

STORIES FROM CARLOW.

Some Unknown and Hidden Beauties

Legends Ruins and Obscure Traditions that Fascinate the Reader and Visitor—Borris Idrone.

Louise Imogen Guiney, who is touring through the British Isles, is now in Ireland, and has sent the following interesting sketch of the byways of Carlow to the Boston Post, Ireland, beautiful beyond report as she is, seen none too much of the tourist, and the adventurous spirit who do scatter their shakels at Killarney and Glendalough never come into Carlow. Carlow, to begin with, is a county where agriculture is certainly first, and politics second. Her annals have nothing in the way of storm and misery to match with those of Munster and the North; almost the only break on her long life is the far off gleam of Stratford and his trumpet, filling between hedge-rows, or the sharp cry of the martyred men of '98. Lying off the highway of things she has won plenty and peace; and her river, the Barrow, rhyming with another which Wordsworth sings, is no less lovely that it counts to be "unvisited." But any mention of happiness in Ireland is to be taken with a grain of salt. Past age, sweet air and knowledge, evolutions, inter-Oriental riddles, and like flows, are exalted on Carlow's pleasant soil, but the great grievance is, it is not the least of them, that the landlord race, though kinder here than elsewhere, persist in spending his revenues abroad, and shedding the light of his countenance, welcome as the sun at home, on a too ill-luminated and comical London. The only class who (until this world is bettered) could bring back life and meaning into the little collapsing towns of the old baronies, and build up a social order which can interest individuals in one another is the very class which embraces the chronic absentee. So, left to herself, and with no work more arduous than tending sheep, Carlow, for one, falls into a reverie. An American, however soft and listless, touches her foot-ways like gunpowder. Heaven keep Cook's exorbitant from the Barrow Valley, for the postmaster and the keepers of the great bowery manners might

NEVER DREAM AGAIN.

Yet the county is full of legends, ruins and things that baffle history. A gander off on a holiday, with a white spouse and their pretty brood, lifts his paternal head as the plover by a Druid's bed; and where the young lambs lie, in the wind-spring, to see of their mothers, you stumble on an Irish Romanesque doorway, arch in arch, with its broken inscription "Pray for Art." Ring of Lismore, "Pray for O'Connell." Every two or three miles there is a waterfall plunging under ivy and long grass; a cross with David and his harp, or Peter with his keys, set up by a saint 1200 years ago at least; a winding castle, strewn to the sky, like the life in Owen Meredith's plaint, "which never leads anywhere" with every step hollowed away from the passing feet of generations. These all have a still history, to be hunted out with painstaking, and often more quaint than startling. But wherever Ireton has been about, there is sulphur smoking yet, and a nibbler and brighter fire attends the names of the fiesman of Ormond and Desmond, the seldierly Butlers and Fitzgeralds, Norman at the rock, like most of the present blood in the midland counties, and in time "more Irish than the Irish," as ancient chronicles attest. A brook's freshest air may bring ashore a staff, a necklace; a rock is overturned under a yew tree and discloses horns and knives older than Brian Boru. Green Carlow, from hill to hill, is a happy hunting ground for the archaeologist, and he has no impeding from the gentle farmers, who take delight in their heritages, and to whom, often, the past is to only common outlook and joy. It is not so long ago that, in a garden adjoining the ruins of a Butler fortress put up at the time Richard the Lionheart was looking with tears of envy over the

WALLS OF JERUSALEM,

cleared urns were found in the vaults, each with its shining dust; a tenantry long anterior to Christianity, and conscious, perhaps, with wonder, of Christian gongs overhead; when the MacMurrrough Kavanagh was pressed to dine with the warden of the Black Castle, and slain among his followers between "the valours and the wine"; and near a venerable wall, to this day, at the same township of Leighlin, once fortified "to resist the wickedness of the Irish," stands a Celtic cross with its circled centre, placed in the field in the dawn of western monasticism by St. Gobban or St. Moluagh, surely more sweet and serious than his name. In the massive church near, homely gothic, and full of a large irregularity, past ruinous, past "restored," is an elaborate tomb of Elizabeth's reign, whose inscription, made along the four edges in black letter, and fading inwardly, shows a true consideration for the feelings of the ladies, so often called upon to stop and weep. "Willoughby O'Brien" (who could at least on an elegant figure in Latin) asks you, in concert with his wife, to remember that as you now are so once was he, and that as he now is so must you be; but mark! he does so in black letter, in inverted characters, in all-but-unintelligible foreign rhetoric. Now, if a man has a stale and unprofitable remark to make, he could not have his offence more mannerly. A few rods away, out in old obelisk, is another epitaph, plainly not autobiographic, over a young wife:

Tell us, thou dust and clay,
Where is thy beauteous maid?

