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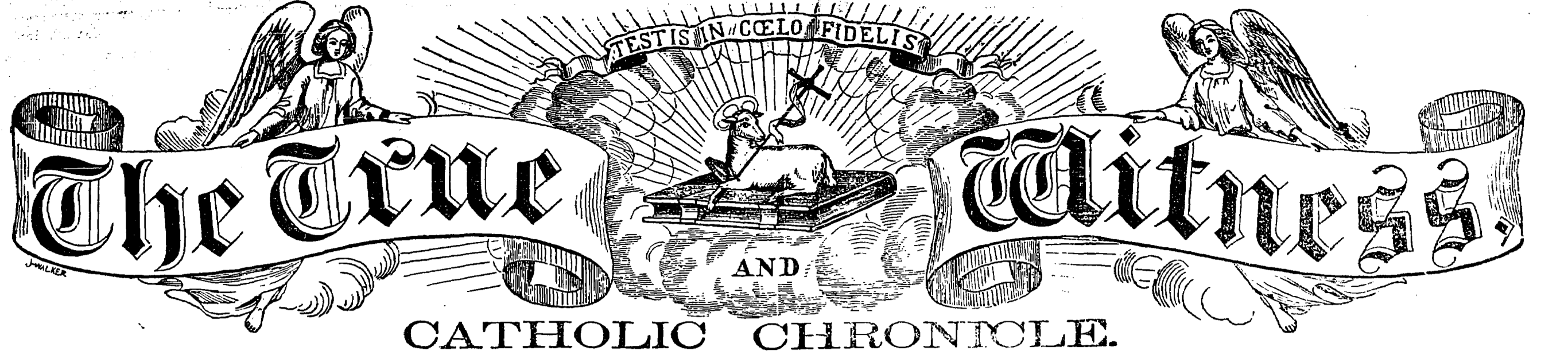
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THE IRISH BISHOPS IN ROME

THE MACHINATIONS OF THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS AGAINST THEIR IRISH BRETHREN.

Rome, April 30.—The representatives of the Irish episcopate are all in Rome. They represent the twenty-nine dioceses in Ireland and 5,000,000 Catholics. They are Archbishop Thomas Croke of Cashel, Archbishop John MacEvilly of Tuam, Bishop Patrick Dorrian of Down and Connor, Bishop Thomas Nulty of Meath, Bishop Michael Logue of Raphoe, Bishop Francis McCormack of Achonry, Bishop Thomas Carr of Galway, Bishop Nicholas Donnelly, Coadjutor of Dublin, Bishop Lawrence Gillooly of Elphin, Bishop James Brown of Ferns, Bishop James Lynch of Kildare, Bishop William Fitzgerald of Ross, Bishop Andrew Higgins of Kerry, Bishop O'Callaghan of Cork, Bishop Bartholomew Woodcock of Longford, and Bishop Healy of Clonfert.

Some of these prelates are accompanied by their priests, and the hotel is completely crowded with clerical guests. The few Italian Senators and Deputies who occasionally stop there do not feel very much at home among so many representatives of the Vatican.

Archbishop Croke and his priests are guests of the rector of the Irish College, Monsignor Kirby. I have visited his Grace. He is strong and healthy, and as energetic as when he was doing missionary work in New Zealand. Canon Verdon, the rector of the Irish College, has provided good quarters for his distinguished visitors. His Grace was formerly obliged to room in a little cell, not very elegant nor very comfortable—a cell resembling those that the Dominican Seminary of Troy used to offer to priests from New York during the annual retreat. He has now a neat and elegant apartment, although not so luxuriously furnished as the Cardinal's apartment in the American College.

The sixteen Bishops held their first meeting on the 21st in the hall of the Irish College. It was an informal meeting, in which the bill for national education in Ireland was discussed. They met again on the 23rd, and passed resolutions which were sent to the Irish members of Parliament, including Mr. Parnell, to vote against the bill.

The Bishops have not yet met at Propaganda, newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding. They have not yet learned why they were called to Rome. The programme of their future meetings will be given to them to-morrow, when they will meet at Propaganda Palace, with Cardinal Simoni presiding. This meeting of Bishops attracts more attention in Rome than the presence of the American Bishops two years ago. Ireland is nearer to Rome than America, and the interests of the five millions of Irish Catholics, though not superior to the interests of the ten millions of Catholic Americans, are more apt to arouse public curiosity. Ireland has been, and is yet in some sense, an object of the great family of nations ruled by Queen Victoria. The Irish people love their clergy, their spiritual head the Pope, and the religion represented and administered by the Pope. The work of secret societies has not destroyed their faith, as in Italy. They are law-abiding children of their spiritual ruler. They do not dare to act, even for their freedom, against the wishes of the Pope. There are, if the Pope either encourages or approves of their lawful exertions for liberty, as was the case some years ago, when he said that they ought to agitate utentes iuris suis sed non per crimina, he fosters the cause of Ireland. On the contrary, letters like those written by Cardinal Simoni against the Parnell fund will always stimulate secret societies in Ireland. Such societies treat the people from the clergy, and may very soon teach Irish patriots to act in the rebellious and sacrilegious way in which Italians have acted. But to the alternative of remaining slaves of Austria or of obeying the clergy and the Pope, they transformed Italy into a country of Freemasons and Rome into a den of infidelity.

The importance of this Irish movement is felt both by the Vatican and by the English Government. A strong party in Rome is trying to work for the British Government by influencing the Pope through Cardinals who are closest to him. The most prominent men of this party are Cardinal Howard and Mr. Errington. A full system of minor satellites revolves around them and forwards the agitation. This party has many supporters among the Roman prelates and friends of the prelates, who are kept in good order by the efficient means of the English Government. As this party is rich, and can easily command respect and obedience, it proclaims that it has already got the Pope and the Sacred College, and that everything will be done according to its wishes and direction. Unhappily many Irishmen believe this, and the triumph of secret societies and antagonism to Rome are the results. Their belief is unjustified, and even ridiculous, because, despite all reports, the so-called English party in Rome do not really influence the Pope at all. It is no easy job to blind the Pope. He has good eyes and a good nose, and he sees through things very quickly. While Mr. Errington is parading and bragging of his influence in Rome even now, the Holy Father does not and will not see him. A gentleman who is nearer the Pope than any Cardinal is the late Mr. Errington has not seen the Pope for over a year, and that he has very little chance of seeing him in the future. This is well known by the Irish Bishops, and you may easily imagine how it reveals their feelings.

The effect of Simoni's letter prohibiting contributions to the Parnell fund arrayed the sympathies of the Irish clergy against him. He is not considered a good friend of Ireland, despite his efforts to please the Bishops when they call on him. His affiliations with anti-Irish Catholic gentlemen and priests in Rome are well known. He has a personal dislike for many ardent patriots in the ranks of the clergy, and his narrow views on political questions cannot be forgotten by those who saw him give way to Cardinal Franchi in the office of Secretary of State only a short time after Leo XIII's election, and this although he had filled that office in the most critical moments of the interregnum and of the conclave.

The press has not made many comments on the Bishops. The *Unita Catholica* has printed a letter from Ireland which seems to be the beginning of a series that may prove interesting. The *Osservatore* does not want to lose its English subscribers, and the *Moniteur* is, perhaps, afraid that open sympathy for the Irish cause might prove fatal to its existence. Yet, although the press hold its peace, there are widespread comments and much gossip over the Bishops. It is openly asserted that Archbishop Croke and Bishops Dorrian, Logue, McCormack and Fitzgerald are good patriots and really love their country. Bishops Donnelly, Gillooly, Higgins, Woodcock and Healy are accused of timidity. The Archbishop of Tuam creates much talk on account of the Mastracra case. Bishop Dorrian seems to be appreciated by Propaganda, who never asked him why he had subscribed to the Parnell fund. Bishop Logue is called a great student, and his efforts to raise money for his starving people are still remembered and praised in Rome. Bishop McCormack is also a favorite, while Bishop O'Callaghan, the old prior of St. Clement's, is gratefully remembered. The readiness, however, with which the Bishop of Connor went to see the Prince of Wales is not appreciated in Rome. Leo XIII's encyclical letter against Freemasons is not forgotten, and it is asserted that the son of Queen Victoria, a confessed Grand Master of Free Masonry, had no right to expect a warm reception in a Catholic country. Bishops and priests could hardly be expected to visit the anti-chambers of his Highness when they were urged by cardinals from the Vatican to do so, especially when the Prince received them in a Grand Master's uniform, and filed their addresses with the addresses of the mortal enemies of the Catholic Church. Besides this, every one knew that the visit of the Prince of Wales was not an official visit to Ireland, but merely a visit to Earl Spencer, in order to spread a little golden sand over the scandals of the Castle, and to bury and forget the abominable crimes that official influence had tried to suppress.

All these things are not unknown to the Pope and to the Cardinals. The diplomatic force of England consolidated in a special mission to Rome, at the expense of the secret fund, could never succeed in persuading the Pope and the Sacred College that the Bishops and the priests ought to have spread flowers at the feet of Victoria's son when he visited Ireland. Much is said about Dr. Welch's possible election to the Dublin see. The English Government opposes it, but Rome does not see why. Dr. Welch has always kept aloof from politics, and never did anything that might be misconstrued as an undiluted opposition to the Government. He renounced against the proposal to fetter the property of Maynooth College. It was simply his duty to do so. He also resigned his station in the University because he had no hope of fair dealing. The Superiors approved his resignation. Despite the official opposition, Dr. Welch may be the successful candidate. He is in every way qualified for the place. He has the unanimous support of both the Bishops and the priests, and the people of Dublin say that if he succeeds Cullen and McCabe he will not be hanging around the Castle.

The Bishops brought a nice sum to His Holiness. Archbishop Croke brought about 50,000 francs. The others have proportionate sums. They will offer to Leo XIII. about half a million for Peter's pence, and the whole of Ireland does not give less than 1,000,000 francs.

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A VILLAGE DESTROYED.

OVER A HUNDRED HOUSES BURNED AT SOMERSET, QUEBEC.

SOMERSET, Que., May 17.—Somerset village was all burned down yesterday evening. About one hundred houses were laid in ashes, including Mr. Malhot's residence, the R. C. church and presbytery, also a foundry and the cheese factory. Many people are left in a destitute condition. Only the two walls of the church are left standing. The fire originated from the foundry, the building being mostly all wooden buildings, and fire being set in different parts of the village by sparks. There being no pumps, the fire could not be got under control. The convent was not destroyed by the fire. Very likely the convent will be used as a church until they build one.

A SCANDAL IN ROME.

Rome, May 14.—Society circles are agitated over a scandal in high life. Prince Torlonia, the Mayor of Rome, was betrothed to the Princess Letizia, daughter of Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. (Bonaparte.) Of course a marriage between such high contracting parties could not be solemnized without the consent of the Crown, but King Humbert resolutely refused to sanction the match. The ground of his refusal was that the prospective bridegroom, although now an Italian princeling, is really bourgeois, his present dignity having been acquired by the purchase of certain vineyards in other lands which carried with them the princely title. The Prince was furiously enraged, and he went to Florence, married a woman who had formerly been his mistress, brought her here, and installed her as the head of his household in the Palazzo of the municipality.

THE IRISH CRIMES ACT.

LONDON, May 14.—It is believed that the new Irish Crimes Act will abolish the right of night search of domiciles and special laws against newspapers and public meetings. Mr. Childers and Mr. Chamberlain and a majority of the cabinet are opposed to renewing the act, while Sir W. V. Harcourt and Lord Spencer insist upon its renewal.

RIEL CAPTURED.

RIEL, THE REBEL LEADER, IN THE HANDS OF THE SCOUTS.

TORONTO, May 16.—A despatch to the *Mail* from Clarke's Crossing, N.W.T., May 16, says: It was ascertained that Riel and some of his followers after leaving Batoché made toward the river, intending to find in those who had previously crossed over to the other side. The Northcoats, with infantry, and some of the 90th Winnipeg Battalion, went down, intending to head them off. A number of Major Boulton's scouts mounting patrol on the river banks. After noon they found a white flag from the steamer and some shots. A party immediately went on the direction the sound came from and a couple of miles below Fisher's Crossing espied a party of rebels. They challenged them and in reply were fired at. The scouts answered and then made a dash. The rebel party quickly scattered, but Riel was recognized and at once became the object of attention. He was mounted on a steamer pony and set off at a hard gallop. The scouts gave chase and made overhauled the rebel leader, who surrendered without firing a shot, but not without threats. He was brought to camp last evening and taken direct to Gen. Middleton's tent. There was no doubt in the minds of the General having ordered the men to be taken to the river and Riel. No one is allowed to see him.

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Another story. CHARLES'S CROSSING, May 16.—William Dept, Thomas Howard, J. H. Armstrong, three captured rebels, captured Riel at noon today. He was on the bank three miles north of Batoché. He was in the company of three young men, two of whom were Riel on one of their horses and taking into consideration that Riel was a well-known figure, the men kept their eyes on him when he was on the bank. The report of his capture is confirmed. It is probable he will not be brought in till night. All preliminaries are being pushed, although one steamer was hit at three miles from camp this morning. Dept said to Riel: "I am surprised to see you here. Riel answered: "I had no other way to escape. My wife and family are across the river." While talking to him Boulton's scouts were soon coming up. Riel became afraid he was going to be shot and begged his captors to take him into camp themselves. Accordingly Dept went off for a horse, but when a short distance away Boulton's scouts came closer and Howard and Armstrong took Riel from one of their horses.

RIEL IN CAMP.

RIEL IN CAMP. Riel has been brought in, at half-past three o'clock this afternoon. There was no demonstration. He walked quietly to the General's tent. The note which Riel gave the courier was a letter which General Middleton sent him. He beckoned the note to him. He saw nothing of Dumont. Riel said he stayed on the 15th and 16th and 17th nights in the vicinity of Batoché. He wished a fair trial. He asked Armstrong if he would get a civil or military trial.

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CAPTURE OF BATOCHÉ.

Gaunt Charge and Desperate Fight.

The Rifle Pits Cleared at the Point of the Bayonet—The Rebels Will Fight Till Every Man Has Perished—List of the Killed and Wounded.

HUMBLETON, N. W. T., May 12.—A courier arrived here this morning, from Gen. Middleton's camp, bringing the latest news which has reached here of the progress of the attack by the troops upon the rebel stronghold. The attack, which the courier left Batoché, was still proceeding. Hot fighting had taken place on Saturday and all day Sunday and was to be resumed by the troops yesterday morning. The troops continued the fight on Sunday, beginning at day-break, when a hot fire was poured into the ravine and woods where the rebels had hid. The batteries also resumed operations and shelled the houses in the valley, including the building where the council of twelve held their meetings. A long line of log shanties were destroyed, and rebels fled in confusion to the groves of spruce and poplar. The 90th Battalion, of Winnipeg, took an active part in the fight, eager to avenge the death of their comrades who fell at Fish Creek, and many distinguished themselves by their daring and bravery. Two more, as far as known, were added to the list of the dead, and the number of

Young Men—Read This.

