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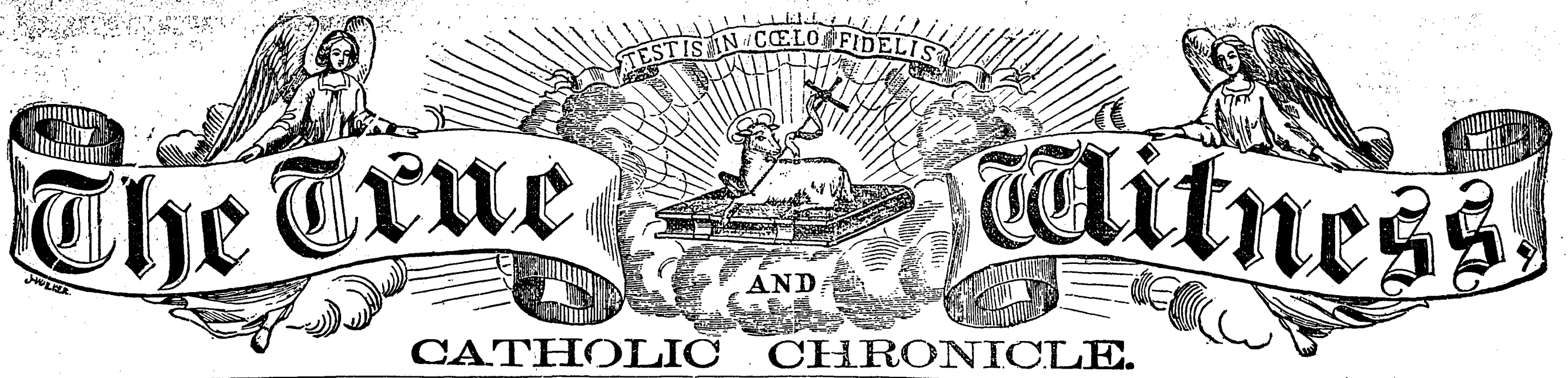
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EDUCATION.

Influence of Early Mental Cultivation Upon Health.

[By W. McK.]

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS:

Sir,—The influence which the exercise of the intellectual faculties has upon the health, growth and proper development of the body, is a subject of interesting inquiry to every rational being.

The peculiarly intellectual character of the present age, the high mental excitement which pervades all classes of society, and of which the child partakes in its very infancy, render it more important now than has ever been before for men to possess correct views on this subject.

Hence we find that by all classes of the community the culture of the mind is considered as the first and most important pursuit, especially for those in early life.

This prevalent eagerness for intellectual improvement, leads to a constant search after new modes of teaching, by which the education of children may be promoted.

Many physicians of great experience are of the opinion that efforts to develop the minds of young children are very frequently injurious; and from instances of disease which they have witnessed in children they are forced to believe that the danger is in the excess, and that the danger is in attempting to call forth and cultivate the intellectual faculties of children before they are five, or six, or seven years of age.

Of the nature or essence of mind we are ignorant. We believe it is distinct from matter. We do not know, however, that it manifests itself solely by the aid of material organs, and that a well-formed and healthy condition of these organs is an essential condition of mental action.

It is to be hoped that these remarks may serve to awaken some attention to the study of human anatomy and physiology, on which all plans of education ought to be founded.

mechanism of the steam-engine, is considered disgraceful by men who live and die totally ignorant of the far more curious and wonderful mechanism which their own bodies present.

The importance of physical education, or the perfect development of the organs of the body, appears in modern times to be nearly forgotten.

But, in commencing the inquiry as to the influence which the cultivation of the mind has upon the health of the body, it will be necessary first to ascertain what part or organ of the human system is called into action by mental labor, and then to trace the effect which this labor has upon that part of the system, and upon other organs of the body at different periods of life.

Montreal, Dec. 22, 1887.

AWFUL HERETICAL DECEPTION!

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS:

Sir,—While preaching His gospel to the Jews, Jesus, seeing how comparatively small was the number who were willing to follow Him, said: "Many are called, but few are chosen."

Ottawa, 1887.

PREPARING FOR THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

Rome, Dec. 21.—All the absent cardinals have been summoned to return to Rome before the first of January to take part in the Pope's jubilee celebration.

The Pope will receive, though in a private form, the good wishes of the house of Savoy (the Italian royal family).

TRAINING CHILDREN'S VISION.

The keenness of the sailor's organs of sight is almost proverbial. This effect has two causes. The cold, salt spray dashing into the seaman's eyes, strengthens and hardens them.

One thing in which we may all glory is our infirmities, in bearing each day the holy cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

BELLS OF THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the past, whose forgotten music still fills the wide expanse, Tintine the softer twilight of the present With the color of romance!

I hear you call and see the sun descending On rocks and waves and sand, And down the coast the mission voices blending Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation No blight or mildew falls; Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor lost ambition Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding, I touch the farther past— I see the dying glow of Spanish glory, The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers The white presidia, The swart commander in his leathern jerkin, The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Fort's cross uplifting Above the setting sun, And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting, The freighted galleon.

Oh, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses Recall the bells of old— Oh, sinking bells! that lulled with twilight music The spiritual fold.

Your voices break, then falter in the darkness— Break, falter, and are still; And veils and mystic like the host descending, The sun sinks from the hill.

BRET HARTE.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

The Project to Discourage it Considered by a Convention of the Irish Societies.

A convention of the various Irish Catholic societies of the city was held in St. Patrick's Hall last week to consider the question of Irish emigration.

Resolved, That we appeal to the liberty-loving people of England, Scotland and Wales for moral and material assistance, and we feel that the cause of Ireland is the cause of the British Empire.

Resolved, That we, the members of the National Executive Committee of the I. N. L. of America, as Irish American citizens, do hereby recognize that when the people of any country are united in opposition to certain laws, the enforcement of these laws ceases to be justice and assumes the nature of tyranny.

Resolved, That we also extend to the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone and his colleagues, and to the British Democracy, our high appreciation of their endeavors to replace the policy of oppression and tyranny by one of justice, conciliation and mutual good feeling between the Irish and the British people.

Resolved, That we cannot conclude our session without expressing our appreciation of the labors of the Hon. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., and Sir Thomas Henry Gratian Esmond, M.P., in the cause of Ireland; and we hereby tender them our sincere thanks for the information and aid we have received from them while present during the session of the National Committee.

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RESOLUTIONS.

Passed by the National Executive Committee of the Irish National League of America, in Session at St. Louis, Mo., 26th November, 1887.

Whereas, The sufferings of the people of Ireland are unparalleled in the history of nations, and to-day, in defiance of the advanced civilization of the age, England, while claiming to be the "ne plus ultra" of civilization, governs that oppressed people by military law, denying them every right, privilege and protection afforded them by the common law, denying them the right of trial by jury, and depriving them of the rights of the British Constitution, reducing them to a state of servitude, which can only be described in the words of Dean Swift, when he states that "Government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery."

Resolved, That we appeal to the liberty-loving people of England, Scotland and Wales for moral and material assistance, and we feel that the cause of Ireland is the cause of the British Empire.

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SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

The heroes of Dryden, like many other gentlemen, can never talk sense when ladies are in company.

We should confide in God, even to believing that if a vessel were wanting to us the sea itself would afford us a safe footing.

If the calculator bespatters and belies me, I will endeavour to convince him by life and manners, but not by being like himself.

Every one should make progress, acquire merit and practical virtue during his life; no reward can be gained by remaining inactive.

The brightest crowns that are worn in Heaven have been tried and smelted and polished and glorified through the furnace of tribulation.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

The heart that triumphs over avarice frees itself from all occasions for unbecomable solitude; but the heart enslaved by avarice can never offer a pure prayer.

The speediest way to prove what is the state of your heart before God is to try to adjust yourself at once to all outward duties.

Happy is he who loves his brother absent as when present, and who does not say a word of him which charity would forbid him to say to his face.

God often forbids our soul to remain barren in darkness and torment, to awake in a holy solitude and make us advance in virtue.

The family does not make the individual noble, but the individual ennobles the family.

The most wonderful and beautiful things are oftenest done in the world by those who had no opportunities, while people whose hands were full of the means never arrived at any end.

There is blessed peace in looking for nothing but our daily task and our portion of Christ's cross between this day and the appointed time when we shall fall asleep in Him.

Many think themselves Christians who are not. For Christians are holy; these are unholy. Christians are lowly; these are proud. Christians are humble; these are arrogant. Christians are patient; these are impatient. Christians are meek; these are angry. Christians are kind; these are cruel. Christians are merciful; these are unmerciful. Christians are pure; these are unclean. Christians are chaste; these are unchaste. Christians are continent; these are uncontinent. Christians are abstemious; these are untemperate. Christians are sober; these are tipsy. Christians are temperate; these are intemperate. Christians are moderate; these are immoderate. Christians are temperate; these are immoderate. Christians are temperate; these are immoderate.

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CARDINAL MANNING INTERVIEWED ON THE CONGRESS—AMERICA AND IRELAND.

(Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.)

LONDON, Oct. 9.—I spent an hour with Cardinal Manning on Friday. We sat in his library, a large room, with shelving running round two sides, filled with rare and antique volumes. The furniture of the room is of the plainest character, and the floors are bare except for two small worn-out rugs, which appear just like a patch in the centre.

The Cardinal evinced accurate knowledge of American affairs. He admires our form of government, but thinks its administration could be improved if we had fewer elections and longer terms of office.

He takes much interest in the proposition for the assembling of a Catholic congress of English-speaking people, and said he had just received a letter from Bishop Ireland in regard to that matter.

He said it was most gratifying; that it was not so much in comparative point of numbers as in material progress and influence.

The Church now stood on a happy basis, in England, and was given as much consideration by Government and people as any other denomination.

The Church of England did not exercise an attempt to exercise any direct influence on legislation or politics, but of course its patronage controlled votes.

He showed me from his window a splendid site, covering four acres, which he secured some time since for the erection of a grand cathedral in London.

He said he should not, in his advanced time of life, attempt to begin the work of building this cathedral; that he must leave for his successor.

In speaking of English politics, he said it was probable that no people were better satisfied with the structure of their Government and its institutions than those of Great Britain.

In no government in the world was there such a degree of absolute personal liberty as in Great Britain.

Once never knew there was any law until he ran against it. Scotland and England were completely fused in identity of interest.

It was different with Ireland, because of the different treatment. That unhappy island had been ruled by England for more than three centuries by force alone.

It was under Henry VIII. that the policy was inaugurated which had made and kept Ireland disaffected. Had it not been for this Ireland would have been as devoted and as loyal to the English crown as Scotland.

He was an Englishman to the backbone, but he knew and loved the Irish people! A more true, a more loyal, and a more noble race never existed.

They could be ruled with an uplifted thumb when kindly and justly dealt with, but they never would bow to force and wrong.

He had often been asked about boycotts and moonshiners, and so on. He believed that injustice always developed the worst passions of men, and boycotts and moonshiners were the product of injustice.

Proper and just land laws he considered the essential element for the tranquillizing of Ireland, and one feature must be the requirement of absentee landlords to return part with their estates.

There were several big corporations in London which owned vast tracts of land in Ireland. This was manifestly wrong, and one of the first things to be remedied was that these lands should go into the possession of those whose labor gave them all the value they possess.

The Cardinal said he had never been much enamored with the name of "Irish Parliament." In his view the legislative body to be created for Ireland should not be one with the prerogatives of a Parliament as commonly understood, but a chamber which should have the control of legislation affecting local matters only.

I said to him I had found no sentiment worth speaking of in London in favor of Irish Home Rule, and inquired what he thought about the prospects.

He replied that London was intensely aristocratic, intensely wedded to custom, and therefore opposed to change. But it was not so in the provinces.

The feeling in favor of Home Rule was growing rapidly every day in the country, and he had the strongest belief it would eventually be strong enough to control both Houses of Parliament and force justice to be done the Irish.

He could not venture to predict when this day would come, but he hoped to see it.

The spiritual life; what does that mean? It is worth thinking of in the first place, for many Christians have no distinct idea of it.

If, then, we think, we can see that life is, in the whole universe of God, something progressive; it goes on from small beginnings, by constant growth and development, till it reaches its perfection.

Thus it is with the life of the plant, of the animal, and of the body of man; thus, also, it should be with the soul; the spiritual life should follow the same law.

