resident, who is understood to have reported to have stated that James Feehey confessed to him that he had taken life, and that his conscience would not let him rest. The confession involves 30 or 40 of the residents of Biddulph who formed the Vigilance Committee. Feehey's narrative, as it has been so far gleaned, in a general way confirms the story of Johnny O'Connor in all excepting the identity of Parnell. He says Parnell was not there. The account of the killing of Tom Donnelly lends some additional horror, but in the main O'Connor's account is sustained. O'Connor said he heard the words "hit that fellow on the head with a spade," which order was obeyed. The new narrative leads to the supposition that Carroll uttered these words, and that a grey-haired resident who gave evidence for the defence at Carroll's trial, dealt the murderous blow with a shovel. It is said that young Tom tried to rise up by a desperate effort, blood streaming over his face from the wounds in his head, when another blow of the spade sank deep into his skull. The vision is said to haunt those who saw it. It is probable that other arrests will immediately follow, and we shall have the whole horrible nightmare over again.

LUCAN, May 21.—Matters are quiet here now. There is no appearance of a row, nor will there be any. But, from appearances and certain rumors afloat consequent upon the confessions of James and William Feehey, the probability is there will be 35 or 40 arrests made between now and Monday evening, in which case the excitement will be equal to the memorable 4th of February a year ago.

MORE FIGHTING IN TUNIS.

TUNIS, May 19.—There was fighting yesterday at Souk-el-arba. It is stated both the natives and the French lost heavily in killed and wounded. Several French wounded have been brought here. The French are marching direct upon Mateur.

LATER.—The battle lasted ten hours.

PARIS, May 20.—Official telegrams deny that Gen. Breard was defeated by Arabs at Mateur. The French have entered Mateur. The loss of the French in this engagement preceding the entry was only 6 killed. The Arabs lost heavily and fled as soon as the artillery opened fire.

ORAN, Algeria, May 21.—The French troops under Col. Innocent, were attacked by 5,000 insurgents, led by the chief of the Bonanzenia rebels, and defeated after a hot engagement. The French lost 40 native auxiliaries in killed and wounded.

Joseph Barnard Davis, the well-known author, is dead.

Some 25 or 30 men from Tamworth and Napanea were engaged all day yesterday searching the Napanea River and along the wharves for the body of Mr. A. Hassard, who disappeared so suddenly from Tamworth with a large sum of money some three weeks ago, but without success.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Arrests Consolidate the Irish Members—Government Condemned.

LONDON, May 19.—Mr. Chaplin, Conservative, speaking on the Land Bill, said some portions of the bill were revolutionary. The proposal to take away the landlords' rights without compensation was confiscation. He concluded by expressing hostility to what he characterized as the greatest and most unhampered act of public confiscation ever attempted by any statesman in a civilized country.

Mr. Parnell regretted he could not join in the division on this stage of the Bill, the principle of which he regarded as defective. He proposed no new principle, but only proposed to restore what the Bill of 1870 was intended to give. Mr. Parnell urged the Government to transplant the surplus population to land capable of improvement, find employment for the people and create an increased supply of food, instead of getting out of the difficulty by promoting emigration. One of the great reasons Irish enterprise was so kept down was that Ireland is under the curse of foreign rule, and until the English rulers are cleared out, bag and baggage, there will be little hope for the Irish people.

Sir S. Northcote feared the bill would not have the effect of pacifying the people.

Lord Elcho's motion that the leading provisions of the bill are economically unsound, unjust and unpolitic, was rejected, 325 to 176, amid loud cheers from the supporters of the Ministry.

Mr. Parnell's departure with about 15 followers without voting was greeted with acclamation. The bill was then read a second time.

LONDON, May 20.—An uproar occurred in the House of Commons to-day when Mr. Lawson (Radical) questioned Mr. Collins (Conservative), who was about to take the oath concerning his religious opinion. He said the Bradlaugh precedent instituted a Parliamentary inquisition, and all should be treated alike.

The Speaker said Mr. Collins' case differed from Mr. Bradlaugh's.

Mr. Gladstone endorsed this view.

Marquis of Hartington, replying to a question whether the statement of Mr. Mallet at the Monetary Conference regarding the course of India on the silver question was authorized, said that Mr. Mallet was instructed not to commit India to any special course of action. There could be no misunderstanding abroad as to the action of England relative to bi-metallicism.

Mr. O'Sullivan questioned the Government concerning the arrest of the priest, Sheehy.

Forster regretted that it had been necessary to imprison a Catholic clergyman. The arrest was made without his sanction.

Lord Churchill (Conservative), charged the Government with encouraging disturbance in Ireland by their apathy.

Mr. Gladstone declared that the Government had not arrested anyone, priest or laymen, for being a member of the Land League. They only arrested the perpetrators or abettors of outrages.

Mr. Parnell and other Home Rulers denounced the arrest of Father Sheehy.

LONDON, May 20.—The debate in the House of Commons on Father Sheehy's arrest continued until midnight, and revealed a remarkable agreement among the various sections of Irish Liberal members in condemning the action of the Government in refusing to give a full explanation of the causes which led to the arrest on "reasonable suspicion." The moderate members predicted that worse results would follow from an act which would be regarded as an insult to the religious sentiment of the Irish nation in classing the priest as a "villager ruffian." The Government's offer to hold a morning sitting on Tuesday to discuss the arrest is condemned as illusory and worthless because the Ministers would not pledge themselves to give full information of the specific acts on which the warrant for the arrest was based. They would only produce a general charge without affording an opportunity to the House or the country to examine into the evidence on which the charge is based. The discussion was carried on by the Irish members with great acrimony, and seemed to distress Mr. Gladstone very much. One of the members said that the Chief Secretary would henceforth be known in Ireland as "Priest-hunting Forster."

In the House of Commons, this morning, Mr. Justin McCarthy moved a resolution relative to the conduct of the Irish executive, and condemning the arrest of Mr. Dillon and Father Sheehy.

GOLD MINE DISASTER.

ONE MAN KILLED AND ELEVEN OTHERS BURIED ALIVE.

DEADWOOD, Dakota, May 20.—At half-past seven last evening in the Golden Terra Mine 60 men were entering the tunnel for the night, when 300 feet from the mouth the works caved in, carrying down the timbers with a terrific crash. The compression of the air forced the rear portion of the shaft through the tunnel as though fired from a cannon, instantly killing Thos. Green and seriously injuring eight others. Eleven men are known to be buried beneath the cave and are probably dead. Thousands of miners were soon at the scene and at once began digging out their comrades, but no bodies have yet been recovered. The vicinity of the mine is crowded with the grief-stricken friends of the imprisoned miners.

IN MEMORIAM.

CELA'S, BERNST SMITH, DIED APRIL 23RD, 1881.

In the graveyard softly sleeping, Where the express breeches wave, Laid out in the narrow grave...

REDMOND O'DONNELL OR LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE. PART II.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

She bears a footstep approaching up the avenue, but no one in whom she is the least interested ever comes to Scarswood...

"Good day to you, Lady Cecil!" he lifts his hat as though they had parted yesterday, and holds out his hand...

"I would have tried it six years ago, if Redmond O'Donnell had given me the chance. I would have tried it eight months ago, if his pride had not stood between us...

"The last person we expect to see is very often the first person we do see," O'Donnell answered, still eminently self-possessed.

"Your sister is well, I hope?" "My sister is quite well, thank you."

"Where is the distance between them now?" "The twins are standing petrified, open-mouthed and eyed, at what they behold not six yards off."

"The light fades from the scenes and the faces we know—the hour has come to part. One by one they glided into the shadowy distance and are lost to you and me forever."

"I hope so," she answered softly. "Your father is in Germany, Lady Cecil?" "He is always in Germany of late—he seems to make it his home. Poor papa!"

"Very well, and strongly matrimonially inclined. He is down with me and gone to the Silver Rose to see his old sweetheart. I be-

lieve a marriage will follow in the fullness of time, and so you are governess to the twins, terrible drudgery, I should fancy—and practice drawing in the intervals. Let me have another look at my portrait—clever, perhaps, as a work of art, but, as I said before, absurdly flattered as a likeness. You do think of me then sometimes, Queenie?"

"The old pet name! A faint rose-pink flush deepened all over the fair, peerless face. "I think of all my friends—what an opinion you must have of my memory, and I have a private gallery of their portraits. Please give me my sketch back—it is easier for you to criticise than to do better."

"A rule which applies to all criticism, I fancy. I'll give you the sketch back on one condition—that I may give you myself with it!" "Captain O'Donnell!" "Lady Cecil!"

"The faint carnation was vivid scarlet now. She started up, but he caught both her hands and held her. The bright blue eyes, full of piercing, laughing light, looked up into the startled brown ones. Not much fierceness—not much sternness there now."

"What do you mean, sir! Let me go. Here comes the children—pray, let me go!" "Let them come!" cried this reckless young Irishman. "Let all the world come if it likes. I shall not let you go until you promise. You like me excessively—oh, it's of no use denying it—you know you do, but not one thousandth part as I like you. And I want you to marry me. It will not be so very much more stupid than vegetating at Scanswood and teaching the nice parts of speech to Pansy and Pearl. Come, Queenie! We have been in love with each other pretty nearly seven years. They say the certain cure for love is—matrimony. Let us try it."

"Captain O'Donnell, let me go." "Not until you promise, Queenie, I mean it. I have come all the way from New Orleans to say this. I love you—be my wife. Since you can bear up under the drudgery of a governess' life you can endure to be the wife of a poor man. The question is—will you try?"

"I would have tried it six years ago, if Redmond O'Donnell had given me the chance. I would have tried it eight months ago, if his pride had not stood between us. I am not afraid of poverty—perhaps because I was born to it—poverty and servitude were my birthright. Does Captain O'Donnell forget princely blood flows in his veins, and in mine—that of a waiting-maid?"

"That is meant as a reproach. Well, my still-thackeriness in the past deserves it. But think again, Queenie—how you have been brought up—that luxury has been the very breath you draw—think what marriage with a poor man means. Six stuffy rooms—one grimy maid of all work—one silk dress a year—the carriage—no opera—no society—the beautiful and poetical of life a dream of the past. Think!"

"I do think. I think you want to talk me into saying 'no'—you fear I may take you at your word. Very well, sir—I say it. I am deeply honored by your offer, and beg to decline." "Ho draw her to him—close, closer. If those innocent twins are anywhere in the visible horizon now, they stand a strong chance of being amazed and scandalized."

"Queenie, my darling—whom I never hoped to hold, to kiss like this—you really love me well enough to endure poverty and obscurity for my sake. You will be my wife and never repent. You will go with me and resign everything?" "Everything! Oh, Redmond! I shall have you!"

"And then—the twins are drawing nearer—their howls can be heard through the trees. Lady Cecil has some consideration for their artless youth, if Le Beau Chasseur has none, and laughing, and blushing, and looking—oh, so lovely!—withdraws to the extreme end of the rustic seat."

"No, Captain O'Donnell—not one inch nearer—I insist upon it! My hearing is excellent—any remarks you may have to make I can hear at this distance perfectly well. And the other performance is not necessary. Pearl and Pansy are coming, and you know the proverb—'Little pitchers have great ears.'"

"Confound Pearl and Pansy! Queenie, you are sure you will never repent marrying a penniless soldier of fortune!" "I tell you I like poverty. How stupid some people are—forcing one to repeat the same thing over and over. I prefer it decidedly—yes, I do—don't look like that—I do."

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER I.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ELECT.

Firelight tilling on soft velvet carpet, where white lily buds trail along azure ground; on chairs of white-polished wood that glitters like ivory, with puffy seats of blue satin; on blue and gilt panelled walls; on a wonderfully carved oaken ceiling; on sweeping draperies of blue satin and white lace; on half a dozen lovely pictures; on an open piano; and last of all, on the handsome, angry face of a girl who stands before—Inez Catheron.

"The month is August—the day the 29th—Miss Catheron has good reason to remember it to the last day of her life. But, whether the August sun blazes, or the January winds howl, the great rooms of Catheron Royals are ever chilly. So on the white-tiled hallway of the blue drawing-room, this summer evening, a coal fire flickers and falls, and the mistress of Catheron Royals stands before it, an angry flush burning deep red on either dusky cheek, an angry frown contracting her straight black brows."

"The mistress of Catheron Royals—the biggest, oldest, queerest, grandest place in all sunny Cheshire—this slim, dark girl of nineteen, for three years past the bride-elect of Sir Victor Catheron, baronet, the last of his Saxon race and name, the lord of all these sunny acres, this noble Norman pile, the smiling village of Catheron below. The master of a stately park in Devon, a moor and "bothy" in the highlands, a villa on the Arno, a gem of a cottage in the Isle of Wight. "A darling of the gods," young, handsome, hearty, and best of all, with twenty thousand a year."

