

URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane).

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued

The words escaped his lips before he was aware that Aurelia was standing by his side. She had come to the chapel to watch the progress of the work, according to their daily wont, and had approached the spot where Geoffrey stood, without his having perceived her entrance.

"Is Mr. Wyvern in Brittany?" asked Aurelia, in surprise; "has he written to you?"

"No," said Geoffrey, shortly. He was wholly inexperienced in evasion, and his resolution not to communicate any injurious reports to Aurelia did not avail to prevent him from exhibiting a most innocent confusion of manner. Then he betrothed him that the idle rumors of which Gales had spoken would certainly reach her ears, and that it might be better for her to hear of them from one who would at the same time qualify the impressions they might convey.

"I heard it from Lady Annable," he said, "and dressed up, needless to say, with plenty of gossip. He is at the Chateau de St. Brieno, and has been there three weeks."

"And he never writes to you himself?" said Aurelia, "how strange! don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Geoffrey; "he wasn't bound. He is after some of his own hobbies, I fancy; life-boats or paintings, matters of that sort."

"And the gossip," said Aurelia; "it concerned his name with that of Imogen de St. Brieno, I presume?"

"Who cares for gossip?" was Geoffrey's not very straightforward reply.

"Not I, certainly," said Aurelia; "but one cares for well—for consistency, for fidelity."

"I am as certain of Julian's fidelity as of my own," said Geoffrey, earnestly. "Appearances are against him; but what is the worth of friendship if not to trust?"

"Amen to that, with all my heart," replied Aurelia; "and a friend's trust is not to be blown away by every idle rumor. But, if it were as they say, I confess—for his sake—I should be sorry."

She spoke with dignity, but without a particle of wounded feeling. Geoffrey felt pained, perhaps the least in the world disappointed, at the way she took it. It was a comfort, certainly, that she would not be broken-hearted at Julian's defection, if, indeed, the report were true; but, at the same time, it was mortifying to think that, perhaps after all, Aurelia was too closely and too self-contained to have any heart to break. But no, that would be misanthropic; Aurelia, a woman of the highest character, was not a misanthropist. For, in truth, there was in Geoffrey's soul that character of true chivalry, "which needs not the gilded spur or knightly oath" to make its owner cling to fidelity, as to some sacred obligation. No, he did not understand what seemed the state of the case between these two beings, to him the warmest in the world; only until forced to own himself deceived he must continue to believe that Julian was true, and Aurelia worthy of his devotion.

He took his leave, promising to let her know when he should hear from Julian, to whom he secretly resolved to write, and stating what was currently reported, obtain his own explanation. With this resolve he turned his steps in the direction of home, intending to write and despatch his letter without delay.

But home he was not destined to return that day, which unknown to him, held within it the unraveling of many a thread connected with the fortunes of Meryllin.

CHAPTER XV.

STIRRING SCENES.

Geoffrey's absence during the day excited no remark at Laventor, as his ordinary avocations, whether agricultural or ministerial, often so fully engaged him that nothing was seen of him from breakfast to dinner. But when the dinner-hour came, and still no Geoffrey appeared, the exception to his generally inflexible punctuality was felt as an alarming domestic phenomenon.

Very reluctantly, and after waiting for the best part of an hour, they sat down without him, and had hardly done so when a note was brought in and delivered to Mrs. Houghton. It appeared hastily written, and contained only the following words:—

"DEAR MOTHER:—Have been unexpectedly detained at Tremadoo all day. Must be at Penmore tonight. Don't expect me till you see me. All right."

"G. H."

"How unaccountable!" exclaimed Mrs. Houghton; "who brought the note, Davis?"

"A countryman, I should say he was," replied Davis, the old butler; "I made bold to ask where master was, and he says as how by this time, he takes it he will be at Penmore, having set off an hour ago with Captain Lindesay."

"Something more about the smugglers," said Mrs. Houghton; "don't be anxious, mamma; you see, he goes under ample protection."

