

the curtain, when it opened, and Nell Gower stood before her, attracted by her scream. Alice had taken yet one step, but that step made her seem yet louder than before, for it revealed the crouching, trembling form of Whitret Maobairn.

"Whitret! what's a' this?" cried Nell Gower, holding up the curtain and revealing the prostrate and ungainly body of the hunchback, stretched on the floor under the foot of Alice Wentworth.

The young girl stood still in the same position, as if she had not the power to withdraw her foot, looking down at the hunchback and breathing hard, like one who had known an adversary after a desperate struggle.

"Speak, woman," cried Nell, "an dinna stand there stertin down like ane whad's lost his speech at the sight. What mean ye?"

"Whitret!" ejaculated Alice; "he hath frightened me again; take him hence," she cried, "take him hence."

"By this time a number of persons had crowded round the door of the little cell, to ascertain the cause of the scream, and kept looking over each other's shoulders at Alice, wondering who she was, and how so young and beautiful a girl had found her way into that secret apartment.

Nell, who seemed in a moment to comprehend the cause of Alice's horror of the hunchback, and unwilling to expose matters further, motioned Whitret to withdraw, and suggested the bystanders to retire also, assuring them "It was nothing ava but jist a wee touch o' the nightmare the bairn had," and then, seeing Father Peter approaching, she raised her voice somewhat higher. "Stun back," she cried, "canna ye? an let the priest come here. Heigh, sirs, an wad ha thought ye'd be mair concerned aboot yer saul's safe keepin, the twa three hours leit ye frae the parish o' the enemies o' God's church, than glowerin there and speirin aboot wha deens concern ye. Hugh! ay, ye canna hear a word, but yer o' aff yer knees to ken wha's hilt, or if the roo's fallin. Gae we ilk ane o' ye, an mair yer sin bein; an there's yerseel, Grace Goodwin, that shud ha mair care, stannin wi' yer een fixed on the lassie, like a sickit rabbit!"

"Wha' hath he done, Nell?" inquired Grace.

"Dona? wha' done?"

"Whitret—hath he harmed the maiden?"

"Harmed the dell," responded Nell. "Grid leggles that I shud say it. Hugh! I wonder ye did na gae down to Hampton for the doctor."

As the inquisitive and wondering group withdrew from the door of the cell at the bidding of Nell Gower, Alice saw, amongst the last who retired, a tall, portly personage, wearing a coarse, black cassock, a small skull cap of the same color, and a confessor's white stole round his neck. As he walked slowly away, the crowd fell back on each side, opening a passage, and saluting him reverently as he passed.

"Father," said Alice, laying her hand on Father Peter's arm, and gazing at the retiring form of the tall ecclesiastic, "I would crave thy patience for a moment, whilst I confide to thee a matter of conscience."

Nell adjusted her hood and retired, as she heard the request.

"Thy shrift must be short," said the priest, "for it's well nigh time to begin the holy mass."

CHAPTER XX.

We must now request the reader to return with us to Hampton Court and witness such events as occurred there, immediately connected with the course of our story.

Without the aid of such details as we are enabled to give, the reader will doubtless have already learnt from the history of the period, that the two great subjects of Elizabeth's thoughts, during the first years of her reign, were the overthrow of the Papal power and the ruin of Mary Queen of Scots. To the accomplishment of these ends her energies seemed to be chiefly directed, nor can we find any thing in her public life or private memoirs so clearly indicative of her true character as the untiring assiduity with which she at last achieved them. Yet, when we reflect that her persecution of the Catholic church arose, not from a blind, misguided zeal for the cause of God's truth,—for that would be some extenuation,—but from personal hatred of the man who dared to brand her with illegitimacy and dispute her right to the crown, and that of Mary Stuart almost solely from jealousy of her personal charms, our wonder is, she could be so far lost to all sense of moral responsibility as to suffer such private plagues to lead to her sovereign power. It would seem, indeed, that she regarded the sceptre more for the gratification of her resentment than for the interests of the state. And still the wonder increases when we recollect what powerful ministers she had to deal with, and what ogeant reasons they had learned from the despotism of her father to restrict the powers of the monarch. But Elizabeth knew well her ministers were the enemies of Rome and of Scotland, and would therefore give themselves little trouble to inquire into the real motives that prompted her acts of cruelty. It was enough for her, if her ostensible objects were the destruction of Catholicity, and the removal of an aspirant, whose probable succession to the British crown would jeopardize their titles to the confiscated property of the church, and embarrass their efforts for Protestant ascendancy. She might be an angel or a devil in her heart for aught it concerned them. As long as she carried out their views, they had few scruples respecting the feelings which influenced her conduct.

