Rosanne.

Towards seven o'clock on a summer evening in July, Rosanne should have been helping her mistress in the dairy, instead of which she was sitting under the shadow of the big water barrel at the kitchen door and writing to her sweetheart. She wrote to tell him how she had been given leave to go home next Sunday, and she did not stop to consider that she was at this very moment risking the loss of her holiday, by getting into disgrace for neglect of duty. But it was not Rosanne's way to think of more than one thing at a time, so as it occurred to her that John Gahan, who had called about the loan of a hay shaker, might post a letter for her as he went home, she acted upon the idea without further reflection. She had her paper spread out on the barrel stand, and craned her curly head over it at unlikely angles as she enjoined Dan McClean to meet her at Hunt's, in Kilbracken, where the gig would drop her next Saturday evening.

Meanwhile the dairy work had been going on well enough without her. Mrs. Conroy had a pleased smile when she saw the ripe yellow cream curl smoothly up under her skimmer, and added it to the rich contents of her great wide-mouthed gathering-crock. She thought they would have a grand churning to-morrow, and at least a dozen pounds of butter for Saturday's fair. But when she had finished, she recollected that Rosanne should have been there to carry the pigs their supper of sour skim milk; and after calling her in vain several times, she sent little Ned to find her, and bid her come along out of that this instant. Ned delivered the message with the pithy addition: "She's raging;" and so in frightened haste Rosanne finished addressing her envelope with wild blots, and overset the ink bottle, and rushed away to fetch the bucket. When she reached the dairy she was relieved at finding nobody there to scold her, and, still hurry-driven, she filled her bucket and ran off with it across the yard. Rosanne rather liked seeing the pigs at their supper, they wriggled so all over with enjoyment, and she now leaned against the sty-door to watch them. She began to sing Norah Creina, but in the middle of the first verse she stopped abruptly. A frightful misgiving had suddenly seized her, come she knew not whence. She leaned forward and looked into the trough; she snatched up her bucket and examined it carefully; and then she perceived that she had indeed done a dreadful thing. In her haste she had emptied the wrong crock, and had thrown a week's gathering of cream to the pigs!

How dreadful it was she could estimate by the pride her mistress took in the row of rich, yellow-topped milk pans, the precautions with which she surrounded them, her wrath if any clumsiness imperiled them. What would that wrath be now? Rosanne made her mind up all in a minute not to face it. She would run away home. It was no such great distance across the fields; she might get there, she supposed, before it was quite dark. She thought her father would be glad to see her, and, if so, her stepmother must perforce acquiesce. But at all events there was Dan McClean, who would be certainly "as pleased as anythin'," and make much of her and take her part, whatever happened—Dan's stalwart frame held up the whole fabric of Rosanne's future. Beyond a doubt she had lost her chance of getting a holiday in any other way, she thought, as she raced at full speed back to the house. For she had no time to hesitate, as the discovery might at any moment prevent her flight. Luckily, almost everybody was out in the hayfield, and she got up to her attic unpreceived. There she collected her few most cherished possessions—the rest might be fetched afterwards—threw on her shawl and once more dared the creaking, clattering stairs and the passage that led by the awful dairy door. Fortune still favored her; she escaped all their perils and was presently scrambling through the gap in the briery hedge into the meadows at the back of the hay yard. She ran all the way through the first field, because she had such a vivid picture in her mind of what might be at that very minute happening within doors. She could almost see Mrs. Conroy's face as she stared into the empty cream crock and hear her terrible call, loud and peremptory! "Rosanne! Rosanne!" The mere thought of it made her scud along like a rabbit.

