연할 생산들은 학자가 회사를 가셨다고?

[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS] TAKE UP THY OROSS

Take up the Cross, low at thy feet,
'Tis thine, 'his I who placed it there;
'Tis needful thou shouldst feel its weight,
And with Me its screws share.

The Cross to Me My Father gave, I bore it long for love of thee;
This Legacy to thee I leave,
And ask thee bear it now for Me.

I bore it up the mountain side, Its heavy weight then bore me dewn; That weight, ah, how oft multiplied, By crimes not e'en the least My own,

The load I bore a share was thine. In love I came to set thee free; I sek thee now, pray don't decline, Take up thy Gross and follow Me.

In love I ask thee, take it now, Like valliant man without a frown, And I will one day deak thy brow, The Cross alone will win the Crown.

J. LENIHAN.

URIEL

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane.)

OHAPTER XXIV Continued.

They seldom or never left him alone, lunless it were at times when he called his little Uriel to him, and spoke to him in words which the child in all his after years loved to cherish and remember. Sometimes he liked to have them all around him, "his brothers and sisters," as he called the four; and though he could not speak for long together, he would look from one to another with his sweet kind smile, and tell them sgain and again how glad he was to have them with him. When he did speak his words were gathered into their hearts like treasures, for they bespoke a soul so utterly dead to all human desires or regrets, that to him, it was plain, a longer life would only have been a longer exile. Nothing seemed to enter there that could disturb the profound tranquil peace of one who was simp ly waiting for his summons. So thankful for the past, in which he saw only his deliverance from the thraldom of the world; so grateful you, to let her happiness go to wreck, as well for the present, for the circle of loving hearts as your own, and all for folly?" that surrounded him, so well content that for nothing to drag him back to hopes and deceptions, which had long been to him as dust "How do you know. Have you ever apon the balance. Every day one or other of asked her?" them took it by turns to sit by him and see to all his wants. They were all welcomed with loving courtesy, but it soon became evident that none knew so well what was needed in 'now, not another word, Geoffrey, you see tending the invalid as Geoffrey. Waiting on I'm tired. Leave me alone to settle things the sick is a gift, and Geoffrey possessed it my own way. I shall speak to Aurelia as in perfection. It required a strong arm to soon as ever I see her."
lit and support the gigantic frame which History does not rec could do so little now to help itself; but Geoffrey during the remainder of that day, Geoffrey's arm was as strong as his touch was gentle. Very soon his presence became others must not tie themselves to the side of simest a necessity to Uriel; he would look wistfully for his coming, and depend on him where or other, and take little Uriel with with the trustfulness of a child in the bands them. If Aurelia would remain with him,

with Geofray." Julian was sitting alone with Uriel, he remarked that the latter was looking grave what Uriel wanted was an hour with Aurella, and thoughtful, with an expression on his face more nearly resembling anxiety than he had been used to see there. He scarcely seemed to heed what Julian said, and had the air of being absorbed and preoccupied. "Julian," he said, at last, "I have been thinking about Aurelia; what will she do when I am

old castle. Never fear for her," said Julian ; " Au sure of that. There is a piller of strength

within ber.' I know it," said Uriel; "still, I wish-" different." And here he paused.

Sulian,

"Not often, indeed," replied Uriel; "all my wishes in this world are granted—all— ERVE ORE. "And that is?"

"O Julian, you must guess, you must see it-Geoffrey and Aurelia. If I could but see them as happy as you are, you and Mary; I ten ?" am sure about Geoffrey, but he will never speak. I can't be se certain of Aurelia, yet I should think se." who else could ever be worthy of her? If I could but leave her in his care I should, in-

deed, die happy."

Julian reflected. "I have long felt sure
there was something of that so.t," he said;
"Paxten gave me a hint about Geoffrey, and you know he has the eyes of an Argus. What are we to do? A team of horses would never drag Geoffrey forward in such a busi-

ness."

4 Why net?" said Uriel. "Why, if "Why not?" said Uriel. "Why, if what you mean, Uriel; what have I to do Geoffrey has anything to say, can't he say with Mr. Houghton's future?"