The Volcanic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLCANIC BATH and other ELECTRIC AFFLICTIONS on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Preacher Spurgeon grows more eloquent with age.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NORRIS, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. HO-19 eow

A niece of ex-President Van Buren is an applicant for a Postoffice.

WISELY ADOPTED BY DAIRYMEN.

The adoption by most of the prominent dairymen and farmers of the United States, of the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is a proof of their wisdom in a business point of view. Nearly all winter butter is colored in order to make it marketable, and this color is the best, in regard to purity, strength, permanence and perfection of tint.

Broom corn toothpicks are manufactured extensively in Kansas.

HAMLETS COUNTRYMAN'S HAPPY FATE.

There was sold a number of lucky tickets in the Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, Tuesday, April 14th, including a fifth of No. 59,075, which drew the capital, \$75,000, held by a young Dane named F. Spendrup, assistant overseer on Mr. Bidstrup's Gem plantation, who will return to his home across the sea with the proceeds of his speculation. Donegansville, (La.) Chief, April 18.

Iowa has a smaller proportion of women in prison than any other State.

KEEP THIS IN MIND.

In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

A New Hampshire patent medicine firm put out 13,000,000 circulars so far this year.

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure

The symptoms are moisture, the perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Box by mail 50 cents; three for \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa Sold by Druggists. 7 G

Nineteen millions two hundred thousand eggs were shipped from Europe to the United States from the 1st of April to September.

Costiveness is the primary cause of much disease. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will permanently cure costiveness. Every bottle warranted.

"A stitch in time" often saves consumption. Downs' Elixir used in time saves life.

In Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment is combined the curative properties of the different oils, with the healing qualities of Arnica. Good for man and animal. Every bottle guaranteed.

Washington has 180 churches with 49,351 members.

Mr. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms.

Hairpins have been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble.

The United States comprise one-fifteenth part of the habitable globe.

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health. Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

A new variety of Russian wheat produced in Dakota last year a crop of forty bushels to the acre.

Holloway's Pills are strongly recommended to all persons who are much reduced in power and condition, whose stomachs are weak, and whose nerves are shattered. The beneficial effects of these Pills will be perceptible after a few days' trial, though a more extended course may be required to re-establish perfect health. Holloway's medicine acts on the organs of digestion, and induces complete regularity in the stomach, liver, pancreas, and kidneys. This treatment is both safe and certain in result, and is thoroughly consistent with observation, experience and common sense. The purification of the blood, the removal of all noxious matter from the secretions, and the excitement of gentle action in the bowels, are the sources of the curative powers of Holloway's Pills.

The Afghans are brave and independent, but of a virulent, vindictive character; they are only happy when fighting.

Puny, sickly, fretful children, are very trying to the patience of all who have the care of them, and in the majority of cases the fretfulness arises from a weak and emaciated condition of the body, caused by the drain on the constitution during the period of teething, or the rapid growth of childhood. In such cases give Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion according to directions, or the advice of your Physician.

Mr. H. F. MacCarthy, Chemist, Ottawa, writes:

"I have been dispensing and jobbing Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda for the past two years, and consider that there is no better preparation of the same kind in the market. It is very palatable, and for chronic coughs it has no equal."

The earliest authentic Chancellor of Ireland was Stephen Ridel, who boasted that he kept a portion of Richard Cœur de Lion's conscience.

Ladies of all ages who suffer from loss of appetite, from imperfect digestion, low spirits and nervous debility, may have health renewed and life extended by the use of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies for all complaints specially incident to the female constitution. We not only have a living faith in Mrs. Pinkham, but we are assured that her remedies are at once most agreeable and efficacious.

Centralia, Mo., has a negro boy fourteen years old who has a head as large as a bushel basket.

No time like the present for seeking medicinal aid when what are foolishly called "minor ailments" manifest themselves. There are no "minor ailments." Every symptom is the herald of disease, every lapse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient dyspepsia, slight costiveness, a tendency to biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of twenty, and the rhinoceros to twenty-nine. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of ten; cows live about fifteen years.

Mr. John Macgwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

Tokio, Japan, is undergoing an epidemic of measles. Two thousand cases have been reported in one day.

Mr. J. Leist, warehouseman for Lantz Bros., Buffalo, N. Y., says he had a swelling on his foot, which he attributed to chilblains. He used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and it is troubled no longer. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil may be imitated in its appearance and name, but not in its virtues.

The earliest cannon ever used has been breech-loaders, and hammerless guns were known long before the days of percussion locks.

A letter from P. O. Sharples, Druggist, Marion, Ohio, in writing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, says: "One man was cured of sore throat of 8 years' standing with one bottle. We have a number of cases of rheumatism that have been cured when other remedies have failed. We consider it the best medicine sold."

A fire engine company of Fairhaven, Mass., stopped to clean a foreman's pant leg in the street close to a burning building before putting a stream on the flames.

The Nineteenth Century Club is an organization that will consist of an equal number of men and women. It is hardly expected they will agree on all subjects; but it can surprise no one to learn that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is unanimously pronounced the most successful remedy extant, for pulmonary consumption, as has been demonstrated in hundreds of cases; it positively arrests this disease and restores health and strength, if administered in its early stages. By druggists.

In Massachusetts, pews in Catholic churches are now sold at stated prices at every mass.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites acts both as food and medicine. It gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food that builds up the wasted body.

During the last nine years France has spent nearly \$5,000,000 per annum on increasing and reorganizing her university institutions.

EPH'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and assimilation, and by a careful preparation of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins, (1lb & 1lb) by grocers, tailors, James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

An Indian doctor in Utah was stoned to death recently by his tribe for having failed to cure a patient placed under his charge.

The well known strengthening properties of Iron, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nerve, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion. Its

The population of London by the census of 1851 was 2,392,236; 1861, 2,803,989; 1871, 3,254,260; 1881, 3,814,571. It is customary now to refer to London as a city of 4,000,000 people. The average annual increase from 1871 to 1881 was between 50,000 and 57,000.

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with two letter stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE SEALING FLEET.

(Special to THE POST.)

St. John's N. F., May 6, 1885.

The sealing fleet have nearly all arrived, the result being on the whole a most successful one, and in consequence times are very dull and earnest hopes are entertained for a good cod fishery. A newspaper is about being issued here in the Catholic interest, which is badly needed. On the 20th the third indictment against Riverheadmen of Harbor Grace will be heard. The Orange party are using every means in their power to secure a conviction, and have even tried to amend the jury law by petitioning legislature, was carried by second reading and ultimately defeated. Have not time just now or I would give a nice bit of matter that would show you how every means and any means have been adopted to gratify the desires of the Orange party.

SKILFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kassan, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ, and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all gone" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferer feels dazed all the time, and loses consciousness—becomes irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes closed, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for this disease is Seigel's Cure, a vegetable, vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, (Limited), 17, Farringdon-road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

St. Mary street, Clerkenwell, London, E. C. 4. Telephone No. 29th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly, Mr. A. J. White.

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues: one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours, (Signed) J. Vincent A. Wills, Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tydfil.

To Mr. A. J. White.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible. The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" has saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it. The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great."

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, (Signed) W. Bowker, Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies, Oct. 24, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I began to use Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a man and go as a man," and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from your valuable preparation prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir, Yours very gratefully, (Signed) Carey B. Berry, A. J. White, Esq., Baptist Missionary, Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1883.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully, (Signed) John H. Lightfoot, A. J. WHITE, (Limited), 67 St. James street, Montreal.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White (Ld.), 67 St. James street, City.

MARRIED IN SPIRIT OF THE SMASH-UP.

AN EXCITING RUNAWAY IS FOLLOWED BY A WEDDING AT A BEDSIDE.

CINCINNATI, May 14.—As Mr. Joseph Von Wahlde, of Cincinnati, with his best man, was accompanying Miss Minnie Reedy, of Newport, Ky., to church in a carriage to make her bride, at about eight o'clock last night, a railway train frightened the horses and they ran away. The race was long and the driver struggled hard, but his team ran across a mortar box, nearly upset the coach, and threw him from his seat. Seeing no other chance for escape, Mr. Von Wahlde allowed his intended bride and her sister to jump from the carriage into the street, which they did. The prospective bride was seriously injured, and was taken home unconscious. Only a short distance further on the bridegroom and his best man jumped into the street, not a moment too soon, for a dozen yards ahead the horses rushed under a low projecting limb of a tree, against which the body of the coach dashed and was wrecked. At the home of the bride, a few minutes later, were the doctor, the unconscious patient, the distracted bridegroom and the guests. The marriage ceremony was, however, performed at midnight, the bride sitting propped up in the bed. There is still anxiety about her condition.

MUSCOVITE CHEEK.

THE RUSSIANS WANT ENGLAND TO PAY THE WAR BILLS.

LONDON, May 13.—Russian papers suggest that Russia's bill for war preparations be submitted to the mediator between the two nations, with the understanding that England shall pay the bill if the arbitrator decides that England is responsible for the cause of the dispute.

Ex-Governor Waller, of Connecticut, the new Consul-General to London, has slept many a night in empty barrels on the wharves of New York and Boston. He fought his way up from a street gamin.

[Now First Published.] CAMIOLA

A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of Athens," &c.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

She fluttered to her husband with the paper in her hand, and she showed him Bertie Romont's letter and they talked the matter over. They agreed that the thing was shocking, and that something must be done. The first step that was evidently necessary to take was to swoop upon Fitzreaham and see how they could help to improve the condition of affairs there. So they transferred themselves at once to their house in Fitzreaham with their two daughters, Letitia Janette—always called Janette—and Alice, who was still only a girl in short frocks; and the young lady Miss Camiola Sabine, about whose appearance and temperament Mrs. Pollen had done such shrewd conjecture during her talk with Christian Pilgrim.

Miss Sabine had no near relations living. Her father and mother had been long dead; she had for many years been under the nominal care of an uncle, who was making vast sums of money somewhere out in South America. He was a very good uncle to Camiola. He had her well educated in England, and he had then contrived, through the intervention of friends and family lawyers, to get her domesticated in Lady Letitia's house with the view of thus securing for her an entrance into good society. Mrs. Sabine was understood to have begun his career as a cabin boy in a China ship, and he did not himself care for the gilded saloons of fashion, but he was resolved that his niece should be a lady. The St. George Lisles, as we have said, were not very rich, and money was no object to Mr. Sabine. So the thing was done: such things are done. Not long after came the news of Mr. Sabine's death, and he had left Camiola a large fortune.

Nature, destiny and mankind, including women, would seem to have been in a conspiracy to spoil Miss Sabine. She was young, she was handsome, she was practically her own mistress and would be literally and legally her own mistress before long; she was very rich; she could not indeed boast of her family, but she had observation enough to know that there was much shrewd good sense in Letitia's frequent declaration that this is not the day for good families, and that money is king and holds court, and gives out patents of precedence just now. Therefore she was quite conscious of her own advantages in the way of fortune, and she knew as well that she was likely to be run after by men as she knew that if she fell into the Thames she would get wet. Perhaps she would have been spoiled, perhaps her very best endowments of person and nature would have contributed to spoiling her, if heaven had not blessed her with one saving grace; the grace of humor; the gift of seeing the ridiculous as well as the heroic side of things; the gift in fact of seeing things as they are. By virtue of this possession she was able to see herself and her position exactly as it was, and there was a good deal in it which gave her occasion for many a quiet smile. A young woman of no family, undergoing the process of formal and gradual introduction into society, and paying so much a year for the operation was a creature in whose story she could not for the life of her help seeing something that was highly humorous, not to say ridiculous.

Camiola had now been three years domiciled with the Lisles, and it was more than a year since the death of her uncle. She had not often seen him, but she could not be otherwise than devotedly attached to him after all he had done for her; and she had somehow got it into her head that he must have been in love with her mother, and must have kept habitually away from England in former days on that account. It was just as well that she had not seen much of him because her gratitude and her imagination were thereby enabled to convert him into a hero and a patron saint; whereas the truth is that though a thoroughly good-hearted and generous man he was in the habit of drinking a good deal, smoking a great deal, and swearing ever so much, and had contracted many loose ways of living in South America which would not have had any charm for a young woman well brought up in England.

Lady Letitia Lisle was a shapely little woman, with quick glancing eyes and sensitive lips. She was over forty, but did not look more than thirty; the fact that her hair had grown prematurely grey only making by contrast the youthful-looking face seem still more youthful. Mrs. Pollen had guessed well about Miss Sabine's appearance. Camiola was rather tall and was exactly what one would call in the best sense of the word a fine girl. She had a finely formed head, a finely shaped neck, and the head well set on the neck. She had not merely good figure, but that rarer gift, grace of movement. Her thick hair was dark brown, and came rather low on her forehead, even for the fashion of our days. She had soft, dark, kindly eyes, in the depths of which sparkled a keen twinkle of humor, in sympathy and keeping with the frequent expression on her somewhat full lips.

A day or two after Mrs. Pollen's arrival in Fitzreaham, Lady Letitia and Miss Sabine were standing in the breakfast-room, Miss Sabine dressed for going out. Mr. Lisle and Lady Letitia had been bestirring themselves about the condition of the poor. Meanwhile Lady Letitia was going to entertain all the congregation, rich and poor; there was to be a concert by amateurs, and various amusements; everybody who could do anything was to be pressed into the service. The entertainment was meant for the poor; but those who were not poor were expected to come also, in order that the poor might not feel themselves classified according to their poverty. Miss Sabine, who had a good deal of the practical in her, "I come from the working lot, you know," she sometimes said—was going to accompany Mrs. Lisle, who had to make some purchases and arrangements as so forth.

"Please see that they don't impose on him more than is reasonable, Camiola, dear," said Lady Letitia, "and bring him back in proper time. I trust to you altogether."

"You sit still, Horace, and I'll get you there on time," was the reply of Miss Sabine. She was citing an American joke which she had read somewhere concerning a late eminent American public man. Lady Letitia did not understand in the least, but she asked no question. Mr. Lisle had not yet shown himself.

"Oh, by the way, there's one thing I must really insist on, Camiola," said Lady Letitia suddenly, "and that is that you don't talk too much to that poor man—that old man or old young man, or whatever he is, the man with the white head who lives in Fitzreaham House. What is his name?"

"Mr. Pilgrim; Christian Pilgrim."

