The momentary faintness which she had over-The momentary faintness which she had over-come by an effort of will returned. Her head seemed to reel, and she was obliged to take hold of a tree stem for an instant. Intense morsifi-cation rather than the strange adventure caused this physical reaction. The whole circum-stance repeated themselves with a galling, sting-ing distinctness. She saw herself delving the stance repeated themselves with a gatting, sting-ing districtness. She saw herself defring the ram successfully, crossing and recrossing the paddock almost within reach of his horns, the ram successfully, crossing and recrossing the paddock almost within reach of his horns, the at first bewildered, then abgry, beast gradually at first bewildered, then abgry, beast gradually enusing himself to a sense of the intrusion. Mary Ahearne speechless at first, then tearful and frantic, her second venture half successful, then—the stake yielding with the charge of the provoked brute, his wiexed curly horns, the bruden cossistion—the ram turaced and driven off, thrown down, her own fail—her leap across to the dike. Oh, that fool, Mary Ahearne! How could she tell the strange gentleman that she had provoked the ram—had done it all on purpose? Never in this world would she speak to her again—see her—kok at her even! Her anger lent her atrength. She shook off her weakness again and struck off at a rapid rate, keeping straight in the middle of rapid rate, were and headless of the pools of rain shook off her weakness again and struck off at a rapid rate, keeping straight in the middle of the laneway and heedless of the pools of rain water that marked each stage of the declivity and of the rough boulders that often bruised her feet. She reached the roadway at last, somether column named out between the bruken what calmer, passed out between the broken what calmer, passed out between the order piers, and, surveying the empty reach of descending road, drew a deep breats.

'He will soon be gone away. A fortnight, Kity said—yes. I'll never set foot outside the door till then, and so, perhaps, no one will know. How lucky that it was only one of those

Then another mood came on her with a strange suddenness. She recollected his words, 'What did you try to do?' and then, after that follsh Mary Ahearne had told of her wild prank, 'If you wish to repeat the amusement.' She could hear him speak the worse again. Never before had she hear' a voice like that. It was more music than mere speech, and he It was more music than mere speech, and he was smiling as he spoke.

'Is was my fault,' she confessed with deep humiliation; 'and the ram might have killed him instead of me. Oh! if he had been killed, if he had been even hurt, what should I have done?

She conjured up such a vivid picture of aw She conjured up such a vivid picture of awful consequences that she began to cry at the miscries evoked by her own fancy; and at the same time, and impelled by the same feeling, towalk very fast in the direction of home. She had not proceeded above half a mile on her way when a dismal-scanding cry reached her continuous raiside. It seemed a lone way way when a disingle-sending cry reached her eas hou the ria faide. It seemed a long way of—so weak-mout of the bag. She turned at once in the direction indicated by her ears, and shortly discovered her late rescuer now in a plight to demand succour in his turn. He was cauding on top of a heather clump, having that the turns under his fast so as to have from bent the tutts under his feet so as to keep from staktok in the black ooze that bubbled all about tien. Before him stretched a dark pool of water, to the right and left a mudly expanse of pools and re iges alike, treacherous looking.

'Go back ! oh, go back !' cried Marion, who knew the peace, terrified at the sight of a motion made by him as though to jump to a grassy islet in the pool. She waved her hands imperiously, and mounted on a heap of stones.

'Can I not cross this way?' he cried. 'I am in such a hurry to get home. I don't see how I am to get out of this. I—,

'Go back! oh, go back!' she interrupted him. 'If you fall into that bog-hole you will be drowned. K ep among the heather—the rest is all dangerous.

I want to get to the road. I want to cross over there, he shouted. Then speaking to himself, I do not care if I swim that bog-hole, as she calls it. My boots and leggings are heavy enough to make it a difficult task, though.'
"Keep along the high ground! Behind you! In the heather, cailed Marion. On, turn back! There was a man drowned there a short

'All right!' he replied, in obedience more to the terror implied in her tones than to his own inchantion. 'Will you tell me how to go?' She directed him by signs. He kept his eyes fixed upon her, and took good care to keep somewhat in advance. A quarter of an hour or less brought him to a pasture field—a part of the reclaimed land. He crossed the boundary, and found himself ankle-deep in wet miry sludge. The walking was heavier than in the bog, nevertheless he made his way so rapidly through it and on to the road that he had to

turn back a few paces to meet his guide.
'I am very much obliged for your assistance, 'Oh no !' she made answer, blushing, 'it is I who ought to be obliged to you, and I am——.'
She di i not finish her sentence, and they walked

on in silence for a few minutes.