And such gibes as do follow commit a breach forever upon the code which should control one in his attitude towards a lady. Local tombstones of modern date have a dull and curious sameness. The name of the relative who pays for the masonry is to the effect that here lies said Patrick, his wife, and their posterity, forever! Wherein said Patrick certainly lies, for posterity is a roving bird, and builds its last nest by strange shores. One other startling item is the use of the word "alias" to indicate a maiden name: "Mrs. Sarah Flinnerty, alias O'Connor," throws a sly suggestion of police courts over a highly respectable memory.

In Borris Idrone stands the demesne of the Kavanagh, narrowed now to a few hundred acres and despoiled year by year of its magnificent timber to help the needs of a falling family. Descended from The Darmond, King of Leinster, who, leaving himself anywhere, below would call his "father's father," killed in the fatal English battle, his child, the noble barony, for ages against the mushroom aristocracy of the Pale; against Robert II, with 30,000 soldiers against the SH (Pater) Carow, friend of the friendly Gloriana, and whose marauding manners the old Earl Desmond of Ormond "could not digest"; against the confederators who appeared, as ever, to the Pope for absolution against the northern Irish lord, "for the relief and salvation of the said

land, and in perpetual destruction of the same, under the aid of God." Deep to was the rumour of war, from Grange to Borris, the Irish captain defended their own, living in splendid state and taking heavy toll from every English foot darning to cross the Barrow westward.

Forty years ago it seemed to the country-side that the old name must become extinct. Most readers of newspapers, however, must have a vivid remembrance of a gentleman who died last year, the late Arthur MacMurrrough Kavanagh, long the most interesting figure in the House of Commons. There was never any mortal, left as the sole proprietor of an ancient house, more like to the marble trees of the abbey in his own dear Graigue-na-managh, hewn close and dense, but strong as Samson in the office. This remarkable Irishman, from his birth wholly without arms or legs, was the best penman, the best angler, the best shot in the Carlow county. Thanks to his teeth, and to a series of springs and joints, of braces and levers, more exquisitely ingenious than might best an automaton, he was an active and successful devotee of physical exercise; he was also a man of mind, fond of public life, and stricken to the heart.

WHEN THE BONFIRE,

outside his own gates, kindled by a rather fickle tenantry, announced the election of his rival, Edmund Dwyer Gray. In and out of the House of Commons, as in and out of every other door, he was borne by his valet, as a child is carried pig-a-back; and it was a wonderful sight to see him spring from his post to bestir other servants as willing and as kind. He passed all his leisure time in the saddle, from boyhood on. No farmer in Ireland to-day, who sees the hounds troop by, with the red coat clattering after on a fox hunt, and leaves all things else, and whose up his sporting household to rush and inhabit the nearest wall, gazing on the horizon for hours, but sighs to think of the "King of Leinster," who had little share of common pleasures, but who at least got the better of nature in making himself into a constant weeks at a time. Nor were these his only miracles for despite every compoast of mental misery, and the justification of as much spleen and sensitiveness as could be housed in one deformed little body, Mr. Kavanagh was the most genial and considerate of men. He did indeed get into debt and put his children into a temporary eclipse, but a person who can never find his limbs and never lose his temper deserves indulgence from every trader alive in the interest of morality. Had he been a poet, his harp might have sounded forever in the camps of pessimism. Had he lived in the eleventh century, he would have been embedded in a rich proverb, to strike terror into the breasts of the Sassenach. Such as he would be fulfilled a career better than any of Barrow's possible suggesting; he proved that diverse modern conveniences in universal demand are really, that happenings can be wrought out of most unpromising circumstances, and that a strong soul is able to snuff out the very stars whose malice would make it an underling.

THE IRISH ESTIMATES.

Parnell Scores Another Point.

The blight in Ireland—The Adjournment of the Imperial Parliament.

