

SOME IRISH BOHONS THAT CHRISTMAS BRINGS.

By Mary Locke.

There was never a day in the stretch of years, That has dawned and died since I left thy shore. My land-of-milk-and-honey trials and tears, That some thought of this was not waded o'er Old Gosh's side, to my throbbing heart, From the rural haunts where the hawthorn blooms, Where lovers loiter, so loth to part, In the lingering twilight's favoring gloom. To-night, from Memory's silent deeps, Scenes from my youth's old home arise.— Fair pictures from fancy's highest steps, Are thronging before my beam-dimmed eyes; While I sit and muse in my dreamy way, Of that dear Green Isle, and her matchless charms, I curse the hand and the despot way, That have forced me out of her folding arms. For all the lands on this fair, wide earth, With their countless beauties of sea and sky, They should be ours to live in, and there to die. But, alas! for that long-affected land, Whose rich-wooded fields such treasures hold, She's still the prey of an alien hand, Who turn the fruit of her womb to gold. No spiritless hours filled my girlhood's days; O'er steep mountain, through deepest glen, Rang echoes of stirring rebellious lays, When the land was alive with valiant men,— Men with the quick, hot pulse of youth, Bred by the kiss of brotherhood's vows, With hearts of honor and hearts of truth, Dauntless, bosom, and Godlike brows. Not that the blame of the effort failed; They fought against desperate odds and fate; The right went under and the might prevailed, But they left behind the fire of a stubborn hate. They woke the land from her languid trance, And quickened the pulse they found so low; And taught her to gaze with a sharpened glance Square in the face of her panting foe. Now cast with the rest of our scattered race, Found far and wide under blue of heaven, Still eager as ever the foot to pace, Is that veteran remnant of Sixty-seven, And some in death's cold, dreamless sleep Are laid in this friendly soil to rest; And some were borne back over the deep To their long last home on Ireland's breast. Oh, wonderful land by the wind-swept sea,— My first true love in the long ago, Made dear by my sweetest bonds to me, Are the hedge-rimmed haunts where wild roses blow,— Thou hast survived the low of the purist mould, Though lacking the fire of that Fenian time, And under their guide, untried and bold, My Liberty's bells ring their cheeriest chime. 'Tis Christmas night while I build my dreams Of a future bright for our beauteous isle, And paint her fields and her flowing streams Illumined by the light of Freedom's smile, That the yule log's glow with the conflict's cease May find on her features no trace of tears; And her Christmas times, with rood cheer and peace, Be blithe as they were in her happiest years.

UNCLE'S PICTURE.

By Ella A. Bertie.

'T was Christmas Eve, and the streets of the great metropolis were crowded. The foot passengers jostled each other in a hurry, while the carriages grew impatient as they were stopped by the crowd, which often rendered it impossible to proceed. Many of the up-town mansions were ablaze with light and streams of sweet music floated out into the chilly night. Among the most important of these was that of Mrs. St. Clair. Without the night was cold and windy, while occasionally a snowflake descended, heralding the approaching storm. Within all was warmth and gaiety. The great salons were lighted by chandeliers, while the warmth of a bright summer day was felt throughout the house. Mrs. St. Clair stood at the head of the large reception salon, surrounded by her guests and attended by her husband—a tall, handsome man, whose distinguished bearing made him a conspicuous object. The different groups were soon broken up by Mr. St. Clair leading the way to the dancing saloon, whither he was immediately followed by most of the gay company. Mrs. St. Clair had two daughters. Nina (the eldest) was a tall, proud, handsome girl, and had been the queen of the circles wherever she moved for the last four years. She had a clear olive complexion, with the faintest tinge of carmine on either cheek; while her large, lustrous, black eyes would at times flash with spirit, and again there was a dreamy, tender look in them which had driven many a poor fellow to distraction. The wavy, black hair, drawn back from the temples, and fully exposing the broad brow was the envy of many of her lady friends. Her dress on this evening consisted of a heavy black silk, trimmed with black lace, and caught up here and there by a cluster of scarlet roses. She wore no jewels, but the jetty blackness of her hair was relieved by a single rose, and a trailing vine hung low at her neck. Minnie was directly the opposite of her sister. A small and petite figure, with a complexion of marble whiteness, large, dreamy, blue eyes, and a small mouth that rivalled cherries in color, and her golden hair fell in luxuriant curls over her snowy neck. Her beauty was well set off by a robe of blue silk, made low at the neck, and short sleeves fully exposing the round, white arm. In truth Mrs. St. Clair might well be proud of her daughters, for they were the admired of all. Time passed pleasantly, and when, late in the evening, the conversation seemed to lag, Mrs. St. Clair, ever watchful of the enjoyment of her guests, proposed theatricals, which suggestion was hailed with joy by all. A temporary stage was erected at the end of the room, and some of the guests departed for the upper chambers to look for costumes. During the hurry and confusion an old man appeared at the door, and making his way to Mrs. St. Clair, held out his hand to her, saying: "That independent fellow would not let me come in, Mary, although I told him I was your Uncle Jabel, come down on purpose to spend Christmas with you. I stopped at my friend John Jenkins', and he wanted me to stay there to-night, but I told him you would be awful glad to see me, and so I came right on. Where's the girls, eh?" And he looked searchingly around the room. Mrs. St. Clair did not seem to see the proffered hand or hear the old man's question, for she turned coldly away and said to the gaping servant: "Here, John, show this man to the door. I think he has made a mistake." Those of the guests that had remained in the room had the impression that he was one of the many gentlemen who had gone to look for comic suits. And well they might. The greater part of his face was covered by a long gray beard; his clothes were old-fashioned and gave unmistakable signs of a peasant's dress. As Mrs. St. Clair spoke, he turned and looked around the room with a bewildered air, and then, while a tear rolled down his withered cheek, he turned to leave the room; but hardly got to the door when a pair of