"She is his bride elect. In her dark way she is very handsome. She is to be married to Sir Victor early in the next month, and she is as much in love with him as it is at all possible to be. A fair fate surely. And yet while the August night shuts down, while the wind whistles in the trees, while the long fingers of the elm, just outside the window, tap in a chesely way on the pane, she stands here, flushed, angry, impatient, and sullen, her handsome lips set in a tight, rigid line."

"She is very dark all at times. Her cousin Victor tells her, laughingly, she is an absolute nigger when in one of her silent rages. She has jet-black hair, and big, brilliant, Spanish eyes. She is Spanish. Her dead mother was a Castilian, and that mother has left her her Spanish name, her beautiful, passionate Spanish eyes, her hot passionate Spanish heart. In Old Castle Inez was born; and when in her tenth year her English father followed his wife to the grave, Inez came home to Catheron Royals, to reign there, a little imperious, hot-tempered Morisco princess ever since."

"She did not come alone. A big boy of twelve, with a short head of blue-black hair, two wild, glittering black eyes, and a diabolically handsome face came with her. It was her only brother Juan, an imp incarnate from his cradle. He did not remain long. To the unspeakable relief of the neighbourhood for miles around, he had vanished as suddenly as he had come, and for years was seen no more."

"A Moorish Princess! It is her cousin and lover's favourite name for her, and it fits well. There is a certain barbaric splendour about her as she stands here in the firelight, in her trailing purple silk, in the cross of rubies and the fine gold that burns on her bosom, in the yellow, perfumy rose in her hair, looking stately, and beautiful, and dreadfully out of temper."

"The big, lonesome house is as still as a tomb. Outside the wind is rising, and the heavy patter, patter of the rain beats on the glass. That, and the light fall of the cinders in the polished grate, are the only sounds to be heard."

"A clock on the mantel strikes seven. She has not stirred for nearly an hour, but she looks up now, her black eyes full of passionate anger, passionate impatience. "Seven!" she says, in a suppressed sort of voice; "and he should have been here at six. What if he should defy me?—what if he does not come, after all?"

"She can remain still no longer. She walks across the room, and she walks as only Spanish women do. She draws back one of the window-curtains, and leans out into the night. The crushed sweetness of the rain-beaten roses floats up to her in the wet darkness. Nothing to be seen but the vague tossing of the trees, nothing to be heard but the sighing of the wind, nothing to be felt but the fast and still falling of the rain."

"She lets the curtain fall, and returns to the fire. "Will he dare defy me?" she whispers to herself. "Will he dare stay away?" There are two pictures hanging over the mantel—she looks up at them as she asks the question. One is the sweet, patient face of a woman of thirty; the other, the smiling face of a fair-haired, blue-eyed, good-looking lad. It is a very pleasant face, the blue eyes look at you so brightly, so frankly; the boyish mouth is so sweet-tempered, and laughing that you smile back and fall in love with him at sight. It is Sir Victor Catheron and his late mother."

"Miss Inez Catheron is in many respects an extraordinary young lady—Cheshire society has long ago decided that. They would have been more convinced of it than ever, could they have seen her turn now to Lady Catheron's portrait and appeal to it aloud in impassioned words: "On his knees, by your dying bed, by your dying command, he vowed to love and cherish me always—as he did then. Let him take care how he trifles with that vow—let him take care!"

makes her lovely. The eyes light, the lips part—she takes her step forward, all anger, all fear, all neglect forgotten—a girl in love going to meet her lover. The door is flung wide by an impetuous hand, and wet and splashed, and tall and smiling, Sir Victor Catheron stands before her. "My dearest Inez!"

"He comes forward, puts his arms around her, and touches his blonde mustache to her flushed cheek. "My dearest coz, I'm awfully glad to see you again, and looking so uncommonly well too." He puts up his eye-glass to make sure of this fact, then drops it. "Uncommonly well," he repeats; "give you my word I never saw you looking half a quarter so handsome before in my life. Ah! why can't we all be Moorish princesses, and wear purple silks and yellow roses?"

"He flings himself into an easy chair before the fire; throws back his blonde head, and stretches forth his boots to the blaze. "An hour after time, am I not? But blame the railway people—don't blame me. Beautifully cold weather for the last week of August—cold as Iceland and raining cats and dogs; the very dickens of a storm, I can tell you."

"He gives the fire a poke, the light leaps up and illumines his handsome face. He is very like his picture—a little older—a little worn-looking, and with man's "crowning glory," a mustache. The girl has moved a little away from him, the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died out of her face, the hard, angry look has come back. That careless kiss, that easy, cousinly embrace, have told their story. A moment ago her heart beat high with hope—to the day of her death it never beat like that again."

"He doesn't look at her; he gazes at the fire instead, and talks with the hurry of a nervous man. The handsome face is a very effeminate face, and not even the light, carefully trained, carefully waxed mustache can hide the weak, irresolute mouth, the delicate, characterless chin. While he talks carelessly and quickly, while his slim white fingers loop and unloop his watch chain, in the blue eyes fixed upon the fire there is an uneasy look of nervous fear. And into the keeping of this man the girl with the dark, powerful face has given her heart, her fate!"

"It seems no end of good to be at home again," Sir Victor Catheron says, as if afraid of that brief pause. "You've no idea, Inez, how uncommonly familiar and jolly this blue room, this red fire, looked a moment ago, as I stepped out of the darkness and rain. It brings back the old times—this used to be my favorite morning-room—the grand old mother's picture, and summer and winter a fire always burned here, as now. And you, Inez, cara mia, with your gypsy face, most familiar of all!"

"She moves over to the mantel. It is very low; she leans one arm upon it, looks steadily at him, and speaks at last: "I am glad Sir Victor Catheron can remember the old times, can still recall his mother, has a slight regard left for Catheron Royals, and am humbly grateful for his recollection of his gypsy cousin. From his conduct of late it was hardly to have been expected."

"It is coming," thinks Sir Victor, with an inward groan; "and, O Lord! what a row it is going to be. When Inez shuts her lips up in that tight line, and snaps her black eyes in that unpleasant way, I know it to my cost, it means 'war to the knife.' I'll be routed with dreadful slaughter, and Inez's motto is ever, 'Woe to the conqueror!' Well, here goes!"

"He looks up at her, a good-humored smile on his good-looking face. "Humbly grateful for my recollection of you! My dear Inez, I don't know what you mean. As for your absence—"

"As for your absence," she interrupts, "you were to have been here, if your memory will serve you, on the first of June. It is now the close of August. Every day of that absence has been an added insult to me. Even now you would not have been here if I had not written you a letter you dare not neglect—sent a command you dare not disobey. You are here to-night because you dare not stay away."

"Some of the bold blood of the stern old Saxon race from which he sprung is in his veins still. He looks at her full, still, unflinching. "Dare not!" he repeats. "You use strong language, Inez. But then you have an excellent sort of nature, and were ever inclined to hyperbole; and it is a lady's privilege to talk."

"And a man's to act. But I begin to think Sir Victor Catheron is something less than a man. The Catheron blood has bred many an outlaw, many a bitter, bad man, and to-day I begin to think it has bred something infinitely worse—a traitor and a coward!"

"He half springs up, his eyes flashing, then falls back, looks at the fire again, and laughs. "Meaning me?" "Meaning you."

"Strong language once more—you assert your prerogative royally my handsome cousin. From whom did you inherit that two-edged tongue of yours, Inez? I wonder? Your Castilian mother, surely; the women of our house were never shrews. And even you, my dear, may go a little too far. Will you drop vituperation and explain? How have I been traitor and coward? It is well we should understand each other fully."

"He has grown pale, though he speaks quietly, and his blue eyes gleam dangerously. He is always quiet when most angry. "It is, and we shall understand each other fully before we part—be very sure of that. You shall learn what I have inherited from my Castilian mother. You shall learn whether you are to play fast and loose with me at your sovereign will. Does your excellent memory still serve you, or must I tell you what day the twenty-third of September is to be?"

whisper; "was to have been—Victor, does that mean it never to be?" "He turns away, shame, remorse, fear in his averted face. He holds the back of the chair with one hand, she clings to the other as though it held her last hope in life. "Take time," she says, in the same slow, whispering way. "I can wait. I have waited so long, what does a few minutes more matter now? But think well before you speak—there is more at stake than you know of. My whole future life hangs on your words. A woman's life. Have you ever thought what that implies? 'Was to have been,' you said. Does that mean it never is to be?"

"Still no reply. He holds the back of the chair, his face averted, a criminal before his judge. "And while you think," she goes on, in that slow, sweet voice, "let me recall the past to you remember, Victor, when I and Juan came here from Spain? Do you remember me? I recall you as plainly at this moment as though it were but yesterday—little, faxed-haired, blue-eyed boy in violet velvet, unlike any child I had ever seen before. I saw a woman with a face like an angel, who took me in her arms, and kissed me, and cried over me, for my father's sake. We grew up together, Victor, you and I, such happy, happy years, and I was sixteen, you twenty. And all that time you had my whole heart. Then came our first great sorrow, your mother's death."

"She pauses a moment. Still he stands silent, but his left hand has gone up and covers his face. "You remember that last night, Victor—the night she died. No need to ask you; whatever you may forget, you are not likely to forget that. We knelt together by her bedside. It was as this is, a stormy summer night. Outside, the rain beat and the wind blew; inside, the silence of death was everywhere. We knelt alone in the dimly-lit room, side by side, to receive her last blessing—her dying wish. Victor, my cousin, do you recall what that wish was?"

"She holds out her arms to him, all her heart breaking forth in the cry. But he will neither look nor stir. "With her dying hands she joined ours, her dying eyes looking at you. With her dying lips she spoke to you: 'Inez is dearer to me than all the world, Victor, except you. She must never leave the world alone. My son, you love her—promise me you will cherish and protect her always. She loves you as no one else ever will. Promise me, Victor, that in three years from to-night you will make her your wife.' These were her words. And you took her hand, covered it with tears and kissed and promised."

"We buried her," Inez went on, "and we parted. You went up to Oxford; I went over to a Paris pensionnat. In the hour of our parting we went up together hand in hand to her room. We kissed the pillow where her dying head had lain; we knelt by her bedside as we had done that other night. You placed this ring upon my finger; sleeping or waking it has never left it since, and you repeated your vow, that that night three years, on the twenty-third of September, I should be your wife."

"She lifts the betrothal ring to her lips, and kisses it. "Dear little ring," she says, softly, "it has been my one comfort all these years. Through all your coldness, all your neglect for the last year and a half, I have looked at it, and known you would never break your pledged word to the living and the dead."

"I came home from school a year ago. You were not here to meet and welcome me. You never came. You fixed the first of June for your coming, and you broke your word. Do I tire you with all these details, Victor? But I must speak to-night. It will be for the last time—you will never give cause again. Of the whispered slanders that have reached me I do not speak; I do not believe them. Weak you may be,ickle you may be, but you are a gentleman of royal race and blood; you will keep your pledged troth. O, forgive me, Victor! Why do you make me say such things to you? I hate myself for them, but you neglect has driven me nearly wild. What have I done? Again she stretches forth her hands in eloquent appeal. "See! I love you. What more can I say? I forgive all the past; I ask no questions. I believe nothing of the horrible stories they try to tell me. Only come back to me. If I lose you I shall die."

"Her face is transfigured as she speaks—her hands still stretched out. "O Victor, come!" she says; "let the past be dead and forgotten. My darling, come back!"

"But he shrinks away as those soft hands touch him, and pushes her off. "Let me go!" he cries; "don't touch me, Inez! It can never be. You don't know what you ask!"

"He stands confronting her now, pale as herself, with eyes aghast. She recalls like one who has received a blow. "Can never be?" she repeats. "Can never be?" he answers. "I am what you have called me, Inez, a traitor and a coward. I stand here perjured before God, and you, and my dead mother. It can never be. I can never marry you. I am married already!"

"The blow has fallen—the horrible, brutal blow. She stands looking at him—she hardly seems to comprehend. There is a pause—the firelight flickers, they hear the rain lashing the windows, the sighing of the gale in the trees. Then Victor Catheron bursts forth: "I don't ask you to forgive me—it is past all that. I make no excuse; the deed is done. I met her, I met her and I loved her. She has been my wife for sixteen months, and—there is a son. Inez, don't look at me like that! I am a scoundrel, I know, but—"

"He breaks down—the sight of her face unmans him. He turns away, his heart beating horribly thick. How long, the ghastly pause that follows lasts he never knows—a century, counting by what he undergoes. Once, during that pause, he sees her fixed eyes turn slowly to his mother's picture—he hears low, strange sounding words drop from her lips: "He swore by your dying bed, and see how he keeps his oath!"

