A PLEA FOR OLD OUS OMS.

Our good old onesame ought to last Nor fall into disuse, Tre links that bind us to the past No Irish hand should loose; No Arms name sungity 2008; Yes taken shore usages would shirk
Our fashers held so dear,
And blash to speak, God bless your work,
To say, God save all here.

Who'd fear to say God save all here! It is not sin or chame, If empty headed bigot sneer Just ask him can he frame Wah all his wit a phrase to match-So sweet to heart and ear-And cease not when you lift the latch

To say, God save all here, Think not, you servile craven crew, Who erough and orings and crawl, That 'sis a crime—with reverence due— The "Holy One" to call An honest neighbor's hearth to guard On entering at his door, To bless the toiler's labour hard

Pray God increase his store. God save all here! what words of gold, Nought wanting or to spare—
'Twas sure some holy saint of old Whose every act was prayer Inspired by Heaven the sentence framed To greet, to bless, to cheer, How weak his faith who feels schamed

To say, God save all here. J. M'D., Dromod.

Haunted Church.

By JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued. more fully remembering its contents, I am prepared to say it was. We occasionally have to write letters that are not pleasant. Most firms have. But satisfactory! We always give the utmost satisfaction to our

"I am quite prepared to believe yeu do. I should be sorry to say or think otherwise. Bus the letter was somewhat unsatisfactory to me."
" As how!"

4 Why. Mr. Lewis," said Charles, thinking that enough had been done for courtesy, and that it was quite time to come to busi ness, "your letter speke of the funds lodged with you on my beheaf having come to an end, or nearly so. Is that the case?"

"If it were not, my dear young friend, we should not have written you to that effect." "I know-I know," said Cantrell dissatisfiedly. "But might I ask you a questien, Mr. Lewls ?"

Of course; as many as you like. Why

"Then might I ask-and I think you will excuse my putting it, it is so natural a one to ask—where did these funds originally come from, and why have they so suddenly stop-

The question, in its force and directness, rather put out the junior member of the firm, and nemplassed him. Cantrell inferred so frem his looks.

" Where did the funds originally come from, and why have they so suddenly stopped?" the banker iterated.

'Yes; if you would pardon me for asking them, these are questions I should much like to have answered.'

"My dear young friend," said the banker, thoughtfully and cautiously. "when saying a mement age you might put as many ques-tions as you liked, I should have qualified the statement by saying that it shoul i be optional with with me to answer them. This is one I oannot answer."
"Ne? Why?"

"Well, really, Mr. Cantrell, it is not-in this present case—se much I would not as " Why ?"

others : but it so manifestly came honestly roundings. from the speaker's heart, and with so little of importinent curiosity, that it appealed etrongly to the banker.

"I shall gratify your just anxiety so far- student in the though it is one of our nusiness secrets that I from her lips. It is not usual to disclose-by saying that the matter arese this way : The meney-a very large sum-was lodged in our hands many years age for that purpose."
"I am ebliged for the information. But

it does not cover all that I want to know. Will you again parden me for asking the further information; who lodged it?" "I shall not answer the question for the simple reason that we do not know."

"No; never knew. It is one of the many mysteries connected with our business."

"How did it come into your hands?" s "Simply thus: A man came into our office many years ago-twenty or thereabouts, I believe-and deposited these funds with us under the express condition of disbursing them for your board and education. We were empowered-we made it a part of the arrangement as a pure matter of business, you knew-that we should have the use of the money for the time. That amply recouped

us. Ephraim?" He called alond to one of the clarks outside, who promptly entered.

" Bring me in the C ledger." The clork departed.

"I shall now have the pleasure of showing

you the ledger account from that date to the present "
"I don't want to see the ladger account,"

said Cantroll impatiently. "I believe—I am sure—it is quite right. That is not what I want to learn.

"What, then?" asked the banker-in his turn-rather dissatisfiedly.

Perhaps it was some hankering belief that it was—as Frank Crossley suggested—some duke or foreign prince who made the deposit that suggested the question to the inquirer's mind; perhaps it was some doubt arising out of this that prempted the hesitation with which he asked it.
*Perhaps I might ask you what—what—

was the position—character—of the person who—who funded the money?" It was a painful question to ask, and pain

and anxiety were displayed in his manner of putting it. The banker seemed to know by instinct what was the motive at fost of it, for he showed an equal hesitation in answering. "What was the position of the person who funded it?" he said, repeating the former's question, as if it were one he should under the circumstances prefer not answering, and as if of the himself time to think. "We as if giving himself time to think.
don't know."