Needless to say, however, Mrs. Houghton felt it a strict part of her maternal duty to be exceedingly anxious, and to spend most of the evening in vain conjectures as to Geoffrey's business, and equally vain regrets that he should have started for Penmore without carpet-bag or portmanteau. Anxiety and curiosity, however, were both at fault, nor did the early post next morning bring anything to throw light upon the mystery.

But at about ten o'clock an unusual visitor was announced in the person of Mr. Lindesay, the Vicar of Tremadoo, of whose powers as a teller of legends an example has been given in former chapters, and whose brother was the officer in command at the coast-guard station of Tremadoo. Although on neighboring terms with Geoffrey and his family, yet his visits were sufficiently rare to make his appearance on this particular morning premonitory of something uncommon.

"I feared," he began, "lest you might have heard rumors of last night's affair at Penmore, or so have felt uneasy. I have just received a hurried despatch from my brother, who says they have had a complete success in their expedition, though it seems to have been a sharp business."

"But we know nothing," said Gertrude, "except that Geoffrey was unexpectedly called to Penmore last night, but why or wherefore he did not explain. Was it about the smugglers?"

"Ah," said Mr. Lindesay, "I believe the discovery of this desperate gang, smugglers or wreckers, or even worse, as they think, has been entirely due to Mr. Houghton's exertions. He has been indefatigable in hunting out these fellows; and it seems my brother, having received some fresh information yesterday, on which it was necessary to act without a moment's delay, sent a messenger in search of Mr. Houghton and pressed him to accompany them, thinking the presence of a magistrate might prove necessary if things

became serious. But he is perfectly safe; you need have no fear about him," he continued, observing Mrs. Houghton looking agitated and bewildered; "here is my brother's note," and he read as follows:—

"DEAR J.—All over and a first rate job. The rascals showed fight and three of them were winged; one seems in a bad way; turns out to be H.'s protégé. Two of our men have got a scratch or so, but nothing to signify. Let them know at Laventor that H. is safe. My word! but he is a fellow."

"Who does he mean by H.'s protégé?" said Mrs. Houghton; "it is all Greek to us, for Geoffrey never speaks to us of these matters."

"I don't know much about it," replied Mr. Lindesay; "but, there is a certain Bill Fagan, for whom he has been on the lookout for some months past. Mr. Houghton came to me to make some inquiries about him, for he is said to be of these parts. I believe it has been his search after this man that has led to the seizure of the whole gang; and I take it, it must be he of whom my brother speaks."

"Clara's father, no doubt," said Mrs. Houghton; "but how rash of him to go on such an expedition! I felt sure something was wrong when he did not come home for dinner."

Mr. Lindesay was going on to Penmore, and promised should Geoffrey still be detained to call in the evening and give them a fuller report, and he departed, leaving the little party agitated by mingled feelings of alarm for the past, thankfulness for the present, an excusable feeling of pride that old Geoffrey should have done so well, and impatience for his appearance that they might know more about it.

But he did not appear, only about midday came a mounted messenger in haste, who left a letter and said he was bound for the castle, but that on his way back he would call for what Mr. Houghton wanted. The letter was to Mrs. Mary, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR MARY.—Lindesay will have told you of the scurrilous here. They have taken the rascals off to prison, all but one poor fellow who is badly wounded, and can't be moved. I can't leave, for he looks like dying, and there may be a disposition to take down. The man, is, or ought to be, a Catholic, so I have sent for Father Saugrave. Send me some torgery by the bearer of this, and don't be in a flutter, all of you, but say a few Hall Marys for a special intention of yours, ever,

G. H."

The "loggery" was sent, and the two girls resolved on walking over to Tremadoo, and gathering what information they could from the coast-guard men or their wives. They found the little village in a state of some excitement, every tongue busy with the events of the previous evening. Accounts varied, but all agreed in representing that the plan of surprise had been wholly devised, and partly carried out by Mr. Houghton, and his coolness and promptitude were extolled by all.

