PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

Oh! pray, pray for the dead! Kneel in thought where the withered grasses Rustling sway on a once bright head; Summer dies, and the dying flowers
Sigh. "Remember your loved and dead!" Fading, duttering, whirling, falling, Leaves come down with a sob of pain, Come to cover the dear ones lying Under the cold November rain; Cold as clay when the soul has fled; Oh! pray, pray for the dead!

Oh! pray, pray for the dead! Every second death is calling, pear ones fall like the Autumn leaves; Where's the grove that has lost no garland Where's the home where no mourner grieves? Grieves for those who perhaps in anguish, Barred from glory are doomed to roam, Voiceless, helpless Oh, you loved them ! Begour Father to call them home, Home from suffering, darkness, dread ; oh! pray, pray for the dead!

Oh! pray, pray for the dead! Pray for those whom the yawning billows swallowed down in their fearful wrath, Those who, scorched by the breath of fever, Fell like grass in the mower's path; Those who dropped by the way unnoticed, Those who died in the battle's din; All are loved by our Lord, and holy. All must suffer who stoop to sin; Plead for rest for each weary head, oh! pray, pray for the dead!

On! pray, pray for the dead! Buried friends, can we ever forget you, You who felt for our weal or woe? God be with you, our silent sleeper-, Lying under the turf so low! Useless, vain is our weak bewailing. Vain are murmur and sob and tear; What, oh, what can our grief avail you, Lifeless dust that was once so dear ? Hark 'a sigh from each lowly bed : oh! pray, pray for the dead !

"THE SIMPLE TRUTH,"

By SARA TRAINER SMITH.

DEGGY Dalton lived within four bare walls. much as Truth must have lived at the bottom of her well,-longing for light and warmth and beauty, but fearless and undaunted in hope for the future.

The "second story back" of one of the mean little houses up a dirty court was all she called home. Of all the universe God made, not one thing was ever visible there but a patch of sky, ar off and dimmed by smoke and mist except when the winter stars of morning shone clear. Peggy, on her way to early Mass, used to look up at them with a whispered blessing. Because they had thus looked down upon her zirlhood in green Ireland, they alone seemed kindly natural in her lone old age.

If anyone cares for Peggy's portrait, it is only necessary to go to the nearest Catholic caurch in any city, and walt near the door for early Mass. To it there will surely come a quaint and unmistakable figure in apron and hawl, close back bonnet and wide bordered cap, rosary-and, perhaps, umbrella-in hand-Photographed as she stands, wrinkles a little smoothed away, defects shaded off, general effect rather vague, but eges darkened, and hair whitened to snow-white, there will be Peggy. Or, the next thing to her-a good old Irish woman, "with no nonsense about her." for Peggy was that. A brave sweet-natured, pure-hearted, honest old woman, doing her nest to live as God willed.

Peggy was a widow. To her it seemed a long yet pleasant old face, and heard his faint voice inhis last thanks and blessings as he slowly tailed before her. In reality, it was scarcely more than two years since his death, there in Bell's Court. But they had been very hard rears. Life had never been easy to Peggy, but 12m thinkin'." before this there had always been some one to weight, some one to even carry it a brief space while she snatched the rest from routine that was doubly sweet. Now there was no hange, no rest, no help, no sympathy, full and entire because of a share in the trial, whatever it might be. There were neighbors, to be sure and kindly ones, spite of their own great needs and scant supplies. But what did they know of the whole bitterness and its rare sweetening? Not one of them had ever "seen the sun golden on the Liffey," ever stumbled with her through the darkness before dawn to the Little Chapel and Father O'Toole's contessional, ever danced with Nora and Patsey and Dennis and Bridget and the others when Peggy was young and a dancer with the best. Above all, not one of them had ever heard the small voices of Peggy's little ones so soon nushed in death, or even heard of Jamsey,-Jamsey, her heart's delight and her heart's woe, her youngest, her dearest, her only living and her only lost child. Ah! with no part nor lotin these memories, sympathy with present trials lacked the tenderness of regret and the

