# BONNIE SCOTLAND.

THROUGH "THE LAND OF CAKES."

Characteristic Sketches of Men, Manness and Scenes in Suburban Edinburgh.

The fishwives of Newhaven, sunburnt brawny Amazons, with short skirts and broad shoulders,-these tishwives troop into Edinburgh every morning, each with a huge basket strapped to her shoulders; the contents of the said basket impregnating the air for half a block to loeward.

You can run down to the sea at Newhaven in half an hour by rail, and it is well worth the trip. A row of squat stone houses lines the beach for a mile down, propped-up mansion or more. The village looks windy and weather-worn. Two long piers reach out each rises that welcome beacon, a lighthouse. Up and down these piers all day troop the children of the village, who as yet are useful only as the receipients of a fair proportion of the family victuals and and all the outgrown clothing in the neighborhood.

At Newhaven the very air is redolent of fish and dried sea-weed; everywhere there are boats drawn out of the water and turned over on one side, as if comfortably sleeping after a battle with the waves. There is an hospital, where the disabled find haven; and under the shelter of one of the piers there is a cove, crowded with small smacks rocking at ancher and tugging at their chains, as it impatient to be off again sporting with

their hands; and these fishwives are the rulers in the village. They send their husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, lovers away in the gray dawn; and are waiting with more or less anxiety to welcome the toilers of the sea on their return, and to reckon the sum of spoils. The wives prepare the fish for market; go up to Edinburgh by train in droves of fifty, or even a hundred sometimes; sell their merchandise, and return with the profits, which they are careful to keep in their own hands. No doubt a good husband gets his drink-money and a new suit of clothes now and again; but those hus bands seem to know little of the world beyond that infinitesimal portion of it which smells of Newhaven and the broad Frith, that glowers or glasses itseli abreast of their humble homes.

Children paddle about at low tide, with skirts tucked up under their arms, hunting sea-weed and limpets in the shallow pools, where their images are reversed. These seadered babies, bring and amphi-tions, are a hardy lot. They speak a lingo that is quite unintelligible to any save Scotch ears; they chew sea-weed like little animals, and evidently relish it. By the by, there are rare fish dinners to be had at "The Peacock,"-but I doubt that there is anything else in the place worth noting, save only the industry of the people, and the very practical life they lead, from the day when they first enter salt-water till they are laid at last under the short, crisp grass in the desotate cemetery on the hill-top.

How do they pass their lives? A buxom lass, in thick shoes and coarse blue homesom stockings: in skirts that must be numberless, judging from their them having shoulders broader than most men-she meets and loves one of the supple-jointed lads who hang about the beats, when they are drawn to shore, as if these were the darlings of their lives. Probably this maid he were some delightful marine creature; and he accepts his fate as a fish does, with a faint struggle that is as brief as it Then they settle in one of the stone cabins; hang their nets out of the windows in the sunshine, cover the pavement in front of their home with fishscales, and enjoy life after their kind

for many a weary year.

When the warm weather comes, and the men go down to the end of the long pier and leap off into the twilight sea, like brown savages somewhat bleached, the women follow them as spectactors, and applaud the strongest swimmers. It is a very simple, not to say primitive, life; and they seem happy enough. But on the odor of it!—the ancient and fish like odor of it!

Under Salisburg Crags, the everlasting glory of Edinburgh, lies a miniature village couched by the shore of a lake that is half filled with swans and water-lilies If you were to continue your drive around the Crags, back of the city, you would thread two or three other hamlets; but Duddingston is the most interesting of them all.

At the Yellow Inn, up that narrow street, Prince Charley slept the night before the battle of Prestonpans. Marmion rode over the low hills of Broid, yonder; and Filz Eustace

