

Incomplete.

ELLA WHEELER.

The Summer is just in its proudest prime—
The Earth is green and the skies are blue;
But where is the light of the olden time
When life was a melody wedded to rhyme,
And dreams were so real they all seemed true?

There is sun on the meadows and bloom on
the bushes,
And never a bird but is mad with glee;
But the pulse that bounds, and the blood
that rushes,
Are lost forever to you and me.

There are dawns of amber and amethyst—
There are purple mountains and pale pink
seas
That flash to crimson where skies have
been
But out of life there is something missed—
Something better than all of these.

We miss the faces we used to know,
The smiling lips, and the eyes of truth;
We miss the beauty, and warmth, and glow
Of the love that brightened our long ago—
And ah! we miss our youth.

THE CONVERSION OF DUPUYTREN.

Ave Maria.

Dupuytren was one of the most celebrated surgeons of France in modern times. His readiness of resource in the most difficult cases, his piercing eye, his unerring judgment and hand, placed him at the very head of his profession. His remarkable talent had gained him more visitors than admission of all his confreres; but he never inspired his patients or his pupils with affection for himself. His character was harsh, cold, despotic. It seemed as though he had a sovereign contempt for mankind, and appeared to be content with wanting in those gentle and winning virtues which are the charms of private life. Dupuytren was a man of action; he was almost constantly at work, and there were few whose life was so full of usefulness as his. In summer and winter he rose at 5 o'clock; at 7 he went to the Hotel Dieu, where he remained till 11; then he made his rounds of visits, after which he went home and held consultations, which usually lasted until night.

On one occasion these consultations had continued till a much later hour than usual, and Dupuytren, quite worn out, was preparing to retire, when one visitor presented himself. The caller was a little old man, and it would have been hard to guess his age. In his blue eyes, his countenance, his gestures, his whole bearing, there was a happy blending of goodness, timidity and sweetness that was exquisite. In his right hand he carried a cane. His black dress and his tansie showed him to be a priest.

Dupuytren fixed his cold and gloomy look on him. "What do you want?" he asked. "Monsieur le Docteur," answered the priest, gently, "I will first ask your permission to sit down, as my limbs are somewhat feeble. About two years ago a swelling appeared on my neck. The health officer of my village—I am pastor of a parish not far from Nemours—told me at first that it was nothing; but it continued to grow, and after five months an abscess formed. A good part of the time, but I found no relief. And then I was obliged to be around a great deal, for I am alone to attend to four parishes."

"Show me your neck," the priest did so, and continued: "My good people have urged me to come to Paris and consult you. It took me some time to make up my mind, for such a journey is expensive, and I have many poor people in my parish; but I had to yield to their urgency, and so set out."

Dupuytren continued his examination for a long time. The sore was ghastly, and it surprised him that the patient was able to be up at all. He drew the lips of the abscess wide apart, examined the neighboring parts, pressing on them so heavily that it was enough to make the patient faint; but he did not even stir. When the doctor had finished the examination, he let go the priest's head, which he had been holding with his hands; then, looking at him steadily, he said, in his rough way, and in a tone that left no room for hope: "I must tell you, Monsieur l'Abbe, that there is no remedy for such a case as yours; you must die."

Without a word the priest gathered up his bandages and repaired to his room; Dupuytren still kept his eyes fixed on him. When he had done wrapping himself up, the priest took from his pocket a five-franc piece rolled up in paper, and placed it on the mantelpiece, saying: "Monsieur le Docteur, I am not rich, and there are many poor people in my parish; pardon me if I am not able to pay a larger fee for a consultation with Dr. Dupuytren." Then he added, very gently, and with a sweet smile: "I am at least I know my fate. Perhaps you might have announced it more delicately; I am sixty-five years old, and at my age life has a certain value. But I am not offended, however, nor have you taken me by surprise. I have long since been prepared for this. Adieu, Monsieur le Docteur." And he departed.