"It is pleasant to hear old Geoffrey praised," said Gertrude, "though I should as soon have expected him to distinguish himself in a ball-room as on a battlefield."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Houghton; "if it had been Mr. Wyvern—"

"Oh, of course, if it had been Mr. Wyvern, fighting single-handed against ten giants with two heads each, would have been quite apropos. By-the-by, we shall have news of him, at last, I fancy. The post came just as we were going out, and I saw a letter."

"A letter from Mr. Wyvern?" said Mrs. Houghton; "are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure, my dear," said Gertrude; "I saw the postmark; so we have only to retain our curiosity till Geoffrey returns, and then, I suppose, we shall hear the great announcement."

Mary did not reply, but it appears probable that speculations as to the contents of the letter from Brittany occupied her quite as much during her walk home as her brother's gallant behavior in the fray at Penmore.

CHAPTER XVI.

JULIAN'S DISCOVERY.

Not until the second day after his departure did Geoffrey reappear at Laventor, and then only to announce that he could stay but half an hour, as he had pressing business at the castle. He was received with pardonable enthusiasm by his two sisters.

"Business or no business," said Gertrude, "you do not stir hence until you have reported yourself to mamma. You are becoming a regular Bratton. Geoffrey; setting the defiance of your country against Bill Fagan & Co., above your natural affections."

"Poor Bill Fagan!" said Geoffrey, gravely; "the country has nothing more to fear from him. He died this morning."

"Was it Clara's father?" said Mrs. Houghton; "the girl whom Aurelia nursed at Penmore?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey; "a wonderful business altogether. His name wasn't Bill Fagan, you know. They carried him to his own cottage when he was hit, and his daughter did what she could for him. He has confessed everything; but I'll tell you about that to-morrow."

Mrs. Houghton received her son as a mother might be expected to do who had endured eight-and-forty hours' suspense with more than the confused impression that had been in danger, and had shown himself a hero.

Geoffrey laughed, and bade them not to be in a flutter. "They have told you a lot of lies. I'll be bound," he said; "you shall hear it all this evening, from one end to the other, only don't keep me now, there's a good people, for I'm bound to be at the castle."

He was in such evident impatience to be off that even Mrs. Fagan for a moment felt aggrieved. It seemed so hard that after such a serious adventure his first interest should be at the castle and not at home.

"But you will look at your letters first?" he said; "sit there, and I will bring them. There is one from—Brittany."

"Ah," said Geoffrey, tearing open the envelope, and rapidly glancing his eyes over the contents, "so he has written at last. I'd best see that before I go."

Mary watched his countenance as he read, and the next minute was startled by his sudden exclamation: "Angels of heaven, but he has found him!"

"Found whom?" she exclaimed in her turn, "found whom? Oh, Geoffrey; do speak!"

"Uriel," answered Geoffrey; "here, read—read aloud; I can't," and he handed the letter to Mrs. Fagan as he spoke.

She took it with trembling hands, but her voice faltered when she began to read, and she said a piteous little prayer towards Gertrude.

"Give it to me," said her sister; "you are no better hand at reading writing than Geoffrey is. What a packet!" she added, glancing at the well filled pages. "Now, listen, all of you, to the third volume of the Wyvern romance:—

"DEAR GEOFFREY:—

"You have been wondering at my silence, and a dozen times a day during the last three weeks I've wished to write, only it seemed better to wait till I could speak for certain. Sir