The day was advanced now. Their shadows were thrown before them as they walked. Not a creature was on the road, hardly a sound broken ie stillness of the air, save a distant ocho of a

was very tall, she thought. She had never seen any one like him pefore—so curiously dressed—and what a face! It reminded her of a picture of Napoleon as a young lieutenant-his were just such straight features, only with color and life. He looked older than Godfrey, but he could not be twenty. Then their eyes met, and she turned hers to the ground with

Where do you live?' he began impulsively. You are Miss Mauleverer-I was told your name Mine is Ansdale-Chichele Ansdale.

Have you two names?'
'No,' replied Marion, 'I have only ore,
Marion-Marion Mauleverer. My sister has
two-she is Gertrude Ismay.' She wondered at
herself for speaking, but his address and manner were so frank and simple that she forgot her shyness and the fact of his being a stranger, and answered sympathetically. If he had and answered sympathetically. If he had spoken ironically, as he did that time when on the hill above, she would most probably have taken refuge in flight.

Coichele is a suppid sort of name. oh ? is it not?' he said.

'It is not a saint's name,' she remarked, half absently. It seemed all unreal to Marion. She only heard a sort of echo of her own words. They were drawing near to the oaier field now. She could only see the gap in the dike—that much, at all events was real.

'Yes, Chichele is a stupid name. I say,' he

nterrupted, 'I am so fearfully wet, Miss Mauleverer. Just look at my boots.' Yes, you are,' she assented; 'you had better

change them as soon as you can.' They are close to the gap now He was inwardly burning for her to offer to take him to the house, to propose a change of foot-gear, any hospitality whatsoever. He of foot-gear, any hospitality whatsoever. He felt entitled to it; a change of miment at least was due to him. He fixed his eye in keen expactation on her face. She proffered not one word, but turned simply and directly through the open gate, down the slope, he watched every move as if tescinated, and jumped lightly it was but a step-on to the fiat atone, by the broken paling, which formed the initial stage of the well-worn short cut to the garden door. She made not a moment's delay on this, but crossed in the same manner from it on to the narrow crumbling pathway. As soon as she left the stone, he, taking the bit in his teeth, so to say, jumped in desperation on to it. Marion never turned her head, but kept on stoadily. The double weight made the crazy boards that bridged over the lowest part of the

track bend so that the water beneath splashed up and bubbled through the interstices.

They were approaching the door in the garden wall now, and Chichele's heart was almost

Can I only get through that door ! Oh heavens! he thought, 'if I am shut out now! The rest is all nothing.'

Marion was in the act of laying her hand on

the latch, he pressing close behind, when the old green door flew open, impelled by a hand from within, and there stood the very same old priest whom he had seen walking down the path way the previous afternoon. The smile which his face had worn as he opened the door was speedily transformed to a round-eved stare of wonder, in which his mouth played an equal part with his eyes. At sight of him Marion also suffered a transformation. She started

'Oh! Father Paul, I want to tell you,' she began. 'Ahearne's ram was on the point of killing me, and he would have only—this gen-tleman stopped him.' 'What?' almost roared Father Paul 'My God, child, is that a fact? Sir, I protest, I am most grateful to you. Marton, how did it oc-our? Step in, I beg.'

Chichele accepted the invitation at once.
It was my fault. I ran past the ram; teased him, and he pus down his head and charged me. Really you might have heard Mary Ahearne a mile away acreaming, and he was just about touching me. I felt his horns almost when—— she stopped and looked at her

companion.
'I was only too glad to have been of any service,' he made haste to say, looking at Father

'Sir, I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you. Marion, how—wby? You should not have gone near the dangerous urnte.' This last was delivered with all the tone and manner of a

was delivered with all the tone and manner of a violent scolding.

'Just so,' she replied calmly, taking him by the arm, and looking up in his face. 'But I say, Father Paul, Aunt Juliet is not to hear or know anything about it—eh?'

'No, right! no!' cried he, calmed at once, and halting suddenly. Then he turned again to the stranger—'I really cannot express to you how grateful I am, sir. My name is Father Conroy, I am parish priest here, and this child is my relation, and especially under my care.' He held out his huge hand as he spoke.