But at the end of the field she heard real voices, for the haymakers were returning to the house, so she slipped out of their way behind a smooth-sided haycock. When they passed she stole back to the foot path and on again. About Kilcrumlyn farm the land was all down in meadow, and the fields were bordered by thick bosky hedges. Tall cocks threw shadows nearly across some of them, and the interspaces were very goldenly green with fresh-springing aftergrass, under westering sunbeams. On others the newly-mown swaths still lay in the soft waves, and the shorn sward underneath was paler-hued, not having had time to thrust up any young blades since the sweep of the scythe went by. Along under the hedge the remnant of the meadow made a fringe with feathery crests, drooping and creamy plumes, tall stalks that unfurled white sunshades, and here and there a scarlet poppy. The drops of an early shower still twinkled beneath them, and Rosanne's crisp pink calico skirt grew limp and bedraggled as she brushed by. But she did not heed this, thereby, she wasn't sure that she much regarded—her new hat, with its wreaths of curious buff and crimson roses—rested safely on her head, and her head was full of preoccupying speculations. She began to think that perhaps, after all, no such harm was done. That is to say, it was, of course, a woful pity about the beautiful cream; but, for the matter of losing her place thereby, she wasn't sure that she wouldn't as lief as not quit being in service. And she thought it as like as not that when she came home this way Dan McClean would again take up the notion of their getting married after the harvest. That was what he had wanted to do in the spring, if her stepmother had not put it into everybody's head that it would be better for them to get together a few pounds before they set up housekeeping. Rosanne now said to herself that she did not see any occasion for it. She wondered, too, what sort of a girl Maggie Walsh, her stepsister, who had just come to live at home, was apt to be. She had a presentiment that there would be little love lost between them. However, that didn't much signify—by reason of Dan.

Through three or four fields Rosanne passed without meeting anything to interrupt these cogitations. Now and then the voices of home-going hay-makers were wafted over a hedge, and a belated corncrake was heard from a long way off faintly "creak-creaking." The shadows lengthened silently all about, and the sunlit interspaces seemed as they shrank to grow more jewel-like in their glinting gold on green. In a sheltering corner a large olive-mottled frog started up out of the tangled grass, and went flinging himself on before her in a long series of expanding leaps; but at last she almost trod on him as he stopped and sat suddenly squatting. At the same moment somebody called her name loudly close by: "Rosanne, Rosanne."

A flappy white sunbonnet was looking at her over a gate in a hedge a little way to the right; and in it she recognized her cousin, Martha Reilly, who lived near them at home. "And where might you be off to?" Martha said, as Rosanne came up to the gate, "and wid fine grandeur on you," she added, referring to the rose-wreathed hat.

"Sure I'm just streelin' about a bit," Rosanne said, with rather confused unconcern. She regretted the encounter, and was not at all disposed to confide in Martha, who had the name of being "the greatest ould gossip you'd meet in a long day's walk." "It's a fine warm evenin'," she continued, to account for her stroll.

"Warm enough, bedad," said Martha, "you might say so if it was in the hay you'd been. I come up yisterday to work above at Hilfirthy's, and I was manin to run over this evenin' and see you, only soothing delayed me. And what's the best good news wid you this long while?"

"I dunno is there any news in partic'lar, bad or good," said Rosanne, with a guilty "I could an I would" in her mind, as she thought of the pigs supper.

"Then you haven't heard tell about Dan McClean?" said Martha, suddenly craning her neck over the fopmost bar.

"What about him at all?" said Rosanne, with a great start.

"You haven't heard?" Martha repeated, in a half-incredulous tone.

"Can't you tell me?" said Rosanne.

"I'll come over to you—just wait!"—said Martha. She launched her pitch-fork across the gate, and began to scale its many bars with remarkable agility. She had scarcely flopped to the ground on Rosanne's side of it, before she said: "He's took up wid Maggie Walsh, that's what it is."

"Took up wid her?" said Rosanne, staring up stupidly at her cousin.

"Ay, bedad, and so he has," said Martha, "but it come to my knowledge only last Sunday. About gettin' married they are after the harvest—he and your stepmother's daughter. And he be all accounts as good as promised to you, Rosanne!"

"Who was telling you so? He never set eyes on her till she came home after Easter. Dan's no affair of mine. I don't believe any such thing," said Rosanne, rattling the rusty bolt of the padlocked gate.