She was very poor. From the first there had been little the could do in the New World life. She was no skilled servant, and no "hand" of any sort in shop or factory. But so long as John lived, there had always been something 10 eat, albeit scanty and plain as bread and water. There had always been fire part of the day, at least, and if there was no light for the darkness, there was always John to talk with, and the glow of his pipe that was meat and drink to him and, sympathetically, to her. Now, inher damp and mouldy room, oppressive In summer, iron cold in winter, Peggy sat out many a dreary evening or crept into bed at what was sunsett in the world where the sun counted, cold, hungry, tired and lonely-yes! beyond words. But she was brave. She had her prayers and her beads. Over and over she murmured the familiar words, over and over she told the well-worn decades, and looking on to "the morn's Mass," dropped asleep with a mile on her lips as often as not. With the first lightening of the darkness of night, she was up and off. Neither cold nor heat, neither storm nor shower, neither the growing weakness of age nor the weariness bor n of insufficient nourishment, kept her within doors after that hour. All that the lighted altar meant to her in its beautiful and pure adornings, more prosperous lives can never know. To her Our Lord was indeed all .- His shrine, herstronghold and her shelter. There she was ^{led} and clothed, warmed and refreshed. In the thought and the comfort of that hour of promise, she went through the toll and sorrow of the day.

comfort of hope. Peggy was indeed alone.

Late risers in the court-say, six o'clockwould see her trotting briskly home. With the day's work before her, there was no time to tarry. There was "the house"-it was perhaps ten feet square-to clean and put in spotless order, for Peggy was as cleanly as she was pure of heart. There was the day's living to earn, and the one pleasant thing about it was the chance that it might be a good one. It was earned with a basket and many a weary tramp. In the basket there was always some of Peggy's knitting, some of her sewing and some of her starching and Ironing. There was nothing

that she never attempted more than she could accomplish. She made no pretention to buying and selling, for hers were not the wits to sharpen against other wits. She had a line of her own. When John died, there was still something in the old Irish chest. With her face yet wet with the salt and bitter tears of widowhood, Peggy had set about despoiling herself of her last treasures. She cut up her remnants of Irish linen—saved so long to make Jamsey's shirts, "whin he came that length," -and fashioned them into coarse, yet snowy aprons. She put her nimble fingers to her cuts of Irish yarn, and knitted peasants' stockings, thick and warm and soft. Then she went out into the streets and sold them. Not an apron nor a pair of the stockings ever saw Bell's Court again. Something in her dear old Irish face, still a little rosy if wrinkled, something in her blue Irish eyes, still with a twinkle in their dimness, in soft, cheery voice, plaintive as it was with fear and hope, both struggling for the mastery,-above all, something in the hearts God softened to wards her in her hour of need, established Peggy in business. From that day she had gone on in the same way. Peggy's aprons, Peggy's stockings, Peggy's starched sun-bonnets had a reputation in a small business world. If Peggy had had four hands instead of two, four rooms instead of one, four days sunshine instead of seven days twilight in every week, and four times the price of her articles instead of the miserable pittance for which she sold them, she would have been very well off-for Peggy. Even

then, there are not many of us who would have envied her success. As it was, Peggy found it hard to get along. It was now March, but cold as midwinter. She awoke shivering, after sleeping without comfort. Never had she so often asked herself the question, "What shall I do?" never had she wait so anxiously for the answer. But

still, she waited with no fear or doubt. "There's but three ov thim!" she said to herself, one morning, laying her wares in the basket with careful hand, and lightly smoothing the aprons of which she spoke. "An' the sun-bonnets is no good without the sun. An' what to do wid mestlf I don't know !!!

Her hands trembled so she could scarcely tie the strings of her bonnet, and there was even a quiver on her gentle old mouth. But she forced it to smile, though wistfully.

