

Lament of the Widowed Inebriate.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary— Thy bright and beautiful smile— In the morning of our youth and love, Ere sorrow came— or guile. When those arms were twisted about my neck, And the eyes looked into mine, And the heart that throbb'd for me alone, Was nesting close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary, O' my words were harsh to thee, Mary, For the wine cup made me wild; And I chid thee when thy eyes were sad, And I curs'd thee when they smiled— God knows I loved thee ever then, But the fire was in my brain, And the curse was in my heart, To make me love a hate.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary, In the spring time of our life, When I loaden from thy sunny face, And 'twas pleasant when our children Before our cottage door, But the children were not there, Mary, I shall never see them more!

Thou art resting in the church-yard now, And no more is at thy head, But the sexton keeps the drunkard's wife Sleeps in that lowly bed, And he says the hand of God, Mary, Will fall on every creature's head, To its untimely fate.

John Maitland laughs incredulously. His eyes fall on the paper. It is blood.

CHAPTER III. "For right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win." At about half-past four o'clock, Andrew Veigh had been found dead by three farm laborers on the beach near Sundown. These men were repairing fences on the land near the river, but shut out from view by a thick fringe of bushes that ran along the beach. They had heard the report of a pistol, followed by a succession of loud groans. Almost simultaneously breaking through the hedge, they had seen Andrew Veigh lying upon the sand, a stream of blood flowing from his side, under the left shoulder. His groans grew more tremulous and fainter. He could not speak. Before they could raise him he was dead. His horse stood some distance up the beach.

At the water's edge, wet by the ebbing tide, lay a revolver with all its harness empty. On a tiny silver plate in the side of this weapon were the words "John Maitland, from W. Lynch." The sand was covered with foot-prints, but as the spot where the murdered man had been found was a favorite bathing place of the children of the Sundown boys, this went for nothing. And at the inquest the jury rejected the idea of suicide with contempt, and brought in the verdict that Andrew Veigh came to his death at the hands of his nephew, John Maitland, from W. Lynch.

The following facts came out at the inquest: Andrew McVeigh had remained a few minutes at a sale of real estate which had taken place at the Sundown Hotel. The auctioneer tested the horse he had left the hotel shortly after four o'clock. A bystander, Seth Sunden, Chip's father (by the way)—an inveterate loungee, who always attended sales and other free entertainments—swore that he had seen the deceased proceed towards the river, leading his horse. After that, Andrew McVeigh had never been seen alive, except by his murderer and the three laborers in those brief moments immediately preceding death.

On John Maitland's person was found an envelope containing three hundred dollars. The envelope was addressed, "Andrew McVeigh, Present." The envelope had been then open at the end of the Woodbury, a dry-goods merchant of Iron-borough, a town some miles from Sundown, proved that he had paid the three hundred dollars to the deceased on the day of the murder for six months' rent. Having been called out on business, he had placed the money in the envelope, written Andrew McVeigh's name on it, and given it to his clerk.

Mr. Kenzie testified that early in the afternoon of the 16th instant—the day of the murder—John Maitland had refused to pay his bill, or rather accommodate him, with one hundred dollars, on account of want of funds. Rebecca Plummer, who lives next door to Lynch cottage, affirmed that she had heard John Maitland and his uncle quarrelling in Miss Bridget Lynch's garden. She could not hear the words that were used, but she had seen him (the uncle) strike his nephew with a whip. Charles Chippeway Sunden, alias "Chip," and Miss Grace Lynch, had been witnesses of the quarrel.

Chip was missing. He had not been visible in Sundown since the day of the murder. His straw hat had been washed up by the tide, down at the cave. He had lived with John Maitland and his uncle as "general utility," indulged by one, tyrannized over by the other, and civilized by the efforts of Grace Lynch. It was intimated that Chip had been "made away with" by the murderer, in order to destroy evidence. Seth Sunden, however, took the loss of his boy very philosophically. Sympathizing hands were given him more drinks than usual, and after certain number of glasses, he seemed to find vague comfort in the time-honored axiom to the effect that, "boys will be boys—they always land on their feet."