If there are still some to be found in the world who believe Elizabeth to have persecuted from conscientious motives, and under a solemn conviction of the necessity of religious reform, such, no doubt, will find abundant apologies for her intrigues, and excuses for her atrocities. But we think there are few now hardy enough to adventure such a theory. The lapse of three hundred years has done much to cool down sectarian prejudice and religious fanaticism, and well nigh worn out the veil that so long covered from the sight of honest men the vices of the virgin queen.

Elizabeth had now completely recovered from her dangerous illness, but found she was more involved than ever in the difficulties she had herself created. The hints she had occasionally thrown out regarding a matrimonial alliance with France had brought a number of envoys from Catherine with proposals, whom, during her confinement, she was unable to receive; and now, as her first public appearance, one of these, De Fays, had returned to press the suit of the Duke of Anjou, she having declined that of his brother, King Charles IX. On the other hand, she had just received intelligence that Murray and his fellow-conspirator, had been routed at Biggar by Mary Stuart, at the head of a force of ten thousand men, and attended by the Earls of Huntly and Bothwell; and that the Earl of Bedford had been driven back from Oatfield, whither he had marched to support the rebels. She found dangers approaching her on both sides—the destruc-

tion of all her hopes in Scotland if she failed to counteract the movement of her rival, and open hostilities from France in favor of that monarch if she refused the hand of the duke. Indeed, it was only by a pretended desire of alliance with the house of Valois that she succeeded so far in warding off the arm of France and acquiring time to mature her plans for the overthrow of Mary Stuart.

It was yet the early morning, and Elizabeth had already written a number of letters with her own hand, and read through a pile of others she had just received, seated alone in her private cabinet. Her face was paler than usual, and her countenance expressive of vexation and trouble. Her ample head-dress, so brilliant when she appeared on all public occasions, was on this morning more gorgeous than usual, and lay back from her high and expansive forehead, exposing her features to full view, as they worked under the various changes her correspondence produced. Round her neck and under her ruff she wore a red scarf, fastened with a diamond clasp on her breast; and on the table before her lay a small crown or coronet, studded with jewels, and the royal arms wrought in silver on each side. It was evident, from the care she had taken to have her dress so scrupulously adjusted, that she intended to receive some personages of distinction. Never, perhaps, did she look so interesting as on this morning, her first appearance after her severe and dangerous illness. Her eyes had lost much of that intensity of look, which usually lent an expression of severity to her countenance; her cheeks and neck had parted with their freckles and their flush, and her clear, white forehead seemed the very type of chastity.

When she had finished her morning letters, some of which she threw carelessly on the table half read, and placed others in the drawer beside her, she took up a small mirror, set in a richly-carved ebony frame, and looked at her face in the glass for the space of a minute, and then scrutinizing it about her person, rang her bell.

"Announce Sir Thomas Plimpton," she said, as the master of the black rod appeared, "and inform our privy council that we meet them presently."

The tall, raw-boned knight entered the presence as awkwardly as McPherson, the Scotch Covenanter, once did afterwards in the court dress of Charles I. His long, aquiline nose projected from the centre of his pointed ruff; his knees knocked together, and chafed his crispy silken hose, as he approached; and his long, bony arms hung as stiff by his side as if they had been welded to his shoulders.