'My name is Anadale,' returned Chichele, taking the hand more cordially if possible than

shown the slightest inclination to move towards the house, and the door behind the group re-mained open in a rather inviting manner. Be-fore, however, Father Paul had time to say anything, Kitty Macan appeared at the end of the walk. She did not distinguish the group too clearly, what with her failing sight and the intervening apple boughs which overhung the path. But her cracked Clare brogue rang in

their ears unmistakably.

Miss Marion! I say, Miss Marion! your dinner is sitting waiting on you dis hour and more, and Miss Gertrade is gone up to pick de primroses. You is to go after her at once, miss, up to de wood.'

No one paid any attention to this, so Kitty, shading her eyes with one hand, advanced to find out the reason of this extra ordinary disregard for herself. As soon as she came near enough to take cognizance of the stranger, she bobbed a curtsey so suddenly as to set her cap-strings and frills wagging somewhat

grotesquely.

Your sarvice, sir! she said aloud, adding sotto toce, 'Save us but dat is a most beauti-tul young gentleman. Oh, Lard! he is lovely

You are wet, sir-yes.' Father Paul was saying. 'Come into the house, and we will provide you with dry shoes.' Marion—Kitty! A pair of Godfrey's shoes!'
'Godfrey is out den, your reverence, sir, so I

don't know how the rentleman-Go' bless him-can have his shoes,' observed Kitty in all simplicity, and peering up in his reverences face. Godfrey not being at home, and the shoes naturally with him, what was the use of the young gentleman proceeding farther? He realized the state of things at once, and, faucying he perceived a faint shade of weariness, if not annoyance, on Marion's face, at once backed

towards the door. 'I am quite near home. Pray do not mind for an instant, Father Conroy. I only wished to see Miss Mauleverer safe home. I beg

'My dear sir,' said Father Paul, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'you shall, I maist, you must come in and have a glass of wine'

No, no! not for the world! I never touch wine before dinner. I shall be home in time for tea. I hope, holding out his hand to Marion, that I may be allowed the pleasure of calling to see you to morrow.

Marion made no reply whatsoever. She gland

ed at Father Paul with a slightly startled look. She was very pale now and weary probably. She gave him her hand listlessly, even perhaps unwillingly, barely lifting her eyes to look at

A moment later, and she had turned away add was watking up the garden, and he was climbing down the steps to the path through the aster fields after Father Corroy, who moved slowly and heavily. Kitty Macan watched their descent from behind her frills. At last the green door creaked upon its hinges, swung slowly over, the lower edge caught for a moment in the gravel, a vigorous push from the old woman, it capped the stillness of the air, save a distant cond of a vigorous push from the oid woman, is capped—bird, the bark of a dog, and the eternal mutter of the watercourse

Marion stole a look at her companion. He was very tall, she thought. She had never seen nothing to do but to fellow him, which he did nothing to do but to fellow him, which he did

in a curiously depressed and disappointed mood. She was gone, it was all over
The trees waved gracefully their pretty feathered boughs, a couple of birds rose shricking from their nest among the pollards, a white butterfly flitted by him, but Chichele notice t

nothing. The sunshine and the light and beauty of the day had all departed for him.

'This is a rough path. Take care of yourself, said the priest in a friendly tone. 'You are a stranger in these parts, Mr. Ansdale?' said Father Conroy, as soon as they had reached the

road. Yes, it is my first visit to Ireland.' 'I beg your pardon, Mr. \_\_\_\_, but I was too confused and stunned by what I heard just

now to catch your name correctly.'

My name is Ansdale. Chichele is my—er—
prenomen—it is scarcely to be called a Chris-

tian name."

'Yes, yes! Whit heavy obligations I am under to you? Had the child been killed, or even injured—Juliet poor Juliet, we might have had her life to answer for. The latter sentence was uttered in a low voice and uncon-

sciously. 'Juliet, poor Juliet,' repeated his companion mentally. 'This is the aunt, Juliet. Mine is Marion—charming name! What in the world relationship can there be between her and this

rever and gentleman?'
He glauced upwards at Father Paul's grave, grizzled face and all overcast with thought. Most assuredly there was no family likeness there. assuredly there was no farmly inchess there.

She certainly was tall, he reflected, and thus calling up her image in his mind, he forgot everything else beside. The pair walked almost into the villege before either recollected the presence of the other.