"What appearance did he present? What was his condition of life?"

"If you would call again I should be betr prepared to give you an answer."

Oould you not now? I may not call again."
It is a question I should not perhaps an-

wwer without seeing my partner."

"As the matter," said Charles Cantrell firmly, "is new closed, the fund disbursed, and my presence here again unnecessary—at all events unlikely—I should beg of you as a favour to tell me. You know how much the question concerns me. But—you cannot

know hew auxious I am for the information. I could not tell you in words."

"A sail it !" oried the young man, deubting that he had heard him aright, but with a despairing sense settling down deep into his

"Yes, a common sailor. On board one of his Majesty's vessels, or a privateer, or some-thing of that kind. It so seemed to us at the time. We did not inquire which-it was ne business of ours."

"Ne, of course not," absently assented Cantrell. His head was swimming round; he was anxious to go. For the moment it struck him amildst all his agony and humillation, amid all the dewnfall of his secret hopes and aspirations, that it was well that there was no listener—that Crossley was not there. He was everwhelmed with the ruin and shattering of the golden palaces he had long been rearing in his imagination—the household gods everthrown and destroyed.

A common sailor! so the banker had phrased it. Unconsciously, perhaps; but if his words had been barbed with malice intint they could not have come laden with deeper peison than this simple at tement was. He arose to ge-not yet even fully conscious of what he was deing,
"I suppose you will now receive the re-

mainder of the fand which we are under the conditions of the deposit empowered to give

"Perhaps I had better do so." The banker sat down, and, opening a private drawer, draw forth his cheque-bask. Ton glancing at the balance of the account in the ledger, he wrote out the chaque for the amount and handed it to his visitor.

The latter gianced at it mechanically. was for some five hundred pounds odd. the downfall of the high hopes which his youthful imagination had for years been building up, the figures had no weight with

him. "Well," said the banker, arising from his seat and extending his hand, "if ever you are in the neighborhood of this office again, we shall be glad to see you. And if ---

At this moment the clark who had previously entered bearing Charles Cantell's message again entered. He whispered some-

thing into the banker's ear.
"Why, yes, certainly," said the latter,
unbeeding his unconcluded statement,"admit them at once."

The next moment and old man, with one eye covered with a square piece of dark cloth, and with a young lady at his side, "Good-bye," said the banker, extending his

hand hurriedly in the direction of the young man, without looking at him, and preparatory to his reception of the new-cemers. "If you are in the neighborhood of this office ever again, call and see us !" There was no answering grasp of his hand,

and he was therefore constained to look in his direction. When he did—
"Mr. Cantrell! What's amiss? What has

happened to yeu? Are you ili?" The banker pulled at the bell violently for assistance. For—his late visitor had fall in back into his seat with white face and apparently very ill.

In answer to the summons, the same clerk ceme rushing in. "This young gentleman has been taken ill What shall we do? Should you go for a

declar ?" The clark looked at the youth in the armchair, with head thrown back, and with evident indications of terror and fear overshadewing him, and muttered one word,

"Brandy? From his fiorid and carbuncled appearance, it might have been evident to an unconcerned spectator-if such there were-that the clark had good reason to know of the efficacy of the medicine he recommended.

The young lady whe accompanied the one eyed visitor had not in this time had sufficient relief from the embarrassment, occasioned by her introduction to an It was an abrupt question coming after the unaconstomed place, to take note of sur-

But when her eyes, after wandering vaguely around the apartment for a second of two, rested on the death-like features of the student in the chair, a cry of surprise burst

"Take a seat, dear young lady," said the banker hurriedly; "it is only a case of sudden illness—of weakness. He will be all right presently.'

Fumbling with a gard vin which stood in his office, and finding in his hurry a difficulty in epening it, that gentleman finally produced a fissk, from which he poured a few drops into a glass. This the clerk took from his hands and applied to the lips of the youth. It had the desired effect. The moment ary weakness passed away, and the patient quickly shook off his fears and recovered

himself. There was in the young girl something of that feeling which induces gentle girls to be come Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy, for in spite of the awkwardness of the posttion and the natural embarassment attending the circumstances, she rese from her seat, and,

advancing towards him, said in a kind and musical voice : "I hope you are better ? I trust you are

It might have been owing to the weakness which had overcome him, and from which he was now recovering, or from the necessity of brushing the thick drops which exuded thickly on his forehead, that his eyes turned avertadly from the gentle girl who stood in graceful and compassionat; posture before

But it was so that, unheeding of her gentle and kindly inquiry, he lifted himself up, staggered rather than walked towards the door, and passed out into the fresh air of the

streets. There was a strange dizziness in his head and a singular blindness in his eyes, which for a time obscured his vision and made him stumble rather awkwardly on the pave-

ment. "What in thunder is amiss with you, Charley?" ejaculated his friend, walking to him and premptly taking his arm. "You look like one that had been frightened. Have you been dreaming again ?"