TRUTH OF THE BAY ROBERTS OUTRAGE.

Terra Nova Advocate, Feb. 11. The floundering of the Bay Roberts worthies to extricate themselves from the ugly position into which their late disgraceful Orange proceedings have placed them, cannot be but amusing to the public mind. Strenuous efforts are made to justify conduct, of which they evidently now feel ashamed; but all the waters of Bay Roberts harbour, mixed with a proportionate share of lime, would not make a wash sufficiently strong to wash, in the least, the blackened reputation which they have earned for themselves. Notwithstanding "solemn declarations" made before J. P.—the weakness of which must be patent to all—the very plain statements of the Redemptorist Fathers still remain firm and unshaken; and the whitewashing process serves only to show up the "Law-Abiding" citizens of Bay Roberts in a more conspicuous and ridiculous aspect. That the statements of the Rev. Fathers are not overdrawn, I mean to prove by giving, by your permission, Mr. Editor, a detailed account of facts, in the order in which they occurred from the time of the arrival of the Fathers at Bay Roberts, until the time of their departure therefrom.

On Wednesday, the 19th of Nov., 1884, the Very Rev. E. F. Walsh, V. G. and parish priest of Biguac, conducted to Bay Roberts two Redemptorist Fathers, who were to give a mission to the Catholics of that part of his parish. From the manner in which their entry into the settlement was greeted, it was easy to see that the presence of the good fathers was anything but agreeable to the roughs of that place. The opening of the mission was announced to take place at three o'clock p. m., and from the time that the Fathers and priest left the residence of Mr. Frayne, they proceeded to the church, through the street of Bay Roberts, they were accosted by seeming maniacs, using the most filthy and abominable language; uttering horrible oaths and blasphemous words, and making expressions, revolting as shocking to the feelings of men, not to speak of the delicate sensitiveness of females, who in crowds had to endure such disgusting conduct. The church, however, was reached, and the exercises of the mission began, and a short sermon preached. At the close, the Fathers had returned from the church to their lodgings at Mr. Frayne's, through an ordeal in every particular similar to that just described. This was the first unpleasant experience that the good Fathers had to endure at the hands of the "Law-Abiding citizens" of Bay Roberts; but I regret to have to write it, was not to be their last. No sooner did the Fathers enter their lodgings than a gang of urchins, no doubt urged on by others behind the scenes, began rolling barrels backward and forward at the heads of the "Law-Abiding citizens" of Bay Roberts; but I regret to have to write it, was not to be their last. No sooner did the Fathers enter their lodgings than a gang of urchins, no doubt urged on by others behind the scenes, began rolling barrels backward and forward at the heads of the "Law-Abiding citizens" of Bay Roberts; but I regret to have to write it, was not to be their last. No sooner did the Fathers enter their lodgings than a gang of urchins, no doubt urged on by others behind the scenes, began rolling barrels backward and forward at the heads of the "Law-Abiding citizens" of Bay Roberts; but I regret to have to write it, was not to be their last.

John Maitland finds that his uncle, eccentric to the last, left a will, bearing the date of that terrible sixteenth, bequeathing all his estate, without reserve, to his consented young friend, William Lynch. But he, the heir presumptive, is content; he is innocent, he is free, he has Grace; for Father Augustin married them three days after the second trial. The sweetest dream still rests him, although little Lynch has not yet turned up to corroborate his statement about the hundred dollars, and his great sorrow has left him a wiser and better man. Grace is sweeter and brighter than before, and the two are as happy as human beings can be in this vale of tears.

Returning from High Mass at St. Paul's one Sunday late in Autumn, John and Grace hear strange voices in their little sitting-room. Aunt Bridget is crying and laughing by turns, accompanied by the running commentary of a ringing bass voice. Of course, Grace at once jumps to the conclusion that the house has been robbed. She is agreeably amazed, however, to find her brother Will and Chip amiably "finishing" one of Aunt Bridget's little lanches. Will looks much the thinner, more tired, and exceedingly forlorn in appearance.

