

HEROIC SISTER MARGARET.

(New York Tablet, July 18.)

ST. VICTOR'S CONVENT, controlled by the Sisters of Providence, at St. Hilaire, was destroyed by fire early on Wednesday morning, and 300 deaf mutes therein had a narrow escape from an awful death. A dispatch to the *Recorder* says:

Shortly before 4 o'clock Sister Margaret France, who was in charge of the dormitory on the sixth floor, was awakened by a strangling sensation. Springing to her feet she was horrified to find that the dormitory was a mass of flames and was burning fiercely at its far end.

Flocking toward her from every side the nun saw the white robed figures of her unfortunate little pupils, while from other parts of the building came shrieks of despair from the sisters, who thus early had discovered the fire to the upper flats but were powerless to aid the mutes confined there.

Sister Margaret, seeing that the fire was in possession of the corner of the building in which the stairways were erected, had but small hope of saving their silent charges, but with heroic bravery and without a thought of herself she gathered the little ones around her and taxed her brain to devise some plan for their safety.

The unfortunate children were making that peculiar and awful groaning of fear peculiar to mutes, and it was distracting in its anguish, said Sister Margaret. She was powerless almost to direct their efforts understandingly, but motioning them to follow her example, she put a wet towel around her head and, taking sheets and quilts from the beds, with her terror-stricken charges she ran to the windows of the hall, which had not yet been attacked by flames.

By this time the neighbours from St. Hilaire village had been attracted to the scene, but without ladders or other fire apparatus they were powerless to aid the nuns or do anything to stop the work of destruction going on before their eyes.

The removal of the furniture was at once begun, but hope of saving the inmates on the upper floor was almost abandoned from the start. Then suddenly from the far corner of the building near the roof, as yet unlighted by the roaring flames, a little white-robed figure was seen to appear. Forced by loving hands from the window sill it began slowly to descend.

Then cheer upon cheer rang out right above the noise of the conflagration, as it was evident that Sister Margaret was battling bravely to save life, for without almost a hope she had made a rope ladder out of the bed clothing, and with the unfortunate scholars tied securely to one end, she was lowering them to the ground.

For half an hour she continued this brave work. Slowly but terribly sure the flames crept on the quarter in which she and her charges were confined. The brave Sister showed no fear. Finally, amid the cheers of the anxious watchers, the last of the one hundred and forty pupils in the dormitory were let down in safety.

Then Sister Margaret, with the hair singed from her head, with the flesh blistering on her face and arms, grasped the slender rope herself, and, her work nobly done, reached the ground in safety, only to fall fainting into the arms of those who watched.

Hardly had she been removed when the roof fell in, and in less than an hour all that remained of what was known to the Providence Order as St. Vincent's magnificent convent was a heap of smouldering ruins.

The building was erected at a cost of 40,000 dols.

While principally occupied by deaf mutes, other scholars were also received, and during the Summer months the convent received many private families from Montreal who sought the beautiful scenery of Richelieu River, on which it was situated, and the quietness and homelike comforts of a convent life.

It was filled with outside guests of this class this morning when the fire occurred, and one and all, in speaking of the fire claim that a horrible catastrophe was only prevented by the cool bravery of the nun above referred to.

The loss is complete and is estimated at 50,000 dols. on the building and furniture. Nuns, pupils and guests lose all clothing, escaping only in their nightdresses.

To-night, both the nuns and pupils are billeted among the farmer folk in the neighbourhood, while the little town is filled with anxious Montrealers who had gone out in search of loved ones who, according to the first reports, they supposed had perished in the flames.

The goods turned out by Messrs R. Anderson and Co's. Crown Roller mills, Manor place, Dunedin, will be found in many respects superior. Their flour, oatmeal and pearl barley cannot be surpassed in excellence.

Mr Vincent Pyke, 32 Bond street, Dunedin, offers his services as business agent to those who are in need of them. Mr Pyke's long experience and unrivalled opportunities for obtaining information have made him particularly fit for the position he fills, and all who place their commissions in his hands will find them well executed.

THE IRISH COLONY OF TO-DAY IN PARIS.

(From the Pilot.)