If it does not do this, it is hardly worthy of the name of life at all. When it begins in the soul after Baptism, after a good Confession, it is not complete and perfect, any more than a house is complete when its foundation has just been laid.

The fatal obstacle which makes its growth has been removed, but the growth is not yet made.

Next to the spirit's influence on the heart of a preacher, the accompanying preached word is the force of personal character as a condition of true ministerial success.

Where there is elevation of character there will be faithfulness.

VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

I recoiled from these last words in a sort of terror. I was I indeed so changed? Was it possible that the horrors of a night on the vault had made such a deep impression upon me? My hair white?—mine? I could hardly believe it. If so, perhaps Nina would not recognize me—she might be horrified at my aspect—Guido himself might have doubts of my identity. Though, for that matter, I could easily prove myself to be indeed Fabio Romani—even if I had to show the vault and my own sanded coffin. While I revolved all this in my mind the old man, unconscious of my emotion, went on with his mumbling chatter.

"Ah, yes, yes! He was a fine fellow—a strong fellow. I used to know him. He was a strong fellow. He took the little strong fellow's wife between finger and thumb and tipped it so!—and she would have told no more lies. I wanted him to do it—I waited for it. He would have done it surely, had he lived. That is why I am sorry he died. Mastering my feelings by a violent effort, I forced myself to speak calmly to this malignant old man.

"Why do you hate the Countess Romani so much?" I asked him with sternness. "Has she done you any harm?" He straightened himself as much as he was able and looked me full in the eyes. "So you do not answer, with a sort of laughing laugh, about the corners of his wrinkled mouth. 'I will tell you why I hate her—yes—I will tell you, because you are a man and strong. I like strong men—they are sometimes fooled by women. It is true—but then they can take revenge. I was strong myself once. And you—you are old—but you love a jest—you will understand. The Romani woman has done me no harm. I have never seen her since she was a young girl. I was here—but I saw her red lips widen and her white teeth glitter—she has a baby smile—the people will tell you—so innocent! I was picked up—her carriage drove on—her husband was not with her—he would have acted differently.

And he began to grope among a number of things that were thrown in a confused heap at the back of the shop. While in this attitude he looked so gaunt and grim that he reminded me of an aged vulture stooping over carrion, and yet there was something pitiable about him too. In a way I was sorry for him; a poor half-witted wretch, whose life had been full of gall and wormwood. What a different fate was his to mine, I thought. He hated Nina for an act as thoughtless as well, no doubt, as was not the only woman whose existence annoyed him; it was most probable that he was at enmity with all women. I watched him plying his hands as he searched among the worn-out garments which were his stock-in-trade, and wondered why death, so active in smiting down the strong in this world, should be thus cruelly spared by this form of human misery, for whom the grave would have surely been most welcome release and rest. He turned round at last with an exulting gesture.

"I have found it!" he exclaimed. "The very thing to suit you. You are perhaps a coral-fisher? You will like a fisherman's dress. Here is one, all cash, cap and all, in beautiful condition. It will fit you as it fitted him; and, look you! the picture is not in it; the sea has soaked through and through it; it smells of the sand and weed." He sprang up to the rough garb before me. I glanced at it carelessly.

"Did the fisherman kill his wife?" I asked, with a slight smile. The old rag-picker shook his head and made a sign with his outspread fingers expressive of contempt. "Not he! He was a fool. He killed himself."

"How was that? By accident or design?" "Oh! Che! He killed her when he was doing it. It happened only two months since. It was for the sake of a black-eyed girl; she lives and laughs all day long up at Sorrento. He had been on a long voyage; he brought her pearls for her throat and coral pins for her hair. He had just landed; he met her on the quay. He offered her the pearl and coral necklaces. She threw them back and said she was tired of him. Just that—nothing more. He tried to soften her; she looked at him like a tiger cat. Yes, I was one of the little crowd that stood round them on the quay; I saw it all. Her black eyes flashed, she stamped and thrust her lips at him, her full bosom heaved as though it would burst in his face. She was only a market-girl, but she herself had the air of a queen. 'I am tired of you,' she said to him. 'Go! I wish to see you no more.' He was tall and well-made, a powerful fellow; but she staggered, his face grew pale, his lips quivered. He bent his head a little—turned—said before my hand could stop him, he sprang from the quay into the waves; they closed his head for he did not try to swim; he just sank down, down, like a stone. Next day his boat came ashore, and I bought his clothes for five francs; you shall have them for four."

"And what became of the girl?" I asked. "Oh, she! She laughs all day long. What she did she care! I will take this man," I said. "You ask four francs here and six, but for the extra two you must show me some private corner where I can dress."

she knows of thy sufferings, with thou not be dearer to her than ever? Will not one of her soft embraces recompense thee for all thy past anguish, and suffice to make thee young again?" And thus encouraging my sinking spirits, I prayed myself in the Neapolitan and Italian garb. The trousers were very loose, and were provided with two long deep pockets, convenient receptacles which easily contained the leather bags of gold and jewels I had taken from the brigand's coffin. When my hasty toilet was completed I took another glance at the mirror, this time with a half smile. True, my face was greatly altered; but after all I did not look so bad. The fisherman's picture-quilt costume became me well; the scarlet cap sat jauntily on the snow-white curls that clustered so thickly over my forehead, and the consciousness I had of approaching happiness sent a little of the old fearless lustre back into my sunken eyes. Besides, I knew I should not always have to wear a wretched and wasted appearance; and perhaps a change of scene would infallibly restore the roundness to my face and the freshness to my complexion; even my white locks might return to their pristine color, such things had been; and supposing they remained white? well I . . . there were many who would admit the peculiar contrast between a young man's face and an old man's hair.

Having finished dressing, I unlocked the door of the stuffy little cabin and called the old rag-picker. He came shuffling along with his head bent, but raising his eyes as he approached me, threw up his hands in astonishment, exclaiming, "Sanissima Madonna! But you are a fine man—a fine man! Eh, eh! What height and breadth! A fine man—a fine man; you are old; you must have been strong when you were young. Half in a joke, and half to humer him in his fancy for more muscular force, I rolled up the sleeve of my jacket to the shoulder, saying lightly, "Oh, as for being strong! There is plenty of strength in me still, you see."

And he gazed at me intently with his small beady eyes, as though anxious to know more of my past life. I turned abruptly from him, and called his attention to my own discarded garments. "See," I said carelessly; "you can have these, though they are not of much value. And, stay, here are another three francs for some socks and shoes, which I dare say you can find to suit me."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" he murmured. "Like iron—just think of it! Yes, yes. You could kill anything easily? Ah! I used to be like that once. I was clever at sword play. I could, with well-tempered steel cut another seven-times folded piece of silk at one blow without fraying out a thread. Yes, as neatly as one cuts butter! You could do that, too, if you liked. It all lies in the arm—the brave arm that kills at a single stroke."

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"I looked down upon him, half in disdain, half in amusement. "Yes," I said quietly; "I am going to a woman."

CHAPTER VII. That day seemed very long to me. I wandered aimlessly through the city, seeing few faces that I knew, for the weather, being that of the cholera, had either left the place altogether, or remained closely shut within their own houses. Everywhere I went something bore witness to the terrible ravages of the plague. At almost every corner I met a funeral procession. Once I came upon a group of men who were sending up an open doorway, and I saw a body lying in a coffin too small for it. There was something truly revolting in the way they doubled up the arms and legs and squeezed in the shoulders of the deceased man—one could hear the bones crack. I watched the brutal proceedings for a minute or so, and then I said aloud: "You had better make sure he is quite dead."

The beccomorti looked at me in surprise; one laughed grimly and said; "The cholera never fails, he is dead for certain—see!" And he knocked the head of the corpse to and fro against the sides of the coffin with no more compunction than if it had been a block of wood. I walked on in the light of a coffin and said no more. On reaching one of the more important thoroughfares I perceived several knots of people collected, who glanced at one another with eager yet shamed faces, and spoke in low voices. A whispier reached my ears, "The King! The King!" All heads were turned in one direction; I passed and looked on with a deadly pale face, accompanied by a few gentlemen of earnest mien and grave deportment. I saw the fearless monarch, Humbert of Italy—whom his subjects delight to honor. He was making a round of visits to all the vile holes and corners of the city, where the plague raged most terribly; he had not so much as a garment in his mouth to ward off infection. He walked with the easy and assured step of a hero; his face was somewhat sad, as though the sufferings of his people had pressed heavily upon his sympathetic heart. I bowed my head reverently as he passed, his keen kind eyes lighted on me with a smile.

and throwing myself at his feet to tell him my story. I seemed to me both cruel and unnatural that he, my beloved Sovereign, should pass without recognition—me, to whom he had spoken so often and so cordially. For when I visited Rome, as I was accustomed to do, I walked freely, and after some trouble I found the balls of the Quirinal Palace the Count Fabio Romani. I began to wonder stupidly who Fabio Romani was; the gay gallant known as such seemed no longer to have any existence—a "white-haired fisherman" usurped his place. But though I thought these things I refrained from addressing the King. Some impulse, however, led me to follow him at a respectful distance, as did also many others. His Majesty strolled through the most peaceful streets with as much unconcern as though he were taking his pleasure in a garden of roses; he stepped quietly into the dirtiest hovels where lay both dead and dying; he spoke words of kindly encouragement to the wretched and terrified man who stood through their tears at the monarch with astonishment and gratitude; silver and gold were gently dropped into the hands of the suffering poor; and the very pressing cases received the Royal benefactor's personal attention and immediate relief. Mothers with infants in their arms knelt to implore the King's aid, and he would specify their grief with a modest hesitation, as though he thought himself unworthy, and yet with a parental tenderness that was infinitely touching. One wild-eyed black-haired girl flung herself down on the ground right in the King's path; she kissed his feet, and then sprang erect with a gesture of triumph.

"I returned to my own room, and I cannot say that I was in the same road with the King." Humbert smiled and regarded her somewhat as an indulgent father might regard a spoiled daughter; but he said nothing, and passed on. A cluster of men and women standing at the open door of one of the poorest-looking houses in the street next attracted the monarch's attention. He went to the door, and he looked on; two or three beccomorti were loudly discussing together and swearing profusely—some women were crying bitterly, and in the centre of the excited group a coffin stood on end as though waiting for an occupant. One of the gentlemen in attendance on the King preceded him and announced his approach, and he bowed his head, and the women checked their sobs.

"What is wrong here, my friends?" the monarch asked with exceeding gentleness. There was silence for a moment; the beccomorti looked sullen and ashamed. Then one of the women with a fat good-natured face and eyes rimmed with red, and with her hair bowed her way through the little throng to the front and spoke.

"Bless your Majesty!" she cried in shrill accents. "And as for what is wrong, it would soon be right if these shameless pigs," pointing to the beccomorti, "would let us alone. I have a little man, rather than wait an hour—one little hour! The girl is dear to your Majesty—and Giovanni, poor lad! will not leave her; thlok of it! and she a cholera corpse—and do what we can, he will not be parted from her, and they seek her body for the burial. And if we force him away, *poorvino*, he will lose his head for certain. One little hour, your Majesty, just one, and the reverend father will come and persuade Giovanni better than we can."

The king raised his hand with a slight gesture of command—the little crowd parted before him—and he entered the miserable dwelling where lay the corpse that was the cause of all the argument. His attendants followed; I, however, remained outside, and I saw the scene disclosed was as terribly pathetic that few could look upon it without emotion—Humbert of Italy himself uncovered his head and stood silent. On a poor pallet lay the fair body of a girl in her first youth, her tender loveliness as yet untouched even by the disfiguring marks of the death that had overtaken her. She lay as though she were asleep, and it was not for the rigidity of her stiffened limbs, and the wax-like pallor of her face and hands. Right across her form, almost covering it from view, a man lay prone, as though he had fallen there lifeless,—indeed he might have been dead also for any sign he showed of the contrary. His arms were crossed firmly round the girl's corpse, his face was hidden from view on the cold breast that would no more respond to the warmth of his careres. A straight beam of sunlight shot like a golden spear into the dark little room and lit up the whole scene,—the prostrate figures on the bed, the erect form of the compassionate King, and the kneeling man who hid his face in his hands. One hero the least in this world of unheroic, uninspired persons! I sat silent, lost in sorrowful thought. The landlord looked at me curiously.

"The coffee does not please you?" he said at last. "You have no appetite?" "I forced a smile. "The words would take the edge off the keenest appetite ever born of the breath of the sea. Truly Naples affords but sorry entertainment to a stranger; is there naught to hear but stories of the dying and the dead?" Pietro put on an air that was almost apologetic.