"Shure, Peggy Dalton, wud ye play me that thrick? An' me that good to ye! Did I iver lave ye yer lone? No, ye niver did, Lord! I'll saythat fur ye! An'it's mestlf do feel shame fur that ould Peggy, the crather. But it's impty she is, Lord, an' there's more room fur timptation. Ye'll furgive her this wanct? An' yer Blissid Mother 'll go bail fur her-that will she! More be token. I'll say me prayers this blissid minit."

There was no one to hear this strangely familiar yet reverential soliloquy,-no one to see the kneeling figure, with thin hands clasped on the worn handle of the basket, and the pale, almost transparent face uplifted. These are the lessons of the poor the world loses. More often than we think, the holes and corner: of their shelters are the niches of saints.

It was yet early in the day when she reached her favorite resting place, an angel of a grand old church on her route. Here, if the weather was bad, was partial shelter and a stone coping broad enough for a seat. Here, her best customers had come to her. Here, if her stout heart seemed failing her, she crept in at the ever open door and up the long, warm aisle to kneel beneath the star-like lamp of the sanctuary, and tell over her sins and her sorrows, her needs and her blessings. Usually, by the time she reached it, the Masses for the day were all over, and the stillness unbroken save by the faint footfall of an occasional visitor like her self, but to-day the doors stood wide open, and there was every preparation for a grand solemnity of some kind. Already the aisles time since she last saw her husband's rugged were filling, and carriages driving up with fresh arrivals.

"Glory be to God!" wnispered Peggy, devoutly. "An' yer in luck to-day, Peggy Dalton, ye ongrateful ould sinner. An'it's yer poor ould bones 'Il take kindly to the prayin' now

Basket in hand, she slipped quietly into the share its hardships, some one to ease the bur-den when passing circumstances added to its not yet begun. A stately catafalque in the centre aisle told Peggy the object of the solemnites,-a requiem Mass for some dignitary of Church or State. The people around her were evidently not Catholics, but sight seers of great curiosity and utter ignorance of all they saw. But they were not all alike indifferent, irreverent, and ill-bred Peggy's attention was gently drawn to those behind whom she knelt, two young girls, soft-voiced and gracious, interested and eager, but unobtrusive. Peggy heard their questionings until her heart burned within her in her sweet old face attracted the notice of one. She was a very pretty creature, very fair and pure looking, with a bright smile as it beamed on Peggy.

"Ye're not a Catholic, dear?" whispered Peggy, bending forward.

She shook her dainty head.

"An' ye know nothin' about it, at all, at all?" Again she shook her head. Her companion turned a listening face, serious and noble, older and wiser.

"Ah! childer dear!" sighed Peggy- "Ah, me heart's bruk wid the t'ought ov ye! An' ye so purty an' so plisint wid ye, too. Oh, shure, the Blissid Savior is thinking ov ye this minit! Pray, childer, pray whin the little bell rings. an' He comes among us wid His own tinder Heart. Ax Him fur a blissin' thin. Ah, will ye now?"

The fair one looked at her companion, with a red flush of embarrassment but no irritation. Peggy's whisper was so soft and her blue eyes so tenderly entreating, it would have been hard hearts indeed that resented her evident sincerity. The old girl answered gravely.
"We will, indeed! Do not forget us in your

prayers, either." "Me blissin' on yez! Shure, I'll pray hard

an' fast fur ye." The Mass went on with splendid beauty in all its ceremonial, in all its awful meaning, its solemnly sweet music, speaking of the End, the terribly swift-coming End. Peggy told her beads, and forgot all else of earth. The two girls knelt reverently, prayed fervently, vague as it all was to them. When it was over, they turned to smile again at "the dear old woman. But she was gone, and silently and thoughtfully they followed in her wake to the door.