Father Conroy was the first to speak. He recollected himself with a start.

recollected himself with a start.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I should like to have the pleasure of calling upon you, sir, and I hope you will do me the honor to dine

With pleasure, indeed,' replied Chichele,

speaking with usual vivacity. I should be delighted above all things to come to dinner any day.

They were crossing the bridge now, and the They were crossing the origin low, and the beggars and loungers were bowing and curtseying on all eides. They were so pleased and astonished to see Father Paul and the strange young gentlemen together that they never dreamt of asking either for anything. They knew all about the latter. His name (they they knew old not for their lives have pro-

(though they could not for their lives have pro-nounced it) and lineage had been familiar since the morning and numerous and varied were the enconiums now lavished on his 'elegant shape, beautiful clean skin, and 'lovely soot her in eyes.' This last, it may be said, came from Peggy Lehan, as great a critic and sound a judge of beauty as perhaps any Academician

that ever lived. Father Paul came to a halt before the hotel door. He thought his companion was some stray sportsman, who had come down for the fishing, and who in consequence must be stopping therein. Chichele looked inquiringly at him.

(To be Continued.) A couple o' castawayr-Old shoes.

The off the to the description of the property of the control of t

violently, and then crimsoned to the roots of her



President Cleveland's Prize for the three best bables at the Aurora County Fair, in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida, and Ray, children of Mrs. A. K. Dart, Hamburgh, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and as I could get no other food that would agree with them, I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well." Lactated Food is the best Food for bottle-ied bables. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick. Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1.00. At druggists. Cabinet photo. of these triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., : MONTREAL, P. Q.

THE LOTTERY.

LIST OF WINNING NUMBERS. Following is a list of the winning numbers at the last drawing of Father Labelle's lottery of colonization, which was concluded last evening :-

FIRST SERIES. One real catate at \$5,000.-No. 056706. Real estate at \$2,000 -No. 074455. Building lots in Montreal at \$300 .- 007883,

024143, 030506, 042954, 048005, 059271, 074248, 082387, 013432, 028804. B-droom or drawing-room suites at \$200. 006802, 010135, 019880, 029387, 036818 047013, 087716 095242, 008153, 013964

023212, 035797, 044439, 066170, 089980. Badroom or drawing-room suits at \$100 -18050, 21981, 32068 32406, 33603, 43951, 47028, 48371, 59283, 60835, 63164, 67280, 77371, 78244, 79182, 79893, 90438, 91140, 90703.

Gold watches at \$50.-1137. 1583, 2124, 2798, 3153, 3677, 6165 6528, 7671, 7952 7984, 8802, 12206, 12521, 14829, 14883, 16037, 17553, 18184, 18229, 19137, 20164, 20357, 20438, 21519, 22953, 25926, 28246, 30409, 30773, 31864, 34839, 34941, 37272, 38600, 38602, 38928. 40492, 42046, 42207, 42935, 44931, 45935, 45938, 46853, 48930, 49088 49832, 50494, 50586, 50740, 52972, 57229, 58117, 59523, 66938, 61386, 62315, 63231, 63239, 63607, 64349, 64582, 64644, 65154. 65323, 66927, 67927, 68204, 69229, 69344, 71790, 73342, 75443, 75815, 76092, 77418, 78272, 78487, 78904, 79425, 79606, 80075, 80254, 83177, 83534, 84875, 85906, 85937. 86672, 86843, 87691, 87443, 87586, 88345, \$9300, \$9464, 90334 91462, 96018. Silver watches at \$20 -No. 56,706 having

drawn a capital prize \$5,000, all tickets ending by 06 have drawn each a \$20 watch.

Silver watches at \$10.-No. 74 455 having drawn second capital prize \$2,000, all tickets ending by 55 have drawn each a \$10 watch. SECOND SERIES.