"I pushed away the rest of my meal uncasted. The food choked me, I could have sworn that I had never tasted it before. I had seen the man who had been the least in this world of unheroic, uninspired persons! I sat silent, lost in sorrowful thought. The landlord looked at me curiously.

"I turned to the landlord. "How much to pay?" I asked. "What you will, amico," he replied—"I am never hard on the labor folk,—but times are bad, or you would be welcome to a breakfast for nothing. Many and many a day have I done as much for your craft, and the blessed Cippiano who is gone used to say that the Madonna gives a special blessing if one looks after the fishers, because all the holy apostles were of the trade; and I would be loth to lose her protection—yet—"

son glory of the sunset, which, like a wide flag of triumph, was to be the signal of my safe return to love and happiness.

CHAPTER VIII. I came at last, the blessed, the longed-for evening. A soft breeze sprang up, cooling the burning air after the heat of the day, and bringing with it the odors of a thousand flowers. A regal glory of shining colors blazed on the breast of heaven, the rays, motionless as a mirror, reflected all the splendid tints with a sheeny lustre that redoubled their magnificence. Pricked in every vein by the stinging of my own desires, I restrained myself; I waited till the sun sank below the glassy waters, till the pomp and glow attending its departure had faded into those dim ethereal hues which are like delicate draperies fallen from the flying forms of angels,—till the yellow rim of the round full moon rose languidly on the edge of the horizon,—and then keeping back my eagerness no longer, I took the well-known road ascending to the Villa Romani. Heart beat high—my limbs trembled with excitement—my steps were impatient and pre-attentive—never had the way seemed so long. At last I reached the great gateway—it was locked fast—its sculptured lions looked upon me frowningly. I heard the splash and tinkle of the fountains within, the scents of the roses and myrtle were wafted towards me with every breath I drew. Home at last I smiled,—my steps were impatient and pre-attentive—never had the way seemed so long. At last I reached the great gateway—it was locked fast—its sculptured lions looked upon me frowningly. I heard the splash and tinkle of the fountains within, the scents of the roses and myrtle were wafted towards me with every breath I drew. Home at last I smiled,—my steps were impatient and pre-attentive—never had the way seemed so long. At last I reached the great gateway—it was locked fast—its sculptured lions looked upon me frowningly. I heard the splash and tinkle of the fountains within, the scents of the roses and myrtle were wafted towards me with every breath I drew. 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WEDNESDAY.....DECEMBER 28, 1887

HONORABLE GREENE'S dislike for tobacco was one of his strong characteristics. It is related of him that once, when he was offered a cigar, he said: "No, I drink, I steal, I lie, but I don't smoke." This is just like the Witness. It can enjoy the practice of all the vices because it does not drink.

A CABLE despatch says the Duke of Norfolk has failed in his mission to Rome, and that the Pope will not take sides with the Tory Government against the Nationalists of Ireland. This is what we expected, for His Holiness must have known that to do so would cost him the allegiance of the Irish people throughout the world. Mr. Dillon's frank declaration exactly expresses Irish feeling.

WOMAN suffragists have received a setback in the State of New York. One woman residing at Alfred Centre has been sentenced to jail for twenty-four hours for voting at the State election. Nine other ladies were indicted at the same time, but it is to be presumed that they will not be tried, as this was made a test case, and nothing more than a court decision was desired.

REV. MAURICE O'SHEA has just been appointed post chaplain in the U. S. Army, his commission dating from November 21. Father O'Shea is the post Catholic chaplain out of thirty-four post chaplains in the army. In view of the very large percentage of American soldiers who are Catholics, this is surely not distributive justice.

RESOLUTIONS have been passed by seventeen Women's Liberal Associations in England, emphatically condemning the treatment of political prisoners by the Irish Executive, and expressing sympathy with Mr. O'Brien and his fellow sufferers. The resolutions represent the opinions of 6,000 women, members of Liberal and Radical associations.

If our city fathers desired to perpetuate the memory of His Ex. in a befitting manner, they would, when changing the name of Sussex avenue, have called it Luggacurran avenue, not Lansdowne. We can console ourselves with the reflection, however, that the name of Lansdowne was made honorable in literature long before it was appropriated by the Petya. George Granville, Baron Lansdowne, a Catholic nobleman, poet and statesman, born in 1667 and died in 1735 shed lustre upon a title that is now smirched by the hideous cruelties of the Luggacurran evictions.

THERE appears very little necessity for warlike appliances in America. The whole military defences of the United States are not equal to one European garrison. The report of the U. S. Secretary for War says that of the 143 rifle guns that are now to be found at various points along the 3,000 miles of sea coast and the 2,500 miles of frontier, 116 are of obsolete pattern, and of the remaining 26 there are only a few that are mounted in a manner to perform effective service. This is about the condition of Canadian defences. With the exception of Halifax, which is an imperial station, all our fortifications are in a state of more or less dilapidation. The old-fashioned forts of Quebec and Kingston are of no account now. It is well that we have but little military armaments. No

power on earth dare attack America. The Dominion alone on this continent is now open to assault, and that only from Russia, in case of a war with England. The United States and England have, we believe, fought their last fight.

THE COMMISSION appointed by the New York State Legislature to enquire as to a more humane method of inflicting capital punishment, has reached the conclusion that "electricity ought to be substituted for the hangman's rope. It is understood that a report to that purport will be made to the Legislature about to convene at Albany, which will, no doubt, for the sake of humanity and in the name of enlightenment, legislate accordingly.

THE Halifax Recorder, commenting on the suggestion of the St. John Globe, as to how the fishery and kindred disputed questions can be settled at one fell swoop, says annexation will meet with much approval among the rank and file of Halifax Toryism. Our contemporary adds:—"At election times, when the canvass is being vigorously proceeded with, it has always been surprising to note the amount of annexation feeling there is in the Tory ranks. We believe that to-morrow, if a vote were taken, three out of every four ballots cast for annexation would be by Tories. The 'loyalty' of that party has always been a delusion and a sham."

THE beauties of the divorce laws in the neighboring republic are well shown up by the N. Y. Sun which tells an extraordinary tale of the vagaries of conjugal severance in New York and of the ease and expense with which one may put away the wife one never had, and repudiate the husband one never knew. It is the most extraordinary story of the kind that has ever been told; and it demonstrates not only the facility of sham divorces, but the ease with which people who are really married and want to get unmarried may be deluded with the idea that they are legally divorced when they are not.

MR. ELLIS, M. P., in his paper the St. John Globe, came out a few days ago squarely in favor of annexation as the only true solution of all our Dominion difficulties. It is wonderful with what mildness he has been treated by the ultra loyal Tory press. The fact is that annexation every day becomes more and more apparent as the ultimate destiny of Canada, and the continuance of Sir John Macdonald in power is hastening the event with increasing rapidity. He probably sees it, and is determined to make the most of the chances for himself and friends before the change comes.

A BUFFALO, N. Y., secular journal of high character and far-reaching influence in Northern New York, the Commercial Advertiser, pays the following tribute to Bishop S. V. Ryan, on the occasion of his departure to participate in the jubilee of Pope Leo XIII:—

"The good Bishop of the diocese of Buffalo, the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, has left for Rome, in company with Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. Our esteemed fellow-citizen takes with him the best wishes of all classes of this community. A man of his purity of character, modesty of demeanor, and unwavering independence in all matters of public morality, commands a respect and influence that are not limited by any sectarian prejudices or affiliations. That Bishop Ryan may have a good voyage, a good time, and a safe return is our sincere hope!"

THE Waterloo Advertiser, after sizing up Mr. McShane's traducers, concludes with the following:—

His enemies cry bribery for the purpose of trying to destroy public confidence in him and cripple his usefulness as a minister. The Conservative papers have hounded Mr. McShane ever since he took office. They have done everything in their power to drive him from public life. But he is there to stay. The charges of bribery are as absurd as they are infamous. Mr. McShane is not a bold, bad briber, and his traducers know it. His success as a minister has intensified the hatred of a set of editors who never liked him because he has usually been too much for them at the game of politics.

To say that the Irish people of Montreal felt disgusted and humiliated when they read in the city papers that the Brummagen Screw-driver was waited upon and toadied by an Irish Catholic when he was here on his way to Ottawa, would but faintly express their sentiments. Here is a man who comes to America hot from a tour in Ulster, where he did all he could to incite Orange animosity against the Catholic people of Ireland, and who has done all that lay in his power to aid the bloody Balfour in his brutal persecutions of O'Brien, Sullivan, and now Father Ryan, and he is met by an official Irishman who is glad to be permitted to trot at his heels in the sight of his outraged countrymen, Enough said.

BALFOUR'S conduct towards Mr. Sullivan, Lord Mayor of Dublin, has justly aroused the indignation of the English Liberal press. The Dublin Nation gives the following account of the base and mean treatment to which Mr. Sullivan has been subjected:—

The Lord Mayor had been committed to Richmond Bridewell as a first-class misdemeanant. This prison was conveniently situated for the Lord Mayor on the outskirts of the city of which he is Chief Magistrate, and in the neighborhood of the residence of the Lady Mayress and his children, and other near relatives, from whom, under the terms of his committal, he would be entitled to receive visits. It was impossible for Mr. Balfour to alter the sentence passed by Mr. O'Donell; but he could change him to a more distant or more uncomfortable prison. This Mr. Balfour had the meanness to do by an order under his own hand. The Lord Mayor has been removed suddenly and secretly to the gloomy fortress in Tullamore in which Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Mandeville, Mr. Hayden, and the other political prisoners are incarcerated.

Mr. Balfour must have been well aware that there was no accommodation in Tullamore jail for first-class misdemeanants, and from early morning till night his lordship was left without food in the tiled cell in which he was placed.

TO-DAY'S cables bring us news of more outrages by the minions of Dublin Castle on the Nationalist leaders. This sort of thing is getting monotonous and may meet a reply one of these days that will astonish the wretches who are heaping indignities on a long suffering people, for it is not in human nature to stand such outrages. All the world knows that these infamies are perpetrated with the purpose of exasperating the Irish, and it will be wonderful indeed if the infernal policy does not succeed.

ALDERMAN JOHN HENRY, of Ottawa, who has represented By Ward for the last thirty-two years, and whose long services have earned for him the title of "Father of the Council," is now on the eve of retiring into private life. Mr. Henry is one of the oldest residents of Ottawa, and is justly held in the highest esteem by all classes. We hope he may live long to enjoy well-earned repose after a long, honorable and successful career.

The Liverpool Catholic Times thanks God that the good, honest working classes of England did not produce this mean creature called Mr. Balfour. He was brought up in a "high" social sphere where idleness and callousness were the two things in life most admired. He is not of the people and has no sympathy with them. They are warm-hearted; he is heartless. They are frank and straightforward; he is an equivocator. They are generous even to their foes; he is brutal when he obtains the opportunity of gratifying his spite against an enemy. No, the workmen of Great Britain have not to bear the disgrace of having given to the world such a political scoundrel, and they will in due time prove to him and all who sympathize with his methods of misgovernment that they will not allow the name of their country to be brought into discredit, and their Irish brethren, who are flesh and blood like themselves, to be treated as helots in their own land.

