

Allan Line.



Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of the CANADIAN UNITED STATES Mails.

1884—Summer Arrangements—1884

This Company's Lines are composed of the following Double-Engine, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, and are unpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experiments can suggest, and have made the latest time on record.

Table with columns: Vessels, Tonnage, Commanders. Lists various ships like Numidian, Siberian, Carthagenian, etc.

The Shortest Sea Route between America and Europe, being only five days between land to land. The Steamers of the Liverpool, London and Quebec Mail Service, sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land mails, passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be dispatched.

Table with columns: FROM QUEBEC, FROM HALIFAX. Lists ship names and dates.

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Table with columns: FROM BOSTON, FROM PHILADELPHIA. Lists ship names and dates.

Persons desirous of bringing their friends from Britain can obtain Passage Certificates at Lowest Rates. An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.

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HEADACHES. Are generally induced by Indigestion, Food Stomach, Constipation, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of Ayer's Pills.

Ayer's Pills. to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of Congestive and Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache, and Sick Headache; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthy condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Fast Potato Digging. THE MONARCH POTATO DIGGER. Excavates nearly five times as fast as any other digger. Guaranteed to dig six hundred bushels a day!

LOVE AND MONEY. By CHARLES READE. Author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," "Griffith Gault," "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," &c., &c.

DOES ANYONE SUFFER FROM WONDERS OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS? Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, and a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, he will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing or using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McCall's Compound Balm will stimulate the Liver and Stomach, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McCall, chemist, Montreal.

THE LATEST DYNAMITE HOAX. It was known that a certain smart U. S. young man had studied chemistry for six months; had ordered a sectioned hand-bag and sailed for England. He was subsequently ascertained that he had made several visits to the club and watch maker before leaving. The bag was used to contain his watch, and a trio of metaphysicians were summoned to open the bag, which, in view of probabilities, were regarded as patriotic heroism of the highest order. The official verdict reported 23 samples of Johnston's Fluid, 10,000 crystals, 4 shirt collars, and a box of tooth-picks.—Fall Budget.

Oscar Wilde's front hair is now banged. Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, etc., guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One pill a dose. 25 cents. Its

ALWAYS THE SAME.—Equally safe, efficacious and valuable in hot as in cold climates. Golden Fruit Bitters have found acceptance with every nation.

That man is not human who does not think he can improve the work of another.

WANTED.—Ladies and Gentlemen in town or country, distance no objection; can have steady work at their homes all the year round, and can make from \$10 to \$15 per week; no canvassing; work sent by mail. Address OAKLAND MFG CO., Box 3222, Boston, Mass. 61-4

WANTED.—For the 1st of September next three Female Teachers for Districts No. 3 and 4 in this municipality. Must be Catholic and hold first-class elementary diploma; salary fifteen dollars per month. Apply to P. W. LEEHY, Sec. Treas. St. Anicet, July 24th, 1884. 61-4

A LAY OF LAWN TENNIS. From the Boston Herald. Where the level lawn is greenest, and the sun light glimmers brightest. Lo, she stands; While the game is just beginning, there's the racket poised for winning—In her hands.

She is daintily athletic, she is very energetic. In the "set"; See, she's just returned a twister, that was sent her by her sister. O'er the net.

She is great at "Renshaw smashes," 'tis a stroke that rather rash is—All the same; But her pretty little muscles are quite equal to the truss.

Happy he who stands beside her, and is privileged to guide her, As she plays! I could do that pleasant duty to this Amazonian beauty All my days.

As I watch her garments flutter there are words I fain would utter, But I'm dumb; For she's tennis mad, and never from her racket seems to sever—When I come.

I must take my chance while playing—there is danger in delaying; I'll confide My devotion so unswerving to the lady when I'm "serving" By her side!

Not all Atlanta's paces, when she ran her famous races, Were more fleet; Like Milan in olden days, I'd cast the apples golden—At her feet.

Then Mary asked Mr. Hope so many questions with such eager attention that he had no time to ask her any, and then she volunteered the home news, especially of Colonel Clifford's condition, and then she blushed and asked him if he had said anything to her father about Walter Clifford.

"Not much," said Mr. Hope. "You are very young, Mary, and it's not for me to interfere, and I won't interfere. But if you want my opinion, why, I admire the young man extremely. I always liked him; he is a straightforward, upright, manly, good-hearted chap, and has lots of plain good sense—Heaven knows where he got it!"

This eulogy was interrupted by Mary putting a white hand and a perfect nose upon Hope's shoulder, and kissing the cloth thereon.

"What," said Hope, tenderly, and yet half sadly—for he knew that all middle-aged men must now be second—"have I found the way to your heart?"

"You always knew that, Mr. Hope," said Mary softly; "especially since my escapade in that horrid brook."

