

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture of those celebrated Brass and Bronze Bells, etc.

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

1885—Winter Arrangements—1885

This Company's Lines are composed of the following Double-Engine, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort...

Table with columns: Vessels, Tonnage, Commanders. Lists various ships and their details.

FROM HALIFAX: Cirassian... Saturday, Jan. 10; Caspian... Saturday, " 17; Sardinian... Saturday, " 24; Prussian... Saturday, " 31; Polynesian... Saturday, Feb. 7; Cirassian... Saturday, " 14; Caspian... Saturday, " 21; Sardinian... Saturday, Mch. 7.

FROM PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL, VIA HALIFAX. At ONE o'clock P.M. Saginaw... Thursday, Jan. 22; Prussian... Thursday, " 29; Sardinian... Thursday, Feb. 6; Polynesian... Thursday, " 13; Cirassian... Thursday, " 20; Caspian... Thursday, " 27; Sardinian... Thursday, Mch. 6.

FROM BALTIMORE: Caspian... Monday, Jan. 13. Rates of Passage from Montreal via Halifax: Cabin... \$82.55, \$78.00 and \$88.00.

NEWFOUNDLAND LINE.—The Steamers of the Halifax Mail Line, from Halifax to Liverpool, via St. John's, Nfld., are intended to be despatched FROM HALIFAX: Nova Scotian... Monday, Jan. 12; Sardinian... Monday, " 19.

GLASGOW LINE.—During the season of Winter Navigation a steamer will be despatched each week from Glasgow for Portland or Boston (via Halifax when occasion requires) and each week from Boston or Portland to Glasgow direct as follows: FROM BOSTON: Siberian... about Jan. 6; Scandinavia... " 13; Carthaginian... " 20.

Through Bills of Lading granted in Liverpool and Glasgow at all Continental Ports to all points in the United States and Canada, and from all Stations in Canada and the United States to Liverpool and Glasgow, via Boston, Portland or Halifax.

For freight, passage or other information apply to John M. Currie, 21 Quai d'Orleans Havre; Alexander Hunter, 4 Rue Gluck, Paris; Ang. Schmitz & Co., or Richard Berns, Antwerp; Buys & Co., Rotterdam; C. Hugo, Hamburg; James Moss & Co., Bordeaux; Fischer & Behmer, Schusselkorb, No. 8 Bremen; Chisley & Malcolm, Belfast; James Scott & Co., Queenstown; Montegomrie & Workman, 17 Gracechurch Street, London; James & Alex. Allan, 70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow; Allan Brothers, James Street, Liverpool; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Allan & Co., 72 LaSalle Street, Chicago; H. Bourlier, Toronto; J. A. Allen, 207 Broadway, New York; and 290 Washington Street, Boston, or to G. W. Robinson, 131 1/2 St. James Street, opposite St. Lawrence Hall, H. & A. ALLAN, 1 India Street, Portland, 26 Stone Street, Boston, and 25 Common Street, Montreal. January 3, 1885.

IT LEADS ALL

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely cures the various eruptions and the general taint.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking element of Scrofula about you, SCRUFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system. For constitutions of a delicate cast, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the mucus of the lungs, and free the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

Ulcerous Sores. At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous sores on his face and neck. At the same time his eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

Sore Eyes. Physicians told us that a powerful cathartic medicine should be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your treatment, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies, and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists: 51, six bottles for \$5.

JOHNSTON'S Desiccated Oyster!

For making Oyster Soup, Oyster Omelets, Oyster Patties, &c. This entirely new and delicious preparation is one of the best and most delicate delicacies ever introduced. It can always be kept in the house, and in a few minutes Oyster Omelet made in a few minutes.

30 DAYS TRIAL. DR. DYER'S VOLTAIC BELT. BEFORE AND AFTER. Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days Trial to MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD.

W. H. O. is suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, HEADACHE, BRUISED KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, AND ALL THE DISEASES OF A PERSONAL NATURE resulting from IMPURE AND OVERHEATED BLOOD. He has tried all the remedies of the Dispensary, but without success.

DR. J. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT. A guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Epilepsy, Catarrhs, Headache, and other nervous diseases.

Health is Wealth!