LONDON, July 23, 1890.—The past week has been usefully occupied in the Commons by discussions on the Irish estimates. Balfour has been pilloried nightly, and the brutality and petty tyrannies which characterize his administration of the government of Ireland have been held up to execration of the Irish electors. The discussion of the Irish estimates has always been an excellent educational effect on British opinion, and this year will prove no exception to the rule. The Harrellian scored another triumph in this debate which closed Friday night. Every department of the Irish administration is closely examined. Lord Salisbury has agreed to distribute \$400,000, which it was originally intended should apply to purchases in the defunct public bill, to public purposes in Ireland which shall be named by the Irish party. Half of this sum will be given towards the erection of laborers' cottages, half to assist in middle-class education. It is expected that before the session ends Balfour will state whether he intends to accept Parnell's proposal to constitute by statute a board of arbitrators to settle disputes between landlord and tenants on a dozen estates in Ireland where the plan of campaign is in operation. Tories and landlords have the idea that the funds for the support of the evicted tenants held by Parnell are nearly exhausted. They are influencing Balfour to refuse Parnell's offer in the hope that the tenants may be starved out. This hope is the mainstay of the Tories at present. They believe that if the struggle can be kept going for a year or two more the Irish party will have no funds to fight at the general election. At Parliament will reassemble in November Balfour does not dare to increase the pressure of coercion during the autumn. The attacks in Parliament during the last fortnight have caused a relaxation of its most irritating features, even in Tipperary.

Little business that will excite contention remains to be dealt with, and Parliament will be prorogued not later than Aug. 14. Mr. Smith has allowed the entire week to pass without changing his mind, and the decision to commence the next session in November has not been modified. Personally Mr. Smith has been busy buying land in Devonshire. For some time past he has been purchasing estates in that country, evidently with a view to the time when he will be elevated to a place among the territorial magnates in the House of Lords. Mr. Smith is a prudent man. He has plenty of money, and land just now is cheap.

ELECTIONS AND WHISKY.

The prediction was hazarded last week to the effect that a general election would take place next summer. Since then Sir William Harcourt has ventured upon a similar prophecy, which is by no means vitiated by the pretentious confident assertion made by Balfour Friday that the government would last year and a half years more, that is to say until the end of the maximum term of seven years provided by the statute. While Balfour blusters the Liberal Unionists tremulously read the handwriting on the wall. They are making desperate efforts to fill their depleted exchequer, and have ever gone the length of circulating begging letters with such reckless profusion that some have reached the hands of the opposing Radicals, who have given them additional contemptuous publicity in the columns of Gladstonian newspapers. The election of a Liberal for Mid-Durham by a majority of over 2000 was a foregone conclusion. The only fact of interest to electoral statisticians clearly ascertainable from the figures is that the Liberal Unionists numbered about 1380 in a district containing over 10,000 electors.

An interesting feature of the week's parliamentary work, and in fact the only one, is that Mr. Timothy Healy has finally succeeded

ed in getting a special committee appointed to deal with the long-vexed whisky question. His contention has been for the adoption of the American definition of whisky. There is no definition here at all, with the result that since the invention of the patent still in 1882 every chemical abomination under the sun has been free to call itself whisky in the British Islands so long as it paid the whisky tax of 10s. per gallon. The effects of this have been almost to destroy the legitimate distilling business and to spread the worst forms of alcoholism poisoning throughout the country. The treasury has resisted all efforts to remedy this from a fear of reducing the revenue, but Mr. Healy, after years of effort, has at last secured a committee on the subject with Sir Lion Playfair as chairman, and he expects to get legislation next session which will brand the patent concoctions and the German cheap wares as spirits and not whisky.

THE BLIGHT.

The week has seen further ravages by the potato blight in Ireland. Rev. Dr. Lyon, administrator of Castlehaven, in the diocese of Ross, county Cork, writing under Thursday's date, says in all the townlands of his parish that border on the sea the failure of the potato crop is complete. Father Lyons adds: "In places further inland the state of affairs is not altogether so bad, but the consequences of dry weather will be absolutely necessary to save any of the crop. Even in the latter districts the blight appeared before any of the tubers were formed, so that as far as those parishes of Castlehaven and Moyra are concerned, and I may add, all other parishes bordering on the sea, the prospect for poor people is indeed alarming in the extreme. I feel quite bewildered as I apprehend the consequences that are likely to ensue from this complete failure of potato crop here. I see nothing less than starvation staring these unhappy families in the face. The high price of stock does not help them. In their small, miserable holdings most of them can only feed a cow or two to give milk to their children, and then potatoes are their only means of support. When I see these potato gardens which have been cultivated with such care and anxiety, and which at the same time that people will get no further credit for provisions from the shopkeeper, the result seems to be appalling."

