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WILLIS & CO., 1824 Notre Dame Street. (Near McGill Street), MONTREAL.

The Mystery of Killard.

PART I.—THE RACE OF LANE.

Chapter VIII (Continued).

Lane now thrust his hand into his bosom, and drew forth a small bundle of fishing-line. This he quickly unwound. It was twenty yards long, and in the centre lay what fishermen call a stroke-haul, that is, three hooks tied together, so as to resemble a small grappling-iron.

The face of the cliff was so sheer that, when the line all but about a yard was run out, the stroke-haul hung free of the rock. He looked carefully over the edge. The eye could not discern the line at more than half its length, and even the bullet had disappeared. Holding the line out at arm's length, he walked a few paces along the very brink. Then suddenly the line tightened. He wound up a few yards of it, and drawing it in cautiously, returned to the old station.

Then he took in the line overboard. Before half of it lay beside him on the cliff, the rope hanging from the Island began to stretch across the rift towards where he stood. With a jerk the stroke-haul came into view, and in one of the hooks rested a loop of fine black cord.

Seeing this cord in his hand, he pulled vigorously, and in less than a minute the eye of the rope came up.

Thirty feet down the cliff was a fissure, and in this fissure a small bar of iron, and attached to this bar of iron the cord to which the rope was tied. The bar might be placed there by lowering it from the cliff into the fissure. The dimness of the chasm made it impossible to see the black cord.

Having secured the loop to the hook, he pushed the tangle of cords which hung from it out on the rope until it hung over the brink. It formed a rude network of five meshes, each mesh being about a foot wide.

Into this network he crept head foremost, taking the gun with him, and was fully in, he turned, faced the pale blue morning sky, and, seizing the rope with his hands and feet, worked himself across with surprising swiftness and ease.

As soon as he had landed, he, by a vigorous shake, communicated an upward serpentine wave to the rope, at the same moment lowering his hand to the ground. The loop spread out of the hook, and the rope fell to its own position. Thus the Island was once more cast loose into isolation.

Lane paused a moment, turned round, and inspected the Island narrowly, apparently to his satisfaction. Then he crossed the summit, and, opening the door of his chamber, entered it.

The yellow sun stood over the level downs. Far out on the sea reached the dark green water in the shadow of the cliffs. Beyond the shadow the ocean lay a blue sheet of radiance under a cloudless sky. The dew was ascending from the brittle grass.

Beneath the summits of the gigantic rocks, sea fowl cried as they flew slowly from the land. No object broke the vast expanse of ocean. No sound fell into the vacant vault of heaven, save the cries of the birds. Peace reigned over all the scene, as though no conflict of tempest ever raged the coast; as though the message of peace to man was written in colossal characters on the face of nature.

In the small chamber facing the south, slept the boy. He knew nothing of his father's visit to Clonmore. The man had left the Island without letting his son know of his intention. During the previous day, the manner of the father had been more excited than ever. One of those scenes had occurred between the two. While Lane was preparing the mid-day meal of potatoes and fish, an accident occurred. The boy was sitting before the fire watching the fish frying. The father, behind him, held an earthen plate in his hand. Suddenly it slipped from his grasp, and was broken into fragments on the hard earthen floor.

With an inarticulate cry, the father turned round to claim his son's attention; but his eyes no sooner met the figure of the child than he sprang back with a yell. The boy had already risen, and stood regarding the fragments.

arm, struck him heavily. In all that had been before, nothing, here this had occurred. A blow! a blow, and no blame attributable to him!

For an instant the boy drew himself up, and glared defiance at his father. Then all the anger went out of his face, and with a loud sob of pain and grief, he threw himself on his father's bed, and covered his head with the clothes.

The man stood and buried his wild bright eyes in the prostrate form. His whole frame shook with passion. His chest heaved, and through his dilated nostrils he breathed fiercely.

Then, almost as suddenly as it had come, his passion deserted him. The fury left his eyes, the rigidity of countenance gave place to softness, after which came a look of almost awful tenderness and regret; then, with a hoarse moan, he flung himself beside the child and seized him in his arms and wept over him like a mother.

The boy's chamber was no more than twelve feet square. The walls were rough, unplastered. The stout beams supporting the roof were seven feet from the ground at their least height. Unlike cottages of far greater dimensions, this hut had a fire grate of four iron bars in each room. The chamber occupied by the boy had been the cell of the bishop. In it there was but one small window, and that looked south. The furniture was scanty; it consisted of a small deal table, an old-fashioned bedstead without its roof, two chairs, and a three-legged stool. Against the wall hung a piece of looking-glass.