"Probus, what a name!" Lady Letitia quoted from her husband's favourite poet.

"Where on earth did he get such a name? Christian Pilgrim! It sounds like something in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' or Baxter's 'Call to the Unconverted.'"

"It was something of the kind I believe. He told me that his mother was a very devout woman, and as their name was Pilgrim, she wished to mark him out as a Christian Pilgrim, and had him called so. It sounds odd at first, but one gets used to it. I think I like it now."

"He told you all this himself? You are very confidential in terms, apparently!"

"Yes; I like him, and I think he likes me. He was very shy at first, but I have managed to draw him out."

"I should like to know whom you couldn't draw out, my dear."

"Well, I think I am generally pretty successful with people. I like taking a shy creature in hand and bringing him bit by bit out of his shell."

"But remember, I want you not to bring him too much out of his shell. Let him stay in his shell. You must please me in this like a dear good girl."

"I'll do anything in the world for you when you speak to me so nicely."

"My dear, I hope I don't often speak to you anyway but nicely."

"Indeed, Lady Letitia, you are ever so much too kind and good to me. I should be spoiled if I didn't remember to have a look at myself with my own eyes every now and then, but why may I not talk to Mr. Pilgrim?"

"Not talk too much to him; well, people might think it odd. He's not exactly a person in your class, you know."

"Dear Lady Letitia, I don't quite know anything of the kind. What class am I in? I can't be in your class or you would not have to take such pains to get me into it. I suppose you could do as much for him if you set your heart on it."

"Money means rank now-a-days; when you marry and set up house I shall beg for an invitation for the girls to all your parties. But it isn't only the talking to Mr. Pilgrim; it is the not talking to other people."

"People are all so dull, and so like each other. He is not like everybody; he is interesting."

"But he isn't a gentleman; he isn't a man of education."

"He has more education than I have; he told me a great deal that I didn't know about the stars and planets. Do you know, Lady Letitia, all about the telescope?"

"No, dear; and I don't want to know; but I am going to have a little star of my own here soon, and I want you to study him, if you don't mind."

"Is he somebody you want to marry me?"

"Nonsense, girl, what a way to talk, of course he isn't."

"But why of course, Lady Letitia? You do want to marry me off sometimes to some eligible person. I am on exhibition; I am like one of the girls in the Babylonian slave market; like one of the girls who got the money, you know; not one of the happy creatures whose personal charms were enough. That's one reason why I like talking to such a man as Mr. Pilgrim; he doesn't want to marry me, and nobody will suppose that I want to marry him."

"I wish you wouldn't go on that way," Lady Letitia remonstrated, half vexed, but also half amused, Miss Sabine could very well see.

"But, dearest Lady Letitia, isn't it only the truth? I know my own position in the world perfectly well. I know that you are my guardian angel, and have taken me under your protection, and I know that you are determined not to lose sight of me until you see me safely settled in an eligible marriage. This is all right, I am sure, or you wouldn't do it; but why shouldn't we admit it; between ourselves I mean, we two, you and I?"

Lady Letitia laughed; "I won't enter on any scheme having to do with your marriage until you are at least one good year older. Self-free of any plans on my part or yours of my patronizing."

"I should very much like some suitors of your patronizing; I wish you would bring them along. I do believe you got George St. George packed away out of Europe, because you were afraid that he might make love to me, or that I might make love to him."

George St. George was Lady Letitia's son who had gone with his regiment to Egypt.

"It would never do for George and you to fall in love," Lady Letitia said quickly.

"What on earth would people say of Mr. Lisle and me if such a thing were to happen? Of course, they would say that we had taken a mean advantage of our position to get our son married to a girl with a lot of money. I wouldn't have such a thing said for all the world."

"I do think mine is a hard lot. I mustn't speak to one man because he isn't a gentleman, and I mustn't speak to another because he is; no matter; I am very happy all the same. But now about this person whom I am to be allowed to talk to. Who is he?"

"Well, it's Bertie Romont; Kitty Romont's son; the young man who has been writing in the newspapers."

Lady Letitia, it should be told, had thought it a good stroke of policy to write at once to Kitty Romont's son in a frank and friendly way, and to ask him to come to see her so that it might appear that neither bore any malice. Mr. Lisle said it was the proper thing to do, and that for his part he certainly bore no malice.

"Mr. Romont," Camiola exclaimed, "I am delighted. I am longing to see him. I do think it was so splendid of him. Of course, I can understand that it is very distressing to Mr. Lisle and to you to have such things happen in this place; and I know that Mr. Lisle never could have failed to do his best to prevent them from happening. But still it was fine of him—and so young a man—to take so much trouble for the poor in a place like this. They are not even the picturesque poor; this isn't one of the show-places of poverty like Bethnal Green and that; it is out of the way of everybody; the special correspondent never heard of it; a philanthropist never came near it before. I think it was really very fine of him."

expect anything of the kind. He might have died of the fever; he was very near dying of it, everybody says. And then think of the life he must have led all the time. He lived the life of a poor artisan; a foreign artisan. He slept in a room with several other men; fancy, a man brought up like him! I wonder how he was able to act such a part, and keep it up so long and never be found out."

"Well, that was very cleverly thought of," Mr. Lisle said, "and it did not come so difficult after all; I mean to a man who could speak French and German fairly well. He gave himself out as an artisan refugee from Alsace. He spoke habitually in English supposedly made imperfect, and with a foreign accent; but if he happened to meet with a German and the German would set down his accent to the account of his French bringing up, and a Frenchman would account for his bad French accent by ascribing it to his German associations."

"But why not go as an English workman?" Lady Letitia asked, with a certain tone of scorn, as if she were engaged in the easy work of unmasking a very poor impostor.

"He would have been found out in a moment. Every sentence he spoke would have betrayed him among English working men. The company at the Old Ferry Inn would have known, after the first five minutes he spent in their society, that he wasn't an English workman

advantages to the neighborhood of a rich resident in restored Fitzurse House and the possible personal disadvantages to herself and the girls of having Mrs. Pollen for a near neighbor.

"You are going to have a concert," Mrs. Pollen said gravely. "It's a good idea. Won't much affect the housing of the poor, will it, now? You can't very well write the particular class who will be housing to the concert, can you? The people with fever and all that, I mean?"

"It isn't meant for that," Lady Letitia said, with a slight touch of resentment in her voice. "Of course we know it won't do any good to the poor who want housing. But good to the place isn't made up of poor who want housing. We often get up charitable concerts and bazaars and things; at least not often, but sometimes; it does good, very often, to the people together."

"Oh, yes, quite an excellent idea," Mrs. Pollen said. "Keep up people's spirits. Isn't there some story about a general who had all the hands set going when some disease broke out in the camp—just to keep up the men's spirits? I think I have read something of the kind; but I forget things so soon."

Lady Letitia was dimly in apprehension that her visitor might be chaffing her. But nothing could exceed the majestic gravity of Mrs. Pollen's large eyes.

"We hope to be able to grapple with the difficulty about the housing of the poor," Lady Letitia said hastily. "In good time; in good time. These things can't be done all at once. No man is more alive to the duties and responsibilities of his position than Mr. Lisle."

"One difficulty here comes to me," said Mrs. Pollen. "The fact that you have about three times more houses than you want. I see whole rows of new houses standing empty. But your poor are poor and can't pay for anything better than a share of a cellar or a garret. What's to be done? But I won't talk of all this just now; you pretty ladies can't be expected to understand such things. I'll go into it all with your husband; I fancy I can help him. I'll spend the money if he will only show how it ought to be spent."

This was patrolling indeed; but even ladies of rank who marry clergymen soon get into the way of accepting patronage as one of the necessities of their position.

"I wish I had money," Janette said, with a sigh.

"What would you do with it, my dear young lady?"

"I would devote it to the promotion of great and noble ideas," the dear young lady said, in a solemn tone. "With true ideas there would be no helpless poor and no useless rich."

Mrs. Pollen fixed her eyes on the girl's delicate pretty face. Her heart went out to Janette in a moment. A curious feeling of pity, of compassion, swelled up in her breast.

"Keep to your ideas, my dear," she said, softly. "They will make you happy, perhaps, in life; but they will do better for you."

"Janette's a philosopher," said the younger girl, gravely. "Papa says she's a philosopher in her heart."

"Many a philosopher," Mrs. Pollen observed. "might as well have worn petticoats as anything else for all I could see, but about this concert, Lady Letitia? I have an idea. These rooms are not very large; now are they? What if you were to allow me to lend you Fitzurse House? Fine rooms there are and plenty of them. It would be your affair, all the same, you know; only the house put at your disposal; kind permission of Mrs. Pollen; that sort of thing. It would be a great attraction; a novelty, don't you think—the old place revived? Come, don't say no, it shan't cost you a penny."

"I am not at all inclined to say no," Lady Letitia answered graciously. "I think it would be a splendid idea. But the place has so long been disused; and the time is so short."

"Money will do anything. I'll set to work at once. We'll employ all the painters and upholsters and plumbers and carpenters and people in Fitzurseham; that will be something in itself. It is agreed?"

"I am sure Mr. Lisle will be delighted; I know I am; and I do really think it is ever so good and kind of you."

"Not a bit of it. It amuses me, that's all. Why mightn't we let the young people have a dance too?"

"Lady Letitia hesitated. "Well I don't quite know what Mr. Lisle might think about a dance; he would be rather afraid—"

"We needn't say anything about it in advance. It might start of itself, you know, when the time came. It might be arranged like many another excellent *impromptu* just a little beforehand. Anyhow, we'll have a good time, and invite all Fitzurseham, not forgetting the young foreign artizan."

"Oh, you have heard of that?" Lady Letitia said hastily.

"Yes, I have heard of it; and I have seen the young man myself. I like him ever so much."

Lady Letitia and Janette were both very eager to know something about Bertie Romont; Alice did not care in the least. She was as yet only in the age when little girls adore girls of riper years. Mrs. Pollen had now quite dropped her patronizing manner. She was able to see quite through her new friends, and she saw that affectionation of any kind was out of place with them. They were quite sincere, and, as she concluded, good-hearted. She had expected what she called aristocratic airs, and she came determined to assert herself and her money at once. She found Lady Letitia a simple, intelligent, unpretentious woman; like a clergyman's wife, in fact.

They talked on various subjects—the condition of England among the rest—whereon Mrs. Pollen declared that she had had special need of instruction, having been for so many years a wanderer. "Is everything really going to the dogs?" she asked. "Really tell me it is. Who is to blame?"

"Man's neglect of his brother is to blame," Janette declared. "For everything that is wrong in the world. But the wrongs will be righted; this is an age of hope."

"The fighting will come a little too late for some of us," said Lady Letitia.

"What about the aristocracy?" Mrs. Pollen asked. "and the social revolution, whatever that is?"

"My dear woman," said Lady Letitia, "it's of no use talking about the English aristocracy at this time of the day. The aristocracy are gone, and that's all about it. If my husband would take my advice we would drop our ridiculous honorables and ladies, and all the rest of it, and call ourselves Mr. and Mrs. Lisle. The House of Lords will be gone in no time; and even if it weren't done away with, we are doing away with ourselves as fast as we can. We are going into trade every day; we are becoming like the merchants and bankers and cab-owners; I dare say some of us will be glad enough to be cab-drivers before long."

"It is a glorious age, mamma," said Janette, with kindling eyes; "a day when we are all to be men and women at last, not members of different and hostile classes. Everyone ought to be proud to be such a day, and to work to such a movement."

"Janette is a working member of the Band of Hope," said Lady Letitia, in a tone of resignation. "She visits the poor—that is, the

Radical poor. She can tell you all about the social revolution."

"I'm sick of it all," said the younger daughter.

"Sick of what?"

"Of everything, mamma."

"It will be hard work to get a girl of good family married in times like these," Lady Letitia said despondently. "What rising man would hamper himself with any woman who had a handle to her name? I read some stupid stuff in a society paper the other day about a Radical member of the Government being on the look-out for some Lady Jane or Lady Blanche or Lady Something to marry and bring his social distinction. As if he didn't know better than that!—as if anyone is taken in by us now! What good could Lady Jane or Lady Blanche do for him? If he wants money he had much better look out among the daughters of the soap-boilers and cotton-spinners; if he doesn't he had better marry his washerwoman's daughter, and prove to his Radical supporters the sincerity of his Radical principles. Oh, here's Miss Sabine coming in; we can't have any more of this talk; she might think it was directed against her."

"Camiola could not possibly think that anything you or I could say, mamma, was meant to offend her. I am sure I envy Camiola much; I think her ever so much my superior," said Janette warmly.

"My dear, I am quite sure I envy her too," Lady Letitia said. "and I am quite ready to admit she is ever so much superior. I wish you had her fortune—"

"Oh, mamma, please don't talk like that—"

"And that she had twice as much, child," Lady Letitia added, good humoredly. "Will that satisfy you? That is wishing good to you and twice as much to her."

"I don't like her," said Alice.

"Nonsense, Alice, of course you like her."

"No, I don't; I detest her—because you and Janette like her and papa likes her; and so I hate her."

"Alice's bark is worse than her bite," said Lady Letitia.

Mr. Lisle and Miss Sabine came in and were duly presented to Mrs. Pollen; and it was arranged that Mrs. Pollen's offer was to be accepted and that the popular entertainment was to come off in renovated Fitzurse House. Mr. Lisle was rather taken with Mrs. Pollen and her generous ways. Besides he was not usually very good at talking to women, and she had so much to say that he did not tax his conversational powers very heavily. They spoke about the condition of the poor in that neighborhood, and Mrs. Pollen made many shrewd and sensible suggestions. Meanwhile Mrs. Pollen kept her eyes on everything and every person and lost nothing of what was going on. She was studying the inmates of the Rectory's house according to her wont. She did not fail to notice that when Camiola sat next to Alice Lisle and talked to her, the little girl blushed crimson. "The child adores this handsome Camiola whom she says she detests; she adores her and is jealous of everyone who speaks to Camiola or is spoken to by her—that's my reading of *that*," Isabel Pollen said to herself. Of Janette she thought "she is a dreamer; she will be awakened; she will be unhappy."

There was some talk at luncheon about the various forms of human ambition.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Pollen, turning suddenly to Camiola in her abrupt, imperious, kindly fashion. "what would be your ambition, Miss Sabine?"

"Oh, don't know," Camiola answered, blushing slightly. "I don't believe I have any ambition. I think I should like to make people happy."

"Couldn't be a better ambition," said Mr. Lisle.

"Couldn't be a better ambition truly," Pollen echoed. "Only I don't know how this young lady could gratify her ambition to make some people happy without at the same time making other people unhappy."

"I don't understand," Camiola said.