"Then the life that seems to have died from her face flames back. Without speaking to him, without looking at him, she turns to leave the room. On the threshold she pauses and looks back. "A wife and a son," she says slowly and distinctly. "Sir Victor Catheron, fetch them home; I shall be glad to see them."

CHAPTER II.

WIFE AND HEIR.

In a very genteel lodging house, in the very genteel neighborhood of Russell Square early in the afternoon of a September day, a young girl stands impatiently awaiting the return of Sir Victor Catheron. This girl is his wife.

"It is a bright sunny day—as sunny, at least, as a London day ever can make up its mind to be—and as the yellow standing rays pour in through the muslin curtains full on face and figure, you may search and find no flaw in either. It is a very lovely face—a very grace-

ful, though petite figure. She is a blonde of the blondest type; her hair is like spun gold, and, wonderful to relate, no Yellow Wash, no Golden Fluid, has ever touched its shining abundance. Her eyes are bluer than the September sky over the Russell Square chimney pots; her nose is neither aquiline nor Grecian, but it is very nice; her forehead is low, her mouth and chin "morsels for the gods." The little figure is deliciously rounded and ripe; in twenty years from now she may be a heavy British matron, with a yard and a half wide waist—at eighteen years old she is, in one word, perfection."

"Her dress is perfection also. She wears a white India muslin, a marvel of delicate embroidery and exquisite texture, and a great deal of Valenciennes trimming. She has a pearl and turquoise star fastening her lace collar, pearl and turquoise drops in her ears, and a half dozen diamond rings on her plump, boneless fingers. A blue ribbon knots up the loose yellow hair, and you may search the big city from end to end, and find nothing fairer, fresher, sweeter than Ethel, Lady Catheron."

"If ever a gentleman and a baronet had a fair and sufficient excuse for the folly of a low marriage, surely Sir Victor Catheron has it in this fairy wife—for it is a "low marriage" of the most heinous type. Just seven months ago, sauntering idly along the summer sands, looking listlessly at the summer sea, thinking dreamily that this time next year his freedom would be over, and his cousin Inez his lawful owner and possessor, his eyes had fallen on that lovely blonde face, that wealth of shining hair, and for all time—aye, for eternity—his fate was fixed. The dark image of Inez as his wife faded out of his mind never to return more."

"The earthly name of this dazzling divinity in yellow ringlets and pink muslin was Ethel Margaret—Dobb!"

"Dobb! It might have disenchanted a less rapturous adorer—it fell powerless on Sir Victor Catheron's infatuated ear."

"It was at Margate this meeting took place—that most popular and most vulgar of all English watering places; and the Cheshire baronet had looked just once at the peach-bloom face, the blue eyes of laughing light, the blushing, dimpling, seventeen-year-old face, and fallen in love at once and forever."

"He was a very impetuous young man, a very selfish and unstable young man, with whom all his life, to wish was to have. He had been spoiled by a doting mother from his cradle, spoiled by obsequious servants, spoiled by Inez Catheron's boundless worship. And he wished for this; rose of the rose-bud garden of girls as he had never wished for anything in his two-and-twenty years of life. As a man in a dream he went through that magic ceremony, "Miss Dobb, allow me to present my friend, Sir Victor Catheron," and they were free to look at each other, talk to each other, fall in love with each other as much as they pleased. As in a dream he lingered by her side three golden hours. As in a dream he said, "Good afternoon," and walked back to his hotel smoking a cigar, the world glorified above and about him. As in a dream they told him she was the only daughter of an old heiress of a well-to-do London soap-boiler, and he did not wake."

"She was the daughter of a soap-boiler. The paternal manufactory was in the grimiest part of the grimy metropolis; but, remarkable to say, she had as much innate pride, self-respect, and delicacy as though "all the blood of all the Howards" flowed in those blue veins."

"He wasn't a bad sort of young fellow, as young fellows go, and frantically in love. There was but one question to ask, just eight days after this—"Will you be my wife?"—but one answer, of course—"Yes."

"But one answer, of course! How would it be possible for a soap-boiler's daughter to refuse a baronet? And yet his heart had beaten with a fear that turned his dizzy and sick as he asked it; for she had shrunk away for one instant, frightened by his fiery wooing, and the sweet face had grown suddenly and startlingly pale. Is it not the rule that all maidens shall blush when their lovers ask the question of questions?"

"The rosy brightness, the smiles, the dimples, all faded out of this face, and a white look of sudden fear crossed it. The startled eyes had shrunk from his eager, flushed face and looked over the wide sea. For fully five minutes she never spoke or stirred. To his dying day that hour was with him—his passionate love, his sick, horrible fear, his dizzy rapture, when she spoke at last, only one word—"yes." To his dying day he saw her as he saw her then, in her summy muslin dress, her gypsy hat, the pale, troubled look chasing the color from the drooping face."

"But the answer was "yes." Was he not a baronet? Was she not a well-trained English girl? And the ecstasy of pride, joy, of that city soap-boiler's family, who shall paint? "awake my muse" and—no! it passeth all telling. They bowed down before him (figuratively), this good British tradesman and his fat wife, and worshipped him. They burned incense at his shrine; they adored the ground he walked on; they snubbed their neighbors, and held their chairs at an altitude never attained by the family of Dobb before. And in six weeks Miss Ethel Dobb became Lady Catheron."

"It was the quietest, the dullest, the most secret of weddings—not a soul present except Papa and Mamma Dobb, a military swell in the Grenadier Guards—Pythias, at present, to Sir Victor's Damon—the parson, and the pew-opener. He was madly in love, but he was ashamed of the family soap-boiling, and he was afraid of his cousin Inez."

"He told them a vague story enough of family matters, etc., that rendered secrecy for the present necessary, and nobody cross-questioned the baronet. That the parson was a parson, the marriage bona fide, his daughter "my lady," and himself the prospective grandfather of many baronets, was enough for the honest soap-boiler."

"For the bride herself, she said little, in a shy, faltering little way. She was very fond of her dashing, high-born, impulsive lover, and very well content not to come into the full blaze and dazzle of high life just yet. If any other romance had ever figured in her simple life the story was finished and done with, the book read and put away."

"He took her to Switzerland, to Germany, to Southern France, keeping well out of the way of other tourists, and ten months followed—ten months of such exquisite, unalloyed bliss, as rarely falls to mortal man. Unalloyed, did I say? Well, not quite, since earth and heaven are two different places. In the dead of pale Southern nights, with the shine of the moon on his wife's lovely sleeping face; in the hot, brilliant noontide; in the sweet, green gloaming—Inez Catheron's black eyes came menacingly before him—the one bitter drop in his cup. All his life he had been a little afraid of her. He was something more than afraid of her now."

months of this sort of thing, and then—and then there was a son.

“You have no relations living but your cousin, Victor,” she said to him, more coldly than she had ever spoken in her life.

“You are afraid of this Miss Catheron, who writes you such long letters (which I never write) that you dare not take your wife home?”

“This secret has lasted long enough,” Lady Catheron said, a resolute-looking expression crossing her pretty, soft-cut mouth.

“The time has come when you must speak. Don't make me think you are ashamed of me, or afraid of her. Take me home—it is my right; acknowledge your son—it is his. When there was only I, it did not so much matter—it is different now.”

“The life—of one baby's dots of hands, and kissed it. And Sir Victor, his face hidden in the shadow of the curtains, his voice husky, made answer:

“You are right, Ethel—you always are. As soon as you both can travel, my wife and child shall come home with me to Catheron Royals.”

Just three weeks later, as the August days were ending, came that last letter from Inez, commanding his return. His hour had come. He took the next morning train, and went forth to meet the woman he feared and had wronged.

The afternoon sun drops lower. If Sir Victor returns from Cheshire to-day, Lady Catheron knows he will be here in a few minutes. She looked at her watch a little wearily. The days are very long and lonely without him.

“My darling!” he exclaimed, and you need only hear the two words to tell how rapturously he loves his wife. “Let me look at you. Oh! as pale as ever, I see. Never mind! Cheshire air, sunshine, green fields, and new milk shall bring back your roses and your son and heir, my lady, how is he?”

“He bends over the pretty bassinet, with that absurd paternal look all very new fathers regard their first blessing, and his mustache tickles baby's innocent nose.

“At last! Oh, Victor, when do we go?” “To-morrow, if you are able. The sooner the better.”

“And your cousin? Was she very angry?” she asked, wistfully; “very much surprised?”

“Well—yes—naturally, I am afraid she was both. We must make the best of that, however. To tell the truth, I had only one interview with her, and that of so particularly unpleasant a nature, that I left next morning. So then we start to-morrow? I'll just drop a line to Etchell to apprise him.”

“He catches hold of his wife's writing-table to wheel it near. By some clumsiness his foot catches in one of its spidery claws, and with a crash it topples over. Away goes the writing case, flying open and scattering the contents far and wide. The crash shocks baby's nerves, baby begins to cry, and the new-made mamma flies to her angel's side.

“I say!” Sir Victor cries. “Look here! Awkward thing of me to do, eh, Ethel? Writing case broken too. Never mind, I'll pick 'em up.”

“Ethel!” Sir Victor says, his voice stern, what does this mean?”

“What does that mean? Hush-h-h, baby, darling. Not so loud, Victor, please. I want to get baby asleep.”

“How comes Juan Catheron's picture here?”

“She catches her breath—the tone in which Sir Victor speaks is a tone not pleasant to hear. She is a thoroughly good little thing but the best of good little things (being women) are ergo dissemblers. For a second she dare not face him; then she comes bravely up to him and looks at him over her shoulder.

“Yes!” Sir Victor answers, in a voice that makes his wife jump and cry. “Yes—there is. I wouldn't own a dog—if Juan Catheron had owned him before me. To look at him is pollution enough—to know him, disgrace!”

“What then?” He is white to the lips with jealous rage and fear. “This then—you should never again be wife of mine!”

“Victor!” she put out her hands as if to ward off a blow, “don't say that—oh, don't say that! And—and it isn't true—he never was a lover of mine—never!”

“He never was your lover? You are telling me the truth?”

“No, no—never! never. Victor—don't look like that! Oh, what brought that wretched picture here? I knew him slightly—only that—and he did give me his photograph. How could I tell he was the wretch you say he is—how could I think there would be any harm in taking a picture? He seemed nice, Victor. What did he ever do?”

“He seemed nice!” Sir Victor repeated bitterly, “and what did he ever do?” What has he left undone, you had better ask. He has broken every command of the decalogue—every law, human and divine. He is dead to us all—his sister included, and has been these many years. Ethel, can I believe—

“I have told you, Sir Victor. You will believe as you please,” his wife answers, a little sullenly, turning away from him.

“Oh, Ethel, forgive me!” he says; “I did not mean to wound you, but the thought of that man—fugh! But I am a fool to be jealous of you, my white lily. Kiss me—forgive me—we'll throw the snake in the grass out of the window and forget it. Only—I had rather you had told me.”

“I don't want that stuff!” Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES & NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

That reader must be hard to please indeed who in the diversified contents of the North American Review for June should find nothing to win his attention.

“Our Future Fiscal Policy” treating of the problems of refunding, the remonetization of silver, and the restoration of the United States to their just rank among the maritime nations of the world.

“The Celtic Monthly.” This fine periodical for June is unusually interesting. It contains a well written and entertaining article on Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

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Table with 2 columns: Location and Value. Includes Sligo, Waterford, Wexford, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Horses.

BURNING AN EFFIGY.

Intelligence which has reached Limerick by this evening's post show that the state of public feeling in the west of the county continues much disturbed.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

These complaints are the results of a disordered liver, which secretes bile in quality or quantity incapable of digesting food.

SULLIVAN'S HARTY ET AL.

Reproduced from the Ottawa Herald a report of the above case, and as Mr. Harty claims that it was one sided, we insert his letter on the subject.

“You are right, Ethel—you always are. As soon as you both can travel, my wife and child shall come home with me to Catheron Royals.”

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Latest Irish Mail News.

The National Land League of Great Britain have issued a manifesto describing the present struggle as a battle between a nation and a foreign garrison.

The London Times says: Under the auspices of the Irish Parliamentary party and the executive of the National Land League of Great Britain, an Irish National Club is being established in Victoria-chambers.

Mr. Elmore, the Academician, who did the other day, has left £80,000 behind him, a circumstance which goes to show that painting is not such a bad business after all.