One real estate at \$1,000 .- No. 53975. Gold chains at \$40 -1671, 7504, 15900, 32743, 51085, 68421, 79691, 91212, 2032, 8094 19984, 36000, 53003, 68621, 79917, 91438, 2641, 9067, 20288, 37757, 53356, 68832 82539, 92902 2871, 11361, 21448, 40015. 57907, 70931, \$4915, 96363, 3072, 22173, 40962, 58341, 71051, 85048, 12048, 96829. 3938, 12708, 22320, 41273, 59120, 71078, 85586, 96937, 4053, 12863, 23412, 43413, 73096, \$5796, 97108, 4427, 13160, 61586. 47039, 62867, 73760, 89203, 97161, 27800 14175, 29969, 47217, 63651, 75643, \$9210, 98205, 5728 14298 30416, 49167, 65162, 77113, 89714 98363, 6271, 14546,

14771, 31045, 50612 66409 79091, 00201, 99839, 7500, 14911, 31480, 50859. Toilet sets at \$5 -Number 53,975 having drawn capital prize \$1 000 all tickets from No. 53,476 up to No. 51,475 inclusive have drawn each a toilet set worth \$5

30612, 50554, 66028, 77958, 90030, 99110,

The next monthly drawing comes off on the 15th of August next.

DO NOT SUFFER FROM ISICK HEADACHE A moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pells will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small

The water lily has its roots in dark, muddy places: so there is often genius in men of lowly estate.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of con-sumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prpared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulm mary complaints.

Much of the comfort of the dairyman and not a small percentage of his profit depends on his barn.

Do not think because one now of a breed loes something remarkable, that it is to be expected of every cow of that breed.

Mr H. B. McKinnon, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impreg-nated with the lead and turpenting used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large at a 25-cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. Ig t a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at once commenced taking it in earge doses, and before one-half the bottle was used there was not a spot to be seen, and I never felt better in my life."

DISEASE GATHERS STRENGTH as it advances. Annihilate it at its birth. When the bowels become sluggish, digestion feeble, or the liver torpid, they should be sroused and stimulated with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a medicine foremost in usefulness among alteratives. It should not be abandoned if an immediate cure is not effected, but be used as it deserves, systematically and with persistence. It will then prove that it is thorough.

A kit of carpenters' tools saves many dollars by mending breaks and making general repairs, supposing each man has some gentus for their

F. H. Earl, West Shefford, P.Q., writes :for several years, and have tried different medi-cines with little or no benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it since with the best effect. No one should be without it. I have tried it on my horse in cases of Cuts, Wounds, etc., and I think it equally as good for horse as for man."

"If horns are not wanted breed them off," says the Maine Farmer. "but never mutilate the animal. Our own stock will wear horns as long as they grow on them."

The coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excassively harrassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily.

A pig does not perspire like a horse, and on this account it should never be driven fast or chased by dogs. It only takes a little hurr; ing to get a pig very much heated, and often fatal results will follow.

Market Carlotter Co.

PATRICK.

In Laoghaire's reign, that great Ard Righ, There came to Erm's shore A holy man whose world-wide fame Is famous evermore.

And though the time is distant now, Some fourteen hundred years, His mem'ry is as fresh with us

As dewy morning's tears. In Irish songs, where'er we find The Irish mother dwell;
In foreign land, or prairie wild,
Though silent chapel bell.—
That grand old name, the children hear It sung in glorious lays: What wonder then that Irishmen

Revere it in those days. Aye, Patrick is a noble name, And thrice more honor'd now Than Harry, Bess, or that foul monk
With lust upon his brow. And shame be on the Irish youth,
Who join the scoffing smile With scorners of our creed and race And of our holy Isle.

Turn not aside your brow in shame If slaves your nation scorn, flout you for that ancient faith In which your race was born. The day will come, 'tis near at hand, When scull and fear and jest Will vanish with that tyrant power That has our land oppress'd.

FRANCIS D. DALY.

REMARKABLE SPIRIT TEST. [From the Newport Express.]

During the Spiritualist meeting a gentle ian and lady ctopping at the Newport House had quite an experience in lating a watch. They occupied a room on the recond or adjoining the front verandab. On going to the room Saturday evening the lady made mistake and went into a room on the third ficor just above her own. She laid aside her

watch and then left the room. The next time she hit her own room, and the next morning naturally missed her watch. All hands were arous of But the gentleman went into a trance. He saw the watch, saw it in the possession of two ladies, saw them go down stairs and give it to a man, and then all was blank.

Too chambermaid later on found the watch in the room where the lady herself left it.

LUCK AND MONEY.

