TELEPHONING TO HEAVEN.

She wasn's on the play ground she wasn's on the lawn. The little one was missing and bed-time coming We hasted in the garden, we peeped about to Af bleeping under rose-tree or lilao che might But nothing came in answer to all our anxious

And then upon the stillness there broke a silvery The darling mite was standing before the tele-

And sofely, as we listened, came stealing down the stairs:

"H'lo, Central! Give me Heaven, I want to say my prayers." -Sydney Dayre.

KILDARE

Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER XIX. Centinued. " It's the way of gals !" observed Fogarty sententiously.

"She was so rebellious, in fact," said the lawyer, keeping a keen watch on his companion through his sleepy-looking eyes, "that I when was obliged to deal harship with her. In ing. short, Fogarty, I brought her to this house four nights ago. And she is up stairs at this mement, a helpless prisoner !"

Fogarty nearly leaped from his chair.
"In this house!" he ej-culated.

"Yes. In the dark room at the head of the stairs. She is poor, without money and without friends. I have given out in Dablin that she has gone down to Ballyconnor. And there is one thing more, Fogarty. The girl is in my way !"
" In your way !" repeated Fogarty stupid-

Iy.

4 Yes. Don't repeat every word I say, like

a parrot. Such words are not pleasant enough to bear repetition, nor innocent enough to be often uttered. Remember the old saying, that 'walls have eare'!"

"But if she is in your way, what will you . de ?"

The lawyer replied in a hissing whisper: "Remove her!"

The eves of the two men met fully. Then Fogarty fell to trembling. Through the mild, lunocent mask of Kildare's looks, he had gezed down into the soul, and seen there a hideous and awful purpose, coiling like a deadly bydra about to apring.

66 Oh, I can't i" he said tremulously.

ain't so bad as that ! She ain't harmed you. And she's only a young girl, an innocent, helpless creetur! Ob, I can't!"

The lawyer half withdrew his hand from his inner coat pocket, and the gleam of ac Every-mounted pistol caught the escaped conwint's eye.

Refuse to obey my commands," said Kildare, " and I will deliver you up to the po-lice with my own hands. Or I will set them on your track if you should promise to obey me and then make your escape to worrow ! You are in my power, Tim F garty, and you will have to do n.y bidding !"

A steel-like gleam shot from Michael Kildare's eyer, and the soft, full lips compressed themselves into an expression that struck tergor to Fogarty's soul.

"Oh, I don't know what to do !" he mutthis! A poor innocontyoung girl! What has courageous girl reluctantly turned from the she done, Mr. Kildare?" tered. "I'm a bid man, but not so bad as

She knows too much !" Fogarty looked bswildered,

"It is enough for you to know that I want her removed, and that I want you to remove her !' said the lawyer softly. " No accupies Fogarty, unless you prefer to return to your Australian home. Do you mind? You will obey, or go back. Which shall it be?" A cold sweat broke out on Fogarty's face. III will obey!" he whispered.

That is well. Now listen to my plan. He proceeded to unfold it, in a low, cautione whisper, his hand on his pistol, his catlike eyes full on the horror struck ones of his confederate.

"You understand ?" he said, at last, when he had concluded.

"Yes," said Fogarty hearsely. "The rest is easy. You will remain at this cottage, safely hidden, until to morrow night. To-morrow morning I will send you in a box a sult of decent clothes, a wig, and a beard. You will disgulae yourself in

.them." "But the boat? How am I to get the boat ?" "As soon as the disguise comes, put it on.

Then go to Kingstown and charter a small sloop, of any description. Then return home. And to morrow night the job I have ordered must be done. And you must do it alone! When it is done, I will meet you here, say four and twenty hours later. Here in the money with which to charter a small vessel."

He took out his pecket-beek and counted out ten sovereigns. Fogarty took them up greedily."

The lawyer spent a little further time in explaining his designs, and then took his de-

Fogarty went with him to the door and gave him egress, after which the fugltive crept up the stairs to his mother's room, where the widow sagerly awaited his com

Mr. Kildare softly descended the cottage steps and moved toward the shrubbery, where his horse and wagon were in waiting.