"Eh, ha!" said Elizabeth, as she saw the knight striding across the chamber. "By our royal honor, Master Plimpton, thou wouldst make but a sorry dancing master. Nay, nay, good sir," she continued, as Plimpton knelt to take her hand, "we dispense with that ceremony, and believe thee as liege and faithful a subject as if thou hadst been smacking our hand by the houn—the which may Heaven forbid. But to thy task, sir; we have little time to devote to thy pleasure. What news from Scotland?"

"Somewhat of the dullest, please your gracious majesty," said Plimpton, spreading his rough, brawny hand on his breast, and bowing profoundly to the queen; "matters have gone but ill in Scotland."

"We have already heard of the discomfiture of my Lord Murray and his friends," observed Elizabeth. "So, if thou art come to speak us on that subject, thy news will be rather stale for our ears. Verily, we had thought thy length of limb had made thee a speedier messenger." And she ran her eyes over his gaunt form, as if he had been a wild beast in a menagerie. Plimpton felt the contempt which accompanied the look, but dared not permit his countenance to show it.

"Please your majesty," he submitted, "I reached the palace at midnight, but failed to obtain any audience."

"And didst present thyself with buskins clean and hands washed?" inquired Elizabeth.

Plimpton bowed and replied in a humble tone, "My buskins were clean and my hands washed, may it please your majesty; but your royal equity, the noble Earl of Leicester, hath been pleased to bar my entrance."

"Ah, he deemed thee too late a visitor, mayhap."

"That could hardly be, gracious madam, for he had just come forth from your majesty's chamber. I met his lordship at your majesty's door, where I had been awaiting his exit for a good half hour."

"Waiting at our door," said Elizabeth, her brows contracting as she spoke.

"Nay, I humbly crave your majesty's pardon if my zeal in your royal service hath carried me beyond prudence; but I have been honored by your grace's commands to present myself on my arrival, whatever might be the hour, and I merely obeyed them."

Elizabeth's pale face grew red at the insinuation conveyed by the tone more than by the words of the speaker; but representing her irritation, and relaxing her contracted brow, she said, without any visible emotion,—

"Thou shouldst have requested one of our gentle-women, sir, to acquaint us of thy arrival; for notwithstanding that my Lord of Leicester had some weighty matters to communicate we should have postponed their consideration."

"Your majesty's ladies in waiting," persisted Plimpton, "had just retired when I reached the court, and I was therefore obliged to await the termination of his lordship's visit to your majesty's chamber."

"And he refused the admittance?"

"Ay, truly did he; and I crave your grace's leave to say, with as haughty a bearing as if he were king consort."

Elizabeth bit her lip, and glanced a suspicious look at the speaker.

"His lordship hath but small respect for your majesty's servants, be they dukes or equires," murmured Plimpton, taking advantage of the queen's silence, yet conscious all the while of the irritation his words were producing. "It's but yesterday he told the Duke of Sussex, your majesty's most faithful friend and servant, that your gracious majesty knew better than to receive him for his insult to Sir John Harrington."

"Knew better?" repeated Elizabeth; "ah, what meant he by that?"

"I know not, your majesty; I'm but a poor dependant on your grace's indignation, and little versed in such affairs; but the words of the noble earl have given much cause for our court gossip."

"Dare he speak thus?" muttered the queen to herself.

"And the Spanish ambassador, as report goeth," continued Plimpton, "had thoughts of praying your majesty to say if it were your grace's pleasure that all foreign ministers should defile their hats by his lordship when he passed, and hold his stirrup when he mounted."

"But Plimpton had gone too far; his hatred of Leicester was too strong for him to conceal under a show of regard for the queen's reputation, and his words, therefore, fell

short of the effect he intended them to produce.

"And if the Spanish ambassador," replied Elizabeth, smiling provokingly at the enemy of her favorite, "had prayed us for the information, we doubtless might have said that such honor to our army and right faithful servant should please us much, seeing it was only a proof of his great respect for our royal self. But how comes it, Sir Thomas Plimpton, that thou dost affect the noble earl so marvellously? Hath he been scoffing at thy ignoble blood, or laughing at thy ungainly figure?"