It would, of course, be difficult to exactly estimate the amount by which Boston is made the richer each year because of The Louisiana State Lottery, but it can safely be said that thousands upon thousands of dollars are annually distributed among its citizens by this great financial institution. At the last drawing held in New Orleans, June 12, a large number of Boston and New England people received prizes renging from \$5 to amounts up in the thous-inds. Two separate portions of ticket num-bered 49,566, which drew the third capital prize b-red 49,566, which drew the third capital prize of \$10,000 were drawn by Bostonians. One part was held by a resident on Batchelder street in the Highland District, whose name we are not at liberty to publish, but who was seen by representative of the Courser and found to be drummer for one of the largest army firms i New York. "Yes, it is true; I received th New York. \$2,500," said the traveling man, "but the money was not for me. The ticket belonged to a relative and was given to me for e election However, poor fellow, he needed the money much more than I did, and I am glad he is going to have it. He is a clerk in a hardware store to have it. He is a clerk in a hardware store, and as he has only a salary of twelve dollars per week he has seen some pretty hard times. His faith in the Louisiana Lotterv has been marvellous. Every month for five years he has purchased a ticket, believing that sooner or lafer the lightning would strike him. Yes, he has certainly got his money back. Twel-e-d-llars a year for five years would en sixty dollars. That deducted five years would eo sixty dollars. That deducted from \$2,500 leaves in \$2,440 as clear profit. I expect to draw \$15,000 myself in a month of two and then I shall want you to come an I in terview me." The other portion was held by a well-known paint and oil merchant en Indu street, who when seen said the money had been received through the Maverick Bank and placed where it was much needed.—Boston (Mass, Courier, July 8.

CHARLES READE'S SENSIBLE ADVICE.

[From the Atlanta Constitution ] "I have so many books to read that I have to time to read the newspapers," said a literary man to Charles Reade. "Better let the books alone," growled Reads, "and give your attention to the newspapers."

The author was right. Our publishers are turning out an immonse quantity of trash, and different maritime powers of Europe : sick, whenever he is called upen to review a package of new books. What is the matter with the publishers? They seem to have the France 10 review a package of new books. What is the matter Britain 49 review a package of new books. What is the matter Britain 49 review and the publishers? They seem to have the France 10 review a province according to the second seco it makes the literary editor of a newspaper | and dry, while they reject everything that has life and interest in it. Some of our most successful authors are men who, after being diamissed by the publishers, had their books printed on their own account. It is a queer state of affairs.

A TRUE STORY OF THE CALUMET AND HECLA.

John Harrington was so lucky in the May drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Like the substantial, matter-of-fact man that he is, he continues as engineer at the Atlantic Co.'s stamp mill. His ticket, which was one-tenth of No. 21,492, the one that drew the second capital prize of \$50,000, was the second that he had bought in The Louisiana State Lottery. prize was collected for him by the National Bank of Houghton. It was promptly invested by him in stock of the Calumet & Heela Mining Company .- Houghton (Mich.) Gazette, June 14

NATIONAL HEREDITARY HATREDS. Periodic recurrence of emotions and passions appear not only in the life of individuals, but in the life of peoples. The Coreans inperiodically to kill or drive them out of the land. An outbreak of the sort is anticipated at the present time. All the foreign consulates are guarded by soldiers, and an American man-of-war has gone to assist as far as possible. Hatred of Jews is an European in. Springfield Union. heritance and about twice in a century an outbreak of a murderous sort may be looked Buxton,

for. It is not confined to the rabble, but covers the educated and upper classes.

These things are unreasonable and un-

reasoning. They are in the blood of heredity, and are purely emotional, rising to frenzy at times. The average white American has an emotional dislike for negroes.

CAUSING AN IMPRESSION.

Many cures made by B.B.B. have been those of chronic sufferers known throughout the district through the very fact of their having been sflicted for years. This naturally creates a strong impression in favor of this valuable family medicine.

THOUGHTS FROM BRIGHT MINDS. There is not a moment without some duty. Cicero.

Of all thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of time and patience.—Goethe. Conscience is at most times a very faithful and prudent admonitor.—Shenstone.

Industry has annexed thereto the fairest fruits and the richest rewards. — Barrow. Affect not little shift and subterfuges avoid the force of an argument.—Dr. Watta.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.--Lavater. It is with antiquity as with ancestry; nations are proud of the one and individuals of the

other. - Cotton. It was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty, that it was a question that none but a blind man should ask.—Lord Clarendon.

Charity itself commands us, where we know no ill, to think well of all; but friendship, that always goes a pitch higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.-South.