DR. J. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT. A guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Epilepsy, Catarrhs, Headache, and other nervous diseases.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES. To cure cases of Nerve and Brain Disease, we will send you six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, which will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure.

ADVERTISING Contracts made for THIS PAPER, which is kept on file at office of LORD & THOMAS, McCORMICK BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILL.

DR. KANNON. Late of Children's Hospital, New York, and St. Peter's Hospital, Albany, etc., 219 St. Joseph Street, opposite Colburne Street.

\$5.00 FOR 35c.

A Volume of Universal Reference. This CYCLOPEDIA is a new and valuable book for popular use. It contains all the information that can be obtained from the best authorities, printed from a large, clear type, and handsomely bound in leatherette in imitation of crocodile skin.

Sawing Made Easy. MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE. SENT ON 30 DAYS TEST TRIAL.

\$20,000.00.

"Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition, No. 9.

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL has given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to his subscribers, aggregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Pianos, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Books, etc., etc. have given great satisfaction.

THE HINDS QUESTIONS. 1. Where are the hills first mentioned in the Bible? 2. Where are the hills first mentioned in the Bible? They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. See our delay; the sooner you answer the better.

THE FIRST REWARDS. 1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. 2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker. 3 and 4—Two Grand Square Pianos, 1,000.

5 and 6—Two fine Toned, 10 Stop Cabinet Pianos, 500. 7, 8 and 9—Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six pieces and One Five o'clock Tea Service. 300.

10 to 15—Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 600. 16 to 20—Six Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 450.

21 to 30—Ten Sewing Machines— Singer Sewing Machines, Solid Hunting-cases or Opened faced, Coin silver. 600. 31 to 40—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-cases or Opened faced, Coin silver. 400.

41 to 50—Ten Solid Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs. 300. 51 to 100—Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 400. 101 to 310—One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems. 300.

311 to 500—One Hundred and Ninety-two well bound volumes of World's Cyclopaedia, a Library in itself. 570.

MIDDLE REWARDS. 1. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold coin. 2, 3 and 4—Three elegant Cabinet Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker. 1,650.

5, 6 and 7—Three fine-toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 750. 8, 9, 10 and 11—Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Water o' Tea Urns. 400.

12 to 17—Six elegant, quadruple plate Hot Water o' Tea Urns. 300. 18 to 30—Thirteen elegant, Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 520. 31 to 50—Twenty elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 240.

51 to 60—Ten pairs Ladies' Lace Curtains. 100. 61 to 70—Thirty Quadruple Plate Great Stands. 300. 71 to 207—One hundred and sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches. 500.

208 to 600—Three hundred and forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's poems. 1,829.

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this competition will be given \$100.00.

either on the day of closing, (15th February), or any time between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may doubtless secure one of the first rewards.

ALL-WON PARAGRAPHS—OR—AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

How could we dress and entertain, or enjoy small social pleasures? Pish! not to do that! No, no, no, I assure you, you can live like a gentleman on less, if he be a married man, than three thousand a year, with occasional helps—at least, I could not; for in my bachelor days, even I ways lived up to a thousand a year support my station.

"Do you know her's a priest—very likely a Jesuit?" said Miss Gubbins. "What of that?" returned Maurice. "Take care you be not priest-ridden."

"Of course, that you be not deluded, hoodwinked, trepanned or Rome. What a Moses you are! You know well enough what I mean. I'd like to see you galled into buying green spectacles, unless retorted the lady.

"I think it's a very good income. Can't you retrench?" cried matter-of-fact Miss Gubbins. "Retrench!—retrench what?" indignantly remonstrated Colandrea. "You women are all the same in money matters—no mind for calculating arithmetic. What can I retrench?—Carry must have her maid and her car, and a box at the theatre; I must have my valet, and my horse, and see a few friends now and then, and—"

"Certainly, Guildford, certainly," exclaimed Lady Alicia, rising to take leave; "you cannot do without these common necessities of life. Old people are apt to be stingy; but you and Caroline should represent to your father and mother. Meanings take my advice, don't let your lives live upon your credit; and when your son-in-law comes, depend on it, the good people will give you a carte blanche on the funds in the exuberance of their dotage. Farewell! day! Come see me soon; I shall be glad to hear good news!"