"Ah, you don't know him yet, if you say that," said Julian; "this diffidence in him no eyes; his happiness is in your hands, and self, or whatever you like to call it, is just you are not what I take you for if you sacrimonstrone. He would as soon or seener fice it." think of aspiring to the hand of an empress."
"Rubbish," said Uriel; "I hope it is not

all that senseless notion about the rank of the Pendragens; we should surely be ashamed everything else. Mr. Houghton has never of it by this time. Besides, if his sister is so much as hinted at such a thing as you imone day to be a countess, whe on earth should ply. Once, indeed, and only once-it was

mind and, abeve all, such a hobgoblin in person, that I don't think he would ever find courage to propose himself for the acceptance

of any lady, let alone your sister."
"Then I must find it for him," said Uriel: "I could not have imagined such a folly would have taken hold of a man of his sense. A dunce, indeed! why, he has the best head princely heart, and as to his person, why, if he did not choose to speak, I should; so really, I don't see what's amiss. See here, now, Julian, we must not let this go on; if and I will do my best with Geoffrey."

Acting in obedience to her husband's orders. Mary tried to open the ground with Aurelia, but found all her manœavres frustrated with he has the noblest heart in England; but, I a quiet dignity, which made all renewal of see how it is, he is not enough of a hero for a the attack impossible.

Urlel, however, was more persistent in his branch of the undertaking. He chose his said Aurelia, her marble-like reserve giving opportunity: a day when Geoffrey had been place to a warmer rush of generous feeling. tending him with his usual care, and when. having arranged his pillows as no one else lay, as it seemed more than usually inclined for conversation. "Can yeu stay a little?" said Uriel; "I should be so glad. There is something I wanted to talk about."

"All right," said Geoffrey, drawing a chair heside him, and expecting to hear something about their plans for the tenants.

"In the first place, there's the tenants. could arrange them, and lifted him into fancied I was thinking of another, his only exactly the most restful of all possible positions thought was how to make me happy. He has

Uriel; "my boy. You know, I have left you and Julian his geardians. You'll make him a brave, true man, like yourself.

Geoffrey: that is all I care for." "I will do my best," said Geoffrey, falling back on the old familiar phrase, "and Julian will de his. In Julian's hands he can't go "But I want him to be in your hands,

Geeffrey." said Uriel; "I want you to make him a strong, true, honest men. Julian is a thorough good fellow, no one knews that better than I do, but the hand that is to form my little Uriel's character must be that

dear eld fist of yours, Geoffrey."

"Indeed!" replied Geoffrey, looking at the member referred to, "curious taste, rather, but, perhaps, by-aud-by, you see—I am thinking of going to Manitoba."

"Going to Jericho, yeu may as well say." said Uriel; "now put all that out of your head, and listen to me, Geoffrey. See here, now, when are you going to speak to

Geoffrey looked up quickly, almost sternly, then with a calm voice and manner he replied, Never, Uriel."

Uriel propped himself up, and was preparing to speak, when Geoffrey interrupted

"No, Uriel, not another word, if you please; I can't listen to it. I did not think you had any such fancies, and you must banish them. If you see what I never meant that any one should see, you will understand me when I tell you that the heat thing I can do with myself, by-and-by, is to go to Manitoba. I must clear out of this, and begin life somewhere over again. Last winter made me feel that to go on alone at Laventor, after all that has been, is more than I have strength for."

"Listen to me Geoffrey," said Uriel, as soon as he could get in a word, "listen to me and don't be a simpleton. Time with me is toe short for such circumlecution. If you care for Aurelia, as I (believe you do, tell her so."

Geoffrey shook his head. "Impossible," was his only reply.

"But do you care for her ?"

"I fear so," "Then why don't you speak?"

"How can you ask me, Uriel? It isn't kind.

There was a pause.
"Leok here," said Urlel, "should you think it kind, supposing Aurelia cared for

"Care for me," said Geoffrey, "why, she'd him on earth there should be no future, as seen think of caring for a donkey. I wonder at you, Uriel."