If any other government in the world arrested, imprisoned and tortured political leaders guilty of any crime, what a roar of indignation and denunciation would arise from the press of England. But when Irishmen, acknowledged by all to be men of blameless lives, high character, the chosen representatives of the people in Parliament and the faithful exponents of their opinions in the press, are arrested and treated like common felons, the Tories of England see nothing wrong in such proceedings. Mr. Hooper, of the Cork Herald, is the latest victim to Balfour's malignity. A few days ago a man was arrested in an out-of-the-way village for selling the Herald containing reports of League meetings, whereupon Mr. Hooper editorially challenged the Castle authorities to strike at the paper itself, not at a poor news vendor. Mr. Hooper's arrest now is doubtless in response to that defiance. But the Herald will continue to publish the League meetings, though the editor be in prison, as the Nation continues to do although Mr. Sullivan is confined in a cell at Tullamore. Contempt in the eyes of the world, execration by the people of Ireland, defiance by the press and the League, all to end in the discomfiture of the Government, are the only results of a policy as stupid as it is inhuman.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. The article in the London Financial News, which has caused so much comment in railway circles on both sides of the water, is as follows:—"Our special New York correspondent recently referred to a current report that the Canadian Government is about to take over the Canadian Pacific Railway, giving as a return a perpetual guarantee of 3 per cent. The proposal has been mentioned in the Times, and is the subject of a pamphlet just issued by an 'Anglo-Canadian,' [this writer strongly supports the suggestion that the line should be acquired by the Dominion, the Government obtaining six distinct privileges in exchange for the guarantee. These are the 15,000,000 of selected land along the line; the railway monopoly rights; the free use of the telegraphs; the right to transport troops and stores at working cost; one-half of the profits beyond 3 per cent. and control of the route.] 'Anglo-Canadian' maintains strongly that both the shareholders and the community would make an excellent bargain on these terms. No doubt, but it occurs to us that these six concessions are an extreme price to pay for a perpetual three per cent guarantee. The risk to the Dominion Government is infinitesimal, and the return certain and rich. It must be borne in mind that such risk as there is to the Dominion would not come into operation for six years because the present guarantee has that period to run. Consequently the line to be required would, in point of fact, not be the Canadian Pacific Railway of to-day, but the undertaking as after six years' further development. 'The surrender of the monopoly rights in the Northwest and the opening of the whole country to railroad enterprise would alone almost compensate the Dominion for a 3 per cent. guarantee, entailing, as it would, an immediate and extensive growth of trade and industry in Manitoba and the Northwest, and, in a second degree, in Eastern Canada. Moreover, it would put an end to such serious complications as that which recently threatened the peace of the Northwest. Add to this the enormous advantages of the Government control of the rates, which would be an essential feature of any purchase scheme. 'Anglo-Canadian' points out in his pamphlet that any preliminary loss imposed by a general reduction of rates to a low level would be more than recovered by the relief to the pockets of every one using that railway and by an instantaneous growth of the traffic, but 'Anglo-Canadian' leaves this portion of his argument incomplete, omitting to consider that low rates would thus be forced upon the whole railway system of Canada, thus greatly increasing the value of the bargain to the community. No doubt investors in Grand Trunk would have cause for complaint; but this would probably give additional zest to the enjoyment of the Canadians. The G.T.R. is not popular in the Dominion because of its fostering its United States through business to the detriment of Canadian shippers; and be-

cause of its determined opposition to the construction of the Canadian Pacific line.

"While touching on the Grand Trunk it may be noted that 'Anglo-Canadian' deals shortly with the possibility that the Grand Trunk might be bought by the Dominion; but the pamphlet discusses of on the simple ground that the Grand Trunk begins and ends in the United States; that its capital per mile is three times that of the Canadian Pacific; that it has no great privilege to exchanges for a guarantee, and that it is a developed line; in a word, the writer sums up, there is no parallelism between the two cases.

"What we would suggest as a fair price for a perpetual guarantee would be the last five of the concessions already named, that is to say, the shareholders should retain the land rights, giving up to the Government the railway monopoly, the telegraphs, the right to transport troops, also, the control of rates and one-half of the profits beyond the 3 per cent. On these terms the bargain would be quite fair to the Government and not too hard for the shareholders. The lands would remain to be disposed of as a bonus to the shareholders after being put into a marketable form to tempt present and prospective settlers to purchase even a valuation of one dollar per acre instead of from three to eight dollars, at which sales are actually being made. The land warrants would give a bonus of twenty shillings per acre. This would probably be realized in a few years. Were this done shareholders might fairly estimate the present market value of a 3 per cent. perpetual guarantee at \$5, surplus rights at \$10, issued separately at 15 and land warrants at 20 or 20 shillings in all per share."

THE FESTIVAL OF FESTIVALS.

All nations that have accepted the Christian faith will to-morrow celebrate the festival of the nativity of the Savior of the World. Apart from the religious character of the day, it has been noted through all time as a season of festivity and joy. On this day the family ties are drawn closer together, and in the name of the Divine Child born upon this day we implore the blessing of peace from the Most High. In the year in which our Lord was born there was universal peace. The Temple of Janus at Rome was closed, and the nations, as if aware of the coming of the Anointed, had ceased from their wars and struggles. As Wilton's Hymn on the Nativity says—

"No war or battle sound; Was heard the world around; The trumpet and the drum were high uphanging; The hooped chariot stood; Unstirred with hostile blood; The trumpet and the drum were high uphanging; And Kings sat still with awful eyes, As if they knew their foreign Lord was by."

Christmas is the greatest of all festivals in the recurring years. The word, in its literal signification, is derived from the Greek word *christos* (anointed) and the Saxon *maessa* (holiday or festival). Ages before the Christian era, indeed, it may be said with certainty, ages before even the Jewish Chronology was compiled, the prophecy of the Virgin Paritura was an accepted belief among Eastern nations.

It may be consoling, as it is, no doubt, a wonderful coincidence to believing Christians, to find that the whole mime of the separation of a Divine Redeemer was anticipated in the books of the learned of other peoples besides the Jews; though we are used, by the bent of that education given us by our fathers, to know but one version of the story of this most marvelous event. Let us take for instance the words of the Arabian astronomer, Al-Boszar, who thus presents us with the aspect of the material heavens:—"The whole scene of the life of Jesus is to be found in the adjacent part of the heavens. The stable in the constellation of the Chariot and the Goat." Now take the horoscope, cast up by the Persian Magi, which shows that the sun at the summer solstice "found itself in the bosom of the Virgin," and is represented by the picture of the Virgin suckling an infant; and at the vernal Equinox by the Ram or the Lamb Conqueror of the constellation of the Serpent. Now follows, again, to prove the beautiful continuity of the story, as displayed in the heavenly signs, the words of the Arabian Albozar:—"In the first decan of the sign of the Virgin, following the most ancient tradition of the Persians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, Hermes and Esculapius, a young woman, called in the Persian language Selenides do Darzama, in the Arabic Adreidesa, that is to say—a chaste, pure, and immaculate Virgin, suckling an infant which some nations call Jesus but in Greek is called Christ."

By retifying the celestial globe, says a recent writer, we find that at midnight between the 24th and 25th December, the constellation of the stable (augens) will be found in which Christ was born; while the constellation of the Virgin (which brings him forth) is at that moment in the eastern line of the horizon, with the great star, *Vindematrix*, at her elbow. At no great distance is the *Ass of Typhon* (the great she Bear), and the *Ox*, or Bull, the ancient attendants of the Manger. Here those that have been able to read the mysteries of the heavens have laid before them a secret as profound as was ever doubted. Reading, as men do to-day, in the doubtful mazes of unbelief, it is comforting to know that the story of the God that rules our earth is written in the heavens above us, known in untold ages ago, and plainly visible to us as it was to the Chaldeans, written by the Incomprehensible in words, the letters of which are worlds and systems of worlds. This terrible fact, and we dare the most skeptical to disprove it, is given in all humbleness to those, who in these latter days are prone to quarrelling about dogmas. Let them go out one of those still, cold, starry nights and look up into the eternal heavens, bring what little schoolboy learning is left them by the schools and read what is there written.

By turning to Milman's History of Christianity, page 54, we find this sentence:—"The Jesuits in China were appalled at finding in the mythology of that country the counterpart of the Virgo Despara." Amongst the Egyptians, the Hindus and the Chinese this belief was held and taught long anterior to the Christian era. All merely the remnants of that faith and language which, once taught to man, was lost amidst the warring of nations and creeds. Now, did we want to know our children what they should believe as Christians, we would not

quarrel with science or its expounders because they differed with the phraseology of an ancient book. We would teach them astronomy and show them where the signs of the zodiac, give a confirmation of their faith and fulfilled prophecies with a distinctness that the boldest dare not gainsay.

Thus we find that it is not in the Bible alone that the coming of the Messiah is told. It was part of the faith of the most ancient nations, written in their books of old and handed down by tradition from the remotest times. All these confirm the prophecies of men, and, as it is to fix it forever, it was written in characters of fire in the heavens. Thus we have the teachings of more than one book or one set of men to confirm us in our belief.

ENGLAND AND THE VATICAN.

Should Lord Salisbury signalize his administration by resuming diplomatic relations with the Vatican, he will take a step, the prudence of which has already been demonstrated by Bismarck. Whatever may be the feelings of European statesmen, outside Russia, they have been gradually forced by the logic of events to admit that, around the Chair of St. Peter are concentrated the forces of order and stability in government. In spite of themselves they have been compelled to look to the Pope for that assistance in their tribulations which the Divinely Appointed alone can give. The secular power of the Papacy is a great fact which British statesmen will have to acknowledge sooner or later. But if Salisbury imagined he could dictate terms to the Holy See, he made a profound mistake. None but a Tory, and a very stupid one at that, could have deceived himself with the notion that he could bring the Pope as an auxiliary to the Orangemen for the suppression of the national aspirations of the Irish people. When the Duke of Norfolk's mission was first mooted it was not supposed that His Holiness and the sagacious men by whom he is surrounded were likely, even for the sake of having an accredited Nuncio at London, to commit a blunder so pregnant with far-reaching consequences as a declaration in favor of Balfourian methods of government.

But the fact that Salisbury has made a movement towards the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and the warm advocacy thereof by the leading organ of British Toryism, the Standard, show conclusively how completely coercion has failed. Even should the Pope have consented to enter into the Tory plan, the effect would be a decrease of the influence of Rome in Irish affairs, without strengthening the Salisbury Government. For His Holiness to side with their oppressors at a moment when all indications point to the speedy fruition of hopes cherished through centuries of superhuman suffering, would shake the foundations of opinion among the Catholics of Ireland. The effect upon the British masses would have been instantaneous. The whole character of the struggle would have instantly undergone a transformation, and the Vatican would have found itself allied with a remnant of a decaying aristocracy and opposed to an irresistible political movement of the masses, which even it could not hope to overcome. It is satisfactory, however, to know that Lord Salisbury has failed to establish diplomatic relations with the Head of the Church on such terms.

But that these relations will be established before very long we do believe, because they are more necessary to the government of England than they are to the Vatican, which can well afford to bide its time. A survey of the political and social situation of Europe must convince the most careless observer that the time for quarrelling with and opposing the Catholic Church has passed away. The last wave of Luther's reformation has reached the utmost limit of the ocean of religious thought. Protestant christianity has ceased its once seemingly endless process of subdivision into sects. The Lutheran anarchy can no longer supply living nuclei. On the contrary the sects are shrinking into themselves more and more every day, and combination, not separation, is the order of their growth. In this they do but follow the now recognized law of life. When differentiation from homogeneity to complexity ceases, the opposite process begins: A few years ago the various sects of Presbyterians dropped their difference and united in one body. Their example was followed by the several sectaries of Methodism. And now a movement is on foot to bring Presbyterians, Methodists, even Baptists, into one common form of evangelical Protestantism. Following this natural process, the time must come when all professing Christians will be absorbed into the ancient fold of Catholicity, acknowledging one God, one Church, one faith, one baptism. Many will struggle fiercely against this inevitable consummation, and here and there for a long time little conventicles will be seen, like islands that are but the summits of disintegrating mountains in the depths of the sea of Christianity.

Outside and beyond will rise the crags of the continent into which the islanders have for long been immigrating. The day is not distant when Protestants will have to fight for their faith, not against, but in defence of the Church of Rome. As with the religious world, so also must it be with the political. The progress of the nations is towards a new and universal order. The struggle for what men call liberty, which a century ago was content with dynastic and administrative reforms, has developed into a deep, sudden movement of masses of men for the establishment on earth of a social system, which the idea of reform has given place to that of eradication. The new Goddess of Liberty does not come heralded by the torch of Revolution and the strain of the Marseillaise, but with the electric light of evolution and the crash of a million presses. America has shown Europe what she might be were she united states. Bismarck in his policy has

shown that he rightly estimates the danger that menaces the dynastic system, and seeks to make friends with powers he knows are not to be subdued by the ordinary means known to government. Therefore he turns to the Pope as the central source of authority, and who alone can wield an influence commensurate with that volcanic power which, in a voice more imperious than that of any emperor, tells kings to vacate their thrones, and Bismarck knows another menace. Scythia still exists. The fruitful plains, the sunny valleys of southern and western Europe invite the hordes of a new Attila. The rampart of bayonets alone keeps them back, and he wisely employs those energies which, if left free would run into revolution, in preparing for a conflict which, even as we write, appears imminent. Thus, the Governments of Europe have to face foes within and without; but were these within brought under subjection, they could defy those without. Hence the forces of European law and order as they now exist are compelled to seek the aid of the Pope. Amid the storm he alone stands tranquil, secure in an uncircumscribed allegiance, confident where all others are quaking with fear.