"Nay, your majesty," replied Plimpton, "but were it even so, it might ill consort with my humble dependence on your grace's goodness to bawdy words with a noble gentleman, so far above me, and so highly favored by his royal mistress."

"Well, to thy business, man; we've heard enough of this. Whither hath the Lord Murray fled, and what are his further intentions?"

"He is on his way to Hampton, to crave an audience of your majesty," replied Plimpton.

"What, sir," ejaculated Elizabeth, "a rebel to his crowned and lawful queen to present himself at our court?"

Plimpton looked up in the queen's face for an instant, as if he understood not the meaning of her words.

"The Lord James Stuart, now Earl of Murray, please your majesty."

"Ay, sir, we've heard thee."

"Your gracious majesty will remember," continued Plimpton, "how much the noble lord hath risked for your majesty's behoof, and doubtless will requite him accordingly."

"Risked for us, sir!" said the queen, in affected surprise.

"Ay, truly, madam, had he been taken at Biggar, his head had fallen a sacrifice to his zeal in your majesty's cause."

"Scath, sir," she cried, provoked at his thus pressing instead of ignoring the earl's claims upon her gratitude, "dost thou think us bound to save every madman who flurries his sword in God's cause and ours? We'll take his sword, and we'll take it all thy Lord Murray to run thus under our sceptre for protection, when he knoweth quite well that it will bring upon us the displeasure of France, Spain and Scotland?"

Plimpton stood silent for a moment, not knowing how to reply to this unexpected declaration. He saw the queen was resolved to repudiate all knowledge of Murray's conspiracy for the detronement of the Queen of Scots; but how she could have the hardihood to do so in his presence, the very man whom she made the bearer of her letters and her gold to these same conspirators, was what completely confounded him. He remembered, it is true, that these letters were not written by her majesty's own hand, but by himself at her dictation; still he never dreamed she could disavow the obligations they involved, to his very face, and alone, as they then were, in her private cabinet. "Is it possible," thought he, "she only intended to use me as a tool to work out her own selfish ends, and sacrifice me, if she failed, to assuage the anger of Mary Stuart and her foreign allies?" Plimpton, nevertheless, thought he knew well how he stood with the queen, and had taken precautions accordingly. He did not entirely rely for safety on the secrets Elizabeth had intrusted to him, but took care to ferret out others which she would have carefully concealed from the whole world, and had sufficient address to hint at them in such a manner as to excite her fears without provoking either anger or enquiry.

(To be continued.)

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**SCOTCH NEWS.**

EDINBURGH.—HEALTH STATISTICS.—The mortality last week was 72, and the death-rate 16 per 1000.

The inventory of the estate of the late Roman Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh and St. Andrew has been returned. It shows that he had £98 left after deducting his debts. He gave all his large revenues to the parish poor.

At a meeting of "the Edinburgh Gospel Temperance Union" of Saturday, some light was thrown on the customs of temperance agitators. It was stated that £100 had been paid to Mr. Murphy for four weeks' work, besides which his hotel bill (£52) was also paid. One of the members of the Union stated that Mr. Murphy would hardly go anywhere without a cab.

In the possession of a grand-nephew of the Rev. William Auld, minister of Manchinie from 1742 to 1791, has just been discovered a small MS. volume of 25 pages, which contains in his own handwriting the adulatory addresses which Mr. Auld used in the exercise of discipline. Among these is, in his own handwriting, his address to Robert Burns and Jean Armour in connection with their irregular marriage on the 5th August, 1788.

The temporary statue of the late Mr. John Brown, personal attendant on Her Majesty, executed by Mr. J. E. Boshm, sculptor, has been erected on a grass-covered slope on the side of Craighowan height, within the precincts of Balmoral Castle. The distance from the Castle is about half a mile. The statue is a cast in stucco, colored bronze, and will be replaced by the intended bronze statue when that has been completed by the sculptor.

The Queen has forwarded from Balmoral to Miss Dalgle, Aberdeen (the donor of the public park recently opened by the Princess Beatrice), two magnificent half-length engravings of herself and the Princess Beatrice. Both engravings are by Professor von Angeli, that of the Princess having been executed in 1875, and that of Her Majesty in 1877. The engravings bear the autograph signatures of the Queen and the Princess.