As he did so a woman's figure emerged from the shadow of a clump of lilace, creeping into the deeper shade of a garden hedge.

The figure was that of Alleen Mahon, the Lady Nora's maid. Wan and worn with much weeping, thin

as a shadow, as an occusional gleam of light through the tress upon her face showed, Alleen, moved with the stealth of a panther, her faithfu', affectionate soul on fire to discov-

er her lost young mistress.
Since the night of Lady Nora's disappearance from Mr. Kildare's house in Dublin, Alleen had stayed on, undeceived by the plaualble tale that her young lady had been sent for by the Lady Kathleen Bassantyne, and that she had left in such haste to obey the summons that she was obliged to leave her maid behind her.

Day after day the falthful girl had watched and waited for some message from the Lady Nora, and she had waited in vain.

Then, becoming suspicious of the new Earl of Kudare, who called at the house daily, Alleen had written a letter to the Lady Kathleen, inquiring if the Lady Nora were at

To this lester the Lady Kathleen replied in stabled his horse, and strelled out upon the wild slarm, saying that she had not seen her young step-sister since parting from herat the

etation in Dablin. The effect of this letter upon poor, pretty, fatithful Alleen may be imagined.

Almost wild with anxiety, she had wristen a letter to Lord O'Neil, and, being new to Dublin, had induced a fellow-servant to post St. This servant, the housemaid, had betrayed her to Mrs. Liffey, placing the letter in the

Of course, the letter thus intercepted was

Alleen was called up to the drawing room, pier, and examined the various vessels with a their top was her brown stoff dress, and while not permitting her to know that orbitcal eye.

He crept into the room, took up the her letter had not been posted, Mr. Kildare threatened her with all the terrors of the law if she declared any suspicions that his story concerning his young kinswoman's whereahouts was false. He then assured her anow that her young mistress was at Bally-connor, and paying her her wages, dismissed her, ordering her to return to Point Kildare Dutit at length we hastened within the darkened | and her father, who was still steward there,

by the first train. Alisen left the lawyer's house within the bour, but only to hide herself at a quiet inn in a humble quarter of the city. And then obor, and convoyed his vessel to the pier. she began a system of casten go upon ac. Kildare and upon the new Earl.

While she was thus engaged, she remembered to have heard the housemaid who had batraged her may once casually that Mrs. L'ffey was no better than other people, having a sister, as poor as any peasant, living out at Claudakin, and having charge of Mrs.

Liffey's sale property, Yew Cottage.

By some inspiration the girl had decided that day to pay Yew Cottage a visit, and had | want her to night, to-morrow, and to-morrow come out in a cab that evening, some hours night. You shall have her by the second

in advance of the lawyer.

Dismissing her oub at the street corner, she had come on to Ysw Cottage, the name of which was indicated by a sign on the gate, and effected an entrance into the grounds where she had been lurking all the even-

As the lawyer at last made his egress from the cottage, the girl recognized him. Her joy at the recognition may be im-

agined. The sight of him at that place, at that hour after her suspicious of him, she regarded as proof positive that the Lady Nora was within the dwelling.

How her heart beat ! How her face glow-

ed there in the darkness of the hedge to which she retreated !

"My suspicions were right, after all!" she murmured. "That day I overheard some words between Mr. Kildare and Mrs. Liefly about my Lady Nora was a lacky day for me ! Yet all they said was something about 'breaking her spirit.' She refused to marry the new Barl, I know. Mr. Kildere must have brought her here to Mrs. L ff.y's house to stay till she gives in. My poor Lady Nora! My poor Nora!"
Sae waited until Mr. Kildare had departed,

and until the second made by his wagon wheels had died out on the still night air. Then she arose and commenced to wander

around the house, looking up at the windows with a vearning gazs. No light beamed from those upper windows. No lovely, despairing face was

pressed against the glass.
"Yet she's in there! I know she is!" thought the faithful girl. "And I must see ber ! I will see her ? But how ?"