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The proprietor of Burdock Blood Bitters.

challenges the world to produce the record of a medicine that has achieved a more wonderful success or better credentials, in so short a period of time as his this great Blood Purifier and System Renovator.

CUBA WANTS TO BE TREATED LIKE CANADA.

PARIS, May 17.—A Madrid correspondent telegraphs: Telegrams received to-day from Havana report that the greatest excitement was caused in Cuba by the prosecution and seizure, by order of the colonial authorities, of El Triunfo, the principal organ of the Cuban Liberals.

“I DON'T WANT THAT STUFF!”

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years.

DESIGN ON THE LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

LONDON, May 17.—A Wiesbaden correspondent sends the following:—The recent stay of the Emperor William at Wiesbaden was considerably shortened in consequence of certain letters which were received by Court officials, and which contained friendly warnings of some design against the Emperor.

THE “CATHOLIC SHIELD.”

A new monthly journal called the Catholic Shield has appeared in Ottawa. It contains sixteen pages and is gotten up much in the same style as the New York Catholic Review, and well printed and in so far as mechanism goes is certainly a success.

A FAIR LAND BILL FOR IRELAND WILL BRING A LASTING PEACE TO ENGLAND.

Ms. Editor:—The English Government should put a stop to all further evictions in Ireland, and be security to the landlords of that country for a fair rent at Government valuation.

1. The Government should have all the land in Ireland re-valued, and allow no landlord in that country to rent his land at a higher rent than this valuation.

2. The Government should receive all rents from the tenantry of Ireland and pay them over to the landlords. The Government will thus be able to prevent all rack-renting and injustice to the tenantry of Ireland, and will be enabled to assist any poor tenant during bad years until he can pay up.

3. The Government should have the privilege of writing to the Land Commission, stating that he was prepared to purchase his farm at the Government valuation, with a request that the Land Commission would, if possible, obtain the landlord's consent to sell, and if the landlord's consent be then obtained, the Commission shall or may enable the tenant to purchase his farm at the Government valuation and be security to the landlord for the terms of purchase.

4. The Government valuation should remain in existence for 50 years, and then the land may be revalued if it be thought necessary.

By this arrangement the landlords and tenants of Ireland would receive equal justice, and the Government would purchase a lasting peace, and make the Irish people her most loving and grateful subjects. May England see the wisdom of such a policy.

I remain yours, Mr. Editor, DON LEAHY.

As a health renewer Burdock Blood Bitters acts like a charm. In Malaria, Bilious Complaints, Scorfula and all disorders of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, this great combination of Vegetable medicines proves a certain specific. A few doses regulate the bowels, and as a restorative tonic it has no equal. Trial Bottles 10 Cents. 40-2

Professor Cherriman, Superintendent of Insurance in Canada, goes to England to bear argument in the case of the Queen's Insurance Company vs. Parsons, on appeal from the Supreme Court, and which incidentally involves the question of the constitutionality of legislation on the subject of insurance by the Dominion Government.

The True Witness

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1 Year.....\$1.50 per line.
6 Months.....1.00 "
3 Months......50 "
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Notice to Shareholders.

Subscribers to the Capital Stock of THE POST PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY are particularly requested to pay the amount due on the Calls made on them, as per account rendered. Mr. Patterson, our authorized Collector, will call on those who are yet in arrears. It is necessary that these Calls be paid immediately.

JNO. P. WHELAN,
Managing Director.
MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 25.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For May, 1881.
THURSDAY, 26.—Ascension of our Lord. Less. Acts 1. 1-11; Gosp. Mark xvi. 14-20.
FRIDAY, 27.—St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, Virgin.
SATURDAY, 28.—St. Philip Neri, Confessor.
SUNDAY, 29.—Sunday in the Octave of the Ascension. Epist. 1 Peter iv. 7-12; Gosp. John xv. 26 xvi. 4.
MONDAY, 30.—Of the Octave. Cons. Bp. Seidenbush, St. Cloud, 1875.
TUESDAY, 31.—St. Angela Merici, Virgin.
For June, 1881.
WEDNESDAY, 1.—Of the Octave of the Ascension.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Agents, in their respective localities, for THE POST and TRUE WITNESS, and are empowered to collect subscriptions and enroll subscribers.—Frank Brennan, P. M., Naphan, Ont.; J. E. Priest, Lancaster, N. H., U. S.; J. Thornton, Imlay City, Mich., U. S.; Wm. P. Dolan, Haydensville, Mass., U. S.; M. S. Murphy, Brinsville, Ont.

Another "village ruffian and dissolute character" has been arrested in Ireland under the Coercion Act in the person of the Rev. Father Sheehy, of Killmallock, one of the purest and most patriotic men in the country. By the irony of fate no sooner does an Irishman become useful to his country than he is straightway clapped in a British dungeon. It has been so since the English connection began and it will be so until it ends. While the legislators are babbling in Westminster the island is drifting into anarchy and confusion, the people are having resort to violent measures to resist oppression, or flying across the Atlantic, and the feeling is gaining strength that no good can come from an English Parliament.

The English papers, of all shades of politics, are much annoyed at the turn affairs are taking in Tunis. In the beginning of the campaign—if such it can be called—the French made fine promises, but soft words do not butter parsnips. They were merely to chastise the Kroumirs, and the id of entering Tunis or occupying Bizerta was ridiculously absurd. But, then, it is so with all nations who have the power, their word is not worth a York shilling when their interests are in the balance. In spite, therefore, of French promises their army has actually entered Tunis, and they will certainly take possession of Bizerta, a point of great strategic importance. It is thought that Germany covines at the occupation perhaps with the view of having a quid pro quo in the near future and France's neutrality, if that power takes it into its Teutonic head to go in for strategic points, as she evidently will.

This time last year that the attorney, was dead, but he committed suicide on the 17th inst. Which of the reports is correct? John Bea was an eccentric character. He was one of the Traversers with O'Connell in the State trials of 1843, but afterwards adopted the Young Ireland platform, and still later dubbed himself an Orange-Fenian. He was the terror of the courts of justice, and it is said, with what truth we know not, that his obstructiveness caused the death of a Mayor and two Judges. On a certain occasion, while on trial for libel he is reported to have said:—"Gentlemen of a well packed jury, convict me if you can, I defy your verdict." On another occasion he forced his way into the English House of Commons and it took the whole staff of that august assembly to remove him. If the cable report is correct his end has been a melancholy one. Peace to his ashes; no matter how eccentric his conduct he was a true Irishman who loved his country in her misery.

The estimate of capable and trustworthy statisticians is that the amount of gold and silver coin in circulation in the fourteenth year of the Christian era was \$1,327,000,000. During the dark ages, when Europe had relapsed into barbarism, the precious metals to

a great extent disappeared, and were reduced in 1492, or about the time of the discovery of America, to \$192,000,000, of which \$135,000,000 were in silver; and the ratio of silver to gold from that period, for nearly four centuries, varied but little from that of 154 to 1. With the conquest of Mexico and Peru a strong current of both gold and silver set from America through Spain into Europe; so that in 1843, or just five years before the discovery of gold in California, the silver in the world's possession had reached \$2,053,000,000, and the gold \$4,885,000,000. But the ratio still remained the same. In the interval, however, of one-third of a century only, or between 1843 and 1875, each have increased, but gold more rapidly than silver, and overtaken it, and practically changed the proportion previously given to an equality, for 7,000,000,000 of dollars in gold and the same amount in silver were then found to be in existence.

We have received the revised copy of the King James edition of the Protestant Bible. It is not our business to criticize it, but we may say that it is not received favorably by Protestants generally. There are in it vast changes which alter the meaning of both chapter and verse. Take for instance, the Lords prayer itself, which, in the old edition, was the same as in the Douay Bible, with the one exception,—that the word who in the Douay edition is substituted for which in the Protestant edition. The following is the rendering of the Lord's Prayer in the revised edition which will be perceived makes a material difference:—"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we have forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." This is but one of the many important alterations of the revised edition of the Bible. In this age of feverish desire for changes it can be hardly hoped that they will stop here; there is no guarantee that before twenty years roll over the scientists will call for another version, and thus make the Testament resemble the knife of the Dutchman, who when he had first the blade replaced, and then the handle, still maintained that the article was exactly the same as he brought with him from Germany.

It is really no misnomer to call the agitation in Ireland the Land War, nor is it any exaggeration to say that the Island is on the brink of a revolution, a revolution, too, which is forced upon the people by the Government for sinister purposes such as Castlereagh forced upon their ancestors in '68. Nothing can prevent the civil struggle into which Ireland is drifting except the patience of the leaders reach the sublime and the discipline of the people is absolutely perfect, and when we say discipline we include obedience as well. For what is the actual state of affairs? The Government is engaged putting a Land Bill through Parliament which, if it becomes law, will vex both landlords and tenants with legal expenses, and only benefit the lawyers and the new set of officials created by the act. The landlords are furious at the proposed change, and in order that they may secure themselves before it is effected are covering the land with eviction notices. The army and the police are forced to protect the bailiffs and agents carrying on the unholy work, much to their disgust, and the people are bent upon a desperate resistance. Blood has already been shed, and more will follow, for the Government in their infatuation are daily arresting the men who could preserve the peace. What has happened at New Pallas and Ballaghadeen will be repeated in a hundred other places, and, as we have remarked, the people may glide into a general insurrection before they know it. This state of things might have been prevented were it not for the action of the Lords in throwing out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. The peers are landlords to a man, and they only acted in the interests of their class in doing as they did. But there are other classes besides the Lords, whose interests must be taken into account, and it seems to us that if the Irish people follow out the passive resistance policy, which has been so successful up to this, they will ultimately gain the day. An unsuccessful rebellion would ruin them for the present, though landlordism, no matter what occurs, must succumb in the long run.

This village of New Pallas, in the eastern part of the County Limerick, has made a name for itself in the agrarian war now raging in Ireland which will not be forgotten when the history of our own times shall have been written, for it is at New Pallas and the surrounding district that the fiercest opposition to landlordism has manifested. It was there that the people assembled a few months ago to prevent the erection of iron huts to shelter a force of police which had been drafted in to overawe the tenant farmers. They were partially successful, for though the huts were ultimately erected, the hand of no man, except that of a constable, was raised to assist in the work, the process of boycotting having been stringently carried out. New Pallas is in the centre of a district which has always been famous for its resistance to oppression, or according to the British annalist, its unlawful opposition to the natural leaders of the people and of Dublin Castle. The men of this district, which includes part of Tipperary County, are remarkable for their height, athletic proportions and independence of character, and have often given a good account of the police in their agrarian struggles. The Castle, which has assumed

such interest, belongs to the Masseys, if we mistake not, and has been besieged many a time, both by Irish and English forces. It is still strong enough to resist an attack by infantry, though, as a matter of course, a half battery of Armstrongs would make short work of it and its defenders. It is a great pity that the people cannot—as they went into the fighting business at all—procure a few cannon so as to give them a chance to show that they are in earnest. The latest despatch says that a military force has surrounded the Castle with a view to starting out the garrison, and if this be true it shows the Government have sense enough left to perceive that bringing artillery into play would be an admission to Europe that a civil war had broken out in an integral part of the British Empire, and faith it looks extremely like it at this present moment. The stand taken by the heroic people of New Pallas is one of the signs of the times. It says as plain as possible to those who are willing to listen that the Irish are resolved to submit to no more rack-renting, and, perhaps, no more landlordism.

THE LAND BILL.

The Irish Land Bill was read a second time in the House of Commons last night, Lord Elcho's amendment to it having been defeated by a large majority. We are informed that Parnell with 30 followers walked out of the House without voting, amid the derisive cheers of the majority. Whatever we may think as regards the judgment of such a course by the Irish leader, there can be no doubt that his action will be endorsed by the vast majority of his countrymen. The Land Bill was discussed in all its bearings clause by clause at the Convention held in Dublin on April 22nd and 23rd, and though it was bitterly and unsparingly condemned the resolution arrived at was that the Irish National party were at liberty to take what action to them seemed the best on its second reading in the House of Commons. Mr. Parnell himself, seeing that his suggestions for the improvement of the bill were sneered at, and seeing that the memorandum of the Irish Bishops was treated with contempt, acted altogether consistently with his well known principles in advising his followers to leave the House. The bill without amendments is condemned by the Irish people, and if it be passed by the lords will leave matters a little better than they were before in some respects and a good deal worse in others. The landlords will immediately commence a crusade against the 200,000 tenants in arrears, which means a million of people, but the Government has carefully prepared for the clearance by emigration. There are now less than five millions of people in Ireland, though it can support twenty millions, but if the Government policy be carried out, another million will have to go, thus leaving less than four and reducing Ireland to a level with inhospitable Denmark. It may be said that those who remain will be better off, but this is open to doubt; the same has been said every year since 1847, and still poverty and discontent are as noticeable now as thirty-four years ago, while the population has been reduced seventy per cent. The Land bill of 1870, devised by such a great legislator as John Bright, was to have settled matters for a century, but in truth, and it is now admitted by himself, it only made things worse, and we are much afraid the present bill will be no improvement. It has not an honest look on the face of it. It has been altered and manipulated to please every one from the Duke of Argyll to Mr. Gibson and it has pleased nobody, not even the Duke of Argyll, who has resigned sooner than accept the one solitary good principle contained in this bill which is that of a step towards a peasant propriety. But there is another side to the question. There is evidently an understanding in Ireland that henceforth the people will look to other sources than Parliament for their rights. It looks, in fact, as if they were determined to strike and pay no more rents, and if they remain firm and united all the power of England cannot force them. The jails can only contain a small portion of the people, and a whole nation can no more be evicted than indicted. From present appearances the people are determined to resist eviction, but, doubtless, we shall hear more about this in a short time.