# " Raised his bridle hand, And threw a demivoit in air."

There is Craigmillar, a fine old castle, where Queen Mary once dwelt. By the stone gate post of the low-roofed Norman church—what a picture that church is!— hangs the "jougs," on iron collar that used to be clasped about the necks of malefactors, who were thus chained in public; and everybody had the privilege of insulting the criminal to his hear.'s That was a long time ago, yet the collar still swings by a chain to the

veritable post. The Rev. John Thomson, a landscape painter of some note, was rector of Duddingston church for five and thirty years. Alexander Smith, the Scotch poet and essayist, has pictured the pastoral life of the rector in a charming sketch. That life must have been as placid as the lake itself, distribed only by the glance of the coot, the voyage of the swan, the hum of bees, and the fall of apple and plum blosbees, and the fall of apple and plum blos-soms in the fresh breeze that dips over the road, where Walter Scott used to

lows by the lake shore, where the children were racing the swans with toy boats, to the abrupt and inaccessible rock atop of Salisbury Crags, there was no spot where the wild flowers had not been freshly plucked, or where people were not picnicking on gingersnaps and pop. But I looked over the lovely hills with intense pleasure, and marked them all, numindful of the litter of belittling humanity, that spoiled the foreground for me. I dreamed over the landscape with a full heart; for this was Walter Scott's hunting ground when he was a boy.

Roslin and Hawthornden—you can not separate them. One ticket covers the whole ground; and whoever leaves Edinburgh without having seen the daintiest and most fairylike of chapels at Roslin, and threaded the glen under Hawthorn-den, knows not the exceeding beauty

Hawthornden, which is a tumbledown, propped-up mansion on the edge of a cliff in a wild and lonely nook, was the home of the poet Drummond. Prointo the Frith or Forth,—two piers hung bably the smooth verses of Drummond thick with seagrass; at the lar end of Hawthornden are never read to day; of Hawthornden are never read to day; perhaps he would scarcely be remembered were it not that he was a good notetaker and a pleasant host in his owl's his nephew and heir, Mr. Frederick nest above the vale of Fsk. There is a Judah, Q. C. The property sold consists fine garden about the house; and a of over 65,000 feet, beautifully situated on very large tree is pointed out to the ridge of the hill, and laid out in orsee it; it is the very tree under which for \$40,000 to the order of the Franciscan Drummond sat when Ben Jonson came monks, who have moved into the preto see him, in 1619. It is a big tree-for for Drummond and Jonson to air their opinions in. You know Drummond, having plied Jonson with spirits until his tongue went wagging merrily, took copious notes of his guest's wise talk; and after both these worthies were in their graves the notes were published. rounded by some of the finest residences the big waves far out in the breezy Frith.

During the day the men-folk are mostly off at sea. The fishwives come out and stare at them under the palms of their hands; and these fishwives are the crawd every twig and still some tunafel. crowd every twig, and still some tuneful soul would be left without a perch. Ben Jonson wrote a couple of poems under this tree: the one called "On a Lover's Dust," the other "My Picture Left in Scotland." They are included in his "Underwoods," and inscribed to his

There are queer cellars beneath the house; no doubt they were once well stocked, for Drummond was once a liberal entertainer. The gardener points out a rock overlyinging the george, and says it is called Knox's Pulpit; for from that height John Knox used to preach to the peasants in the vale below,-the vale survives. It is a narrow vale, a glen thickly wooded; the Esk that flows through it, though but a rivalet, brawls mightily and fills nearly the whole bed of the george. It is a slippery path that borders the Esk, and it is not easy to listen to anything save the roar of the waters.

A troop of us went in single file from Hawthornden to Roslin, a couple of miles or so ; and were rather tired by the time we came to the castle. Moreover, we were a little vexed when, after exploring the too-much vaunted ruins, we found the only object of interest was a patch of gooseberry bushes in the yard; of the monks, in his surplice and stole, which bushes we straightway fell upon and rifled. But Roslin Chapel repaid us a thousand fold.

Only eight and sixty feet in length, and five and thirty in width, and having columns but eight feet high—a mere fragment of an edifice, that was founded in the fitteenth century and never completed, - Roslin Chape) is an ideal shrine, wherein the chaste efficies of the fairest saints are alone worthy to find sanctuary. Lichens of every color drape it the animals had received order to find without. I know of nothing that can their food elsewhere and they did not go compare with it for richness of tone save far for it. All around the blessed circle, the mosaics of Italy, and they glare like they destroyed young maples and brush. prisms beside the flower tints on these variegated walls. Within there are exquisite and elaborate carvings, gracefully efficacy of prayers to protect the prome! that chapel is like a bower of delicate, pale sea coral, touched here and there by a sunbeam that has caught a glow from the dyed garments of the Public prayers were ordered and the birds saints in the narrow windows.