was afraid of any wind of the business getting to Meryllin, and didn't feel sure if you were equal to keeping a secret. Well! I'll tell you now. Uriel is alive. Aurelia was right, and I was right too, in a way, for it was he whom we saw on the night of the shipwreck. From the moment Imogen recognized his likeness in the cartoon, I felt sure that the French fisherman was really the man, and had no power till I could get upon his track. But no end of business that had accumulated, while I was busy with the cartoons, had to be got through before I could leave England. When I wrote to you three weeks ago I saw no prospect of being able to do so, but, a day or so after, there came a letter from the St. Brieno people which at once decided me. Would you believe it that Imogen had taken it into her head herself to set on foot a search for "our deliverer," as she calls him? She had got together a lot of information about tall fishermen with yellow hair, who, if you were to believe her report, were waiting for examination in every port from Nantes to St. Malo; and she and her mother begged I would come and pay them my promised visit, while at the same time, I could help in the search after "grand homme bleu." So, to make a long story short, I went, and had a most hospitable reception. I shall not take up your time with descriptions of scenery and French chateaux, none of which could hold a candle to Laventor (to say nothing of Meryllin). As to the coast, it is almost as fantastic as your own, and the wrecks about as numerous. They have lifeboats, too, and, of course, I could not keep myself from inspecting them. None compare with our own "Snowdon patent," but good enough in their way, and with fine crews to man them.

"Now on a certain day I had gone to a place called St. Florian, to look at a boat, which was reported to have done great things in the way of saving life; and asking some questions about the crew, I learned that amongst them was a "big Englishman," who was reported to have saved more lives than any other single man in the province. "An Englishman? what was his name?" It seemed odd that any English sailor should have a fancy for living in a French fishing village. They could not tell me his English name; the name they knew him by was Arohanje, which had been commonly given him after he had made the pilgrimage to Mont St. Michel. Now, Geoffrey, when I heard the name something went through my mind that told me I had found the man. I had them tell me all about him; learned that he had come about seven years previously, no one knew exactly why or whence. He gave himself out as an Englishman and a carpenter, and, in fact, he followed that trade, though he kept a fishing boat also, and feared neither wind nor weather. About a year after he had settled there he married a young peasant girl—a Jacqueline something or other—the village beauty. They had lived happily together for a year, but she died at the birth of her first child—the petit Uriel—a charming little angel, who was his father's darling. That was enough; and it was with my heart beating hard, Geoffrey, that I asked one of them to guide me to his cottage."

"It was a queer little place, somewhat up the cliff, overlooking the sea, with a rough sort of carpenter's yard on one side, whence, as we drew near, I heard the sound of blows as from an axe or hatchet. I dismissed my companion with a small gratuity, and drew near quietly that I might observe the workman, whoever he might be, at my ease. A man stood before me, of gigantic stature, wielding an axe, as if it had been a feather. I had but a moment to admire his noble figure and well-set head, when the sound of my footsteps caught his ear, and leaning on his axe he turned to see who was approaching. As he did so, his cap fell from his head, and at that moment the beams of the western sun fell on his countenance and illumined his golden hair. Impossible to forget that countenance! and without waiting for more I sprang into the yard, exclaiming aloud: "Uriel! Uriel!"

"'Stain it?' said a child's sweet voice beside me, 'me voici donc, voici le petit Uriel.'" I looked down, and beheld a little fairy figure, with sunny hair and violet eyes—a boy, who had been playing among the chips, as he watched his father at his work, and who, hearing his own name called, had answered to my cry. It did not take many minutes for me to tell my tale. I spoke of the wreck of the French steamer at Tremadoo, and the rescue of the passengers by the crew of the "Speranza;" of my desire to find out the stranger who had that night joined their number, to whom, as I believed, I owed my life, and whom I could not doubt I now saw before me. But when I named Sir Michael and Meryllin, told him how the rescued passengers had been taken there and cared for, and how every one at the castle had heard of the brave man who had done this gallant deed, he could not stand it, but sat leaning forward and covering his face with his hands, and, as he did so, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and I cried, "Uriel!" he started, and looked up; "there is no room for concealment," I continued; "you are he, and you cannot deny it."