The physician had that morning told her that all her husband needed was wine or something to infuse strength in his weak frame. But where was this nourishment to come from without money.

The old man turned, and with moistened eyes and tremulous voice, said: "Do not have not forgotten the old man, child. How you have grown! I should hardly know you for the same rosy-cheeked, romping girl that gladdened the old farmhouse three years ago." "And almost teased the life out of you and Mrs. Hudson. Eh, uncle?" said Minnie, with a mischievous smile. "No, no child—not quite," said the old man. "But," he added, mournfully, "I must go now." "Oh, uncle, I wish I might keep you here this bitter cold night." "The time may come, child, when even your mother, cold and proud as she now is, may be glad to do Uncle Jabel a favor. But enough of this," he added, "fare you as at the door." Good by, child, and Heaven bless you." And the old man started down the street on his way to his friend Jenkins, while Minnie, went back to the gay company, happy in spite of the frowning faces of her mother and father. The old man continued on his way and soon stopped before a neat two-story house. He was met at the door by a man who said: "Come in Jabel, come in. I know how it would be, and so have been waiting for you." "Yes, John, Mary pretended she did not know me. I am glad I know what kind of a woman she is before she hears about my legacy. Dear little Minnie," he added, after a moment's painful thought, "Uncle Jabel will not forget your welcome and kindness, and the time may come when he can repay it." He had unconsciously spoken aloud, and looking up in his friend's puzzled face, he hastened to explain what had happened at Mrs. St. Clair's. "She was ashamed of Uncle Jabel, the poor farmer. I wonder if she would have been ashamed of Uncle Jabel the million air." And he smiled grimly. Two years flew swiftly by, and it is again Christmas eve. Minnie is the beloved wife of William Rathburn, a young physician of some note, and has removed to one of our thriving Western villages. A cheerful fire burns in the wide, old-fashioned fire-place, and sheds a faint, glimmering light through the cosy sitting room. Minnie is reclining in an easy chair, with her eyes fixed dreamily on the blazing coal. A step sounds in the hall and a cheerful voice exclaims: "What! in the dark, my pet?" And Dr. Rathburn bent over his wife's shoulder and imprinted a kiss on the rosy cheek. "Come, Minnie, I have something to show you." She returned the caress, and then, having lit the lamp and drawn the easy chair up to the table, she brought his slippers and seated herself by his side. There was a pine box, about a foot and a half square, upon the table, directed to herself. Dr. Rathburn proceeded to remove the lid, and Minnie watched him with a woman's curiosity. The lid was removed and Minnie, no longer able to restrain herself, exclaimed: "What is it, William?" "I don't know; but we will see in a minute. It was left at the office by the express man, and I brought it up." The wrappings were soon taken off, and disclosed a large oval frame containing a portrait of Uncle Jabel. The frame in itself was worth a great deal; but as the old man's kindly face beamed forth, Minnie burst into a flood of happy tears, and, seizing the picture, she gazed at it long and silently. "Dear Uncle Jabel," she murmured, "good old man, so you have not forgotten me, as I feared you had?" She laid the picture gently on the table and took up the note which accompanied it, and which ran as follows: "DEAR NIECE: I am still living, and wishing to send you something to remember me by, I thought you would rather have the picture than any of those trifles which would so delight your fashionable mother. May heaven bless you. "Your loving uncle, JABEL." The tears flowed fast and freely, and presently she raised her head from her husband's shoulder and said: "Dear Uncle Jabel, with all his whim, he has a loving heart. This is the happiest evening of my life," she added looking fondly up in her husband's face. And well it might be, for it had showed her that she held the first place in two as noble hearts as ever beat in human breast. We will pass over ten years and again take up the thread of our story. In a small cottage on the outskirts of the town, a man is lying upon a couch, while a fair, golden-haired woman moves noiselessly about the room. Two little girls of seven and nine years of age are playing quietly in a corner of the apartment, and a babe, apparently a year old, sits upon the floor good-naturedly sucking its thumb. As we come nearer we recognize Minnie Rathburn, but changed from the happy, joyous bride, to a pale, sad woman. She goes to the bed and gently rousing the sick man, says: "William, will you have a cup of tea now?" and, on being answered in the affirmative, she brought the tea, and placing it to the sufferer's lips, gently raised him that he could drink more easily; then giving the children their frugal supper of bread and molasses, she sat down by the fire. "Mother," said the youngster, "aren't you going to eat any supper?" "No, Mary, mother is not hungry to-night," she replied. For how could she tell them that there was barely bread enough left for the children's breakfast. Presently the sick man sank into an uneasy slumber, and after hearing the little one's prayers and kissing them good-night, she took the babe in her arms, and seating herself, gave way to her long pent-up feelings. And this is Christmas Eve—so different from that happy time so long ago. It had been nearly seven months since Dr. Rathburn, on returning from a patient, late at night, had been thrown from his horse, and was found in the morning lying senseless upon the cold, damp ground. A litter was hastily constructed and he was borne home to his anxious wife. Terrible was the blow, but she bore up under it bravely, and did all in her power to aid the physician who was called in. Upon examination it was found that his spine was injured, and he also received a severe blow upon his head. He was at last brought to his senses, but fever set in and he had been delirious the greater part of the time; but he recovered from the fever, and would have soon got well had it not been for the injury his spine had sustained. His limbs were weak and they were obliged to leave their comfortable home for the lonely cottage. One by one the little memories had gone for bread, until nothing was left but Uncle Jabel's picture.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN POLAND.