> "Certainly not," said Geoffrey; need not have said that, Uriel."
> "Very well, then, I shall," replied Uriel;

History does not record what became of The next morning Uriel declared that the of its mother, and if any service had to be that would be all he should want. Mary redone which required peculiar dexterity one membered that she had promised the child and all would generally agree to "leave it a clamber among the rocks, and declared that Julian must accompany them, to guard One day when the others were away, and against breaking their necks, or being swallow-

secure from all chance of interruption, and had little difficulty in guessing how he would employ it.
"How Ury is growing!" said Aurelia, she watched the three set forth together ; was afraid he premised to be more of a fairy than a giant ; but he is getting at last to gone ? A lonely life for her, poor girl, in the look like a rosy-cheeked English boy."

"That is what I should like him to be," "national vanito B AD relia is not like other women. Wherever she thing, out, for all that, the English type is a is she will make for herself a noble life, be grand one when you can get it." "What do you call the English type!"
aid Aurelia; "it seems to me we are all so

and here he paused.
"You wish what, dear Unit!" said difference," said Uriel, "truth, fidelity, a "it is so seldom you seem to have a sort of a stloking to duty--you see it in our very railway guards. It is something that

wears better than a world of fine feathers." "Very true," replied Aurelia; "I never cared much for fine feathers, as you know." "Yes, I do know," said Uriel; "and I'm glad of it. And that just fits in with some-I want to talk about, Aurelia; will you lis-

"What a question, Uriel! Listen to you?

" Very well, then don't be vexed if I come straight to the point; you know I haven's strength for a lot of preliminaries. It is about Geoffrey," "What about him?" said Aurelia in a

velce in which an attentive ear would have discerned a tone of rather ever careful tranquility. "Do you want him ?" Aurelia looked at her brother, and only

said: "Throw him overboard! I don't know

Aurelia paused for a moment, then she said: "I think, Uriel, one should be truthful and straightforward in these things, as in one day to be a countess, who on carried should not he be good enough for anybody?"

"It is net rank, merely," said Julian; I thought he spoke a little unlike his usual thought our poor dear Geoffrey does truly and self, but it was nothing you know. He has never given me so much as a word or a sign, and, as you see, there is no more to be said

"I beg your pardon, there is a great deal more to be said," replied Uriel: "he won't speak because—well, I really can't explain it he seems to fancy no one would ever think of him. Most absurd, I should say, only you can't make him see it. But vesterday I I know of; as clear as a crystal, with a forced it out of him, and I told him plainly

now, I want your answer. But no answer came, and after a few minthey really de care for one another, we must bring them together. Set Mary at Aurelia, well," he said, "I see I was mistaken. I am and I will do my heat with Geoffrey." Forget what I said, Aurelia; it must not make a difficulty between us. To my thinking,

weman to care for."
"No, no, Urlel, you must not say that, He is, indeed, a noble heart, and if all you say is true it doubly proves it. When he fancied I was thinking of another, his only

He had approached them while she was Butternut Pills.

speaking, and at a gesture from Uriel had remained standing, and had heard her last words.

(1) · (1) ·

"Now, beaven he praised that you under-stand one another at last," said Uriel, sinking back on his couch, as one whose heart was relieved of a heavy weight. "My last earthly with it granted, and now I can die happy !"

Uriel Pendragon lived about three weeks after the event we have recorded. In the prospect of his sister's future marriage with Geoffrey Houghton he saw the fulfillment of all his hepes, and a security both for her hap-piness and the guardianship of his little Uriel. His oup, as he said, overflowed with gladness, he could only count up his mercies, and give thanks to God and the angels.

As to Geoffrey and Aurelia, their great joy came te them sobered and chastened by the thought of their coming serrow. Their long woolng, if we may call it such, had been but little after the fashien of the world; and its happy letue could never now be disconnected in their minds with the memory of the last weeks, the last days of Uriel's earth-ly existence. The solemn sweetness of those last days entered into both their hearts, and kult them close to one another. It is nameless pleasure, as a poet has 'sung, "to watch the sunset with the eyes we leve;" and as they sat beside the couch of their dying brother, one thought often filled their mindsthat it was like a beautiful golden sunset.