Dupuytren remained buried in thought. That iron nature, that great genius, had come in contact with a poor old man, without name and without prestige, who esteemed his life as of no value in itself; and in this weak and suffering frame the great doctor discovered a heart and a will even stronger than his own; he felt that in this courageous priest he had found his master. Suddenly he ran to the head of the stairs. The priest was going down slowly, supporting himself by the balustrade. "Monsieur l'Abbe," he called, "will you please come back?"

"There it, perhaps, one chance of saving your life, if you wish me to perform an operation on you."

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur le Docteur," answered the priest, laying down his stick and hat, "it was only for that purpose that I came to Paris. Cut and carve as much as you please."

"But it may be a useless attempt, after all, and it will be a long and painful operation."

"Perform the operation, however, Monsieur le Docteur; cut as much as you are required; I can stand the pain. My poor parishioners will be so delighted!"

"Very well, then. You are to go to the Hotel Dieu—St. Agnes's Hall. The good Sisters will do everything to make you comfortable. Take a good night's rest, and to-morrow or the day after we will begin the operation at an early hour."

"So be it, Monsieur le Docteur; I thank you," answered the priest.

Dupuytren hastily wrote some lines and handed them to the priest, who proceeded at once to the hospital, where the Sisters received him with the greatest kindness. On the third day, the pupils of the doctor had hardly assembled when Dupuytren arrived. He proceeded at once to the priest's bed, followed by his numerous cortege, and, at once, began the operation. It lasted twenty-five minutes, and was attended by considerable loss of blood; but the patient bore the cruel pain with unflinching courage. When the spectators withdrew, breathing a sigh of relief, Dupuytren said joyfully to the patient: "I think everything will go on nicely now. You must have suffered much, did you not?"

"A little, but I tried to think of something else. I feel much relieved now."

Dupuytren examined him for a while with the closest attention, and presently the sick man fell asleep; then the doctor drew the curtains around the bed, and withdrew.

Every morning afterwards when Dupuytren arrived, he broke through one of his old and long-established habits, and passed by all the other beds to make his first visit to his favorite patient. Afterwards, when the priest was able to be up a little and to move around, he took his arm in his and walked with him across the hall. Whoever knew the doctor before could not but consider this change from his usual hard-heartedness as something very extraordinary.

When the good priest was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey, he took his leave of the Sisters and the doctor, and went home to his beloved parishioners.

About a year afterwards, Dupuytren, as he entered the Hotel Dieu, saw the priest coming forward to meet him. He still wore his dark dress, but it was covered with dust, as if he had made a long journey on foot. On his arm he carried a good-sized basket, carefully fastened with strings. Dupuytren received him most cordially, asked whether the operation had left any disagreeable consequences, and then inquired the reason of his journey to Paris.

"Monsieur le Docteur," answered the priest, "to-day is the anniversary of your operation on me. I did not wish to let the 6th of May pass without coming to see you and bringing you a slight token of my gratitude. In this basket there are two fine hens from my poultry yard, and some pears from my garden, such as you can hardly find in Paris. I want you to promise me that you will taste these things."

Dupuytren pressed his hand warmly, and invited him to dinner at his residence; but this invitation was declined. The good priest could not delay, the sick of his parish claiming his immediate return.

Two years afterwards the venerable priest came again on the 6th of May with his basket. The doctor was touched by this visit. It was about this time that Dupuytren felt the first symptoms of the malady that terminated his precious life, and against which all the resources of science were ineffectual. He set out for Italy. Though counselled by the united faculty to undertake the journey, he himself felt no hopes of being benefited by it. However, when he returned to France, in March, 1854, his state seemed to be somewhat improved; but this improvement was only in appearance, and Dupuytren was well aware of the fact. He felt that he was a doomed man, and his character became more gloomy as the fatal term approached. In his last sad hours, that mortal solitude, that isolation that he had made for himself, served as a solemn warning. One evening, as he lay on his bed of suffering, he called his adopted son, who was in attendance in the next room, and dictated to him the following brief letter:

"TO MONSIEUR LE CURE, OF THE PARISH OF—"
"My DEAR ABBE:—The doctor, in his turn, has need of you. Come at once; you may be too late."