"Sure they was all talkin about it after mass," said Martha, "and that evenin I taxed the young feller's comin home. Earnin' money for your mother wid it, and she didn't deny it. Och, Rosanne, but you was a fine fool to let your stepmother pack you off to service that-a-way, wid Maggie just self, bedad! 'Deed now, what notion she had in her mind's as plain to see as the seeds in a ripe gooseberry. Puttin you out of it was the way she'd have the chance of gettin young Dan for her own girl—and that's what she's after doin on you."

"She's welcome," said Rosanne, desperately.

"Och, that's just talkin', Rosanne," said Martha. "I was spakin about it to your father on Tuesday. I'd ha' thought he'd be none too well pleased, but he said nothin agin it. I suppose she had him persuaded, poor man. And Dan's mother was axin' me had I heard tell anythin about a young chap was coortin you up here. Mark my words, that's the story your stepmother's been puttin' into their heads. But I tould Mrs. McClean there wasn't a iotum of truth in it as far as I knew. And there isn't in coorse?" Martha said, glancing again rather suspiciously at the grand hat.

"Maybe there is, and maybe there isn't," said Rosanne, defiantly. "It's no affairs of anybody's. Let other people mind their own business, and I'll mind mine. And let them plase themselves—the pack of them—and they'll plase me. I dunno which of them's the greatest liar; but it's little I trouble meself about them. And it's time for me to be runnin back, or else I'll be too late. So good-night to you kindly—och, don't be delayin' me, you ould tormint!" Rosanne whisked the corner of her shawl out of Martha's detaining grasp, and ran away down the field. As she went she struck up Norah Creina, and sang it lustily as long as she thought herself within hearing; but her mind was not at all occupied with that gentle, bashful heroine. The sun had disappeared behind the rounded tops of Drumaree Wood while she talked to Martha, and the vivid lights had gone out among the haycocks and hedges. Everthing had grown dimly green, soft and cool, and when she left off singing, not a sound was to be heard. But her thoughts were traveling through the scorching, hissing, whirling chaos into which this thunder-bolt of tidings had shattered the world before her. Dan, and the little house of her own, and love and trust, and a fine wedding and the Aylesbury ducks Mrs. Conroy promised her, and her pride in old Tim Donagh's remark that she had got the best lad on the townland—all were swept away from her, and in their places seethed a flood of jealousy, rage and despair. As its first rush subsided, she recollected several things that seemed like disregarded warnings of Martha's news. She had wondered now and again that Dan had never managed to get over and see her between this and Easter; and then the last time old Biddy Doran from his place was up at the farm he hadn't sent e'er message by her at all. The reason was plain enough now. And with that, Rosanne bethought her of the letter which she had sent by John Gahan, and which might be delivered by this time. Perhaps Dan was at that minute of time laughing with Maggie Walsh over the suggestion that he should be wasting his evening streeling off to meet Rosanne Tierney at Kilbrackan. Cock her up. This possibility was the cruel little barb of mortification by which the crushing bulk of her misfortune caught hold of her mind, and she raged herself for having ignorantly wrought it.

To be Continued.

Westerfield Scare

By six o'clock my story had been told to the superintendent of police, who was called out of his bed on purpose to hear it. Thanks to the description I was able to give of the fellow, both he and his wife were arrested about a week later at Liverpool. The man proved to be a very notorious character, who was "wanted," for certain other offences against the law, perpetrated in the south of England. To him punishment was meted out in due course; but the woman was acquitted, and it is chiefly from her after-confession that I am enabled to supplement my own narrative with the following particulars.

The woman in question was a native of Westerfield, and had at one time been employed as housemaid at Standish, the seat of the Derome family. She had afterwards gone to London, where she had fallen in love with and married a worthless scamp, who in days gone by had been a gymnast in a circus, but had latterly taken to more dubious modes of earning a livelihood. At length the hue-and-cry after him became so hot that he determined to go into close hiding for some time to come. In this emergency his wife bethought herself of the vault of the Deromes in her native town as a likely spot where her husband could lie by till the heat of pursuit should have somewhat slackened. Her residence at Standish had made her acquainted with the existence of the vault, and she was aware that the big old-fashioned key always hung on a certain nail in the armory. Having been somewhat of a favorite with the housekeeper at Standish, it seemed only natural, when she returned to Westerfield—where she gave herself out as a widow—that she should go up to the Hall to pay her respects to that personage. The opportunity was utilised by her for purloining the key, which a second visit, made on some pretext or other a day or two later, enabled her to replace on its nail before it had been missed.

