

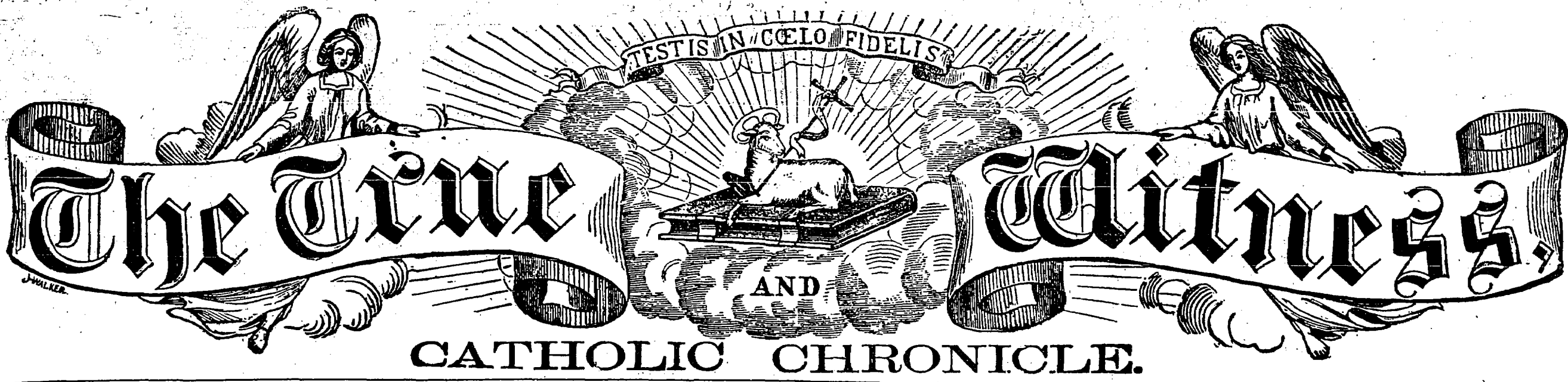
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ADDRESS TO THE BISHOP.

Made by the Clergy of the Diocese of Kingston.

Progress That Has Been Made Since His Lordship Has Presided Over It—It is of the Most Substantial Character—A Complete Summary of It.

To His Lordship the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, S. T. D., Bishop of Kingston.

My Lord.—We are assembled around your episcopal throne to tender to you our sincere and heartfelt congratulations on the seventh anniversary of your consecration as our bishop.

The recurrence of the anniversary of the bishop's consecration is always an event in the life of any diocese, a day of universal joy for priests and people, for it brings back to our memories the day chosen by Divine Providence on which to give us a guide invested with His own authority to conduct us in the ways which lead to eternal life.

The seven years of your episcopate, my lord, are in our memories inseparably connected with the greatness and multitude of your works for God and His church. Through your zeal for His greater glory, temples have been uplifted to His worship, in beauty of form and solidity of structure, the substantial types of your own robust and vivid faith, the faith of a mind affluently stored with the treasures of Christian learning.

In that short space of time our diocese can point with pride to the erection of no less than fifteen churches, besides which there are four churches actually under construction, some of which, when completed, will vie in perfection and beauty of architectural design with the grandest hitherto existing in this or any neighboring diocese; and five others have been enlarged and beautified by the addition of tower and spire, thereby receiving the full and due proportion of the Christian temple.

Standing in this cathedral, the central church of the diocese, whose spiritual care are distributed in the teachings of faith from the episcopal chair and in the sacramental elements of sanctification, we have but to look around us for testimony of the grace and beauty of art made auxiliary to faith and virtue in the mysteries and miracles and parables of the gospel, portrayed in those exquisite stained glass windows, the adornment of God's temple and the evidence of the zeal for its beauty quickening at once the souls of bishop and priests and laity who have, by free donations and without cost to the congregation, erected these lovely monuments of the piety of Kingston city and diocese in this our day.

We recognize and admire also the ardor of this zeal for the beauty of God's house in the abundant weekly offerings of the noble laity of the congregation of St. Mary's Cathedral, forming a grand fund for meeting the cost of the exterior completion of this magnificent edifice.

Six convents have been established and furnished, which give promise of the most beneficial results in the training of the young and the development in them of the solid and attractive virtues of the Christian law as exemplified in the life of the immaculate Mother of its Founder.

Fourteen new presbyteries have been erected and furnished, and wise measures adopted by the several church committees, under the direction and with the counsel of the bishop, for the suitable maintenance of the priests, for all that appertains to his support according to his position, and the esteem in which he is always so affectionately held by the grateful children of the true faith.

There are some of the evidences of the material progress of religion in your diocese during the seven years of your lordship's episcopate. Yet important though they be, they suffer by comparison with the purely spiritual work that has been accomplished during those years of your pastoral care. You have every year provided that the spirit of our ecclesiastical vocation be renewed and purified by the holy exercises of spiritual retreat. Our minds have been instructed and invigorated by frequent theological conferences with knowledge generally imparted from the richness of your own varied and accurate ecclesiastical science.

In you, indeed, the diocese of Kingston possesses a teacher of the science of God, fitted for the exalted office by long years of assiduous studies which has made you so eminently worthy to be an elect pontiff under Him, who has made it an eternal ordinance for His priests that, "their lips shall keep knowledge and the people shall seek the law from their mouths, because they are the angels of the Lord of hosts." (Mal. II 6.)

But your care has not been limited to the spiritual advancement of your priests only. You have been also mindful of the spiritual interests of the laity by the creation of eight new parishes, whose people have thus been united more intimately with the blessed influence of sacerdotal ministrations, carrying with it the life-giving and life preserving sacrifice of the sacraments of the eternal priesthood of the New Law. And has not the establishment of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, now happily extended through the length and breadth of Kingston diocese, brought holiness and the discipline of Christian virtue into the homes and hearts of all your devoted children? Has not your lordship's exceeding care to impress upon the memories of the children preparing for the great sacrament of confirmation, precise forms of prayer, accurate in the expressions of Catholic belief, with also a knowledge of the catechism of Christian doctrine, identified your name with practices of piety in the daily life of our people, which will go down as a heritage of exact and blessed faith to the generations not yet born? Thus the kingdom of Christ, within and without, has been, with the faithful blessing of the Most High, fostered and strengthened with manifold success under the wise guidance of your lordship.

In the first year of your remarkable episcopate a great burden of financial difficulty weighed upon our diocese. This has been entirely removed and your lordship has taken wise measures to insure the impossibility of such embarrassment in the future. Care has been taken by you that the work undertaken in the present, although involving considerable outlay of your resources, shall nevertheless not lead to the accumulation of any grievous burden of debt upon the diocese in the future.

But, my lord, in the growth and progress of all this work, in the development of the grand beauty of the Catholic church, we would remind you that the same enemy must be fought against who is ever alive in his opposition to God and His Christ. In every land the church has had his wiles to struggle with, and the obstacles raised by him to overcome; therefore, we expect to see your zeal opposed, your efforts for the good of your people combated, the lessons and maxims delivered to your children misunderstood and oftentimes misrepresented by the enemies of the one saving faith of the crucified. Whilst we respectfully bring before your mind this common and universal inheritance of Christ's followers we would have your lordship take to heart the consoling assurance that your priests are with you in heart and soul and spirit, and we offer you our loving sympathy in return for your laborious guardianship of us and our faithful congregations, and the whole fold of Christ enclosed within the circle of this diocese. Be comforted, we pray you, by the active co-operation of a loyal priesthood working at your side, and under your divinely-given authority for the salvation of immortal souls.

We offer you sympathy as the first duty of our priestly office, the good example of our flock, and to establish more and more firmly in the public mind the conviction that your priests are one with you in all your works, bear with you your burden of trial, and share in the distress and solicitude of your mind necessarily accompanying the administration of an extensive diocese.

The example of your energy and courage in the discharge of the onerous duties of the episcopal office inspires us in the discharge of our duties with new courage, for our cause is one, bishop and priest and people, one in the unity of faith and the charity of brotherhood, bequeathed to the Catholic church by Christ and His apostles.

Your priests, my lord, understanding the greatness and continuance of your pastoral work from the end of last May to the present time, pursued with an energy almost beyond belief, bid you take timely rest, for you are fatigued and wearied with excessive toil even to a degree of which your lordship is yourself not aware. We see, with concern, the evidences of physical exhaustion upon you, and we respectfully suggest to your lordship to take a much-needed rest even now before winter sets in upon us. As we value your life we crave your lordship's attention to our anxiety and for once sacrifice your own desire for labor to our reverent admonition and give yourself immediate rest.

Again, assuring your lordship of our loyalty, obedience and filial devotion to your person and your sacred office, we humbly implore your episcopal benediction upon ourselves and upon the congregations of which we have charge.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Bishop of Strasburg, Germany, is dead.

The Peter Pence collection in the Cincinnati archdiocese furnishes a total of \$4,500.

The Holy See has interdicted the use of the Greek cross amongst the Catholics of Ruthenia.

The priests of the diocese of Alton, in St. Louis contemporary, expect a bishop by the last of this month.

Twenty-two Creole Indians confined in the Stoney Mountain penitentiary, Manitoba, have become Catholics since their incarceration.

Rev. M. K. Norton has been changed from Spencer, Clay Co., Iowa, to Lansing Ridge, Alamakee Co., and Rev. J. Kelly, from Rockwell, to La Motte.

The English-speaking Catholics of Alton, Ill., regret very much the transfer of Rev. Dr. Howard from that city to Virden. There has been an appeal to Rome.

In a certain congregation in the diocese of Alton all the adult members approached Holy Communion on the Sunday appointed to honor the Jubilee of His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Rev. Thomas Esler, O.P., of the German Dominion Province, has been appointed, at the request of the Irish Bishops, to fill the chair of Scholastic Philosophy at Maynooth.

To show how lying is still a necessity in the English Protestant mind for Catholic vilification, the London Times of Oct. 27th charges that we "worship the Blessed Virgin," and says substantially that we pray to her as we pray to God.

You can live without the world. Its smiles and jests and hollow shams and shows are not essential to your happiness. They will pass away. The fire of ambition will burn out, the some of success be reached, the goal of earthly fame and wealth and honor be attained, all that you seek be won and lost perhaps; but what then? Can you live without your friend? No, no, a thousand times no. Let him be your refuge, your strength.

Some young people think that the Rosary is intended for those who cannot read, or for aged people. This is quite a wrong impression. Edward III., King of England, Louis IX., of France, also Francis I. and Louis XVI. publicly professed their devotion to the Holy Rosary. Bossuet, one of the holiest and most learned men in France, St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul said the Rosary daily. On one occasion a Jesuit Father found King Louis XVI., of France, saying

his beads. The Father showing some surprise, the king remarked: "You appear surprised to see me saying the Rosary. I glory in saying it. It is a pious custom which the queen, my mother taught me, and I should be very sorry to miss a single day without saying it."

When Archbishop Salpointe, of Santa Fe, N. M., was in Denver, Col., where he officiated at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. N. Matz as coadjutor bishop of that place, he spoke most hopefully of his Indian schools, to which he has devoted so much of his time and a great deal of money. The schools are a success.

The Jubilee collection for the Pope last Sunday week, which was made a test in view of a recent tirade against the Government of the Church by "Italians and foreigners," was the largest in the history of the New York archdiocese. The receipts will reach \$35,000, against \$20,000 in other years. The cathedral contributed \$2,945; St. Patrick Church, \$1,350; St. Stephen's, which last year gave only \$360, contributed \$1,103 47.

Once, in Paris, a nobleman invited St. Ignatius, in fun, to play a game with him. "I shall play with you," said Ignatius. "But what are your stakes," said the nobleman, "since you have no money?" "The stakes will be," answered Ignatius, "that if you win I shall serve you for a certain number of days in whatever way you choose; but if I win, you will serve me as I please." "Agreed," said the nobleman. They began the game. Ignatius knew nothing at all about it; still, with the help of God, he won at every turn. "I am duly punished for challenging you," said the nobleman; "God is against me." When the game was over, Ignatius took him, gave him the spiritual exercises for a few days, and out of a man addicted to sloth and worldly pleasures he made a fervent and earnest Christian that feared God and prepared for eternity.

On Oct. 25th, the following students of the American College were elevated to the Holy Order of Deaconship in the Chapel of the German College, Rome, by Archbishop Lenti, Vicegerent of Rome:—Rev. Messrs. John Sheehan, Buffalo; John Stafford and Charles Mackie, Newark, N. J.; John Shaw, Mobile, Ala.; William Gannon, New York; Michael Riordan, Baltimore; Edward Walsh, Altoona, Ill.; Maurice Fitzgerald, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JUBILEE NOTES.

CORDOVA IS OFFERING TO HIS HOLINESS A SILVER IMAGE OF ST. RAPHAEL.

Cardinal Hohenlohe will be the bearer of the Crowns Prince's congratulatory to the Holy Father on the occasion of his Jubilee.

The Catholics of St. Petersburg, Russia, have held a meeting to decide how they shall participate in the celebration of the Jubilee.

An exposition of articles intended for the Jubilee Exposition at the Vatican is open at the palace of Mgr. Mermillod, Bishop of Leuven and Geneva.

The Diocese of Valencia in Spain is sending to the Holy Father a large number of Jubilee presents, including a wonderful stole, which bristles with brilliant diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

The Golden Jubilee address of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., is in preparation. Signor Gregori of Notre Dame University, Indiana, is illuminating it.

The director of the French Academy in Rome, M. Heber, has offered to the Pope as a Jubilee gift, through the Comte de Helldorf, Ambassador to the Holy See, a magnificent painting of the Madonna and Child.

Among the strange presents which are on their way to Rome, is the gift of Mgr. Simor, the Prince-Archbishop of Hungary. It is a universal calendar of chronology, presented to him by a Jew, who took twenty years to make it.

The Parliament of Ecuador has decided that the 31st of December instant shall be a state holiday in honor of the Pope's Jubilee. By direction of the executive, a Mass of thanksgiving will be celebrated on that day in all the churches throughout the Republic, to be followed by the singing of the Te Deum.

It is expected that the Emperor of Brazil will be in Rome to assist at the Mass to be celebrated by the Pope on New Year's Day. The Nuncios in Spain, Bavaria and Austro-Hungary are also active in this respect. The diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See will be present. None will be absent, not even the Protestant Minister-Plenipotentiary of Prussia.

The Diocese of Allahabad has despatched half a dozen of rare examples of thoroughly Indian art, especially from Lucknow and Benares, for the Vatican exhibition; also the sum of Rs. 2,332, its contributions to the offering of Catholic India to Leo XIII. The bishop and clergy of the diocese, and the congregations, both European and natives, have sent their addresses.