"Aunt Bid has told me everything," cries Will, when the greetings are over. "I never received your letters. When I had travelled the *Echo* business, I started as a secretary to an English traveller, on a rather straggling and uncertain tour; that probably accounts for the failure of your letters. And so they brought the money as evidence against you! I tell you how it came into my mind. I was in the house, as you know, and I happened to meet him on the 16th, just before I saw you, John, and I told him that I was about to start on a long journey. At first he spoke in his usual hot and cold way, but then he became very kind. He pressed the paper into my hand, saying, 'Take this; it is only a part of what is to come.' He forced me to keep it, and so I thought it would make a nice wedding present for you. Now, the door opens, and in comes your mother, and she says, 'But Chip's mouth is full at this particular moment, and will considerably improve it. I picked up Chip in Philadelphia. I found him selling papers, and glad enough he was to come home. How do you like selling papers, Chip?'"

"The much competition," answered Chip, gravely. Chip's story is not long. He had entertained for some time within his breast an ardent desire. It was to shoot certain prying laws and crows. In order to fulfill this desire he waited for an opportunity to borrow clandestinely from John Maitland's revolver. On the morning of the 16th, John cleaned the pistol, loaded it, and carelessly left it on his bureau. John's eyes opened, and he saw the revolver lying on the floor. He picked it up, and he saw the bullet hole in the wall. He was so terrified that he ran down to the beach, and in his flight he happened to see the man who had been shot. He was so terrified that he ran down to the beach, and in his flight he happened to see the man who had been shot. He was so terrified that he ran down to the beach, and in his flight he happened to see the man who had been shot.

A PRISONER ON PAROLE.

John Mitchell, the Patriot. The Tasmanian trees are almost all of one or other of the gum species, lofty and vast, but not unbragging, for the foliage is meagre, and but ill clothes the huge limbs. In some of the valleys, however, there is more richness of foliage; and along the river's bank, the gum trees are chiefly of the sort called black gum, which makes a grand leafy lead, almost as massive as the European beech or sycamore. On the slopes of some of the hills are great thickets of mimosa, called by the colonists the wattle gum, a most graceful evergreen tree, but stripped at this season of its splendid gold-hued blossoms. The air is laden with the fragrance of these gum trees, illuminated by the flight of parrots that go flitting about the trees; forever in forest like winged game. I grow stronger every day. And whether it be the elastic and balmy air of these mountain woods that sends the tide of life coursing somewhat warmer through my veins—or unworded converse of my old friends—that revives the personal identity nearly lost—or the mere tracing of our mother more upon the firm, flowery surface of our bounteous mother earth, after two years tossing on the barren briny ocean—mother earth breathing vital fragrance forever, forever swinging the center of her perfume from a thousand furlongs, ever singing the eternal melodies in whispering tree tops, and murmuring, tingling, bubbling streams—certain it is, I feel a kind of joy. In vain I try to torment myself into a state of chronic, savage indignation; it will not do here. In vain I reflect that it is incumbent on me diligently to remember (as Mr. Gibbon says) how that I am, after all, in a real cell, bulk or dungeon, yet that these ancient mountains, with the cloud-shadows flying over their far-stretching woodlands are but Carthagean prison walls—that that bright bird, waving their rainbow wings before me, are but "tickets of leave" birds, and enjoy only "comparative liberty"—in vain—there is in every soul of man a buoyancy that will not let it sink to utter despair. Well said the Lady Leonora—"When the heart is throbbing sweet, There is balsam in the forest for its pain, Soothe it, and it will be true."