Distracting reports have also been received from other districts of Cork, Limerick, Kerry and Waterford. Since they were written the weather has been wetter than ever, and the blight must have spread to a frightful extent.—Boston Republic.

Who Gave America Religious Liberty?

It is a fact in history that the Puritans who settled in New England were as intolerant as was Charles the first in tolerating the Catholics to come to the New World. It is just as true that the Quakers of Pennsylvania protested against the settlement of the Irish Presbyterians who landed in Philadelphia and were allowed to the frontier where they kept the Indians off the Quakers who were too cowardly to fight for themselves. In Virginia these Presbyterians were only tolerated on the condition that they protected the Cavaliers from the depredations of the Indians. In New York Presbyterian ministers were arrested on the charge of being traveling preachers, and the first place these people found tolerance was in Catholic Maryland, where in 1688 old Father Makemey founded Raboboth. It will be well for the junior order of American mechanics, now in session at Pittsburgh, to study history and thus learn that it was the Irish Presbyterians and the Irish Catholics who made America free and gave tolerance to all religions. These were the persons who fought the Revolutionary war, for they were the ones who had a grudge against Great Britain. These came to America because of the black acts and because they refused to conform to the Church of England. The Cavaliers of Virginia as a rule sided by England because they were connected by church ties; the Quakers would not fight, and besides were Tories in spirit; the Methodists were the followers of Wesley and were for England, while the Catholic Irish, the Presbyterian Irish and the French Huguenots entered into the war with a spirit not only of revenge but because of the opportunity for freedom that America was sure to give.—Steuernville (O.) Gazette.

SARCASTIC.

Last week an Irishman, who had just landed, was arrested as insane and sent back to Ireland. His insanity consisted in his declaration that he had come to America for the purpose of killing the men who were troubling the peace of the country. There was method in his madness, and we are inclined to suspect him of homicidal mania; for there are thirteen men on American soil who were thirteen men in perfect and nicely career would be made allowed to make the a quailing as the probable thirteen whom the Irishman had on his little list; "Goldwin Smith, the Canadian failure; Hon. Mr. Morehead, who loved Canadian Catholics; Mr. Frank Pixley, the purist of California Americans; Rev. Pentecost, who has put a fence around the next century; Hon. John Jay, whose ambition is to make of himself a greater success than his grandfather; Rev. Miner, the indescribable of Boston; the editor of the Arena; the flag-waving editor of America; the jovial blasphemer Ingerrall; Rev. Joseph Strong, who compiled a book of quotations from Catholic writers and proved them all lying traitors; Senator Blair, Justin Falton and Col. Elliott F. Shepard. We submit that if these gentlemen were put in the way of the Irishman their ending would have that abruptness which is only allowed to the heroes of classical tragedy. Their present mission is to talk themselves to death.—Catholic Review.

A CURIOUS CASE.

TORONTO, July 31.—A remarkable case is occupying the attention of the courts and the public in Toronto. Anne Pope, a married woman is charged by her neighbors on Price street with several of the common offenses of an old woman. Several of them came forward in Police court to-day and deposed to her long records of vituperative oratory. The charge made read thus: "For being a common and turbulent brawler and sower of discord among her quiet and honest neighbors, so that she has become a public nuisance to her neighborhood by her scolding, quarrelling, insulting, trifling, controversies, quarrels and disputes among Her Majesty's liege people against the peace of our Lady the Queen, Her crown and dignity to the common nuisance of divers of Her Majesty's liege subjects." The magistrate was placed in a difficulty. The punishment provided by the statute is the ducking stool. The magistrate was pressed by the prosecution. The magistrate naturally had doubts as to imposing so antiquated a sentence and, finally, sent the case to the higher courts.

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YOUTHS DEPARTMENT.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

If you were a little Requimauz,
Born in a lane of ice and snow,
You'd like the grassiest kind of fish,
And think best meat a dainty dish.
Or if you lived in a Chinese house
Perhaps you'd choose a good fat mouse.
An egg as a treat to the Siamese,
And some folks like the livers of geese.
Some, I've heard, eat snails on toast,
While others feast on a grasshopper roast.
In Burma, people take much pride
In serving locusts stuffed and fried.

But "open your mouth and shut your eyes."
For none of these dainties shall make you wise.
Here's something that grows where the robins tune,

Ripening under the skies of June—
Something that's red and spicy and sweet
With a dash of sour to make it complete.
It sits on a mat so soft and green
The finger of kids or of geese.
My mouth is watering just for a taste
As I dip it in sugar—to now make haste
To "open your mouth and shut your eyes."
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

ADVENTURE IN AUSTRALIA.