The Catholics who have received military titles and decorations from the Holy See have already exceeded Rs. 7,000, and with this sum a magnificent gold pectoral cross and chain will be made. The gift is certainly a very valuable one, but we are afraid that the Holy Father will not be able to wear it very often on account of its great weight. About fifteen pounds of gold on the neck of a person of His Holiness's advanced age cannot be worn without discomfort.

A private audience was accorded by the Pope recently to Very Rev. Edward Sorin, superior general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, of Notre Dame, Indiana, in company with the titular Bishop of Delius, procurator general of that congregation in Rome, who presented, as a Jubilee offering from the congregation over which he presides, a superb copy, in antique yellow marble, of the celebrated painting of "The Madonna della Sedia," by Raphael, the first reproduction in sculpture of that masterpiece of art. Very Rev. Father Sorin further

presented a handsomely bound copy of the Ave Maria. The Pope admired greatly the two gifts, and imparted to each and every member of the religious congregation the Apostolic Benediction.

The Jubilee programme has now been definitely arranged. The Pope himself will celebrate a Jubilee Mass at the Vatican on the 31st of December. On the 1st of January he will solemnly receive the Cardinals, the foreign Archbishops, and other nobilities present in Rome for the celebration. The opening of the Vatican Exhibition will take place on the 2nd of January. On the 6th of January His Holiness will proceed to canonize the new saints, whose causes have been decided upon recently on the 10th of January he will grant a special audience to the deputation from England.

Monsieur le Comte de Paris is sending a valuable desk for the personal use of the Holy Father; but to this the representative of the monarchical principle has decided to add a souvenir of the intimate character of the relations which have existed between the House of France and the Holy Church. It accordingly had a copy in silver taken of the statue of Joan of Arc, which was sculptured by the Princess Marie Louise Philippe, and of which the original, in marble, is in the galleries of Versailles. The holy French heroine is represented standing in armor, holding to her heart the cross of her order. The subject is so French in its inspiration and by its hand which created it, will recall in the Vatican the most glorious and purest episode in English National history. The happiness of the Comte de Paris' choice will be appreciated, without doubt, equally in Paris and Rome.

THE LATE FATHER WOODS.

FUNERAL OF THE IRISH-CANADIAN CLERGYMAN AT HUNTINGDON.

By the death of the Rev. Father Woods, a void is made in the ranks of the Irish-Canadian clergy of this archdiocese, a void all the more appreciable by reason of the already insignificant number of English-speaking priests in proportion to the Irish Catholic population. The companion-clergyman of the late priest, a true disciple of a zealous, noble-hearted confessor, his parishioners the loss of a generous self-devoted pastor, whose all absorbing aim was the spiritual advancement of the flock entrusted to his guidance. Born some 55 years ago in the parish of Rawdon, which has furnished its share of sons to the Church, Father Woods was ordained priest, Rev. Father venerable Archbishop Bourget, in the fall of 1861. Since then he has ever been found at his post of duty, the untiring, faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Master, but the field wherein he vowed particularly his labor of love, is that from which he has now been recalled forever by the peremptory voice of death. His memory, like that of all good men who render their lives of individual interest subservient to their fond attachment to duty, will live forever in the grateful recollection of his bereaved people of St. Joseph's, Huntingdon. Nor will this sentiment of genuine regret be limited to those who profited directly by his spiritual ministrations, but it will be shared even by those who, while holding different opinions, ever entertained for the genial Father Woods, with his sterling qualities of head and heart, the highest esteem and admiration. No greater eulogy is needed than the spontaneous outburst of affection and heartfelt sorrow evinced by the numbers who thronged the sacred edifice, keeping prayerful watch by the bier, in which, calm in the sleep of death, lay the friend and father of his parish. Clergymen from all parts of the vast Archdiocese had come to pay a last tribute to their departed friend: Rev. Fathers De-marais, V.P., P.P., of St. Louis; J. Lonergan, St. Bridget's, Perault, St. Stanislas, Beaubien, St. Anicet, Mainville, St. Regis, Brown, Hogsburg, McCarthy, St. Gabriel, Bedard, E. Constant, LaPorte, St. Urbain, West, of Chateauguay, LeBlond, of Huntingdon, N.Y.; Gagnon, St. Barbe, Decary, St. Henry, Demers, Ormstown, Seers, St. John Chrysostome, De Repentigny, Hinchinbrook, Durvage, St. Agnes, O'Meara, Valleyfield, Lesage, St. Etienne, Pepin, Howick, Turgeon, Trout River, Roussin, Donnelly, Lestapille, O'Hara, Bruchet, of Montreal, Lachapelle, St. Timothy, Desrochers, St. Martin, Nepveu, Huntington, and others.

The funeral service was celebrated by Rev. J. Lonergan, of St. Bridget's, Father McCarthy, of St. Gabriel, acting as deacon, Father O'Meara, of Valleyfield, as sub-deacon. The solemn numbers of the Grand Requiem Mass, interpreted by a powerful choir of clergymen and distinguished amateurs, resounded majestically through the sacred edifice. Rev. Father Desrochers, so intimately associated with the former musical renown of Notre Dame, presided as leader, imparting to the solemn chant that peculiar weird character which thrills the soul and delights the ear. At one moment a grand burst of harmony would vibrate through the dimly lit temple, the true note of condoling prayer, ascending in potent appeal to the Almighty, then flustering softly around the vast edifice, fading low and tender into the soft wail of a departed soul, yet always in keeping with the awful presence of death. A touching incident occurred at the close of the ceremony. While yet the supreme requiem lingered on the lips of the chorists, the entire congregation, by one impulse, pressed forward to cast a last glance upon the form of their beloved priest, and gathered around the casket that was soon to close upon his earthly remains.

Father Woods now sleeps beneath the shadow of that altar where he so often prayed for his people. Oh! let us hope that when they gather for prayer, as of old, grateful, sympathetic hearts will rise to God an invocation for him whose heart is now stilled, but whose memory shall endure forever.

"Remember your prelates, who have spoken to you the word of God."—Heb. XIII, 7.—R. I. P.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP McGETTIGAN.

The death of the Most Rev. Daniel McGettigan, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, is announced. He was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Raphoe, which diocese comprises nearly the whole County of Donegal, on 18th May, 1856, and succeeded Right Rev. Patrick McGettigan in that See on May 1861. He was "translated" to the Archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of All Ireland, in succession to Most Rev. Dr. Kiernan, 11th March, 1870. The deceased Prelate had thus been for over thirty years a member of the Episcopacy. The ecclesiastical Province of Armagh comprises the eight Suffragan Dioceses of Meath, Derry, Clogher, Raphoe, Down and Connor, Kilmac, Ardagh, Downpatrick. Founded originally by St. Patrick, its first Bishop, was the Primate of All Ireland, this honor was for ages disputed by the Archbishopric of Dublin. The

matter was, however, at length settled—towards the end of the seventeenth century—by the Pope and Cardinals, who decided (more *honorifice*) that, while the Archbishop of Dublin should be the Primate of Ireland, he of Armagh should be Primate of All Ireland. The Archbishopric includes the entire county of Louth, almost the whole of Armagh, a great part of Tyrone and a part of Derry. The deceased Prelate had not many years past, at least, taken a prominent part in Irish public affairs. The right Rev. Dr. Finigan, Bishop of the diocese of Kilmore, whose demise is also announced, was consecrated about a year and a half ago. On the occasion of making the first pastoral visit of his diocese he contracted pneumonia, which necessitated his going to the south of France for the winter. Recovering his health somewhat he profited by his proximity to Rome to make his first visit *ad Urbem Apostolorum*. Returning to Ireland he lingered for some months, but finally succumbed and died a few days ago, as already stated. Dr. Finigan took an active part in Irish politics as a Nationalist. The Diocese of Kilmore includes nearly all of the County of Cavan and parts of Leitrim and Fermanagh.

TO ASSIST WORKINGMEN.

A MOVEMENT UNDER CONTRIBUTION BY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—CARDINAL GIBBONS' NOW AT WORK ON THE PLAN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—According to reports that seem to be thoroughly reliable, the Catholic church in the United States is going thoroughly and systematically into the matter of assisting in the amelioration of the laboring classes within its own pale, and to inaugurate a chain of organizations that will have for their object the assistance of the workingman. The idea is new to America, but not to Germany or France.

In Germany there are hundreds of workingmen's unions, with reading-room, libraries, night schools, lecture lyceums, and even newspapers. They are also a powerful factor in politics, and it was largely to secure their support that Prince Bismarck made his peace with the Pope.

In France these workingmen's guilds are even more powerful. The Comte de Murr is the president of their central body. Their representatives recently visited Rome, where Pope Leo himself was at pains to give them a splendid reception. The Pope is known to be very much in favor of such organizations. Cardinal Gibbons, since his last visit to Europe, where he went out of his way to study the workings of the French guilds, has been a warm admirer of them, and has been in favor of their establishment here.

The present is claimed to be an opportune time for the movement. The Knights of Labor Order, which formerly filled the field for Catholic as well as non-Catholic workingmen, is said to be disintegrating. Besides, Socialism, which the Catholic Church violently opposes, is rampant, and the Church would like to get workingmen into organizations where such principles would not be taught. Again, Dr. McGlynn and other agitators have asserted that the present heads of the Church have no love for the laborer, and it would be a great move for the Church to prove the contrary. The movement here has taken no definite shape yet, and much preliminary work will be required, as Cardinal Gibbons and a few others are the only ones who are really acquainted with the system as it prevails abroad. Cardinal Gibbons is now studying the project closely, and some definite action may soon be looked for.

The plan of organization will be to have local guilds all over the country, which will be governed by a central body, somewhat similar to that which rules the Knights of Labor. The heads of the organization will be laymen, with some archbishop or bishop acting, probably, as honorary president of the central body. Each guild will have its own officers and its own laws and regulations.

The objects aimed at include the following: The promotion of temperance among workingmen; help for the unemployed by means of employment bureaus; funds for life insurance and for the care of the sick; night schools and lecture lyceums for educational purposes; circulating libraries, free to members, and regular debating societies; the establishment of a travelling card system, by which members will be recognized and assisted in any locality.

These guilds, so-called, are to have no connection whatever with politics, and the church will have sufficient authority over them to prevent either socialistic or anarchistic propaganda from being preached in them. In short, while they will be for Catholics, they will be secular and non-political in character. That it will be difficult to carry out this project in this country is recognized. France is a Catholic country and Germany is largely Catholic.

Catholics here have invariably resented any interference on the part of the church in their affairs, and this prejudice will have to be overcome. It is hoped, however, that the several secular societies affiliating with the Catholic church may be induced to assist in the proposed movement. There is a purely temperance organization in the United States, under the patronage of Bishop Ireland, numbering upward of 100,000 members, and having local unions. There is a Young Men's National Union, of which Rev. John R. Grady, of this diocese, is president, having 20,000 members, and there are similar organizations that might all consolidate on the broader plan of a workingmen's national union.

The new body would, of course, exist under the auspices of the American hierarchy, while being a thoroughly business organization. The Knights of Labor, in the large cities at least, are largely made up of Catholics, and the founding of an organization such as that outlined above would, it is thought, weaken it fatally. Just who will take the first step in the inauguration of the new enterprise is not as yet known. It is very likely, however, to be Cardinal Gibbons.

PRESENTATION TO A BELOVED PASTOR.—The English-speaking parishioners of the Mills End mourn the loss of the Rev. Father O'Hara, who for some time was connected with the parish

church, and who left Monday evening for his new parish, to which he was assigned at Hinchinbrook, P.Q. The announcement of the reverend gentleman's departure was received with considerable regret by the parishioners, to whom he had endeared himself during his residence in their midst. Their affection for him was plainly evident by the large number who assembled in the vicinity of the sacred edifice on Sunday last after Grand Mass to wish him prosperity and health in his new field of labor, and, as a slight token of esteem in which he was held by all who enjoyed his acquaintance, they presented him with a well filled purse. The reverend gentleman replied feelingly, expressing his regret at leaving a parish composed of so many good-hearted and generous Irish people. He would always bear a fond remembrance of them, and wished them a long and useful life, which he hoped would be guarded by the teachings of their Mother Church.

A NEW PRESIDENT.

The Republicans Unite Once More—M. Sadi-Carnot Elected to the Presidency of France.

PARIS, Dec. 3.—Grevy is gone and Sadi-Carnot is his successor. So the National Congress at Versailles to-day decided. France's new president is a comparatively young man, only 50 years of age, and though his election was a surprise, it is regarded as a safe one and one that will preserve the republic. M. Marie Francois Sadi-Carnot was born at Limoges, studied at the Ecole Polytechnique and the Ecole de Paris at Compiègne, and first took a part in the government of his country as Under-Secretary of Public Works. He was promoted to be head of the same department in 1880, and held the post until April 7, 1882, when he was made Minister of Finance. On the formation of the De Freycinet ministry in January, 1885, he was re-appointed to that position and held the office until the defeat of the ministry in December last, when he was succeeded by M. Dauphin.

THE NATIONAL CONGRESS.

The congress of senators and deputies to elect a successor to President Grevy was opened at 2 o'clock by M. LeRoy, president of the Senate, who declared that the national assembly was duly constituted to elect a president. Deputy Michelin, an Irreconcilable, asked leave to make a motion, but the president refused to allow him to do so, declaring that the Assembly was an electoral college. Paul De Cassagnac observed that the Assembly was sovereign. M. G. uttered the competency of the president. President LeRoy replied: "I take my stand on the constitution. Michelin wished to propose to revise the constitution." The president again declined to allow Michelin's proposal to be made and the latter entered a protest. The matter was then dropped. The balloting for the election of a president began at 2 1/2 and closed at 4 1/2, the Congress adjourning for half an hour to allow the votes to be counted. The first ballot resulted as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Votes. Sadi-Carnot 303, Ferry 212, Saussier 148, De Freycinet 72, Brisson 76, Other candidates 26.

Before the second ballot was taken the members of the left group held a meeting. M. Ferry announced his resolution to withdraw in favor of M. Sadi-Carnot and M. De Freycinet tendered similar notification. An order of the day was thereupon adopted, declaring that the party recorded the patriotic acts of withdrawal and, at M. Ferry's instance, resolved to vote for M. Sadi-Carnot. The result was seen in the final ballot as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Votes. M. Sadi-Carnot 616, Gen. Saussier 186, M. Ferry 11, M. De Freycinet 5, Gen. Appert 5, M. Pyat 1.

CONGRATULATIONS.