A Pretty Little Sketch of her Native Land by Mrs. Helena Modjeska. Wzlobie Jezy. Ktoz probjezy. Kolendowac mafemu (He lies in a manger. Let us hasten to offer Gifts to the Babe.) It was Christmas Eve in the Polish country. The meal is over. The household is gathered around the Christmas-tree. Quaint carols of the olden time, like the verse I have quoted, are sung by all, young and old. In the morning the men have been abroad shooting game, the dinner of the following day or catching fish under the ice for the only meal that is partaken of on Christmas Eve. The ladies have been arranging the presents, concealing them in bags, stockings, corners of the chimney and in every piece of furniture. The heads of the household go around to all the assemblies and break a wafer with them. The wafers have been blessed for the occasion. Wishes of "Merry Christmas" and "Dolly's Age" are interchanged. What is "Dolly's Age?" In centuries past there lived in Cracow an old lady, generally known as Aunt Dolly (Dolly). She reached the age of one hundred and twenty and was famous for having danced at ninety and for never having lost her temper. So everybody hopes that everybody else may live to be as old and as jolly as Aunt Dolly. By this ceremony all quarrels are allayed. If any members of the family have been at odds since the last Friday, the quarrel is forgotten. Under the table is a bundle of straw and a bundle of hay in memory of the Babe Christ's stable. The meal begins with a soup known as "Nothing Soup." It is made of milk and almonds, and gets its name from its lightness. Then follow eight or nine dishes of fish. Each fish is different. The dishes are accompanied with flour and poppy. The meal, garnished with abundance of sweets, is more odd than eatable. After the dinner is over and the carols have been sung, the guests make a game of cards. With screaming and shrieking and uproarious laughter, the hankershirts, gloves, stuffs for dresses, bonbonnières, toys, and little jewels are unearthed. Each present bears the name of the person for whom it is destined. Confusion ensues when the presents get mixed. And sometimes a love-match springs from the fun. If once again a scolding is against a pretty girl. His finger was put out of joint and her nose bled. When next I met them they were married. After the excitement you hear a ring at the bell. Three or four regiments are introduced, carrying a theatre of marionettes, brilliantly lit now, like the stage, and the music begins to play; you want to keep going into the dining-room to look at the clock. And we've just got interested in this. We're the Three Wise Men, and we're journeying." Mamma laughed; she had not forgotten the impatience and excitement that she had felt on Christmas Eve when she was a little girl. "I am sure," she said, "no wise men ever made such a dreadful noise as you were making just now. How noisy, if you were in my new play, you may keep it up, only please continue your journey out of doors." "Yes, ma'am," cried all the children gladly, and ran off to get coats and mittens. Once out of doors, however, their interest flagged, and they had some difficulty in continuing their play. "If Don would only go ahead, and not keep friking about so," said Hugh, in disgust, "we could pretend he was the star, and follow him." "I am afraid that might not be just right," said Jack, doubtfully. "But, anyhow, he won't go ahead, so it makes no difference. Let us make a new plan. He is in the new play, the Wise Men did go mountains; and when we get to the four roads we might play that was Bethlehem, and come back again." The others agreeing to this they went on their way, till suddenly Hugh cried out:— "Look at Don! He is going straight ahead