"Your friend,"
"DUPUYTREN."

The priest hastened to the doctor, and remained a long time in private conversation with him in his room. When he left the dying man, his eyes were moist and his face showed deep emotion. The day following Dupuytren sent for the Archbishop of Paris. It was on the 8th of April, 1854, that the great surgeon died. On the day of his burial the heavens were overcast, a fine rain, mixed with snow, fell all day, and yet an immense crowd attended the funeral services. The Church of St. Eustache could hardly admit the numerous cortege.

Holiness had conquered a man whose hard nature nothing else could touch. And to effect this neither arguments nor warnings were required; the example of virtue on the one hand, and the grace of God on the other, gained the heart of the great physician. The Blessed Virgin also had a hand in the matter, as the good priest expressed it; for the latter, after his cure, had not ceased to beg the Mother of Mercy to bestow the life of grace on him to whom he was indebted for the life of the body.

Sharp as a Razor.

Mr. Charles O'Connor, the distinguished New York lawyer, is particularly popular among the people of Nanuet, where he is now residing, mainly because he holds himself aloof from them. Nevertheless, they tell many good stories about him. One day he wished to be shaved by the barber who carries on business in the town. Like most members of his craft, the barber is rather talkative. He was vastly pleased to welcome so important a customer, and supposing that Mr. O'Connor would naturally have some preference as to the particular manner in which the operation of shaving should be performed he thought it prudent to make a preliminary inquiry on the subject. So he began:

"Mr. O'Connor, it's a fine day, sir. I hope you are well, sir. How would you like to be shaved, sir?"

"In silence, sir," thundered the Nestor of the New York bar, and the wise barber talked no more—Ledger.

A Fatal Mistake

would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood, or feasting consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs). Sold by all druggists.

THE INFIDELITY OF OUR DAY.

Remarkable Sermon by Cardinal Manning.

On Sunday, the 28th ult., his Eminence the Cardinal of Westminster celebrated his 75th birthday. In the morning at the High Mass he preached to a very numerous congregation a long and eloquent sermon in the course of which he said:

What is the state of the Christian world to-day? Of the thirty-six sovereigns in what is called the Christian world, only ten remain in unity with the Church, Europe, I was about to say the great nations of Europe, is actually separated from the Christian world or are only nominal in their adherence to it. I ask, then, whether there is not reason for the Christian Saviour weeping over the Christian world. The Christian world began full of life like Jerusalem; but is now in darkness of its own choosing. Why should not our Lord

WEEP OVER ENGLAND.

England, that has received such signal visitations of the life and light of God—England that received the Christian faith in its earliest time and lost it again by the influx of Saxon paganism? Then there was a multitude of saints and a few martyrs. England was filled with saints springing from royal blood. England was united by the action of faith, not of legislation nor of war. It became what it is by Christianity. Was there ever a people more blessed? Then came a period when the became strong, rich, prosperous, and the saints who had been many became few, and its martyrs became fewer. At the present day I know not how many sects and divisions there are, and between the breaches of these divisions faith is always oozing out. So that at this moment there are those who would blot out the name of God from the supreme legislature of the nation. Once more we were asked to undo some of those closest and sacred bonds which preserve the Christian family, and thereby Christian lives and homes. I think, then, our Divine Master has cause to weep over England, seeing the condition of our people. A Christian family is a holy thing, it is modelled on the type of the holy family at Nazareth. Surely, if we were to go and stand, as some have stood, upon the high northern hill which looks down over London we would have cause to weep. When we look between the East and West, we see some four million of men, and out of these four million

NOT ONE HALF WORSHIP GOD.