She tried the doors and the windows, in the desperation of her affectionate seal. All were fastened. Most of the windows were shuttered.

"I can't get in." though the girl, at last, in her despair. "I shall have to to back to lively, I'll give you five pounds now in Diblic without seeing her. P thaps it's advance. To night, at midnight, be off the best so, for if I got into the house I might be pier at Black Rock, and I'll be there discovered. I might telegraph to mad. Kath. with the girlen, the other five pounds, and leen, but her husband to be better me to the gold watch. D've mind? At midnight, Mr. Kildare. Strange the ford O'Neil did off the pier at Black Rook?" not answer my letter. I'll sagraph to him as early as I can, after reaching Dablin. By to-morrow night he will be here. And to-

morrow night my lady shall be free. Thus atrengationing her sinking heart, the cottage, and stole from the grounds. Having an elopement to Soctland with a willing paid and dismissed the cab on her arrival, maiden, he leaped on the plan, and hurried nothing now remained for her but to walk shoreward. back to Dablia, which she proceeded to do.

CHAPTER XX.

Michael Kildare's visit to Yew Cottage, as me to get rid of the master. Done. He told described in the proceding chapter, a box ar. Into to got the girl aboard to-night. That I paradise. rived at the cottage addressed to Mrs. Fugarty.

As the widow knew nothing of his and the then, the ingitive seized the box on its arrival, and carried it to his own chamber, a small room up stairs at the rear of the house. Then he locked his door and uppacked the

As had been promised, it contained a full and complete disguise.

Darkening his window and lighting his candle, Fogarty proceeded to effect his tollet. room in the gulie of a sailor, with garments too, where dwelt the sad browed, patient that had seen wear, and which fitted their eyed, stolld-faced peasantry—part fields, new owner easily. He wore a callor's tarnew owner easily. He wore a esilor's tarpaulin over a new brown wig. The sear on his forehead was not to be concealed, but his face was eleverly disguised by the addition of a short, ful! beard, brown in hue, and tangled and disheveled enough to belong to the most

careless sailor in existence. But for the sear on his forehead, his own mother might not have known him.

As he came out, Mrs. Fogarty, who was lurking suspiciously near the key-hole of his room, uttered an exclamation which rang through the hall, reaching even the care of

the young captive. "What does this mean, Tim?" oried his mother, staring at him in amezement. "It means," said Tim coolly, "that the beogles are after me, and I've got to lie hid.

A bit of a disguise is necessary, capcolally as I'm going out for a walk.'' "A walk! With the police looking for you? Are you crazy, Tim dear? How will

you lie hid if you go out for a walk ?" "You answer that," returned Tim. "I'm not good at conundrums. Stand aside, old

lady. Keep your weather eye open till I come back, which will be some time to-day." "Ole word, Tim. Won't you tell me this "I'll tell you in the merning," said morning what Mr. Kildare wanted of you Fogarty. "The lawyer said I wasn't to tell

gain possession of her son's souret. "Naver a word! Lat me alone, can't you! Tois is a purty welcome home after is about the Lidy Nors, Tim. !" years of reamin'! Hold your tengue now! I'm off!"

last night?" whined the widow, anxious to

Ho pushed by her rudely, descended the stairs, and departed from the house. He traversed the grounds cautiously, and peered out over the palings into the street.

There was no sign of Lame Bill, or other detrotive, anywhere about. Opening the gate, the fugitive passed out

R lying upon his disgulae, he proceeded coldly to a place which he remembered as having years before kept horses on hire. He found that horses were still to be had here. and he hired one, mounted him, and set off for Kingstown at a gallop.

The ride across country, through pleasant villages and hamlets, was without incident, in silence and in darkness. and in due time he arrived at Kingstown, great granite pier which is justly the great pride of the pleasant seaport town.

The mail packets from Liverpool and Holy. bead were just steaming into the harbor. There was a throng of people on the pier, ladies on promenade and watching for the packets, people expecting the arrival of ence of the fact. friends, men on business, sailors, fishermen, children, venders of small wares, and those pests of Irish and English seaport towns, neg-

gare in muititude. The harbor was thronged with sails. Fog.

read by the housekeeper and by the lawyer. arty strolled out to the extreme and of the floor his mother's day garments. Upon

Presently he marked a small, neat aloop, new and clear, which was of the sort usually kept on hire for the use of visitors to the

tewn or for pleasure parties.