"Is that you, Frank?" said Cantrell absently and vaguely. "Where are we going?"
"Geing? Wherever you like. Is there

anything amiss with you, Charley ?" "I don't-feel-quite well."

"You don't look it, certainly. But the all will do yeu good. Suppose we take a boat as far as Greenwich. By the way, while you were inside a very pretty girl passed in. Pret-! that is no word to express it-beautiful, radiant, magnificent !"

1 Come away, Frank."

"All right, Wherever you wish. But did you see her, Charley ?" "Yes, yes. Come away, Frank. We shall

talk more freely on the river. I cannot speak new. I feel toe ill." "Very well, Charley; as you like. Walk quicker, then-it will serve to stir up your

They did walk quicker—walked in silence also, until they reached the landing that abutted on the Tewer. There halling a small pleasure-boah, they were quickly rewing down

could not tell you in words."

"What has happened to you, Charley?

"Well, then—that being as you very pre- You seem quite absent and distraught. Was

with these people?"

"There was a talog pleasant; but as I did not expect otherwise, that did not effect me. It was not that, Frank."
"What was it, then?"

"That young girl that passed in, of whom you -ooke. "You!" said Frank with sudden earnest-

ness. "Frank." said Cantroll selemnly, that was the young lidy I saw in my

"What!" said the former, with equal seriousness, "the young girl that—"
"That took off the ring from the hand protruding above the grave—and—handed it to me," said Cantrell in subdued whisper that

was full of awe and terror.

"He has none new, at any rate," said one of the constables, who had searched the more or less of disquist and annoyance in his tones; "absurd! You are labouring under some hallucination. Take these ears firmly. for a spell, and see what effect it will have on your spirits. You are suffiring from close confinement and over-reading."

But Charles Cantroll shook his head, 'I den't knew what it means, Frank-Heaven knews I den't. But what I have told you is the truth. Just as I saw her in my dream, just so she presented herself in that digny effice. What am I to make of it; What am I to think of it?"

There was a tene of dread and terrer and mietrust in his voice, so real and so unmistakable that his friend felt for him. "You are quite sure of that?' he said

after a pause. " Certain as of that sky that is above usof that river that flows beneath us-as that yeu and I are speaking together at this moment. What am I to infer from it?" There could be no answer to this query.

Indeed, it did not seem in the wanderings of the speaker's excited thoughts that he expeoted an answer. The question was rather addressed to his own troubled mind than to his friend's ears. Wherefore both relapsed into their own imaginings, and save the noise created by the ears in the rowlacks, there was no farther interruption to their thoughts on the way dewn to Greenwich.

CHAPTER V.

THE DROWNED FREEBOOTER.

There was much commetten among the residents on the banks of the canal and around it the next morning after the angular-ended house on the canal had opened its doors to the unwelcome visitor.

In that singular manner in which people in large cities, whether on the outskirts or in tic streets, are accustemed to assemble, a large crewd had gathered in the early mernlarge crawd had gathered in the early morning en the banks of the canal—an excited two age. When did you come here?" and tumultuous crowd, staring apparently at some object freshly taken from the smoothflowing waters.

By chance accessions the crowd was momentarily growing larger; and, as is usual under the circumstances, the people on the entside became clamoreus to know what was amiss, and as, perhaps, a consequence, the most singular rumsurs were bruited

about. "A man had been killed-a man had fallen lato the canal—a man had been drewned— someone had fallen from a boat and been grushed to death.'

Suddenly a mevement took pisce in the centre of the crowd ; a way was opened, and some of those on the outside, in the centusion attendant on the change, managed to pene-trate to the centre—to where the object of so much attraction and excitement was. And among others who did so was a tattered man, who had come on the eutskirts of the crewd just as the movement took place. He did not appear to have much interest in the matter; but, perhaps from old habit, he pushed his way forward with vigorous roughness.

"What is it, mate?" he asked, as he gained

the centre, "Dan't you see what it is?" said the person addressed, in no way impressed either by the appearance or manner of his ques-

" No, I don't, mate." " Well, if you have eyes to look, you can readily see.'