"No, he could not deny it; I sat down beside him, and he told me all. His terrible disgrace for a crime of which he solemnly declared he was innocent; those five dreadful years on the rock of Portland, abandoned, as he felt at first in his bitter anguish, both by God and man—all the floods of despair that surged over him in his felon's cell, as he thought of his blighted name, his dishonored family, and his father's broken heart. But God was merciful to him. There came to him in his misery, poor outcast of society, as henceforth he knew himself to be, this thought, that if all the world were to misjudge him and condemn him, there was a world of unseen and faithful friends who could not be deceived, and who would stand by him till death. "You will smile, Mr. Wyvern," he said, "because you do not know the traditions of our family; but generation after generation we have been taught to consider our home as under the special guardianship of those Holy Angels to whom our chapel is dedicated. You will think it a superstition, perhaps; all I can tell you is that in my bitter loneliness I turned to them for aid and comfort, and they did not fail me. It was the thought of them that brought me back to trust in God; I do believe that they offered my poor prayers in their golden censers; until I came to see with what mercy I had been stricken down in my pride, and torn out of my place in the false and fleeting world, the love of which would have been my destruction." Then he went on to tell me of his release from Portland and his departure for America. It was only the second day after they sailed that the accident happened of which we heard. He fell over-board, and felt the waters close over his head, as he thought forever; but rising to the surface again, he was able to grasp one of the life-boats, they had thrown over, and kept himself afloat till he was picked up by a vessel homeward bound. At his own request he was lodged somewhere on the Cornish coast, and begged his way as far as Penmore. No one recognized in the poor ragged wretch the unfortunate heir of Meryllin, and he was able to make inquiries without attracting suspicion. The tale he heard seemed to shut out all hope of restoration in this world. Sir

Michael, he was told, had solemnly cursed his son, and sworn never to see his face again. He heard his father spoken of as a moody maniac, whose strange fits of melancholy madness made men avoid the neighborhood of Meryllin with a sort of terror. "I knew," he said, "that they now believed me dead—and dead, indeed, I was to all this world could give. My reappearance amongst them could only be a renewal of their bitter disgrace, the re-opening of a deadly wound. (To be Continued.)"

IT RUNS IN THE BLOOD.

Some Peculiar Family History in the Case of Mrs. Maybrick.

OTTAWA, August 20.—Mr. J. A. Holmes, a prominent merchant of Mobile, Ala., is at present visiting relatives in the city. He relates some interesting particulars pertaining to the antecedents of Mrs. Maybrick, now in Liverpool under sentence of death for poisoning her husband, Mrs. Maybrick's mother, Mrs. Chandler, in her day was accounted the handsomest woman in Alabama. Her husband, D. G. Chandler, was a prominent merchant in Mobile and at the time of his death the wildest rumors were current in the state as to the cause. Mrs. Chandler was the sole nurse to her husband, and whenever medicine was administered to him she sent the servants out of the bedroom. After Mr. Chandler's death a negro servant looked for an autopsy, the suspicion being that Mr. Chandler had been poisoned, but through the influence of friends that matter was hushed up.

Mrs. Chandler shortly afterwards, at Charleston, S. C., married Capt. Du Barry, a member of the Confederate Government. Du Barry was ordered to proceed to Europe in the interests of the confederacy and died while on a voyage. Mrs. Du Barry then contracted an alliance with Baron Von-Grose, a German, but their marital relationship was not a happy one and a separation followed. Meantime her daughter, Miss Chandler, whose name as Mrs. Maybrick is on everybody's lips, had met Mr. Maybrick, and in 1880 they were married. Mrs. Maybrick being then but seventeen years of age. Mr. Holmes is firmly of opinion that she administered the arsenic to her husband, but knowing the family antecedents he believes that Mrs. Maybrick is the victim of hereditary monomania.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 28, 1889. BAILEY REFLECTOR COMPANY. Gentlemen:—We have now used your Reflector about three months. It is very satisfactory. Our distance is 50x60 ft., with ceiling 30 ft. Your 60 inch Reflector lights it admirably. Very respectfully,

J. H. HOLMES, Jhn. Bldg. Com. 3d Cong'l Church. (Letter from the Pastor.)

Dear Sirs:—The Bailey Reflector which you placed in our church gives entire satisfaction. It is ornate and gives a brilliant light. It is really a marvel of cheapness, neatness and brightness. Very sincerely yours,

G. H. GRANNIS, Pastor of 3d Cong'l Church, of St. Louis, Mo.

Are You Engaged.