Thus it comes about at last that the nations, like the churches, have to gather, in obedience to the first law of nature, self-preservation, around the Chair of St. Peter, for that alone in all the earth gives reliable promise of peace and security yet awhile to an order of things which must cease to be, but which can only hope for a quiet departure in obtaining the rights of the Church.

HORRORS OF TORY TYRANNY.

The combined horrors of Tory and landlord tyranny and oppression in Ireland have been fearfully exposed in the libel suit brought against the Most Noble (Ye gods!) Marquis of Clanricarde by his agent, Francis J. Joyce. The action was based on a lying letter by the Marquis to the London Times, in which he declared that Mr. Joyce had warned him against a no-rent conspiracy on the part of his tenants at the very moment that Mr. Joyce was earnestly entreating him to secure the prompt payment of his rents by a moderate reduction. The sting of the libel consisted in this, that by a similar calumny the Most Noble had secured the murder of his former agent, Mr. Blake, and gagged his wife with an injunction from the Court of Chancery when she attempted, by publication of his letters, to vindicate the character of her dead husband.

The sensation of the trial was the appearance of the Most Noble Miser himself in the libel. He slipped into the witness box dressed like an old old man, and calmly declared that he drew an annual income of £24,000 a year from a country which had not visited for eleven years, even to attend his mother's funeral.

"There was not a man in court," says United Ireland, "but appreciated the grotesque horror of the situation. Armies have marched and counter-marched, public money has been lavished like water, justice perverted and degraded, honest homes made desolate, half a hundred humble peasants clapped into jail, one poor lad done to death in his lonely cell in Kilkenny, that this worthless and despicable old miser might add a few thousands more to his countless hoards."

Another curious incident of this trial was the denial of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach that he had hampered evictions by refusal of the forces of the Crown to assist them, when it was shown that he did so refuse to assist Clanricarde unless he offered a reasonable reduction of rents. The Most Noble waited, however, till Balfour, who had no scruples about unjust, inhuman, wholesale evictions came into office then he got all the forces he wanted to wreak his devilish purpose on the poor tenants. Lord Chief Baron Palfes, who presided at the trial of the Woodford prisoners, and savagely sentenced them to a long term of imprisonment for resisting the evicting forces of Clanricarde, also presided at the trial for libel at which a verdict of £2,500 was given against the most noble rascal. In this case his lordship delivered a scathing charge. Among other things he said:—

"He was not sure, having regard to the circumstances disclosed in the hearing of the case, that Lord Clanricarde was in the habit of looking at affairs of mankind as other people, or as most people, did. It appeared to him that Lord Clanricarde took a more exaggerated view of his own rights than other people, and sensible people, did, and perhaps took a more erroneous view than others did of the moral, though not legal, duties arising between himself and his tenants."

He also spoke of the "unhappy tenants" whose misery and suffering "have roused the indignation of the empire." He described the evictions as "Devil's work," and said the tenants were only defending "their little homes." Yet this is the same judge who, to use the words of United Ireland,— "Put the unspeakable rackrenter, whom he now withers with his holy wrath, in the right before the world; he put the 'unhappy tenants' for whom he now bespeaks universal sympathy, in the wrong, and consigned a band of their weakest children to death and torture, for a moment stretched forth to protect them, to strike at these helpless victims of oppression and at all who strove to help them, and to perpetrate all the savagery which was devastated the region for a twelvemonth, and which Mr. Balfour has been duplicating ever since all over Ireland wherever he got the chance, while Lord Chief Baron Palfes was uttering this memorable and touching passage. 'What would have been the result of granting a reasonable reduction?' It would have avoided eviction from their little homes; it would have avoided unfortunate and painful prosecutions of these unhappy tenants; it would have saved the whole of these lamentable proceedings"—while Chief Baron Palfes was speaking there were a number of the sons of 'unhappy tenants,' their servants' frames 'mangled' their health impaired, were picked up, arrayed in criminal suits, in Kilkenny

Keany Jail under the sentence which Lord Chief Baron Pille passed upon them for defending their little homes against the lamentable proceedings which Lord Clanciarde put in operation against them.

Strange to say, after this admission by the judge who tried the Woodford prisoners, they are actually being done to death by Dublin Castle, through its machine the prison board. We can, therefore, well believe United Ireland when it says that—

"The Castle, which is the citadel of landlordism, whose garrison are the landlords, determined that the fate of these men, the ravages done upon their health, the death of one of them, even the tales the survivors would tell of the horrors they endured, should have the effect of frightening the spirit out of all further resistance to landlordism, while wreaking revenge upon the most gallant and formidable of their foes. One of the Woodford prisoners died in jail—died as a dog would not be laid, alone in the middle of the night, fainting with weakness and with the pains of a starvation-diarthrosis, a cup of cold water for his draught, and not even a warden to fetch him that. Starved to death was the brave young peasant, who went into this inferno a comely giant and who left it a skeleton corpse whose fleshless features his own father could not recognize. Two more of these prisoners have since been sent out of the jail before the expiration of their sentence—sent out, apparently, to die. The health of both is hopelessly broken. The mind of one of them is given way. God knows how many more of those who are still enduring the inhuman penalties of Lord Chief Baron Pille's decree are impaired in mind or hopelessly broken in health."

What a frightful picture is this. Here we have proof that the Tory Government, acting through Hicks-Beach, refused to help Clanciarde because his demand was unjust. Again we see him given full scope by Balfour, and now the judge, who has aided them by a cruel sentence, condemns the whole lot, government, landlord, himself included, for ruthless proceedings, which resulted in the cold-blooded murder of the tenants by torture in jail, merely to satisfy the inhuman greed of the wretch Clanciarde, whom it would be base flattery to compare to anything living except the Evictor of Luggacurran.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S NEWSPAPER VENTURES.

The appearance at Toronto of the new Tory organ, The Empire, will recall a curious chapter in the career of Sir John Macdonald. Although he is not, and never has been, a journalist, he ventured to assert that no man living has sunk more money in newspapers. True, the money was not his own, but he never was at a loss for friends who had money and were willing to give it for the purpose of supplying him with an organ. These generous persons invariably lost their money. Some of them, sad to relate, ruined themselves; but, though the procession of which they formed a part is a long one, the Old Man is never in want of new victims.

Let us make a retrospect. When the Hon. John A. Macdonald came into prominence as a member of Sir Allan McNab's Cabinet in the old province of United Canada the Toronto Patriot was the organ of the Government at that city, though it was not so able nor so influential as the Hamilton Spectator, at that time edited by the late Robert Smiley, then the ablest writer on the Tory press. The Patriot was devoted to Sir Allan McNab, while the Spectator, although his home organ, was inclined to worship the rising sun. Sir Allan was, at a critical moment, prostrated with illness. John A. saw his chance, and set about forming a coalition with the Reformers, with the view of ousting his chief and taking the lead of the Tory party. Sir Allan was getting old, and being what was called in those days a "square-toed" Tory, was regarded by the young Conservatives, who had begun to rally round John A., as impracticable. Having settled the terms of coalition with the Reformers—arranged, in fact, one of the blackest schemes of treachery ever known in the history of party politics—by which he took advantage of his leader's prostration on a bed of illness to overthrow and supplant him, John A. Macdonald wanted an organ. He appears to have had faith in Bob Smiley, for he telegraphed him words to this effect: "Announce in the Spectator that I am Postmaster-General." Smiley replied:—"It's a sharp curve, but I'll take it." And he did take it. Robert Spence was at that time a leading Reformer and member of the Legislature for North Wentworth.

Thus the first coalition in Canadian politics was brought about. It succeeded. Sir Allan McNab never recovered from the blow, and ceased thenceforth to be a power in parliament. At the same time John A. threw over the late Hon. John Hilliard Cameron, another irreconcilable Tory. But he was a power in Toronto, and, as Grand Master of the Orangemen, a formidable antagonist. The new leader, therefore, had to look about him for an organ to do his work in Toronto. The Colonist, owned by Mr. Sobie, was then the leading paper at the provincial capital. It was bought out and the late Daniel Morrison and Mr. Sheppard, now of Washington, D.C., installed in the management. After the change the Colonist quickly developed great energy and ability. Its chief aim was to write down John Hilliard Cameron, the only rival John A. had to fear in the Tory party. The Patriot, always intensely Tory, clung to Cameron and helped to ruin him by its furious Orangism. Meantime Dan Morrison in the prime of his great powers contrived to wield the pen for John A., till the Cameron Tories and the Brownites became merely factions in opposition. But the reward of the journalist was not by any means equal to his services. While he worked he starved. But, being an Englishman, he refused to continue the motion under these conditions. Thereupon he wrote the famous article "Whither are we drifting," threw down his pen and left the country in disgust. Henceforth the Colonist

grew weaker and weaker, till it ceased to have that influence which John A. required in an organ advocating his policy. Finally it died.

At that time James Beatty was a leading politician at Toronto, a Reformer who had thrown in his lot with the Coalition. He had made a large fortune in the leather business and was worth about two millions. John A., put the "come-hither" on him, and he started the Leader in the interest of the party led by that astute gentleman. For a long time the Leader was a power, but Mr. Beatty became impracticable and intractable. He had lost heavily serving John A., and could get no relief from a leader whose gratitude has ever been notoriously for favors to come. The superior enterprise and ability of the Globe had distanced the Tory organ. Again something had to be done. The late Mr. Charles Belford was then editor of the Leader. John A., who had now bloomed into Sir John Macdonald, encouraged him to revolt and start the idea of a truly great daily at Toronto. The prospectus of the Mail was got up. Sir John took the venture in hand and soon stock to the extent of \$200,000 was subscribed, and once more he had an organ fitted to cope with the Globe. The poor old Leader sickened and died, and one fine morning James Beatty woke up to find himself a ruined man in his old age, after having devoted his fortune and his life to the service of Sir John Macdonald.

Among those who took a deep interest in the success of the Mail was the late Mr. John Riordon, who backed it financially and kept it in paper from his mills till he became practically owner of the whole concern. Sir John made him magnificent promises to induce him to keep it going. Among other things he promised to make him a senator. But Mr. Riordon found, like Smiley, Morrison, Beatty and others, who had sunk their money and wasted their energies in newspapers for their leader's benefit, that promises in that quarter were, indeed, like the proverbial pie-crust, made but to be broken. John Riordon passed over to the majority, but his widow lived, and to her unforgiving memory of the deceit practiced upon her husband the irreconcilable attitude of the Mail is said to be owing.

And now we come to what appears the concluding venture of Sir John Macdonald in the field of journalism—The Empire. It would be ungenerous not to give the youngest child, the journalistic Benjamin, so to speak, of the Grand Old Humbog at Ottawa, a welcome befitting its parentage, its mission, and the eventful history of which it is destined to furnish the latest chapter. In this article we have endeavored to faintly trace that history from memory. It embraces the period of our own journalistic career. We knew all the men we have mentioned and, writing from experience, we should say that, as it was with its predecessors, so will it be with The Empire. Somebody may live to mourn the loss of time and money, or disimproving the treachery of Sir John Macdonald, the founder of newspapers at the expense of others and the builder of tombstones for friends who trusted him. We invite the Empire to reproduce this true story in its "next issue." Many men in Toronto and elsewhere can vouch for its correctness. If, however, it be found too educational for the columns of so devoted an organ, we would advise our old friend, Mr. John Livingstone, to study it for sake of the valuable lesson it contains and the solemn warning it gives.

THE QUEBEC NEW COURT HOUSE.

QUEBEC, Dec. 22.—On Wednesday the proclamation of the Provincial Government came into force respecting the new Court House of the district, which is now formally open for all purposes for which a court house is required. The new structure is situated on the site of the building destroyed by fire some fifteen years ago. It was thrown open to the public for the first time on Wednesday. For some days previous a number of men were engaged in moving the furniture, books, records, etc., from the temporary Court House to the new building. There is still a good deal to do in the way of completing the interior and its fittings, consequent upon the continued changes made in the original plans. Amongst those present in the Court House soon after ten o'clock yesterday, we noticed the Hon. A. Turcotte, Acting Premier; Hon. J. McShane, Commissioner of Public Works; Hon. D. A. Ross, Q.C.; Hon. Judge L. B. Caron, and the following advocates: Messrs. C. Penland, D. Montambault, T. J. Molony, Amyot, T. O. Casgrain, M.P.P., F. M. Dechene, M.P.P., Jos. Martin, Jules Tessier, M.P.P., Alphonse Poullet, H. Turcotte and others. The first writ issued in the new building was at the demand of Messrs. Casgrain, Angers & Hamel, in the case of George Jalbert v. Thomas Doyle & Co.