By this time she had engaged humble lodgings in the town, and her husband had taken up his quarters in the vault, where he had a sufficiency of blankets and warm clothing, not to speak of a frequently replenished brandy flask, to keep him from suffering from the chills and damps of his strange domicile. His food, which was bought in small quantities at different shops in the town, so as to avoid suspicion, was conveyed to him by his wife at night; and as he knew exactly when to expect her, he placed his lamp in front of the grating as a guide to her through the intricacies of the churchyard, the light being shut in at other times by an extemporised curtain. Both the man and his wife were aware that that side of the churchyard was overlooked by one window only, but as they never saw a light in it, they had come to the conclusion that the room to which it pertained was unoccupied. But not every night did the lamp shine through the grating. Sometimes the man met his wife at the low wall by the river, where there were no railings, and where easy access could be had to the churchyard by day or night. It was only when he was too lazy, or otherwise disinclined for stirring out, that the signal was shown; whereby, as we have seen, came his own undoing.

It would seem that in the course of the man's professional career he had more than once personated an ape in a pantomime, and that he still retained the tight-fitting hairy dress and mask used by him for that purpose. Tired, and no wonder, of his long days and nights in the company of the dead and gone Deromes, it had seemed no more than a pleasant relaxation to the fellow to scare and terrify the good people of Westerfield as they had never been terrified before and never have been since. When funds began to run low, an easy mode of replenishing them was found in the contents of Lady Dacre's jewel case. Doubtless means and opportunities were not wanting for disposing of the diamonds and other gems which came into his possession on that occasion; in any case, none of them were found on him at the time of his arrest.

A few last words and I shall have done. Not only were the rewards offered by Squire Dallison and Lady Dacre paid over to me, but the townspeople subscribed among themselves a further sum on my behalf, so that, altogether, I was enabled to put away more than a hundred pounds into the saving-bank. Three months later I married. My father lived for some years longer, and although before his death he came to understand that he was the last member of the Holditch family who was likely to fill the post of sexton to the old abbey church, he was never quite reconciled to the necessity, neither could he be made to understand why his only son should have so far degenerated as not to feel a pride in following in the footsteps of so many of his progenitors.

As long as he lived, Mr. Ayscough remained my true friend, and to him I owe much of the prosperity with which my later years have happily been crowned.

The End.

The Home

NO PIES.

Pies—and all other good things—are appreciated by the good man, but they make too much work in hot weather, writes a subscriber. Why, I can prepare a batch of cookies in the time it takes to make one pie. What masculine appetite would quarrel with a plum pudding for dessert? And that and a custard for to-morrow and a loaf of gingerbread for supper could be put into the oven as quickly as the one pie that might not be enough to go around after all. No pies, no steamed puddings that need three hours' fire, no fussy dishes for me during the summer months. Leave the doughnut crock empty till November and see if you can't keep the stronger sex as well as your own half of the house plumper and happier on a more cooling, easier cooked diet.

Mush for breakfast instead of the dearly loved fritters. If cracked wheat, put in the oven over night, with plenty of salted water, and did you know how delicious rye mush is, served with butter and boiled molasses, maple syrup, or even honey, with milk to drink instead of coffee? Fruit for dinner's dessert, after an abundance of vegetables, and sauce for tea, unless blanc mange be preferred, will help. In one household of my acquaintance there is no attempt at other dessert than berries and cream during their season. Where a variety is raised in the home garden this is desirable. I would far rather serve them fresh in hot weather than to preserve them for the winter months, when it would be easier to cook extras. When the family tires of them raw, stew them.