THE CAUCUS MANUFACTURERS.

If Messrs. Gault, White and Ogilvy imagine they can establish an ascendancy here in Montreal, or an aristocracy of race or religion, they will find themselves mistaken. The time for that kind of thing is past,—led for ever, like other anachronisms which afflicted Canada in by-gone days. In saying this we do not allude particularly to their action in the Allan banquet,—that was merely in keeping with their other impertinences, but as it was the last and the most glaring it attracted more attention. It was a piece of insolent exclusiveness, too, which should be remembered by the French as well as the Irish, for there were only three French Canadians on the committee. Next time there will probably be not one; the oligarchy is growing bolder. It may be said that if a number of gentlemen organize for the purpose of giving a banquet to a public man it is nobody's business whom they place on the committee. This objection would be valid if the banquet was not announced as one given by the citizens of Montreal to the Allan Brothers, and as the Irish form one element in Montreal's population—as they are here, and, like McMahon in the Malakoff, are determined to remain here, and flourish as best they can—as, in a word, they are as much citizens as the Whites and the Gaults, their exclusion was a studied impertinence which must be taken into account. If the banquet

had been announced as one to be given by a Protestant or Anglo-Scotch section, or if the White-Gazette combination was mentioned, or the inner circle of Toryism which manufactures caucuses, why then we could understand them and admit their right to exclusiveness, for there is nothing improper in servants giving a banquet to their masters, though it is perhaps a little uncommon. It is not hard to reach the bottom of this pitiful piece of bigotry when one is acquainted with the characters of the perpetrators; and throwing Messrs. Gault and Ogilvy aside as being useless politicians, whom we have helped to send to Parliament before this for want of better candidates, we come to the Gazette, which is the prime mover in the latest development of Canadian Know-nothingism. The Gazette lives on politics, revels in the filthiest kind of politics, would die to-morrow were it not for politics. Whenever political reform is to be attacked or political corruption defended the Gazette is to the fore. It has scarcely any other raison d'etre. It delights in elections, because they bring grist to its mill. It organizes caucuses and makes nominations, taking particular care that it is not the fittest man who is nominated, but he who can pay his expenses—advertising and other—with the least difficulty. Notwithstanding that the Gazette people are so clever at forming themselves into the focus of political intrigue they could not manage to get one of their own into Parliament. He had to go abroad—off all the way to Ontario for that purpose, but it strikes us very forcibly that next time he will stay at home with Mr. Gault, at least if we have a voice in the matter. This success at getting themselves into the heart of politics has so puffed up the Gazette people that they have become arrogant, and arrogance begets impudence. They have now come to look around them from their new elevation, and fancy that Canada is all their own to do with as they please, and also to imagine that it is no longer necessary to restrain their bigotry. This trait in the character of the Gazette people, has been very prominent of late. More in his romance of "Lallah Rookie," presents a character named Pandadeen, who was so devout a Mussulman that he fancied no one could be saved without a Koran he had in his possession belonging to a certain edition of the holy work. This he was willing to admit, but in his heart of hearts he believed that none could be saved except he was the owner of the particular copy which he carried about his person. The Gazette people are just as narrow and intolerant. They are the Fadladeens of Montreal, if not of Canada. They imagine they are the only genuine Conservatives, and at all events they act as such. Still they can be made to modify their opinions as witness their attack upon the appointment of Mr. Senecal as General Superintendent of the Q. M. O. & O. Railroad, and their sudden calming down when they received a certain amount of printing and advertising from the Quebec Government.

The Gazette may as well understand, once for all, that the Irish Catholics are sufficiently strong in Canada, if not to assist their friends then, to punish their enemies, of whom they must consider the Gazette amongst the number in future. They are not a people to be snubbed with impunity by even such illustrious persons as the Gaults, the Whites and the Ogilvys, and as it is in the region of politics only that some people can be punished they will see too or we shall have been strangely mistaken, that the conclusion of Gazette caucuses will not have the same effect as of old.

WRITE LIES.

In yesterday's Gazette a writer thus deals, semi-editorially, with the charges advanced by THE POST relative to the slight put upon the Irish of Montreal at the late Allan banquet:—"An evening contemporary, which affects to speak in the name of a large section of our population, has gone mad on account of some slight, fancied or real, in connection with the recent Allan banquet, and attacks Messrs. Ogilvy, Gault and Richard White, as the responsible parties. In so far as the latter gentleman is concerned, it is sufficient to say that he had nothing to do with naming the committee, was not present at the meeting at which it was named, and did not even know that he was a member of it for some time after its appointment; that he was not present at any meeting at which the question of press tickets was discussed, and knew nothing of the arrangements concerning them. As to the other two gentlemen, we are in a position to say that if there was any slight to the newspaper in question they were no parties to it. We learn that instructions were given to send tickets to each of the papers, and if that instruction was not carried out, the person responsible was the secretary, Mr. Stewart, who is, strangely enough, excepted from the general anathemas of the offended journalists."

It must be presumed, as Mr. Richard White is manager of the Gazette, and as it was against him especially the charge was levelled, either that he wrote the article himself or that it was written with his sanction. In so far as written words can do so, Mr. White, in those above quoted, distinctly denies that he had anything to say in the formation of the committee, or that he was present at any meeting in which tickets for the press were mentioned. That is quite plain. Now, what must be apparent to the intelligent reader after we have finished this article is, either that Mr. Richard White must have one of the most treacherous memories recorded in history, or else that the Secretary of the Allan Banquet Committee remembers too much; for, according to that gentleman, Mr. White was undoubtedly present, both when the committee was struck and when instructions were given as to the newspapers which were to receive cards of invitation. The first meeting held on the Allan Banquet business was on the 26th April, a

report of which appeared in the Montreal Herald of the day after, from which we take the following extract:—"It was moved by 'Richard White, seconded by Alderman Hood, that Messrs. M. H. Gault, M. P., D. Morrice, 'F. W. Henshaw, Edward McKay, and Alderman Grenier be a Committee, to arrange the banquet, with power to add to their number." Mr. M. P. Ryan, M. P., was present at the first meeting, but that was the last of him, he, at all events, was not added to the number, but naturally enough Mr. Richard White was, and we take the liberty of telling that gentleman that he knew it. And yet Mr. Ryan is a member of Parliament for Montreal Centre, but we forget he is one of the great ostracised; he had no business there, according to the belief of Messrs. Gault, White and Ogilvy.

So much for the committee, and now for the press tickets, before proceeding with which, however, we may remark that if it were only that sin of omission which came under our notice, we would have preserved silence, considering it *infra dig.* for a newspaper of a position in the journalistic world like that of THE POST to acknowledge such a pitiful snub. When English speaking Catholics, simply because they are such, happen to be boycotted it is only a necessary consequence that their representative newspaper should be treated in the same way. Indeed, since THE POST started the only fair play it has received from local contemporaries came from the Witness, with an occasional nod of recognition from the Herald. The Gazette did not want it here at all, it was a nuisance in its eyes and took away from its prestige, and injured its advertising. What business had Irish Catholics with a daily paper? Was the Gazette not present to patronize them in a small way and malign them in a great way, and then did it not publish their complaints occasionally? But in our effusion over the Gazette we must remember Mr. Richard White's second denial, wherein it is asserted "that he was not present at any meeting at which the question of press tickets was discussed." We take the following extract from the minutes of the meeting held on the 3rd of May:—"There were present: Messrs. M. H. Galt, M. P., 'RICHARD WHITE (the caps are our own)', 'A. McGibbon, A. W. Ogilvy, Henry Lyman, 'A. Robertson and James Stewart, Secretary. 'Mr. Galt reported that His Worship the Mayor had accepted the invitation. After a discussion, the Secretary was instructed to issue complimentary tickets to the following papers: Gazette, two; Herald, two; Witness, one; Le Monde, one; Star, one; La Patrie, one; Miner, one; Mail, one; 'Globe, one.' There is no mention of THE POST, for it was the organ of the Irish Catholics, and although there are over thirty thousand of them in Montreal, Mr. Richard White does not recognize them. He does not know the penal laws have been repealed, or, if he does, perhaps—like George the Fourth—he thinks it was a mistake which he and Messrs. Gault and Ogilvy can rectify somewhat.

But lest the result of our own search after facts may not be satisfactory to the public, we herewith append a letter from the Secretary of the Allan Banquet taken from this morning's Herald, which, we imagine will be considered conclusive.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

Sir:—I regret exceedingly that you should have felt obliged to refer to the recent Allan Banquet in your issue of this morning, but having done so, I think I may be pardoned, since my name has been used in connection with my position as Secretary-Treasurer, if I endeavor to defend myself. I have no knowledge of what has caused the remark in reference to the Committee, at the first meeting of which, the Gazette says, Mr. Richard White was not present. As a matter of fact, the minutes of the meeting show that Mr. Richard White was present and moved the resolution appointing the Banquet Committee. And as to the invitations to the press, it is true that I received instructions from the Committee, but these instructions were defined at a meeting on the 3rd of May, at which Mr. Richard White was also present. I, as Secretary of the Committee, received specific directions as to whom invitations should be sent, and such directions were carefully fulfilled. If the object of the article in your paper this morning was to insinuate any charge of irregularity or unfairness on my part, I think the above statement of facts will exonerate me.

Yours truly, JAMES STEWART, Sec.-Treas. Allan Banquet.

May 20, 1881. We shall be anxious until we find how Mr. Richard White will emerge from this little difficulty, although, certes, he has achieved more extraordinary feats in the way of wriggling ere this.

Our anxiety to see how Mr. Richard White would wriggle out of the difficulty created for himself, by himself, was altogether without cause. He has wriggled, and that without losing one bit of his reputation as a journalist—of the Gazette stamp. This is how he rises to explain in this morning's Gazette:—"Mr. Stewart, we doubt not unintentionally, is in error. The meeting which Mr. White attended was a preliminary one, at which a small committee was appointed to wait on Sir Hugh and Mr. Andrew Allan to ascertain if they would accept a public dinner. The general committee was appointed afterwards, at a meeting at which Mr. White was not present, and he knew nothing of it until subsequently informed that he was a member of the committee. The matter is one of small importance, and scarcely demands the notice which has been taken of it. We should say that Mr. Stewart's letter would have been printed on Saturday morning, but that it only reached this office after one o'clock, a.m."

It may, indeed, be a very small affair in the eyes of Mr. Richard White to insult thirty thousand of Montreal's population, but we doubt if the Irish Catholics of Canada will think so. That, however, remains to be seen. It is amazing how mild the Gazette is,

in its answer to the Herald. The Herald or rather its manager—told Mr. White that he was present both at the formation of the committee and at the meeting wherein the issue of press tickets was discussed, but yet the Gazette which was wont to be so belligerent is as mild as a sucking dove in its reply. And with good reason, for if it blasted Mr. Stewart would come out once more and tell Mr. White that he remembered the substance of the discussion and the words used by the Gazette manager when he was insulting a portion of the citizens of Montreal. There is little necessity that we should say any more about a matter except that public opinion has found Mr. White guilty in the first place of bigotry and in the next of the most desperate attempt at walking round the truth without touching it, it is possible to conceive. In manner of doing things in general reminds us of Brett Hart's Heathen Chinese:—"Which is why I remark, And my language is plain, That for ways that are dark, And for tricks that are vain, The Heathen Chinese is peculiar, Which the same I am free to maintain, We shall most likely meet him again, Phillippi."

PRESENTATION TO REV. FATHER HOGAN.