The Courts being in vacation, the only judge in attendance was Judge L. B. Caron, who was in chambers. The first motion made in the new building was made before Judge Caron by Mr. Milroy, for an order to proceed with the hearing of the case of the contested municipal election of Councilor McGreevy, of Montcalm Ward. Mr. Penland opposed the motion, and asked for and obtained delay. The interior of the building is as handsome in proportion as the exterior, and perfectly fire-proof. The frame work of the staircase is all of iron, and the windows of the two lower floors of the building are provided with iron shutters. The floors throughout the buildings, upon all the floors, are of tiles. The entrance is very handsome, both the grand staircase and the corridors being elaborately finished. On the grand floor, the whole of the left wing, or that towards the residence of Judge Tashereau, is occupied by the offices of the Executive and the Council of the Superior and Circuit Courts. On the right wing of this floor are the Vice-Admiralty and Circuit Courts. The Admiralty Court is finished in walnut and white wood, and the Circuit Court, which is a spacious room of 50 by 40, is finished in butternut and walnut. In the basement are the Police Court, with furnishings in white wood and ash, the Sheriff's office, Sheriff's sale room, Registry office, High Constable's office, and the cages with iron doors for prisoners.

The principal courts are upon the first floor. Here are the Court of Queen's Bench, the Appeal Court, and four Superior Court rooms. The Court of Queen's Bench is a handsome apartment in the shape of a parallelogram of about 60 feet long, 40 feet wide and 40 feet high, in height taking in two stories of this part of the building. The judge's bench, clerk's seat, witness and orier's stand, jury

boxes, etc., are all in walnut and butternut. No. 1 Superior Court room is finished in cherry and walnut, including judges seats, and fifteen double desks for advocates. The other Superior Court room furnishings are in ash and walnut. On the same floor is the Court of Review, situated over the main entrance, not exactly above one of the handsome apartments in the building, being finished in pure composite, and the only room that is in any pure order of architecture throughout.

The upper flat contains advocates' library, Council room, smoking room, &c. The library is perhaps the handsomest room of its kind in the country. It is in two stories with brass railings around the upper, all the shelves being closed in with Smithwick glass. The library is in ash and walnut. The caretaker's apartments, which are opposite, are finished in oak throughout. There is also a room for the press, which opens into the gallery that runs around the Court of Queen's Bench. There are half a dozen national patent closets on each flat, and the system of ventilation seems to be excellent. The heating apparatus and gas fixtures have been placed in the building by Messrs. Andrews Bros. of this city.

The contractors for the building are Messrs. Whalen & Ford, and the manner in which their work has been executed was very favorably commented upon by all visitors to it yesterday. Mr. D. Ford has had sole charge of the work of construction.

ESMONDE AND O'CONNOR.

Further Arrangements for Their Reception Next Month.

An enthusiastic meeting of Irish citizens was held on 20th inst. in St. Patrick's Hall to make arrangements for the reception of Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., on their arrival here next month. Mr. H. J. Cloran presided. After the secretary, Mr. Burns, had read the minutes, letters were read from Messrs. J. J. Curran, M.P., W. J. Costigan and J. O. Murphy, accepting appointments as members of the reception committee and offering their co-operation. On motion of Mr. Edward Murphy, seconded by Mr. Hart, Messrs. H. J. Cloran, C. J. Doherty, Carroll Ryan, J. H. Sempie and D. Barry were appointed to draft the resolutions which are to be spoken to at the meeting in the Queen's Hall.

Mr. C. J. Doherty asked the chairman if word had been sent to Messrs. Esmonde and O'Connor of the offer made by Mr. Edward Murphy at the previous meeting to throw open his house to the distinguished visitors. The reception committee were instructed to look after the matter, Mr. Barry also brought up the question of an address, and it was decided to leave the drafting of the same in the hands of the committee on resolutions together with the presidents of the different societies. Mr. H. J. Cloran explained that it had already been decided there would be no outdoor demonstration, but still this decision would not prevent the people from going to the depot and giving the visitors a hearty welcome on their arrival. They could be expected here on the 3rd or 4th of January next.

On motion the following gentlemen were added to the reception committee, Dr. Hinzton, Dr. Devlin, Messrs. P. J. Coyle, J. Birmingham, Henry Stafford, M. J. F. Quinn, D. J. Moran and Foley. The question of holding a banquet was discussed and it was decided to hold one on the evening of the 5th prox. in the St. Lawrence Hall. On motion of Mr. Lane, seconded by Mr. Fitzgibbon, it was resolved to appoint a banquet committee to look after the printing of the menu, the distribution of the tickets and the subscription. The following committee was named: Ald. Cunningham, H. J. Coran, D. McIntyre, J. P. Whelan, John Power, Frank Stafford, J. E. Lane, Langdon and Fitzgibbon. After some discussion about the price of tickets for the lecture and the dinner, Ald. Cunningham was appointed treasurer of the banquet committee, and began taking down the names of subscribers for the banquet, all present signing the list. The meeting then adjourned.

WANTED—A REFORMED SCHOOL COMMISSION.

To the Editor of THE POST. Sir,—Your respective correspondents, "Public" and "Pro-Public," are in search of an imaginary something, which they call "A Reformed School Commission." Their "Wanted" reminds one much of Jason in search of the Golden Fleece, or Septia in search of a "Father," with this difference, that the hero of antiquity was endowed with some brains, and our modern hero with a visible gleam of common sense through all his madness. That "Public" and "Pro-Public" were looking after is evident from their advertisement in the Post; it is not safe for Gr. Nator to have two such cranks at large. But people must sometimes put up with pests and nuisances even against their will; very much in the same manner as we have to abide the scavenger pest.

To be serious with these cranks: What kind of a "Reformed School Commission" would suit them? What kind do they advocate? One composed of such disinterested, able and learned men as that quarter invariably sends to the City Council to represent their interests, would do I presume. The Commission as at present composed is, I think, highly representative. On it the Church, the Bar and the commerce of Montreal are well and ably represented. While those various interests are so ably, honorably and honestly represented, can it be supposed for a moment that the people's interests are ignored? Both! the supposition is preposterous.

On the School Board we have gentlemen of sanctity, learning, intelligence, and the highest commercial abilities, administering the "school trust" conduced to their care with zeal and devotion, equalled only by their attachment to right and justice. "Pro-Public" offer us in exchange, in their "Reformed School Commission," for such men? Would they supplant them by equally learned, pious and able men?

All this, this, and I question their competency to do so, they can give us no "Reformed School Commission," unless for the worse. Now, what would "Public" and "Pro-Public" offer us in exchange, in their "Reformed School Commission," for such men? Would they supplant them by equally learned, pious and able men?

Retired merchants, small green-grocers, carters, and men with just enough of education to write their own names, may be all good, honest men, but hardly fit substitutes for our present School Board—still they might form "A Reformed School Commission," agreeable to your correspondents. If such material satisfied the aspirations of "Public" and "Pro-Public," who pose as the mouthpieces of St. Ann's ward, it will not satisfy the majority, who look upon education and business ability as two of the prime factors in the composition of our Catholic School Board.

EDAGOGUE. Montreal, 17th December, 1887.

IRISHMEN BY OCCUPATION.

To the Editor of THE POST: Sir,—Having a friendly interest in the welfare of your paper, I would suggest that in dealing with such occurrences as the hiring of an "Irishman by occupation" you should use expressions of less general application than those appearing in the editorial note in your issue of the 15th inst. If you unfeelingly assert that "A

man who is afraid to stand on the platform with William O'Brien and Dr. Aubrey need not hope to gain popularity by back door visitations in St. Ann's," and heartlessly intend words should apply to every Irish centre in Canada, then, my dear sir, you rashly challenge boycott. From what quarter? Why, from Ottawa, of course. Know you not that we have Irishmen here who were not merely afraid to stand beside Wm. O'Brien, but who absolutely refused to be identified with him in any way? Now, surely you would not hurt the feelings of these eminently respectable citizens? But that's just what you will do if you don't moderate your language. You may object that they deserted a fellow-countryman, beset by O'Brien's hate and furious bigotry, for the same reason as induced Judas Iscariot to betray his Master. But what of that? Are they not now making atonement by posing as ardent Land Leaguers? Are they not patriotic members of the patriotic committee appointed to receive O'Connor and Esmonde in this city? True, the latter gentlemen are not coming to attack L. Esmonde and contact with them is not likely to affect one's chances for a Government contract or promotion in the Civil Service. But we must not be too exacting. Perfection is no more to be expected in a civil servant, a government contractor, or a Tory leader than in a chimpanzee. As you would overlook the little eccentricities of the last mentioned animal, pray for the sake of your bank account, be equally charitable towards our "professional patriots," who share many things in common with his apship. As dollars and cents must have a far more powerful charm for you than mere consistency or that sentimental something called principle, I would urge the necessity of moderate language for the future. Even should the young men of Ottawa, following the example of the young men in St. Ann's Hall, hire a Minister of the Crown at the O'Connor-Esmonde meeting in this city, be mindful of Number One and do not refer to the episode in the same spirit of brutal candor as that in which you dealt with the little unpleasantness in Montreal.

Yours, BVTOWN. Ottawa, Dec. 17th, 1887.

CHRISTMAS ORDINATIONS

IN THE DIOCESES OF MONTREAL AND THREE RIVERS.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre has ordained the following gentlemen at the Grand Seminary:—Tonsure—Messrs. W. R. Hogan, J. O'Reilly, Oregon City; D. E. Doran, M. J. Owens, Providence; W. F. Hartigan, Springfield; E. J. Mealy, Wilmington; L. Z. Huot, and C. J. Raymond, Viarets.

Minor orders—Messrs. J. D. Gervais, A. J. Dalaenau, U. J. Ethier, L. G. Cecyria, L. F. Labrie, A. P. Quisnel, J. A. Roy, Montreal; J. P. Brez, T. Dullard, M. Sullivan, Duquesne; E. J. B. Mazza, Grand Rapids; H. J. Cole, R. D. Maloney, Hamilton; A. H. Leonard, D. J. O'Connor, Manchester; G. E. Whitts, Peterborough; A. N. Lariviere, F. C. Roca, Bois de la C. U. J. Baron, Sherbrooke; W. P. G. J. A. Hurley and J. Mullen, Springfield.

Sub-Diaconate—Messrs. L. P. Desrochers, L. A. Dubuc, O. J. Forest, A. Paladino, M. J. Roux, Montreal; P. J. Long, J. D. Nelson, Burlington; J. J. McDonald, Charlotteville; W. T. Donohue, H. G. Eckart, Duquesne; B. W. Goossens, Grand Rapids; A. P. McIntosh, Hamilton; G. F. Marshall, Manchester; and A. J. Benoit, St. Hyacinthe. Diaconate—Messrs. A. L. Barcejo, G. J. L. Forbes, F. E. Hobert, A. J. Perrault, A. A. Robert, L. Sauroil, Montreal; J. P. Carroll, and J. A. Kurz, Duquesne.

Priesthood—Messrs. J. Comtois, H. C. Laurier, A. J. Prismau, J. O. Tessier, Montreal; W. J. Frotter, Alton; G. H. Sander, J. C. York, Burlington; T. M. Donahue, J. P. Paquet, Burlington; P. J. Kennedy, Hartford; J. M. Coffey, P. F. Duff, D. M. Downey, E. J. McElroy, Providence; L. J. Garcia, Santa Fe; J. M. Kenney and D. P. Mulline, Springfield.

At the chapel of the Dead and Dumb asylum the Archbishop ordained Mr. R. E. Brady, of Hamilton.

At Three Rivers. The Bishop of Three Rivers ordained the following in the chapel of the seminary at Three Rivers:—Tonsure—Mr. G. Lapierre.

Minor orders—Messrs. A. Dubois, St. Boniface; W. Perron, Adolphe Landry, E. Pannetier, Joseph Lize, Arthur Desautel, Three Rivers.

Diaconate and sub-diaconate—Messrs. Jos. Ferron, Joseph Garceau, Charles Baudet, Omer Ferron and A. Clement.