After signing the *proclamation* of the decisions of the Congress and despatching the necessary official notification of the result of the election President LeRoy, attended by ushers and followed by the ministers, proceeded to his private apartments, where M. Sadi-Carnot was in waiting. M. LeRoy addressed the newly elected president as follows: "I have the honor to inform you that the National Assembly has just elected you to the Presidency. I congratulate you in the name of the Congress, and desire to add to the congratulations my personal compliments. M. Rouvier also congratulated M. Sadi-Carnot, adding: 'The Republicans uniting to elect M. Sadi-Carnot have given proofs of the sentiment of union and concord which actuated them, and at the same time afforded the country a pledge of peace and prosperity.'"

THE PRESIDENT'S THANKS.

In reply, M. Sadi-Carnot said: "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the congratulations and sentiments expressed. I am filled with gratitude to the members of the Assembly, who, in confiding their suffrages in my favor, bore witness to the desire for peace and concord with which Republican France is animated. My dearest wish is that this great day may remain present in all minds and hearts. It signifies that the representatives of France can be united. Their common efforts can and must secure the constitution, securing an active and stable working Government, capable of bestowing upon the nation liberty at home and dignity abroad, with all the benefits which our country expects from the Republic. Once more I thank you. You may count upon my entire devotion." The President afterwards received Gen. Levozat, commanding the troops at Versailles, who came with his staff to present his respects. Afterwards M. Sadi-Carnot proceeded to meet the representatives of the press, desiring to congratulate him. He shook them warmly by the hand, and after giving them a copy of his speech, said: "I feel confident that the press will also do all in its power to tranquillize the public mind."



IRENE THE FOUNDLING ; Or, The Slave's Revenge.

By the Author of "The Banker of Bedford."

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

As Irene took her station by his side, the wounded soldier opened his eyes, and vacantly stared upon the group in the room. Irene bent over him, with her hand on her eyes; his eyes rested on her with no gleam of recognition for a moment, and then feebly closed again.

Uncle Dan had ordered a litter made and four men now entered with it, and reported that everything was ready for departure. Oleah was placed upon the litter, and Irene rode beside it, half the men preceding it and half following. Mrs. Jackson, at her earnest request, had been left at the cabin, and the guarded litter was not two miles on its way before her red-headed husband came from the woods, suave and smiling, and the two hurried away toward the gap between the Twin Mountains.

For ten weary days and nights Oleah was unconscious or raving in the delirium of fever, and during all that time Irene was at his side, his constant attendant. When the fever had subsided the man, once so strong and healthy as an infant, lay weak and helpless as an infant, but conscious at last, she was still at his post.

It was on a cold, still winter evening. The snow lay white over the landscape, but candlelight and firelight made all bright and warm within. As Irene returned from drawing the heavy curtains, she opened her eyes and fixed them on her, as he had done many times during his long illness, but this was not a wild vacant stare, it was a look of recognition. His lips moved, but her ear failed to catch the feeble, fluttering sound. She eagerly bent her head. Again his lips moved.

"Irene!" was the faint whisper.

"Do you know me, Oleah, do you know me?" she asked, tears of joy shining in her eyes. Only his eyes answered her. Standing she pressed a kiss on his pale lips. With a smile of perfect content he raised his weak arm and put it about her neck.

But there were other anxious hearts to be soothed, and Irene left him for a moment, went swiftly through the hall, and her glad voice broke the silence of the room where sat father and mother and physician: "He will live! He will live! He knows me now."

They hastened to the sick-room. The favorable change was plainly visible, though the patient could not speak above a whisper and only a few words at a time. The doctor issued peremptory orders to keep him quiet and to let him have as much sleep as he could get.

The recovery was slow and for several days yet not certain. The winter was well spent before Oleah was sufficiently recovered to be conveyed to the Junction. His young wife accompanied him.

Oleah was detained a few days before his parole could be signed and then he was allowed to return. During those days he was in the Union camp, but did not work frequently, and Irene's words occupied their lips of welcome and recognition. Abner passed quietly and coldly by and Oleah maintained the indifferent bearing of a stranger. Irene saw this complete estrangement and it embittered all her joy.

On the day Oleah was paroled and was about to return home, Abner's company was on drill. The drill passed the drill ground and so near the captain that his brother might have touched him with his hand. Abner, seeing who was passing, drew his cloak about his shoulders and turned coldly away. Winter passed and spring came with its blossoming flowers and singing birds. And not only the flowers awoke, and bird song thrived the air, armies, that had lain dormant all winter, were in motion and the noise of battle was renewed.

The farmers tilled the soil. Negroes, boys and old men, and even women, toiled at the plows, while fathers and brothers, and husbands and sons were engaged in grimmer work.

Oleah had been exchanged at last and joined his company, leaving his young wife to use all gentle endeavor to comfort and cheer the father and mother, who watched with sorrowful anxiety the movements of both armies.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER PHASE OF SOLDIER LIFE.

A long line of muddy wagons, and a longer line of muddy soldiers were moving southward. It was one of those dark, cold, rainy days in March, when elements above, the earth beneath, the winds about, seem to conspire to unmake man and animal, and such no men could have looked more miserable than the long line of muddy soldiers. Some were maimed, but the largest number by far were infantry and plodded along on foot. Various were the moods of the soldiers. Some were gay, singing, laughing, telling jokes; others were silent and morose, complaining and cursing their hard lot. The latter class were termed professional "growlers" by their comrades. One light-hearted fellow declared that any one who would complain at their lot would be capable of grumbling at the prospect of being hanged.

A fine, persistent rain had been falling nearly all day, and the men were cold and wet and tired plodding through the mud.

Two soldiers were toiling along behind an ammunition wagon, one with the stripes of corporal on his sleeves, the other a private.

"I don't mind fighting or being shot," said the private, a young man and evidently a new recruit, "but the idea of a man's dragging himself apart and scattering the pieces along in the mud in this fashion is decidedly disagreeable."

"No danger of that," said his companion, who was no other than the irrepressible Corporal Grimm.

"Isn't it? I tell you my legs are coming unjoined at the knees, and I'll soon be going on the stump."

"Yer not used to this," said Corporal Grimm. "I tell you, when ye get used to it, this is nuthin'. Why, when I was with Gen. Preston, we travelled so far and so long in the quicksand, and our legs became so loose at the knees, that we had to run straps under the soles of our boots and strap our legs

tight to our bodies, or we would have lost 'em sure."

"Well, I shall have to go to strapping mine soon, I am certain," said the young soldier with an incredulous smile.

"Them was awful times when I was out with General Preston!" said the corporal, shaking his head in sad reminiscence.

Abner Tompkins was with this train, but having sprained his ankle, he was unable to ride his horse, and had been placed in a wagon. All day long it had rumbled and jolted over the hills of Southern Virginia, and he was tired, sick, and faint with the constant motion. He leaned against the side of the wagon and gazed out from under the cover. He saw a long line of slow-moving, muddy wagons, and to the right a long line of infantry, some of the men wet and weary as they were singing.

Passing one part of the line, he heard a not unusual voice calling:

"Oh, that darling little girl, that pretty little girl, The girl I left behind me."

Further a chorus of voices joined in:

"All the world is dark and dreary Everywhere I roam."

These suddenly hushed, when the song was completed, and one poor boy, determined to rouse the drooping spirits of his comrades, was heard trying to sing "Annie Laurie."

This was soon interrupted by some wild fellow, who broke out with:

"Raccoon up a gum-stump, opossum up a holler."

Next came "Rally round the flag, boys," roared out by half a hundred throats, and all the popular songs of the day were sung as solos, duets or choruses—all, except "Dixie," for this was not a "Dixie" crowd.

"Poor fellows!" sighed Abner, as he lay back on his couch in the wagon. "Enjoy your jokes and songs if you can; it is small comfort that awaits you. Your only beds will be wet earth to-night—your only covering the lowering clouds of heaven."

Night was fast approaching, and the division commander sent men ahead to determine a suitable location for encampment. A field, with wood and water close by, was selected, and the soldiers soon spread over it. Camp-fires gleamed bright in the darkness, pickets were stationed and guards thrown around the camp.

Abner, who was unable to walk without the aid of crutches, gave his instructions for the night and then returned to the wagon, where he was to sleep. It was not an ambulance wagon, but simply a baggage-wagon, with a couch arranged within for the captain.

The wide, desolate field, with its hundreds of blackened stumps, gnarled snags, and drenched and matted grass, soon presented an exciting and not an uncheerful scene. The artillery and ammunition wagons were drawn up in a hollow square in the centre of the camp, and the baggage-wagons formed a circle about them. Then over all the broad acres of the field, from its farthest hill beyond to the ravines beyond, hundreds of campfires blazed. The fences for miles disappeared, and roots and snags vanished as if by magic.

Abner was a patient sufferer, and, when the regimental surgeon came with his lantern on one arm and his box of instruments, medicine and plasters on the other, he underwent, without a groan, the dressing and bandaging, firmly resolving not to have any more spined ankles to be dressed, if he could avoid it.

"Captain—hem, hem!—Captain Tompkins," said a voice, as a head was thrust in the wagon front.

"Well, what will you have?" "Are you alone?" "Yes, come in."

Abner had lighted a small piece of candle, which he had placed on a box at the head of his couch.

A little round-faced man, with glasses on his nose, entered the wagon and seated himself on a camp-stool near the box, on which the captain had placed his light.

"Well, Diggs, we have had a disagreeable day for marching."

"Yes, captain," said the little fellow, removing a greasy outer cap. "I have thoroughly satisfied me that I am not for the army. A soldier's life may suit coarser natures, but one such as mine, one that recoils from uncleanness and confusion, and death by torture, should not be brought in daily contact with sights and sounds so repellent."

"I thought," said Corporal Grimm, who had just come to the wagon front, "that you had resolved to become a preacher."

Mr. Diggs turned towards the new-comer with an unuttered oath.

The corporal's laugh brought half a dozen soldiers to his side.

"Didn't you tell that preacher, that prayed a week for you, that you had talent for a preacher, and that you would be one if only you got out of this scrape?"

"What's the use of bringing up those old things again?" said Mr. Diggs, angrily. "I—hem, hem!—feel satisfied that my vocation lies in the editorial field. I think I shall try my hand in the newspaper business."

"Better try preaching first. Maybe you can assist the chaplain next Sunday."

The little greasy outer cap flew into a rage and left the wagon, cursing the fates that would not give him renown.

Diggs having gone, the rest also withdrew, but Abner was not yet to have the rest he so much needed. Scarcely had they gone before the entrance of the wagon was darkened again, this time by that strange person we have known as Yellow Steve. Abner had not seen him since the day he prevented the combat between himself and his brother in the forest, between Snagtown and the Twin Mountains.

"Well, sir," he demanded, "what are you doing here, more than two hundred miles from your usual place of abode?"

"Forests and mountains everywhere are my usual place of abode, and have been for the last eighteen years."

"You have been a slave," said Abner.

"Yes, sir, and for eighteen years a fugitive. I have become accustomed to constant flying, to battling bloodhounds and their no less brutal owners, to all the mysteries of woodcraft. Many are the bloodhounds that I have put to death, and have sent more than a few negro hunters plunging over the steep cascades and mountain sides to certain death. For eighteen years my life has been devoted to the liberation of my poor race, and I can number by hundreds the fugitives whom I have induced to leave their masters and have guided to where freedom awaited them."

"What are you doing here?" "I am the sutler's steward, and, strange as you may think it, Captain Tompkins, I have come with the regiment in order to be near you, that I may strike you with wonder and horror. In these times life is uncertain, and I may be near you when my time comes. I have written it, and the manuscript can not be lost; my trunk in the sutler's camp, holds it."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PRISONER.

The year 1862 passed, darkened by battle

smoke, saddened by the groans of the dying, the tears shed over the dead. Abner Tompkins had been acting principally in Eastern Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky. His regiment had suffered severely in some of Meade's battles fought in these States. His Colonel had been killed at Fair Oaks on the 31st of May, 1862, and Captain Tompkins had been promoted to the vacant place.

It was the 2nd of May, 1863, and Abner and his command, now under General Hooker, having crossed the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers, were advancing on Chancellorsville, to meet a powerful Confederate force under Stonewall Jackson.

Yellow Steve, who was still the sutler's steward on the morning of the first day's fight at Chancellorsville, came to the Colonel's tent, just as he was preparing to take charge of his regiment.

"Well, Steve," said Abner, "we shall have some work to do to-day."

"I should be surprised, Colonel, if we don't," was the reply.

"Do you think those fellows over there will fight?"

"I think they will, their guns shine bright enough, and they look dangerous. I went over there this morning before daylight, and I can tell you, it will be nasty getting into that town."

"You over there, Steve? What do you mean?"

"I often go over to the rebel camp," said Steve, coolly.

"Do you know that is very dangerous?"

"I do not value my life very highly; it has not been worth a straw for eighteen years; all that ever was good with me has been crushed out by the very men who carry those bayonets over yonder. I have a feeling that my time has come and that you will know my story when the fight is over."

The long roll of the drum was heard calling to the field.

"I must be going now, Steve," said the Colonel, bucking on his sword, "but I will see you when the fight is over, if I live."

Colonel Tompkins mounted his horse, and took his place at the head of his regiment. The order to advance was given, and the entire line moved forward. Abner was ordered forward to support a battery on the extreme right, which was being thrown forward to drive a body of the enemy out of the woods. The battery unlimbered when within point-blank range, and, after the first three or four rounds, the enemy fell back. As the order to advance had been countermanded, the intrepid young Colonel pushed his forces to the edge of the wood, pouring in a galling fire on the enemy. By this time the Eleventh Corps, to which Abner's regiment belonged, was fiercely engaged. The enemy poured forth twenty thousand strong and hurled themselves in the Eleventh, which was composed in great part of raw recruits. The attack was fierce, and the Eleventh, being somewhat taken by surprise, were soon forced to fall back.

Colonel Tompkins' regiment had advanced three or four hundred yards beyond the main body of troops, and the falling back of the corps was not noticed until the enemy had them almost surrounded and were pouring in showers of grape and canister, while the face of the earth seemed ablaze with musketry.

"Colonel," cried the adjutant, galloping up to Col. Tompkins, "that infernal Eleventh is routed. They are in flight."

Abner's glance swept over the field. He was loth to give up the ground he had won, but they were almost surrounded. Things looked desperate. They must cut their way through and fly with the others, or surrender. Rising in his stirrups, and waving his sword, the Colonel shouted in thunder tones which were heard by the entire regiment:

"Yonder is our army. To remain here is death. Cut your way through, every man for himself."

A wild cry went up, and the retreat commenced. As the Colonel resumed his seat in his saddle a shell exploded in his horse's face, and, with cue wild plunge, rider and steed fell to the earth, the horse struggling in death, the master struck senseless by a fragment of the shell; in a moment more rebel infantry were pouring over the place in quick pursuit of the flying soldiers.