"The smile," Mrs. Pollen quoted from Hood's "Fair Inez," "that blest one lover's heart has broken many more."

"I wasn't thinking of lovers," Camiola spoke with a certain scornfulness in her manner.

At this moment a servant handed a telegram and a card to Lady Letitia.

"May I look at this telegram?" Lady Letitia said. "Why," she exclaimed, "it's from George! He is in Southampton; and he is coming home—my gracious; can he be wounded?"

He must be wounded, or sick, or he would not come home," Mr. Lisle said, turning pale.

"But he says in this he is quite well. Look, St. George." She handed the telegram to the Rectory.

There was a general moment of wonder, alarm, delight. Mrs. Pollen kept her eyes fixed on Camiola. "She does not care for him," was her conclusion. "He is not the one."

For a moment or two the visitor's card was altogether overlooked and forgotten.

"It must be all right," Mr. Lisle decided. "George tells us that he is quite well. Perhaps the campaign is over. The papers did not tell us so; but the papers so seldom know anything. Anyhow, he says he is quite well, and we shall know all about it in an hour or two."

Then Lady Letitia took up the card; first glanced at it and then looked at it with deepened interest.

"St. George, dear," she said to her husband; "it's Romont's son."

CHAPTER V.

The only event likely to happen in everyday life which could have turned Lady Letitia's attention for one moment from this expected coming home of her son was this visit from Bertie Romont. She hardly knew how she was to receive him, or how he would receive her. She felt angry with him; and yet she could not help but be attracted by him. Why had he dared to attack the friend and schoolmate of his mother? Why, on the other hand, had the friend and schoolmate of his mother never found time to make his personal acquaintance? Mr. Lisle had long since made up his mind that the young man was perfectly right in what he had done, and was only anxious for a quiet opportunity of telling him so. But he, too, a little dreaded the first meeting, and that in presence of Mrs. Pollen.

Camiola and Janette were both greatly excited and eager. They were longing to see the young hero, and did not concern themselves about the rights and the wrongs of the controversy he had awakened. They were quite certain that Mr. Lisle must have been right in whatever he said or did; that was a fundamental axiom to rest upon; but they admired the young hero, or were prepared to admire him without reference to fundamental axioms.

To Mrs. Pollen the whole scene was, as she would herself have said, as good as a play. She was anxious to see how Romont would present himself, and how he would be received, and in which of the girls he would excite an interest.

Romont was not without his own sense of uneasiness. He did not know how he might be received. He began to think that he had not acted with enough of forbearance and moderation in his denunciation of the evils of Fitzurseham. Perhaps he ought to have made more careful enquiry into the personal character and local responsibilities of Mr. Lisle. It

was not, however, Mr. Lisle he feared, but Lady Letitia. A man, he knew, would always put on some outward and seemingly show of courtesy and welcome, but he could not answer for Letitia's feelings. One thing he was quite determined on—he would take anything that might be said meekly and patiently. So he came into the room with firmly compressed nervous lips and a slight flush on his handsome face, and eyes that looked round the company appealingly. Perhaps he was not a little pleased to see that Mrs. Pollen was there. He knew by instinct that he could count on her. He had quick perceptions, and before his presence had been fully announced he took in and could put a name to every one in the room except Camiola. He had not seen any one of them before, except Mrs. Pollen. The Lisle family were never in Fitzurseham while he was there. He was given to wandering purposeless about various out-of-the-way parts of London being a man who loved to alternate fits of eager work of some kind with still more delightful fits of indolence and vagrancy. In one of these latter moods he drifted into Fitzurseham, and was captivated by the picturesque desolation of the dreary place, and he came upon Fitzurse House and made the acquaintance of Pilgrim, and was smitten with a sudden and intense desire to learn shorthand. He had heard that to know shorthand proved the making of ever so many fellows in all sorts of pursuits and all manner of difficulties; and he was always turning to learn something on this principle, and then, it must be owned, dropping it before he had attained the requisite mastery of it. The truth was, he liked talking with Pilgrim, and he was glad of an excuse for visiting and re-visiting the place. But Pilgrim had not told him much about the Lisles, and only mentioned the fact that they were charged with the introduction into good society of a young woman who had money and not rank, and whom Bertie at once assumed to be fat, ugly and vulgar, something like Miss Swartz in "Vanity Fair." He had forgotten all about this young woman when he entered the room, and he could not at first account for the girl, whose appearance strangely impressed him even in the trying moment when he was advancing to meet Lady Letitia.

Lady Letitia was charmed by his bright and frank expression, by the appealing look in his eyes, and the memories which his face brought up.

"Great Heavens!" was her exclamation, "how like your mother. I am so glad to see you, Mr. Romont. But no; I can't call Kitty's son Mr. Romont; I must call you Bertie."

"Dear friend," Romont said, with a certain fervor; for, indeed, he was greatly relieved, and he meant what he said.

It was a treaty of peace and amity struck up on the moment. Lady Letitia, acting on mere impulse and instinct, had done the very best thing possible for all parties. Mr. Lisle gave Romont a cordial welcome. Janette made for this young social hero, friend of his brother-men, with outstretched hands, and eyes beaming with enthusiasm. Camiola was quite prepared to meet him with equal enthusiasm, and would have had no hesitation in telling him so, but there was something constrained, she thought, in the manner with which he was greeted by the momentary acquaintance from the cordial familiarity with which he took to Janette; and she kept back and demeaned herself somewhat coldly, and presently began to tell herself that he was a good deal too well-dressed, and too like an ordinary young West-end swell to be her ideal of a hero. "He knows I am not a girl of family," she said to herself; "he does not feel bound to be as civil so me as he is to Janette. Very well; I don't mind."

The truth is simply that Romont had not caught Miss Sabine's name, and was uncertain what he ought to say, and was much impressed, almost for the moment overwhelmed, by her unexpected beauty and grace. This, to be sure, was only for a second time. He was not exactly the sort of young man to be dumfounded by a girl's good looks, and he had seen a few handsome girls before seeing Miss Sabine. But before he had time to pull himself together, Camiola had assumed her color and distant air, and had withdrawn herself for the moment, metaphorically at least, into the corner.

So the first meeting of these two was rather a failure. Mr. Lisle had some earnest talk with Romont about the condition of the Fitzurse poor, and what ought to be done to improve it; but the talk was not long kept up; and was meant only as an overture to other talks on the same subject in private. The general conversation turned a good deal on Lady Letitia's approaching festivities, in which Romont promised to lend all the assistance in his power; but in the success of which he did not pretend to have any great faith.

"You can't bring people together in this country," he said, "the poor and the rich. It isn't coming together; they won't come together. I have seen it tried."

"Oh, please, Mr. Romont, don't talk in that way," Janette pleaded almost indignantly. "If I did not believe in the near approach of a time when these ignoble distinctions of money and class are to disappear, I should not believe in anything."

"I don't think it is the fault of the upper classes, or what are called the upper classes," Lady Letitia said. "at least I am sure it is not all their fault. Some of us don't care about what is called class; but the others won't meet us half way, they won't, indeed, Mr. Romont."

"Don't they sometimes rush to meet you in a good deal more than half way?" Mrs. Pollen asked.

"The vulgar rich," Lady Letitia said; "not the poor, never."

"The vulgar rich?" Mrs. Pollen asked, sweetly. "Who are they, now? People like Miss Sabine and myself, for example?"

"Oh, for shame!" Janette exclaimed, turning crimson with anger and agitation.

Mrs. Pollen's was not a pleasant remark, but she did not mean to be particularly pleasant. Lady Letitia's words had been unfortunate, and Mrs. Pollen was determined to teach her a lesson on the instant, and to make her more cautious for the future. Every one looked at Mrs. Pollen, who met their looks with open and beaming eyes and an expression of the most simple and childlike curiosity.

Lady Letitia colored, and was going to make some angry reply, and then bethought herself and made silent confession of error and determined to make no statement. Mr. Lisle looked as if he for his part merely asked of the higher powers that the earth might open and swallow him.

"I speak of the vulgar rich," Lady Letitia said. "There are vulgar rich as well as vulgar poor, and vulgar peers; I know some vulgar peers. I did not speak of educated ladies."

"Of course not, of course not," Mrs. Lisle hastily added. "About the way of getting at the poor now, I confess that I am for myself rather inclined to think—"

"But coming back to these vulgar rich," Camiola said, interrupting him in his praiseworthy endeavor to get away from the unlovely subject. "Can't they be snubbed or chilled off, or kept in their places somehow? I should like to have Mr. Romont's opinion on that. He has seen so much of life and all classes of people."

Miss Sabine said this in the spirit of the little boy sung of in "Alice in Wonderland," only to annoy. She knew very well that Lady Letitia never meant to say an unkind thing to any one, and had a very high opinion of her, Camiola. But she still was of opinion that she owed a little grudge to Mr. Romont.

"I think, if Lady Letitia will allow me to say so," Romont replied, "that we all make too much work about the vulgar rich and the new rich and all that. If we hear that a man has made money rapidly we take it into our heads that he must be vulgar. I know a man, everybody knows him, at least by name—who has an ancestry that can't be disputed, and fortune and rank and all the rest of it, and he is the vulgarst little cad I ever met."

"I know many such cases," the Rectory has to declare.

"So do I," Lady Letitia added, "and I class them with the vulgar rich. That was all I meant."

It was not exactly all she had meant; but she told herself now that it was, and she believed it; and every one else professed to do the same. And the vulgar rich were allowed to go their vulgar way, and the talk turned back to the forthcoming festivities.

After a while Romont rose to go.

"Are you going to town?" Mrs. Pollen asked. "I am going to Piccadilly; can I drop you anywhere?"

He accepted her offer readily, the more so because he wanted to talk to her.

"We shall see you soon again," Lady Letitia said to him.

"To-morrow, if you will allow me. I want to give you all the help I can. You have been very kind to me, Lady Letitia." This he said in a lower tone.

"Kind," she said, "to Kitty Romont's son?"

"Well, do you know, I felt a little alarmed at first."

"You looked a little alarmed," Mr. Pollen said.

"I did not know how you would take me; I thought you might be angry, perhaps, Lady Letitia. I am afraid I was not as careful as I ought to have been in putting the blame for things here on the right shoulders; and I came in with a certain fear and trembling."

"Almost like Daniel going into the lion's den," Mr. Lisle suggested.

"Or the three going into the fiery furnace," Lady Letitia added with a smile.

"Or Mark Antony going among the conspirators," said Mrs. Pollen.

"Or Moses in the bulrushes," Camiola observed.

"Why Moses in the bulrushes," Lady Letitia asked.

"I don't know," Camiola replied composedly. "I heard everybody trying an illustration, and I thought I ought to contribute one; I couldn't think of anything else on the spur of the moment."

The little party soon broke up. Romont left on the best possible terms with Lady Letitia and Mr. Lisle, and with a promise to return next day and to lend a hand in all the preparations for the coming entertainments. Mrs. Pollen took him away in her carriage.

"So that is Miss Sabine; that is the rich girl they are bringing out?" he said as they drove away.

"That is Miss Sabine. What do you think of her?"

"I think the Fates have dealt most unfairly and unjustly by her, and I think it's a shame."

"How is that? What have the Fates done?"

"They have given her everything; youth, and beauty, and money, and all the rest. Is not that unfair to other girls? If she has the money she ought not to have the good looks; and if she has the good looks she doesn't want the money, and it ought to be given to some plain girl. These are my principles. I wish I had the arranging of things."

"She hasn't family," Mrs. Pollen said.

"No, she hasn't family. That's a comfort. I suppose she is dreadfully concealed as it is. If she came of some great old family there would be no standing her."

"You don't seem to like her."

"She didn't seem to like me, I thought."

As they were crossing the bridge within sight of the old church a hansom drove past them. It was sitting a pale young man with delicate features and quick glancing eyes. He looked at them curiously, and even leaned out of the cab to look after them.

"That must be Lady Letitia's son," Mrs. Pollen said. "He is very like Janette. Do you know anything about him? He has just come back from Egypt; he is a soldier."

"No, I don't know anything about him. He seems a delicate sort of lad to be a soldier."

"Perhaps he has come home to marry Miss Sabine," was the suggestion of Mrs. Pollen.

"That fellow?" Romont asked, apparently in surprise.

Mrs. Pollen said nothing; but she smiled and had some thoughts of her own. We are always told—this was one of her thoughts—that only women are jealous of each other and disparage each other, and are suspicious of each other, and all the rest of it; and here is my young philanthropist already at the first glimpse he gets of another young man talking to the girls of the house, because there is the remotest possibility that he may turn out to be a lover of a girl whom my young philanthropist has seen to-day for the first time in his life, and for whom I suppose he wouldn't admit that he cared a straw. What she said aloud was: "He was looking very pale; I fancy he has been wounded. He will be quite a hero of romance in Fitzurseham, won't he, Mr. Romont?"

"Apparently he has got his heroic renown on easy terms," Romont replied.

Mrs. Pollen was delighted. The little weaknesses of men and women were a source of never failing interest to her. She liked Bertie Romont all the better in her heart for his little outbreak of jealous feeling.

"Don't think a bit the worse of yourself," she said, "we are all like that. It only shows that you are a man and a brother."

Romont first started, and then laughed.

"You have positively been following my thoughts, Mrs. Pollen, how did you contrive to do that? I was inwardly reproaching myself for a little burst of silly ill-nature."

"Yes; I knew what you were thinking of. Do you like this Chelsea Embankment, with its brand new red houses?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered, somewhat abstractedly.

"I don't think you do, really. I don't. I would rather have the old tumble-down lanes, and the wooden houses hanging rakishly over the water, and the old shiphards with the painted figure-heads projecting their staring eyes over the walls, and the ancient, lopsided public-houses rotting themselves in ease on Lethe's Wharf."

"But it was so horribly unhealthy."

"No doubt. The picturesque generally is unhealthy. I don't like all the changes going on in London. Can't they let anything alone? Is nothing to be allowed to grow old?"

"Yet you are going to restore Fitzurse House, and make it a new and eligible private residence?"

"I suppose I can't escape the spell of what people call the spirit of the age, and I dare say I shall soon be going in for restoration on my own account; powder and white paint, and the beautiful-for-ever sort of thing. Do you know, Mr. Romont, I sometimes think

there is only one thing on earth worth having."

"What is that?"

"Youth!" she said, with energy, her eyes lighting up. "Youth! One should never grow old. I often think of Byron's line 'If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?' Ah, but that was written for a man and by a man! We have to live; we women! No land of honorable death for us!"