"Only three days!" smiled Maurice. "Only three days?" reiterated the lady, with pointing lip and reproachful eye. "I'm sorry," she added, plaintively, "that I hold so slight a place in your regard, that you think of no account a space that seems to me so interminable;—and your mother, Lady O'Driscoll, too, is so reserved and distant I really fear sometimes I must have inadvertently done something dreadful to make you hate me."

"Oh, fie, Lady Alicia," said O'Driscoll; "why entertain such delusion? You know my time, as I have often explained to you, is not all my own, and my mother, who is in delicate health, is a bad visitor in general. She and I would be sorry to treat you with discourtesy."

Not much impressed by this evasive justification on the part of O'Driscoll, who, she knew quite well, had leisure sufficient to bestow his dejection at whatever shrine to which his heart inclined him, Lady Alicia continued: "Whether are you now going?—will you take a seat in my carriage, and let me have a chat with you?" "I should with pleasure, but my friend is waiting for me."

"Oh, indeed? Well, come over this evening, will you?" "Thanks—if I can." "I'll have no 'ifs,' sir; I shall expect you; I have some wonderful news to tell you. You remember that poor thing, Alphonse Fitzpatrick, whom the Misses Fitzgenous took in of charity, when the horrid old aunts turned her out, and that I've been taking myself less as from out of pure compassion?"—He nodded assent.—"Well, would you believe, some rich old uncle has turned up from somewhere, and she has left Miss Hodgens to live with him."

"That just corresponds with what I have advanced," said O'Driscoll; "but if not insisting on my opinion, as I may not be quite a connoisseur, or an impartial discriminator on a subject so nice, I will give you that of general consent, which admits her claim to great personal attraction."

"Pshaw! who cares for public opinion," persisted Lady Alicia, crossly;—"tell me what you think yourself." "I think her beautiful!" he responded, with straightforward earnestness. Struck by the thunderbolt of the lightning she had courted, in her anxiety to probe the secrets of O'Driscoll and divine his real sentiments, Lady Alicia, stunned into silence, sat back in the carriage.

Miss Gubbins, hastening to administer her timely cordial, observed indignantly: "The girl, certainly, is a proficient in the art of setting off a very meagre physiognomy by her skill in the use of cosmetics, rouge and pearl-powder dazzling unsophisticated eyes."

Up sprung Alicia, revived, and, with a giggling simper, she exclaimed: "I ought to know that. Had you seen her at Miss Hodgens, where such things are not allowed, and she had not the means of self-embellishment, you'd have thought her face was that of an old hippy. I dare say Guildford Colandrea made the discovery that she was not all she seemed; for I'm sure it's not merely for a pecuniary disappointment he would have flitted her. Tell me, where did you meet that brother of hers? Have you known him long? He's a dark, ugly looking man, and she bears a close resemblance to him."

O'Driscoll, pondering in his heart, and ignorantly amazed at the perversity of jealous enmity which goaded these feminine bosoms to discharge themselves in such a flood of virtuous slander to defame and asperse one whom, in happier days, he had believed the cynosure of many an admiring eye, whose unmerited reverse had challenged general regard, whose restored fortune would be hailed with joy by all, and who for him stood alone in the world a paragon of faultless excellence, drily answered: "I met him some time heretofore, on one or two occasions accidentally; but to day I renewed acquaintance with him where he happens to be lodging, in the same house with my friend, Hugh O'Byrne. He seems to be a good young man, and I've taken rather a fancy to him."

"Do you know her's a priest—very likely a Jesuit?" said Miss Gubbins. "What of that?" returned Maurice. "Take care you be not priest-ridden." "Explain what you mean, Miss Gubbins."

"Of course, that you be not deluded, hoodwinked, trepanned or Rome. What a Moses you are! You know well enough what I mean. I'd like to see you galled into buying green spectacles, unless retorted the lady. Maurice laughed derisively. "If I'm wary enough not to be taken in for buying green spectacles, I shall be clever enough to keep outside the gates of Rome; and 'twill be time enough when I find the priest as black within as the world has painted him without to bid him good-morrow. This I advise him to try some of those cosmetics his sister finds efficacious, and see if it will improve him in the eyes of the discerning public."