Abner was only stunned by the shock and fall, and his men were scarcely driven from the field when he sat up and gazed around on the scene of desolation. The roar of battle could be heard in the distance; beside him lay his dead horse, and all the field was strewn with men and horses, dead and dying.

He wiped away the blood that was flowing from a wound in his forehead, and tried to rise to his feet. A Confederate officer, seeing his endeavor, advanced and said:

"Are you badly hurt, Colonel?"

"I think it is only a scratch," replied Abner, holding his handkerchief to his head, "but it bleeds quite freely."

"Let me assist you to bandage your head, and then we will retire to the rear." He bowed Abner's handkerchief about his head, assisted him to rise, and offered him his arm.

"No, I thank you," said Abner, "I can walk alone; I am only a little stunned."

"I shall be compelled to take your sword, Colonel," said the lieutenant.

"I am glad," said Abner, handing it to him, "that if I must surrender, it is to a gentleman."

Abner was conveyed to the rear of the Confederate army. During that day and part of the next the battle raged, and Hooker was finally compelled to fall back, with a loss of 11,000 men; the enemy, however, suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Stonewall Jackson, who was mortally wounded and died in a few days after. The affair was kept secret in the rebel army as long as possible, and there is yet a difference of opinion as to how he met his death, some asserting that he was accidentally shot by his own soldiers, others that he was killed by sharpshooters, while reconnoitering, and still others claim that he was assassinated.

The fourth day after the battle, several hundred prisoners, Abner among them, were brought before the provost-marshal, their names demanded and placed on a larger roll. As Abner was standing in the ranks he observed a Confederate officer near him. There was something familiar about his figure, and Abner, looking up quickly, recognized him. A soldier's sword swept over him, a longing to speak to him, to hear his voice, to break down to sweep away, with passionate appeal, this monstrous barrier. But he smothered the impulse; his brother might think him imploring clemency at his hands, and that he would never do.

Oleah's look was only the indifferent glance of a stranger, and he passed on and made no sign.

It was no jealous rivalry that held these brothers apart. Abner felt no bitterness that his brother had won the gentle Irene's love; his feeling for her had not been the one overpowering love of a lifetime, and now he looked after Oleah with the brotherly affection so long suppressed, swelling anew in his heart, and deplored their hopeless estrangement, little dreaming that Irene had come to blame herself as the cause. But Irene was wrong; it was a deeper and had a livelier passion than love of her that had worked this evil miracle—a passion which had been nursed in one son by the other's words, in the other by the mother's,

which had grown in intensity, stirring up their very souls within them, and at last overcoming all other feelings.

Colonel Tompkins' name was enrolled on the prison list, and he was marched away with the other prisoners.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OLIVIA.

Abner was kept but a few days at Chancellorsville, when he was sent to Libby Prison. Here he remained but a few weeks, when, from some cause, or no cause, unless the hope that change of climate would prove fatal, he was removed to Mobile. Here he was confined for four months during the hottest weather; but, Mobile being threatened, he was removed to a small town in the eastern part of Louisiana, about fifty or sixty miles north of New Orleans, and near the headwaters of the Pamlico river; here he was confined in a small stone jail. The town was nearly all French, and the regiment stationed there were nearly all of French or Spanish descent.

The Colonel of the regiment, Castello Mortimer, was a citizen of the town. He had formerly been one of the cotton kings of New Orleans; but, on the capture of that city, had removed to Bay's End, where he had a large cotton plantation. Colonel Mortimer was half Spanish and half French, a portly man, open-hearted and pleasant of countenance, with kindly black eyes and thick, iron gray hair.

He was regarded as a generous, whole-souled man, although he had his bitter prejudices. He was a most uncompromising rebel, and although he knew very little about military tactics, was brave and chivalrous.

He owned an untold number of slaves, and Colonel Mortimer had received his commission not on account of his ability as a soldier, but on account of his wealth, and, as he was thought not fitted for active service, he was assigned to guard this out-of-the-way place, called Bay's End, and prisoners were brought and left there to be guarded and kept by him. Those brought to the general treatment accorded prisoners. They were furnished with clean straw to sleep on, and their food, though not always the amplest in quantity, or the best in quality, was the best that, in the distressed condition of the country, could be afforded.

Here Abner lingered for two or three months. The glorious tropical winter was coming on; the sun was losing his fiercer heat, and his rays fell with mellowed luster on the earth. The orange and citron groves made the air sweet with their perfume. The fields were yet white with cotton; but there were no slaves left now to gather it. A number of negroes, hired and forced, and whom the boon of freedom had not yet reached, were at work in and near Bay's End.

Colonel Mortimer was anxious about his cotton; as some of the negroes were constantly escaping and flying to the North, he kept a small body of soldiers detailed to watch them while they worked in the fields.

Bay's End was a beautiful village, situated on rising ground, that overlooked distant bayous, lagoons, lakes and sluggish streams, where the alligator revelled in his glory. The Colonel had selected the village, on account of its healthy location, for his country residence. He had here a spacious mansion, such as only a Southerner knows how to construct; and where, every Autumn, he came with his beautiful Spanish wife. But she had died years before, and the Colonel's family consisted of only one daughter, now a young lady.

At the end of three months, after Abner's arrival at Bay's End, Colonel Mortimer appeared on morning at his cell door.

"Colonel," he said, "I shall be compelled to remove you from here. More prisoners are coming, and there is not room for all in this little jug."

"I hope, sir, that you will give me accommodations as good as I have at present," replied Abner.

"I shall be compelled to take you to my own house, every other place being occupied," said the fat old Colonel, with a merry twinkle in his black eyes.

"Surely, if I fare as well as my jailer, I can not complain," said Abner.

He followed Colonel Mortimer from the prison, and stood still for a moment, looking about him in the glorious sunshine, up and down the shaded street, and at the orange groves in the distance. Never had nature seemed so beautiful to him before. For weeks at a time he had not seen the light of the sun, except through grates, for the rays that had struggled into his dungeon were shorn of their splendor. Now all the beauty of a tropical climate burst on him at once—the fields of cotton the cloudless sky and the sweet scent of flowers, that continually bloom in this land of endless Summer.

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful!" murmured the prisoner, a moisture gathering in his eyes.

"What is beautiful?" asked the Colonel, who was by his side; two soldiers walking in the rear.

"This world, which God has given us," was the reply.

"Yes, it is a beautiful world," said the rebel.

But we know not how to appreciate it, until we have been for a while deprived of the sight of its beauties," answered Abner.

"Yonder is my home," said the Confederate, pointing to a large granite building. "It is not, perhaps, in strict accordance with military discipline, to keep a prisoner in one's own house, but I have no other place for you."

"I wish your home was farther away," said Abner.

"Why, sir?"

"That I might longer enjoy the free air and sunshine."

The tender-hearted old Colonel wiped his face vigorously with his red bandana, and the rest of the journey was made in silence.

On entering the house, the Colonel took his prisoner into a reception room, opening from the hall, to wait until his prison room could be made ready.

"You will be granted some privileges here, that you have not had before," said the Colonel. "You will be permitted to walk in the grounds once in every two or three days for an hour or so."

"I shall be very grateful to you for the favor, Colonel Mortimer," said Abner.

At this moment his quick ear caught the sound of a gay, girlish voice on the stairway, and the swish of silken draperies. Then the door opened and a young girl entered. She cast a quick, surprised glance about the room, as one will, entering a room supposed to be vacant, to find therein a stranger. For a moment she hesitated.

"Come in, Olivia," said the Colonel. "My dear, this is our prisoner, Colonel Tompkins. My daughter, Colonel."

A look of sorrowing compassion instantly clouded that sweet face—the sweetest Abner had ever looked on.

Olivia Mortimer was one of those Southern women, over whose beauty novelists were enthusiastic, poets raved and painters dream and despair.

Abner forgot that he was a prisoner, forgot that hardships and future peril, forgot all but this beautiful, unexpected vision, with outstretched hand, and pitying eyes, and sweet, low voice, that made the heart throb wildly, that had kept its even beat amid the

blasting of bugles and the sullen roar of cannon. He blushed like an awkward school-boy, as he bowed before her queenly little figure.

"I am very sorry to see you a prisoner," she said. "It must be very hard to suffer confinement; to know that the flowers bloom and the birds sing, without being able to partake of their joy."

The gentle words betrayed a heart, kind and womanly. Abner felt that to lay down his life at her feet would be the highest bliss a man might hope for.

"I assure you, Miss Mortimer, that prison life is not desirable, but I am more fortunate than most prisoners, while I have your father for my jailer, and his mansion for my jail, I can well endure my captivity."

"Colonel," said the old Confederate impulsively, "I have a notion to parole you and give you the freedom of the place. It will be pleasant for you and easier for me. It is for such a privilege, sir, I would be grateful indeed. I already owe much to your generosity, but this I can hardly realize."

"And I shall make Olivia your jailer," said the old Colonel, with a quiet laugh, that caused his frame to quiver like agitated jolly.

"Then, sir, my imprisonment will be no punishment at all, but rather a lot to be envied," replied Abner.

"My dear, do you think you can guard a man who has led a thousand soldiers to the field of battle?" said the old Colonel, with another quiet laugh.

"He don't look dangerous, papa, and I can find him sufficient occupation; busy people, you know, are not apt to get into mischief."

"Do you comprehend, Colonel?" said Colonel Mortimer. "She means to make you a galley slave as well as a prisoner."

"Even such servitude, under such a mistress, would be a pleasure," answered Abner. The old Confederate, being part French, was polite, being part Spanish, was chivalrous, and when he had taken into his head to treat his prisoner well, seemed unable to do enough for him. So Abner remained in the Colonel's mansion, hardly realizing that he was a prisoner, treated rather as a guest. Since he had been brought to the house of the commander at Bay's End, Abner had greatly improved in personal appearance. By chance he had retained a suit of undress Colonel's uniform, which had not been soiled by the dampness of prison. He had been close shaven, excepting his light-colored mustache, and he had his hair trimmed by Colonel Mortimer's own barber. Still when in the presence of the Confederate's beautiful daughter, he always lost his self-possession; his conversational powers, and, in fact, his common sense, seemed suddenly to desert him. He could only listen in silence, or make disjointed, incoherent replies.

Olivia sympathized with the poor prisoner, who was so far from home and friends. She did every thing in her power to cheer him, she misinterpreted his feelings and attributed his silence and sadness to the hardships he had suffered during his imprisonment and his long absence from home. She sang and played for him, she read to him, she walked and talked with him, revealing all her past history, telling him of the years she had passed in one of the New England seminaries, of her mother's death in her early girlhood, and of many incidents in her bright pleasant life, to which the war as yet had brought no bitterness.

It was several weeks, after Col. Mortimer had brought Abner to his home, that the shattered remnant of a Confederate regiment, passing through the village, passed to rest. There were not over three hundred men in the regiment fit for duty, and some of these were battle-scarred. Colonel Mortimer invited the commander of this brave little band to his house. He informed his prisoner and his daughter that a brave and distinguished officer would dine with them that day—a young man, a brigadier-general—he could not recall the name, but they would meet him at dinner. Abner and his fair jailer were in the garden when the guest arrived, for, although it was in the month of February, the weather on this particular day was fine, and the garden was yet a pleasant resort.

They went together towards the house, and, passing the low, open window, saw the rebel general engaged in conversation with Colonel Mortimer—a young man, with fine, black eyes, black hair and black mustache.

It was his brother. Abner turned suddenly pale. He detained Olivia for a moment, told her he had been taken suddenly ill, begged her to make his excuses to her father, and left her at the door of the dining-room. The distinguished general dined, and, later on, left with the gallant remnant of his regiment. Olivia was too much rejoiced at the prisoner's rapid recovery to inquire into its cause.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ALARM—THE MANUSCRIPT.

The fountain gleamed beneath the beams of the Southern moon, gentle zephyrs stirred the waves on the lake below, and the soft breeze wafted sweetest perfumes through the splendid gardens of Colonel Mortimer. Spring had come—Spring more than beautiful in this tropical clime.

Months had passed since last we saw Colonel Tompkins and his beautiful jailer, who now stand side by side by the splashing fountain. To him these months had seemed like a dream of heaven.

Never did he believe that such surpassing happiness could fall to the lot of any human being. Even now, at times, it did not seem real. When he paused to reflect, he thought it must be some delightful dream that would pass and take with it all the brightness of life. Could there be on the face of this earth a being so lovely; a mansion, a village, a country so perfectly delightful? Was it not some wild imagination of some artist that had turned his brain?

No, it was all real. Olivia was not paint and canvas, but flesh and blood; a living reality, though face and form were so beautiful; her voice was sweetest music, and her soul pure as her perfect face. Young as she was, Olivia had had many suitors, but the pale young man from Virginia, with his handsome, melancholy face, had won her heart. Perhaps it was pity that first stirred her soul—pity for the poor prisoner so far from home and friends, pity for his former sufferings, and admiration for his brave record.

He had apparently succeeded in overcoming the mood that had held him silent and abashed in her presence, for now, as they stood in the pale moonlight and listen to the murmuring fountain, which seems, like their own hearts, to overflow for very gladness, the arm of the young Colonel in blue clasps the yielding form of his jailer, and it is he who speaks, and she who listens in silence.







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WEDNESDAY . . . . . DECEMBER 7, 1887

THE Cornwall Standard accuses the Hamilton Spectator of stealing the pith of its editorial. The Spec. should be indicted for petty larceny.

A LONDON medical paper publishes an article on "How to lie when asleep." We commend it to the attention of the Kasoot so that it may be able to carry on its daily occupation throughout the twenty-four hours.

AND now the white-haired poet, Lord Mayor of Dublin, and editor of the Nation, has been sent to prison, while the dade Balfour and the Jew Gooschen govern Ireland! "How long, O Lord, how long?"

TORY ideas of how to govern Ireland are beautifully exemplified by the Jew Gooschen and the Dade Balfour. These be the sort of men Ireland does not want, but who are forced upon her at the point of the bayonet, while men she has chosen—O'Brien, Mandeville and others—are put in prison and starved.

LORD LYONS, for many years British minister at Washington and recently superseded by Lord Lytton as ambassador at Paris, gives another instance of the progress of conversion to Catholicity which has been going on for some time among the English aristocracy. His Lordship was received into the Catholic Church by Mgr. Butt, Bishop of Southwark. He has been preparing for this step for some time, and when stricken by paralysis he asked to have it no longer delayed.