There is one pillar in the chapel that has a strange history. The columns-no two alike-were completed, all save the last. The master artisan, who was perplexed as to what pattern he should design for this one, unide a pilgrimage to Rome in search of counsel. Meanwhile an apprentice, who must have been inspired by the spirit of one of the old masters, set to work with the daring headache remedy, and general tonic reenthusiasm of youth, and finished the novating medicine before the public. ... column before the return of his director. The shaft is deeply groined; round it are twined three wreaths of flowers, each unlike the other, and these reach from base to capital; a chain of dragons writhe about the base. The capital is a poem in marble; the whole a study as

dened by jealousy, the master struck the lad a blow with a mallet, and he fell our talented and masterly fellow coundend at the foot of this monument of his tryman and co-religionist has penned. genius. A bust of the boy, with a great gash in the forehead, is set at the top of one of the arches; around it the grouned ceiling resembles a pavilion of lace, thoughts gathered into a short space, to Perhaps it is the choir of the read Donahoe's June number, and chapel that most fascinates the eye, with its thousand fantastic forms; it seems to have miraculously burst into a wilderness of snowy blossoms, that shall

wither no more forever. Lest you accuse me of having exaggerated the charms of Edinburgh, let me quote a passage from Sir David Wilkie, that will bear me out in my enthusiasm ; What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg; here are the formantic cities of Orvieto and Tivoli, of Genoa and of Naples; here, indeed, to the poet's fancy may be found realized the Roman Capital and the Greek Acropolis." There, sir or madame! Need I

From the heights of Arthur's Seatthe haunt of that stainless knight,-"There is great skating there in winter," says Alexander Smith, with semiprovincial pride. I know there is great loafing there in summor; for the above the distant Frith and swallow up the loafing there in summor; for the slopes of the Crags swarmed with idlers the day I joined them,—and not one of them more idle than I. From the pollard willill, and the huge rock behind me, last

and highest of the three heights that brood over the land. Now the stars quicken, and the lamps mock them, pricking their way up the long street, leaping the chasms where they hang sus-pended like chains of gold, and spangling the fading slopes of the new town. The air grows chill after twilight, as it is apt to do in this northern latitude; and with a great sigh-I think it was crowded out of me by my abundant gratitude at the privileges I enjoyed during that busy week in the "Gmy Capital"—I take off my cap to the invisible city, now engulfed in darkness, and cautiously descend into the mysterious depths of that waveless, phosphorescent sea. - By Charles Warren Stoddard in the Ave Maria.

#### THE FRANCISCAN MONKS.

Le Bocage" Propertt Now Occupied by Them-A Church to be Erected.

The part of "Le Bocage" property fronting on Dorchester street and com-prising the old homestead and dependencies, the residence of the late M. Henry Judah, late chief Seignorial Commissioner, was disposed of last month by the visitor who has paid sixpence to namental grounds, and was disposed of mises, using the house as a residence and Hawthornden; there was room enough | chapel, it being their intention later on to erect a church. The house was built over fifty years ago by the late Judge Rolland and bought and occupied by Mr. Henry Judah since 1852. The sale has caused considerable talk in the neighborhood of the property, which is surseventeen at present, four of whom are Canadians, have occupied their new residence during the last two weeks. About a third of the purchase price was paid down and the deed was made out in the name of Rev. Mr. Richombly. The price originally asked was about \$50,000. The property a few years ago was occupied by Sir Donald A. Smith while his present residence was in the course of crection.

# THE EFFICACY OF PRAYERS.

An Instance Related by the "Semaine Religiouse."

La Semaine Religieuse says: "The Trappist Fathers at Oka have this year experienced the efficacy of the prayers of the Church for the blessing of the products of the earth. Last year, like these of most of our farmers, their grounds were invaded by legions of the field mouse which destroyed their young orchard. They this year had the happy thought to remove this plague, to employ the prayers of the Ritual against these destroying animals. Last autumn, one escorted by two acolytes, went around the vast enclosure, in which are the orehard and garden, reciting liturgical prayers and sprinkling the previously infected places with holy water. This is what happened: not a tree, not a plant, of any use was attacked by these animals, in the limits circumscribed by the ceremony. Still large holes, and enormous nests were found in all the other parts of the enclosure. It seemed as i The Semaine Religiouse reminds its readers of this striking example of the ducts of the earth. It recalls the fact that some years since the county of Lotbiniere was invaded by certain birds which did great damage to the crops. soon disappeared.