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND

—AT THE TIME OF THE— CRUCIFIXION. The grandest work of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by the thousands of people who have visited it, as unequalled anywhere for magnificence of conception, beauty of colors, harmony in composition, and so LIFE LIKE that one feels actually as if on the sacred ground. THE CRUCIFIXION scene is a marvelous work, alone worth coming many miles to see, near the CITY MOUNT, corner of St. Catherine and St. Urbain streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 p.m. Street cars pass the door. THREE LITTLE MAGI. Mamma sat upstairs sewing busily, with her chamber door ajar, that she might catch the first sound of little feet approaching. From down below there came up to her a merry noise of the beating of a drum, blowing of a horn, and the shrill screaming of children's voices. On any other day of the year mamma felt that she could not have endured it; but it was Christmas Eve, and she had still the little touches to give to the doll that she was dressing for little Minnie, and all the candy-bags to fill, so that she gratefully put up with any amusement, however noisy, that kept the children away from her just then. After a while, though, the racket became unendurable; and, as grandma was lying down, that she might be well rested before the Christmas tree was dressed, mamma rose, and laying her work aside, crept softly to the stairs and, leaning over the balustrade, looked down. A small procession filed past her as she looked—Jack ahead with the drum, Hugh next, astride of his hobby-horse, with a tin trumpet; little Minnie last of all, bearing a big gun, dragging her toy-horse after her, and screaming lustily to make up for her lack of animation; while Don, the dog, ran sometimes before and sometimes behind the band, barking wildly. Mamma called to them softly. "Children, children," she said, "you must not make so much noise. Cannot you play something more quiet?" "Oh, mamma," Jack said, with a sigh, "you don't know anything about it. It's awful to play anything on Christmas Eve when you know there's going to be a tree right after supper. You play; you want to keep going into the dining-room to look at the clock. And we've just got interested in this. We're the Three Wise Men, and we're journeying." Mamma laughed; she had not forgotten the impatience and excitement that she had felt on Christmas Eve when she was a little girl. "I am sure," she said, "no wise men ever made such a dreadful noise as you were making just now. How noisy, if you were in my new play, you may keep it up, only please continue your journey out of doors." "Yes, ma'am," cried all the children gladly, and ran off to get coats and mittens. Once out of doors, however, their interest flagged, and they had some difficulty in continuing their play. "If Don would only go ahead, and not keep friking about so," said Hugh, in disgust, "we could pretend he was the star, and follow him." "I am afraid that might not be just right," said Jack, doubtfully. "But, anyhow, he won't go ahead, so it makes no difference. Let us make a new plan. He is in the new play, the Wise Men did go mountains; and when we get to the four roads we might play that was Bethlehem, and come back again." The others agreeing to this they went on their way, till suddenly Hugh cried out:— "Look at Don! He is going straight ahead