In the elevation of Hugh MacMahon to the bench, certain Irish Catholic Tories may see that a man of their faith and nationality can rise to the highest dignity without becoming a crawling sycophant, a political lackey, or a toady. They may also observe that it is possible for an Irish Catholic to obtain a judgeship without betraying his country, slandering those who are true to her, or becoming the slave and apologist of Orange Toryism.

ROBERT BLISSSET has addressed a letter to Mr. Chamberlain on behalf of several Irish-American societies, challenging him to a debate on the Irish question. The proposal is that one hour be consumed by Mr. Chamberlain in presenting his side of the question, and that an American, prominent in his country's affairs, be awarded one-half hour to reply. Should the offer be accepted, Mr. John Swinton has been selected to reply to Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Swinton was born in Scotland.

THE Liverpool Catholic Times compliments Hartington and Goschen on their courage in "going to Ireland to insult the intelligence, and wound the feelings of the people, at a moment when the Government is filling the jails with its political opponents. The men of Ireland feel flattered by this visit from a dull-witted, but noble Lord, who condescends to address them, though he does not think them capable of governing themselves, and a Cabinet Minister who has made it his mission to assail them with reptile venom. It appears from Mr. Gooschen's speech in Manchester that he wishes the people to imitate "the

bull-dog tenacity of our fathers. With all his cleverness, Mr. Gooschen is making a great mistake in this matter. His father was a foreign Jew, and we feel certain that few Englishmen or Irishmen will care to imitate his habits."

THE Portland, Oregon, Daily News hits the nail right on the head in these words: "The telegrams report that the Tory Chamberlain, Fishery Commissioner to the United States, is guarded by a force of detectives, lest some harm shall come to him because of his hatred of Irishmen. He overestimates himself. There is no Irishman in the United States so mean, so wicked, and so despicable, as to waste even dirty water upon Chamberlain."

COMPULSORY voting is the latest advance in the direction of compelling citizens to do their duty. A bill has been prepared for introduction in the Maryland Legislature to make it obligatory on every qualified citizen to vote at every general election, with a fine of five dollars and costs in case of failure. Correct. Every man should do his duty.

THE rubber combine in this city, which has decided to raise the wholesale price of rubbers to one dollar, will give the public another illustration of the beauties of a fiscal system which makes them victims, without redress, to the extortionate manufacturers. Like Sinbad the Sailor, Canadians have taken the Old Man of the Sea on their shoulders, and while he grows fat they grow lean. Perhaps they may console themselves with the reflection that

"The pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat."

BALFOURIAN brutality has again been exhibited in a way that would justify the bitterest retaliation. In T. P. Gill's cable letter to the N. Y. Tribune we read—

The most cruel act the Government has yet performed is the refusal to accept bail in Mr. Sheehy's case. The member for South Galway is not a man to run away, and the reason he asked to have bail accepted for him yesterday is that his wife is dangerously ill of scarlatina in Dublin, and he wanted to see her. Brutality could go no further.

If this sort of thing does not disgust all right feeling people in England we are greatly mistaken.

ENGLISH Tories are making much of the fact that Ireland is sending more meat to England at present than all the world combined. This speaks volumes for the industry of the Irish people under the greatest disadvantages. It reminds us, however, of the fact that in famine days American ships bringing food to the starving people of Ireland were met by English ships taking meat and provisions from Ireland to England. The people, robbed of what they had produced by the landlords, were left to starve, America, as usual, coming to their rescue. The fact jubilantly published by the Tories is only another proof of history repeating itself.

A LONDON correspondent writes that the promoter of the Conservative Home Rule Association profess themselves to be both pleased and astonished by the rapid and important response which has been made to their invitation for help from individual Conservatives opposed to the policy of coercion in Ireland. (One of the prime movers in this significant new departure of London Conservatism states to-day that more than two hundred active political workers in metropolitan constituencies, who have never previously opposed the measures of their party leaders, have orally or in writing, assured him of their sympathy, while the majority have given in their names as members of the association. Common cause is being made with similar organizations in the provinces.)

A cock and bull story, started by the Tory Morning Post, has been cabled to America and appears in the morning papers. It pretends to relate how certain Fenians had plotted to murder Hartington and Goschen, but "the plot miscarried owing to the watchfulness of the police." What wonderful fellows those police are? If the alleged Fenians really made up their minds to remove the Jew and Gentile mentioned, the funerals would have been ordered before the "watchful" police would have the first idea of what was intended. But it is no part of the Irish plan of campaign to murder anybody, something which cannot be said of the Salisbury ministry, which has deliberately adopted a policy of murder in Ireland. The God of justice and mercy will, in his own good time, call the murderers to account.

THE crisis in France has ended in a manner that must be highly satisfactory to all friends of the Republic. Sadi-Carnot is what is called a safe man, and his presence at the head of affairs will be a guarantee of a sound conservative policy. With the exception of a little street theatricals by cranks of the Louise Michel stripe Paris was fairly quiet during the crisis. The chambers acted with dignity and the people with calmness. Frenchmen have evidently learned to regard the revolutionary monster with distrust and to rely on the civil law. The events of the last few days will do much to redeem the French people from the charge of turbulence and fickleness made against them by the friends of reaction.

A FEW months ago we recorded the gratifying fact of the presentation of white gloves to Mr. Justice Holmes when he took his seat for the first time on the Bench at Drogheda. An ardent advocate of the Crimes Act, he had in his own person a proof of the scarcity of crime in Ireland. Now comes County Court Judge Kibbey, who has only been on the Bench a few months, and at Drogheda he had to confess—it was hardly fair to the Chief Secretary—that he had got white gloves three times. Here is what Judge Kibbey said to the Grand Jury at Drogheda: "I am happy to be able again to congratulate you on the complete absence of crime from

this part of the country. This is the third time I have here and had the same pleasing duty to say the same remarkable words. And yet Drogheda is in a proclaimed district.

By appointing Hugh MacMahon, Q.C., an Irish Catholic Liberal, he seat on the Ontario bench vacant by the lamented death of Judge O'Connor, Sir John Macdonald deserves commendation. No better selection could have been made. Mr. MacMahon is a representative of the young Irish Canadian generation, and a gentleman of the highest legal standing. Were he in Ireland he would in all likelihood be put in jail for daring to be an able and honest man; but, being in a free country, he is made a judge, as he ought to be. And so the Irish, wherever they get a chance, rise to the top of the heap. Mr. MacMahon's appointment is less owing to Sir John's generosity in acknowledging Irish claims than to the fact that he dare not disregard them.

POSSIBLY the Fisheries Commission may be able to patch up some sort of a temporary arrangement, but nobody expects that any permanent result will be reached. This view is founded on the attitude of parties in the States in regard to the presidential election, the unwillingness of the Canadian Government to accept unrestricted reciprocity and the avowed hostility of the Chief British Commissioner to any settlement which would unite Canada with the Republic commercially to the exclusion of England. What the nature of the arrangement may be, nobody can tell, but it must take some form of reciprocity, or it will not be accepted. Every body now sees that the question can only be settled on the broad basis of unrestricted reciprocity, and we can only regret that British selfishness and Canadian misrepresentation will delay to the great loss of Canada the only and inevitable solution of the questions at issue between us and our neighbors.

THE present occupants of Dublin Castle will go down to history, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, as an executive of unequalled meanness. Cold-blooded and tyrannical they are; reckless with regard to bloodshed they have on several occasions proved themselves; but the great characteristic of their mode of governing is petty persecution. They are as little able to understand manliness and dignity as fair play. The contumely which they have sought to heap on Mr. O'Brien, the theft of his clothes, and the harshness displayed towards a gentleman of refined tastes and delicate organism who is on the verge of consumption, if not actually in its grasp, are exhibitions of little-mindedness and cruelty which we did not expect to witness in this age. But the atmosphere of Dublin Castle is impure; and as it impregnates the whole system of those who move in it, Mr. Balfour and his satellites, probably do not perceive how disgracefully they are acting.

AN Italian-American, of Chicago, disputes the claim made by an English orator in that city recently, that the United States is an Anglo-Saxon nation. Our readers are probably aware that Englishmen in the United States have suddenly of late made a great movement to become citizens of the Republic, in order, as one of their leaders said, "to offset the Irish vote." Mr. Palmieri, the Italian-American alluded to, strikes back at John Bulliam, as he calls it, in this style:—

Many remarkable assertions were indulged in by these Anglo-Saxons. Among them, and not the least false, I quote: "The causes which alienated Englishmen from their dear old home countries ago have disappeared." What causes does this orator allude to? Is it the cause of oppression, of aristocratic empire, of unjust discrimination against a section of English subjects, of abrogating the civil and natural prerogatives conferred by law upon the people, of throttling free press and speech, of imposing arbitrary and ignominious taxes upon the weak, of monopolizing (by capitalistic machinations) every available worldly value? If this English orator desires us to interpret his words in a purely English sense, I declare his assertion to be unhistorical and untrue. Our school boys know that from 1492 many nations contributed to form the famous revolt of 1776 (and not as this funny Anglo-Saxon tells us, "Englishmen only were alienated from their dear old home.") I make bold to state that had there been only English blood here in 1776 there would have been no revolt whatever. It is passing strange that these specimens of incoherent John Bulliam should, in the very face of facts of history, contemporary and immediate; of their present outrages upon the Irish and other subjects, should dare to make in public statements of the foregoing character. We are not more English here because we speak that language than were Chinese because we drink tea.

ONE of the barbarous survivals of the ages of ignorance is apothecaries' Latin, a medium by which very simple things are made to look grand, mysterious, and what is of more account, costly. It is therefore gratifying to learn that an effort is being made to do away with it and to substitute the popular vernacular. To German physicians we owe the inauguration of this reform. It is pointed out that countless mistakes, often fatal in result, may be attributed to the writing of prescriptions in Latin which druggists and drug clerks could not read or did not understand. Good plain English is the thing. And when the drug store Latin is done away with, the Troy Times suggests that the people tackle the villainous French that disfigures restaurant and hotel bills of fare, and often serves to disguise the real nature of the dishes and befoul the appetite of the eater. Let us have bills of fare in simple English, and restaurant and hotel patrons will be better for it. Hotel keepers generally are said to favor the change, a fact reflecting the good sense which characterizes them as a class.

AND so the Hon. Frank Smith has resigned his seat in Sir John's Cabinet. It will be remembered that he was the person who was more acceptable to the Orangemen, as an Irish Catholic minister of the Crown, than the Hon. John O'Donohoe. Without pausing to reflect on the curious fact that an Irish Catholic must have the approval of the sworn enemies of his faith before he can stretch his legs under the council table within the Tory Cabinet at Ottawa, we may briefly observe that Mr. Smith's retirement will not make the smallest difference politically or otherwise in the Tory party. Like Byron's lost mariner, he only makes a bubble and a groan while disappearing forever. Sir John's practice has been to select Irish representatives whom the Irish would never think of selecting. In this way he has always a stock Irishman or two on hand for use when party exigencies require. Hon. Frank was one of those, and being but a lay figure in the ministry he drops out without being missed. The reason given for his retirement is said to be because his connection, J. J. Foy, was not made a judge. Mr. Foy is a nice young man who won distinction in the U. E. Club of blessed memory, but hardly a person to be chosen for the bench in preference to Mr. Hugh MacMahon. If Sir John has lost a colleague and a henchman by selecting the best man for the judgeship, we must congratulate him on having for once in his life done the right thing and therefore deserving of our commendation.

HUMANITY shudders at the spectacle of the slow murder of William O'Brien by the myrmidons of the Tory Government. United Ireland sorrowfully says:—"They are killing William O'Brien in jail. Later on, we assume, when the mischief is done, he will be sent to the infirmary, and possibly when the three months is over he will be tossed out of jail with some life still left in him, but clutched tight in the

grip of hereditary disease, broken in the power and spirit, to totter down to an early grave. It is time for plain speaking. Those who know the inner history of O'Brien's life know this: that brothers and sisters dropped off from his side, killed by consumption, until he was left alone in the world. His mother died when he was a prisoner in Kilmatinham. Many years ago the disease laid a strong hand upon himself, and it was by a flight into Egypt that his life was preserved. Since then his life, with its hardship and exposure, has been a miracle to his doctor. But the germ of the deadly disease were sleeping and not dead, and who can doubt they will wake and stir to active and terrible life under the stimulating influence of the paved cell, the plank bed and the punishment regimens of bread and water? William O'Brien is being murdered in Tallamore jail as surely as the police victims were murdered in Mitchellstown square, and Mr. Balfour may plume himself on both crimes."

THE way justice in Ireland is dispensed with is beautifully illustrated in the case of the magistrate Dillon who sentenced Mr. Blunt at Woodford. This lovely specimen of Dublin Castle judiciary lately tried several batches of prisoners ranging from little girls of eleven to old women of seventy-five, for meeting to express sympathy with a wretched neighbor whose few sheep were seized and carried off for one half year's arrears of rack-rent. At the same time, this very magistrate Dillon's name appears in the black list for a judgment of £2,000 marked against him. "It must be specially gratifying," United Ireland thinks, "to Mr. Dillon's feelings to hear the ultra-violent Crown Prosecutor vehemently denounce the profligate dishonesty of these people who actually refuse to pay their lawful debts, on the pitiful excuse that they have not got the money, and who must be harried by bailiffs, batoned by policemen, and imprisoned by the magistrates as an inadequate punishment for this heinous crime. Of course, Mr. Dillon has consolation in the fact that the prisoners owe about five pounds and he owes two thousand; but it must be hurtful to his sensitive soul to be even remotely associated with such dishonest and sordid scoundrels." However, he soothed his ruffled feelings by giving them a double dose of imprisonment.

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HE imagined a meeting of Parliament at Corfu, in the Ionian Island; the leading character, speaking in modern Greek, is an Englishman named William Ewart Gladstone. A few days later a congress is held at Florence. They are discussing Dante in the Italian tongue. Listen to that eloquent man; we have seen him before. He is an Englishman, and his name is William Ewart Gladstone. A few days later we are at Berlin. Who is that talking to Bismarck in his mother gutters? He is the distinguished English statesman whom we saw at Corfu and Florence, and his name is William Ewart Gladstone. The day following we are at a grand banquet in Paris. The Queen has been toasted. Who is that gentleman speaking faultless French, in response to the sentiment? Ah, we have seen him at Corfu, at Florence, at Berlin; his name is William Ewart Gladstone. He is now nearly seventy-eight, but in point of intellectual virility and capacity he is one of the youngest men in the political ranks of the world. "He began life as a Tory; but once you were a baby." He began in the cradle of Toryism; to-day he stands on the mountains of liberty and looks at a land that is far off.