The love and esteem in which the Rev. Father Hogan is held by his parishioners found fresh evidence yesterday evening, at 7 o'clock, when he was presented by the ladies of his parish with an address and purse containing \$1,200. The address of which the following is a copy, was read by Mrs. Brennan on behalf of the other ladies, of whom about one hundred were present:—"Rev. and Dear Pastor:—The happy occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood gives us a joy wished-for opportunity of approaching you in order to offer you our congratulations, and to assure you of our reverential love and gratitude. We congratulate you on the privilege reserved for you by God, to have filled a quarter of a century in laboring faithfully and fruitfully in His holy service; and believe us, when we assure you that we are not ungrateful for all the labor, zeal and solicitude of which we have been the object during that time. To witness, on the part of our Pastor, so much tenderness of heart, such a sacrifice of self, such a paternal anxiety for the welfare of his flock, and not love him would be impossible, it would certainly be impossible for the people of St. Ann's."

Yes, Rev. and dear Pastor, you must permit us to say it openly to-day—we do love and esteem you. Nor is the homage of esteem and love entirely unworthy of your acceptance, since it was you yourself teaching us to love and esteem you by first teaching us to understand, to value and to love virtue in justice, we must say that to your religious constancy in the discharge of your pastoral duties in our midst must be attributed whatever of catholic union and harmony, whatever of zeal for works of charity, and whatever of love for the practice of religion may be marked in St. Ann's congregation. As this is not a final meeting, but only a pleasant breathing place, after one-half (only one-half, we fondly hope) of your pastoral career has been accomplished, we will enter into details on the important charge you have filled during your laborious and fruitful ministry. It would, however, be unpardonable to pass in silence the long years you have held the most difficult and trying charge of Almoner of the Poor. The record of your labours in that department is both edifying and instructive.

The Father of the poor, alone, knows the sacrifices daily demanded of you, in your contact with the claimants for relief. In despite of a generous flow of Tipperary blood in your veins, your patience was inexhaustible. You knew how to distinguish between the deserving poor and those with whom poverty was a profession, or whose want was the result, or the punishment, of dissipation. The deserving poor you relieved tenderly and promptly according to the means at your disposal; if you had to reject the demands of the others, least charity should become an encouragement of vice, your refusal itself was charity, because it was given with the feeling of a paternal admonition.

With another class—the poor who had seen better days—your conduct was admirable. Your delicate forethought generally spared them the pain and humiliation of asking. It was enough for you to know that they were in want. If the prayers of the thousands you relieved in the time of their distress can avail with God, the Father of the poor, certainly your crown will be a rich one. But, dear and Rev. pastor all this increasing labor of body, and application of mind, begin to tell on a constitution, robust as even yours has been.

The bow strained, during twenty-five long years, has lost much of its elasticity. The doctors say that rest is necessary for you; we, your children, confirm the verdict of the doctors, and request you to take a return to us longed repose, so that you may return to us renewed health to labor again, as in former days. Our consolation, during the time of your absence, shall be to pray for the safety and the perfect recovery of our dear pastor. We know the condition in which your charitable heart and your singular disinterestedness have always kept you. To enable you, therefore, to take the rest so necessary for your health, and so well earned, accept this offering of love from your children, and give them a father's blessing before you leave.

On behalf of the St. Ann's congregation, the ladies subscribe themselves, Rev. and Dear Pastor, your affectionate and devoted children.

Rev. Father Hogan was so deeply affected by this proof of the affection with which he was regarded by his flock, that he was unable to say more than sufficed to express his emotion and gratitude for the token of esteem presented to him.

The presentation was made in the Sisters' school-house belonging to the parish. Before that event took place, however, a very pleasing programme was gone through for the entertainment of those present. The school children sang a song expressive of welcome to those who had gathered beneath the roof of the school, and vocal and instrumental solos and duets followed in quick succession. An address from the children was also presented, and the affair was brought to a conclusion by the rendering of appropriate music.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY TO THEIR LOVED PASTOR.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the last meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, a committee waited upon the Rev. Father Hogan at the St. Ann's presbytery

Last evening, to convey to him the kind wishes of the Society towards him, and also to present to him with a small purse as a token of their affection. They were most heartily welcomed at the Presbytery, after which Mr. John D. Quinn, as President of the Society and Chairman of the Committee, read the address of the occasion, which ran as follows:—

Dear Father:—It is with heartfelt pleasure that we appear before you this evening in the name of the Temperance Society of St. Ann's, not only to testify our love, but also to manifest our gratitude for the favors which we have been the recipients since you became our pastor.

How can we be otherwise than grateful to one who has ever been ready to interest himself in our behalf, patiently listening to us in all our difficulties, and kindly suggesting whatever his wisdom has dictated to us?

How many sufferings have you relieved; how many private miseries have you soothed; in a word, how often have you checked and counteracted the inclination of those whom the demon of intemperance has been slowly but surely leading to ruin of body and soul.

Indeed, kind Father, words are inadequate to express our feelings on this occasion, nor is it for us to extol your praise, for monuments of your indefatigable zeal are everywhere discernible. During the many years you have labored amongst us as the "dispenser of the mysteries of God," you have endeavored yourself to every heart. All have learned to love and respect you for the good which has been accomplished in St. Ann's since you came amongst us.

Had this been all you had accomplished by your untiring energy, it alone would demand our commendations and lasting gratitude. But your vigilance in the Holy cause of temperance has been far more meritorious; your whole occupation was, and is, to prevent, as well as to repair, the disorders which the evils of intemperance have caused to society.

How far you have been successful in your endeavors is well known to all. Protestants, as well as Catholics, who, by following their vicious appetites of intemperance, have deviated from the path of rectitude, are indebted, under God, to you for their conversion.

And now, Rev. Father, it is with sad hearts that we see that your falling health renders it necessary that you should leave us for a time to seek in your native land the strength necessary to enable you to continue your labors amongst us. But we must make the sacrifice, and whilst far away from your children you may rest assured that our most earnest prayers shall every day be offered to Almighty God that He may continually protect you, and restore you to us renewed in strength.

In conclusion we would beg of you to accept this small present as a testimonial of our sincere gratitude. Deign kind pastor to receive it, not on account of its intrinsic value, but as a pledge of our filial devotion. [Signed on behalf of the St. Ann's T & B Society, by members of the Committee: John D. Quinn, M. D. J. Kanyon, M. Ryan, P. Flannery, D. Shea, J. McGarity, T. O'Connell, Edward Ryan, J. Crowe, M. Burke, P. McGuirk, and M. Crowe.]

After the reading of the address a purse of \$160 was presented to Father Hogan. The Rev. gentleman replied in very feeling terms, saying that if he had thought the pain of parting from his congregation would have been so great he would have preferred to remain at home. He was wholly overcome with emotion, and was unable to complete his reply. The members of the Committee were deeply affected at the sight of their pastor's emotion, and the interview, in spite of the circumstances which attended it, was of a very painful nature.

The following is a copy of the address read to Rev. Father Hogan, by Master M. Quinn, on behalf of the boys of St. Ann's School on Sunday afternoon:—

To the Rev. FATHER HOGAN, P.P., St. Ann's, MONTREAL.

Rev. and Dear Father,—Before your departure on your long and perilous voyage across the ocean, to seek for some months, in foreign lands, the quiet and rest necessary to recuperate your shattered constitution, we, the pupils of St. Ann's School, are desirous of testifying to you our grateful thanks for the fatherly interest you have always taken in our welfare, and the constant encouragement we have unceasingly received from you. For many a gladsome year we have been the special, but perhaps, unworthy objects of your truly paternal solicitude.

With proofs innumerable, ever fresh in our memories, of the deep and lively interest you have always evinced for whatever might advance us in virtue and science, we find it to be our duty, in common with your many other friends, to do something in compensation for the innumerable kind services received at your hands; and it is with much satisfaction to ourselves that we seize the present opportunity to give public expression to the high esteem, cordial affection and heartfelt gratitude that we have hitherto entertained and shall always cherish for a benefactor to whom we are so much indebted.

We cannot repress the emotions of pride and admiration which arise in our youthful breasts at the remembrance of your long and laborious life in our midst. We, who have been so highly favored by your kindly visits to our classes, ever encouraging us onward in the acquisition of useful knowledge, cannot but feel a keener pang of regret at your departure than any other portion of your flock. But in our grief we are consoled at the thought that in a few short weeks you will be gratifying your devotion by offering the all-atonement sacrifice on the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles in the Eternal City, or in some one of the many sacred and time-honored temples of our own dear Isle. On these occasions we hope, Rev. Father, you will remember us—praying that we may grow up true and worthy children of that venerable Church of all ages and nations, which, firmly built upon its heavenly foundations, stand unbroken and unshattered through lashed by centuries by the tide and storm of passion and prejudice, still stands "durable as the eternal hills, glorious as the rising sun, unchanged and unchangeable as the words of Christ," equally as unconquerable as himself. We hope, Rev. Father, that the Almighty will restore you to perfect health, and spare you yet many years to continue the good you have been doing so successfully up to the present time. Begging you to accept our insignificant offerings, and assuring you that our prayers will ascend to God for a safe voyage for you, and a speedy return to our midst, we are your very grateful children,

THE BOYS OF ST. ANN'S SCHOOL.

A political demagogue recently declared that "so long as the people are silent under their wrong, their oppressors will be deaf to their cries."

Under the heading, *Quid Pro Quo*, the *Shamrock* thus pithily puts it: "What England took from Ireland: land, language, parliament; what England gave to Ireland: land laws, poor houses, and jails."

City and Suburban News.

There were 104 interments in the Catholic and 53 in the Protestant cemeteries last week.

The Corporation road laborers in St. Gabriel Village had their wages increased 10 cent by a voluntary vote of the Council.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new House of Industry at Longue Pointe will take place on the 14th June. The stone will be laid by His Honor the Lieut.-Governor.

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon a little ten-year-old daughter of David Page, No. 62 Laganchetiere street, fell from a window in the third storey of the house and was instantly killed.

Mrs. Scott, wife of John Scott, 49 St. David's lane, died suddenly yesterday at her residence. The Coroner held an inquest in the evening. Verdict, "death from the visitation of God, or natural causes."

The police of Longueuil are very economic in their principles. They seldom go to the expense of hiring a carriage to convey a drunken prisoner to the station, the Municipality being averse to what they think is a squandering of the city finances. Yesterday afternoon a policeman discovered a woman lying on the bank of the river very drunk, and mindful of the orders he had received, he did not hire a carriage, but borrowed a good wheelbarrow, in which vehicle he dumped the woman and trundled her off to the station-house.

A MEETING of the Citizens Exhibition Committee was held yesterday afternoon in the Mechanics' Hall, Mr. M. P. Ryan, M.P., in the chair. After some discussion Mr. A. McGibbon was elected Chairman for 1881, and Mr. Henry Lyman, Treasurer. An Executive and Finance Committee was also appointed with power to add to their number. The Chairman elect having taken his seat, it was moved and carried that the sum of not less than \$12,000 or \$15,000 would be required for permanent buildings and outside alterations. Still another committee was appointed to strike sub-committees, after which the meeting adjourned.

LAND LEAGUE MEETING.

The weekly meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Land League was held yesterday afternoon in the St. Patrick's Hall. The President Mr. P. Carroll was in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

After considerable discussion on the outrageous act of the British Government in arresting Father Sheehy, a condemnatory resolution was drawn up and read to the meeting:—

"Unanimously resolved: that the action of the British Government in arresting Rev. Father Sheehy, of Kilmallock, Limerick under the Coercion Act, is a gross outrage and an insult to the Irish race, and we cannot but feel that in thus depriving of his liberty a much loved pastor of the people, the Government have committed an act which cannot fail to still further widen the breach which exists between the people of Ireland and their rulers."

The Land League intend to hold a picnic at a near date on the Shamrock Lacrosse grounds. A feature of the event will be a hurling match between the members of the Quebec Land League and the Montreal Branch.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a general meeting of the St. Bridget's Catholic Young Men's Association held in their Hall, No. 526 St. Mary street, on Wednesday evening, May 18th, 1881, the following resolutions of condolence were unanimously passed.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite mercy to remove from our midst a fellow-member, therefore, be it resolved, while bowing in submission to his divine will, we recognize the fact that a zealous and faithful friend, a good companion, a true and devoted member of our association.

Resolved, that we tender to his sisters our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement, and trusting they will find consolation in Him who guides the destinies of all.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his relatives, and entered on the books of the association, and published in the Montreal Post.

FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

CONCLUDING CEREMONIES—SERMON BY REV. M. CALLAGHAN—SOLEMN BENEDECTION.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather last Tuesday, every available seat in St. Patrick's Church was filled by the first communicants, their friends and relatives, to witness the concluding ceremonies of First Communion Day.