Sir Thomas Remond, M.P., who has recently returned from Australia, gives the following graphic narrative of an adventure in a forest in that southern land, a story which will please all boys and girls:—

"The glory of those Australian forests is indescribable. The trees are vastly high. I have travelled along for days together through sylvan giants averaging over five scores feet in altitude. The undergrowth is all but smothered in creepers and wild vines, which wind festooned decked with many tinted blossoms, while the ground is carpeted with flowers of all sorts and shades. Their name is legion. The brilliancy of their coloring is not to be conveyed; but hardly any have any smell. Nothing I can think of can give an adequate idea of the bush in New South Wales, save, perhaps, Gustave Doré's marvellous illustrations of Tennyson. It is not strange, though, that in these new countries, with all their wonderful vegetation and their virgin soil, you never get the sweet, health-giving scent of grass and flowers, of bloom and gone and heather you get at home? 'Tis strange, too, that their birds do not sing, nor their rivers run, with those infinite variations of fairy rhythm and music that we so love in ours. There are but two musical birds in Australia—the magpie, and the bellbird. I must reject the jackass. His magpie is the very antithesis of ours. He is white where ours is black. He is musical. Ours is hardly. It is the habit of the Australian magpie to gather with his consorts in the leafy dome of some high tree, where, awaying with the wind, and measuring its cadence, they warble out a delightfully modulated chorus, like a concert of reed pipes. The bell bird is a little creature only to be found

IN THE DEPTHS

of the silent woods. His tinkling note is the exact reproduction of the stroke of a silver bell. You are riding slowly on perhaps through the semi twilight of the over-arching green arched; your reins hang loose upon your horses neck; you are abstractedly plunged in thought, musing maybe of home. Saffly, in the stillness, a sweet sound falls upon your ear. A bell bird somewhere strikes his silvery "ting," another answers "ting," and another answers him, until, in the reverential gleam of these grand primeval glades, you fancy yourself assisting in wrapped devotion at some solemn, religious ceremony in the sombre aisles of some old Gothic cathedral.

There are few roads through this Australian bush. Those that are, are mostly timber-cutters' tracks. It is a not uncommon experience for travellers to get "behold"—i.e., lost in the woods—and to have to spend the night in a hollow log in consequence. But the climate is so mild the experience is rather a pleasant one unless otherwise if one can secure a dry bed among the leaves. On one occasion I nearly had to find a damp one. We had a journey to make of some seventy-five miles for one of the last meetings I held in New South Wales, at Murrumbidgee on the Tweed. We started from Lismore one bright sunny afternoon a party of three. One of my companions had never been the road before. The other had once some years previously. But we felt young and scorned the consideration of such trifles, for we were well mounted. I was specially so, for my charger was wont to carry a noted

EQUESTRIAN AND A BISHOP.

We shook hands with our I ave-taking friends all round, and if we went. There had been exceptionally heavy rains throughout the district. We knew we should meet some swollen creeks. We were told, too, that there was a big flood on the Brumswick some thirty miles ahead, where we were to stay the night, but the news did not trouble us. We rode along gaily, smoking and chatting, revelling in the thousand glories of the dense, sub-tropical bush, which extended for unnumbered miles on either side of our track. We climbed up mountains and down again. We passed the clearings of a hardy selector or two—more specks upon the wooded land ocean. We forded two or three turbid creeks with much splashing and more laughter, until at eventide we descended into the Brumswick valley. Here we began to suspect there was something in this rumour of a flood. As we advanced the trail grew more and more moist. Next came pools of water, small to begin with, but gradually lengthening out as the road fell lower and lower. Soon these pools began to join each other, until by-and-by there was more pool than road visible along the way. Matters now were a less cheerful aspect. My friends, who had done the journey once before, and to whom we looked for light and leading, said he knew we were right so far. But what he didn't know for certain was how far off might be of it miles off, or ten, or twelve, but wasn't sure. Our chatting subsided. There was

LESS LAUGHING AND JOKING.