# THE BYE-ELECTIONS

have passed by and we can now consider the best protection against disease. There s unrestricted reciprocity of sentiment between all people in Canada in pro-nouncing Burdock Blood Bitters the very best blood purifier, dyspepsia and

## Love Lynies.

Under this heading Professor Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., writes a beautiful critical essay in the June number of marven us as beautiful.

When the master returned, the apprentice led him in triumph to inspect the work; and at that moment, maddened by jealousy, the master at malest lished by G. P. Putnam's Sans and published by G. P. Putnam's Sa occasion for the charming paper which We will not write a criticism of a criticism, but will merely invite our readers, if they wish for a cluster of gents of especially Professor O'Hagan's essay.

## SANDWICH

Sirs,—For five years I have suffered from lumbago and could get no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and must say I find no better remedy for it. John Desherdan, Sandwich, Ont.

Never borrow trouble. The interest you have to pay for the accommodation s excessive.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constitution or torped liver without disturbing the stom ich or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you. The bad, small boy, when his mother

calls, is like the echo. He answers, but he doesn't come.

## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

IRELAND'S CIFTED. BUT UNHAPPY BARD,

Who and What He Was-His Wonderful Genius and His Dreary Life.

A few steps from the author of " Waiting for May," starting from a clump of evergreens, runs a little well-kept gravel path. Its first duty is, I believe, to help in the division of the cemetery into sections, the second, and more useful, a convenient cut to an unfrequented part of Glasnevin that holds the ashes of the most poetical of Ireland's modern singers. A few years prior to my visit Dublin gentleman, interested in the personality of Ireland's Poe, creeted a inger-post with the finger pointing to a ittle black slab of Irish slate stone, and underneath this index, in large, disjointed yellow letters, that are fast fading, "J. C. Mangan's Grave." A pang of sadness steads over the traveller in this sequestered nook of G'asnevin when the dow, and on the whole the place has an ashes of the brilliant dreamer and facile word painter are beneath his tread.

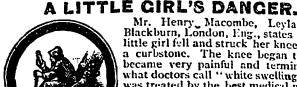
The day of my visit-a stormy one, befitting the Green Isle in Decembersome American had hung on the tinger post a garand of roses, with the well-merited tribute, "He Loved Liberty."

It was indeed consoling to know that thousands of miles from his native land a love for the scant remnant of his genius was treasured, and a token of appreciation paid to it. One could not help thinking that this memorial was a tribute from some exile who had dreamed what the bard had woven in exquisite verse. the longings for liberty, and the hopes for a free government. It may however, have been placed there by some lover of thought and skill combined, who, in some ramble through the streets of our great cities, leisurely sauntering into some old book store, found in some sequestered nook, hidden by the overhanging cobwebs and covered by dust, a little volume of poems, with a slight sketch of the author drawn by no unfriendly hand. Be it one or the other, a brother patriot or a lover of artistic verse. the roses were there fresh and beautiful, rain forming itself into tears on their petals, and dripping on the little headstone slab, while their fragrance diffused itself over the grave, forcing one almost to believe the old saying that "Nature is kind to her singers."

Who was Mangan, not a few readers will ask? This paper may not be written amiss if it answers that question. Or his family little is known. They were peasants, farming little snatches of mountain land, working day and night to pay ruinous rents to land ords, those leeches of the Irish peasantry. One of them, by name James, weary of such an arda-ous existence sold his little property for a few pounds, and emboldened by the success of a former countryman in the Irish Capita!, bade adieu to his old Limerick home on the vale of Shanagoiden and proceeded to Dublin to tempt dame