Priesthood—M. Ferdinand Allard.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

The interior of St. Mary's church presented a grand and festive appearance on Christmas Eve, when Midnight Mass was celebrated with all the pomp and splendour customarily accorded to the occasion. The beauty of the church displays on her grand festivals. The beauty of the elegant architecture of the sacred edifice was greatly enhanced by the superb decorations, which gave to the solemn offices a joyous impression in keeping with the sentiments of praise and thanksgiving fitting the hearts of the very large congregation present on the occasion. On entering the church and taking a coup d'oeil of the toute ensemble, the spectator was almost lost in admiration at the grandeur of the display. Streamers, variegated with overgreens, were suspended from the spacious dome, emblems of the harp and the shamrock being placed in conspicuous positions, presenting a pleasing variety to the realistic picture, and also suggesting thoughts of faith and fatherland. On the high altar were set, on either side, illuminated hearts, the centre or apex being decked with a brilliant star, whose diffusive rays cast a glowing radiance on the other tasteful decorations of the sanctuary. To add to the suggestiveness of all, several scriptural legends adorned the panels of the altar and gallery such as "Hosanna in Highest," "Lo the Son of God has Come," "The Light of the World," and the glorious angelic canticle of "Gloria in Excelsis," all giving a meaning to the solemnity of the scene which words fail to express, and caused the worshippers to bow in humble admiration, like the shepherds of Judea, who, with the wise men of the east, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, were represented in the crib on the epistle side of the altar, which is a miniature of the manger scene.

"That may, no doubt, have something to do with it. But while I am a warm friend of the temperance cause, and would do all in my power to advance it, by reducing the number of licenses, I cannot shut my eyes to the great difficulties that surround the question in a great city like Montreal. There are large vested interests to be considered, and I could not in conscience interfere injuriously with men whose business is recognized by law, who pay their taxes and are good citizens. To do so would take the trade out of responsible hands and encourage illicit selling. Among my friends are many hotel and restaurant keepers and grocers, first rate, honorable men, and I do not think

that for sake of a little political advantage I should go back upon friends who always stood by me. James McShane never went back on a friend and never will. "How about the Lapsuic business?" "Of that I would rather not speak just now. At the proper time and place it will be attended to. My numerous friends of all shades of politics I know will not condemn me unheard. You must now excuse me, Mr. Reporter. You see all these people waiting to see me. Wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, good-bye."

HON. JAMES MCSHANE. WHAT HE THINKS OF BIGOTS AND HYPOCRITES.

Hon. James McShane returned from Quebec on Saturday. Monday he was busy at the government offices attending to his voluminous correspondence and transacting business with many persons who, despite its being a holiday, waited upon him. A Post representative happened to drop around and held a short conversation with the hon. gentleman. "Do you intend, Mr. McShane, to prosecute the Witness for its slanderous and bigotted article against you?" "No, I haven't given the matter a thought. I have never given heed to newspaper attacks and do not feel like doing so now. If my life in my native city does not carry its own commendation, I am sure I do not think I require to go to court for a character. Let my record speak for itself with the people on whom I have always depended and who never deserted me. I care nothing for what a slanderer may say."

"What could have induced the Witness to make so gross an assault on you?" "At the beginning of my public life the Witness assailed me unmercifully, and has continued to do so ever since. For what reason I don't know, except, perhaps, that I am an Irish and Catholic, and did not, will not, and cannot now fall in with its bigotted ideas and hypocritical fads. "Then you think you are attacked because you did not support the demands of the prohibitionists and other hobbies?" "The whole of rare design, and well worth a visit from those whose devotion inspires them to visit in spirit the representative sense of the infancy of the Child Jesus. At twelve o'clock the midnight Mass commenced. Rev. Father Larue S. J., of St. Mary's College, being celebrant, Rev. Father Carriere, C.S.S.C., of St. Laurent College, acting as deacon, and Rev. Father O'Donnell, of St. Mary's, as sub-deacon. The Mass sung was that of St. Theresa, by La Hache, which was rendered with magnificent effect by a choir of sixty voices, under the leadership of Prof. Brady, P. of Saucier presiding at the organ. At the offertory "Adeste Fideles" was sung, the chorus being given with fine effect by the grand voices which were so well trained for the occasion. The altar boys, in their neat cassocks and surplices, made a fine presentation, and added much to the beautiful effect of the ceremony.

At ten o'clock on Christmas Day, Grand Mass was celebrated, Rev. Father Carriere acting as celebrant, Rev. Father Salmon, of St. Mary's, assisting as deacon, and Rev. Father Larue, S. J., as sub-deacon. The music on this occasion was also fine, and several beautiful hymns were rendered by juvenile members of the choir at the low Masses. Rev. Father Salmon, pastor of St. Mary's, delivered eloquent sermons at midnight Mass and also on Christmas Day, tendering his congregation words of Christmas greeting, and referring to the sublimity of the great events commemorated by the sacred festivity. The offering was taken up by Rev. Father Salmon, assisted by the three acting church wardens, Messrs. Mullaly, Murphy and Hefernan, and was worthy of the generosity of the good people of St. Mary's. Over five hundred people received Holy Communion. Great praise is due to the young ladies of the Sodality of the children of Mary and other friends for the artistic taste displayed in the decorations of the church. Thanks are also due to Mr. Owen Hart for a case of choice evergreens, to Rev. Sister Melanie, of St. Mary's Convent, the pupils of Miss Cronin's Academy, and to Mrs. P. Wright, of Notre Dame street, for presenting choice bouquets of flowers. Mr. Singleton, the portrait painter, also displayed his talents in a very satisfactory manner. Great credit is due to Rev. Father Salmon and his esteemed curate, Rev. Father O'Donnell, for the zeal with which they inspired their congregation in celebrating the great feast of Christmas, and the large number of visitors being noticed during the day viewing the church decorations.

MR. GLADSTONE'S MOVEMENTS. MR. SEXTON'S HEALTH IMPROVING. LONDON, Dec. 26.—Mr. Gladstone left Hawarden to-day en route for the Continent. Five thousand persons gave him an enthusiastic welcome on his arrival at Chester. Mr. Gladstone was greeted with mingled cheers and groans when he passed through London. While waiting for the train he was visited by Earl Spencer, the Right Hon. Hugh C. Childers and other prominent men. The journey was made without a stop until Sandwich was reached, where Mr. Gladstone addressed the crowd. He subsequently proceeded to the residence of Lord North Cowling, whose guest he will be to-night. Mr. Gladstone desires to express his thanks through the press for the numerous Xmas presents and congratulations he has received. Mr. Sexton is improving. The fever is lessening and his general condition is favorable.

SALISBURY'S PREVARICATION. Justin McCarthy writes to the Daily News regarding Lord Salisbury's denial of the statements made by the former at Hull. Mr. McCarthy maintained the accuracy of his statements, and says that he has quoted Lord Carnarvon's words often before and the latter has never denied them.

MORE HONORS FOR O'BRIEN. DUBLIN, Dec. 22.—The Corporation of Drogheda has voted to confer the freedom of the city upon William O'Brien, who is now in jail.

HARSH TREATMENT FOR AN IRISH NATIONALIST M.P. DUBLIN, Dec. 21.—Mr. Hooper, M.P., was removed to Tullamore jail to-day. As a meeting in Cork to-day the Mayor stated that he visited Mr. Hooper in jail before his removal and found him almost naked. The bed and bed clothes had been taken from his cell.

DON'T DISGUST EVERYBODY BY HAWKING, BLOWING AND SPITTING, BUT USE DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY AND BE CURED.

BALFOUR TO GIVE EVIDENCE. DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has been subpoenaed to attend the Portanna Assizes in January, when the court will hear the appeal of Mr. Willred Blunt, who was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for taking part in a proclaimed Home Rule meeting. A man named McNamara has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor for selling copies of United Ireland.

SPHINX RHOES.

[Address correspondence for this Department to E. R. Chadbourne, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.]

21.—PLEASANT PUZZLING. "Tell what is my thought," a merry girl said, "Who first tells shall our leader be crowned." Then each lassie prepared to puzzle her head Till the glossome one's thought should be found.

"First tell us," they cry, "is it large? Is it small? Is it old? Is it new? And what is its hue? Is it far? Is it near? Is it short? Is it tall? Is it living? Come, give us a clue."

"Why, now," answered she, "'tis a puzzle to me "To give you questions, right answers and true Old or new, far or near, large or small it may be Without hue, but alive when with you."

"More clear it may be, if divided in three, Then my first will be first rightly classed, And the next is the ninth of a nine, you will see, Floated down from the mythical past."

"In the heart of my last, if my first you enclose, Will it make what is meant quite plain to be seen, But now leave it out, and the whole clearly shows What my thought and your guessing has been."

CLAMOR. 22.—A CENTRAL ACROSTIC. WORDS OF FIVE LETTERS. A serpent, venomous and mean A poet's surname here is seen; A fragment next comes into view; A story, oftentimes untrue; A wholesome and delicious fruit; A girl's name, sweet beyond dispute; A distant view will this define; The sediment or lees from wine.

The whole, a flower will appear, In England better known than here. CHAS. J. HOUSTON.

23.—HOUSE FURNISHING. Nicodemus Johnson, just beginning house-keeping, has provided the following furnishings and decorations as part of his establishment. Name the articles:— 1. Peevish fits in a railway vehicle. 2. Selected wide-mouthed pitchers. 3. Worthless dog-eared. 4. A Turk. 5. Just the distance. 6. A plant-playing card. 7. Scottish chimneys. 8. A party newspaper mouth-piece. 9. Vehicles for a single horse. 10. The human race disclosed. 11. River-bottoms. 12. Hug ringlets. 13. A terror of school-days. 14. Department of state. 15. A large plant bearing head-coverings. CLAUDIA.

24.—A PALINDROME. My love desires a palindromic fruit— Three letters and six syllables are in it— She says it's delicious and so true. She can't recall just at the present minute. She recollects West India is its home— Will some one be so kind to find this palindromic? Q. BRUS.

25.—ODD DIVISION. One half of the whole is four, Just the same as was of yore. Now try again, and you will see That the answer will be three; And you once more—now you're caught— You'll find the answer to be sought. J. U. G.

26.—A FABLE. Once upon a time two rivers—one in Asia, the other in America—agreed to flow directly towards each other until they should meet. When they were about to meet, a noble Scotch Chieflain accidentally stepped directly between their mouths, preventing the proposed meeting, so all three were changed to a city and located in South America. E. W. RILEY.

27.—DECAPITATION. I am a word of letters few, Whose aim may be unknown to you. Entire, I mean to dislocate; Behold, I then may personate, Or gambler, brick or recreant, And jokers and folly perpetrate; Again behold, I change so true, A meadow I or grassy plot. Now, if my head you take away I then can never say you nay. M. C. WOODFORD.

ANSWERS. 8. Crocheting. 9. Impersonal. 10.—Countries—1. Chili. 2. Wales. 3. Greece. 4. Greenland. 5. Guinea. 6. Turkey. Cities—1. Lyons. 2. Cayenne. 3. Colchagua. 4. Cologne. 5. Wheeling. 6. Morocco. 7. Buffalo. 8. Hull. 9. Bath. Mountains—1. Long's Peak. 2. Bald Mountain. 3. Fairweather. 4. Pike's Peak. Lakes—1. Superior. 2. Great Bear. 3. Lake of the Woods. 4. Salt. 5. Deer. 6. Great Slave Lake. Rivers—1. Milk. 2. Fox. 3. Rock. 4. Peace. 5. Oder. 6. Licking. Capes—1. Cape Cod. 2. Good Hope. 3. Fear. 4. Clear. 5. Amber. 6. Farewell. Islands—1. Sicily. 2. Iceland. 3. Society. 4. Wrangell. 5. Canary. 6. Isle of Man.

11—P R E C E D E N T K A M A D A N E M B I D E N D E C I D E R U N E I E I N D E C I D E R D E R I D E N K A M A D A N P R E C E D E N T

12.—Go. 13.—1. Ke. 2. G. 3. All. 4. T. 5. R. 6. S. 7. P. 8. S. 9. N. 10. Col. port. 11. In. term. 12. P. 13. P. end. ecy.

17.—O H U R C H E S H O N O L U L U U N S T O R I D R O T A T O R S H U R O N I T E E L E R I T I A S U D S E A M

A HORSE WHO CAN TALK! Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph, and the telephone have been hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when all other means have failed. Thousands can gratefully testify to this. All druggists.