In the West Parish Church, Orkney, on Sunday afternoon, the pastor, the Rev. J. Hunter, intimated that he had prepared an anniversary sermon, it being five years that day since he came among them as their pastor but, owing to the smallness of the audience, he intimated that he would deliver it next Sunday. After the usual prayers and psalms the congregation was dismissed.

On Monday afternoon a woman named Rose Dunlop of Burt, wife of a labourer residing in Buchanan Road, Buchanan Street, Edinburgh, committed suicide by throwing herself into the Union Canal between Edinburgh and Slateford. She was observed to jump into the water, and though only three minutes had elapsed when she was rescued, she was dead when brought to the bank. She had been in a desponding state for some days.

**BISHOP GILMOUR EXPLAINS WHY THREE SISTERS LEFT A CLEVELAND CONVENT.**

CLEVELAND, Nov. 7.—Bishop Gilmour, of the Catholic diocese, furnishes the following to the Associated Press:

In answer to the widespread report that certain nuns had left a Cleveland convent, taking with them \$60,000, the undersigned would respectfully state: It is true that at different times during the past year three nuns have, at their own request, been released from their vows and returned to their families. They have incurred no censure. There is no unkindness between them and the sisterhood in which they were. They were simply dissatisfied with the religious life, and after a full understanding with the Bishop they were released from their vows and returned to the world. They took with them no money, nor bonds, nor valuables of any kind, nor did they seek to.

There is trouble relative to the tenure of St. Joseph's Hospital, commonly known as the Orphan Asylum. This property was bought by the public subscriptions of the Catholics of the Diocese of Cleveland, but instead of being put in the name of the Bishop, as directed by the laws of the church, a corporation under the name of St. Joseph's Hospital was formed. The management of the funds yearly raised for the support of the orphans not being satisfactory to the bishop, he demanded that the funds be placed under his control, as also the asylum which had been built by the collections made throughout the diocese. This was refused by a few of the nuns, who were officers of the corporation. The three nuns who left were not of these. The matter has been referred to the courts of the church, where it will be settled.

The departure of the three nuns had nothing to do with this trouble relative to the tenure of the asylum property or management of the orphans' funds. These nuns left simply because they were dissatisfied with the religious life, and between them and the bishop or the communication which they left there is not a particle of unkind feeling. These sisters left at different times during the past year, the first last spring, who is now with her brother and family in Los Angeles, the second nearly three months ago, and who is now with her father and mother in Tillin, O. The third is at present living with her friends in this city.

(Signed) R. GILMOUR, Bishop of Cleveland.

**THE POPE AND THE JESUITS.**

Rome, Nov. 8.—A silly report has been circulating to the effect that the Holy Father has allowed the Fathers of the Society of Jesus to remove certain documents from the Archives of the Vatican. The rumor adds that the documents refer to the historical dispersion of the Society by Clement XIV. A private letter from Cardinal Filtra to a priest in Paris, thoroughly explains the origin of the statement. The Pope lately announced to the learned and those interested in the study of ancient manuscripts, that he was about to order that department of the Vatican to be thrown open, so that the difficulty of historical correctness might be solved by any diligent and conscientious student. It was represented to the Holy Father that some of the more valuable MSS. ought to be kept in reserved cabinets, to which only students with special facilities might be admitted. The measure of security has been transformed by M. de Campello into a theft by the Jesuits, with the connivance of the Pope. The real truth is that no page of Church History is more clearly written than the so-called suppression of the Jesuits. There is nothing to conceal and everything to learn. But there are other papers in the Archives of the Vatican which will probably astonish those who have been in the habit of reading ecclesiastical history backwards, and which will throw new light and shade, too, upon such admirable characters as Edward VI., Charles I., and Oliver Cromwell. In any case the Society of Jesus, with its long list of saints and holy missionaries, has nothing to fear.