fortune to give hi u a smile. The dame could not be tempted. Embarking in the grocery business in a small shop, in dirty, narrow Fishamble street, he tried to woo customers and achieve success. As a means towards his government establishment, he sought out and wed the prettiest girl in the street, thinking that local patrictism would make the Fishamblers patronize his store. From this love and business union sprung the subject of our sketch. Business failing the elder Mangan became nervous and erratic, the little shop was changed from street to street, each street becoming less and less given to respectability, until it ended in one of those dark winding alleys that seem so short and yet have a kind of nowhere Here, broken-hearted, all his hopes that were so easy to weave in the vale of Shanagolden blasted, health-gone and his form speaking of premature deeay the young old man repined for a few months and went to a better world leaving a frail and sickly woman the care of a few helpless children. Mangan has been compared to Pec, but the similarity is one of g nius, not of opportunities given and thrown away. Poe precocious, snatched cary from the ups and downs, the misery that was the usnal companion of vagrant players half a century ago, and reared amid riches and refinement, given every opportunity to become a scholar. Mangan, sickly, with scare a bed to stretch his little weary limbs upon, poverty his daily mate, find ing amid the hours of evil a few minutes to feed that brain that was ever thirsting for knowledge. Poe in the college hall, or in some easy chair, toasting his limbs before the cheery fire reading the books he loved. Mangan in the gloomy and bare little half of Derby-square with its one seat for the master and hardly standing room for the unkempt and ragged urchins, whose loved occupation was cutting their names on the tottering window sill, or pushing further out the paper pane that for poverty's sake was supposed to take the place of glass. This strange school, for so sensitive

and delicate an organism as Mangan's. was a jar to his entire system, and the furrow it left was plainly visible for the remainder of life. It was his only school. a fact which must be borne in mind, in reading those wonderful translations, where not only are the words translated, but the spirit and atmosphere of the bard are retained. It has been well said be full of grit. that every writer has that indescribable something about him, which is best described by the word "atmosphere;" the translator who can successfully retain this is not circumscribed by talents. even of the highest, he has shown us as an attribute of the genus. Mangan's school can be no longer an object of sight-seeing; it has long since disappeared, as has the old hedge-schoolmaster, that, more by the strength of arm than by knowledge, held sway. If



Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland Ct., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell,

became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

#### ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

this editor, "between the castle and the river Liffey, runs off from Werburgh street a narrow alley, which brings you into a small square of dismal brick houses, called Derby square. Very few of the wealthier and more fashionable inhabitants of Dablin know the existence of this dreary quadrangle. The houses are high and dingy; many of the air of having seen better days-better, but never very good." A well known Irish writer informed me that he had often in those days watched the frail figure, standing tiptoe, near an old book stand, his eyes devouring the books as a miser devours money. When Providence sent a few coppers in his way, and these occasions were very rare, he stole away to the bookseller's stall to capture a prize that his hungry eyes had long

"To see him at the bookstall stand,
And bargain for the prize,
With the odd sixpence in his hand,
And greed in his blue eyes?
Then conquering, grasp the book, half blind,
And take the homeward track,
For lear the man should change his mind,
And want the bargain back."

feasted upon. It was a strange spec

Leaving this school. Mangan, in order to support the family burden now solely weighing on his poor shoulders, sough employment. For a paltry stipend paid weekly he became a copyist in a scrivener's office. In this drudgery he toiled seven years. Mitchell says that it had "at least one advantage for him,that his mind could wander. Eye and finger once set steadily to their task, the soul might spread her wings and soar beyond all the spheres.

Then fancy bore him to the palest star, Pinnaeled in the lotty nether dim. In lieu of a worse, this might be

termed, with an extraordinary stretching of the word, an advantage. Viewed at its best, it was drudgery of the most ung alajable kind to a poet. Making out wills, plodding through files of dull, prosy matter, collating wearisome documents, dove tailing the very mud of prese, surrounded by clerks that, could not see turther than their ledger, and knew as much about poetry and her innetions as a carrion crow about the beauties of a nightingale's song. Often while his pen, automaton like, ran over the foolscap must that subtle mind have held com munion with that other and diviner world. Leaving paste-pots, rulers, led-gers and dutiness behind, on fancy's golden wing, or led by young eyed imagination, to wander amid his own brilliant creations, these things of beauty which, according to another dreamer, are joys forever." What a blessing for poor Mangan to possess that gift, whereby he was enabled to travel from a serivener's office to elysian fields. "I have done with this weary business, I am going deeper into the law;" these were the words that announced Mangan's release from seven years of miserable drudgery The friend to whom they were uttered believed that the poet had found some haven of rest, some employment that would afford a decent living, and at the same time give leisure to cultivate the muses. He was disappointed; from a scrivener's office Mangan passed to a lawyer's, the only consideration being a tew shillings extra per week. The work was totally unsuited for him. In after life the memory of it had a nightmare effect upon him, "Those who knew him in after years," writes Mitchell "can remember with what a similaring and loathing horror he spoke, when at rare intervals he could be induced to speak at all, of his labors with the scrivener and attorney." During those years his solace was found in books, not only written in his mother tongue, but in French, Spanish, and the language of Goethe. Walter Lecky.