Every day, it is reckoned, one hundred thousand human beings pass from this world into the next. Some our own "Lord" will come for us, as for all others, our "Lord" has said:—"In what place so ever the tree should fall, there shall it be."

HOME RULE NOT ROME RULE.

The British Begging Expedition to the Vatican.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—The effect produced by the revelation as to the design of the Government to seek the help of Rome to represent Ireland proves that the revelation was not made a moment too soon.

Such an article as this proves that the Government must be driven to desperation. As an answer to it Mr. Dillon's speech at the election contest now going on at Winchester may be quoted.

The Bishop of Limerick denies in The Munster News that he is one of those bishops who were plotting to have the Government spoiled by the revelation.

THE LUGGACURRAN TENANTS.

(From the Limerick Leader.)

LUGGACURRAN, Dec. 8, 1887. Lord Lansdowne's agent has been negotiating for some time back for a settlement of the dispute with his campaigning tenants.

Tuesday last the following circular was received by each tenant who has not been evicted:—

"To the Luggacurran." This is a veritable cave in. But even in defeat the rogue in Mr. Townsend Trenoh's character shines forth.

A little box put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them fading.

CROSS AND CROWN.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Mark the cost of conflict, brothers; count your sorrows and your pains— Ruined homesteads, stakes and scaffolds, Chillon cells, and countless chains;

So we reach Aurora's broadlands, struggling through the toilsome fray, Panting for a glorious gaudion in our cerements of clay.

Know we not the Crown awaits us on the precipice of high? See we not glimmers flashing o'er the wastes of sea and sky?

Must the Castle-crowd, brothers, be the requiem bell that tolls Death to faith that should sustain us long as Time's broad river rolls?

Tell me not his bribes and presents, or his sleek Satanic art; Tempted men of brain and muscle e'er to act the baser part!

"No Surrender!" let the watchwords flash like starbeams o'er the waves! "No Surrender!" be the voices ringing from our fathers' graves!

FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION. TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE AND GREAT DAMAGE TO PROPERTY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 21.—Shortly before half-past three this afternoon a terrific explosion occurred in front of the Poole flour mill on Mill street, at the foot of Factory street.

Only a few seconds after the first explosion another followed, and another, and another, in rapid succession.

ROLICKING IN RUSSELL. A LADY KICKER—A PECULIAR WAGER—MACKINTOSH MAKES A CONFESSION.

OTTAWA, Dec. 19.—On Saturday the preliminary examination of Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, the defendant in Russell, was commenced at the court-house here before Mr. Mathison, master in chancery.

A FREQUENT ANNOYANCE. Who is there that is not frequently annoyed by distressing headaches?

A HIGH VALUATION. "If there was only one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Erant, of Montreal, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astounding good results."

Some of the richest trained dinner gowns of pearl de soie and plush brocade are trimmed with cascades of lace and bands of some rich, long pile fur, corresponding in tone with the colors of the gown.

REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER

Replies to the Rev. McCabe's Slander against the Irish Cause.

In his Methodist Church at Ashland, Ohio, the Rev. George W. Pepper made the following reply to Methodist Chaplain McCabe's assertion that Home Rule for Ireland meant Rome rule, and that Protestant Ulster was prosperous, while the Catholic South was wretched because of its religion.

It is with regret that, in reviewing the proceedings of our late Methodist Conference, I must, here in this sacred temple, dedicated to the worship of that Divine Saviour whose birth was announced by the song of angels, denounce the atrocious calumny—the latest British slander against the land of my birth, of my affections, and of my heart.

Good heavens! What sorrows gloomed that parting day! That called them from their native walks away! When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, Hung round their homes and fondly looked their last.

Catholic Münster to-day shows more evidence of prosperity than Protestant Ulster. I should have thought that the eloquent Dr. William Webb, a fervent and able Methodist, who has spent his life in India, and like every Irish Protestant of honor a Home Ruler—would have bounded to his feet, and exclaimed:—"I know Ulster; it is not prosperous nor contented, and never will be while landlordism remains to curse and blight it!"

My object in calling for the papers was to see just what could have induced a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury to grant a privilege to the Canadian company which Canadians are now denying our fishermen.

NATIONAL LOTTERY. LIST OF WINNING NUMBERS. The seventh monthly drawing in connection with Father Labelle's Lottery of Colonization took place on the 21st inst. at the Seminary Hall in presence of a large number of citizens.

BEAR IT IN MIND. That pure blood is the life nourishment of the body, and means perfect health, no one can deny.

THIS LIFE OF OURS. To play through life a perfect part, Unconcerned and unconcerned; To seek no rest in any heart Save only God's alone;

UPON THE BROW BEAR NO TRACE OF MORE THAN COMMON CARE; TO WRITE NO SECRET IN THE FACE FOR MEN TO READ THERE;

BONDING THE CANADIAN PACIFIC. WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—Secretary Fairchild has transmitted to the Senate the correspondence relating to the bonding of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

SCOTLAND. The Great North of Scotland Railway Company propose doubling their main line between Inverness and Innes stations.

DOZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER. HAVE YOU A PALE ANYWHERE ABOUT YOU? USE FERRY DAVIS' "PAIN KILLER."

NO MORE PILLS! MOTHERS LIKE IT! CHILDREN LIKE IT! IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

DOZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

Remove all blemishes, freckles and spots. For sale by all first-class druggists, chemists, and grocers. Price 25c. per box.

HAVE YOU A PALE ANYWHERE ABOUT YOU? USE FERRY DAVIS' "PAIN KILLER."

NO MORE PILLS! MOTHERS LIKE IT! CHILDREN LIKE IT! IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP AND CONSUMPTION CURED BY ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

PALMO-CARBOLIC SOAP. No Animal Fat! No Coloring Dyes! No Admixtures of any kind!!! Absolutely Pure.

PILES. Final relief. Final cure and never returns. No Indolence. No Pain. No Discharge. No Hemorrhage. No Strain. No Suffering.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY. Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labelle. Established in 1848, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vic. Ch. 24, for the Benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D—Drawing Third Wednesday of every month. WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18, 1887. At 2 o'clock p.m. PRIZES VALUE, \$60,000.00

FIRST SERIES. PRIZES VALUE \$50,000.00. Principal Lot—1 Real Estate worth \$50,000.00.

SECOND SERIES. PRIZES VALUE \$10,000.00. Principal Lot—1 Real Estate worth \$10,000.00.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE HEADACHE. Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system.

BOXING CHILDREN'S EARS. All eyeballs are under great obligations to Dr. Sexton, a well-known oculist of this city, for his curing and publishing the particulars of over fifty cases of ear disease resulting from a blow of the hand, either open or clenched.

CURE HEADACHE. Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after Eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE HEADACHE. Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system.

SADLY SARCASTIC BUT TERRIBLY TRUEFUL.

In the Frederickton Farmer... all the papers in Canada... there is an alleged poem...

Then I spoke of our commission off in Washington... And the noble work that Tapper had in store...

A GENTLE WIFE'S VICTORY.

HOW A WOMAN WON HER HUSBAND OVER TO THE SAFE SIDE.

(Revivalist Sam Jones in a sermon.)

Above all qualities in the world for a wife is a spirit of gentleness. Gentleness, a gentle-spirited wife. I heard this incident...

And he took the gamblers to his house, rang the door-bell, and his wife let them in immediately...

And he took the gamblers to his house, rang the door-bell, and his wife let them in immediately...

And he took the gamblers to his house, rang the door-bell, and his wife let them in immediately...

CHRISTIAN DOLLARS.

To China and Japan to convert the heathen, missionaries are still being sent. It costs money to send these good men...

RESIGNED AS M. P. TO BECOME P. M.

VICTORIA, B.C., Dec. 23.—N. Shakespeare, M.P., has resigned his seat in the Commons to accept the Victoria Postmastership...

DIAMOND DYES.

FOR SILK, WOOL, COTTON, and all Fabrics and Fanny Articles. Any one can use them. Anything can be Colored.

THE DIAMOND PAINTS

FOR Gilding Frames, Baskets, Ornaments, Lamps, and all articles of Wood, Metal, or Paper.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Montreal, P. Q.

MODERN SPIRITISM.

AN EXAMINATION INTO PANTHEISTIC AND DEISTIC PRETENSIONS.

The following admirable article is one of a course of lectures on "Modern Physical Research," delivered at the University of St. Louis...

Beginning with Genesis, this revelation divides itself at the start into the Pantheistic and Deistic views of the world.

The seven spheres of perfection through which spirits must ascend to the blessed state...

Thus, we have the genesis of man; thus, human existence is a trial through which spirits must pass...

When the spirit has left the body all recollection of former existence ceases.

And he took the gamblers to his house, rang the door-bell, and his wife let them in immediately...

And he took the gamblers to his house, rang the door-bell, and his wife let them in immediately...

WAS BEACONSFIELD RIGHT

WHEN HE SAID THE CRITICS ARE THE MEN WHO HAVE FAILED IN LITERATURE AND ART?

A contributor to Macmillan's Magazine makes this confession: I am much inclined to doubt whether the literature of my age has been more benefited by its critics...

THREE BOTTLES CURD CATARRH.

ELI ROBBINS, Currier P. O., Columbia Co., N.Y., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly."

UNTOLD AGONY FROM CATARRH.

Prof. W. HAUSSER, the famous mesmerist of Utah, says: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh."

CONSTANTLY HAWKING AND SPITTING.

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 202 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years."

THE GREAT PURIFIER

Most can raise the flower now. For all have got the seed. A flower does not really lose its beauty by being common...

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion.

A FIERCE BATTLE FOR LIFE.

St. Ignace, Mich., Dec. 23.—John Bernoit on returning to his home at Lake Nipissing found the lake partially covered with ice...

AN UNHOLY MISSIONARY.

DUBLIN, Dec. 22.—United Ireland asserts that Sir Michael Ross, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Ireland, has started for Rome to assist in the conversion of the Pope to an approval of coercion.

THE GRANGE FAVORS RECIPROCIITY.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 22.—Dominion Grange unanimously adopted the following clause in the report of the Committee on legislation...

THE POPE, THE CZAR AND HUMBERT.

Rome, Dec. 22.—It is now stated that the Czar has decided to send an address to the Pope on the occasion of his Jubilee...

A MAN OF A THOD, USAN

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting with the many herbs of California...

AT FREQUENT DATES EACH MONTH

Burlington Route FROM CHICAGO, PEORIA OR ST. LOUIS TO DENVER, COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA, ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON OR KANSAS CITY.

HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine Rank Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World. FOR THE CURE OF Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers!

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue on application.

BAILEY'S COMPOUND

Light-Spread. CHIRURGICAL REFLECTOR. A wonderful invention for LIGHTING Churches, Halls, etc.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY

SUCCESSORS IN BUCKEYE BELLS TO THE BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO. CATALOGUE WITH 1000 TESTIMONIALS.

HAYWARDS YELLOW OIL

CURES RHEUMATISM. It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the Neck and Chest, as salt into meat, it Cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children and Adults.

L.S.L. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$150,000. UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! OVER HALF MILLION DISTRIBUTED.

NEW SIR JOHN LIED.

WINNIPEG, Man., Dec. 23.—The caucus of the Conservative members of the Local House lasted till midnight last night.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE

Table listing ship names, tonnage, and commanders for the Liverpool Mail Line.

NEWFOUNDLAND LINE

Table listing ship names, tonnage, and commanders for the Newfoundland Line.

GLASGOW LINE

Table listing ship names, tonnage, and commanders for the Glasgow Line.

THROUGH HILLS OF LADING

Granted to Liverpool and Glasgow, and at Continental Ports, to all points in the United States and Canada, and from all Stations in Canada and the United States to Liverpool and Glasgow.

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ALLAN LINE. UNDER CONTRACT WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF THE CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES MAIL.

1887—Winter Arrangements—1888

This Company's Lines are composed of the following double-ended, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength...

Table listing ship names, tonnage, and commanders for the Allan Line.

NEWFOUNDLAND LINE

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. This Magazine portrays American thought and life from ocean to ocean, is filled with pure high-class literature, and can be safely welcomed in any family circle.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY

FOR THE municipality of No. 1 St. Jean Chrystiote, Town of St. Jean, Quebec, a competent and experienced elementary diploma in French and English. Apply to J. L. DEROME, Secretary, St. Chrystiote, P. Q.