"Come, a truce with railleury, sir," cried Lady Alicia, whose ingenious wit had, during this brief dialogue, conceived and matured a new play of action. Playfully she proceeded: "Bring your friend the priest with you this evening. I will call myself upon Alphonse; for I intend that she and I shall be very great friends, even though I don't think her so pretty as you do. And that uncle of hers she must introduce me to. If that other colossal friend of yours, Hugh O'Byrne, will accompany you he shall be welcome. I'm not so bad as I appear, and I dare say we shall all get on famously. Adieu, an revoir."

She ordered the carriage forward, and as it rolled off, O'Driscoll, replacing his hat, walked on to rejoin Father Fitzpatrick, partly gratified, partly puzzled, and thinking to himself could Lady Alicia, after all, be really better than he gave her credit for, and was it prejudice only that blinded him to her hidden merit?

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BANISHMENT—THE INTEREST AT SLEEVES GADGET.

"With slow step, sad burden, and wild-uttered wail, Maid, matron and cotter wind up from the vale And loud lamentations salute the gray hill. Where their fathers are sleeping, the silent and still! Wild, wild, that wail ringeth back on the air, From the lone hills, as if some spirit were there: O'er the silent, the still, and the cold they deplore, They weep for the fearless, whose sorrows are o'er."

The bright noontide sun went down upon weeping and wailing on that May-day when the Rev. Nathaniel Lamb, the new rector, achieved his title victory, and bore away his blood-stained spoil from the poverty-stricken village and famishing peasantry of Tubber. Consternation spread far and wide. Pale dismay and dull despair marked every countenance, while deeper furrows, ploughed by feelings outraged and sadness, and religious passions ignited and raging in many a desperate bosom, might readily be traced in some; for in many a wretched old man was lying, while the loud raucous of sorrow wailed on the night breeze from shelling to shelling, blended sad echoes with the dirge of homeless wanderers in clustered groups bidding mournful farewell to the charred wrecks of mud cabins that for generations had sheltered their heads from the winter's inclement blast, and the rude walls within the sanctuaries of whose enclosure, in joy and in affliction, in distress and in want, domestic sympathies had been kindly fostered, and many a virtue expanded into blooming flower.

Piercing from the beloved sod, the last of their poor earthly possessions, the sole remaining tie that had linked them to a brightland they turned their weary feet to swell the tide of pauperism flowing from countless ether sources towards the wretched polis, bringing in their equal train to the dens and purlieus of vice and profligacy to which they were crowding, fatal seed to germinate in these fertile hotbeds, and at no distant day, in just but awful retribution, the breath of the Angel of Death, whom no bolts could bar out of garret chamber or palace hall, and whose dire visitation, irrespective of person, and defying opposition, struck down alike rich and poor, the heir of estates, and the labourer on his field. One humble homestead, and one alone, was as yet exempt from the ruin that had befallen so many others, but over which not the less surely the stroke of doom was impending; for since the day he had interposed his manly aid to protect the dying woman from the intrusion of the false preacher, and enabled the priest to perform his ghostly functions in aid of the departing soul, Johnny Doyle and his family were marked out victims to Flug vengeance, only not instantly weakened, because the Doyles were not only far and near known and respected as industrious, peaceful, obliging, well-to-do people, but they enjoyed, moreover, the favor and patronage of some of the neighboring gentry, to whom they were useful in many ways—Thady as a good carpenter, the girls as seamstresses, and his sons clever at garden-

ing, and in many other capacities handy and expert. So, availing the person's opportunity to assail them with sanction of pretext, on this night of woe, in the spacious kitchen of the shelling was assembled, after their evening repast of potatoes and milk, the whole family, with a few neighbors from a remote locality, as yet unscathed, discussing the events of the day. The carpenter, smoking a pipe, sat upon a three-legged stool by the hearth, his wife spinning at her wheel opposite; Johnny, with folded arms, sat cross-legged upon a corner of the deal table; Larry, with a tattered Latin grammar in his hand, which he was not studying, hung over his mother's chair, dreamily watching the evolution of the waltz, and the two elder girls were lolled at each end of the dresser; Euphemia and Nellie sat, with their feet tucked under them, on the closed settle-bed; while a couple of men smoked at the open casement, and two or three women squatted on their heels upon the hearth round Kitty Burke, who was knitting a yarn stocking.