All the places of Christian worship in London could not contain half the population. Looking down upon the population of London, I am afraid to conjecture how many of the people who never were baptized; how many are living in homes which have never been sanctified by Christian marriage; how many are huddled together in one miserable room; how many children who know not the name of their Divine Redeemer; how many of these homes are utterly wrecked by the curse of drunkenness. I have seldom talked to you about it, though I can hardly refrain myself from doing so. I am afraid of being wearisome, but, if you knew in six months the one tenth of what I know in six days, you would not wonder at hearing me speak of it—the utter ruin of families—father, mother, or both together; you would weep over the state of London. What is your duty, you that know the truth, you that have had every blessing of your visitation? Do you remember the day of your Confirmation?—how on that day you made good resolutions to live good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Do you remember the day of your first Communion?—how you prepared yourself for it. How glad you were, how faithful; or you may have had a little thought and a little hope. The blessings of God lost, the day of visitation gone. Once more in the midst of your life, some great sorrow has been laid on you, and brought you to God. How long did it last?—did you read in that day of visitation the lesson which Our Lord taught you, or have you gone back to your resolution after a few days? Or, when you were going on some ordinary duty, have you come upon some ordinary sickness has come upon you, and once more you promised to serve God faithfully. What use have you made of that day of visitation? Has it made you more diligent in working out your salvation? How many graces are continually given us and wasted? Resolve, then, to lead good lives, to bring up your children in the fear of God.

NOT ONE HALF WORSHIP GOD.

TEACH YE ALL NATIONS.—A Proof of the Universality of the Church.

Rome, Aug. 15.—During the present year the Urban College of the Propaganda in Rome contains 120 students, who are divided into the following lists: Eleven Armenians, nine Syrians, five Syro-Maronites, nine Chaldeans; the remainder being of the Latin rite. Among these are reckoned, two negroes from Central Africa, one American negro, one Chinese from Shanghai, one Cingalese, twenty-two Irish, eleven Germans, six Albanians, one Hungarian, five Slavs, one Georgian, one Swede, one Dane, ten Greeks, two Persians, four French; the remainder being from North America, Australia, England, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia. The Greeks have a college of their own in union with the Propaganda, and are under the direction of the Propaganda, and attend its schools. The Armenians also will leave this year for their own college, which was established by Leo XIII by his Brief of March 1, and is under the direction of Cardinal Hassan. These figures certainly give a very vivid idea of the Catholicity of the Church.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 31, 1879.

GENTLEMEN.—Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and must say they afforded me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf.

THOS. G. KNOX.

Of far more importance than the National Policy or the Irish Question is the question of restoring health when lost. The most suddenly fatal diseases incident to this season are the various forms of Bowel Complaint, for all of which Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is specific.

THIBAudeau vs. MURRAY.

Pembroke Observer.

Some time ago we chronicled the final decision in the law suit between the Messrs. Murray and the C. P. Railway Company, in which the Messrs. Murray were the victors. As an outcome of their success, Mr. Thibaudeau, of Montreal, a former creditor of the firm, has instituted an action against them for the recovery of \$15,000, a writ for which was served some days ago by one of our town bailiffs. It seems Mr. Thibaudeau claims that the amount of the debt which the Messrs. Murray had the Company sued for was not included in the assets when the firm failed in 1879. This allegation is met and repudiated by Mr. Thomas Murray and the firm's solicitor, Mr. Thomas Deacon. What can have induced Mr. Thibaudeau to take his present course we are, of course, unable to say, but the fact of his attempting to compel the firm to pay him out of the judgment, recently obtained against the Railway Company gives a suspicious, if not treacherous, coloring to the whole proceeding, which might come from a desire for revenge. The claim against the Railway Company was in 1879 looked upon by both friend and foe as almost worthless, as the standing of the Canada Central Railway Company, financially, was none of the best. To say that the claim was kept secret is simply nonsense, as the press of the Ottawa valley, and, in fact, of the whole country, had, previous to the firm's failure, discussed the suit again and again. Mr. Thomas Murray, in a letter to the Ottawa Citizen, gives an explanation of the affair which is highly consistent with the facts of the case, facts which are known to scores and scores of people throughout the country. The proceeding on the part of Mr. Thibaudeau and who ever is urging him on looks more like a persecution than a legitimate undertaking. Below is the explanatory letter of the senior member of the firm and also one from their solicitor, Mr. Thomas Deacon, which we fancy are quite sufficient to themselves to set at rest any fears the friends of the Messrs. Murray may entertain on their behalf, and likewise put a pretty effectual damper on the proceedings of Mr. Thibaudeau. After reciting the main facts of the pending suit Mr. Murray goes on to say:—