The seats on the right of the centre aisle were occupied by the little boys, who presented a pleasing appearance in their unadorned suits of black, with white rosettes and form suits, indicative of the purity of their youthful hearts. On the left of the aisle sat the little girls, clothed in virginial white, with their wreaths of immaculate flowers overhanging countenances lit up by that happy innocence which hath so many charms.

At half-past seven the Rev. M. Callaghan, to whose untiring efforts the success of this great day must be attributed, ascended the pulpit and delivered an address to the children. He said that throughout their lifetime they would have days of happiness, but none so happy as that, the day of their First Communion. The reason for that was that they had endeavored that day to separate themselves from the world and sin as far as possible. Their parents, too, and their brothers and sisters were happy because they were happy.

This happiness was such as the world could not give; it came from Heaven and the Divine Saviour was the source of it. He was the only true source of happiness. They might plunge into all the delights of the world, but they would not all give them the solid happiness which, in the tranquility of their hearts, they were enjoying that day. But in the midst of this their happiness, he had one thought of sadness in his mind. It was this: Would all of them persevere in the state of grace in which they were established? Would they all prove faithful to Him who had been so lavish with them? Jesus gave his life, his precious blood for them. He declared, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." He then proceeded to give them some suggestions whereby their good dispositions of that day might be rendered lasting. They should avoid sin, and have sentiments of horror of it; not for mortal sins only, but for venial sins, for those venial sins would lead them into the dark abyss. They should avoid anything leading to sin, shun dangerous companions and cultivate a spirit of prayer and obedience. They should especially remember when they wake in the mornings to give their first thoughts to God,

PASTORAL VISIT.

The following is a list of the Parishes which His Lordship, Mgr. Fabre, the Bishop of Montreal will visit during his pastoral tour of 1881:—

May 30, St. Jean Dorchester; 31, L'Acadie (St. Marguerite); June 1, St. Luc; 2, Chamblé (St. Joseph); 3, St. Hubert; 7, St. Basile; 8, St. Julie; 9, St. Bruno; 12, Longueuil (St. Antoine); 13, Boucherville (St. Famille); 14, Valmont; (St. Anne); 15, Vercheres (St. Francois Xavier); 16, Contrecoeur (St. Trinite); 17, Ste. Theodose; 20, Chateaugay (St. Joachim); 21, Beauharnois (St. Clement); 22, Ste. Martine; 23, St. Etienne; 24, Ormstown (St. Malachie); 25, St. Stanislas; 26, St. Timothee; 27, Ste. Cecile; 28, St. Philippe; 29, St. Jacques le Mineur; 9, St. Cyrien; 10, St. Valentin; 11, Laocelle (St. Bernard); 12, Sherrington (St. Patrick); 13, St. Edouard; 14, St. Michel; 15, Hommingford (St. Romain); 16, St. Jean Chrysostome; 17, St. Antoine Abbe; 18, Hinchinbrooke (St. Patrick); 19, Huntingdon (St. Joseph); 20, St. Anicet; 21, Dunee (St. Agnes); 22, St. Regis; 26, Ste. Philomene; 27, Urbain; 28, St. Remi.

"Let me go home and bear the blessed tidings to my unbelieving wife," said a man wearing a many-pocketed ulster, who had just professed religion at a New Jersey revival meeting. "Let me out! let me out! I've got salvation!" But a suspicious detective unloaded him of three watches and five pocketbooks that he had taken from mourners around the anxious seat.

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Yours truly,
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Ottawa, May 18, 1881.

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LAWRENCE SLATTERY.

Sheen, Pontiac Co., Que., 20th May, 1881. P.S.—Irish Canadian will please copy.

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Each succeeding meeting of the Montreal branch of the Ladies' Land League has been much better attended than its predecessor, and the fact must be accepted as proof of the successful issue of the efforts put forth by Miss Annie O. Davis to establish the Ladies' League in this city. A large number of ladies were present, and the greatest interest appeared to be taken in the proceedings. Miss Hayes, Miss O'Leary, Miss Lamb, Miss Davis and others contributed to the pleasing programme prepared, and their efforts to entertain the audience were fully appreciated and rewarded by prolonged applause, and imperatively demanded encores.

At the conclusion, Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., was called upon to speak, and he kindly complied with the request. He addressed the ladies particularly, for he did not suppose the gentlemen present counted, and said that he felt himself in rather an embarrassing position because he had never before been called upon to address a congregation of ladies, having previously confined all his efforts to not more than one representative of the sex at a time. (Laughter.) It was much easier to address an assemblage of gentlemen for they could take any amount of flattery, but the ladies were consequently with all their devices, and consequently it did not matter how experienced he was in pulling the wool over the eyes of his fellow-men in professional pursuit, (laughter) he was still at a loss what to say to the ladies. He could go over the story of what the ladies had done in the history of the world, but this would entail a long, elaborate and exhaustive lecture, and furthermore he had been forestalled in what he would have to say by gentlemen who had filled columns in the newspapers on a previous occasion. But it was just as well to say one or two words. The ladies had figured prominently as heroines in Sacred History, amongst others they had read of Judith, but fortunately we were now living under a new dispensation, and no lady for the future would be called upon to prove her devotion to her country to the extent of lopping off a man's head. They had read in profane history of the mother of the Gracchi, and from her day to the present time, although perhaps not with such marked prominence the ladies had shaped the events of history. Mer of genius had given their mother's credit for the success achieved by them; and not only in the past was this compliment paid to the ladies, but recently one of England's greatest statesmen in his Eudymon which might be regarded as his dying declaration, he had shown that to the entreaties, influence and intrigues of women were due all his successes in life.

A great deal had been said disparagingly about the part ladies had taken in political affairs, but surely no one could object to what they were doing in this Land League organization, where they did not take the political stump, but entertained their friends with beautiful recitations and choice music, which had an elevating and refining tendency, whilst they advanced the cause. To speak of Irish ladies of patriotism would be like carrying coals to Newcastle. (Applause.) He would then merely thank them for the invitation and privilege of addressing them. He had been previously waited on by a very charming lady belonging to that organization, who had asked him to attend their meeting. What could he say but yes? (Laughter), and here he was. Whatever would be the fate of the League, he hoped they would persevere in their efforts, for without losing any of the loving traits which made women charming it was quite possible that they could help towards the attainment of the end desired by the Irish people in general. They could do great good in a noble cause, and not only would they keep alive the love of the old land, but they would also perform their share in building up a new nationality in this country, and show to the world what Irish ladies and Irishmen could do when living under good and just laws, and having a fair field in common with other peoples. (Prolonged applause.)

Several ladies were admitted members of the League, and the proceedings were then brought to a close.

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SIR,—May I trespass on your valuable space with a few words in reply to the letter of Mr. Harty, which appeared in your issue of the 19th inst. My friends, both in Montreal and Quebec, who are acquainted with the facts of the above case, will hardly be led away from the true bearings of the matter by any letter which Mr. Harty can write, nor can the damaging facts be varnished over by any ingenuity he may employ. Persecuted by the American Government on the one hand and your humble servant on the other, such an embodiment of injured innocence as he is must be deserving of great public sympathy, indeed. Between breaches of revenue laws and breaches of trust, charged on him so wrongfully, his position is truly lamentable. It was proved on the trial in my case that he divided some \$5000 of my late brother's estate between Judge Putnam, C. W. Weldon, M.P. (both of St. John, N. B.) and himself about three years ago, one cent of which, up to the time of trial, never reached me—one of my brother's heirs. Is it wonderful then that I should obstinately refuse to give these men power to deal with \$3,000 more after the same fashion? I tried every means to bring these men to task, but failed in doing so until I dragged them into the Court of Chancery, and compelled them to disgorge the trust monies. Mr. Harty now styles me "the unfortunate man!" Yes, I may be well compared to another unfortunate man, who, coming down from Jerusalem, fell among thieves, who not only plundered him, but threw their victim into the ditch. The ditch call in Dorchester Jail, where I was imprisoned for seven long months, with death from starvation constantly staring me in the face.

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Mr. Graham appears quite indignant, apropos of the unjust and dishonorable conduct of the numerous adversaries of that institution. Especially, adds he, after the solemn compact entered into by the different representatives of the Canadian nationality on this continent. Now, the following question naturally presents itself: Does any such compact exist, and if so, were the contracting parties justified in taking upon themselves such a responsibility, to the detriment of their descendants or successors?

If such a compact be really in existence, then the following condition must necessarily have been stipulated.—That the institution in question meets the requirements of the numerous aspirants to liberal professions, etc., in the Dominion. Does the University fulfil this condition? Certainly not, and simply because of its remote position! In former times, when educated youth were chiefly recruited from the ranks of the upper classes of our population, the sequestered position of the establishment may possibly have had but little influence upon the following of its courses. But at present the greater portion of our young men have the advantages of a classical education; for many of them the expenses incurred would render it quite impossible to attend the lectures of the different "faculties" in Quebec. In face of a similar position must we check the aspirations of so many brilliant talents simply because of the poetical halo encircling the front of "grand old Quebec." It is with such feelings in the background that we shall long remain in the background to an institution of our own, and if Quebec suffer thereby, let her find in her "patriotism" the strength to make the sacrifice. In fact, let her yield "graciously and gratefully" to Montreal the sacred right of saving its youth from the pernicious influences of a student's life, passed amidst the altitudes of vice and dissipation. Let Quebec find in "religious" sentiment, the courage to sacrifice her supposed right to the maintenance of good morals amongst our students. In fact, let both cities finally agree to suborn private interest to the welfare of our youth.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

James Redpath leaves for Ireland on the 31st of May next.

Part of the employees of the Q, M., O. & O. were paid on Wednesday.

A Treaty of Commerce has been concluded between Austria and Germany.

Mr. Adam, the Governor of the Presidency of Madras, East Indies, is said to be dying.

The Father Sheehy arrested at Kilmallock on Thursday lectured in Montreal six years ago.

Orders for 60,000 copies of the revised new Testament have been received by one firm in Toronto.

Sutter, the Englishman captured by brigands, has been liberated on payment of the ransom.

Billy Leroy and Sam. Potter, desperadoes, were lynched by citizens of Del Norte, Col. on Sunday night.

The editor of the Copenhagen *Herald* has been arrested for inciting the assassination of King Christian.

Prince Leopold, the Queen's youngest son, has been raised to the Peerage, with the title of Duke of Albany.

Venezuela advises report a rising at Llanos. The insurgents raised a cry of "Down with Guzman Blanco."

Mr. Thomas Ferguson, Q. C., has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of Ontario, to succeed Mr. S. H. Blake, resigned.

All the prisoners arrested in connection with the Biddulph massacre express the utmost unconcern about their arrest.

Garibaldi has issued a manifesto on the Tunis question, in which he says Italy should demand of France complete independence for Tunis.

Jorgenson, editor of a Danish socialist paper, has been arrested on a charge of inciting to murder the King and establish a Commune.

SCOTLAND.

The Glasgow correspondent of the *Brooklyn Eagle* writes that paper as follows:—

It is useless to disguise the fact any longer. The working classes of England and Scotland are as much in favor of a fair distribution of the public domain as the Irish tenant farming classes are, or ever were. The beginning of the end has come. Royal pensioners and titled land monopolists must give way to the will of the people. A few paltry concessions may be made, but a system that takes every year from the profits of the producing classes tens of millions of dollars, and continues in the possession of a few thousand men more than the half of Britain and Ireland, will be brought to an sudden end as it was in France in 1793.

For the last four or five years the wages of the working class have been on the decline, while the price of provisions has increased from 10 to 25 per cent. The following figures taken from the pauper returns of the three kingdoms, published but a few weeks ago, will go further to show the poverty-stricken state of this country much better than anything that your correspondent can imagine at present: For the two islands, Britain and Ireland, with a population of 31,505,000, we find on January 1, 1881, there was a pauper list of 837,910, which took from the public pocket \$30,135,300; and to go back for thirty-two years, the paupers alone, who, by the way, did not work whatever for the nation—had charged against them one billion, fifteen millions and eighty thousand dollars (\$1,015,080,000). When such sums are added to the millions taken by the royal paupers, noble paupers, military and naval paupers, it will require no fine spun argument to prove that the people would hail any change as a happy deliverance from their present state. It seems like a satire on how to think how the Irish can for a moment entertain the thought that any government situated in London could or would pass enactments that will save them from wholesale emigration or occasional famine if the people are not to be put in full possession of the land which they till. This does not apply to Ireland alone, but also to the farming classes in Scotland and in England, where land reform must soon be applied if the people are expected to accomplish anything.