The boy was fast asleep. His chest and arms were bare; his head drooped forward; a faint smile rested on his lips, and down his cheeks were tear stains. Already fact had proved to this child more harsh than fiction. The sleeping delusions were sweet, the waking realities bitter.

In one hand he held a heavy clasp-knife. Before going to bed, he had taken it out of his pocket, and fondled it, and when he lay down he kept it close to his cheek. Perhaps the salt waters of the ocean had made the red spot visible on the back of the spring; perhaps the warm tears. But now the tears were dry, and he was smiling in his dreams. Maybe he was once more living through the happy moment when his father, taking him on his knee, first displayed the wonders of the great clasp-knife to him, opened out all the blades, the miniature saw, the tiny gimlet, the slender marlin-spike; and when all were shown, and their uses illustrated, handed him the miracle, and patted his head, and pressed him in his arms.

Suddenly the door of the boy's room opened, and David Lane entered. It was near seven o'clock. The boy was usually stirring at that hour. He must have lain awake long.

The father came and stood by the bedside. He saw the tear-stains and the clasp-knife, and he seemed to understand. While he stood with his arms folded on his broad chest, regarding his son with a dull, sad face. The door behind him remained open, and through the doorway entered the broad, pure light of morning. The foot of the bed was opposite the doorway, and the light struck fully on the boy's smiling face. Evidently Lane feared it might wake him, for, stretching his hand back, he closed the door.

Instantly the smile passed off the countenance of the sleeper, and a gloom fitted across it. Then, with a wall, the boy started, leaned upon his elbow, and looked fearfully at his father. The two remained motionless for a time. With a sigh that shook him from head to foot, the father made a sign to the boy to rise, and left the cell.

David Lane went back to his own chamber and bolted the door. He took out the gun from under his bed, and proceeded to load it. He had seen men shoot birds on the beach at Killard, and knew how to charge the weapon. He poured in a large charge of powder, upon which he rammed down a piece of rag. Then from a box he drew forth some hand-lines, and cutting off one of the bullet sinkers, found with satisfaction that it fitted the barrel. When the bullet had been dropped down, he drove in another piece of rag, and then raised the cock.

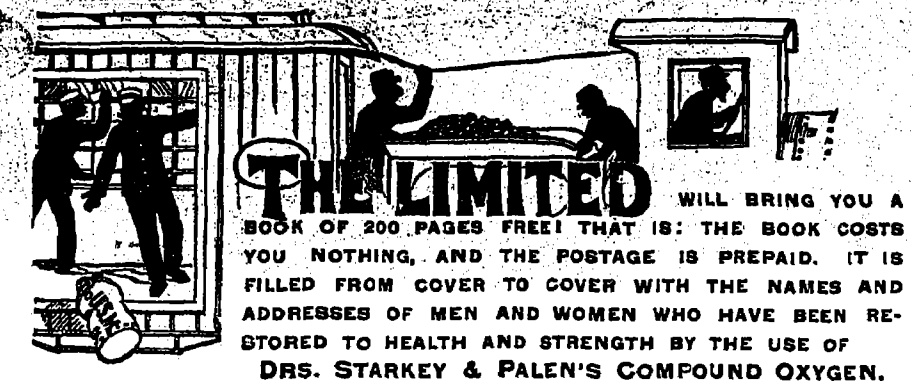
After this, he paused a long while in thought. At length he lifted his head suddenly and smiled, and shook his head in self-approval. From the box wherein he had found the bullet, he now took a piece of thin sheet-lead, of which the lighter kind of sinkers are made. He cut off a small square piece, and by the aid of a spray of faggot, fashioned this into a little cap. Into this he poured the phosphoric composition from the head of a lucifer match, and when this was done dropped the cap over the nipple of the gun. After that he placed the gun, without lowering the hammer, under the bed, stood awhile in an attitude of thought, with his hand to his brow. His eyes grew gradually dim, his hand fell, his whole frame relaxed, and, stretching out his arms as if to embrace his boy, he burst into tears.

The village of Killard was by this time awake and stirring. The boats had been out all night, and came home laden with fish. Under the silvery light of the morning, mackerel, and hake, and gurnet, and rock-fish and pollock and cod writhed and twisted on the yellow sand. There had been no better night all the summer, and the men were less rough and more playful than usual; the women, who had come to help their husbands and sons and brother to carry the spoils to Pat Casey's, were demurer than the men.