For some weeks he had been unable to leave his room; all the rites of Holy Church had been performed, and from day to day they could only watch and wait-wait for the eyes to close upon earth and open in heaven. The ineffable sweetness of those days, each one of which they feared would be the last, may be guessed by such as have known such a time of waiting; it is a swestnes unlike anything else in this world, and has nothing of this world about it.

One day he seemed to revive from the exhaustion in which he had lately lain, and greeted those who came to him with a smile that was almost gay. "Se much better," he said; "I am longing for the terrace; I want once more to feel the sea air upon my forehead." "But you are not equal to it, dear Uriel,

said his sitter. "Oh, yes, I am; it is only this sick room life I cannot bear. You remember the German story of the dying knight who called for his war-horse. The life-boat was my war-horse; I feel just now as if I could guide it rebuke to their own cruelty and profaneamong the breakers. Let me look at the sea once more, the beautiful sea !"

In order to save him the fatigue of mounting the stairs, they had arranged for his use a chamber on the ground floor; so that Julian and Geoffrey, taking him in their arms, found ne difficulty in carrying him to the colonial subtractions treated him. the terrace. "Let him have his wish," they said, "why should we deny him?"

He looked his thanks, as, with the utmost

tenderness, they laid him on his couch. "So glad," he murmured, "so glad to be here. Are you all here, too? Uriel and Father Adrian?" Yes, they were all there, and the child,

who had been playing on the terrace, came to his tather's side, and nestled close to him, holding in his hands a bunch of roses he had just gathered.
"My roses, papa," he said, wen't you have

Urlel took the roses, and thanked the giver with one of his bright, loving smiles, then he lay ellent for a while, looking at the sea, as it lay stretched out before him, with its intense blue, studded over with sails and sparkling breakers. "The beautiful sea!" he repeated again; "hew I have leved it! But I am going where there will be no more sea; only the crystal one before the throne of God, and the angel's wings reflected in it ! Angele Dei!" and his voice sank to a whisper, but they saw his lips moving, and in their hearts they all joined in the prayer he was uttering. Presently his countenance changed, and Geoffrey, who was supporting his head, looked tewards the chaplain. Suddenly and and to assist at a service which their consci-quickly the last summens had come. Father ences disavowed." Adrain understood the sign, and began the prayers for the departing soul; whilst here and there Uriel seemed to join as though he

was conscious of all that was passing.

It was a brief half hour, and then they all knew that his release had come, and their tears flowed fast as they beheld him lying with that wondreus smile of peace upon his lips; one hand pressing the crucifix to his breast, and the other still holding the bunch of summer roses.

Our story is ended, and what remains to tell will be supplied by the imagination of our readers. Uriel was laid to rest among the tembs of his fathers in the chapel of the Angels, and according to one of his last requests the union of his sister with Geoffrey Houghton was not long delayed. The question, however, had first to be decided as to their future residence. Was it to be at Laventer or Merylin? The little Sir Uriel was to be under their care, and it seemed as if he, the last helr of his house, ought to grow up to manhood in his father's home, and with all the associations of a Pendragon,

But Aurelia would not hear of it. "Gaoffrey shall never be asked to live in any but his own home," she said! "Uriel wished his son to be "Everything Aurelia," he replied: "If she said: "Uriel wished his son to be you don't see how it is with him, you have brought up by Geoffrey's hand, and under the same only do that by Geoifrey's direction. He can only do that by his own hearth, and living in his own manner.

Besides, I am longing for Laventor."