There was a shrill shrick from without as they reached it, and a slight swaying and surging of the crowd which blocked their passage. They heard something of an accident, horses, an old woman,-all confused and broken. Then some one pushed through the erowd to them, and a man-a stranger-said

o the elder : "Miss Graham, there has been a slight accident with your carriage. Your coachman appears to be drunk, -or out of his mind. You had better wait here until it is attended to for you. There is a crowd out there, and it may

be unpleasant." Miss Graham laid her hand firmly on the little one of her companion, who clasped her arm n terror.

"An accident?" she said. "Can I do anything? Was any one hurt?" "Well, there was an old woman knocked down, and I am afraid it was rather rough on

her. She was but a frail old body." They were outside of the church now, and thing wanted I can get?" asked Miss Graham. could see the group around the carriage with

very close to the ground, among the feet of the lookers on.

"Oh, Margaret! James is hurt!" cried the younger girl, in nervous terror. "Oh, let me go away where I cannot see anything! I can--cannot looked at him—at any one in pain!" "Lucy, you must not!" said the quiet voice of Miss Graham. "Stay here! I am going to see what is the matter and what is to be done.

James is not hurt. He is in trouble." She put the arm of her companion through the arm of the stranger, with one swift glance at his face, and run down the steps. The crowd fell back before her, and she was almost instantly at the side of the kneeling coachman. In the arms of another man lay a poor old woman, her tidy little bonnet torn off, her white cap pushed aside, and blood on her white hair and white face. But she was speaking feebly, and Margaret knew the voice.

"Oh, I am so sorry;" she exclaimed, sinking down beside her. "Are you much hurt? Have they gone for a doctor? Everything shall be done at once for you. James, what is the matter? Get up and get the carriage ready

The man staggered to his feet mechanically, and looked helplessly around him. Peggy raised

"Oh, lady dear! be alsy wid him! Shure, it was me own fault-to let the screech out ov mesilf like that! It's me own b'y-me Jamesy! Oh, lady dear! Shure it's hersilf! An' I prayed fur ye-Hivin's blissins on ye! Oh, Jamesy, me own b'y!"

Her head fell back with closed eyes, and a cry rose from the by-standers. Miss Graham had slipped her arm under her neck, and the man who was supporting her rose. He looked round on the crowd and put up his hand to bar their approach.

"She has only fainted," he said. "The young lady will see to her. I do not think she is seriously hurt. In all probability, she fell as much from weakness of exhaustion as from any blow of the carriage pole. The poor creature seems to be in a starving conditionalmost.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed a sturdy old gentleman with his hands in his pockets. "Yes, I do mean it! And I am very sorry for it, too. I'm that sorry! How sorry are you? As he spoke, he took off his hat, threw into it a rattling handful of silver, and passed it to the old gentleman. He in his turn withdrew one hand, dropped in an offering, and passed to it to the next. Miss Graham heard the ring of "change," the rising laughter and good-natured mirth of a crowd which finds itself disappointed of the climax of a tragedy. It had the effect of diverting their attention from herself and her charge, with whom she was busily occupied until James returned speedily with a physician.

"No serious injury," pronounced he presently. "That is, nothing I can discover from such an examination as this. She had better be taken to the hospital at once. If there is a carriage-'

"There is ours!" interrupted Miss Graham, and ready to take her where you please. James, tell Miss Lucy, and bring the carriage

She spoke with great gentleness, authoritatively, and the poor fellow, half distracted, went at once to do her bidding. The by-standers said "the young lady went home with the gentleman," and in a few minutes the carriage was drawn as close to the curb as possible, and the frail burden laid upon its cushions. The doctor and Miss Graham half knelt, half crouched, beside her as support in the short and hurried drive. Neither of them spoke. The doctor watched his patient closely. and Miss Graham's thoughts were busy with many things. The old woman's whispered words in church, their solemn effect as the Mass proceeded, the accident that had so singularly strengthened and prolonged their interest, the new and agitating experience of nurse and hospital visitor, were certainly quite enough to occupy any young and untried mind.