"Now, sir, I consider the above a gross libel, which all that are acquainted with the facts will admit. The truth is, when the firm of which I am a member became embarrassed some few years ago on account of the general depression, that of the lumber trade particularly, a compromise was arranged with our creditors, including Thibaudeau Bros., of 75 cents on the dollar, to be paid in three equal payments. The first two payments were met in maturity, but the third payment, with increased liabilities had to be settled by a subsequent compromise of 25 cents on the dollar, cash. The claim in question was entered in our books, that were days if not weeks in Montreal, and were in the possession of the assignee, inspectors and creditors generally, to the debit of A. B. Foster, C. C. R., but the asset at the time was considered by our creditors, and I say almost everybody else, to be almost worthless, as the impression was that neither the late A. B. Foster nor the C. C. R. Railway Company were solvent. Mr. Thibaudeau knew well of the existence and the nature of the claim, as I requested him myself on more than one occasion to intercede with Mr. McIntyre to effect a settlement, and I look upon Thibaudeau's present proceeding to be most dishonorable as well as groundless in law or equity, and I may say, so far as I know, such are the opinions of all other creditors, some of whom were equally interested. I cannot view it otherwise than an attempt to still further deprive the firm of a claim that is fairly due, as has been decided after four years' vigorous fighting in all the courts in Canada. Mr. Thibaudeau's conduct, in the present proceeding, is most reprehensible, and I have no hesitation in saying that he is doing nothing to do with it, and his action must be calculated to injure the reputation of my brother and myself, as we are charged with fraud. On this point I shall see if redress can be obtained. In conclusion, I must say that I have reason to believe that it is also an attempt to blackmail, which in due course can be proven. I remain, yours respectfully,

THOMAS MURRAY.

(Signed) Deacon's letter, as will be seen by the text, was called forth by some false and reckless statements made in a recent issue of the Montreal Star, presumably at Mr. Thibaudeau's instance, for certainly some interested party thoroughly conversant with the case must have supplied the article, and given it the evil tone it wears. However, this is also thoroughly disproved by Mr. Deacon's letter, which is as follows:—

DEAR SIR.—In your issue of the 23rd inst., I noticed an article under the heading "Effects of a Declaration," which I look upon as damaging and unfair to my clients, Messrs. T. and W. Murray, and as the aim of an honest journalist should be to give facts in such cases, I wish to set you right, as the information you publish is false in every particular. You say that after the retrocession of the estate of the Messrs. Murray, they took action against the Canada Central Railway Company. The fact is they had taken action against the Railway Company about seven months previous, and had brought the action down to trial, which facts were well known to all their creditors. But the Railway in question at that time was looked upon as very poor property, and in proof of this Messrs. Murray have a letter in their possession written by the highest official of the C. C. R. Co., disputing the Company's liability, and also stating their inability to pay, even if the Messrs. Murray had a judgment against them, and that if the Messrs. Murray proceeded, the Bolckow trustees would be compelled to take action for their enormous claims, and the result would be that the railway would be sold out for what the trustees chose to bid for it, and other creditors, if any, would have to take their claims *pro rata*, which would probably be a mere song. Further, he says: "Just now, as a matter of fact, the Company is positively unable to pay your claim, even if the Coy. admitted it, which it does not." The account of the Messrs. Murray for fencing the road amounted to about \$22,000, upon which they received a few small payments, and \$4,400 they were obliged to take in freight, and finally the Company refused