All my life long I have delighted in rivers, rivulets, rills, fierce torrents tearing their rocky beds, gliding dimpled brooks kissing a daisied marge. The banks, or murmur, or deep resounding roll, or raving roar, or the voice of all sounds my ears ever hear now, is most homely. Nothing else in this land looks or sounds like home. The birds have a foreign tongue; the very trees whisper to the wind, whisper in accents unknown to me; for your gum trees leaves are all hard, for your laurels laurel—besides they have neither upper nor under side, but are set on with the plane of them vertical; wherefore they can never, never, let breeze pipe or zephyr breathe as it will, never can they whisper, quiver, sigh or rustle, as our sycamores of old Restovore. Yes, all sights and sounds of nature are alien and outlandish—suggestive of the tropic of Capricorn and the Antarctic Circle—save only the sparkle and the music of the streams. Well I know of no more eloquent river; it talks to me, and to the woods and rocks, in the same tongue and dialect wherein the Roe discoursed to me, a child; in its crystalline gush my heart and brain are bathed; and I hear, in its primitive chime, all the blended voices of the past, of prophecy and poetry, from the beginning. And cooler or fresher was the Thracian Hebrus; not purer were Abana and Pharpar; not more ancient and venerable is Father Nile. Before the quiet flow of the Egyptian river was disturbed by the jubber of the priests of Miro—before the dynasty was yet bred that quaffed the sacred wave of Choespes, the drink of none but kings—ere its lordly namesake river, in Erin of the streams, reflected yet upon its bosom a Pillar Tower, or heard the chimes from its own tower, before the river was rushing through its lonely glen to the Southern sea, was singing its mystic song to these primal woods.

Irish and Canadian Bishops. Boston Republic. The Irish bishops will have a conference in Rome after the Easter holidays with three cardinals of the Congregation of the Propaganda, at which Bishops Moore, O'Connor and Dwenger of America are expected to attend. This conference will be the first of the preparatory sessions held by the American bishops at the palace of the Propaganda, over which Cardinal Francalessi presided, prior to the Baltimore council. A lively correspondence was carried on during the sessions of the Baltimore council by the Irish and the American bishops. It was the desire of the Irish bishops to become thoroughly familiar with the modus operandi of the Baltimore council, with a view of adopting the same as a rule in their future dealings with the questions that may be brought before them at the plenary council which is to be held this year in Ireland.

"I am informed," continued an American prelate, "that the Canadian bishops will be ordered to hold a plenary council very soon. The principal object of their visit to Baltimore last fall was to acquire a thorough knowledge of the principles and rules guiding the deliberations of the council. This Canadian council, which is soon to be held, will be the first Roman Catholic plenary council ever held in the Dominion of Canada."

It is spring. A resurrection of nature's latent forces is taking place. Like the world around you, renew your complexion, invigorate your powers, cleanse the channels of life. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the means to use for this purpose. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES is Excellent in Lung Trouble. Dr. ENOCH CALLOWAY, La Grange, Geo., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with wonderful success in all Lung troubles, and find it has no equal in Summer Diarrhoea of children."

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How sweet the... And loud... When win... When do... How soft... When we... And pierc... So clear... And sprig... When the... Lit on... So glad... But now... And the... Since they... Shall soon... But merrily... To mother... Shall ch... WHY D... SERM... There is... Kenningto... Father Loy... of Inlet... John, the... but thou... preacher p... great my... God perm... and enjoy... infinite r... better to... and we m... my text... answer to... reason, as... light in t... ful to say... the reason... will, how... Why does... consequen... difficult q... difficult... about the... malice of... prestions... the terms... stantial, ... street, my... is that s... deprivati... not posit... thing, but... pangs of... food. In... one who... purely a... inquirin... because... which co... will go... to He is... allows a... is that f... To perm... happ... happ... move m... chose—f... the matt... do not... move thi... say God... do you... prevent... chooses... He gave... has mad... rest of h... He is p... Inquir... a remark... writer a... creature... done to... him the... have be... will. Th... He has... of his ab... is not to... to make... but need... it. We... sorrow... ery. Th... There m... pose in... was a m... of water... into the... total. G... soul in... in this... the san... and the... the sorr... beginn... human... you can... such a... in your... arithm... We are... We wr... are in... no con... my her... take co... monst... desire... and th... stem... so gre... trem... it is