It was not quite clear what had set Mrs. Pollen thinking of lost youth just now. Perhaps the train of melancholy thoughts was fired by the words they had spoken about Camiola and Romont's little ebullition of feeling, inexcusable as it was, against the hero who had come back from the war. Mrs. Pollen said no more on the subject of youth, and Romont, of course, did not prolong the talk. He glanced at her face more than once. The bright sunlight already slanting from the west was a trial to the deepening lines near the mouth, and to the hollows round the eyes. It had been a strikingly handsome face once; and had still a charm that even a young man might acknowledge, in certain lights. But this westerling sun was remorseless. Romont felt stirred by a strange feeling of sympathy, of compassion. "I suppose it is so with women," he thought; "I suppose it must be so. When youth is gone, all is gone."

Mrs. Pollen probably read his thoughts. She began telling him at once of a number of projects she had in her mind and at her heart for the improvement of this, that and the other thing at Fitzurseham.

"I shall have to say many times to the passing host—stay, for thou art so fair," she added, with a smile.

He understood the allusion to Faust, and he understood her meaning too. She wished to satisfy him that she was not at all as weak as some lady words might give her out, and that life had been for her even though youth was gone.

(To be continued.)

A BARONESS'S WILL.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—A few weeks ago a statement was published that Mrs. Morgan, of Lexington, Ky., had become the heiress to a fortune of a million of dollars through the death of her aunt, the Baroness Fahrenburg, nee Strothers, in France. It is now ascertained that the lady left only an annuity of \$50,000 to Mrs. Morgan and bequeathed \$400,000 for the establishment of a home for aged at Lexington. She also left \$70,000 for a mausoleum for her mother and herself at Spa. The baroness did not live with her husband, and he does not get a farthing. It is believed the baroness's mind was affected and that her will will be set aside.

FROM DEATH'S DOOR.

M. M. Devereaux of Ionia, Mich., was a sight to behold. He says: "I had no action of the kidneys and suffered terribly. My legs were as big as my body and my body as big as a barrel. The best doctors gave me up. Finally I tried Kidney-Wort. In four or five days I changed color, in eight or ten days I was on my feet, and now I am completely cured. It was certainly a miracle." All druggists keep Kidney-Wort, which is put up both in liquid and dry form.

THE NILE VOYAGEURS.

OTTAWA, May 15.—The Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, has received a despatch through Earl Derby, from General Lord Wolsley, thanking the Canadian voyageurs for their services on the Nile. In this despatch Lord Wolsley says:—"Certain unfounded statements having appeared in various papers to the effect that their employment has been attended with unsatisfactory results, I desire to place on record, not only my own opinion, but also that of every officer connected with the direction and management of the boat columns, that the services of these voyageurs have been of greatest possible value, and further, that their conduct throughout has been excellent."

Cartier's Little Liver Pills will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. To be had of all Druggists. See advertisement.

THE HOLY SEE AND PORTUGAL.

The conflict between the Holy See and Portugal with regard to the appointment of Aguiardi as Apostolic Delegate to India grows more and more serious. Portugal is insistent at what she considers a disregard of the traditional right of the Archbishop of Goa to the protectorate of the Indies, and has taken such offensive hostile tone in the negotiations with the Vatican that the Holy See has determined to ignore her claims altogether. The Minister of Portugal in the matter is believed in Rome to be due to the growing influence of Freemasons.

TERRIBLE NITRO-GLYCERINE EXPLOSION.

SOMERSET, Pa., May 15.—A frightful explosion of nitro-glycerine and dynamite occurred at the Somerset Chemical Works, a mile east of here, this evening. The explosion occurred in the nitro-glycerine agitation house, where one of the proprietors, W. T. Beach, of New York, was at work. He was blown into atoms; the largest piece of bones, flesh or clothes that could be found was not larger than a silver dollar. The nitro-glycerine building, with eight others, were strewn to the winds, portions of them being found miles away. The works were situated in an opening in a dense wood, large trees in which were uprooted and blown down for rods. None of the employes were in the building. Where the building in which the explosion occurred stood, there is a hole large enough to bury the building in. There were 800 pounds of nitro-glycerine and 3,000 pounds of dynamite in the different buildings. The loss is very heavy. An explosion occurred in the same place in the middle of January, when two men were killed. This town was badly shaken by the shock.

Colonel Mapleson says Nicolini has billiards on the brain. He wants some one to write an opera with a billiard match in it, so Nicolini can be kept on the stage.

THE BONAPARTISTS TALK.

PARIS, May 13.—The party of Prince Napoleon has a meeting to-day and proposed the erection of a platform. They will oppose Monarchist candidates, and where there is no Bonapartist candidate will vote for Republicans. The feud between Jeromista and Victorists is multiplying the Bonapartist influence.

MUCH TALK OVER AN IMAGE.

PARIS, May 13.—The reduced one of the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty enlightening the World" was to-day presented by the American residents to the municipality of Paris. The ceremony took place on the site of the statue, of the Place des Etats Unis. Excursionist Morton, on behalf of the American donors, made the presentation speech, and that of acceptance was delivered by M. Bone, president of the municipal council.

THE DUBLIN ARCHBISHOPRIC.

ROME, May 15.—The report that Monsignor Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, had been appointed to the Dublin archbishopric is untrue. It is stated Errington has taken a new list of names for the approval of English, whose reply is hourly expected.

Quaker Testimony.

Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, a Quaker lady, of Philadelphia, has done a great deal to make known to ladies there the great value of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as a cure for their troubles and diseases. She writes as follows: "A young lady of this city while bathing some years ago was thrown violently against the life line and the injuries received resulted in an ovarian tumor which grew and enlarged until death seemed certain. Her physician finally advised her to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound. She did so and in a short time the tumor was dissolved or caused to slough off, and she is now in perfect health. I also know of many cases where the medicine has been of great value in preventing miscarriage and alleviating the pains and dangers of childbirth. Philadelphia ladies appreciate the worth of this medicine and its great value."

A Great Benefactor of Women.

Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., is often spoken of as the great benefactor of woman and frequently receives letters like the one we quote from, written by a lady in San Francisco, who says: "I am taking your Vegetable Compound and find great benefit from it. It has done me more good than all the Doctors." Mrs. T. of Vincennes, Ind., writes: "Having taken 11 bottles of your Vegetable Compound and cured by its use, I feel very anxious that every woman afflicted with Womb Disease should make use of it."

More Than Thanks.

Fort Madison, Iowa, Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham writes: "I am glad to inform you that I have tried one bottle of your Vegetable Compound and have found great relief. I more than thank you for your kind advice. I have never felt so well as I do now since I have these troubles." Yours Respy, Mrs. W. C. A. The above is a sample of the many letters received by Mrs. Pinkham expressing gratitude for the benefit derived from her Vegetable Compound. Another letter, from Kaufman, Texas, says: "Your Compound has done me more good than all the Doctors ever did, for which I thank you with all my heart." Your friend, Anna B.

WYVA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass., U.S.A. Sold by all druggists. In form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

AGRICULTURAL LABOR AND ITS WAGES.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The monthly report of the agricultural department shows the average rate paid for farm labor without board on May 1st, 1885, as follows:—Eastern States, \$25.30; Middle States, \$24.19; Southern States, \$14.27; Western States, \$22.20; California, \$38.75. The amount of labor seeking employment in agriculture at the present time is unusually large; yet there are many localities in almost every section of the country in which more or less complaint is made of the scarcity of labor. Many respondents speak of the prevailing aversion to farm labor, and of the preference for employment in other branches of industry. In the Southern States many complain of the unwillingness of colored people to work steadily; others testify to increased industry on the part of the colored people, but attribute it to hard times and more urgent necessity for industry as an alternative to starvation. The report closes with a suggestion that in manufacturing towns and cities an office be opened either by labor unions or benevolent citizens, through which communication may be opened between unemployed city workmen and farmers needing help, so that the reputable and worthy city laborer may have means of making known his true character, instead of starting out on foot at a venture, subject to the risk of being taken for a professional tramp.

FRANCE TO HOLD MADAGASCAR.

PARIS, May 13.—The Freycinet states that the government has no intention of abandoning the Madagascar expedition, and that 3,500 troops will be sent to the island from Tannan.

ANNUITY TO PRINCESS BEATRICE.

LONDON, May 14.—In the House of Commons this afternoon Mr. Gladstone, in moving the granting of an annuity to the Princess Beatrice, urged the House to bear in mind that she was the last of the Queen's children for which a demand of this kind could be made. The marriage of the Princess, like all previous marriages in Her Majesty's family, was based on genuine attachment. The government proposed to submit the whole question of the civil list and future grants to royalty to a parliamentary committee at the next session. Mr. Labouchere opposed the grant, which was passed on a vote of 388 to 38.

A LIQUOR RIOT IN LONDON.

LONDON, May 13.—A riot occurred this afternoon between the mob and the police for the possession of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar square, where 10,000 men had assembled to make a demonstration against the Government's budget proposals to increase the duty on spirits and beer. The police found themselves unable to maintain order, and the pressure on speakers and resolution readers compelled them to mount the pedestal of the monument. When speeches were resumed they were rendered inaudible by the uproar among the roysterers. The police intervened to secure silence for the orators, and a great struggle ensued between the mob and the police for possession. The row lasted nearly an hour. The promoters of the meeting and the police were finally compelled to retire, leaving the crowd singing in triumph "Rule Britannia." The mob then surged down to the front of the National club, which faces Trafalgar square, and every person entering or leaving the club building was mobbed. At nine o'clock the crowd were still in full possession of Trafalgar square, and Northumberland avenue was occupied by a mob of many thousands. The police by this time had been largely reinforced, had charged a number of times upon the mob and had made several arrests.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH TURKEY.

LONDON, May 13.—Negotiations are proceeding with Turkey for the latter's occupation of Suakim and the Sudan on the following basis: The Porte engages to assist in suppressing the slave trade and in developing external commercial relations. Besides formal proposals made through Felmi Pasha if the Porte accepts, an English company will obtain the option of constructing a railway to Berber and will receive other trading rights. Lord Granville is also negotiating with the Italian government concerning an alternative scheme for the occupation of the Red Sea littoral in the event of a failure to come to an agreement with the Porte. Liberal Italian papers oppose the Italian occupation of Egypt unless Egypt promises armed support in the event of Italy becoming involved in a European quarrel. France will not support a Turkish garrison at Suakim or other abandoned portions of the Sudan.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM THE SOUDAN.

CAIRO, May 13.—An immense sensation has been caused here by Lord Hartington's announcement of the government's intention to withdraw the British troops from the Sudan. Military men are delighted.

THE NORTH-WEST TROUBLES

BELIEVED TO BE APPROACHING A SPEEDY SOLUTION.

RIEL'S COUNCILLORS SURRENDERING THEMSELVES—DUMONT'S WHEREABOUTS STILL UNKNOWN—THE REBEL LOSS AT BATOCHE HEAVY—WHERE RIEL WILL BE TRIED.

OTTAWA, May 12.—A despatch has been received from General Middleton, dated from the church at Batoche, Monday, May 11th. He reports all well; that during Sunday the men were employed in strengthening their position, and that during the night only desultory firing was maintained from the rifle pits by the rebels. The church has been made the headquarters of the troops and is being strongly fortified, the inference being that the general will maintain his present position until reinforcements arrive. There has been only one casualty among the force since the engagement of Saturday, a volunteer being slightly wounded. Nothing has been heard of the steamer Northcoote since Saturday, when she passed Batoche's Crossing, but it is supposed she has gone down to Prince Albert. Sir John Macdonald's son Hugh, a lieutenant in the 90th Battalion, of Winnipeg, is on the Northcoote. The Montreal Garrison Artillery, in view of reinforcements being required, will likely be ordered to join General Middleton. The three battalions ordered out yesterday, with the Montreal Garrison Artillery, will increase the force in the Northwest to nearly 8,000 men. The New Brunswick provisional battalion of eight companies, with the St. John School of Infantry, will number 361, and the Bruce Battalion about 320. Already there are, including mounted police, some 5,500 men in the North-West, and some 300 recruits are being forwarded for the police. It is intended to reinforce Gen. Middleton at Batoche about Gen. Strangé at Edmonton with the troops about to be sent forward, and it is not unlikely that the policy of starving out the rebels will be resorted to. Colonel Otter is strongly entrenched at Battleford, and will probably remain there until the insurgents at Batoche are smashed and General Middleton can join him for an attack upon the Indians.

OTTAWA, May 15.—The following is Gen. Middleton's official despatch read by Hon. Caron in the House of Commons this afternoon:— Since my last evening's despatch to you I have ascertained some further particulars of our victory, which was most complete. I have myself counted twelve dead half-breeds on the field, and we have four wounded half-breeds and two Sioux in the hospital. Among the wounded half-breeds are Ambrose Joubin, a councillor, and Joseph Delorme. As far as I can ascertain, Riel and Dumont left as soon as they saw us getting well in; but I cannot ascertain on which side of the river he is, but think it must be the east. The extraordinary skill displayed in making the rifle pits at the proper points and the number of them is very remarkable. Had we advanced rashly or heedlessly, I fear we might have been destroyed. I reconnoitered to my right front with all my mounted men, with a view to withdraw as many of them as possible from my left attack. On my return to camp I forced on my left and then advanced with a cheer and dash worthy the soldiers of any army. The effect was remarkable. The enemy in front of our left was forced back from pit to pit, and those in the strongest pit facing us found themselves turned and our men behind them. They next *sautez qui peut* and fled, leaving blankets, coats, hats, boots and trousers, and even guns, in their pits. The conduct of the troops was beyond praise, the Midland Battalion and 10th Royals vieing with each other, well supported by the 90th and flanked by the mounted portion of the troops. The artillery and Gatling also assisted in the attack with great effect. When all behaved so well it might appear inadvisable to mention a number of names; while there are always some who, by good luck, do a creditable amount before the eyes of the commanding officer, these I shall submit to you later on. My staff gave me every assistance and are most energetic and zealous. The medical arrangement under Brigade-Surgeon Orton was, as usual, most excellent and efficiently carried out. I have to record the death of three officers and five men, but they died nobly and well. I found no want of ammunition by the enemy, or food. In spite of what has been said to the contrary, we found large quantities of powder and shot. Nearly the whole of the rebels' families were left, and are encamped close to the river bank. They were terribly frightened, but I have reassured them and protected them. There is a report that Gabriel Dumont is killed, but I do not believe it, though I think it likely he is wounded. One of the wounded is recognized as Donald Ross, one of their council. Yesterday evening, just as the action was finished, the Northcoote and Marquis steamers arrived on board, the latter having twenty-five policemen on board. It appears the Northcoote had a hot time of it, as the rebels fired on her very heavily, and though she was well fortified, the rebels managed to wound two men slightly. The Northcoote got on a shoal for a short time, but managed to keep off the enemy and to get off herself. Finding that, owing to the barges alongside, they could not go up the stream again, they decided to run down to the Hudson's Bay crossing, where they got rid of them and returned. At the Crossing they found the other steamer and came back together. This morning I sent a letter addressed to Riel as follows:

BATOCHE, May 11. MR. RIEL.—I am ready to receive you and your council and to protest you until your cases have been decided upon by the government. (Signed) MAJOR-GEN. MIDDLETON. I cannot, of course, be certain, but I am inclined to think the complete smash of the rebels will have the effect of breaking the back of the rebellion, and will, I trust, at any rate, dispel the idea that the half-breeds and Indians can withstand the attack of resolute men properly led, and will tend to remove the unaccountable scare that seems to have entered into the minds of so many in the North-West as regards the prowess and powers of fighting of the Indians and half-breeds. There is not a sign of the enemy on either side of the river for miles. (Signed) FRÉD. MIDDLETON, Major-General.