**TWINS BORN IN A 'HORSE CAR.'**

AN ILLUMINATED CORTEGE OF HONOR.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., November 7.—An interesting event took place Saturday evening in a horse car, which attracted a crowd of not less than a thousand curious people. A woman named Mrs. Annie Lutz, wife of Ned Lutz, lumber hauler, had boarded the car at Convent street, but she attracted no particular or unusual attention until the market was near, when it became apparent that an event was about to take place which does not ordinarily occur in street cars. Dr. Charles A. Johnson was summoned as speedily as possible. Some ladies present were asked to lend their aid, but none of them responded. Finally an old colored woman named Josephine Riley made her appearance at the doctor's side. As might very naturally be supposed, the mother was in a strange dilemma and inclined to feel badly about it, but she was somewhat reassured by the kindly tone of the physician. By this time the ambulance arrived, but it could not be put to an immediate use, as the doctor had discovered that there was further occasion for delay. In a few moments, however, all was well, and two fine boys lay side by side, coily wrapped in the colored woman's shawl. The doctor, learning that the mother readily dismissed the ambulance, and ordered the driver to proceed, two policemen acting as an escort to keep off other passengers. As might have been expected, the large number of other cars, which covered the track for a block or so back, and when the car started up, they followed a brilliant procession—an illuminated cortege of honor to accompany the twins home. Upon arriving at the humble residence of the parents an officer informed the father of his good fortune, but the guardian of the peace was not well posted, and gave the increase in the family as one only. "Lord bless," shouted Mrs. Riley, bounding into the house. "Here are two." "I hope there are not three," nervously remarked the astonished father. He was assured that two was the limit. Mother and children were carried into the house, where they were soon made comfortable, and at last accounts were doing well.

**AN ENOCH ARDEN ROMANCE.**

A HEAVENLY MOURNER AS DEAD RETURNS TO FIND HIS WIFE A WIDOW.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 8.—Forty-two years ago William Anderson lived on a farm near Barnesville, Belmont County. In 1842 he was married to Miss Mary English. They lived happily together for twelve years, and in that time eight children were born to them. In 1853 Anderson took the California gold fever, then raging in the States, and started on an overland journey to make his fortune, leaving his wife and children behind. At first he communicated with his wife, and sent her money, but as the years passed by letters ceased to come, and he was mourned as dead. During all these years the wife worked hard to support the helpless children. They grew to maturity—five daughters and three sons—and they all won respectable positions in society.

Believing her husband dead, Mrs. Anderson consented to marry Jesse Fowler, whose death was announced a few weeks ago. Before the second marriage, which occurred about eighteen months ago, she was wise enough to obtain a divorce from her first husband. One of her sons, George Anderson, even now a child, believed that his father was not dead, and often said that when he became a man he would go and search for him. Eight years ago he went to Idaho to better his fortunes, but also with the hope of meeting his father. His faith was not misplaced, for in March last he found his father, and they have been living together ever since.

A few days ago the father and son returned to Ohio. Mr. Anderson visits his children near the home of his wife, who is now in mourning for her second husband, but he has not entered her house, although he has conversed with her in the presence of mutual friends. He is described as a fine-looking man.

**A COLORED PREACHER SHOT DEAD.**

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 8.—The murderer of James Hawkins, the colored preacher who was shot and killed last night, was disclosed in woman's clothes. He shot Hawkins while the latter was at supper table. The police think Hawkins made love to too many emsile members of the Church, and that jealousy caused the murder.

**Review of Books, &c.**

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. American Edition. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 31 Barclay Street, New York.

The following interesting table of contents is presented in the October issue of this popular magazine: "The Baby's Grandmother," Part I.; "A New Post"; "From Tangier to Wazan, A Spring Trip to Morocco"; "The Millionaire," Part VII.; "The Story of a Little War"; "A Glance at the Present of Equality"; "October Song"; "Letters From Galilee, II.," "A Jewish Agriculture"; "Government by Fraud and Giving Way."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.—MacMillan & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Notwithstanding this magazine is but of recent birth, it has already sprung into prominence and has secured a place among the first-class illustrated periodicals of the day. Its many illustrations are admirable and of beautiful execution. Contents for November: "The Miller's Courtship," frontispiece, engraved by O. Lacour; "In the Fens"; "The Banqueting House and Old Whitehall," by Austin Dobson; "Brass Works at Birmingham," by B. H. Becker; "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," by J. H. Shortness; "Oysters and the Oyster Question" (concluded), by T. H. Huxley; "The Armourer's Pronounces" (story), by O. M. Yonge.