. I would like to walt here until after the examination," she said, as they drove through the great gates. "I wish to do all in my power for her. And it seems the coachman has some knowledge of her. Or she of him, rather."

She waited in a small room near the entrance After a little, the door opened slowly and James peeped in, his distressed face and dishevelled hair appealing to every kindly heart.

"James!" she cried, starting up. "Come in and tell me what happened. How was she

hurt? Who is she?" "Miss Margaret," said the poor fellow, with fast filling eyes and faltering voice, "indade an' indade it wur not me fault! She let the screech out ov her whin she set hur two eves on me, an' there she wur forninst me, an' I'm thinkin' the reins was loosed in me two han's wid the fright ov it. Fur I knowed it wus me ould mother hersilf, an' me lookin' fur hur this twilve-munt back!"

"Your mother, James? I thought you were alone in America."

"Shure, an' wusn't I that same? Whin I endn't till-no more than thim that's didwhere they, wus what use had I to be tillin' ov me relashuns anny-way? Not that I begrudged it to thim! Faith an' I had more right to be proud ov thim than iver they had ov mesilf." "But why did you not know where they

were? asked Miss Graham, seeking to check the storm of emotion threatening to overflow

"Well, thin - Miss Margaret - ye know versilf-I wusn't-I wusn't just the parfict man intirely when yer father laid han's on me, But yer father-he wrought that way wid methat I'm-I'm not just that had now altogither An' iver since the mindin' ov me, I do be strivin' to fin' me mother. Fur I heerd me father wur did. An' shure, now I hey found hur, I've killed hur intirely!"

There was no keeping it back now, and the storm broke in such a rain of tears and sobs that Miss Graham's eyes were wet in sympathy. The return of the doctors recalled her

to herself. "Oh, Doctor!" she asked, eagerly, " is she much hart? Oh, I hope not. This is her son and he has not seen her for years. It was the shock and surprise that caused the accident." "Ah!" said the doctor in charge. " Then that explains her questionings. We could not make head or tall of them. Well, my man, your mother is not very much hurt-'

"-but she is so much weakened that the shock is a very serious thing. I am afraid she's had a hard winter of it. She is very thin. And she is a bad color. We can't tell how it will turn out."

"Starved, really," murmured the young physician who had accompanied them. He and Miss Graham stood on a little apart. She turned a look of horror on him. It seemed so dreadful, remembering the tidy little creature's white, still face, and thinly, furnished basket. The whole story of patient struggle seemed told in a flash.

"Ye'll be afther littin' me to hur, Doctor?" said James, wistfully.

"Not now, my man. We were obliged to give her something to quiet her, and she must sleep. But-" he paused. The doctors looked at each other. "Well, you had better come back this afternoon. If she's awake, you can see her then."

"Can I do anything for her, Doctor? Is any "No, madam, nothing at all-at present. else. She had the wisdom of the very wise in its empty box. A policeman was holding the lane may be glad of some help, will at least

horses, and their own dark brown livery was | find it pleasant to see you-after a time." He was a handsome, old kind gentleman, and his air of gallant courtesy sat well upon him as he bowed to Miss Graham. She took her leave of him and walked away with the younger doctor, silent and sad.

"Doctor, you don't think she will get over it," she said, in a loud voice.

He did not answer her at first, then spoke of her age, the possibilities, the advantages of the hospital,

"At all events, she will want for nothing," he continued, as he assisted her to close the carriage door, atter she had offered to set him down on the way. "The crowd was generous, They handed me quite a sum from that hat." They parted with a smile. But Miss Graham reached home in sober mood. She found them all in sympathy with her, for they were a kindly and generous household, and theh

servants had a share in the warmth and sunshine of the home as well as in its labors. James was left at liberty to go and come at will until he was quite satisfied as to his mother's condition, and many and hearty were the enquiries for her.