Engagements to marry are serious contracts. They are not to be lightly made or frivolously broken. They are next in sacredness to the wedding itself.

Every other day the secular newspapers report the elopements of flirting girls, who have forsaken affianced lovers to marry rival claimants for their hand, and they glorify over the romantic features of these violations of thought. But such stultic elopements generally end in unhappy marriages; for the woman that will break her engagement vow will hardly be true to her marriage promises, and the man who can persuade her to the crime of wronging her betrothed, is apt to have a trifling idea of the most solemn obligations.

Are you engaged? Be faithful to your pledges, for while an engagement is not a marriage, it is the door to that holy sacrament, and it must be respected accordingly.—Columbian.

FIVE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. Co., will sell, on Tuesdays, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days.

For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

J17,24,31—A7,28—811,25

There is no remedy for trouble equal to hard work—labor that will tire you physically to such an extent that you must sleep. If you have met with loss, etc., and for days lie awake and think about them. You want to sleep and to eat your meals with an appetite; but you cannot unless you work.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY OF MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA. Has reached the front rank as the most productive grain-raising region on the continent. Soil richer than the valley of the Nile. Single counties raise millions of bushels of grain yearly. Single states ship from 300,000 to 900,000 bushels of grain each year. Abundant opportunities still open to the homeseeker. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Where charity and wisdom reign there is neither fear nor ignorance. Where patience and humility reign there is neither anger nor dispute. Where poverty and joy reign there are neither base desires nor avarice. Where the fear of God keeps guard no enemy can enter.—St. Francis of Assisi.

CANADIANS IN CAVALRY COUNTY, DAKOTA. The thriving town of Langdon, county seat of Cavalry County, Dakota, is surrounded by thousands of acres of choice government land. Country settled chiefly from Ontario. Secure a farm from the government land. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

"There is nothing more solidly established in religion and in Christian theology," says Father Faber, "than the infallibility of prayer." "Such is the force of it" (says St. Chrysostom) "that it renders, as it were, the word of man equally powerful in a manner with the word of God."

TO THE DEAF.

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

Penance is a means not the end of the soul; be careful not to measure perfection by penitential works; virtue and merit lie in charity.—B. Henry Suvo.

Let nothing of self remain in your order that He who gives Himself to you without reserve may also receive your entire self.—Francis of Assisi.

THE WAY TO PROPOSE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Thinks Man Should Succeed by Force of Arms.

The young men of Holland gain great numbers to Dutch India to engage in commercial affairs. They have a truly left-handed manner of proposing marriage.

When one of them desires a wife from his own land he sends a rolled left-hand glove to some male friend. This constitutes a power of attorney, and the friend selects a suitable wife, marries her in the name of the absent lover and sends her on her wedding journey alone to join her husband.

In some portions of Western Africa a native who wants a wife is obliged to seek the "Palaver House," where he talks the matter over with the elders and the "fetich men." Then he is granted audience to the presence of the parents of the lady in question, to whom he displays presents and money—and if they are satisfied, after much more "palaver" he is allowed to take his bride away, evidently without asking her consent.

The Indian, in learning his fate from his mistress, carries a lighted torch to her cabin. Should the maiden blow out the torch she accepts the proffered vows, but if she veils herself without extinguishing it she refuses his love.

Chatesaubriand tells of the lover of Atala, who gave her a necklace of nine beads. Three red ones for his love, three violet ones for his fears, three blue ones for his hopes.

A gentleman who was in correspondence with a lady of my acquaintance sent her a piece of card-board enclosed in a letter and requested her to perforate it with her "engagement ring" and return it to him.

There is a pretty poem which represents the lover informing his sweetheart that he is to be married. She pales, chokes, tries to congratulate him—and in the midst of her talk she confuses her laughingly adds: "That is, hope I am, though the lady has not yet consented."

A cuter lover—and the sweetheart, not one whit less cunning, regains her color and answers brightly: "Why, how odd; I too am to be married." A delicious proposal and engagement that.