POLITICS IN MANITOBA. It is not at all astonishing that a ministerial crisis should have arisen in Manitoba. Those who have watched the career of Mr. Norquay must have been astonished and amused with the facility with which he could change his opinions. A sort of political Viceroy of Bray, he was determined to be Premier of Manitoba no matter how public opinion might change. He has even been known to join the popular cry against his own administration and then go on complacently with the government as if he had been sustained by a popular vote of confidence. Throughout all his twistings and turnings, however, he appears to have had Bulwer Lytton's idea always before him:—"The greatest good for the greatest number, and the greatest number is number one." The only matter in which he appeared sincere was in the Quebec Conference.

THE present crisis in Manitoba is the result of Mr. Norquay's mismanagement of the railway policy of the province. It is alleged that he played false all through the Red River Valley Railway business. The history of that enterprise certainly reveals that he must have been either grossly incompetent or basely treacherous. Two letters, one published a few months ago and the other a few days ago, show Mr. Norquay in a very unfavorable light. The first, written by Mr. D. McArthur, of McArthur, Boyle & Allan, stated that that firm had made a responsible offer to take all the bonds of the R.R.V. Railway for 100%, that is for half a cent above par, an excellent figure under the circumstances. The offer was declined by the Norquay Government on the ground that it was not high enough. This letter was written in rebuttal of Mr. Norquay's statement that he never had received a bona fide offer for the bonds. The Winni-

peg-people of the Dominion, it was published and that in addition to Mr. McArthur's testimony it was seized of facts and knew that when Mr. Norquay stated that his government never had a real offer for the bonds he was guilty of deliberate and downright falsehood. Another circumstance that casts doubt on Mr. Norquay's good faith was his offer of the bonds of the Red River Valley Railway to Morton, Rose & Co., members of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who had been parties to every effort which had been made to prevent the construction of the road. Of course the London firm kept Norquay dangling as long as they could, in order to waste time, and finally refused to have anything to do with him. With this certificate of failure and discredit Mr. Norquay proceeded to New York, but the capitalists of that city would not look at his bonds since they had been rejected in England. He contrived, however, to waste several more months and at last returned to Winnipeg with his thumb in his mouth. Had he been employed by the C.P.R. he could not have more thoroughly served its interests.

THE second letter to which we allude was the one recently published by Mr. Leacock, M.P.E., a former supporter of the Norquay Government, in which he formulates a strong indictment against the Manitoba Ministers. He shows that the so-called Holt contract is illegal, because by the Act under which the contract was made it was stipulated that it was to be taken before last July. But that is not all. The petition which Mr. Leacock has addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor shows that \$256,000 worth of Provincial bonds have been handed over to Mann & Holt, the contractors of the Hudson Bay Railway, while the promised Hudson Bay Company's land grant warrants therefor have not been received by the Government. Mr. Leacock argues that in both these cases the Ministers have proceeded illegally—a very serious matter if it is considered that their action involves \$1,000,000 guaranteed by Provincial bonds. Mr. Leacock sums up the state of affairs by showing that the "Province is without resources, her cheques dishonored, her contractors unpaid, her credit gone, a condition strange to the Provinces of the Dominion, almost unknown in the history of the colonies of the Empire."

IT will thus be seen that there are very strong grounds for the demand which has been made for the immediate assembling of the Legislature. It was only on condition that it should be summoned at once should an emergency arise in connection with the road that the members consented to the adjournment. The latest report is, that owing to defections the Government is in a minority of one and is sure to be defeated on the assembling of the Legislature.

GLADSTONE'S PHILOSOPHY.

ALREADY William Ewart Gladstone looms up as one of the most commanding figures in the nineteenth century. It is doubtful if there is any character in all history to be compared to him if we regard the man in the full variety of his performances in statecraft and literature, the length of time he has stood in the blaze of public life and the extent of his attainments as a scholar. Dr. Parker, the successor of Beecher, speaking of him at Chicago, said:—

He imagined a meeting of Parliament at Corfu, in the Ionian Island; the leading character, speaking in modern Greek, is an Englishman named William Ewart Gladstone. A few days later a congress is held at Florence. They are discussing Dante in the Italian tongue. Listen to that eloquent man; we have seen him before. He is an Englishman, and his name is William Ewart Gladstone. A few days later we are at Berlin. Who is that talking to Bismarck in his mother gutters? He is the distinguished English statesman whom we saw at Corfu and Florence, and his name is William Ewart Gladstone. The day following we are at a grand banquet in Paris. The Queen has been toasted. Who is that gentleman speaking faultless French, in response to the sentiment? Ah, we have seen him at Corfu, at Florence, at Berlin; his name is William Ewart Gladstone. He is now nearly seventy-eight, but in point of intellectual virility and capacity he is one of the youngest men in the political ranks of the world. "He began life as a Tory; but once you were a baby." He began in the cradle of Toryism; to-day he stands on the mountains of liberty and looks at a land that is far off.

SO much for the personality of the man who has made the cause of Ireland his own and the cause of the Liberal party of Great Britain. What chiefly interests us at the present moment is the contribution he has made in the North American Review to the current philosophical literature of the day. In the article "Universitas Hominum; or, the Unity of History," Gladstone takes a comprehensive view of human history, which must strengthen all who read it in the belief of an over-ruling providence. He begins in a strain befitting one of his advanced age, and writes as a man "who must shortly quit the scene of life," but who has "an all lovable desire to suggest what may be of use to persons who have in prospect a longer tenure." He would "promote thrift and obviate waste in the matter of mental effort; what may help to invest thought with unity and method, to bring the various and separated movements of growing minds into relation with one another, and to give them their places as portions of the general scheme of life."

HERE surely we have a capable teacher; one whose wisdom commands our respect, and from whom, if from any man, we may learn the lesson of universal history. Taking his stand at once on the highest theistic conception of the destiny of man, he holds that "the plan of the world, material and moral, seen and unseen, is adjusted and subordinated to man and the fulfillment of his destinies, gift about, it is true, with speculative problems; which none ever solved, and perhaps none ever will, but yet in itself large, stirring,

profound and fruitful, so that we can in some degree understand why it is said that the little earth and what passes upon it may form a spectacle to men and angels; a lesson of wonder, of sympathy, and, it may be, of warning, to orders of being besides and beyond our own."

THE clue to the meaning of human history Mr. Gladstone finds in the attempts of the great poets of ancient times, to picture the ideal man, a character which was finally and forever established in the person of Christ. Taking another view, he shows us that in the world of action the human unity has variously figured as an idea in the eyes of towering ambition. The wars of those great empires, which have been termed prehistoric, appear to have been inspired by the design of universal dominion. The same idea is traced through the histories of Persia, Greece, Rome, the Holy Roman Empire. It reappears in France with the colossal figure and performance of Napoleon. The more recent course of history, Mr. Gladstone thinks, does not favor the notion of the reappearance of this idea in the military form.

BUT Mr. Gladstone continues, while the possibilities of a political unity have receded into the distance, there have been fragmentary manifestations, mixed and often questionable in their character, of an initiatory substitute for it in the collective action of the great European powers; and some real progress, favored by the new facilities of trade and communication, has been made towards a great unity of human consent, by the formation of a common judgment among civilized mankind under the name of the Law of Nations, upon many matters that touch the liberty, morality and well-being of man. The influence of the English speaking races on the progress of universality is an idea which Mr. Gladstone does not neglect. He then goes on to consider the attempts of Christian literature to fulfil the aspirations of the world for a type of unity and perfection, referring chiefly to Dante's "De Monarhia, which, "denying to the Church the right or capacity for property, gave spiritual power to the Pope and temporal power to the Emperor, each in theory independent of the other, each universal, and each established once for all to fulfill a charge coextensive with the estimated doctrines of the species." This brings Mr. Gladstone to a point in his review where he could have found the most perfect and universal proof of the principle with which he started in the Catholic Church—"A lesson of wonder, of sympathy, and it may be of warning to orders of being besides and beyond our own." But he evades it. Further on, however, he tells us that there is one scheme, and one only, which tends and has tended for eighteen centuries to centrality and universality, which carries on its forehead the notes of an imperial power; which is now felt at every point where human breath is drawn; which is far indeed from having accomplished its work, and which has within it partial and sometimes formidable signs of disintegration; but which holds the field, holds it with ever growing hope and effort, and holds it without a rival. That is the Christian scheme.

Pursuing this line of thought Mr. Gladstone finds unity of design in history upheld, not destroyed, by science. "As the mind of an individual, by the use of reflection, often traces one pervading scheme of education in the experiences of his life, so probably for the race, certainly for its great central work of design, which runs unbroken from Adam to our day, there has been and is a profound unity of scheme well described by the poet Tennyson:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages  
One increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened  
With the process of the suns."

In fulfilling this design all men have a place and a work to do, and each should perform his part to the best of his ability. "If only such be our desire," Mr. Gladstone says, in concluding this remarkable essay, "a compartment is ready to receive our effort in the framework made by the Eternal Workman; and all may contribute truly, though it may be infinitesimally to the accomplishment of His all-comprehending plan."

DR. AUBREY'S LECTURE.

AN intellectual treat of high order was enjoyed by those who attended Dr. Aubrey's lecture in Queen's Hall last night. The Doctor is a typical Englishman of the best class. Thoroughly in earnest, a lucid thinker, a calm, logical but withal a forcible speaker. He drove every argument home and clinched it in the style of a man who was conversant with the whole range of British politics and endowed with that spirit of fair play which has dominated the Liberal party under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Aubrey brought before his hearers a view of the struggle now going on in England for the removal of Irish disabilities so clear, so lucid and in such good taste, we only wish he could have been heard by thousands instead of hundreds. When we see Englishmen of Dr. Aubrey's ability and standing pleading for justice to Ireland before a Canadian audience, we can judge what a vast change has taken place of late years in the character of the Irish struggle. The spectacle fills us with the hope that we may live to see that struggle ended, and the long night of centuries replaced by a day full of joyful fruition when the peoples of the sister islands will be united in the bonds of mutual confidence and good will, no longer kept apart by a designing oligarchy, but cemented in resistance to every species of political and social tyranny.

JUDGE MACMAHON.

Hugh MacMahon, Q.C., recently appointed to the Ontario Bench, was born in Guelph in 1838, and when 20 years of age entered the office of Mr. Thomas (now Judge) Robertson, who was then practising in Dundas



Mr. Mercer and his critics. No spectacle could be more offensive to the general observer of provincial politics than the unvarying stream of venomous vilification of Mr. Mercer, which flows through the column of the French Conservative press without a day's interruption.

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with Ireland. The Chairman finally succeeded in showing that both the representatives of Parliament who were present were Home Rulers. The intelligence had the effect of restoring order, and Mr. Cremer resumed his address. He created a wild scene of enthusiasm by the declaration that both himself and Mr. Stewart, his companion, had voted for Home Rule, and that they were pledged to do it again.

At the conclusion of the speaking, Thomas P. Curley arose in the audience and, after a brief and ringing speech, offered the following as an additional resolution: Resolved, That we earnestly urge that the principles of arbitration be adopted by England and the settlement of the difficulties between that country and down-trodden Ireland, believing, as we do, that this method will result in a speedy correction of the shameful abuses that are being heaped upon defenseless Irish tenants under cover of the iniquitous Coercion law.

Every subscriber to either THE POST or TRUE WITNESS can have one of our excellent Litho. Pictures of "The Leading Home Rulers," by sending us one new subscriber to either paper and paying his own subscription in advance. Induce your friends to subscribe now.

LITERARY REVIEW. THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The Catholic World for December is predominantly a Papal Jubilee number. It opens with a poem on Leo XIII. by Mr. Maurice F. Egan, followed by an article on the same theme by Father Hecker.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. The December number of this excellent periodical opens with a frontispiece of Our Lady at Guadalupe, with a detailed description of the present shrine in Mexico, and its past history, by the Rev. Charles Croonersbergha, S. J.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. For December completes its 145th volume, in the 73rd year of its publication. The North American Review is the oldest monthly in the country. It has the largest circulation to-day of any review in the world, excepting, possibly, the Revue des Deux Mondes of Paris, which however is rather a popular magazine than a scholarly review.

ARBITRATION FOR IRELAND. During a visit of the English peace arbitration delegates to Camden, N. J., recently, they held a meeting to forward the principle of arbitration in the settlement of international disputes. Mr. Cremer, who represents one of the London districts in the House of Commons, addressed the meeting, explaining the mission which had called himself and fifteen colleagues to America.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. The December (Holiday) number of the English Illustrated Magazine promises to be an unusually attractive one. The full-page illustrations, of which there will be no less than fourteen, comprise: Portrait of Rembrandt, by himself; Potato Planting; Study of a Head, from a drawing by Sir Frederick Leighton, P. R. A.; Herons, from a drawing by Maude M. Clarke; St. Seneca Cove, Cornwall; Mrs. Yates as Medea; Fog Wofington as Mrs. Ford; Mrs. Abington, from the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds; David Garrick as Abel Druggier, from a drawing by Zoffany; The Poor Boys, from a drawing by Hugh Thomson; The Meet at an Inn, from a drawing by Hugh Thomson; Court-yard of the Church House, Salisbury; Crane Bridge, Salisbury; Old Lady, from a painting by Rembrandt. The illustrated articles include: The Sea of Galilee, by Laurence Oliphant; Ornithology at South Kensington, by R. Bowdler Sharpe; What Players Are They? by J. Fitzgerald Molloy, and Coaching Days and Coaching ways, by W. Outram Tristram. In fiction, the stories by Professor Minto, and the author of "John Herring," will be continued, and there will also be the first chapter of a new one by Mrs. Molesworth, under the title of "That Girl in Black." The number will also be enriched by poems from George Meredith and Sidney A. Alexander, and a continuation of H. D. Traill's clever monthly notes "Et Cetera."

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. The completion of the Eighteenth volume of the Magazine of American History, with its December issue, is an event of interest. These elegant volumes, elaborately indexed, are preserved by its subscribers in the choicest of bindings, and they constantly increase in value with age. It is the only magazine extant where back numbers are in as great demand as current ones. The contents of the holiday issue are most agreeably diversified. "Our Country Fifty Years Ago," by the editor, presents a series of quaint pictures from this country, together with incidents in connection with the journeyings of Lafayette in 1824 and 1825, not least among them is a graphic account of his entertainment by the fishermen of the oldest town in America, at the State in Schuykill. "Stephen A. Douglas and the Free Soilers," by A. W. Claiborn, is an informing and readable contribution; "Aaron Burr: A Study," by Charles H. Peck, is continued from the November number, and concluded; "The Apotheosis of the Platoon," is a thoughtful discussion of the labor question, by W. M. Dickson; "A Writ of Habeas Corpus," by General P. St. George Cooke, of Detroit, gives the reader new light concerning the movement of troops in New Mexico, in 1846; "Notes from Harvard College," by Rev. Henry O. Badger, furnishes interesting data touching upon the physical basis and intellectual life of Harvard; "The Treadmill in America," by Professor Oliver P. Hubbard, clears away some serious historical errors; the "Prototype of Leather-Stocking," by Henry H. Hurlbut, of Chicago, treats of one of Cooper's curious characters; and "Christmas," by Gilbert Nash, is an exquisite poem. In the Departments are numerous short contributions from eminent sources. "Baby Grace" is a sad little Christmas story in verse; and "Thanksgiving" is an amusing item of statistics. There is not a dull page between the covers of this superbly printed periodical. It is a specimen of typographic beauty that has no superior on this continent. The December is a strong, instructive, and delightful number. Price, \$5 a year. 743 Broadway, New York City.