Margaret was not content with inquiries Her first visit on the next day was followed by many more, for Peggy was no ordinary sufferer. She grew into the very hearts of all who came near her, and her cheeriness, her patience, her hopefulness, made of her sickbed anything but a pillory for those who at tended it. For Margaret she had a special fondness. James had told her all his story in his first visits, had made his peace with the past, and heard all her simple story. In his upward path, Magaret's father and mother bore a conspicuous part as helpers and strengtheners, and the two gentle lady daughters called forth all his native eloquence in the retrospect. Peggy lay through quiet hours, telling her beads for them. She had a fancy-it may have been more-that in a special way they were intrusted to her prayers that her grateful heart was so blessed as to have the way pointed out for its expression, and the meeting in the church just before the answer to her long and patient pleadings for Jamesy's return was meant to supply another object for those pleadings. Her manner to Margaret was always lovingly tender and respectful, her cheeriness more marked, her utter confidence in God and man more beautiful when Margaret was there. The two souls were like two rare lewels in different settings, allke, yet each taking a new purity and steady clearness and brilliancy from the other.

They talked of many things in those daily risits. Peggy told of her work and its wages cold and hunger and thirst and weakness. Margaret spoke of her daily duties and pleasures, and Peggy enjoyed them like a child, while she took her own portion as "the will of God, and blissins on it." Quaint and simple enough were many of her revelations. Margaret never forgot her speaking of those hours before the Blessed Sacrament in the church where they met, and from whence, Peggy said, she always went forth to comfort and to good fortune.

"Shure, an' He always sint me somethin," maybe a friend, maybe a customer. It's not often I do be botherin' Him about thim, though. Don't I know He sinds thim annyway, an' it's shamed I'd be to be hurryin' Him! But whin I finds mestif clane strippit ov iverything, I do be thinkin' He manes me to remimber it's Himsilf owns iverything. So I just mintion it to Him, soft like. An' He takes it plisint, ivery time,

But through all the quiet time of visiting nursing, resting, Peggy grew no better. She did not suffer much, but it was evident "the silver chord was loosed." Nothing was said of it, but her little preparations were all made. Margaret went, at her own request, to the little dark room in the Court, gathering together the few poorthings that were Peggy's treasures and carrying them away.

"You know, Peggy dear," she said, "when you are well you will never go back there. Now that you have found Jamsey, there is a much better home provided for you.

" Aye, shure! " said Peggy, placidly, and lay quiet. After a time, she said: "There was three aprons in the baskit, Miss Margaret

"Yes, Pegev. Three anrons and two sunbonnets, and two pair of stockings.' "Aye! Mrs. Mulligan's Ted bought wan pair that morn. It was all I sold, fur I thought I was to hav had luck with thim. Miss Marga-

"Well, Peggy?"

"Its not the likes ov yez wnd be wantinthim, but I be that proud an'glad, I wud, if ye'll take an apron or a sun-bonnet. Just to mind ould Peggy Dalton whin she's under the sod, darlint. It's poor things they are, shure, but I did me best wid thim, an' they ken' the heart ov me warrum ,til I found me b'y. An' isn't it an iligant b'y he is, Miss Margaret?" "He's a very nice fellow, Peggy. My father

thinks a great deal of him." "Blissins on yer father! Shure, he's the right to think well ov him, fur he's the makin' ov him under God! Ah, will ye take the apron. dear? Or the sun-bonnet?

"Indeed I will, Peggy." "Thank you kindly, Miss! Now, I'm done wid thim. I'll niver stick stitch more. Glory

be to God!" She drew a long, soft breath, and when Mar-

garet spoke to her again, she was sleeeping restfully and sweetly as a child. It was the next morning James knocked at Margaret's door with a tear-washed face. She

knew his errand.

