

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND BCALP.
whether (tohing, burner, blooding, a aly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with lose of hair, either simple, sorofulous, heredisay, or contagious, are speedily, permaner ty, economics ly, and in fallibly cured by the CUTICURA REME-IES consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Curs. CUTICURA SOAR, an exquisite Skin Furifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood a d skin Furifier and greates. At Homor Rem deep, when the best physicians and the other remeries Li. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infa little blood and skin purifiers, and d-by effect more great cures of blood and skin diverses than all other rouncides on bound Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75: SOAP 55n; RESOLVENT, 81.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Nam. Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases.

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily akin %3 presented by Curicura Sear. Backache, ki iney pains, weakness and rhou matism relieved in one minute by the celebrated Utricora Anti-Pats Plaster 30c.

#### BONNIE SCOTLAND.

THROUGH THE "LAND O' CAKES."

Glasgow and its Cathedral-Ayr and Burns' Home—Tam O'Shauter's Road.

You leave the Irish coast fading in the long, late twilight; and by five o'clock the next morning you are at Greenock, in the mouth of the Clyde. Here, if you choose, you can quit the steamer, take rushe up to Glasgow in all haste. But I'd advise you to stop on board,—would advise it especially if the weather be fair; for after two hour's sailing-steaming I should say, but I hate to confess it-you will have viewed the double panorama of the shores, stemming the slow current of a very handsome river decked with hamlets, villas, islands. And all too soon you find yourself made fast to the dock in Glasgow, where the air is heavy with furnace and factory smoke, and your ears half deafened by the din of hammers and machinery.

Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, is a city of vast weath, though it boasts but little beauty. It has more than a hundred miles of paved streets, and many fine buildings, both public and private; among the former are the new University and the old Cathedral; they are well situated, and surrounded by parks that look their prettiest in a very depressing atmosphere. Astonishingly presaic this city seems to me; and, under the circumstances, there is much of it. Gasgow may well be proud of her Cathedral and her University; for she is so eminently commercial that there is little besides these structures to interest the tourist, -little saye the river Clyde, thronged with shipping from almost every port on earth, while hundreds of iron vessels are being built along the river-banks: they seem to have been spawned, there,

on each shore, for miles below the city. The Cathedral, founded in 1136, was threatened with total demolition at the dawn of the Reformation. But the chief magistrate of the city-wiser in his generation than reformers are apt to beadvised the populace to erect a new church before they pulled down the old one; the consequence was that they grow so fond of the venerable minster that they forgot to erect a substitute. Thus Glasgow's one noble specimen of architecture was spared to it through the natural recovery of the people from the fever of fanaticism. The hundred and fifty-nine windows of the Cathedral have of late years been filled with stained glass, manufactured in Munich after designs by eminent British artists. Pootical in conception, narrounded a color, they are one of the chief sights in Glasgow. The choir—the only portion of lot to be standing in a churchyard full of his misfortunes? To be the literary for the chief sights in the lot graves. Poetical in conception, harmonious in the building now in use—is the of graves.

meeting-place of a body of Scotch

Presbyterians. As for the rest of the other one of descorated minster, men walk about it with their hats on, as if it were a stockexchange. Even the grand old crypt, with its groined ceiling supported by sixty-live columns eighteen feet in height-some of them are eighteen feet in circumference. -is a mere show for the curious. Here the body of St. Mungo, the founder of the See of Glasgow, was buried A. D. 691, long before the present structure was dreamed of; and there, let us hope, it will rest in The streets of Glasgow are crowded

with busy people, and towards evening there is an astonishingly large proportion of them unmistakably "tipsy." I have seen more men and women under the influence of liquor in one week in Scotland than I saw during a two years' residence among the wine-bibbers of Italy, T were is all that difference between the effects of whisky and of grape juice.

Ho, for the Land o' Burns! The way is not long, by train, to Ayr. It is the Sabbath, a great day in the Land o'Cakes; for the railway fares are cut, and everybody goes somewhere and does something as a matter of course. No doubt this is the one breathing spell of the hundreds of thousands of toilers who speed six days per week in the grimy factories of the grimy burgh.

It seems as if all the world were going to Burns' Land this morning, when I went thither. The Scotch mist, which has a knack of felling sidewise into one's neck and climbing up under one's coat sleeves, it is a wholesome and a familiar feature hereabout. Car loads of children, with tin cups tied about their necks children are such insatiate drinkers,and having four sandy heads to every six of them, sang, laughed and cheered till they came to some station by the shore or the Frith of the Clyde; and there they broke loose like a flock of wild goats, and went bounding over the fences

We had still a large body of excursionists when we came to Ayr, notwithstand- small panes of glass in it looks out upon ing we had been scattering them by the a homely garden behind the house. wayside ever since we left Glasgow. With the right of the window is a cup-board banners, fifes and drums, we fell into line, and just beyond it, there in a corner of and marched through the clean little the room, is a recess only as deep as the town toward Burns' cottage, two middy marrow ball, and just big enough to admit miles away. Every inch of the road is precious to the lovers of the poet. Let poet was born!

the "Twa Brigs," how the new bridge with its handsome arches of hewn stone, of blind beggars, who sit blinking at the sun, with their legs stretched out in front of them half-way across the passage, and each with a large "blind-Bible" upon his lap. As you approach within hearing of these helpless mendicants, they begin industriously fingering the rows of raised letters, and reciting the Gospel in a loud voice. There is neither dignity nor reverence here; yet somehow the heart is touched, and the clinking coppers are showered upon the readers.