The only man on board this sloop was a weather beaten old sailor, who was sunning himself on a plie of ropes.

Fogarty caught this man's gaze and backoned to him. The man called to him, demanding what he wanted.

"I want to come aboad," replied Fogarty. The sloop-master arose, drew up his an-As it came near, Pogarty, who was an expart sallor, caught a rope flung to him, and sprang aboard.

"All alone?" he asked.

"All slone!" growled the sloop-master. "Want to be taken off to a vessel?"

"No. I want to hire your sloop for a day or two, for a run to Scotland," said Fegarty, who had thought much on his morning's ride. and had got his lesson by heart. "I shall morning. What will you take for the loan

"Want me too?" asked the sloop-master doubtfully. "Not you, old man," said Fogarty, with a

glance down at his saller garments, "I'm sailor myself, you see."

"Is it for smuggling ye want it?" "No. Is it blind ye are, captain ?" asked Fogarty, with a leer and a laugh. "Did ye never run after the petticoate, man? There's gal in the case—the saints bless her! And there's an ugly old step-father to the fore, and he don' like sailors, more's the pity, and

law." "He might do worse," ejaculated the sloop-master touched in a tender point. "The b'yes that wear the blue jackets are the b'yes for ma !"

he won't have one at no price for a son-in-

"So my lass says—the saints keep her !" said Fogarty learing. "My name is Jim Doolan, and my girleen likes the name and wants to share it. And so it's Sociand and a Social wedding, and a fig for old Fisherty! And it's ten pounds I'il give you for the use of your sloop for the time I've mentioned.

"Tin pounds! That's a big sum, I'll do it. But what if you shouldn't come back with the boat !" added the sloop-master suspiciously.

"Ye want security?"

The sloop-master assented. Fogarty refl cted. The lawyer had forgotten to provide for this emergency, and this want of provision was likely to cause a balk in their plans. Presently a bright idea occurred to the

"How would a watch suit you!" he asked. "A real gold ginewine watch?"
"That would suit me. I would take it as

security." "Toen, to make you look sharp and

"I'll be there," said she sloop-master. Fogarty drew out and gave the captain are sovereigns, being careful to display the

fifteen he had remaining. Then, having made the Impression he desired as a spendthrift sailer-lover hound on

A few minutes later he was in the saddle again, and on his return to Cloudalkin. "So far I've done as Mr. Kildare commanded." he said to himself, as he left the At an early hour of the morning following told me to engage a aloop. Done. He told shall do. He told me, when I got her well out, say in the middle of the channel, to push ber overboard, and leave her to her fate. lawyer's plane, and was to know nothing of I know a trick worth two of that! We'll see what my trick amounts to. Giever story I told that innocent old sloop-master ! But better let him think that its a wedding that's

up than to get a bint of the truth. A wedding! Halha! A queen kind of a wedding that's nigh being a wake!" He laughed grimly and hurried on over the pleasant roads, past villas, estates, and andle, Figarty proceeded to effect his tollet. demesnes, past abbeys, and priories, churches Half an hour later he emerged from his and wayside shrines, and past humble homes,

the country in the environs of Diblin. It was toward the middle of the afternoop. when, having returned his horse to its owner, and having taken a roundabout away home from the stable, to avoid being collowed, he entered the gate of Yew Cottage, strolled up

the path, and entered the dwelling. Mrs. Fogarty was in the basment, and he want down to her procured his dinner.

which had been kept for him. Eluding all the widow's inquisitive and instauating queries, he went up to his room, and remained there till evening.

About duck he came down to his supper.