"Ah! I see now, mate. Man drowned. Fell into the canal, I suppose," said the tramp, drawing nearer as his gaze fell on the form, wringing with wet, which lay on the

bank. It was a pitiful sight-and a shocking onethis form mutely lying on the towing-path, the clothes and hair dripping with wet, the unclosed eyes staring fixedly into the blue sky above. But it did not appeal with much effect to the tramp, either because he was naturally more hardened than the rest, or that he had perhaps been in some way accus-

tomed to such sights. A few canal-boatmen were standing around the form lying at their feet. They had hidden the face from the tramp's view as he approached, but he now pushed even these aside to glance at the prostrate body.

"What happened him, mates? Sink my cli hulk !-- what--- " oried the tramp, as, glancing at the wooden leg and then at the face, from which the mud had been partly wiped away, he knelt on one knee beside it with a strange oath.

"Do you know who he was ?" inquired the men, as he rese up from his scrutiny.

"Knew him, mates! May I never haul an anchor again if I den't! Sink my timbers

" What was he?" "What was he? Ax the captain of the Stahorse that. Ax the Commodere of the Thunderbolt that. Ax any man from the cabin bey te the port-admiral what he was! If you saw him leaping across the beardin'nets to an enemy's vessel, hatchet in band, yeu'd knew what he was. If you saw him a olimbin' up the walls of a fert an' spikin' the guns yeu'd know what he was!"

"A sailer, I suppose,' remarked one of the bystanders in answer to this energetic state.

"Ay, and a good one-better never walked a plank. But what," said the tramp as he

wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his cap, "brought him here?"
"Drink, I suppose, peor fellew!" said a

compassionate boker-en.
"Twarn't that—whisky would never drown him. But what brought him here? What brought him to the canal at al! ?" There was no response to this question; it

was one to which no raply could come; and so no one volunteered an answer. Indeed, the fact of the drowned man having been an acquaintance of the ragged and dusty party now addressing them destroyed all romance in the matter, and thus most of those in the immediate centre began to scatter and separate on their various ways to the city.

In a short time the "Charleys"—the censtables of that time-arrived with the Town-Major, and had the body borne to the nearest public-house, where it was placed to await the arrival of the coroner. And, attending the gloomy cavalcade, went the tramp.

You seem to have knewn this poor fellow?" asked the sergeant in charge, seeing the interest the uncouth attendant took in the drowned man. "I did—well."

Swarshy Bill," repeated the efficier. "Vague enough. Where has he been I ving la'-ly?"

" All round the werld." "Yes; I guessed bim to be a sailer. But

where in Dablin was ne living? " He was not living here at all, mate. He kidneys and disease of these organs lessened. must have only come here a day or two ago. I hearn his ship was about to be paid off, and and laying his hand on the other's shoulder, tiat's why he kummen, I suppose. But it must be enly a day or two ago."

" Had he money !" "Ah, lote. Look at that!" pointing to a heavy gold ring that shone through the canal mud that covered the hand. "You don't often see one like that athout money bein' be-

side it. Money? I guess he had! "He has none new, at any rate," said ene

"Ay, but who rebbed him?" said the

officer rather suspicionally. "How do you know he had money!" "Because he was only paid off a week or two ago. Money! He must have had as much prize-money as would load a captain's

akiff' "Would he carry it about with him?" "Ay, alway did, always would."

"He must have lost it pretty eften in that "It was his way, mats. He eften lost meney. He lost thousands once in this city sfore—hid it away, and couldn't find it again. Thousands-prize money from many a French

three decker and Spanish galicon. "He'll lose no more," said the officer; "but if he had any lately it must have been rebbed frem him, for it is not in his posses-

sion now. Had he any friends ?" "Friends? Ay, had he. I was one."
"I did not mean that," said the efficer, glanding at the dusty, waywern character that was speaking to him, with an expres-sion of quiet contempt. "I meant rela-

"One con_but where he is or_ Commodore! You here, too? Shiver my timbers ! but we'll seen have the whole flast

anchering here !" "Sam the Swan!" exclaimed the newcomer, with amazement depicted on his face. "Ay, it's me, Commodere, run sground here. An' here's Swarthy Bill a-lyin' up in dock at last. Robbed and murdered; who

could have done it ?" "Paha! Nething of the kind. I heard that someone was found in the canal-fell in er was drawn in by a passing barge; but I did not imagine it was Swarthy Bill, When did he cems?"