WINNIPEG, May 16.—His Lordship Chief Justice Wallbridge has given an opinion that the rebels would have to be tried in the district or province where they were captured. He could not be brought to Winnipeg or sent to Ottawa. The Dominion government might issue a special commission and appoint judges to try him, but the trial would have to take place in the province where Riel was captured. Under the present

act the judicial authorities in the district where Riel was captured have the power to try a man for life, but appeal to the Manitoba Bench is provided. He could not be tried by a court-martial under present circumstances. General Middleton had promised in a letter to Riel that he would be protected until the Dominion government decided on his case.

MORE REBEL PRISONERS. Half-breeds keep coming into the camp, and the objects of the expedition are evidently accomplished so far as the half-breeds are concerned. The general has given orders that all shall be courteously treated, and his instructions are carried out. Monkman is in irons. He is accused of inciting the Indians to rise. Quite a number of women and children are camped in proximity to the village. Manuel Champagne, Pierre Parantier, Pierre Henrie and Pierre Barbe, four of Riel's council, surrendered themselves and were taken on board the steamer Marquis. The whereabouts of Dumont is as yet unknown. He left the village on Monday, in company with Riel and some members of his family, going down the river. They took nothing with them but the clothes they wore, and, unless aided by friends, will have to come in. He was undoubtedly the soul of the rebellion so far as the fighting went. It was his idea to get Big Bear to attack the troops in the rear, but his scheme miscarried. He is now in prison at Prince Albert, it is said to be one of the chief instigators of the trouble. Alex. Fisher, the so-called lieutenant-governor, is a prisoner. Other prisoners are: Eneas Poitras, William Fiddler, Alexis Gervais, Francis Tourand, Patrick Tourand and Maxime Bebois.

THE LOSS OF THE TROOPS. The doctors' list of casualties on Saturday report eight killed, as follows: James Fraser and Richard Hardisty of the Ninetieth; Lieut. A. V. Kippen, Survivors' Corps; Lieut. W. Fitzpatrick, Private Moore of the Grenadiers; Capt. E. T. Brown of Boulton's Horse; Gunner William Phillips of A Battery, and Capt. John French. Our wounded are: A Battery—Wm. Fairbanks, thigh; M. Cowley, thigh; Carpenter, right knee and left leg; T. Stokes, run over by gun carriage. Grenadiers—Major Dawson, leg; Captain Manly, foot; Captain Mason, hip; Private Brisbane, forehead, slightly; Eager, jaw; H. Millson, chest; A. Marshall, in ankle; Barber, in head; Cantwell, hand and thigh; Quigley, right arm; Cook, arm; Stead, arm; Sooble, arm; Bugler Gaghan, hand; Corporal Foley, side. 90th Battalion—Corporal Wm. Kemp, right eye; Ralph Barton, left hand and neck; Erickson, left arm; Allan L. Young, left thigh; Sergeant Jackes, head; Sergeant Major John Watson, hand; Corporal James Gillis, leg; Private F. Alexander Watson, neck and chest. Midland Battalion—Captain Hellwell, shoulder; Sergeant A. E. Christie, right arm; Lieutenant G. E. Laidlaw, right calf; Private Wm. Barton, left hip; Corporal A. H. Halliwell, face; Color Sergeant Wm. Thomas Wright, on left arm; Private M. Dally, left hand. Boulton scouts—Wm. Hope, right arm. French scouts—G. R. Allan, right shoulder; R. S. Cook, left thigh. Survivors—Captain Wm. Gardner, in shoulder; A. D. Wheeler, shoulder. Three, D. Pringle, Mr. Yinen and John Macdonald, were struck by bullets on the steamer Northcoote, none badly.

THREE MORE DEATHS REPORTED. A despatch from Clarke's Crossing received this morning says Private Coale, of the 90th, wounded in the Fish Creek fight, died this morning. Sutebridge is very low indeed. Sergeant Major Watson, of the 90th, and Private Alex. Watson, of F Company, same corps, have also succumbed, adding three more names to the death-roll of Winnipeg's crack corps. Dr. Roddick reports all the others as doing well.

THE REBEL PRISONERS.

RIEL ALREADY PREPARING FOR THE FATE WHICH HE EXPECTS. HE DENIES THAT HE WAS LEADER OF THE REVOLT—MONKMAN HEAVILY IMPLICATED—DUMONT REFUSES TO SURRENDER—THE REBEL LOSS AT BATOCHE—THE GARRISON ARTILLERY ON THE MOVE—COL. OUMET WITH THE 65TH.

WINNIPEG, May 18.—Among the rebel papers captured at Batoche are the minutes of council, in which Albert Monkman, now held a prisoner, is heavily implicated in the rebellion. He is shown to have taken a prominent part in the meetings, and had command of a number of men. Duck Lake. He has been put in irons. Among others held there is Fisher, the rebel governor, two Bourons from Fish Creek, Lamontagne, the rebel musketry instructor, Jackson, Riel's secretary, Dumont's lieutenant. Father Fourmand estimates the rebels' loss in killed at sixty. The wounded rebels have been sent back to Saskatoon with our own on the steamer Northcoote. Riel charges Lawrence Clarke, of the Hudson's Bay Company, with having precipitated the revolt. Riel denied that he was the leader of the rebellion and asserts his innocence. He says he can prove that he wanted to go back to the United States, but would not be allowed to do so. He expresses himself pleased that the books and papers of the rebels have fallen into the hands of General Middleton, as from them he claims to be able to prove his innocence. He expects to be hanged and spends most of his time fasting and praying.

THE MARCH TO PRINCE ALBERT. The troops reached a point eighteen miles north of Batoche at a place called Gariepy's Crossing, on Thursday night, and crossed to the west side on Friday morning, when the march to Prince Albert by the old trail was resumed. Father Fourmand, reported shot some weeks ago by the rebels, is still alive, having overtaken the column on Friday with another man. They passed Gabriel Dumont on the way to Batoche from a hiding place in the prairie. George McLeod, a Prince Albert courier, reported to General Middleton that while on his way from Batoche to Prince Albert on Wednesday afternoon, he met three Indians about twelve miles behind Legins's Crossing. He was talking to the Indians when Dumont appeared on the edge of the bluff and asked McLeod what he wanted. McLeod asked him to give himself up, saying the General promised him a fair trial. Dumont replied that he had taken up arms and intended to fight, and would not be taken alive. Dumont only had a few Indians with him. A large number of Indians and half-breeds accompanied McLeod to General Middleton. The latter sent them back with an escort to obtain their arms, which had been cached in the bush. The prisoners were then discharged and told to go home.

THE REBEL LOSS. A despatch received this evening seems to show the fatality amongst the rebels at Batoche to have been greater than first reported. Father Lauzon reports having buried sixty-four bodies of half-breeds alone, and a half-breed woman told him the loss would be at least eighty killed in the village, and

THE CRIMES ACT.

PARNELLITES INDIGNANT AT AN ATTEMPT TO RENEW THE ACT. NEW YORK, May 16.—A London cable letter says:—The cabinet quarrel over the advisability of renewing the Irish Crimes Act culminated this evening. A minority, headed by Mr. Chamberlain, advocated the abandonment of the act, but the government decided to propose a renewal, in a modified form, for two years. The Parnellites are indignant. They have warned the ministers that any attempt to renew the act, even in a greatly mitigated form, will throw the influence of the home rule vote in the English constituencies with the opposition.

THE GARRISON ARTILLERY. MACKAY'S HARBOR, May 18.—The train with the Montreal Garrison Artillery crossed "the gap" at 8 a.m. to-day, being the first to make the through journey from Ottawa to the point, which was reached at 11 o'clock. Lt.-Col. Oswald had the honor of driving the last spike fastening the rail that connects our North-West with our seaboard provinces. The ceremony was concluded amid the hearty cheers of the men, both of the battalion and the railway workmen. The road from here forward is good. They will get to Port Arthur to-night, and expect to reach Winnipeg tomorrow afternoon.

A KENTUCKY CRIME. LOUISVILLE, May 13.—While Josiah Hoskins, the jailer of Bell County, was returning from church at Pineville on Sunday, accompanied by several of his children and Thomas Napier, the party was fired upon by Andrew Johnson, a notorious desperado. Hoskins, his little daughter and Napier were killed.

BEAT HIS DAUGHTER TO DEATH. PHILADELPHIA, May 13.—Lotta Cook, aged 9, died on Monday night from the effects of a terrible beating she received from her stepfather, A. Curofo, a fresco painter. The latter was arrested and admitted that he had broken a heavy coal shovel over the girl's head.

A NEW AND INCURABLE DISEASE. SEWARD, N.Y., May 14.—A terrible and deadly disease prevails all through Seward valley. It first attacked Samuel McKelbert, who died, and since then funerals occur daily. The throat swells and the tongue is then paralyzed. The patient cannot eat, and subsequently becomes double sighted. No one has recovered from the disease, which is very contagious.

THE PLYMOUTH EPIDEMIC. PHILADELPHIA, May 12.—Physicians from here who visited the infected district at Plymouth say the reports of the epidemic have not been exaggerated. They found four or five persons ill in one house, with three or four in one room, and in other instances two or three dead persons in the same house. They assert that the disease is typhoid fever.

A VESSEL QUARANTINED. QUEBEC, May 14.—Information has been received from St. Thomas, opposite Groses Isle quarantine, that a large steamship could be observed from there at anchor at quarantine, carrying a yellow flag from her mast-head. The nature of the sickness aboard the steamship has not yet transpired.

NO TIME TO DEAL WITH IRELAND. LONDON, May 15.—Concerning the business of the session, Mr. Gladstone said to-day that the government intended to deal with the Scotch crofters' bill, the Scotch secretary bill, and the Irish crimes act. He regretted that during the present session it would be impossible to deal with the local government of Ireland bill and the bill relating to the purchase of land in Ireland. Referring to the crimes act, he said he would state, without entering into details, that the government intended to embody various provisions in that act which they deemed to be both valuable and equitable. (This statement was greeted with groans by the Parnellites.) It would be the duty of the government to press the house to pass the bill into law. Were the conditions more favorable, the government would be most anxious to deal with the question of local self-government in Ireland and that of land purchase. Both were measures towards which the government felt they had unfulfilled obligations.

BLOODSHED BEFORE THE ALTAR. CALLAHAN, Pa., May 18.—A bloody fight occurred in Hockley Grove church yesterday between the West brothers and the Langford brothers. The fight arose in consequence of the publication during the last campaign of letters of a personal character. In the melee William Langford was killed and Geo. Langford fatally wounded.

"COMBATTING." The old notion of "combatting" with medicines such diseases as lung inflammation has given place to more enlightened views. The system of the late Dr. Hughes Bennett is described as "treatment by restoratives directed to further the natural progress of the disease and supporting the vital strength." The *Lancet* states that the Doctor had 105 cases of uncomplicated inflammation of the lungs which he treated on this principle without a single death.

IVY AND WOODBINE. Many ignorant people refuse to permit the ivy and woodbine to clamber over brick buildings, in the belief that its presence renders the walls damp and creates unhealthiness. The opposite is true. These vines absorb all moisture there is in the bricks and mortar, and the pressure of the foliage acts as a shield, turning severe driving rains away from the walls. The vines derive most of their sustenance from the ground and do not give out moisture from the rootlets that cling to the walls.

RATHER EXPENSIVE. The cost of the last Lord Mayor's pageant was \$19,200; \$8,570 on dinners, \$5,125 on the procession, \$2,180 on decorations, \$300 on music, \$1,525 on printing, and \$1,675 on general expenses. Of this sum the new Lord Mayor contributed \$10,000 and each of the Sheriffs \$5,000. These figures lead London *Truth* to remark that there may possibly come a time when the Lord Mayors and Sheriffs will be elected for some other reason than that they are prepared to spend money on such tomfooleries.

OUR FUTURE. A Pittsburg writer makes the assertion that in fifty years, or perhaps in half that time, coal will not be carried from the mines to its place of destination in bulk, but only its actual heat energy will be transported, and that by wire, a process which, he says, can be accomplished by converting the coal into heat, the heat into motion and the motion into electricity; a storage battery in Cincinnati would take it up as fast as generated at the mines, and from this battery it could be taken and converted back into motion and heat, or changed into light.

THE PITTSBURG MYSTERY SOLVED. CHICAGO, May 12.—The three Italians arrested here for alleged participation in the murder of the peddler Caruso, practically confessed to the perpetration of the murder this afternoon. They in a measure absolved Jarado, who was arrested in New York. They state that he witnessed the deed, but they demanded a share of the money taken from Caruso as a share of the money. Detectives declare that the confession is sufficient to cause the hanging of all three men. All particulars are known to the police. The murder was perpetrated solely to obtain \$300 or \$400 which Caruso had in his possession.

CABLES CONDENSED. Turkish officers are still planting torpedoes in the Dardanelles. The Australian contingent has sailed for home from Snakin. Victor Hugo is ill with heart disease and congestion of the lungs. He is sinking rapidly. John Bright has written a letter approving of a parliamentary grant to the Princess Beatrice.

MILLIONS AT STAKE.