We began to wish a trifle anxiously we were already there. To make bad worse the sun began to dip behind the trees, and the light to fall. We looked at our watches, and found to our dismay how late it was. We had dawdled along the road. We had stayed to admire the scenery, to pick flowers, and so forth. Old Time had fairly stolen a march upon us. There was naught to do but to hasten on. Hastening on, however, began to be harder and harder. Our horses sank into it deeper and deeper at every stride. First it covered their forelocks, next their knees, then it rose above their knees and washed our faces, so that we had to hang them over the knee-pads of our bush saddles. Presently our jaded horses began to founder almost unmanageably, so much so that we were resigned to wet our boots to keep our saddles, and we did wet them, and more of our upturned tails still before that ride was over. And now down came the night, as it does in these regions, all at once; and there we were wading along through the flooded forest, and in the dark! The "moon" rose! Late that night, as we would not call to her for help; and the few stars which peered

down at us through the narrow rift the track made in the tops of the gigantic trees did us no service. There was nothing but water—water all around. Camping was impossible. The Lord only knew into what holes we might fall if by mischance we left the roadway.

SUCH AS IT WAS.

We fancied we had left it more than once, but the saints be praised! we did not. On we struggled through the gloom in single file. So drenchly dark was it I could hardly distinguish the white puggars round the hat of the man before me but half a horse's length away. There was no sound but the monotonous melancholy splashing of our tired steeds, broken at last and then by a grumble from one or other of us not wholly unlike a curse. Presently the fire-flies came out, and hovered round in clouds, mocking us with their momentary phosphorescent sparks. It was a strange, weird scene and awesome. One indeed we could have enjoyed under happier circumstances. The black forbidding water stretching on all sides in canals and lakelets, whose term and boundary lost themselves in the imaginative and in the night; shivering here and there as the fire flies twinkled was reflected in it, and showing the tall columns, about stems of the great gum trees rising shadowy from it like the countless pillars of some antique heathen fane, mid-night witness to unearthly rites, and guarded by witch's unhallowed spells. How we kept the trial our good luck alone can answer. Fortunately we did keep it, and at last, towards ten p.m., a joyful "ooose" from our leader scared the water-spirits of that dismal swamp. "A light ahead!" "Glory, alleluiah," we shouted; "but ain't it the flies?" "No?" "Not a star?" "The— a star! It's the Accommodation House!" "Hurrah! Hurrah!"—United Ireland.

General Simmons and the Vatican.

LONDON, July 31.—Mr. Gladstone, speaking at the National Liberal club last night, said there had never been more distinct proof that the national heart and mind are with the Liberals than had been afforded since the assembling of the present Parliament. The mission of Gen. Simmons to the Roman court, he said, was a novelty in English history, and would require the attention of Parliament at the next session, unless, as the expenses of the mission were not taken from money which the House of Commons had voted, Parliament might not have a chance to discuss the subject. The nature of Gen. Simmons' business appears to be to induce the Pope to prep up the laboring and falling cause of the anti-Irish party. Every one regarded the matter with mingling and suspicion, with doubt and indignation, and even with disgust. It was time the public mind was awakened to an attitude of vigilance.

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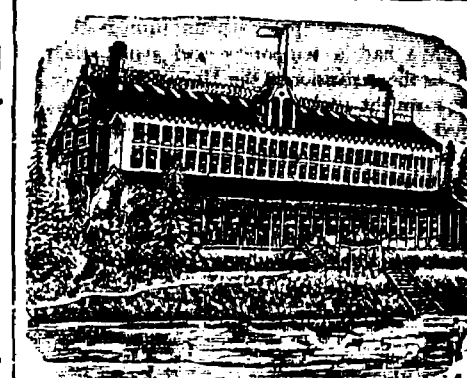
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We are mailing this week our subscription accounts, and we would request prompt remittances of the amounts due. We would again remind our subscribers of the subscription rate, which is \$1 Country, \$1.50 City, in advance. Otherwise, \$1.50 Country and \$2 City will be charged. Attention is directed to label attached to paper, bearing date to which subscription is paid.

The Jews in Russia.

LONDON, July 30.—The Times says—The Russian government has ordered the application of the edicts of 1882 against the Jews. These edicts have hitherto been held in abeyance. According to these Jews must henceforth reside in certain towns only. None will be permitted to own land or hire it for agricultural purposes. The order includes within its scope towns and hundreds of villages that have large Jewish populations. No Jew will be allowed to hold shares in or work mines. The law limiting the residence of Jews to sixteen towns will be enforced. No Hebrew will be allowed to enter the army, to practice medicine or law, to be an engineer, or to enter any of the other professions. They will also be debarred from holding posts under the government. The enforcement of the edicts will result in the expulsion of over 1,000,000 Jews from the country.