BOOKLETS ARE TAKING THE PLACE OF CHRISTMAS CARDS. Frank E. Housh & Co., publishers of the dainty ragged edges booklets—the Song Series, report an immense sale. They seem to take all hearts; "Childhood Songs" for the children, "Love Songs" for the youths and maidens, "Mother Songs," and "Songs for the Night" for anybody, but particularly adapted for those long years. They are very pretty, and only 25 cents each. Direct to the publisher at Brattleboro, Vt., and they will be sent postpaid.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for December is in all its features a Christmas number. The leading article, "Christ-Ideals in American Art," by Wm. H. Ingersoll, gives occasion for the frontispiece, "The Boy Christ Disputing with the Doctors," engraved from a picture by Frank Moss; and a sculptured "Head of Christ," by Laurent Thompson, is reproduced in line engraving on the cover. The article is replete with descriptions and illustrations showing how painting, poetry, and sculpture have represented the ideal Christ. A very interesting account is also given of the origin and history of this ideal, which according to early tradition, may be traced to a portrait taken in the lifetime of Jesus. Drawing upon his ample fund of personal recollections, Charles Gayarré tells, with a wealth of anecdotes, how various means of amusement were provided for rich and poor fifty years ago, in a quarter of New Orleans that seems to have been devoted—at least in the holiday season—to the Genius of Pleasure. "Christmas in the Grand Army" is the story told by one of the surviving members of a society founded among our soldiers during the war. It is a touching tale of the sufferings of the soldiers, and the kindnesses of the women of the Grand Army. It is also a story of the heroism of the soldiers, and the kindnesses of the women of the Grand Army.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

It is Unusually Brief—He Deals with the Surplus Question—And Discusses Tariff Matters—A Further Communication Promised.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—Promises were made that the annual message of the President to Congress would be a lengthy communication, but the document submitted to the National Legislature to-day is unusually brief. It deals only with the question of the dangers arising from an increasing annual surplus of revenue and discussion of tariff matters. The President, however, concludes his Message with the significant statement that a brief history of the transactions of the Department of State since last year may furnish the occasion for a future communication. The President in opening his communication to Congress says: "You are confronted at the threshold of your legislative duties with a condition of the national finances which imperatively demands immediate and careful consideration. The amount of money annually exacted through the operation of present laws on the part of the people and the necessities of the people largely exceed the sum necessary to meet the expenses of the Government."

THE CONDITION OF OUR TREASURY is not altogether new; and it has more than once been submitted to the peoples representatives in Congress, who alone can apply a remedy, and yet the situation still continues with aggravated incidents more than ever pressing financial convulsion and widespread disaster. It will not do to neglect this situation, because its dangers are not so palpably imminent and apparent. They exist now in less certainly and await the unforeseen and unexpected condition which suddenly they will be precipitated upon us." The President refers to the annual growth of the surplus and the large sums taken from private circulation causing financial stringency and making necessary the purchase of bonds to relieve the necessities of business interests. He fears a recurrence of the late trouble, which is measurably beyond the aid of Treasury intervention, as there are not funds outstanding the payment of which the Treasury has the right to insist upon; and the Government can only intervene by bidding in the open market for its bonds and paying the holders a premium to release them. The President deprecates various expedients for placing the surplus revenue in circulation, especially of making

EXTRAVAGANT APPROPRIATIONS, as stimulating a habit of reckless improvidence, inconsistent with the mission of the people and the high and beneficial purposes of the Government. The President then goes on to say: "If the results from the continued inaction of Congress, the responsibility rests where it belongs. Though the situation thus far considered is fraught with danger which should be fully realized, and though it presents features of wrong to the people as well as peril to the country, it is but a result growing out of a perfectly palpable and apparent cause, constantly reproducing the same alarming circumstances—a congested National Treasury and a depleted gold circulation in the business of the country. It need hardly be stated that the present situation demands a remedy we can only save from a like predicament in the future by the removal of its cause. Our scheme of taxation, by means of which this needless surplus is taken from the people and put into the public treasury, consists of a tariff or duty levied upon importations from abroad and internal revenue taxes levied upon the consumption of tobacco and spirits, the manufacture of which has been conceded that none of the things subjected to internal revenue taxation are, strictly speaking, necessities; there appears to be

NO JUST COMPLAINT of this taxation by the consumers of these articles, and there seems to be nothing so well able to bear the burden of taxation as the portion of the people. But our present tariff law, the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended. These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty, by precisely the sum paid for such duties. Thus the amount of the duty measures the tax paid by the consumer, and the price he pays for the article is increased by the amount of the duty. However, as the duties now levied upon foreign goods and products are called protection to these home manufactures because they render it possible for those of our people who are manufacturers to make these taxed articles and sell them for a price equal to that demanded for the imported goods that have paid customs duty. So it happens that the comparatively few who import the articles, pay the duty, and

MILLIONS OF OUR PEOPLE, who never use and never saw any of the foreign products, pay the duty, and thus the price of the goods made in this country, and pay the duty, is increased by the amount of the duty. The duty adds to the imported articles. Those who buy imports pay the duty charged thereon into the public treasury, but the great majority of our citizens, who buy domestic articles of the same class, pay a sum at least approximately equal to this duty to the home manufacturer. The President, continuing the discussion of tariff readjustment, says: "Relief from the hardships and dangers of our present tariff laws should be devised with special precautions against impeding the existence of our manufacturing interest; but this existence should not mean a condition which, without regard to the public welfare or a national exigency, must always ensure a moderate but immense profit instead of moderately profitable business. It is also said," writes the President, "that the increase in the price of domestic manufactures resulting from the present tariff is necessary, in order that

HIGHER WAGES MAY BE PAID to our workmen employed in manufacturing than are paid for what is called the pauper labor of Europe. According to the latest census, 3,337,112 persons are employed in manufacturing and mining, and of these 2,923,059 are engaged in manufacturing industries, and are claimed to be benefited by high tariff. To these the appeal is made to save their employment and maintain their wages by resisting a change, and yet with slight reflection they will not overlook the fact that they are consumers with the rest; that they, too, have their own wants and those of their families to supply from their earnings, and that the price of the necessities of life as well as the amount of their wages will regulate the measure of their welfare and comfort, but

THE REDUCTION OF TAXATION demanded should be so measured as not to necessitate or justify either the loss of employment by the workman nor the lessening of his wages, and the profits still remaining to the manufacturer after a necessary readjustment should furnish no excuse for the sacrifice of the interests of his employe, either in their opportunity to work or in the diminution of their compensation, nor can the worker in manufacturing feel that he is to be benefited by a high tariff if it is claimed to be necessary to allow the payment of remunerative wages, it certainly results in a very large increase in the price of nearly all sorts of manufactures, which in almost countless forms he needs for the use of himself and family. He receives at the desk of his employer his wages, and perhaps before he reaches his home is obliged in a purchase which embraces his own labor to return in the payment of the increase of price which the tariff permits the hard earned compensation of

aining the present situation and he is told that a high duty on imported wool is necessary for the benefit of those who have sheep to shear in order that the price of their wool may be increased. They of course are not reminded that the farmer who has no sheep is by this scheme obliged in his purchases of clothing and woolen goods to pay a tribute to his fellow farmer as well as to the manufacturer and merchant; nor is any mention made of the fact that the sheep owners themselves and their households must wear clothing and use other articles manufactured from the wool they sell at tariff prices, and thus as consumers must return their share of

THIS INCREASED PRICE to the tradesman. When the number of farmers engaged in wool raising is compared with all the farmers in the country and the small proportion they bear to our population is considered; when it is made apparent that in the case of a large part of those who own sheep the benefit of the present tariff on wool is illusory; and when it is made apparent that the sheep owners concede that the increase of the cost of living caused by such tariff becomes a burden upon those with moderate means, and the poor, the unemployed and the sick and well, and the young and old, and that it constitutes a tax which with relentless grasp is fastened upon the clothing of every man, woman and child in the land—reasons are suggested that the removal or reduction of this duty should be included in a revision of our tariff laws. Our progress toward

A WISE CONCLUSION will not be improved by dwelling upon the cries of protection and free trade. This saves too much of bandying epithets; it is a condition which confronts us, not a theory. Relief from this condition may involve a slight reduction of the advantages which we award our home productions, but the entire withdrawal of such advantages should not be contemplated. The question of free trade is absolutely irrelevant; and the sheep owners' claims in certain quarters that all efforts to relieve the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation are schemes of so-called free traders, is mischievous and far removed from any consideration for the public good.

THE SIMPLE AND PLAIN DUTY which we owe the people is to reduce taxation to the necessary expenses of an economical operation of the Government, and to return to the business of the country the money which we hold in the treasury through the perversion of Governmental power. These things can and should be done with safety to all our industries, without danger to the opportunity of remunerative labor which our workmen need, and with benefit to them and all our people by cheapening their means of subsistence and increasing the measure of their comforts.

TARIFF CHANGES. SOME IMPORTANT DECISIONS GIVEN BY THE MINISTER OF CUSTOMS. OTTAWA, Dec. 4.—The following tariff decisions have been given by the Minister of Customs during the month of November just closed:— Automatic bell-ringers, 20 per cent. Artificial olizarine composition, 20 per cent. Belt dressing, prepared grease, 20 per cent. Bank notes, unissued, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent ad valorem. Balm and shoe dressing, as blacking, 30 per cent. Balsam twigs or leaves in a natural state, 20 per cent. Bay rum, to be rated under items Nos. 428 and 429. Cotton and jute tapestry, 26 per cent. Cashmere do. mans. jackets and mufflers, hemmed, 10 cents per pound and 25 per cent; and cashmere mufflers, unhemmed, 7 1/2 cents per pound and 20 per cent ad valorem. Embossed paper, extra heavy, for cracked and damaged walls, 35 per cent. Embossed iron hollow ware, 30 per cent. Felt boots, wholly of felt, or clothing, 10c per pound and 25 per cent ad valorem. Fly paper, 35 per cent. Finger bars and reaper and mower bars, 15 per cent. Fire clay, gas retorts, 20 per cent. German spirits and nitrous ether, sweet nitre, 52 per cent and 10 per cent ad valorem. Galvanized sheet iron, No. 20 gauge, 30 per cent. Hickory spokes, ring turned, not tenanted, mitered threaded, face sized, cut to lengths, round tenanted or polished, free. Linen coats, 35 per cent. Muffs and satchels combined with clasps etc., 10 cents each, and 30 per cent. Mosquitoes, fitted, or value under tariff items Nos. 511, 512 and 513. Photographs, mounted or not, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent ad valorem. Paper seed bags, illustrated, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent ad valorem. Putty palette, glaziers' hacking knives and table and butcher's steels, 30 per cent. Picture nails, 30 per cent. Shiraz, of cotton and hemp, 35 per cent. Stove polish, not to include stove varnish, 25 per cent. Tin tags for plug tobacco, 25 per cent. Tinned open spuns, 30 per cent. Trench cloth, 5 cents per square yard and 15 per cent. Tin tobacco boxes, 25 per cent. Vegetable fibre, twisted for convenience in transportation, free. Woollen Italian skirts, 10 cents per pound and 25 per cent. Wood rapha, wood alcohol, \$1.30 per imperial gallon. Worsted ficine and window blind cord, 30 per cent. Waxed or oil paper, 25 per cent.

A NEW LINE. SHEPPHURD, Que., Dec. 3.—On Friday afternoon last the newly completed line of the Dominion Lime and Railway Company was inspected by Mr. Thomas Ridout, C. B., Dominion Government Inspector of Railways. Amongst those present on the special train which took the party over the line of the Quebec Central Railway to the junction were: Mr. W. B. Ives, M. P., R. N. Hall, M. P., J. R. Woodard, Wm. Angus, F. E. Beck, D. E. McFay, T. J. Buck and others. The new line of road, which, as far as completed, is five miles in length, runs from Bishop's crossing, on the Quebec Central railway, to the works of the Dominion Lime company, thence to the works of the Dudwell Lime and Marble company. From this point it is intended to continue the line through to Arthabaska and there connect with the Grand Trunk system. When entirely completed it will prove a most valuable addition to the railway facilities of this section of country. The road, which is well ballasted throughout and laid with 56 lb. steel rails, was built during the last summer by Messrs. Gordon & Loomis, contractors, under the supervision of Mr. J. T. Morkill, C. E.

PUT TO AN END. THE CASE OF PROSECUTING THE RED RIVER RAILWAY FALLS THROUGH. WINNIPEG, Dec. 3.—The joint committee of the city council, board of trade, and citizens who undertook to raise \$300,000 for the prosecution of the Red River Valley Railway met last night and after a long discussion passed the following resolution, which emphatically puts an end to any further operations for the present: Resolved, That the amended contract with slight modifications would have been approved by this committee, but that owing to recent and unexplained developments in connection with the Government's transactions with Mr. Holt and the Hudson's Bay Railway, having so materially shaken confidence in their good faith, and also in view of the lateness of the season and the reported early calling together of the provincial legislature, the committee does not feel that at the present time they can recommend the furnishing of the funds required.—(Signed) R. T. Riley, J. H. Brock, L. M. Jones, J. H. Ashdown, Frank S. Nutt.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—As winter advances and the weather becomes more and more inclement and trying, the earliest evidence of ill-health must be immediately checked, and removed, or a slight illness may result in a serious malady. Relaxed and sore throat, quins, influenza, chronic cough, bronchitis, and most other pulmonary affections will be relieved by rubbing this cooling Ointment into the skin as nearly as practicable to the seat of mischief. This treatment, simple yet effective, is admirably adapted for the removal of these diseases during infancy and youth. Old asthmatic invalids will derive marvellous relief from the use of Holloway's remedies, which have wonderfully relieved many such sufferers, and re-established health after every other means had signally failed.

gent, Wm. Hespeler, G. F. Carruthers, W. W. Watson, D. MacArthur, A. McDonald. The result was not unexpected and caused no great surprise.