HOW ALEXANDER FRASER MARRIED AN INDIAN GIRL. QUEBEC, May 16.—In 1788 a wealthy member of the Hudson Bay Company, named Alexander Fraser, then living in the Canadian North-West, married a dark eyed Indian girl, Angeliqne Meadows. Notwithstanding the fact that this union was never sanctioned by any legal or religious ceremony, it constituted in the territory in which it occurred a legitimate marriage. At his death Alexander Fraser left behind him an enormous sum of money, together with the valuable seigniorials of Temisouata, Madawaska, River du Loup, and the six miles acres, yielding thousands of dollars annually in rents. After his death, in 1843, Mr. J. B. Bouliot, of River du Loup, was appointed curator to his estate. Being called to account for his administration of the estate and sued by Mr. William Fraser, of River du Loup, who claimed to be a legal heir of the deceased, Mr. Pouliot replied that he was ready to render an account, but he did not know to whom he had to pay. Mr. Thomas Jones intervened in the case by an opposition, which denied that William Fraser had any right to any part of the succession, and claiming to be entitled to "the same himself, on the ground that his mother, Marguerite Fraser, was daughter of Alexander Fraser, and issue of his so-called marriage with Angeliqne Meadows. The validity of the union was attacked by William Fraser, and Judge Caron, presiding in the Superior Court, having given judgment in favor of the pretensions of Jones and declaring the Indian marriage valid, the case was taken to the Court of Appeals, which reversed the decision of the Court below. Jones has instructed his attorneys to appeal from this last judgment to the English Privy Council, which he expects will decide that the marriage of his grandmother, Angeliqne Meadows, was valid and legitimate. The amount at stake is believed to be \$2,000,000.

READ THIS. For COUGHS and COLDS there is nothing equal to DR. HARRIS'S SOUTHERN PINE. Every bottle of it is warranted and can, therefore, be returned if not found satisfactory. 48 ct

PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE. THE PUNISHMENT INFLICTED ON BURTON AND CUNNINGHAM. LONDON, May 18.—The trial of Cunningham and Burton was concluded to-day. The court was crowded, the Lord Mayor and Minister Phelps being among those present, also many ladies. The prisoners wore an anxious look and followed Judge Hawkins' charge with intense interest. The charge was clearly against the prisoners. The judge explained the nature of the charge and expounded the law on the subject. He then analyzed the evidence, calling the jury's attention to the fact that Burton's statement was not made under oath, and therefore entitled to very little credence, if there was any truth in the statement, it was astounding that no witness was called to support it. The judge drew attention likewise to the fact that Cunningham and Burton had frequently been seen together, and dwelt upon their connection with the trunk, what they had told their landladies concerning it, and the unsatisfactory explanation Cunningham had since given of his relations thereto. The jury then retired and remained out fifteen minutes, and returned a verdict of guilty against both prisoners. The court at once sentenced both men to penal servitude for life. The announcement was received by the spectators with applause, which the court suppressed.

CATARH.—A new treatment has been discovered whereby this hitherto incurable disease is eradicated in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp. H. L. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada. 39 ct

NO OFFICIAL PROCLAMATION ON THE REBELLION. To the Editor of the Post and True Witness. DEAR SIR,—Is it not a most remarkable thing that no proclamation by any recognized authority of the Dominion has as yet appeared addressed to the Indians or half-breeds in the North-West? I supposed hostilities should be preceded by a declaration of war, as against foreigners, or proclamation against our fellow-citizens in revolt, and which proclamation should recite the causes forcing the Government to such measures, and calling back those who are in revolt to their duty; then every possible means should be adopted to bring such proclamation to the knowledge of those implicated. They should at once be notified what action will draw upon them the punishment accorded to public enemies, and to what extent acts already done will be condoned. Hitherto our action appears unfortunately in such a way as to invite to continuance in rebellion. Men who have no terms offered to them may well presume it is not intended to show them any mercy if defeated, and will, as the best alternative, continue to fight. And then again, there is no official account as yet before the public of the Duck Lake fight; the merits of the whole case are very much involved in that affair. A few months ago the American Government had a difficulty on hand very analogous to ours, in the Oklahoma Boomers, and how did they proceed? They sent one of their generals and a force of cavalry to the neighborhood of the Indian reserve illegally occupied by the Boomers, and there issued a proclamation clearly stating the case on the part of the public and what they expected the Boomers to do. If not, the whole force of the United States would be brought to bear and forcibly dispossessed them. Such a course looks like common sense, and as a consequence the Boomers have either vacated or are about to vacate the land in dispute, and not a shot fired. May 8th, 1885. CANADIAN.

A NEW LOAN. SIR LEONARD TILLEY GOES TO ENGLAND.—THE FLOATING DEBT TO BE CONSOLIDATED. Sir Leonard Tilley and his deputy, Mr. C. Urquhart, left by the Delaware and Hudson train yesterday, en route for England, with the intention of floating a new loan. The *Gazette* this morning gives the following particulars of the purposes to which the loan is to be devoted. The floating debt of the Dominion Government is understood to amount to \$18,000,000, while the amount required for capital expenditures this year with the cost of the North-West expedition will reach \$8,000,000, half of which will be required for the subsidy payments and balance of loan to the C.P.R. Of the loan of 1860, which matures July 1, five million has been extinguished through the sinking fund. Twenty-five millions remain, of which it is believed that \$20,000,000 will be retired by an exchange in a short date 4 per cent. bond at par. The new loan will therefore be in the neighborhood of \$30,000,000. If the Finance Minister succeeds in raising the loan as proposed, a saving of \$250,000 a year in interest will be effected.

THE AFGHAN CRISIS.

RUSSIA WANTS A WAR. She now Makes a Demand for Maruchak and Zulfiyar Pass.

THE QUESTION DISCUSSED IN THE COMMONS. DEGIERS GETS A PULLING OVER THE COALS. THE CZAR ONLY WANTED TO GIVE GLADSTONE A WAY TO BACK OUT—HE IS DETERMINED TO HOLD EVERY POINT—DEGIERS RESIGNS, BUT HIS OFFER IS REFUSED—HIS POSITION A SHAKY ONE.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 13.—The Russians now have 120,000 men between the Caspian Sea and Herat. According to best military estimate Russia's position is practically unassailable. It would be madness for an Anglo-Indian army of less than 250,000 men to attempt to sign in Central Asia against Russia. The following plan of operations in Central Asia has been drawn up by General Gourko and will be put into execution in the event of war:—First, the principles of the campaign would be those of the Moscow campaign of 1812 against Napoleon. Second, the Russian commander would strictly avoid any general engagement until the Anglo-Indian army was drawn into the interior at least 600 miles beyond Candahar. Third, three Russian corps d'armee, each of 30,000 strong, would await an Anglo-Indian advance in strongly defensive position, echeloned along the Kuskul and Amudrgh rivers. Fourth, 25,000 Cossacks at the first sign of a British advance would swarm through Afghanistan, arouse the whole country, proclaim Ayoub Khan Ameer, and harass British communications, burning supplies, raiding round the British army, stampeding camp followers, &c., but avoiding a serious engagement. Fifth, Corps of observation of 25,000 men and 15,000 Cossacks at the first sign of a British advance would march to Herat and the instant the Shah of Persia should show the slightest sign of aiding the English. Sixth, when the Anglo-Indian army has been drawn far into the interior, worn out by the difficult country and worried night and day by Cossacks, it would be attacked simultaneously by 60,000 men, forcing three Russian corps, General Sevast'yanov, in case of a British defeat a Russian advance would be followed by the immediate construction of a railway and made very slowly but surely.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 18.—The Czar reads carefully the debates in the English House of Commons, and has expressed great astonishment at Earl Granville's construction of the concessions which DeGiers is alleged to be ready to make. The Czar recently summoned DeGiers to St. Petersburg and conversed with him by saying "DeGiers, you have been promising far too much." DeGiers replied, "Sir, my statements have been exaggerated in London." The Czar rejoined, "My statements have been exaggerated in my own ministry of foreign affairs; the case is this, you have been hammering away at me for the last five weeks to obtain my consent to a sort of quasi arbitration on the material points in order to save (to use your own words) a point d'honneur for England. I told you that as a very last resort I was ready to agree to this merely to enable Gladstone to back out of a *cul de sac* with grace. Then you go and tell Granville, Thornton and De Stael that I was prepared for real arbitration. Then your statement is in turn exaggerated in London, until at last every body seems to take it for granted that Russia is ready to yield and disgracefully submit to a foreign decision on matters that concern solely Russia and Afghanistan. No, DeGiers, I shall never give up any single essential point, nor allow any reflection to be placed upon Gen. Komaroff who throughout has acted with discretion and moderation."

After this DeGiers offered his resignation which, however, was not accepted, the Empress having intervened. DeGiers's position is shaky, but it is believed war has been averted.

BERLIN, May 18.—It is reported that England has ordered two hundred automatic torpedoes at Schwartzkopf.

LONDON, May 18.—The *Times*, referring to the Afghan papers, says much useless correspondence and mischievous irritation would have been avoided if the government had discovered earlier that the Ameer did not wait Pendjeh.

LONDON, May 13.—The £11,000,000 credit has been given its final shape in the House of Commons this afternoon. It remains that the Russian reply raises a difficulty in regard to the basis of delimitation. It is said that DeGiers has asked whether England will accept responsibility for the acts of the Afghan frontier tribes nominally under the control of the Ameer. It is evidently the intention of DeGiers to leave Russia free to extend the frontier on the first excuse of tribal discord. A despatch from Tirpal says the Afghans expect England will avenge the defeat of the Afghans by the Russians or indemnify the Ameer for his losses.

LONDON, May 18.—It is authoritatively stated to-night that Russia demands Maruchak and Zulfiyar Pass, the possession of which the Ameer considers vital to the integrity of the Afghan frontier. The *Post* claims that Lord Dufferin has written an alarming letter describing the disastrous effect produced in India by the yielding policy of the government, but this latter report is not generally believed.

In the House of Commons this evening, in committee of supply on the vote of credit, Lord Randolph Churchill moved a reduction of two millions for the purpose of calling attention to Saturday's blue book on the Pendjeh incident. He said the indignation aroused by the perusal of the despatches was shared by the country at large, and even by liberal newspapers. He maintained that DeGiers had said nothing to justify Mr. Gladstone's statement in parliament that it had been agreed that no further advance should be made on either side. He declared Mr. Gladstone's statement of March 18th was a fiction and a phantom, without the smallest justification. After further discussion, Lord Churchill asked leave to withdraw the motion. Mr. Bigger insisted upon a division, and the motion was rejected by 74.

Mr. Gladstone replied to Churchill amid continuous noisy conservative interruptions. When the noise reached a climax Mr. Gladstone stopped several minutes, then, in a broken voice, remarked that this new kind of political warfare was little matter to him whose personal presence was a question of months rather than years. The opposition remained silent during the rest of the speech. Mr. Gladstone said he was unable yet to explain fully the Anglo-Russian agreement of March 17th, but believed it to be a covenant of the most sacred character.

TIRPAL, May 18.—The Ameer, in a proclamation, compliments the Afghan troops on their gallantry at Pendjeh, and lays great stress on the value of a British alliance. Reinforcements are said to be daily arriving at Herat.

PARIS, May 18.—The *Steele* (Brisson's organ) extols the patriotism of the British Parliament, and Mr. Gladstone in their efforts to preserve peace. It advises Russia not to make Gladstone's position untenable by offensive measures.

IS THIS POSSIBLE!

Report comes that General Grant's improved condition is due to the fact that he is using a "simple vegetable preparation" forwarded by one of our consultants from South America, and sent him by the Surgeon-General. Is this possible? By an "unauthorized" remedy?

And yet, if this "simple vegetable preparation" were owned and advertised by any one as a specific for this terrible disease, certainly the Surgeon-General would not commend it, nor would bigoted physicians prescribe it!

Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day, as the late Dr. J. G. Holland stated in Scribner's Monthly, were more successful than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice.

Why not? If General Grant is getting better through a simple unadorned vegetable preparation where is the vaunted exclusive skill of the medical profession!

Apologies of the suspension of some very prominent members by the Medical and Chirurgical faculty of Maryland, for endorsing advertised remedies, the Baltimore American (April 25) says that "when a patent medicine goes on year after year widening its circle of believers, it is a pretty fair evidence that there is merit in it."

But this is not a singular instance of unprofessional power over "incurable diseases." That "simple vegetable preparation" now everywhere known as Warner's safe cure, was once an authorized remedy; was pronounced a "god send" to the medical profession for the cure of kidney and liver disorders, malaria, general debility, spring feebleness, female irregularities, etc., by many leading physicians, but when the formula was fully perfected, and the medicine was put up in bulk and advertised so that every sufferer might know of it and treat himself, then the profession turned upon it and let their patients die rather than to use it!

This is certainly a strange proceeding, but it is on a level with all the rules and regulations of a code which has gone so far as to forbid a physician displaying beyond a certain size his name and profession upon his sign.

But the world moves and merit wins the light!

THE DROWNED MOTHER AND BABES.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MORE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY—A BOY'S HEROISM.

LITTLETON, Pa., May 15.—The full details of the suicide of Mrs. Hiram Pfautz and her determined effort to drown her five children, show one of the most heroic efforts to save life on the part of her ten-year-old son Harry on record in this section of the State.

The mother, who was the wife of a rich farmer and an educated woman, had become melancholy and demented through religious matters. Yesterday she watched her seven children to go with her to a mill dam, and a half a mile away to gather flowers.

The oldest did not go, their father being away from home. Mrs. Pfautz and her two sons, two daughters and a babe went to the dam. The boy Harry led the way. They sat a while near the deep water, when Mrs. Pfautz asked Harry to pick up a stick near the dam. He stopped to do so, when the mother swiftly and noiselessly rushed up behind him and pushed him in. She then rapidly seized the other three children and tossed them in one by one, and then jumped in herself, babe in arms. Harry, an expert swimmer, quickly got out and hauled his brother, aged seven, who had clung to a board, ashore. Harry then jumped in and safely brought his sister, aged nine, ashore. Nothing daunted, he once more plunged in, grasping his mother, who still held the babe. The mother exclaimed she wanted to die, but the boy bravely held on and begged her not to resist. By almost superhuman effort he succeeded in getting the mother and babe safely out of eight feet of water to the shore.

Meanwhile the other children stood speechless on the bank. The next moment Harry dove in for his three-year-old sister, who had sunk the third time. Harry found the body at the first dive, and brought it up and out to the bank, closely pressing the little one to his breast. He at once commenced rolling the body of the girl, but finally burst into tears when he realized that his little sister was dead. His mother, who stood shivering on the bank with the wet children, implored Harry to run back to the farm to get a wagon to bring them home. Suspecting his mother he implored her not to do anything rash. She promised not to, but the boy concluded to take the three children back with him, leaving the mother and babe alive with the dead child. The three children went home in their wet clothes, and there told the horrified father what occurred. He quickly drove to the scene, but there found no one. The moment that Harry and the children had gone the mother seized the dead child and her babe and again leaped into the water and sank to rise no more.

The water was drawn from the dam and the bodies recovered. Coroner Bone, of Lancaster, held an inquest this afternoon and returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts. The three children, who so narrowly escaped death, are confined to their beds. They were considerably bruised by striking rocks on the bottom of the dam. The wife was formerly a school teacher, but during the past few years became melancholy and finally deranged.