now, and not in this direction at all. Let's play he's the star, Jack." "All right," said Jack, and turning, they followed the little dog, not without considerable trouble, for he ran along very fast, with his nose on the ground, as though scenting something, and little Minnie's short legs could scarcely keep up with the rest. As last Don stopped under a tree and began to bark, looking eagerly back to see if the children were following. "What has he found?" cried Hugh, and all three of the small "Magi" ran as fast as they could to the spot. Jack reached it first, being the largest, and he found a bundle done up in a plain shawl lying close to the tree. "Now, I wonder what this is?" he said, and stooping down, he began to pull it. Considering that it was Christmas Eve, and that they had been playing that they were the Three Wise Kings, it is not strange that the children fancied for a moment that they had really come to Bethlehem when they saw lying before them a little baby. Only for a moment, though, for as soon as he was sufficiently recovered from his surprise, Jack knew that he saw before him, not the Divine Baby, but some foreign little human wail to whom he must be kind for the Infant Jesus' sake. He wrapped the baby up carefully and carried it home, and the children burst in on their surprised mamma with the wonderful story of their discovery and with the baby. "Nothing helpless or unfortunate could ever be unwelcome to mamma; she cuddled the little thing close in her motherly arms, likened with tears in her eyes to how they had played that they were the Wise Men, and Don the star, and how he had led them to the baby. "It is a special Providence," said mamma, "and Aunt Mary, I am sure, will think so." Aunt Mary was a widow who had recently lost her own little baby, and Jack, looking at mamma, guessed of what she thought. Interested in the baby, the children found that the hours passed unusually quick till it was time for the Christmas tree. When Aunt Mary arrived and heard the story, she did just what mamma had expected her to do. She took the baby for her own, to fill the place of her little girl, and it was decided that she should be called Theodora, which means "gift of God," and that Jack should be her godfather. Then they all repaired to the parlor, where the Christmas tree was lighted, and every one agreed that they had had a very merry time before. Jack was made happy by a full suit of regimentals and lots of books, and Hugh had a wonderful knits with a cockcrow in it, which, although he should never use it, made it much more delightful. Minnie's begged her new doll, just as Aunt Mary held and hugged the little baby, both blissfully happy. Then mamma struck a few cords of the piano, and as a hymn especially suited to that particular Christmas Eve, they all sang, "We Three Kings of Orient Are"; and as Aunt Mary kissed the children good night she had tears of happiness in her eyes, and she whispered to them that they had given her the best gift that could be given, God's own Christmas gift to man—a little child. Look at Don! He is going straight ahead

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WE OFFER UNTIL SOLD THE FOLLOWING

- MEN'S STRONG TWEED OVERCOATS, \$3.50, well lined. MEN'S BEAVER OVERCOATS, twill lined, \$4.75, former price \$8.00 MEN'S CHINCHILLA OVERCOATS \$5.00, marked down from \$8.50. MEN'S SCOTCH TWEED CAPE OVERCOATS, from \$8.50 up, worth twice the price. MEN'S GENUINE IRISH FRIEZE ULSTERS, \$8.50, regular price \$13.50 MEN'S HEAVY TWEED SUITS, \$6.25, selling regularly for \$10.50. MEN'S PEA JACKETS, \$3.50, good value at \$6.75. MEN'S STRONG CANADIAN TWEED PANTS, \$1.25, worth \$2.50. 1,000 BOYS' CAPE OVERCOATS, \$3.00, well worth \$5.00. BOYS' TWEED WINTER SUITS, \$2.00, great value for \$4.50. BOYS' PEA JACKETS, \$2.75, genuine value for \$4.50.

A \$5,000 Bankrupt Stock of FURS selling at 50 cents on the dollar.

Call for a Persian Lamb from \$2 upwards. They are going fast.