"My dear," said Mrs. Houghton, who was present at the family council, "I am afraid it will be a great change for you. What can you find at Laventor to please you after

Merylin ?" "For one thing," replied Aurelia, taking the old lady's hand, and kissing it tenderly,

"I shall find—a mother!"
"Ay, Aurelia," said Geoffrey, "a mother and a home are not had things to begin with. And you are right, I should not be myself anywhere but at Laventor. But how about Merylin? It must be shut up, I suppose, until Uriol comes of age, and that won's be for fourteen years. It will be dull for the

old place. I'm sorry."
"I am thinking," said Julian, "here are
Mary and I, homeless and houseless vagrants. Why should not we hire the place, and keep out the owls and bats till Sir Uriel takes possession? We must live semewhere, and I should like no place so well. There I could still keep an eye on the lifeboats."

"Aurelia at Laventor and I at Merylin!" said Mary, "what a strange idea! Do you remember, Aurelia, how you talked once, and declared you loved our little bird's nest better than all the towers of the Pendragons? How little we either of us guessed that we should ever be exchanging places!"

"I remember," said Aurelia, "it was the day I came to speak to Geoffrey about the chapel. And he asked Julian; and it was Julian's cartoon that found Criel. Hew wonderful it has all been; but it all began with the resteration of the chapel. It is really true; all our happiness, from first to last, has come to us through the Holy

THE BND.

The disagreeable sick headache, and foul stomach, so frequently complained of, can be

The Early Struggle of Exiled Irish. men in That Far off Land.

Christian Mission Hardships - The First Catholic Priest Imprisoned and Sent Back to England by Religious Bigots.

When Great Britain sent out her first care goes of convicts to Australia it never entered into the ideas of that enlightened power that such an attendant as a minister of religion might be wanted, and, as Mr. Marshall says in his book on "Christian missions:" "The first ship which bore away its freight of despair, bruised hearts, and wooful memories, and fearful expectations, would have left the abores of England without even a selitary minister of religion but for one individual, The civil authorities had deemed their work complete when they had given the signal to raise the anchor and unlesse the sails; the rest was no concern of theirs;" he adds something more extraordinary and more to our purpose still.

"Among the emigrants to the new centinent were some of those children of Ireland whom Providence seems to have dispersed through all the homes of the Saxon race, that they might one day rekindle among them light of faith, which their own long misfortness have never been able to quench, and they carried the first fruitful seeds of the ever-blooming tree of the

To these exiles it was necessary to convey the succors of religion. The first Catholic priest who arrived in Australia on his mission of charity, and whom the policy of selfinterest at least might have prompted the authorities to greet with eager welcome, was treated with derision, and was "directed," as one of his most energetic successors relates, "te produce his permission" or "hold himself in readiness for departure by the next ship." He was alone, and consequently a safe victim; and though, as the latest historian of the colony observes, "his ministrations would have been not less valuable in a social than a religious point of view," he was seized, put in prison and finally sent back to England, because his presence was irksome to men who seem to have felt instinctively that his proffered ministry was the keenest

This first Catholic priest was the Rev. Fr. Flynn, on whom the Holy See had conferred the title of archpriest, with power to ad-minister Confirmation. Arrived at Sydney colonial authorities treated him.

But a circumstance, not mentioned in this olever author's work on "Missions," shows who and what were those Irish exiles whom the priest had come to serve and direct in his spiritual capacity. When suddenly carried off to prison he left the Blessed Sacrament in their little church at Sydney. There the faithful frequently assembled during the two years which followed his deparature, as large a number as could muster to offer up their prayers to God and look for consolation in their sffliction. The visible priest had been snatched away from them; the Archpriest of souls, Christ, remained.

Rev. W. Ullatherne, now Bishep of Bir. mingbam, England, was afterward made vicar general apostolic of that desolate mission by the Holy See. He informs us, in a letter published among the "Annals of the Propa-gation of the Faith," how these poor Irish people were treated by their "masters" in Australia.

"It was forbidden them to speak Irish under pain of fifty strokes of the whip; and the magistrates, who for the most part ba-longed to the Protestant clergy, sentenced also to the whip and to close confinement those who refused to go to hear their sermons

In 1820 two fresh missionaries replaced Fr. Flynn. They found their little church where their predecessor had left our Lord two years before still in the same state; and soon the insignificant flock, which ever multiplies under persecution, began to increase wonderfully, so that twelve years later, out of the whole population of the colony—one hundred thousand-there were from twenty to thirty thousand Catholics.