AN OLD TIME FAVORITE.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild S:awberry should be kept at hand. For 30 years it has been the most reliable remedy .

A GENTLEMAN. Let no boy think he can make a gentleman by the clothes he wears, by the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the deg that trots after him, the house that he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of all these do it—and yet spends. Not one of all these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an o'd hat, cheap clothes, hve in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping the convendments. ing His commandments.

WHAT CARDINAL NEWMAN HAS SAID OF THE CONFFESSIONAL

How many are the souls in distress, anxety or loneliness whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feel tugs unheard by the world. Tell them out they must. They can not tell them out to those whom they see every hour; they want to tell them and not to tell them. And they want to tell out, yet be as if they are not told; they wish to tell them, yet not too strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load to gain a solace; to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom in thought they can recur; to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time. while they are in the world. How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all ideas of scaramental ordinance or of a grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Churchlooking at it simply as an idea—surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is such. And such is it ever found, in fact; the very act of kneeling, the law and contrite voice the sign of the cross-hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low -- and the words of peace and blessing. On, what a conthing charm is there which the worll can neither give nor take away ! On, what piercing, hears-enbduing tranquillity provoking tears of joy is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul-the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it-when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away for ever. This is conf salon as it is in fact, as those hear witness to it know it by xperience.

Prominent poultrymen grow a large crop of cabbage for winter use. In the cold season the cabbage is either chopped fine and fed to bens or tied to small stakes so that they can pick the heads at will.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when parchasing.

A correspondent of the Farm, Stock and Home argues for low-down farm waggons, saying :- "When I was young and stron", I never realized how I overtaxed my strength by using the common high wheeled waggon."

FITS: A Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Oreat Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send o Dr. Kline. 3.21 Aren St., Phila., Pa.

There has been a great outery about the unpreparedness of Great Britain for the difference of her shores. It cannot be said that the Motherland is without a plentiful supply of warvessels, to say nothing of the mercantile marine that could be drafted into service in case of need. A recently issued blue book, prepared by British naval authorities, gives the following as the number of vessels contained in the navies of the

Pattle Ships. Cruisers. 87 67 Germany.... 15 96 97 29 9 Russia .....

Of course, in a war of any length, Great Britain would be handicapped by the necessity for defending the supply of food from foreign ports and by her extensive colonial interests.

Holloway's Pills .- The diseases common to our rigorous climate which endanger the constitution will always exist, though many may be mitigated and their effects removed by timely aid appropriately applied. Holloway's Pills are acknowledged far and wide to be the most effective purifier of the blood, the most certain regulator of disordered organs, and the salest and surest aperient that can be prescribed. This medicine is applicable to all alike, young or old robust or delicate; it increases the appetite and regulates the bowels. After the deorder is subdued occasional doses of these Pills will pre-vent any relapse, and moreover secure, promote, and intensify the good results which flow from perfect purity and regularity.

Old Chaucer, who understood the English language of his day, and could read the old chronicles without a glossary, would be terri-

RECOVERED HER SIGHT. WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN BLIND FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS IS CURED AT THE SHRINE OF ST. ANNE DE

BEAUPRE.

HOLYOKE, Mass., July 22.—Mrr. George Choquette, who has been blind for five years, returned here yesterday completely cured by St. Anne de Beaupré. Since she was stricken with blindness she has made every endeavor to be cured, and her husband, who is foren.an in a paper mill of this city, has spent thousands of dollars. Her husband tells the following story of the miraculous cure: "Two months age," said he, "I resolved to said my wife to Montreal, where she consulted the where she consulted the famous appointet, Dr. Desjardine. He dld no better the local physician, and I sent her to an enspecialist, who was also unsuccessful this time her eyes were so bad that there w only a blur before them. She could not detinguish any object. The shrine of Str. Attue de Beaupré le located a few miles be'or Quebee, and is noted throughout Canada, of not the world. Reaching Quebic on the 9th of the present month, she went immediately to the shrine, reaching there on July 10 Wo arrived in the morning and attended Low Mass and received Holy Communica Then we secured the hely water from the collect Ste. Anne de Beaupré knowing if were was to be any cure it must come the sin this That night we went to Montreal line next morning my wife bathed her eyes in the hely water and almost immediatily she gave a cry

of joy. "Mon Dieu! she exclaimed, 'I can see! I can see !' and, sure enough, she could not only discern objects and persons near her, but those at some distance no well. Then we both gave thanks to God for His great kindness. It was a happy day I can tell you.
We reached Holyoke yesterday and my wife
saw her loved children for the first time in a
number of years." Later a correspondent
called upon the Holyoke and Springfield
physicians who had attended Mis. Chequette.
They are of the opinion that the woman's
sight man had in present but her these first sight was badly impaired but not lost. Had she continued longer with them they might have cured or belped her. I'ney do not attempt to account for the miracle.