When one reads accounts of how her Majesty's loving subjects are driven from the cabins of their birth, it may be soothing to the minds of those who can feel for the condition of the royal widow and her fatherless family of her intended purchase of new palaces. It must not be inferred from this that the royal widow has failed to pay the rent on the ten or twelve palaces scattered over this country, which she has been living in from time to time. Nothing would be further from the truth. The rent is paid on every royal domicile in the country every time that the Earl of Kinnaird, as Lord Chamberlain, signs his name to any document, requiring the Royal assent. While the said earl receives \$10,000 for said labors and is permitted to claim in the County of Kerry and other parts of the realm 105,359 acres, giving him an annual rent of \$176,000.

As a panacea to the discontented farmers of Ireland and

IRISH THANKS TO AMERICA.

A GRAVEFUL LETTER FROM THE LAND LEAGUE IN LONDON.

In answer to a letter from Mr. Thomas Walsh, Secretary of the Land League, London, Mr. J. McCarthy Scully, Secretary of the Parnell Land League of this city, assures Mr. Walsh, on behalf of the New York League, that at least \$1,000,000 will be contributed by the people of this country in aid of the land agitation in Ireland.

LONDON, ENGLAND. 83 CHARINGTON ST., April 27, 1881.

J. McCarthy Scully, Esq., Secretary Central Body, Parnell Land League, New York.

DEAR SIR:—The attitude of the Irish people on the American Continent in the struggle between the tenant farmers of Ireland and their cruel tyrannical oppressors has touched the hearts of the Irish exiles of Southwark, London, to overflowing.

The complete sifting which Irish-American news receives at the "benign and unprejudiced" hands of English editors leaves us deplorably ignorant of the efforts you are making on their behalf, as well as that of Irish nationality. But thanks to the particularly observant spirit of Mr. P. O'Leary, who has recently traveled on the American Continent, we are able to gain from his able and interesting lecture on "Irish Opinion on the American Continent," some idea of your almost superhuman labors on behalf of the tenant farmers and Irish nationality.

We, therefore, feel proud in acknowledging the success of the land agitation to have your aid, and also acknowledge that Irish nationality has been supremely advocated beyond the hope of the most sanguine nationalist, by that noble practical sympathy which is characteristic of the children of Ireland in America. I have only this to say, and heartily, that your efforts are being emulated by us, though our desire to equal can never be, owing to the paucity of our members and the peculiarity of our position.

After Mr. P. O'Leary's lecture the following resolution (which, I fear, very imperfectly expressed the warmth of our admiration) was put to the meeting, and carried with acclamation:

"That, having heard Mr. Peter O'Leary's lecture on the Irish in America, we, the Irishmen of Southwark, in public meeting assembled, offer our warmest gratitude to our countrymen on the American continent for their whole-souled patriotism as demonstrated in the support they are now lending the Irish National Land League in its struggle with an agrarian system, which has impoverished Ireland, the cradle of our race."

"That copies of this resolution be forwarded to the New York Star, Boston Globe, New York Tribune, Irish-American, Sunday Democrat, Boston Pilot, Irish World, Daily Post, Montreal Irish Canadian, Toronto Tribune, Toronto Star, and New York Tribune. Likewise to Mr. Flattery, Secretary of the National Land League, Boston; General P. A. Collins, President National Land League, Boston; J. McCarthy Scully, Secretary Parnell Land League, Central Body, 110 Mott Memorial Hall, with the further request that all the Irish-American and American press will please copy the same in testimony of our appreciation of the labor of all Irishmen on the Continent of North America, and of the advocacy of the journals which have mentioned, as well as those which we have omitted to mention, that advocate the grand cause of Irish regeneration."

"Believing the gentlemen and papers to be representative, we beg through them to thank and congratulate all sympathizers with the cause of Ireland in the great Republic and Dominion of Canada. Yours, sir, THOMAS WALSH, Secretary of the Land League, Charington, London."

PARNELL LAND LEAGUE, HEADQUARTERS GOTT MEMORIAL HALL, No. 64 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, May 11, 1881.

To Thomas Walsh, Secretary of the Land League of Southwark, London, England:

DEAR SIR:—Your communication of April 27th inst. is to hand, containing congratulatory resolutions to the Irish race in America for labors on behalf of the Irish National Land League of Ireland in its efforts to bring justice to the ill-treated and sorrowing peasantry of that unfortunate land. It was read at the meeting of the Central Body last evening and was warmly welcomed and applauded, not only as a link in the chain of the unity now so accomplished a fact on the part of the Irish race in every land, as well as this, but also in a special manner in appreciation of the labors of the Irishmen of Southwark, London.

The Parnell Land League instructs me to state to you, and through you to your organization, that the earnest resolve to regain Irish rights is unabated, and will continue so until full meed of justice to Ireland is wrung from the blinded autocracy of England.

The unlimited license given to "garrison landlords" in Ireland by the effete and incompetent legislation of England's aristocratic representatives is a monstrosity. England's rule in Ireland is not only a proven failure, but also a false pretense of the darkest kind, and you can rest confident that the Irish nation in America will persevere to its obliteration.

I feel it my duty to also inform you that no amount of British falsehood or Irish disaffection of renegades, if there be any, will stay this organization in its direct support of Charles Stewart Parnell while he exercises his cool and able judgment in the furtherance of Ireland's cause. He has our full confidence, and we are united as one man in his support and that of his faithful co-laborers.

On the question of Irish nationality, to which you refer, I will say that we have full confidence in that regard in the manhood of the members of the Land League in this country, and especially in that of the Parnell Land League, of which I have the honor of being Secretary.

The Parnell Land League is composed of able, daring and prudent men, Nationalists for the most part—men whose watchword is "eternal vigilance." They, Brothers of Southwark, we greet you, and to your organization, in return for your hearty expression, we send whole-souled congratulations on the deserved commendation which your labors merit.

To Mr. Peter O'Leary we send special expressions of praise and thanks for his very patriotic efforts. We have appreciated him here for his single-mindedness of purpose on behalf of his native country, Ireland, and we are sure that you will not only appreciate him in his efforts, but also encourage him along to speak to your people on the sacred mission of your race.

In conclusion, we would request of you to work with earnestness and perseverance to the end of Irish deliverance from the present iniquitous thrall of misgovernment. For us, our lives and our means are pledged to the cause of our dear native land,

LABOR IN CANADA AND HOW IT IS PAID.

Just at the present moment it is almost impossible to furnish a completely accurate idea of how labor is paid and what wages workmen are receiving in Canada. The strikes in the Grand Trunk Railway shops and their successful termination with regard to all classes of laboring men which must eventually in their recovering a far higher scale of prices for their work than they have heretofore been paid. For the past three years at least the laboring man has been compelled to content himself with a starvation stipend. For instance the trackmen in employ of the City Passenger Railway Company are paid at the rate of 90 cents a day, deducting from which all the wet days, during which they are compelled to lay off, the wages, to say the least, is not fair compensation for their arduous work.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticize Darwin's theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The True Witness has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True Witness is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The True Witness is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rates for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

An honest medicine is the mostest work of man, and there is no remedy that is more justly entitled to a "curing" the ill than this is heir to than Burdock Blood Bitters, The Great Blood Purifier and System Renovator. It cures Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Kidney Complaints, and all troubles arising from impure blood, constipated bowels or disordered secretions, and the best Nervine and Tonic in the world. 40-2

About six months ago a man named James Kerr, a bricklayer, residing at Kames, while repairing a chimney-stalk in the neighborhood of Tighnabruich, fell from a height of 62 feet, sustaining most serious and dangerous injuries, which completely shattered the whole frame, and rendered him totally unconscious for 24 hours. He remained in a semi-conscious state for several weeks, quite prostrate, and unable to move. Mr. Mackenzie, of Tighnabruich, was immediately sent for, and attended to the man's injuries. The doctor found on examination that he had sustained a fracture of the dorsal vertebrae as far as the second or third lumbar, and he had angular projection of the spine. Paralysis was limited to loss of control of the left lower extremity for about three months. Great relief to the patient's suffering was afforded by a bandage contrived by the doctor, and a water bed, where he lay without moving, in a recumbent position, for upwards of four months. He is now able to walk about with the assistance of a stick; and if he continues to improve as he did for the last two months he will yet be able to resume work.—Glasgow paper.

It is questioned by some superficial writers whether prematurely grey hair can ever be made to resume its original color and appearance. It is so settled beyond a doubt that if the scalp be thoroughly cleansed and purified it will assume its early vitality, and that Luby's Pains-Expeller Hair-Preventer can completely work its cure. Sold by all chemists.

The American Society of Civil Engineers will hold their Convention this year in O. n. a. s. i.

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Medical.

N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR

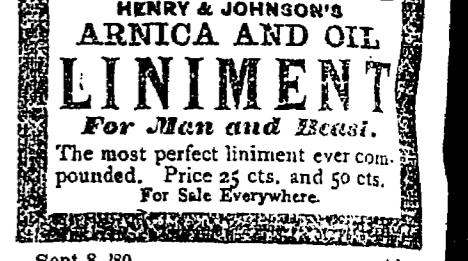
Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, and all Lung Diseases, when taken in season. People die of consumption simply because of neglect, when the timely use of this remedy would have cured them at once.

Fifty-one years of constant use proves the fact that no cough remedy has stood the test like Down's Elixir. Price 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. For sale everywhere.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake BITTERS Will cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, and all diseases arising from Bilioousness. Price 25 cents per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.

HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT For Man and Beast. The most perfect liniment ever compounded. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. For Sale Everywhere.

Sept 8, '80. 4-ly



Ayer's Hair Vigor.

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brassy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The Vigor cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair The Vigor is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. LYMAN BROS & CO., MONTREAL Wholesale Agents.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS

Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years. Purely Vegetable. Will not harm the most delicate woman or child.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints and all diseases of the Bladder sure and certain.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS Is the greatest Blood Cleanser in the world; it literally digs out and carries

THE DRUNKARD.

A SATURDAY NIGHT PICTURE. BY WILLIAM J. DELANY. 'Tis night, and still the traffic's roar swells o'er the city streets...

factures, he observed, had never had a fair chance in Ireland, and with the exception of the north of Ireland, where linen was manufactured, the people were almost wholly dependent upon land (applause).

London Times, "They are going with a vengeance." Facts like these are but the lights of the picture. Alas, the shades dominate for we generally hear of those emigrants who prosper...

active and buoyant, large sales having been effected at the higher range of prices. The market has been strengthened by the advance of about 2c. per lb. in the Boston and New York markets...

H. M. S. DOTEREL. London, May 20.—News has been received at St. Vincent of the disaster to the British sloop-of-war "Doterel," which was blown up at Sandy Point, in the Straits of Magellan...

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. FIRST COMMUNION. FIRST COMMUNION CERTIFICATES, IN FRENCH OR ENGLISH. No. 444—For Girl's size, 12x18; per doz. 72c.

THE LAND BILL

English Opinion

A MEETING OF BRISTOL LIBERALS.

The Bristol Herald of the 30th April says: Last evening a meeting of the Liberal Four Hundred was held in the Arch-room, Colston Hall, for the purpose of considering the Land Bill, the Bill dealing with corrupt practices at elections, and other business.

HORRORS OF THE STEERAGE.

A FRANCISCAN MONK'S ACCOUNT OF THE TERRIBLE TREATMENT OF EMIGRANTS. (From the Boston Pilot.) A Reverend Brother of the Order of Franciscans, who arrived in America last week, relates the following story of the perils attending emigrants in crossing the ocean:—

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS. Reports as to the growing crops are favorable, romances are coming in quite satisfactorily, and the prospects for the summer trade are considerably brighter than heretofore.

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET.

There was a good demand for butchers' cattle, but shipping cattle were dull, exporters receiving large quantities of cattle on their own account from the West.

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET—MAY 23.

Though a fair business continues to be done, the demand for horseflesh is evidently falling off. The American buyers in town since our last report were as follows:—E. Cooper and Thos. Aldham, Boston; J. L. Farnham, New Haven, Conn.; I. B. Cannon, Holland Patent, N. Y.; R. S. Chase, Baldwin, Me.; Joseph Pelletier, New York City; W. Boquet, Worcester, Mass.; A. Van Dusen, Albany, N. Y.; B. McCluskey, Worcester, Mass.; E. Beaudry, New York City.

J. G. KENNEDY & CO.'S CLOTHING. All their Clothing is made from the newest and best material. Dress Suits, Summer Suits, Boys Suits. THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO. EMIGRATION TO MANITOBA AND THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST. Sale of Lands.