Meanwhile the emancipation in England had secured their rights in the Brittish colonies. There was no longer the threat of the whip hanging over those who rejused to hear Protestant sermons; there was no longer fear of their missionary being sent back by the first ship to England. Hence the Holy See immediately established the hierarchy of the Church on a regular and permament basis there, Dr. Polding being the first Bishop.

This may be called an era in the history of the Catholic Church. A hierarchy inde-pendent of the State in heretic and even infidel countries is a modern thought inspired by the Holy Spirit to the rulers of the flock Christ to meet modern requirements. By this new system the long list of so-called Protestant countries was at once swept away. For no country can be called Protestant which has its regularly established Bishops of Holy Church, with their authority per-manently secured. Their dioceses cover the land, and the land consequently belongs to the Church, however great may be the number of heretics or infidels, and however powerfal the organizations antagonistic to Catholicity. The "people of God" are there, to multiply with the years, and finally absorb all heterogeneous bodies. The Church, as we saw, is a growth; ether bodies are orystallized and do not grow; more, they become materially and necessarily disintegrated by the action of time and the iriction of surrounding bodies, of spreading rosts and

living organisms.

This plain, unmistakable, eventual truth was the real cause which brought about the violent explosion of fear and hatred follow. ing directly the re-establishing of the Oatholio hierarchy in England. The opposing forces felt that their hour was come, and they could not but shiver at their approaching annibilation, small as was the body of the English Catholics at the time. But it is not for us to enter here on these considerations, which would call for long developments, and which belong more fittingly to the general history of the Church than to Irish emigration to Australia.

The few facts glanced at above afford first Irish exiles who set foot on that broad Island of the antipodes. It was only a renetition of the scenes witnessed at the same time wherever the Irish strove to propagate the true faith. Later on it will be our pleaagre to come back to this field and wonder at the growth of a bleeming garden which has

replaced the old sterility.

Of the other British colonies wherein a certain number of Irishmen began to settle at the time of the present investigation, no details can yet be furnished. It is easy to suppose, however, without fear of mistake, that the spiritual destitution and state of more or less open persecution which we have found existing in America and Australia presented also at the Care Calair at Value and Depressed Tracks, New York City.

Heaven-Blessed Marriages.

The fact of Catholics usually numbering more in family than Protestant has often been noted. The disparity seems greatest in the New England states, where the sturdy sons of Ireland are supplanting the relatively small number of the descendants of the Puritans who are left. This prominent instance has led many to write of this great fecundity as being peculiar to those of Irish nationality or Irish extraction. Such a conclusion is the result of limited observation, for the same large families are found among the Cathelies of French and other nationalities. That Cathelies are mere mindful of the true ends of marriage and are more bent on observing conscientiously the dictates of nature is as true as is the proverbial fact that Catholic families invariably outnumber Protestant families.

With equal confidence we assert that Catholica look with horror upon infanticide and all kindred crimes whereby the grand purposes of marriage are defeated or distorted, while many others, at most, only mildly dis countenance them in theory while practically they are fostered. With that much vaunted civilization of which we hear so much from its apostles at the present day in the ascendancy it seems the increase of population would indeed be small. The other view of the question suggests that there is a blessing from God attached to the Catholic marriage which is lacking in the marriage of Protestants.

With Cathelies the uniting of man and woman as one has all the solemn dignity of the divinely instituted sacrament that it is, and that our Lord made it when on earth. The Church imparts her solemn benediction to the couple, and children are slways wel-comed by the Catholic parents as blessings sent from God. With others there is little thought of God in their marriage, and the minister is not deemed necessary, but is calied in or not as conveneince or the fashion of the lecality may suggest. He is not necessary, and an infidel officer of the law can "tie the knot" as effectually, as it is merely a civil contract, and no other heaven-sent blessings are expected or prayed for than would be in the purchase of a farm.