A DYING WISH

to try Burdock Blood Bitters is often expressed by some sufferer upon whom all other treatment has failed. Marvelous results have often been obtained by the use of this grand restorative and purifying tonic under these circumstancer.

THE ANGELUS BIRD.

In the forests of Guiana and Paraguay it is not uncommon to ment with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spaniards call this singular bird a bell-ringer, though it may be still more appropriately deeignated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is hoard three times a day, morning noon and night. Its senge, which defy all description, consist like the strokes of a bell, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the orest is the chapel, and the bell is a bird. The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a Jay, and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arened feathers on its beautiful head: it is of conical shape and about four inches in length. Whenever the Angelus bird begins to discourse its sweet music, the monkeys protest like evil spirts, and rend the air with their chattering as they scamper up the trees to escape from the unwelcome sound.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Speech is silver, silence is golden, giggling is brazen, and laughter is often ironical, -

Puck. Right along through the summer solstice, with no let up, the Montresi Gazette keep pitching into the Mercier Government. That lost printing centract seems to be a psreunial sorrow in the Gastle office,-Waterloo Ad

It seems to be the fashion in Cincinnati just now to append to the newspaper notices of births the phrase, "Thanks to Dr. So-and-so." But just why he is to be thanked is left enshrouded in mysterious doubt .- Boston Bea-

The Wall street Republicans decline to do any betting on Harrison except at the odds of 2 to 1. When so conservative and cautious a spirit is found in Wall street, who shall say that the Cleveland administration has not had an excellent effect on the business of the country ? - Chicago Hexald. An exchange observes that, in a month

after the adoption of a law exempting alcohol used in the arts from duty, every southern m onshine distillery would be in full blast manufacturing alcohol for the arts and selences-the art being the paint ig of noces a vivid purple, and the science consisting in being able to walk a crack altor absorbing a quart of the product -Boston Heraid. The farmers who have grown a crop of

brains already understand what pretection means to them. It means that they must ell their products in the cheapest markets of the world, in competition with persent and coolie labor, and buy what they need in the dearest market in the world, where competition has been killed by tar fi created monopolies and tariff-fostered trusts .- New York World.

ALL HONOR TO REV. MR. MILLETTE. This paragraph is taken from the St. John's

News:—
"It is surprising to note the growth of the Roman Catholic congregation in this village. The Rev. Father Millette came to Magog seven years ago, and since then has worked hard and fathfully to increase his flock. The old church had long been too small for the congregation when he took in board the worker. when he took in hand the project of building a large and costly church, which is now in course of erection. Seven years ago the church ha. 175 communicants, to day she has nearly 1,100 he attendance is generally good, there bein-611 at mass last Sunday morning, and a fort night ago there were nearly 800 present.

OXFORD MOUNTAIN RAILWAY. BEGINNING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW ROAD

IN THE TOWNSHIPS.

The construction of the Oxford Mountain Railway from Eastman to Lawrenceville, a dis-Railway from Eastman to Lawrenceville, a distance of ten miles through a rich fertile country has been commenced. This was decided at a meeting held the day before yesterday at which among others present were: Hon G.G. Stevens, Hon. W. W. Lynch, Judge Foster, Capt. Warne, G. Stevens, W. H. Robinson, manager E. T. Bank at Huntingdon, and others. Some discussion took place on the charter of the road and the means to be taken to build the proposed line. Those present subscribed for sufficient shares of stock to qualify them for the Beard of Directors and the following directors were chronicles without a glossary, would be terribly puzzled if he should pick up one of our newspapers and undertake to read modern English. What, for instance, would he make of "a war in dressed beef rates?" It would require something more than a dictionary to help him to the meaning of the phrase.—

Springfield Union.

Silence is often the severest critism.—

Bryten Stevens, secretary-treasurer.