" Miss Margaret,-" he whispered, and turned

way. "Yes. James, poor fellow!" "Miss Margaret, me heart's bruk! Wud yerud ye-go wid me, plaze? She do be wantin'

to spake wid ye-the day." The pause was eloquent. " I will be ready in ten minutes," said Margaret. And in ten minutes they were on their way. The hospital ward seemed very still and

white. In one of the neat beds, so smooth it looks almost undisturbed, the delicately pure old face, crowned with silver hair, rested on the spotless pillow. They paused beside it. "Mother!" said James, bending forward. Mothery I've done yer bidden'-I've brought

her wid me-Miss Margaret's here."

The blue eyes opened, dimmer than when Margaret saw them last, but loving still. Margaret sat down close to her and laid her beautiful, jewelled hand on the thin wrist around which was wrapped the prayer-polished rosary. Peggy looked down feebly at the warm

"Ah, darlint,-the jewels ov Our Lady! In ve only-only set store on thim: I've said thim o'er an o'er fur ye-an' if ye wad only say thim for me-if ye wud say thim only wanct ! Margaret sat in silence one moment, and the wistful eyes grew brighter. Then the fair young face bent over the dying woman's pil

"I will say them for you, Peggy. Our Lady has heard your prayers, and God has granted them. I am a Cathollo." Peggy clasped her hands with one supreme

effort. "Glory be to God!" she said, clearly, fully Lord, furgive ould Peggy once more! Did I

iver doubt ye? An' Jamsey's found-an' me wurk's done furiver—an' I die in the light ov day—an' she's yer own child! Glory be to God! I'm done wild it all!"

James sobbed aloud. Margaret covered her

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face with her hands. But the Sister spoke quietly.

"The end is not yet. She will pass away be fore many hours, but now she has fainted. Dear, simple-hearted saint! She has been

faithful!".

Indeed, she had. Placidly, beautifully, in the full enjoyment of all her senses, fortified by all the rites of the Church, her heart's desires granted in its fullest sense, Peggy Dalton vent to her reward. Out of loneliness, hardship, darkness, pain, He who has promised brought her to the fulfilment of His word: And their end shall be Peace."

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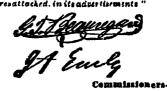
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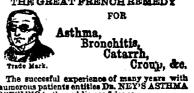
ATTENTION—The present charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which is part of the Constitution of the State, and, by decision of the SUPEMP COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, is an inviolable contract between the State and the Lottery Company, will remain in force under any circumstances FIVE YHARS LONGER, UNTIL 1895.

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St. Boniface June 8th 1890 SISTER A. BOIRE.

St. Boniface, June 8th 1890 SISTER A. BOTER. Dr. G. Desrosiers writes Nov. 12th 1890.

Dr. G. Desrosiers writes Nov. 12th 1890.

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a.m. and every subsequent hour. From Montreal commencing at 5.30 a.m. Last trip 5 a.m. and every subsequent hour. From Montreal commencing at 5.30 a.m. Last trip 8.30 p.m. See time table.

To LAPRAIRIE—From Montreal, from 25th May to 31st August, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. From Laprairie—5.30, 8 a.m., 1.30 and 5.30 p.m. From Montreal 6.30 a.m., 12 noon 4 and 6. 5 p.m. On Tuesdays and Fridays from Laprairie, 5, 8, 10.30 a.m., 1.30 and 5.30 p.m. From Montreal 6, 9, 12 noon, 4 and 6.15 p.m. On Sundays and 6, 12 noon, 4 and 6.15 p.m. On Sundays and holidays, from Laprairie, 7, 9, 15 a.m. and 5 p.m. From Montreal 8 a.m., 2 and 6 p.m. EXCURSIONS—Commencing Saturday, May 2nd, by Steamer Terrebonne, every Saturday at 2.30 p.m., for Vercheres, and Sundays at 7 a.m. for Contrecœur returning same evening at about 8 p.m.

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