to pay anything more. In making out a statement for the Assignee in Insolvency, this particular claim was scheduled with other debts that they considered had at the time, and if you take the trouble to examine the evidence of Mr. Charles Baillie, Assignee, taken here on the 3rd August, 1884, you will find that he distinctly states that when he received the list of bad debts in which the claim in question was entered, he made inquiry from some of the heaviest creditors and others having a knowledge of the debts, and concluded it was properly classified. Now you say that the Messrs. Murray omitted to mention it in their declaration. I would like to know how you obtained information calculated to affect the Messrs. Murray so seriously. They did the work in the summer of 1876, and after worrying with the Company till the summer of 1879, and seeing that there was very little hope of ever receiving anything more, is it surprising that they should class it as a "Bad Debt." I may also mention that they were advised to take anything they could get from the Company, as there were two heavy mortgages on the road, including rolling stock, &c., &c., one for \$2,500,000, and the other for 1,000,000. In fact the Messrs. Murray did offer to take \$5,000 for their claim, after they had obtained judgment in the Queen's Bench here against the Company. Indeed it was not until after the Company had appealed against the judgment above mentioned, and had given bonds to prosecute their appeal effectually, that the Messrs. Murray saw any chance of their ever realizing their judgment against the Company if it were sustained, and I may state that their judgment in my opinion would be worthless if they had not the security above mentioned.

Moreover, I would state most positively that the Messrs. Murray are not indebted to Messrs. Thibaudeau Brothers & Co. on one cent on their settlement of October, 1879, and they are prepared in any court and at any time to have the discharge obtained by them from their creditors contested, as the same was obtained honestly and above board. And this was the basis of their Assignee, Mr. Charles Baillie, as the following statement made by him in his cross-examination will show:—"It was my belief during the time the estate of the respondents (Messrs. Murray) was in insolvency, that everything was done straightforward and above board by the respondents, and that is still my belief. I do not think either of the respondents knowingly or intentionally concealed or omitted anything in the schedule of their estate furnished with a view of defrauding creditors." I know of my own knowledge that the Merchants Bank of Canada, one of the heaviest creditors of the Messrs. Murray, had the fullest knowledge of this claim, as I acted as solicitor for the said Bank, and also as solicitor for the Messrs. Murray in their action against the Railway Company.

Solicitor for Messrs. Murray, Pembroke, Aug. 12th, 1883.

THE INVISIBLE PALACE.

A certain king of India having conceived the idea of erecting a palace which should last forever, and being desirous of having it built after the Roman style of architecture, sent messengers throughout his kingdom to search for an architect. By God's providence they were led to St. Thomas, one of the Twelve Apostles, who was then preaching the Gospel in India.

"Are you a builder?" the messengers inquired; can you construct such a palace as our master desires, of Roman style and to last forever?"

"Yes," said St. Thomas, "I can lay foundations that never decay, walls that never crumble; I build roofs that never shake or fall. I can make windows that will always give light."

The king's servants were overjoyed at their success, and hastened to conduct the Saint into the presence of their royal master. The king received him kindly, and having heard from his own lips that he was able to accomplish what he had so much at heart, placed at his disposal an abundance of silver and gold, and then set out on an expedition.

No sooner had the king departed, than St. Thomas assembled all the poor of the district, and distributed among them the treasures that had been confided to him. When the king returned home and learned what had been done, he was very angry, and ordered the Saint to be apprehended and cast into prison.