Personally I do not think a man should ever propose, he should dispose, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox. He should never say: "Will you be my wife?" He should be so sure and positive of success that he could say: "You will be my wife," even setting the date and certain that she would gladly acquiesce to his commands. But a man must be a born ruler and ruler to be able to do this.

A wife, like a kiss, should be asked for with the eyes alone—and then when consent is evident, should be taken without unnecessary questions or delay.

It Should be in every Irish Home.

Messrs. CALLAHAN & Co., Gentlemen—The Olograph of Mr. Farnell, issued by you, appears to me to be an excellent likeness, giving, as it does, the habitual expression of the Irish Rebel.

MICHAEL DAVITT. Equal to Oil Painting (in 10 colors). The only correct likeness of the Irish Rebel. Matted in tubes on receipt of \$1.00. Sizes, 20x24. Agents Wanted. Address: CALLAHAN & CO., 743 Craig Street, Montreal. 49 12

TO PARENTS! Never neglect the health of your Children during the Summer season. If they suffer from Colic, Diarrhoea, or Teething Pains, use Dr. CODRER'S INFANTS' SYRUP, and you will give them immediate relief.

SALESMEN WANTED! To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.) Chase Brothers' Co., Colborne, Ont. 1-13

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No 1444. DAME MARIE LOUISE BOUTILLIER, of the City, and DANIEL PROVENCER, of the same place, Plaintiffs, vs. CYRILLE LAPOSTOLLE, of the same place, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted. Montreal, 5th August, 1889. ETHER & PELLETIER, Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 2-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. DAME MARIE L. DECARIE, of the City and District of Montreal, wife, authorized a *curator* Justice, of J. DANIEL PROVENCER, painter, of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said J. DANIEL PROVENCER, Defendant. An action in separation of biens has this day been instituted. Montreal, 17th July, 1889. 51-5 ETHER & PELLETIER, Atts. for Plaintiff

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 527. DAME ADELE MARIE BÉRÉ, of the City and District of Montreal, wife *commune* en biens of JEAN JULES GIBOUX, of the same place, co-accused, and DANIEL PROVENCER, painter, of the same place, Plaintiffs, vs. the said JEAN JULES GIBOUX, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this cause on the 5th July 1889. A. ACHAMBAULT, Attorney for Plaintiffs. 51-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 1784. DAME ODILE ST. NICOLAS, wife of FREDERICK LOUIS, of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said FREDERICK LOUIS, Defendant. An action in separation of biens has this day been instituted. Montreal, June 27th, 1889. CHOLETTE & GAUTHIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff 50-5

CANADA'S GREAT INDUSTRIAL FAIR—AND—AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION, 1889, TORONTO, SEPT. 9th to 21st. Increased Prizes, Greater Attractions and a Grandeur Display than ever before. Newest and Best Special Features that Money can procure. The Greatest Annual Entertainment on the American Continent. CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON ALL RAILWAYS. Over 250,000 visitors attended the Exhibition last year. ENTRIES CLOSE AUGUST 17th. For Prize Lists and Forms, Programmes, etc., drop a post card to H. J. HILL, J. J. WITTEKOW, Free. Manager, Toronto.

ST. ANGELA ACADEMY.

Und. of the Direction of the Sisters of St. Ann.

This Institution, built according to all modern improve. nents, offers, at a moderate rate, all the advantages of city and country. The opening of classes will take place on the 2nd of September. For further information apply to the LADY SUPERIOR, No. 485 St. Antoine street, St. Onsgonda, Montreal West.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

Classes will be resumed on Sept. 4th. Special attention will be given to young English-speaking boys beginning their classical course, that they may learn both French and Latin at the same time. REV. A. D. TURGEON, S. J., Rector. 51 6

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME DES NEIGES, MONTREAL. The opening of classes in this special institution for boys on Tuesday, the 3rd of September, will take place at 1-13 REV. L. GÉOFFROY, C.S.C., Sup.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N.Y.

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