"Musha, ne'er a word o' lie in it, Molly, it was a bad day's work; an', mind me, ye won't see the end o' it to a hurry," said one of these women, a coarse-featured, withal shrewd, good-countenance matron, addressing Mrs. Doyle, in answer to some observation of the latter. "It's from bad to worse the parsons is goin' in their ostrichian threame-stan' it no longer. It's risin' fast by all I hear, an' maybe they'll find yet that this 'saw the wind'll rape the whirlwind, ough!"

"Tuvh, I dunno, Peggy, acorness," returned, in a low, plaintive accent, a mild, pale-faced young woman beside her; "I'm afraid it's the cross is upon us, an' we must lie down an' be thumped out under it. Welcome be the wif o' God!"

"In course, an' we do nothin' to help ourselves," responded a stout, evenly swarthy, resting her chin upon the palm of a broad, bony hand, "we can't expect nought to be sent down from heaven wid' swords to fight for us, ough! Now, it's my notion that if the neighbors down at Dunavin 'n' round about just gave the ead mill o' faith o' the pile out to every snigger billeted on 'em to prosecute, an' rob, an' insult 'em, they'd have satisfied the vamin' party soon, an' be none the worse off nor they are, begorra!"

"Sorra a lie in it, begorra!" chimed in Thady Doyle, blowing a cloud from his pipe with the brief remark. "I dunno, Thady," returned his wife, thoughtfully, "what good did the piece do to-day? Seven corpses wakin' below at the village. Och hone, ferriergar! sure 'twould melt the heart o' a stone—an' poor Mick Mooney among 'em!"

"Ay, would it, sooner nor the heart o' a parson," fiercely broke in one of the men at the easement, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I've got o' wan family, och!"

God look down on the widdy, poor Esther, an' the fatherless children, this night!" cooed Kitty Burke, who would not hear what Neil More, an' Lacy, an' Donogh O'Brien is goin' to do next. Have ye any notion, Johnny?"

"Ay, have I, ma'an," said Johnny, roused from a fit of abstraction by the question; "they've got after O'Dwyer to the hilt!" "See that now," cried the first woman who had spoken. "I tell ye, ye'll hear more o' it afore long. God help the crathurs that's put to the road out o' their little sheds, an' God bless Sally Malone, that took Neil More's baby to nurse wid' her own daunt one. But Donogh didn't go wid' 'em sure?"

"I dread that child 'll grow up a natral, if it lives. There's lots o' children born foolish by reason o' fright an' throuble to the mother these times," soliloquised Kitty, turning the heel of her stocking. "God forgive them that's the cause o' it!"

"Badness to 'em, an' my heavy curse on the reason we see throuble an' ruin follyin' families that was rich an' mighty in their day, an' an' an' many that get their footin' from the land die out, an' their widdows an' fathers come in their place to fare no better, because they've withered under the scorchin' curses o' the poor, an' them they have plundered an' made desolate. Oh, ay! I'll curse 'em wid' all the veins o' my heart, that neither their seed nor bred my thrive, nor know length o' days, nor honour, nor glory in the land!" returned Peggy Connor, with hearty eloquence;—"arrah, why wouldn't I?"

"Curses, like crows, go out to feed an' come home to roost, so I wouldn't curse any one, but have 'em to God," said Kitty. "Peggy uttered a snort of dissent;—"Lave 'em to God, indeed! Maybe it's forgot 'em He would or not think they were so bad, an' assew let him know it, ayra?"

"Dix, dix, God help yer wit. As if He didn't know the number of hairs on our head?" sighed Mrs. Doyle. "Yes, in course, ma'am, I know; but He has such a power to do an' see after, maybe He doesn't be mindin' everything at once, barrin' his attention is called to 'em, och, d'yd think He'd see such villanies done an' not wid' his list to wallop 'em an' give the devil short notice?" was the logical rejoinder of sagacious Peggy; not more ignorant conclusion for her, nor less exalted idea of the Deity, than many theories entertained by her superiors in scholastic erudition of a later day. Her auditory not being in humor to enter upon theological debate, lapsed into silence, till Thady Doyle again broke the spell, saying to one of the men near him. "Is there anything more about the wreck at Newcastle, Prudergast? I hear there was no one saved but the one Mr. Miles O'Byrne caught hold of."