Then he sauntered about the garden and smoked a pipe, aiter which he returned to the house and to his mother's sitting-room in the basement. "I believe I'll go to bed," he said, yawn-

ing, knowing that his mother had a great weakness for early hours. "I's sleepv I am-" "Surely you won't go to bed, Tim., with-

out telling me the secret betwirt you and Mr. Kildare?" wheedled his mother, laying her skinny hand on his shoulder. "I,II tell you in the merning," said

but I'll tell you in the morning, sure, if you'l keep the secret."
"I will!" oried the widow eagerly. "It

"Yes; don't be asking me more now, You'll know in the morning. Breaking from his mother's detaining clasp, he took up his light and ascended to his

own room. Mrs. Fogarty lingered to take what she termed a "sip" of porter—a pint bottleful— and soon after she went up to pay her captive a visit and to convey to her her brief rations of bread and water.

Half an hour later she secured the door of the Lady Nora's cell, put the key in her pocket, and went to her own room, the door of which, as was her habit, she left sjar. In the course of an hour more, she extinguished her light and went to bed.

The clock in the hall-way had struck ten when Fogarty's door softly opened and he came out with muffled feet, his shoes in his hands. He set down his shoes and crept to his

Bafore ten o'clock the house was wrapped

mother's door, listening. The sound of sporing came from within, The widow was saleep, and giving loud evid-"Good !" thought Fogerty. " Now for

the key of the dark room ! He pushed open the door more widely, and peered into the dusky chamber. As he expected, he saw in the very center

He crept into the room, took up the dress. and sought for the pocket. The key was in It. He took the key, crept back to the hall, closed his mother's door, and stealthily moved to the door of the dark room,

Here he also listened. The young prisoner within was satir, moving with slow and weary step about her aell.

"If I go is sudden, I'll scare her, and the fat will he in the fire," he thought. "I must pregrave her to see me!"

He atcoped and put his month to the key hole. "Lady Nora," he whispered, and the

sound was hardly louder than the the whistling of a light autumn wind.

There was a start in the dark room, Low and unsteady steps approached the door. "Who is it?' the Lady Nora asked lowly fearfully, eagerly.
"Whicht! Not a word, or you'll awaken

the old woman ! It's a friend !" There was a low, eager gasp, as of hope, "A friend!" whispered the sweet, eager voice within. "A friend, did you say ?" "Yes, my lady. Hush, now, I'm coming be

In !"

He put the key in the look, turned it, long one opened the door softly, and stood on the the short-

The poor young captive met him face to for him to see how trembling and pale and the St. Paul,

eager she was. She put her hand on his arm.

"Who are you!" she asked. "My name is Tim Fogarty. I'm the son of the old woman who keeps this house." The girl sighed heavily.

Her son ?" last night. I'm only a rough sailor, my lady, tems of this country; but, rude and uncouth as I am, I have got a sailor's heart. And I've found out, my lady, its the traveler's favor-ibe to all points in Minne that you were shut up here against your will, ite to all points in Minneand says I to myself, ' Blow me, Tim Fogarty, if I'll stand by and see an innocent young It is the only line to Great wal harmed !'

gal harmed!""
"He taiks kindly," the girl said to herself.

"And my mates know I won't never see Injustice done, not even to a lame kitten! And I've watched till the old lady is asleep, and have stolen this key," continued Fogarty fluently. "And I am going to help you escape. Softly now, my lady. Are you ready for a journey ?"

"I can be in a moment," said the young Lady Nors, almost persuaded that she was dreaming, and that she would presently awaken to flud herself in her cell. "I have but to put on my hat and wrappings." " Let me bring you a light," said Fogarty.

He hastened to his room and returned with By the light thus furnished, the Lady Nors and he surveyed each other. nd he surveyed each other.

There was little of the prepossessing in capitalist, visit the country

Fegarty's appearance, yet, thanks to his false beard and sailor garb, he looked like a sturdy, henest, respectable sailor.