(To be continued.)

English Royal Property.

According to the Chicago Herald the English royal family is not an enormous landowner. The queen owns 25,000 acres in Aberdeen, and enjoys the rent roll from the grand estates of Windsor, 10,000 acres in extent, and getting annually \$110,000. Her Aberdeen property brings but one-quarter of this sum. She owns Claremont, which she purchased of Lord Clive in 1832 for \$360,000; it had cost him \$760,000. This estate covers 464 acres. Then she has estates in Germany; but all these are small as compared with the holdings of the Dukes of Westminster, of Devonshire, of Portland and of Bedford. The English nation



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Growth of Catholicism. We hear a great deal from our enemies of the decadence of Catholicity. Let us reward them with a few statistics as to its increase. In 1876 there were 450,000 Catholics in Australia not counting New Zealand. To-day there are 750,000, or high double as many within fourteen years. In 1876 there were 330 priests; at this moment there are 620, and the number of churches and chapels has increased from 620 to 880 and of Catholic schools from 250 to 700.

COMMERCIAL. Grain. A jobbing business has been doing in flour, mainly in broken lots. We quote as follows: Patent spring, \$5.70; Patent winter, \$5.10; Straight roller, \$4.75; Extra, \$5.10; Superfine, \$4.00; Fine, \$3.25; \$3.50; City, strong bakers, \$5.55; Strong bakers, \$5.25; Superfine bags, \$1.75; Extra, bags, \$2.00; Fine bags, \$1.50; Oatmeal, standard, per bag, \$2.25; Oatmeal, granulated, \$2.10; Oatmeal, rolled, \$2.40.

Butter. Market firm and stock held for buyers' figure. Choice creamery at 22c; and choice Townships dairy at 18c. Western runs from 14c to 15c. Choice late made creamery, 22c; 23c; earlier makes, 20c; 21c; Township dairy, 18c; Western rolls, 15c; 17c; Choice Western, 14c; 16c; Medium grades, 11c; 12c.

Cheese. No change in the market, nor is any expected until the commencement of the year. There is a fair jobbing demand for pork at unchanged prices; but the volume of business is small. Canadian short cut, per brl, \$15.50; Mess pork, western, per brl, \$12.50; Short cut, western, per brl, \$12.50; Ham, city cured, per lb, 12c; Bacon, city cured, per lb, 11c; Lard, Canadian, in tubs, \$9.50; Bacon, per lb, 9c; Lard, common refined, 8c.

Eggs. Market continues firm, the receipts being practically nothing and the demand very fair. Limited stock, laid 22c; and fresh 25c; 26c.

Leather. Leather has been quiet this week. Some transactions in sole of Quebec account at the reduction mentioned last week are reported. Other lines quiet. There is no change in hides, and business rules quiet. Locally purchases have been made by dealers at 3c, 4c; 5c, and tanners are paying less more.

Poultry. The demand for poultry continues, all choice, dry, clean picked fat birds being sold readily at top prices. Turkeys sold as high as 10c; but 10c; the range, poor stock being hard to sell even at the inside. Chickens sold from 5c to 7c, the wide range in prices being due to the scarcity of choice stock. Geese sold from 6c to 8c, the supply continuing rather liberal. Ducks in better demand at 9c; 10c. There was a free movement in partridges at 5c; 6c per brace for firsts and 2c; 3c for seconds.

Dressed Hogs. Receipts last week were 1,833 per Grand Trunk and 1,007 per C.P.R., prices 6c to 7c per lb.

Roots and Vegetables. Potatoes, 6c; 7c per bag; Quebec turnips, 50c per bag; Carrots, 25c per bushel; Beets, 30c; 35c; Cabbage, 25c per dozen; Celery, 25c; 30c per dozen; Onions, 5c; 6c per bushel; Parsnips, 10c per dozen; Artichokes, 75c per dozen.

Hay and Straw. Hay, \$7.50 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; pressed hay, 45c; 50c per 100 lbs.; straw, \$4.50; 5.00 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs. each.

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MONTREAL City and District Savings Bank. NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT. upon the paid-up capital stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the Banking House in this city on and after Friday, the second day of January, 1891. The Transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, E. A. BROWN, Manager. Montreal, 29th November, 1890. BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour. Is THE BEST, and THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should bear for it and see that they get it, as all others are imitations.