(To be continued.)

# After the Grio

And after typhoid fever, diphteria, pneumonia, or other prostrating diseases. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigor so much desired, and to expel all poison from the blood. It has had wonderful success in many such cases.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipution and assist digestion. -----

Fitch-" How does the world treat you, old man?" Fich (bloomily)-" It doesn't; I buy my own refreshments."

## ARE YOU DEAF

Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send a Valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure, which costs comparatively nothing. A splendld work on dearness and the ear. Address PROF. G. CHASE, Eox 236, Orlidators.

A girl may be like sugar for two retsons—she may be sweet and she may

All those who have gray hair in the prime of life can remedy that ampleasantness and restore its natural color and beauty with Luby's Parisian flair Renewer; wash the head clean, and, when perfectly dry, apply it as an ordinary dressing. It pleases every one who has occasion to use it. Sold by all chemists, only 59 cents a bottle.

A man never realizes how insignificant he is until he attempts to describe to his wite the dress worn by another lady.

master, that, more by the strength of arm than by knowledge, held sway. If we may take the testimony of the first editor of Mangan's poems, it was little known, even in the days when the little ragged poet, with his brilliant blue eyes and his vagrant auburn floss, attended it. In the older part of Dublin, says

NOOTHER Sarsaparilla can produce from actual cures such yonderful statements of relief to human suffering as HOOD'S Sarsaparilla.

#### FARMERS' COLUMN.

Practical Hints.

The earlier grass is cut, the better it is for the second crop.

Always be prepared with a soiling crop to meet emergencies.

Give the boys tools and a shop and then let them tinker. The first cross is often about as profit-

able as the pure bred. Well kept stables and barn yards are a

good index to character. Isn't the state responsible for the conlition of its public highways?

Encourage the gathering of a library of reference blocks of all kinds.

No business allows a man to waste so much and get a living as farming. As a rule, do not plow up a good old

acadow or pasture. Topdress them.

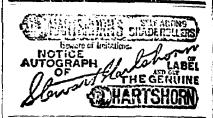
Many are finding roots just as useful

now as they were before silage came into

Giving the boy the poorest tool isn't doing as you would be done by. Keep different stock in different pastures and rotate them from one to an-

other, after a little recuperation. Dr. T. A. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Consumption—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.



and Dining-room Furniture which we offer at prices cheaper than any regular furniture house in Montreal. As furniture is not our regular business, we will give you goods cheaper even than at auctions. See our Oak Diners before purchasing.

## JOHN LORIGAN,

Mantel and Grate Manufacturer, 1828 Notre Dame Street. P.S.-Cheapest Red-room Sultes in the city.

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1 to 4 BOTTLES

Registered. A delight fully refreshing preparation for the bair. It should be used daily represented the court of the bair. It should be used daily represented the crowth to prefer being department. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandrul promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY B for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, M

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Obles

ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER NO MORE GRAY HAIR-



Why allowyest gray hair to make you look prema-turely old, when by a judicious use of ROBSON'S colour of your hair and banish ely signs (

ne found in ordinary hair dyes.

The most flattering testimonials from SEVER-AL FITYSIGIANS and many other eminent: citizens testify to the marvellous emesor of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORES.

For sale overywhere at 50 ets per bottle-L. ROBITAILLE, Chemist, SOLE PROPRIETOR

### JOLIETTE, P. Q., Canada TEACHERS WANTED.

Wanted for the school municipality of Oalsmet Island, three R. C. Teachers holding first-class diplomas for both English and Frack, to take charge of the following schools: No. 1 school to open 1st Sept. next, 1892; 5 and 6 to open 15th July next. Address the undersigned, stating salary,

JOHN HONAN, Sec.-Treas. Coulonge Post Office, Que.

Coulonge, 27th May, 1892.