ANON'S U. S. MONTHLY. Published by W. S. Abbott, 232 Wabash avenue, Chicago. This Western periodical presents a fine appearance, and is full of attraction to the reader. Its illustrations are a prominent feature and are well executed. The contents of the November number are as follows:—"Our First Sculptor," by Maria E. Abbott; "A Strange Doctor," by Jane Grey Swisshelm; "The Tragedy of One Life," by Ella Wheeler; "Splendid Strategy," a story of woman's wit, by W. M. Baker; "A Grand Prayer," by F. A. Conant; "The Primeval Garden," by O. Morris; "Sentiment and Science," "Restraints, Cures and Substitutes for Drink," by Austin Herberner; poems, notes, etc.

THE MONTH. 48 South St., Grosvenor Sq., London, Eng.

A series of instructive and interesting articles are contributed by able writers to the November number of this first-class Catholic Magazine and Review:—"Martin Luther," Part I., by the Rev. W. Loughman; "Across

the Atlantic" from the pen of the editor "The History of the Alphabet," by A. E. Atteridge; "Chronicles of the Bastille," by Anna H. Osher; "Spiders and their Devices," by Marianne Ball; "The Book of Goshalt," by George Goldie; "Notes of Travel in Argentin and Modern Russia," by the Rev. J. G. MacLeod; "A Modern Swiss Artist," by M. A. Clarke; "Backfast Abbey," by Rev. Adam Hamilton, O.S.B.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST, 505 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo.

The second number of this new venture sustains the credit of the enterprising newspaper men who founded the Journalist as an organ of professional writers. It is replete with intelligence, particularly interesting to gentlemen of the fourth estate. We hope that its career will continue prosperous and successful, and that it will make its usefulness felt more and more with every succeeding issue. The articles contributed are: "Illustrated Journalism," by E. J. Biddle; "Sporting in New York"—"Hard Lines," by Stanley Humley; "Chicago Journalism," by C. D. Wright; "Dramatic Criticism," by J. J. Jennings; "W. F. Bluntzer"; "The Chicago Herald Trouble"; "Papers edited by emdowed writers"; Editorial Notes; National Editorial Directory.

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY, ILLUSTRATED. Historical Publication Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

The November number of this excellent periodical contains an abundance of valuable historical matter, with illustrations rich and profuse. The contents are: "Frontispiece," "Evacuation of New York," copy of Trumbull's Washington. "The last Cantonment of the Main Continental Army of the Revolution," by Judge A. B. Gardner, LL.D. The article is accompanied by eleven magnificent illustrations. "Treaty for which the Army Withdrew," by Theodore F. Dwight; "Lord North," an English caricature; "Historical Sketch of Pierre and Jean Laffite, the famous skippers of Louisiana," "Journey of the Golden Rule," by Frank D. V. Carpenter; "Gen. Houston's Indian Life," by A. M. Williams; Original Documents, contributed by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Minor Topics, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies and Book Notices.

In the CATHOLIC WORLD for November, Father Hecker writes of Luther and the Diet of Worms; Bryan J. Clinche of Ancient Irish Art; S. Hubert Burke of the early fruits of the Reformation in England; Alfred M. Cotte of the Franco-Annamese Conflict so little understood; Conde B. Fallon on Skepticism and its relations to Modern Thought; E. H. Clarke of Bancroft's History of the United States and Maryland Civilization; the Rev. Geo. M. Bears of the Betwixting-Comet. Tales and several notices of new publications complete a most interesting number of this valuable magazine. For sale at D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 275 Notre Dame street, Montreal. Single copies 35 cents, and \$4 per annum.

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