The sailor of the And sailors, as the Lady Nora reflected. are celebrated for their kindness of heart. The sour on his forehead, which gave a

by the young girl. Any one who came to resous her must in a lovelyland necessarily scem to her and angel of good-She hastened to put on her cloak

and hat, and to gather up a few articles

cinister cast to bis eyes, was scarcely marked

of her cwn, which she desired to take with her. Regarty watched her at her task. He had seen some noble ladies, the Lidy Kahleen Connor among others, but he nad ne in seen a being so beautiful, so spirited, as lovely as the Lidy Nora. Her bright looks and dainty ways struck him as something he had never seen in any person before, and he regarded her as one might regard some glorious bird of

Lord Kildare would be welcome to her for all me. I'd rather have her maid Alleen for my

wife. Like to like, that's my motto." The preparations of the Lady Nora were soon complated. Her small bat with its scarlet bird's wing was perched above her forchead, and her sacque buttoned over her chest. Then, with a weter proof cloak on her arm, she turned to Pogarty, requesting him

to lead on. He extinguished the light, took up his shoes and led the way down stairs.

The Lady Nora followed him swiftly and almost noiselessly as a shadow.

The front door was locked, bolted and chained. Fogarty led the way to the rear SUPPLY CO, Chicago, 5th. 18-13 The Lidy Nora followed him swiftly and entrance, unid the fa tenings and the two

alipped out into the garden. The girl looked around her with a swelling heart. She looked up at Fegarty as to a benefactor.

"On, how can I ever thank you?" she said brokenly. "Let me take you to a place of safety, my lady. That is all the reward I want. Where would you like to go? To Dablin?"
"On, no; not there."

"To Point Kildars?" "Not there, just yet. Oh, I am very friendles, Mr. Fegarty. I have a guardian who lives in Eagland. He is a just man, and an honest one. I must go to

him." "Your ladyship can sail from Kingstown on to morrow's packet," said Fogarty, with apparent sympathy. I'll take you to Kingstown, my lady. It's not far from where my boat is lying. I left my sloop at Black Rock,

my lady-"Agloop! Do you own one?" (To be Continued.)

"La Grippe" or Lightning Catarrh.

MR. EDITOR.—" La grippe," or Russian in-fluenza, as is is termed, is in reality an epidem ic catairh, and is called by some physicians "lightning catairh," from the repidity with which it sweeps over the country Allow us to draw the attention of your readers to the fact that Nasal Balm, as well as being a thorough ours for all cases of the ordinary cold in head and catarrb, will give prompt relief in even the most severe cases of "la grippe" or Russian in-fluenza," as it will effectually clear the nasal passages, allay irritation and relieve the dull oppressive headache accompanying the disease No family should be without a bottle of Nacal Bilm in the house, as cold in the head and Catarrh are peculiarly liable to attack peo ple at this season of the year, and Nasai Balm is the only prompt and speedy cure for these troubles ever offered the public. Easy to use and agreeable If you cannot get 10 at your dealers it will be sent post free on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1 per bottle) by addressing. FULFORD & Co., Brookville, Ont

An Australian cablegram brings us news of the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Vicar. General of the arch-diocese of Melbourne. He was one of the founders of the now flourishing Oatholio Cauron of Austrolia. having been one of the eight young frish pioneer priests who accompanied the late Dr. Ull thorne to Sydney in 1838. One only of the eight new survives, in the person of the Venerable Archdoscou Rigney, of Paramatia. MENTION THE PARME

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A Notable Convert.

The Times baving been protected and the dan-

ger of an exposure of the whole scheme hav.

ing passed the Government will probably

ARDANOIR, FOTNES, IRRLAND, Jan. 17. Dear Mr. O'Reilly,-I was sorry in the notice about my visit to America, printed in Christmas Supplement, that an imaginary Mr. O'Mahony was represented as my host in Coicago, in place of Mr. Wildiam J. Onahan, who is at well known for his goodness and intellect. Would you allow me here once more to express my never-failing gratitude for the kindness I received from him and from Archbishop Ireland the convents, the truth of Catholic life, which I have not forgotten and shall never forget. As the years have drawn me now wholly to their side in religion, I can, perhaps, more even than

It Runs in the Blood. The Toronto Empire enecularly states that the £5,000 whom Mr. Parnell received from the limes will enable him to support bis mother. In referring to this ill-mannered al-juston to the Irish leader the Giobe adds-"How dastardly the insinuation is may be understood from the often published facs that Mr. Parnell's American agents have long bad continuing instructions to supply his aged mother with all needful funds." The Empire is possessed of the same anti-Irish spiceu as the Times and squally reasy to misrepresent the Ician preple when the interests of the aso-ndancy part, call for misrepresent ton, Once in a while it indalges in a fi. of Bally.