Their affectionate chat was interrupted by a stout servant laying a snowy cloth, and after her said in Mrs. Gilbert, with a red face, and pride unbecomingly and justifiably, carrying a grand dish of smoking hot boiled beef, set in a very flower bed, so to speak, of carrots, turnips, and suet dumplings; the servant followed with a brown basin, almost as big as a ewer, filled with mealy potatoes, whose jackets hung by a thread. Around this feast the whole party soon collected, and of none they sighed for Russian soups or French ragouts; for the fact is that under the title of boiled beef there exists two things, one of which, without any great impropriety, might be called junk; but this was the powdered beef of our ancestors, a huge piece just slightly salted in the house itself, so that the generous slices remained in it, but the plump slices, with the mealy potatoes, made a delightful combination. The glasses were filled with home brewed ale, sparkling and clear and golden as the finest Madeira. They all ate manfully, stimulated by the genial hostess. Even Mary outshone all her former efforts, and although she couldn't satisfy Mrs. Gilbert, she declared she had never eaten so much in all her life. This set good Mrs. Gilbert's cheeks all aglow with simple honest satisfaction.

Hope drove Mary home in the dog-cart. He was a happy man, but she could hardly be called a happy woman. She was warm and cold by turns. She had got her friend back, and that was a comfort, but she was not treating him with confidence; indeed, she was passively deceiving him, and that chilled her; but then it would not be for long, and that comforted her, and yet even when the day should come for the great doctor's call, a reproachful look from dear Mr. Hope somewhat embitter her cup of happiness; and, as ever, when she thought of the simple honest satisfaction.

Mr. Bartley met them at the door, and, owing to Mr. Hope's presence, was more demonstrative than usual. He seemed much pleased at Mary's return, and delighted at her appearance.

"Well," said he, "I am glad I sent you away for a week. We have all missed you, my dear, but the change has set you up again. I never saw you look better. Now you are well, we must try and keep you well."

We must leave the reader to imagine the mixed feelings with which Mrs. Walter Clifford laid her head upon the pillow that night, and we undertake to say that the female readers, at all events, will supply this blank in our narrative much better than we could, though we were to fill a chapter with that subject alone.

Passion is a terrible enemy to mere affection. Walter Clifford loved his father dearly, yet for twenty-four hours he had almost forgotten him. But the moment he turned his horse's head toward Clifford Hall, uneasiness and something very like remorse began to seize him. Suppose his father had asked for himself, and wondered where he was, and felt himself deserted and abandoned in his dying moments. He spurred his horse to a gallop, and soon reached Clifford Hall. As he was afraid to go straight to his father's room, he went at once to old Baker, and said, in an agitated voice:

"One word, John—is he alive?"

"Yes, sir, he is," said John, gravely, and rather sternly.

"Has he asked for me?"

"More than once or twice, sir."

Walter sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. This softened the old servant, whose manner till then had been sultry and grim.

"You need not fret, Mr. Walter," said he; "it's all right. In course of time, where you have been."

"I mean in a general way," said the old man. "You have been a-courting of an angel. I know her, sir, and I hope to be her servant some day; and if you was to marry any but her, I'd leave the service altogether, and so would Rhoda Milton; but, Mr. Walter, sir, there's a time for everything; I hope you'll forgive me for saying so. However, you are here now, and I was wide-awake, and I have made it all right, sir."

"That's impossible," said Walter. "How could you make it all right with my poor dear father, if in his last moments he felt himself neglected?"

"But he didn't feel himself neglected," said Walter. "I don't understand you," said Walter. "Well, sir," said old Baker, "I'm an old servant, and I have done my duty to father and son according to my lights; I told him a lie."

"A lie, John!" said Walter. "The thing is, Walter, said John, rather aggressively, 'I don't know as I ever told a greater lie in all my life. I told him you was gone up to London to fetch a doctor.'"

Walter grasped John Baker's hand. "God bless you old man," said he, "for taking that of your conscience! Well, you shan't have yourself to reproach for my fault. I know your first-class great doctor in London; he has cured me more than once. I'll write him down this minute; you'll dispatch the message, and I'll go to my father."

The message was sent, and when the colored awoke from an uneasy slumber, he saw his son at the foot of the bed, gazing piteously at him.

"My dear boy," said he faintly, and held out a wasted hand.

Walter was pricked to the heart at this greeting; not a word of reproof came at his absence.

"I fear you missed me, father," said he, sadly.

"That I have," said the old man; "but I dare say you didn't forget me, though you weren't by my side."

The high-minded old soldier said no more, and put no questions, but confided in his son's affection, and awaited the result of it.

From that hour Walter Clifford nursed his father day and night.

Dr. Garner arrived next day. He examined the patient, and put a great many questions as to the nature and progress of the disorder up to that date, and inquired in particular what was the length of time the illness generally endured. He found them all rather hazy.

"Ah," said he, "patients are seldom able to give their medical adviser with precise information on this point; yet it's very important. Well, can you tell me how long this attack has lasted?"

They told him that within a day or two.

"Then now," he said, "the most important question of all: What day did the pain leave his extremities?"

The patient and John Baker had to compare notes to answer this question, and they made it out to be about twenty days.

"Then he ought to be as dead as a herring," gently whispered the doctor.

After this he began to walk the room and meditate, with his hands behind him.

"Open those top windows," said he. "Now draw the screen, and give his lungs a chance; no draughts must blow upon him, you know." Then he drew Walter aside.