Rice makes a delicious pudding, either cooked alone with milk, or with eggs and raisins, apples or berries added and served with spiced, nutmeg, sugar and cream. For a change use entire wheat flour instead of graham for the breakfast muffins. Recipe: Make a soft sponge of the wheat—salt, warm water, wheat—and when it is risen thicken with flour and leave to rise again. Drop into muffin tins and let rise again before baking in quick oven.

Rise with the sun, prepare the three meals so that a slight fire merely will be needed to heat the dinner; then when the afternoon's sun is at its brightest, take a nap in the orchard hammock. Don't start a fire for tea. Leomonade, shrub, milk or even cold water will suit the men just as well when they find it is one of the regulations. Wash rainy days that the men can turn the machine for you and hang the clothes out while it still pours. Try it; they will be the snowier for it. Use only colored napkins or none, and white oilcloth tablecloths or oilcloth doilies over colored tablecloths. They save washing as well as ironing.

Don't iron bed linen, and dress yourself and daughters in dark seersucker every day—gowns that will need no ironing. Underclothing need no touch of the iron. Doctors say they are healthier. Have the men and boys wear soft shirts that will need no ironing, or if that method seems slack, smooth only cuffs and collars. Some men wear dark flannels everywhere, to church, to save the women unneed-work. Moreen skirts save laundering. Thin frocks for barn wear keep shirt sleeves clean.

Wear slippers without heels and don't neglect either bath or nap daily. Finally, do the burden of the work before the sun is high and after it has set. Keep a cool house and think of yourself once in a while.

OLD-FASHIONED ROOT BEER.

burdock, yellow dock, and dandelion

Boil until the strength is extracted in plenty of water, one pound each of roots, half a pound of fresh, lively hops and a pint of corn roasted brown. Strain while hot into a large meat jar or keg, and add water to make 10 gallons. When nearly cold, sweeten to taste with half brown sugar and half molasses, and add four dry yeast cakes dissolved in a little warm water. Liquid, homemade yeast was used, but cake yeast, if fresh and lively, is just as good.

An excellent beer for summer drink lacked the medicinal qualities of the above, but was more palatable. Boil a peck of bran and three handfuls of hops in two or three gallons of water until both sink to the bottom or do not float. Strain and add luke-warm water to make 10 gallons; when the whole is tepid, add two quarts of molasses and stir thoroughly. When fermentation ceases put into the cask a yeast cake dissolved in water. Shake well and cork. This will be good in four days.

Spring Beer: A peck of birch bark, a peck of wintergreens, old and young, half a peck of spruce twigs and half a peck of princes' pine before it flowers. Cover with hot water and boil 20 minutes or half an hour. Strain and to every gallon add a pound of sugar and half a cake of compressed yeast. Do not put in the yeast until the decoction is lukewarm. Honey was often used to sweeten this beer, a pound to two gallons, and only half the amount of sugar. Mix in a large jar or cask. This will be ready for use in two or three days. Put in bottles with patent stoppers and keep in a cool cellar.

Hop Beer: Boil four pounds of hops three hours in five quarts of water. Strain; add five quarts of boiling water and four ounces of bruised ginger root. Boil 15 minutes, strain, add four pounds of sugar and when lukewarm add two dissolved yeast cakes; let stand 20 hours before putting into jugs.

GOOD TEA AND COFFEE.

It is somewhat of a puzzle how to make good tea on a small oil stove, a stove having room for only one article at a time. One does not wish to boil it, and those who do not object to boiled tea find that the tea gets cold, while waiting for the water to heat that is needed to weaken it. We tried an asbestos mat, but found that it encouraged too much soot, but after a time we stumbled upon the idea of setting the teapot down into the teakettle where the steam from the boiling water beneath brewed it just right and since then we have adopted the plan. Be careful the wicks do not flare up and you may use the choicest china or silver teapot; a round-bottomed teapot is best, although a flat one may be used if it is large enough to cover the top and set firmly. When making tea for dinner, the teapot can set upon the top of the dinner kettle, but it must be made five minutes earlier as the heat is not so effective. We make our coffee when using the oil stove somewhat after the distilling process. Put the coffee and hot water into a glass jar, and stir well, seal air tight and set the jar down into the teakettle, put on the cover and boil the teakettle 10 minutes; the coffee will be delicious, as none of the aroma has been allowed to escape.