DROVINCE OF QUEERC DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT, NO. 2663 DAME MARY ELIZABETH FEATHERSTON, wife of JAMES CUNNING-HAM, both of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, and the said JAMES CUNNINGHAM, D. fendant. An action en separation of Market has the day been entered to the life. tion de bien has this day been entered by Plain-



All diseases are Cored by our Medicated Electric Belt and Appliances. On the principle that Electricity is Life, our Appliances are brought directly into contact with the diseased part.

They act as perfect absorbent, by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

READ OUR HOME REFERENCES:

REV. CHAS. HOLE, Halifax. N.S., is happy to bestify to the benefitereceived from our Butterfly Belo and Actins Senator A. E. BOTSFORD, Sackville, N.S., advise everybody to use Acting for failing eyesight. HENRY CONWAY, 44 Centre Street, cured of intermittent fever in to days, one year's standing; used Actins and Bult. MRS. S. M. WHITEHEAD, 578 Jarvis Sa. days, one year's standing; used Actina and Belt. MRS. S. M. WHITEHEAD, 578 Jarvis S., a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Electric Belt. MR. J. FULLER, 444 Centre Street, coughed eighteen months, cured in two treatments by Actina. J. McQUAIG, grain merchant, cured of the unatism in the shoulders after all others failed. JAS. WEEKS, Parkdale, sciatics and lame back, cured in fifteen days. WM. NELLES, Thesalon, cured of lame back, pain in breast and dyspapsis, after being laid up all winter. MRS. J. SWIFT, 57 Agnes Street, cured of sociatica in six weeks. D. K. SELL, 135 Simbos Street, cured of one year't sleep-lessness in three days by wearing Lung Shield and using Actins. L. B. McKAY, Queen Street, tobacconiet, cured of headache after years of sufferings. MISS ANNIE WRAY, Manning Avenue, music teacher, finds Actina invaluable. E. RIGGS, 220 Adelaide Street West, cured of catarrh by Actina. G. S. PARDEE. 51 Beverley Street, cured of lame back after all medicines had failed. MISS DELLA CLAYTON, Torouto, cured of parelysis after being in the hospital nine months. JOHN THOMPSON, 109 Adelaide west, cured of a tumor in the eye in two mine months. JOHN THOMPSON, 109 Adelaide west, cured of a tumor in the eye in two weeks by Actina. MISS E. M. FORSYTH, 18 Brant Street, reports a lump drawn from her hand 12 years' standing. MKS. HATT, 342 St. Clarence Avenue, Toronto, cared of BLOOD

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McG. "For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are
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MR. McCLINOHY, These alon, cured of rheumatism in back
and legs, very bad case; laid up a long time. Many more such Catarrh impossible under the influence of Action, Actina will cure diseases of the eye.

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doubtful if the Government could have escured a majority favorable to a refusal to consider the matter after reading the report, which would have opened up avenues of argument otherwise inaccessible to the apposition.

Distant the report to-morrow.

The following letter from the respected daughter of William Smith O'Brien, the patriot martyr of '48 and herself famous for ner genius and philanthrophy, has been received by the editor of the Pilot :-

and other Catholics. Protestant as I then was, I was shown by them, in their families and in at the time of my visit, appreciate the beautiful Irish-American type which even then I loved.

Yours truly.

C. G. O'BRIEN.

The news comes from Rome that fifty bourand persons, all Swiss, have, in a body, fillistic tremselves to the Confr. trenty of xpi tlan.

kalbegiem. It eacnot help it. It is construct-

uif against Defendant.
Montreal, 10th February, 189).
MACLAREN, LEET, SMITH & SMITH,
29 5
Atherous for District Attorneys for Plaintiff.