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Is replete with Bargains, Novelties and remarkable values. SCOTCH ALL-WOOL SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, \$1.25 Bonanza in the City.

All Wool Socks, 2 pair for 25c. BE SURE TO CALL AND SEE US BEFORE B

A \$2 Washing Machine Free.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 self-operating washing machines. No wash-board or rubbing required. If you want one, send to the Monarch Laundry Works, 25 Pacific Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 18-13

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We hope our readers will not forget to send for the Bizar tickets, in aid of this holy and apostolic work. Tickets 25 cts each, a book of 5 tickets \$1.00, address Revd. Dean Wagner, P.P., Windsor Ont. See advertisement on the last page of this issue of the TRUE WITNESS. 21 2

THE DEAF.

A person cured of Deafness and poises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy. Will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

FITS. All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.

No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

Success always attends our preparation for removing the downy hair from women's face.

It is now in universal use, and is, including a box of ointment, only \$1.50. We have always on hand a preparation to dye the whiskers and to give to the hair its natural color. Also one of the best preparations for washing the mouth and gums and giving a sweet breath. Freckles and skin blemishes, as well as tooth-ache and corns, removed at once without pain. As in the past, we have always on hand choice Face powders, which give to the skin a freshness and conceal all the defects of nature. We have also a Lung remedy which is infallible. Read the certificates which we publish every week.

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Excuse, or even just reasons, for the thing being left undone, do not do it.

The disagreeable sick headache, and foul stomach, so frequently complained of, can be speedily relieved by a single dose of McGALE'S Bitternut Pills.

The silent eye is often a more powerful conqueror than the noisy tongue.

Impudence is the constant companion of that monster, ingratitude.

Enormous Increase in the Cape Breton Production During Recent Years.

HALIFAX, December 23.—The Herald to-morrow will publish a North Sydney dispatch regarding the increase in the production of coal in the Cape Breton mines. In 1874, 400,000 tons in 1879. North Sydney and Sydney shipped 450,000 tons in 1889, as compared with 140,000 tons in 1879. The growth of this important industry, feeding all other branches of commerce, illustrates the great benefit of the National Policy, which has made a home market for our people, and making them virtually independent of the New England market and the adverse American tariff which crippled our coal industry so long. Comparing the yearly coal exports since 1878, the result of the present tariff is most satisfactory. In 1878, the coal shipments from all the Cape Breton mines only amounted to 243,000 tons; in 1884, 538,150 tons, and in 1889 they increased to 749,357 tons. The shipments from North Sydney and Sydney were 140,000 in 1879, 299,000 in 1884, and 400,148 tons to December 15. The shipping season is not yet over, and your correspondent can only give a glimpse of the increase in the coal exports, which are as follows:—Sydney, 120,000 tons; International, 123,000; Bridgeport, 25,000; Reserve, 103,257; Little Glace Bay, 73,000; Port Caledonia, 103,000; Gowrie mines, 104,000. At the present time there are nine coal mines in operation in Cape Breton, and two more are opening connection with the coast. It is estimated that there is an army of about 4,600 to 5,000 persons employed, and a gross population of about 18,000 has settled in and about the various mining localities. About 2,550 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 250,000 tons, handle our coal shipment this year, with an employment of 24,000 hands. Considering the employment, the commerce and the number of injuries affected through the development of the coal trade, the importance of the industry can hardly be overestimated.—Gazette.

Might Have Been a Triple Murder.

TORONTO, Dec. 26.—At 839 East Gerrard street last night, shortly before midnight, occurred a shocking case of what looks like the strangest murder of a widow and her two children. The widow, a Mrs. Gilbert, keeps the house and rents some rooms to James McCarthy, a painter, and his partner, William Smith. Smith, it seems, became jealous of the attentions paid to his partner, and last night, just as Mrs. Gilbert was going to bed, Smith and two brothers, Archie and Charles, came to the front door, smashed their way in and brutally assaulted the widow. McCarthy took the widow's part and the widow herself hit Smith on the temple with a flat iron and laid him out. The police came immediately after and the three brothers were arrested and locked up. As the coroner's court is morning they were remanded, being allowed on bail. They are charged with assault.

It is wrong to wish for death, and worse to have occasion to fear it.