Nor is it among the more civilized people that this marked contrast exists. The same blessings are seen to cluster around the Catholle marriage even among the Indians. Whereever Catholic missions have been established and Catholic marriages instituted among them, their children have multiplied and their numbers increased. The same is true of other races. A brilliant example is to be seen in the present condition of the Philippine Islands, the inhabitants of which have been under the civilizing and elevating influence of the Church for many years. The population has multiplied rapidly and developed spiendidly.

In the work of faithful missionaries on these islands we find a good illustration, too, of the marvelous influence of Catholicity in other ways, for the condition of the natives was one of abject degradation. When we look at this picture and then at the rapid decadence of the natives in other localities where the sects have exclusive control, our conclusions seem fully warranted by the facts, and not in the least over-drawn. Charitably trusting that the scarcity of children in Protestant families is due to the uncertainty as to whether either may not seek an earthly divorce, we pray God to continue to bless our country with numberless Catholic families of many children.

Campeachy Devastated.

by Leguna lake, which is separated from the Gulf of Mexice by several islands, the largest of which is the Island Del German. This island is populated, there being several towns there, the largest of which is Carmen. The cyclone struck the coast of Campeachy on the 19th, and a gale from that date until the 21st with drenching rain, devasted the seaboard the nening strong in Carmen that it pulled trees up by their roots and deposited them upon the houser, which they crushed like egg shells. The innabitants were terrified and missles of all kinds were flying about the streets, knocking in windows, destroying vegetation and keeping the people from seeking safety in the open air. The subtropical sea generated volumes of vapor, the very fuel of the cyclone engine and upon this it fed until ail the shipping in the harbor and about the island had been wrecked. Vessel after vessel was driven ashore. Twelve foreign barques were stranded, two steamships and twelve schoon ers and many smaller crafts were wrecked. The number of lives lost is not known.

A Pastor's Double Life.

CHICAGO, October 1 .- A Canadian pastor's double life was brought to light by the police last evening. At the Armory the rever-end gentleman, Frederick T. McLeod by name walked the floor of a cell detained on charges of adultery and bigamy. In another cell was his alleged wife, her eyes red with tears and her babe in her arms. Mr. and Mrs. Mo-Leod were arrested at their home or warrants sworn out by Mrs. Mary McLeod. of Central Economy, N.S. The complainant, a pretty blonde, said that Rev. Mr. McLeod married her two years ago while pastor of the Congregation church at Central Economy. "He was driven out of town not long after that,' she said, "on account of a family matter and came to Chicago. He has been here now two years, but I did not hear of his second marriage until this month. I at once came from Nova Scotis and had warrants for his arrest sworn out. I have one child, a boy, fifteen years old." Mrs. McLeod refused to make any statement.

Eight Wreckers Lost.

PORT BURWELL, Out., October 1.-The chooner Erie Wave went ashore helow Clear Creek some ten days ago. A wrecking party was organized to get the stranded vessel off They had succeeded in getting her off some distance from the shore, where she would float, last evening, intending to get a tug and tow her into harbor here this morning. A heavy gale sprang up last evening, and word was received here this morning that the scheener had capeized during the night, and that out of eleven on board of her eight were drowned. The names of the victims are Capt. Thomas Stafford, Robert Marlatt, Ed. ward Soper, George Bell and four others from Clear Creek, names unknown. The names of ample grounds for picturing the state of the three who su seeded in swimming ashere are: Thomas Baker and Seariah Vaughan, of this place, and Joseph Crawford, of Clear Creek. The sad intelligence has cast a gloom over the entire locality.

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MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT.
No. — DAME ELIZABETH GUERNON, Flaintiff; vs.
FRANCOIS XAVIER MARTITEAU, carter, of the village of Coto St. Louis, District of Moutreal, Defendant.
An action in separation as to property has been instituted by the Plaintiff.

MERCIER, BEAUSOLEIL,
CHOQUET & EARTINEAU,
Attornoys for Plaintiff
7.5

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