"SECTIONALISM IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS."

To the Editor of THE POST: SIR,—Your article in yesterday's Post, under the above heading, will be gratefully read by very many parents and pupils. It is to be hoped that the temperate language in which it is dressed, and the sound philosophical advice it conveys to both the principals and teachers of our Catholic public schools, will be gratefully acknowledged, seriously considered, and put into immediate execution. If not, the results may be as serious as your predictions. Intelligent and well-meaning people take upon themselves to say that there is only one effective and radical cure for the abnormal disease you have so pithily described, viz., a separate and distinct Catholic English Board. For one I do not advocate such a radical change, as it would partake too much of the very prejudice you are combating in our public servants—for what are these men—principals and teachers—but public servants. Still something must be done to abate, if not entirely eradicate the evil complained of, the sooner the better. I have heard of a teacher in one of our schools—I beg pardon, I should say professor, who makes it a point to play the wit, or rather, I conceive, the buffoon with the children of our Jewish neighbors, if one of those unfortunates has the honor of becoming a pupil of his: He will not be long a member of this exquisite gentleman's class, till he receives a homily, ending with the significant peroration: "The Jews crucified our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." I have also heard of another exquisite, among these exquisite, this time a principal, who has as great a horror for a bit of green in a boy's buttonhole as a gobler has for a red handkerchief, or a bovine for a red cloak; in fact, so abhorrent does the shamrock or bit of green ribbon become to this gentleman's taste, about St. Patrick's eve, that he has been known to tear it from the breast of his pupils and irreverently trample it under foot in the class room with true orthodox Patriotic phobia. The rage he evinces on such occasions would warm the hearts of those caustic colored gentlemen (as Dr. Aubrey calls the Orangemen), were they spectators. These are only solitary instances I have heard of, from my own and other children attending the Catholic public schools, of the rude prejudices displayed in the class room by both principals and teachers. Many English-speaking ladies do not attend the distribution of prizes and other public scenes, owing to the discourteous conduct of leaving them in the background, while others of a different nationality are most carefully seated and assiduously attended to. Enough for the present, I have said I would not advocate a division of the Board into distinct French and English boards; but I would advocate such a change therein as would give us representative, qualified and willing to cope with, and still, all race prejudices in the composition of their public servants. Unfortunately, we never had such men, nor are we likely to, until the people have the selection of their own representatives on the Board. The Government and Corporation are not the bodies to entrust with such an important function as the naming and appointing of our Catholic School Commissioners. It remains in the electors' hands to change this abnormal state of things, and the sooner they see to it the better for the status of our educational system.

ANTI-PREJUDICE. Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1887. THE CANADIAN AMATEURS OF CORNWALL HOLD A CONCERT IN AID OF THEIR CHURCH. (Special Correspondence.) The Cercle St. Jean Baptiste of the parish of the Nativity of Cornwall, which was founded some two years ago by the Rev. J. J. Kelly, has already made admirable progress in dramatic and literary pursuits. In truth, to say nothing has been neglected on the part of the young men in procuring for their promising society everything necessary for its vitality. The most careful and principally given birth to that the young men, together with their respective ladies to cultivate the same, by reading of interesting books and useful journals, with which they are being provided, as well as by declamations and public recitations of select compositions. The society also affords various other amusements which are in full keeping with the tastes of young men. But the special object of the infant society is to hold dramatic, tragical and comic entertainments, and returns of which their director, Rev. J. J. Kelly, will utilize in furnishing the vestry with the necessary ornaments required for Divine worship, and at the same time help to swell the funds of the new French church now under course of erection in East Cornwall. Friday evening, December 2, at an early hour the citizens of the lovely town of Cornwall could be seen in hundreds eagerly awaiting their way to the spacious Music Hall to assist at the first French concert to be given by the young amateurs. The subject to be discussed was a beautiful drama in three acts entitled, "Vildar," which was ably rendered by the comedians, who names are as follows:—"Count Vildar," H. Rowler; "Vildar, the Count's son," Ulrich Coté; "Adolphus, son of Vildar," E. Dumais; "Bernard," B. Baugry; "William, the Count's old valet," S. L. Gway; "Zozo, peasant," H. Rowler; "Brule-Moustache, Sergeant," H. Boffean; "Dandinnet," E. Charboneau. Honor and praise are due to the young actors for the ability each one displayed in the rendition of the parts assigned. Between the acts, Mr. S. J. O'Callaghan, the highly appreciated Mayor of Cornwall, entertained the audience with a few of his choice Irish songs. Mr. O'Callaghan had received a special invitation from the Rev. director for the happy occasion. The powerful orchestra of St. C. Columban's, under the able leadership of S. C. Clark, discoursed a number of selections which were listened to with wrapt attention by the audience. The concert being over, was brought to a close by a laughable farce, "Le Descepend de Jorisc" or the Pollies of a Day." The comicality of this part elicited continual outbursts of laughter from the joyous spectators. The numerous audience dispersed to their homes, hoping the Amateurs would soon again call them to spend another pleasant time.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—As winter advances and the weather becomes more and more inclement and trying, the earliest evidence of ill-health must be immediately checked, and removed, or a slight illness may result in a serious malady. Relaxed and sore throat, quins, influenza, chronic cough, bronchitis, and most other pulmonary affections will be relieved by rubbing this cooling Ointment into the skin as nearly as practicable to the seat of mischief. This treatment, simple yet effective, is admirably adapted for the removal of these diseases during infancy and youth. Old asthmatic invalids will derive marvellous relief from the use of Holloway's remedies, which have wonderfully relieved many such sufferers, and re-established health after every other means had signally failed.



DR. AUBREY

Gives an Englishman's Views on the Irish Question.

Lecture in Queen's Hall—A Splendid Exposition of Gladstone's Policy.

As foreshadowed, a large, influential and enthusiastic audience greeted Dr. Aubrey on his appearance in the Queen's Hall on Tuesday evening last.

THE LECTURE.

Dr. Aubrey upon coming forward to address the audience was received with loud and long continued applause, and succeeded in holding his audience spellbound during the whole period of his lecture, which lasted for upwards of an hour and a half.

officials of the Castle, who controlled the Lord Lieutenant. He spoke of the whole Irish question as a terrible Sphinx-like enigma, but was firmly of the belief that the modern (Edipus who was to solve the riddle was Gladstone. (Loud applause.)

THE UNIONIST MEETING.

The Course of Irish Politics.

Mr. Dillon Speaks at Plymouth—O'Brien Heard From—Imprisoned for Selling "United Ireland."

DUBLIN, Nov. 30.—Mr. Goschen spoke after Lord Hartington at the Unionist demonstration last night, and was received with prolonged cheering.

Referring to the challenge of the Freeman's Journal, he invited the reporters of that paper, who were present, to note and report carefully his words.

deepest regret to many of us that we believe that a vast portion of the people of this country never have an opportunity of seeing any papers except those advocating disloyalty and separation.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—Mr. Dillon, speaking at Plymouth to-night, sharply criticized the Unionist meeting in Dublin.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—Mr. O'Brien, in a letter smuggled from Tullamore jail to a friend in Dublin, says: "The substance of Mr. Balfour's statement that I pleaded weak action of the heart and delictable condition of the lungs as an excuse for not being forced to wear convict clothes is a cruel falsehood."

A news vendor at Killybegs has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for selling copies of United Ireland containing reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League.

Intellectual tastes, as they are called, are curiously wayward. It is rarely that a son follows in his father's track; still rarer is it to find two brothers pursuing the same studies and seeking distinction in the same way.

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS. Mrs. Robert Williamson, of Glenis, Parry Sound, Ont., says: "I could not keep house without Hagar's Yellow Oil at hand."

THE OWNER CAME TO THE DOOR. [From the Omaha World] New Spirit—Who are you? Trumpet-tongued Angel—I am Fortune.

WILL POSITIVELY CURE SICK HEADACHE. HEADACHE, Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. Small price. Small pill. Small dose. Small price.

THE COPTIC CHURCH. Some Protestants are very fond of appealing to primitive Christianity, thinking that they can draw from that armory weapons against the Catholic Church.

A LUCKY COAL MINER IN PUEBLO, CO. Mr. Albert Evans, of Rockvale, was at the Victoria. He purchased one-tenth of ticket No. 61,503 in the September drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery for one dollar.

EDUCATION.

Thoughts Addressed to Parents and Teachers on the Education of Youth—Consequences which have resulted from Ignorance of the Connection between the Mind and Body—The Best Minds not Produced by Early Mental Culture.

By W. McK.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—Teachers of youth in general appear to think that in exercising their mind they are exercising something totally independent of the body—some mysterious entity, whose operations do not require any corporeal assistance.

As references has just been made to books for children, it seems a fitting opportunity to enlarge a little upon this subject. There is an exceedingly abundant supply of books for children, and yet many of them are of a quality that is not only unprofitable, but actually injurious.

But apart from the injury which such books produce, by too early exciting the minds and feelings of children, many of them are very objectionable on account of the nonsense and falsehoods which they contain.

The method for teaching little children varies in different schools; but it is everywhere considered the best which forces the infant mind to the fastest.

Now of all these methods, if there is any preference, it should be given to the first; for that is the least objectionable which has the least tendency to develop the mind, and awaken the passions prematurely.

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Montreal, Nov. 24, 1887. (To be continued.)

THE FATE. BY BRIT HARTLE.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare! The spray of the tempest is white in air! The winds are out with the waves at play, And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea, And the hunters came from the chases in glee, And the town that was built upon a rock Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

An Elegant Christmas Present.

SILK AND SATIN RIBBONS FREE LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU!



A new gift for the ladies. Save each lady a dollar and send her a box of the very best ribbons of America.

stock of Silk and Satin Ribbons. The largest of these ribbons, which imported the finest goods.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY.

Under the Patronage of Rev. Father Labelle. Established in 1864, under the Act of Quebec.

CLASS D—Drawing Third Wednesday of every month.

The Seventh Monthly Drawing will take place on WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21, 1887, At 2 o'clock p.m.

PRIZES VALUE, \$60,000.00

Table with 2 columns: Prizes Value and Real Estate worth. Includes items like Real Estate worth \$5,000, 10 Building Lots in Montreal, 15 Bed-rooms or Drawing-rooms, Suites to choice, 20 Gold Watches, 1000 Silver Watches, 1000 Gold do.

TICKETS - \$1.00

SECOND SERIES.

Table with 2 columns: Prizes Value and Real Estate worth. Includes items like 1 Real Estate worth \$1,000, 2 Real Estates worth 500, 4 Threshing Machines worth 250, 50 Gold Chains worth 20, 1000 Toilet Sets worth 5.

1057 Prizes - Value, \$10,000

TICKETS - 25 CENTS.

S. E. LEFEBVRE Secretary, 19 St. James Street, MONTREAL.



CURE SICK HEADACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to bilious states of the stomach, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

SICK HEADACHE

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, which they cure by clearing all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.

ACHE

ache they would have almost precipitated to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find this little pill valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them.

HEADACHE

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CARTER'S MEDICINE CO., New York City.



THE REPTILE SLANDER. "Why, this is my friend," I said, "of whom I am fond and proud. This is my friend, who's a good name, you say, rests under a cloud."

A GOOD IRISHMAN. THE PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. [From North and South.] Amongst the orators and patriots of the Union period the name of William Cunningham Plunket will always hold a high and honorable place.

NEWS FROM IRELAND. DUBLIN, Dec. 1.—Edward Harrington, M.P., was arrested to-day at Tralee for publishing in his newspaper reports of the proceedings of suppressed branches of the league throughout Kerry.

DE ROULEDUE ARRESTED AND RELEASED. When M. de Roulede left the Chamber he proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, followed by a large crowd of people, whom he harangued, calling for cheers for M. Grevy.

DIAMOND DYES. FOR SILK, WOOL, COTTON, and all Fabrics and Fancy Articles. Remember, these are the only Pure, Harmless and Unadulterated Dyes.

THE ORISIS IN FRANCE. Great Excitement in Paris—Troops Charge on the Mob. PARIS, December 1.—President Grevy changed his mind and did not resign to-day. He announced his decision to the ministers this forenoon and said he would not have any communication to make to the chamber to-day, believing that public opinion was now in his favor, and that he could count on the support of the Chamber of Deputies.

FARMERS OF ENGLAND WANT PROTECTION. LONDON, Dec. 2.—The generally satisfactory outcome of recent shipments of North-eastern cattle is giving rise to much discussion about the future supplies of the British market.

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FEELING IN THE SENATE. PARIS, Dec. 1.—Midnight.—The boulevards are calm. The Municipal Court is sitting with closed doors.

BISHOP CLEARY SPEAKS. Bishop Cleary will leave for Rome in a few weeks. He has appointed Mr. Farrelly, of Belleville, administrator. In reply to his petition, the Bishop speaks of the late difficulties with the Kingston school board.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

SULLIVAN'S APPLICATION OPPOSED. DUBLIN, Dec. 1.—Lord Mayor Sullivan has applied for an adjournment until Monday of his second trial for printing reports of a meeting of the suppressed branches of the League in the Nation. The Crown opposes an adjournment.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla. The Great Purifier of the Blood and Humors. WILSON'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND PHOSPHATES OF LIME, SODA, IRON.

Pierce's Pleasant Little Cough Syrup. The Original Pleasant Little Cough Syrup. Beware of imitations. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Peppermint, or Little Sugar-Coated Pills.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Will cure or relieve. Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Jaundice, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Headache, Dizziness, Dropsy, Fluttering of the Heart, Acidity of the Stomach, Dryness of the Skin.

McShane Bell Foundry. Buckeye Bell Foundry. Cincinnati Bell Foundry. Successors in Gunner Belts to the Blymyer Manufacturing Co.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000. L.S.L. Louisiana State Lottery Company.

GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000. 100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

REMEMBER. That the presence of Generals in charge of the drawings is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity. The chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

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.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine Bank Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life. These Famous Pills Purify the BLOOD, and most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS & BOWELS.

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

Table listing ship names, tonnage, and commanders for the Allan Line. Includes ships like Acadia, Asyrian, Austrian, Buenos Ayroon, Canadian, Carthagenian, etc.

GLASGOW LINE. The Glasgow Line is intended to be despatched regularly from Glasgow for Boston (via Halifax when ocean requires), and regularly from Boston to Glasgow.

THROUGH BILLS OF LADING. Granted to Liverpool and Glasgow, and at all 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.

Burlington Route PEORIA OR ST. LOUIS EXCURSIONS. CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS. DENVER, COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA, ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON OR KANSAS CITY.