A VAPOR BATH IN A BEDROOM.

Place a pail three parts filled with boiling water under a chair with a cane seat. Have ready two hot bricks which have been treated in the fire, place them gently in the pail of water and sit down upon the chair, covering oneself entirely with a blanket, letting the latter fall round the chair so that the steam may be kept. Have a warm blanket ready at the end of half an hour, and wrap round one. Get into bed with it on.

WASHING LACE HANDKERCHIEFS.

By putting lace handkerchiefs in warm water in which are a few drops of ammonia, and using Castile soap, they are easily washed and made a beautiful; clear white. Rinse well, then do not iron, but spread the handkerchief out smoothly on marble or glass, gently pulling out or shaping the lace. Just before it is entirely dry, fold evenly and smoothly and place under a heavy weight of some kind, and you will find handkerchiefs lasting thrice as long as before,

NEW STORY ABOUT PATTI.

Here is an amusing and characteristic story about Adelina Patti, who, as all the world knows, recently became the bride of Baron de Cederstrom. After her marriage she went from her Welsh home, Craig-y-nos, to Cannes, and before leaving she gave instructions that all her mail was to be forwarded to the Cannes Post office. She arrived at Cannes, she went to the Post office and asked the official if there were any letters for the Baroness Adelina de Cederstrom-Patti.

"Lots of them," was his reply. "In fact, they're coming in by every mail."

"Then give them to me," she said, eagerly, being naturally very anxious to receive news from home.

"Have you any old letters by which I can identify you?" asked the official.

"No," answered Mme. Patti." "I have nothing but my visiting card. Here it is."

"Oh, that's not enough, madame," was the cold reply; Any one can get visiting cards of other people. If you want your mail, you will have to give me better proof of your identity than that."

Mme. Patti, however was not to be baffled so easily.

"You surely have seen Adelina Patti's photograph," she urged. "Well, look at me. Don't you see that I am the same person?"

Even this argument did not convince the official, and a moment later he turned away, after throwing the coveted pile of letters into a drawer.

A brilliant idea then struck Mme. Patti. It was quite early—only eight o'clock —and there was no one in the Post Office except an old clerk, who was busy writing. A golden opportunity it was, and the great artist availed herself of it. She began to sing. A touching song she chose, the one beginning "A voice loving and tender," and never did she put more heart into the melody.

And marvellous was the change as the brilliant music broke through the intense silence. In a few minutes the quiet Post office was filled with people, and hardly had the singer concluded the first few notes of the ballad when the old clerk came forward and said, trembling with excitement:—"It's Patti, Patti! There's no one but Adelina Patti who could sing like that."

"Well are you satisfied now?" asked the madam of the official who had expressed doubts as to her identity, and who now stood open mouthed in front of the crowd.

The only reply which he made was to go to the drawer and hand her the pile of letters.

SUPERIOR WOMEN.

Generally speaking women who belong to the class who refuse to marry for the sake of marrying are the best of their sex. Some people think they prefer single blessedness because they have a "mission" which calls them to some useful work or other. No doubt many of them do employ their time with great benefit to their fellow-creatures; still, we think they would have been willing to marry had they met one whom they could love. Either they are faithful to the memory of the past, or the man whom they could have married has never crossed their path. And being women of the utmost honor and rectitude, they prefer "old maidism" to marry for the sake of marrying. Says a dear old lady of this type: "No! I never had a love story," she said to us. "One or two men have asked me, but I never yet saw 'him' whom I could have loved." Dr. Talmage says: "Two cradles, each with its tiny occupant, commence rocking; one may be thousands of miles from the other. Through the long years those cradles are rocking toward each other; when they meet there is a marriage made in heaven. But maybe one occupant dies, and then? Well! We have the woman who refuses to marry."

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

What the Legislators of the Country are Doing at Ottawa.

FOR THEIR HEIRS.