THE Irish colony of to-day in Paris is far less Bohemian than that of the closing years of the second empire. There are no traces now left of the wild humour that prompted one Irishman to stand on his head for five minutes on the boulevards for the delectation of the *flâneurs* of Paris, and that prompted another to deliver a patriotic harangue in Connaught French from the top of the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde. Like our brethren at home, we are becoming less impulsive than we used to be. It may be the continual friction with the Saxon that has iced our veins with the liquid of Saxon stolidity. I do not desire to discuss here whether the change has improved us or not; but, in any case, the cap and the jerkin that used to make us laugh are now no longer sought after as an antidote to the ills of which Irish flesh is heir.

The Irish colony in Paris at the present day is represented in politics, journalism, and the opera. Its leading representative in politics is General MacAdaras, who has achieved, for an Irishman the proud distinction of a seat in the French Chamber of Deputies. MacAdaras was born some fifty years ago in Belfast, and proceeded early in life to Paris, where he went through the military curriculum of studies in the Ecole Polytechnique, which he left with the epaulettes of sub-lieutenant. Shortly afterwards he took service as an officer in the East India Company; but when the troops at the disposal of that syndicate were transferred to the British Government, MacAdaras, who was then captain, refused to take the prescribed oath of allegiance, and returned to France. At the outbreak of Franco-German hostilities, MacAdaras proceeded to Dublin, where he organised an Irish company to do battle on the French side. Throughout the campaign, MacAdaras became in succession colonel and brigadier-general, and received at the Battle of Orleans a leg-wound, from the effects of which he still suffers. Coming to this country in 1876, he met, in St Louis, the widow of the late Mr McDavitt, of the well-known firm of Doyle and McDavitt, architects, in that city, whom in a short time afterward, he married. Returning to Europe with his bride, MacAdaras spent most of his time in Gastein and other watering-places, for the benefit of his health; and when the legislative elections took place in France in 1889, the General offered himself on the Republican ticket as a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of Sisteron, in the Maritime Alps. He beat his Royalist competitor by an overwhelming majority. He has been very active in his legislative work since his election, and some of the projects which he prepared for the defence of France, on her eastern frontier, have been adopted by the Government. The General is a tall, well-built, sympathetic gentleman. He has a rather full face, set off by a military moustache and imperial. His long residence in France has given him a slight French accent in speaking English. Mrs MacAdaras is a charming lady in every respect. They both reside in a sumptuous mansion in the French capital during the Parliamentary session.

One of the stormiest petrels in latter-day French politics is a Monsieur Morphy, whose parents come from the Kingdom of Kerry. This young man, who, though born in Paris, was according to law regarded as a foreigner till he reached his majority, has already given successive French Governments no small amount of worry and annoyance. He made himself so remarkable at eighteen years of age, by his Red Republican speeches at Belleville, that he was expelled from France. For the next few years he went through a veritable series of imprisonments and expulsions, till the day came when the authorities could no longer prevent him from becoming a French citizen. With the halo of martyrdom around his brow, he became the petted darling of the populace. Two years ago he threw in his lot with Boulanger, and still clings to the fortunes of that adventurer. Such other well-known Irishmen as the Count O'Neill de Tyrone and Count Mahony are implicitly or avowedly supporters of the Royal Pretender, the Count of Paris.

A story is told of the late Professor Rogers and Dr R. W. Dale, of Birmingham. These two gentlemen were giving a series of lectures in Lancashire, and at every town which they visited Dr Dale noticed that his colleague, who always spoke first, made the same speech. In fact, so often did the professor give that speech that the worthy doctor knew it off by heart, and this fact led the latter to think of a way of taking the wind out of his friend's sails. On their arrival at a town in South Lancashire Dr Dale asked Dr Rogers to allow him to speak first—an arrangement to which the latter readily agreed—so Dr Dale rose and proceeded to deliver the speech of Dr Rogers, looking every now and then with the corner of his eye to see how that worthy gentleman was taking this practical joke. Dr Rogers sat calm and composed, and when at last his turn came to speak he just as calmly rose and delivered, to Dr Dale's utter astonishment, quite a new speech. At the conclusion of the meeting Dr Dale said to his colleague: "I thought I had taken the wind out of your sails to-night." Dr Rogers replied: "Oh no; I delivered that speech when I was here a month ago."