It happened that the king's brother was suffering at this time from a violent fever. In a dream or vision he saw a splendid palace, and thought he heard a voice saying to him: "Behold this grand palace which St. Thomas has built for your brother."

On awakening, he called for his brother, and said to him: "You possess a magnificent palace which has been built for you by St. Thomas, the Apostle of Christ. Do you wish to dispose of it? If so, I will gladly give all my possessions in exchange. I have seen it only in a dream, but I have no doubt of its existence, though I know not where it is."

The king immediately sent to the prison for St. Thomas. He inquired eagerly where he had built the palace, and asked to be conducted to it. The Saint replied: "Everything that is built in time crumbles to dust; but what is deposited into the hands of the poor is enduring, builds up a palace in heaven, and merits an everlasting crown of glory. As Christ says: 'Lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.'"

Thus St. Thomas preached to the two kings, converted and baptized them, and with many of the people of India.—J. F. K. in the Indo-European Correspondence.

Mr. J. R. Cutbertson, Toronto, writes: "My wife had a very severe attack of Pleurisy and Inflammation of the Lungs about three years ago, and ever since has been subject to severe colds on the slightest exposure; in fact they were so frequent that her system was quite run down. She tried several remedies, but without any permanent effect, until she was induced to try Northrop & Lyman's Eucalypti and Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and I am happy to say it has exceeded our anticipations. I have no hesitation in recommending it as a ROYAL REMEDY for all affections of the Lungs and Chest, and for all classes of Wasting Diseases, and building up of Weak Constitutions."

THE BLUE LAWS.

A Complete Copy of This Famous Colonial Code.

The territory now comprised in the State of Connecticut was formerly two colonies—Connecticut and New Haven. The Colony of Connecticut was planted at Windsor, in 1633, by emigrants from Massachusetts, at Hartford in 1635 and Wethersfield in 1636. The other colony was settled by emigrants from England in 1637, and was called the Dominion of New Haven. The two colonies were united in 1666. The famous Blue Laws, of which a full copy is given below, were enacted by the people of the Dominion of New Haven.

The Governor and magistrates, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion.

From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

Conspiracy against this dominion shall be punished with death.

Whoever says there is a power and jurisdiction above and over this dominion shall suffer death and loss of his property.

Whoever attempts to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death.

No man shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be converted and a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion and that Jesus is the only king.

No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a Quaker, Alsatian or other heretic.

If any person turn Quaker he shall be banished and not suffered to return, but on pain of death.

No Quaker priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on receipt of ten stripes.

Prigats may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave, on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her children on the Sabbath day or fasting day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty unless he clears himself by his oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

None shall buy or sell land without permission of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to deliver him from liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor shall be set in the stocks or receive ten stripes.

Men stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above 2s. per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender £300 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be led out and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods and it burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall read common prayer books, keep Christmas or set days, eat minced pies, dance, play cards, or play out any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and Jews harp.

No gospel minister should join people in marriage. The magistrates only shall join them in marriage, as they do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriage, the magistrate shall determine the point.

The selectmen on finding the children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them in better hands at the expense of their parents.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10.

A woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Married people must live together or be imprisoned.

Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

The Wild Strawberry leaf is a good antidote to the poison of the green apple and cucumber. In other words, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a sure cure for Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Dysentery, and all Bowel Complaints, either caused by the irritating effects of unripe fruit.

D. McCrimmon, of Lancaster, writes that he has suffered with inflammatory rheumatism, more or less, from childhood, and had tried nearly all advertised remedies with but temporary effect. Burdock Blood Bitters have radically cured him, and he authorizes us to say so.

What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over 20 years, and I have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure."

CLARA E. PORTER.

Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

THE GREAT SECRET OF BEAUTY lies not in the channels or the tonorial art, but it depends upon good health, a fair, brilliant complexion, rendered so by pure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood, cure Scrofula and all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys. 25,000 bottles were sold during the last three months.