"DUBLIN CASTLE JUSTICE."

Lecture by Ex-District Inspector Murphy.

A SCATHING INDICTMENT.

A lecture on "Dublin Castle Justice" was delivered in the Round Room Rotunda, Dublin, by Mr. Thomas Murphy, ex-District Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary. There was a large attendance and the audience was extremely enthusiastic. On the platform were several members of Parliament and other representative citizens. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., presided.

The Chairman, in introducing the lecturer, said: I do not think it necessary in any audience of Irishmen to tell them who Mr. Murphy is, or to bespeak for him a hearty and generous Irish welcome (hear, hear). Not merely Ireland, but humanity, is indebted to him for the courage he displayed in the face of the dark powers of evil in exposing the heinous sin of Dublin Castle. Mr. Murphy, for doing this, had borne his sentence and his degradation, but when all is over I venture to think it will not be a sentence or a degradation to Mr. Murphy.

THE VINDICTIVE POLICY. Ex-District Inspector Murphy then came forward and received a most enthusiastic reception. He said: Lord Spencer (great groaning), true to that policy which had consigned innocent men to the scaffold, true to that policy that had consigned men to long terms of imprisonment and jail discipline, to find out after the lapse of weary months, or perhaps years, that they were innocent of every offense; true to this vindictive policy of repression and persecution, had thought proper to deprive him of the very small appointment which he had held. Not only that, but Lord Spencer had assailed his character in every conceivable way, and from almost every possible direction, in the House of Commons, in the public press, in official documents and in private ones as well. A charge was preferred against him (Mr. Murphy) in a manner wholly unprecedented and contrary to the rules of the constabulary force. The regulations required that when any member of the force had been guilty of an offense against discipline, a day should not necessarily be permitted to lapse until two courses were adopted. In the first place, the offending member was verbally informed that he was to be reported. In the second place, a charge in writing was framed against him, which he was called upon to admit or deny. All that was done officially and above board; but in his (Mr. Murphy's) case not less than seven days were allowed to lapse, and during all that period he had been attending to his duties, thoroughly unconscious that it was the intention to accuse him of any breach of discipline. It was only on the 18th of September, three weeks after the alleged occurrence, that he for the first time learned the man, underhand and disreputable line of action adopted in his case. County Inspector Sheehan (groans) had then admitted that on the 31st of August, 1884, he entered into a private, secret and confidential correspondence with Col. Bruce (groans) in reference to him (Mr. Murphy). He admitted that he had received a private letter from Col. Bruce in reply, and that in consequence of that letter he wrote a long and meandering sort of report—that he had watched him (Mr. Murphy) until his appearance was no longer clear in the darkening evening, and that during this interesting vigil he saw him staggering three times, and therefore concluded that he was intoxicated (laughter). In the case of a man whose ruin had been determined upon, it would be, of course, absolutely impossible for him to stagger through any accidental physical cause whatsoever, and assuming that he had slipped upon an orange peel and come down suddenly all in a heap—a contingency to which the most rigid abstainer was liable (laughter)—this would be according to the views and liberal theories of Col. Bruce and County Inspector Sheehan, conclusive proof of the hopeless and deplorable state of intoxication to which he (Mr. Murphy) had reduced himself.

JUDGE AND ACCUSER. When Colonel Bruce received this communication on the 4th of September, he wrote and despatched to the County Inspector the identical charge which he was to bring against him (Mr. Murphy), and which the County Inspector reproduced in his own handwriting, and called upon him (Mr. Murphy) to admit or deny (groans). Now, the conduct of Colonel Bruce in this respect was simply scandalous (hear, hear). Bruce was to be the principal and final judge of the proceedings, and notwithstanding that, he constituted himself accuser as well. But this model county did not stop there. He patted County Inspector Sheehan on the back, and told him the evidence was clear, and presumably sufficient, but still he should look out for corroboration—advice which he (Mr. Murphy) would show was not lost on the mind of the County Inspector. An investigation was held in the Constabulary barracks, Nenagh, on 16th September, 1874, and when the County Inspector discovered that all the witnesses who were produced for the prosecution were, one after the other, swearing that he was perfectly innocent of the charge imputed, he applied for a summons to obtain the evidence of a man named Simon Pyne (laughter), a decayed, old policeman who spent his evenings in the County Inspector's kitchen, and when he was not in that odorous locality he was to be found with his back against the gable-end of a public house (laughter). It was only when he wanted corroboration, which in this unfortunate country is often a synonym for perjury of the foulest and blackest dye, that he applied for a summons to procure the attendance of the man Pyne.

AN ORDER TO CONVICT.

On the second day of the inquiry he observed that the president received a letter with the usual Castle marks on the envelope. He read it, handed it to the other member of the court, who read it and returned it to the president with a broad grin, saying in an undertone, "It is satisfactory to know what we have to do." Laughter and applause. It at once occurred to him that they had been directed to convict him, and having regard to their subsequent demeanor he was satisfied that such was the case. [A Voice—So is everyone (applause).] They might think such action as this on the part of a government improbable; but he himself, when serving in County Limerick, was compelled to bear a message to a certain bench of magistrates in the County Limerick telling them to convict certain persons who were arraigned before them for riot, and not to send them for trial to assizes or quarter sessions, when they would have had some chance of obtaining justice at the hands of a jury of their peers. Surely a Government that is capable of sending an order of this kind to a bench of local magistrates, who are supposed to be independent of them, and to administer justice uninfluenced by any bias between the Crown and the accused, would not shrink from telling

a court composed of their own officers, who are dependent upon them for their daily bread, to commit, irrespective of the evidence, an official against whom they entertained a mean and cowardly grudge (hear, hear). On the one side there were several witnesses to prove that he was perfectly innocent, and on the other side there was one witness. Notwithstanding this vast preponderance of evidence in his favor, the court, in the exercise of their discretion—he did not think it was a wise one (loud laughter)—found a verdict against him, and on the receipt of their finding, Colonel Bruce wrote a minute testifying with misrepresentations.

CAREY AND SPENCER.

The result of all this was that he was removed, as it was emphatically termed, from the force. [A Voice—And bad company (loud laughter).] It is not a little remarkable that Lord Spencer had used in his case the very word which the infamous Carey rendered so notorious (groans). Carey removed his victims by the knife without the intervention of any form of trial or inquiry, but he thought the impartial historian would be constrained to relate that Lord Spencer occasionally removed them by the rope (loud and continuous applause) first having subjected the unfortunate creatures to all the tortures incidental to a protracted legal investigation, but from the judge who swept as he pronounced the fatal sentence to the hangman who, with a curse upon his brutal lips, kicked the poor wretch into eternity, the whole proceeding was, as far as strict justice was concerned, a delusion, a mockery and a snare (loud applause).

SPENCER'S WELL BELOVED.

The real cause of his (Mr. Murphy's) removal, and he gloried in it, was that from him emanated the information which resulted in the exposure of James Ellis French (loud cheer); that obscure bird who revealed the truth in Dublin Castle; that feticular on whom Castle honors were liberally showered; that confidant of successive Viceroys. Lord Spencer was plunged in desolation at being deprived of the services of his trusty and well-beloved James Ellis French (loud laughter), accordingly he had wreaked his vengeance upon him (the speaker), who in some way or other he suspected of being the cause of bringing about results so very intolerable. Communications had been made to him which left no doubt upon his mind but that French was the monster that a judge and jury had recently pronounced him.

FRENCH PROMOTED.

He was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that French's habits were equally well known at the depot and in the Inspector-General's office, Dublin Castle. He sent two communications in the nature of round robins, one to Lord Spencer and the other to Colonel Brackenbury, the Under-Secretary for Crime, and he posted them at Clones. He waited patiently, but the only result that he could see from these documents was quite the opposite to what he expected, for James Ellis French was suddenly appointed a county inspector over the heads of men long senior to him in rank and service (loud applause).

THE JUST MAN.

In August, 1883, he addressed a gentleman of whom the Irish race had good reason to be proud, he referred to Mr. Healy (loud cheer). This was followed by the appearance of an article in United Ireland (cheers), the editor of which, Mr. O'Brien, had a lasting claim to the gratitude of every Christian (applause), and James Ellis French, the darling of Dublin Castle, who went up like a rocket, came down like a stick (laughter). They were forced to prosecute French, but from the judicial bench he was described as a just man that had fallen (loud laughter). He (Mr. Murphy) would like to ask when was James Ellis French a just man? He clung to the idea that French was a born ruffian, that he progressed in wickedness as he advanced in age and maturity, and every day became more and more acceptable to the gang who experimented in the science of government in Dublin Castle (applause). Lord Spencer screened, sheltered, and protected the official performers in every way he could. All the vengeance of the law, all the Viceroyal wrath were poured forth on what he might term the mere stage supernumeraries, wretched like Pillar and the blind basket-maker; but the principal villains—the stars of infamy—were allowed to escape scot free (hear, hear).

FRENCH SCREENED BY GOVERNMENT.

On the day after the article appeared in United Ireland every officer named in the round-robin was telegraphed for. Mr. Maguire and Mr. Bell gave conclusive evidence against French in this private inquiry; but, instead of handing French over to the Criminal law, the Government screened him and used him as a species of battering ram against United Ireland (cheers). On the day of French's arrest he addressed a communication to the Inspector-General, and received a telegram summoning him to Dublin. He was there received in a surly manner by Colonel Bruce, and then sent to Mr. Harrel, who said "there was no knowing where these inquiries might end" (hear, hear). He retired perfectly satisfied that his disclosures met with the disapprobation of Colonel Bruce and Mr. Harrel. Colonel Bruce had full evidence of the crime, but he made himself an accessory after the fact, and did not produce a single Constabulary witness against French—on the contrary, he had the audacity to go into the witness box himself and give him a good character (hear).

BLOOD MONEY.

When murders were perpetrated in the country, when secret societies were alleged to be in full swing and in active operation, they remembered the extraordinary and in some cases highly censurable means that were adopted to get convictions. Protracted inquiries, such as those held in Dublin Castle, were held throughout the country. Thieves, perjurers, and many leading infamous lives, even murderers themselves, were ostentatiously paraded in the witness-box (hear, hear), and when innocent men were doomed to death and penal servitude, what was the action of Earl Spencer? He scattered blood-money in every direction. Every district inspector, every head constable, every sergeant, and every constable who assisted in the hanging of his fellow-countryman, or sending him to penal servitude, was the recipient of money rewards. Confidential informers were sent broadcast, and His Excellency was even pleased to send his autograph letters to many. George Bolton (groans), who had filled important public positions, had been in the habit of exposing to a select circle of friends a couple of autograph letters with which Lord Spencer had favored him, thanking him for the service he had rendered to law and order (groans). He (Mr. Murphy) did not mean to infer that when a crime had been committed every legitimate effort should not be made to bring the perpetrators to justice (hear, hear); but what he complained of was that when officers of Dublin Castle gave themselves up to crimes most foul, the machinery at the disposal of the authorities was not set in motion to convict them, and their detective skill lost its cunning. The rooting out of abominable secrets was left to the hon.

member for Mallow, while the detective power was directed to obstruct him and screen those villains whom he was endeavoring to expose (groans). In conclusion, he asked did not the treatment which Lord Spencer had accorded him (Mr. Murphy) show a practical sympathy with those abominable crimes which had raised the finger of scorn in every country in the world against Dublin Castle? (hear, hear, and applause).

NARROW ESCAPE.

ROCHESTER, June 1, 1882. "Ten years ago I was attacked with the most intense and deadly pain in my back and

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!"

"Which made me delirious!"

"From agony! ! !"

"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!"

"The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose."

"Morphine and other opiates!"

"Had no effect!"

"After two months I was given up to die! ! !"

"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain."

"The second dose eased so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known."

"I called the doctors again, and after several weeks they left me a cripple on crutches, for life, as they said, and I was told that I would never be able to walk. Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I looked at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them."

"In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work and did my usual business, and I have been so well, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since."

"It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years, and has kept her and my children well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these Bitters are used."

J. J. BERRY, Ex-Superintendent.

"That poor invalid wife, Sister, Mother, or Daughter! ! !"

"Can be made the picture of health!"

"with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!"

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION.

The national lottery of colonization, under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle, has another grand drawing of prizes on Wednesday, July 15th. The efforts made by the Rev. Father and the committee of gentlemen who have given their time and attention in assisting and promoting the object, deserve full recognition at the hands of the public. The prizes are of the most valuable nature, and the amount paid for each ticket, the object of the lottery being to secure funds to aid in settling the large and fertile country north of the Ottawa river.

It is the intention, as soon as sufficient funds are subscribed, to build a railway through this district. The tract of country which this railway proposes to traverse can be confidently stated as equal in fertility to the best parts of the Province of Quebec. It is covered as a rule with hardwood, maple, elm, oak, birch, &c., a sure sign of a rich soil. Already a strong current of colonization has set in through this tract of country; over 10,000 souls have established themselves there since five or six years, and twenty-five townships are partially settled. But this movement cannot continue without the aid of a railway. The last settlers are now at eighty miles from St. Jerome, the nearest railway station; they cannot be expected to go any further if they have not railway facilities. Besides, it is necessary to increase the width of the inhabited portions of the Province, in order to ensure the future and maintain for ever the importance of the route of the river St. Lawrence as the main commercial highway of the Dominion.

Sir Charles Tupper, in speaking before the House of Commons, paid the following glowing tribute to Father Labelle and his noble efforts to people our back country:—

"I have known Father Labelle, a gentleman known to many hon. members of this House as a patriot of the finest type, and as a whole-souled enthusiast, who throws himself into any work in which he may be engaged with such ardor as to inspire confidence in the men with whom he comes in contact, this leading to his successful career—the most profitable career—this gentleman has lived in the last few years of his life to peopling this large, fertile, productive section of the country. I am almost afraid to state the number of people he has sent into that country, but I think I may venture to say that he has taken at least 10,000 people within the last three or four years into this previously almost unknown country. These people are making happy and prosperous homes for themselves in what was a desert and a wilderness. As he fills one part of the district he goes on to further outposts; but he has reached a point where, he says, a railway is absolutely necessary for the prosecution of the important and valuable work in which he is engaged. I believe that if these 10,000 people had not gone there they would either have been struggling with poverty in their former homes, or seeking prosperity in another country. I believe there is no member of the house who will not regard such a work as that of the greatest possible importance to Canada, and that the resources of such a country should be developed as only rarely in our own country. These people are making happy and prosperous homes for themselves in what was a desert and a wilderness. As he fills one part of the district he goes on to further outposts; but he has reached a point where, he says, a railway is absolutely necessary for the prosecution of the important and valuable work in which he is engaged. 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