Som time ago. And you?' "I have been a sailin' up an' down. Some times in luck, mostly out of luck. I came to

Dublin now mostly to meet him.' "To meet him?" said the Commedere. fastening his one eye with singular and sus-

picious scratiny on him. "Ay, just so. I hearn he was about to be paid off, an' I knew he'd ceme to leek for me if he get feet on land."
"Where were you last night?"

Where was I last night? On my way to Dablin. I slep in a hay-field all night. It was not as pleasant as when we sailed up the The Commoders moved uneasily at this

reminiscence; but the sailor-tramp took no notice of his former officer's motions, for a new object had caught his eye and stracted him with exceeding interest.
'That's Swarthy Bill's ring, Commodore," cried he with sudden astoniahment. "Where

did you get it ?" "That's my ewn ring," said Captain Philling great contempt and disgust. It may be now, but it was his'n. I knowed it the minuit I saw it."

" You knew it," said Captain Phil with but of his country. some uneasiness, but with still greater in dications of contempt seized the Captain's hand and glanced at the

ring again. That was taken from the palace in Peru when we plundered it. of the queer ways he had." "D.d you ever see it with him?" asked Captain Phil, rather weakening his position; but his generally uncent ollable temper was

rising, and he was in consequence forgetful. Ay, did I."

" Where?" " When I was-

But Sam the Swan's voice suddenly stepped in his throat, and he grew silent. "Look here, Sam," said the Commodore with the same distinguished affacility be would have shown on the quarter-deck to an ordinary seaman; "you look dusty and tired. My cabin—I mean my home—is not far away. It is cold and comfortless business standing here. You were always, if I remember aright, ready to welcome a tumbler of greg. Suppose yeu come with me. We were old hands togother. May we not be so

It is seldem this address fails to impress Itself—coming from a commanding officer, past or present, to an inferior. Sam promptly accepted it. He was thirsty and hungry; he had been travelling during the night, as he said, and whilst the high excitement had kept his feelings up to the present, now that an appeal had been made to his animal senses,

he promptly succumbed. "I never refused a tumbler, Commodore. Leastways, not when so mortally tired as I

am now. "Come away, then, Sam. We can talk ever old times. I am very glad to see you. I eft in wendered where you were. Saxtenomewhere, didn't you say ?"

"Ay, so I was," said Sam, with a quick, suspicious lock.

"A queer business to take to-wasn't it Sam ?"

"Maybe it was," said Sam sulkily and hoarsely, as he tramped after him. "Peeple have to turn to strange things sometimes." "So they have, Sam, so they have," said the Commedere conciliatingly. "See what am myself, after having commanded the

finest vessels in the service. "Ah! but you leathered your neet, Captain; you leathered your neet—you did. When we got only a scere of doublooms for taking a Spanish prize, you fingered thou-

"And so you were sexton when Swarthy Bill was here last?" said the Commodore. "When Swarthy Bill was here last !- who

said that?' saked Sam sharply. (To be continued.)

The Body and Its Health.

George Bancroft teld a bovy of young girls that the scoret of long life lay in one never losing one's temper. "If you will never get angry," said the historian, "you will live to be ninety."

THE SKIN NEEDS EXERCISE.

"I did—well."
"What was his name?"
"Swarthy Bill. That were his name, ing is a better tenic for the complexion than mention than his pares.

perly say—I don't see any reason why I there anything unpleasant in your interview Leastways, I never hearn him tell of having a brisk, cold sponge bath on rising, followed is, like his brether, a Roussian subject, but spend not tell you. He was—a sallor." | with these people?" | has chosen to make Lender his hards. He of work is taken of from the lungs and

LIGHT IN THE SICK BOOM. Dr. B. W. Richardson, in the course of a lecture on "Discase and How to Combat It," remarks as fellows:

" Stil. a custim prevails, despite all our sanitary teachings, that the occupant of the sick room in the private house should be kept at all hours in a darkened room. Not one day in ten do we enter a sick room in the daytime to find it blessed with the light

of the sun. "Almost invariably, before we can get a look at the face of the patient we are obliged to request that the blinds may be drawn up, in order that the rays of a much greater healer than the most able physician can ever hope to be may be admitted. Tes often the compliance with this request reveals a conditien of the room which, in a state of darkness, is almost inevitably one of disorder everywhere; foeds, medicines, famiture, bedding misplaced; dust and stray leavings in all directions:

" In brief, there is nothing so bad as a dark sick room; it is as if the attendants were anticipating the death of the patient, and, if the reason for it be asked, the answer is as inconsistent as toe act. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light, as though the light could not be out off from the patient by a curtain or screen, and as though to darken one part of the room it were necessary to darken the whole of it. The real reason is an eld superstitions practice, which ence prevailed so intensely tost the sick, suffering from the mest terrible diseases—smallpox, for instance—were shut up in darkness, their beds aurrended with red curtains, during the whole of their illness. The red curtains are now pretty nearly given up, but the darkness is still accredited with some mysterious curative

"A more injurious practice really could not be maintained than that of darkness in the sick room, It is not only that dirt and disorder are results of darkness; a great remedy is lost. Sunlight is the remedy lost, and the loss is momentous. Sunlight diffused through a room warms and clarifies the air. It has a direct influence on the minute organic poleons, a distinctive inflaonce which is most precious, and it has a obserful effect upon the mind. The sick should never be gleemy, and in the presence of the light the shadows of the gloom fly away. Happily, toe bespital ward, notwithstanding its many defects, and it has many, is so far favored that it is blessed with the light of the sun whenever the sun shines. In private practice the same remedy ought to be extended to the patients of the household, and the first words of the physician or surgeon on entering the dark sick room should be the dying words of Goethe: "Mere light, more light!"

William O'Brien.

The London Star says that there are in Wm. O'Brien's novel many touches which to these who know Mr. O'Brien are evidently autobiographical. For instance, literature's Pacific, Commodere, and peinted our guns on first kiss—with its glowing and tenching des-Callac." oription of the youthful literateur's feelings of rapture on seeing himself in print fer the first time-was doubtless suggested by a very similar event in the life of Mr. O'Brien him self. When he was casting about semewhat hopelessly for occupation, he happened to be in court when captein Lomanney-one of the Fenian leaders -- was being tried; the muse inspired him, and he wrote a description and sent it to the Cork Herald. It was accepted, and thus began Mr. O'Brien's connection with jurnalism-an event that has done much to shape the history not merely of the writer,

By his intended marriage with Mile dications of contempt
"I did, Commodore. I knew it. And I enough, will become closely related to an immense it now better," said he eagerly, as he portant Russian official and to an Eaglish poet. Mile. Raffalovich is the daughter of one of the woulthiest merchants of Odesan, palace in Peru when we plundered it. has two brothers—M. Arthur R fislovich Swarthy Bill got it and were it in his breast and M. Andić Raffalovich. The former, who, ever since—strung from a ribben. It was one though a Russian by birth, has been educated in France, was some ten or twelve years ago private secretary to Court Schouvaloff, the then Russian Ambassador in Loudon, and now represents in Paris the Russian Mini t y of Commerce. He is, besides, an eminent writer on political economy, commerce and finance, and has contributed many articles on these subjudis to various French periodicals and to a leading Paris journal of which he is cents, (stamps or silver) post the financial editor. M. André Refisierte Novelty Co., Montreal, P.Q.

by a vigorous rubbing with a dry tow-I not has chosen to make Lenden his helfs. He the coarse, the face and neck receiving their has devot a much of his time to the study of full share of the friction unless the skin be English literature, and to such good very sensitive, in which case the bere hands purpose that he has written a volume may be the instrument lestead of the linen.

When the skin is active some of the pressure order. Mile. Raffalovich herself has translated a number of English works into French, especially books on political and social economy.

Mr. John Dillen, M.P., will act as best man at the marriage of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., and the ceremony will prehably be perfermed by His Grace the Archbishep of

Cashel. Cardinal Manning has warmly congratulated Mr. O'Brien upon his appreaching marriage to Mile. Raffalovich, and has promised that he will personally administer to the young lady the rite of Confirmation when she is formally received into the Church. The prospective bride is now receiving the religious instruction necessary to her acceptance of the faith of her intended husband.



A NATURAL REMEDY

ness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance. Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inshriety, Steeplessness, TRETONIO Dizzinesa, Brain and Spinal

PALMER KAS., May 14, 8889. Miss Granger, aged 17 years had frequent file and severe ones, a wild cry, loss of conscious-ness preceded by sharp report; suffered for several years; fits every week. First effect: prevention of falling fits from first dose on, then

gradual disappearance of attacks.

Mr. Euselius Hammel of St. Joseph, Kas., had falling fits every two months. After a short use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic has no attacks

JAS. CHRISTOPHORY, Rector. Our PAMPHLET for sufferers of nervous disease will be sent FREE to any address, and POOR patients can also obtain this medicine

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