"Do you want to know the truth? Well, then, his life hangs on a thread. The great is coming upward, and will inevitably kill him if we can't get it down. Nothing but heroic remedies will do that, and it's three to five against them. What do you say?"

"I dare not—I dare not. Pray put the question to him."

"I will," said the doctor; and accordingly he did put it to him with a good deal of feeling and gentleness, and the answer rather surprised him.

Weak as he was, Colonel Clifford's dull eye flashed, and he half raised himself on his elbow.

"What a question to put to a soldier!" said he. "Why, let us fight, to be sure. I thought it was twenty to one—five to three! I have often won the rubber with five to three against me."

"Ah!" said Dr. Garner, "these are the patients that give the doctor a chance. Then he turned to Baker. Have you any root champagne in the house—not sweet, and not too strong?"

"I've a full cask of it."

"I've a full cask of it," suggested the patient, entering into the business with a certain feeble alacrity that showed his gut had not always been unconnected with impudence in diet.

Baker was sent for the champagne. It was brought and opened, and the patient drank some of it fizzing. When he had drunk what he could, his eyes twinkled, and he said:

"That's a hair of a dog that has often bitten me."

The wine soon got into his weakened head, and he quickly dropped asleep.

"Another draught when he wakes," said the doctor, "but from a fresh bottle."

"We'll finish this one to your health in the servants' hall," said honest John Baker.

Dr. Garner staid there all night, keeping up the patient's strength with eggs and brandy, and everything, in short, except medicine; and he did not administer champagne, but at much longer intervals.

At one o'clock next day the patient gave a dismal groan; Walter and the others started up in alarm.

"Good!" said the doctor, calmly; "now I'll go to bed. Call me if there's any fresh symptoms."

At six o'clock old Baker burst in the room:

"Sir, sir, he have sworn at me twice. The Lord be praised!"

"Excellent!" said the doctor. "Now tell me what disagrees with him most after champagne?"

"Why, Green Chartreuse, to be sure," said old Baker.

"Then give him a tablespoonful," said the doctor. "Get some more water."

"The patient, to be sure," said Dr. Garner. Soon after this the doctor stood by his patient's side, and found him writhing, and to tell the truth, he was using bad language occasionally, though he evidently tried not to.

Doctor Garner looked at his watch.

"I think there's time to catch the evening train."

"Why," said Walter, "surely you would not desert us; this is the crisis, is it not?"

"It's something more than that," said the doctor; "the disease knows its old place; it has gone back to the foot like a shot; and if you can keep it there, the patient will live; he's not the sort of patient that strikes his colors while there's a bastion left to defend."

These words pleased the old colonel so that he waked a feeble hand above his head, then groaned most dimly, and ground his teeth to avoid profanity.

The doctor, with exquisite gentleness, drew the clothes off his feet, and sent for a lot of fleecy cotton or wool, and warned them all not to touch the bed, or even to approach the lower part of it, and he once more proposed to leave, and gave his reasons.

"I mean in a general way," said the old man. "You have been a-courting of an angel. I know her, sir, and I hope to be her servant some day; and if you was to marry any but her, I'd leave the service altogether, and so would Rhoda Milton; but, Mr. Walter, sir, there's a time for everything; I hope you'll forgive me for saying so. However, you are here now, and I was wide-awake, and I have made it all right, sir."

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Leonard Monckton was sent to Pentonville, and after some years, transferred to Portland. In both places he played the game of an old every-day, and was kept temper and carried keys. These keys he treated as his only means; and if they gave him short work, he would meet, catch him making matters worse by appealing to the governor! Toward the end of his time at Pentonville he had some thought of escape; but his spirits revived at Portland, and he was there a long time, the conversation of other villains. Their name was legion; but he never met one of them again, except Ben Barnley, all these miscreants are happily irrevocable.

And the reader need not fear an introduction to them, unless he should find himself grotted in some dark street or subterranean, or his home rifled some dark and windy night. As for Ben Barnley, he was from the North-country, in an attack upon conspiracy and manslaughter, imprisoned for some time in the North-country, in an attack upon non-union miners. Toward the end of his time he made an attack upon a warden, and got five years more. Then Monckton showed him his wits were not so good as he thought, and he was a fool and explained to him his own plan he was with the warden, and he respected all the favor they treated to show him.

"He dared me like a dog," said the man sullenly.

"I saw it," said Leonard. "And if I had been you I would have said nothing, but waited till some time was out, and then I would have hit him on his day out, and set him on his back. This is the way for your sort. As for me, I don't think I don't mean to be revenged on that stink-bark, but above all on that scoundrel Hope, who planted the swag in my pockets, and let me into this abominable hole for fourteen years!"

Then, with all his self-complacency he burst into a torrent of curses and his pale face was ghastly with hate, and his eyes, gleamed with diabolical fire, he raged in his heart.

Just then a warden approached, and to Barnley's surprise, who did not see him coming, Monckton said, gently:

"And therefore, my poor fellow, do not consider that you have broken the law, the warden is only doing their duty and earning their bread, and if you were a warden-to-morrow you'd have to do just what they do."

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