Mr. Fielding tabled further supplementary estimates as follows:

To pay his legal representatives the balance of sessional indemnity of the late Senator Sanford, $258.

To pay the widow of the late Senator Boulton the balance of his sessional indemnity, revote, $573.

To pay Lady Edgar balance of salary of the late Sir James D. Edgar to June 30, 1900, $3,666.

To pay Lady Edgar balance of sessional indemnity of the late Sir James D. Edgar, $868.

To pay the legal representatives of the late Hon. John F. Wood his sessional indemnity, $1,000.

To pay the widow of the late Hon. C. A. Geoffrion the balance of his sessional indemnity, $723.

To pay the widow of the late Hon. W. B. Ives, the balance of his sessional indemnity, $361.

Expenses of committees, witnesses, shorthand writers, etc., $5,000.

SALARIES RAISED.

The bill respecting the Departments of Customs and Inland Revenue, providing for the increase of the salaries of these Ministers from $5,000 a year to $7,000, was read a second time and taken up in committee.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that there did not seem to be any great difference of opinion as to the merits of the bill under discussion. No one contended that the Ministers of Customs and Inland Revenue were not entitled to the same salary as their colleagues. So far as their being given a seat in the Cabinet, he thought that it was advisable that Ministers at the head of two such important departments as those of Customs and Inland Revenue should have a seat at the Council Board.

Mr. Foster said this question had already been fully debated, and he did not think that there was any very great difference of opinion as to the salaries these two Ministers should receive.

The committee then reported the bill and Mr. Fielding moved its third reading.

Dr. Sproule moved in amendment that the bill be referred back to committee, with instructions to strike out the clause providing that the Ministers should receive their salaries for the past year at the rate of $7,000 a year.

The amendment was lost upon division.

THE MEAGHER CASE.

On an item for the Department of Justice, Mr. Clancy brought up the old story about the arrest of Thomas Meagher in Canadian waters, on the St. Clair River, by a United States officer of Customs last summer, for violating the United States laws. Sir Wilfrid Laurier repeated what he had already stated, namely, that the United States Government regretted the occurrence, although not admitting the reported facts in the case, and stated that Avery, the United States officer, had been dismissed. If there was anything new he would bring it down.

ALIEN LABOR LAW.

On the item of $5,000 for the alien labor law enforcement, Mr. Clarke, of Toronto, pointed out that as the act was not being enforced he did not see what the grant was for.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier explained that the law was not being enforced severely while the conference was on between Canada and the United States. What he meant was this: If a strike was on in Canada and the employers were attempting to bring in workmen from the United States, the Government wanted to be able to put the law in force. It was not intended to rigidly enforce the law at present, while the work of the commission was not finished.

SESSION ENDED.

The prorogation ceremonies were somewhat shorter than usual by reason of the small numbers of measures requiring to be read, the bulk of the bills passed during the session having previously received the royal assent. These preliminaries over, his Excellency delivered the briefest speech from the Throne with which the Canadian Parliament has ever been prorogued. Lord Minto said:—

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

"Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons:—In relieving you of your duties during this protracted session I desire to thank you for the diligent attention you have given to the many important measures which have been submitted for your consideration.

"I am glad to observe that the action of Canada in deciding to unite with the Mother Country and the Australian colonies in the construction of a Pacific cable has met with general approval.

"I congratulate you on the evidence of continued prosperity that prevails in all parts of the Dominion, and which has stimulated the formation of so many companies having for their object the development of enterprises that must tend to increase the wealth of the country.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons, I think you in her Majesty's name for the supplies you have granted for the public service. Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons: — In bidding you farewell, I desire to express the hope that Canada may long continue to enjoy the prosperity that at present prevails."

BRACING HIMSELF FOR THE KICK.

Some men are hard to suit, remarked the real estate agent, after a customer had left. That man, now, will come back in a week or two and tell me I have swindled him, although I've sold him a suburban lot at half price.

What will he complain about? asked the office lounger.

He'll kick because when I told him he would be within 20 minutes ride of the city I didn't tell him he'd have to walk 30 minutes to reach his train.

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