At the very edge of the town we strike into the road Tam OShanter followed the night of his eventful ride. There is a little bridge over a stream, but Tam crossed here by

"The ford Where in the snow the chapman smoor'd." Just beyond this point we pass the cot-

tage in whose garden were "The birks and mickle stane Where drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane,"

"Mungo's inither hang'd hersel "

is close by the banks of the Doon. Next we reach the cottage where Burns was born; a quarter of a mile farther on, the ruin of

" Alloway's suld baunted kirk...'

I little farther still, and we come upon the Doon, and see the old bridge whose keystone Tam O'Shanter made haste to gain; for he knew the witches feared to cross a running stream, and so he was safe at last.

In a single hour you may grow familiar with the scenery of that poem; for it is all here, and just as the poet described it. The "Brig o' Doon" is half covered with ivy. Its one high arch spans a rapid stream, that flows between orchards and gardens. Each one, as he paces the gravel paths that follow the edge of the water, hums to himself:

"Ye banks and bracs o'bonnie Doon.
How can ye bloom sac fresh and fair ?"

Ic's a fact! I've heard it twenty times with my own ears, and have caught myself joining in the low-voiced chorus.

The place was full of folk to-day. Bagpipes whined and snored lustily. Scotch lads, in brief petticoats, with big bar-knees, and monstruous calves cased in plaid stockings, danced the highland fling under the monument erected to the memory of Burns, on the hill above the Doon. Scotch lasses in full plaid skirts, with long plaid sashes thrown over onshoulder, their bright locks topped with Tain O'Shanter bonnets, joined in the fling, and put some of their masculine rivals to the blush.

A fine-old gentleman, who was bent nearly double with the weight of years. saluted me with great dignity; and as I returned his salutatation, he deffed his hat and carried it all over the premises, while in a trembling voice he recited Tam O Shanter "; and recited it so well that I couldn't understand more than one word in a dozen. Idlers gathered dont us-men, women and children,listening with breathless interest. "Here he stood, said the old gentleman, referring to Tam, "and looked through his window, which you see is now walled up. And there, in that very niche--do you see it?"-with this be dragged me to an opening in the wall, and pointed it out again, while he dropped into his monotonous sing-song and continued:

There sat Auld Nick, in shape o beast: A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large; To gie them music was his charge. He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirt, Till roof and ratters at did dirl."

And then he laughed at the idea of a church full of dancers; and the laugh

other one within its uncovered walls.  $\Lambda$  encourage self-respect in the blosom of a marble trough set against the roots of country lad, who was, to put it mildly, a the outer tree extends through the wall into the church; this was originally the to the day of his death. From twentybaptismal font; it is still filled with rainwater by the little streams that trickle down the tree's bark into the hollow of

Near at hand is the tomb of the poet's father, with the epitaph written by Burns, beginning,

Oye whose cheek the tear of pity stains, Draw near with pions revirence and attend!

Not far from it is the grave of Douglas Graham, the original of Tam O'Shanter. A footpathlies directly over this grave,a path worn deep by the feet of thousands who annually visit the spot. Our printed Guide states that Graham, who was called "Tam" to his dying day, now lies buried with his wife Kate, in Kirkoswald churchyard, near the farm of Shanter; out the old gentleman at Alloway pointed the headstone, and said that the dust of the only original Tam O'Shanter lay beneath.

The cottage where Burns was born is a small-roofed, "clay bigging," with two rooms on the ground-floor; it was built by the poet's father's own hands. It stands directly on the road-side, and has over the door a portrait of the poet and the following inscription: "Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born under this roof, the 25th of January, A. D. 1759. Died A. D. 1796, aged thirty-seven and a half years." The property has been bought by the corporation of shoemakers in Ayr, and is now devoted " to the sanctitication of the national genius and the consumption of national liquor."

Let us enter the living room. It is about fourteen feet square; a kettle swings over the coals in a great fire place at one end of the room: the hot water is for the accommodation of those who prefer a steaming stimulant. . There are racks full of blue-figured dishes ranged upon one wall; a window with four

Nowadays snow-white curtoins are "Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honost lads and bonnle lasses."

Here are the "Twa Brigs," sung by
Bobbie himself. You will remember, in

foot of the alcove, between it and the hall door, stands a tall, old-fashioned clock; the hall door is only high enough years its senior. The old bridge, sive hundred years its senior. The old bridge, so narrow that it is used only as a footpath over the stream, was built in the latter mixing toddy and carrying brimming part of the thirteenth century by two glasses to impatient customers. Every maiden ladies. It is the favorite resort thing about the place is as homelike as it thing about the place is as homelike as it we were members of one big surprise party, dropped suddenly in upon the Burrses, and only to find the whole fami-

ly absent. There is music in the street—bagpines, blind-fiddlers, and one vagabond handorgan. An opposition house over the way, where nobody seems to have been born, is doing a brisk business, because there are not hands enough at the Burnses to supply the demand. Those mushle to enter either house might have been dult enough;

"But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, Put Hie and mettle in their heels! "-

to quote Tam O'Shanter once more, How can any one be duil to the long-winded nasal blare of your native-born bagpipe In the room next to the poet's nurserylet us retreat into the Burns cottage for one moment more—you can get paper-folders, penholders, cups, napkins-rings, and a hundred pretty keepsakes, "war ranted made of wood grown within the railing at Burns' monument," or "on the banks of the Doon," or near Alloway Kirk." These are carried away by the

cord every month-and not one of them

but answers its purpose, be it never so great a fraud. One wonders why the monument is thought so much of, imasmuch as Burns was buried at Dumfries, some miles way. To be sure, there are a few relica at the monument,—a very few; and everyone who visits Ayrshire feels in duty bound to climb into the small cupola, and smuggle a leaf or two out of the garden below, in memory of the well-beloved poet. And why is this the case, I wonder? No doubt it is because there is not a glimpse of the pastoral lauscape hereabout but has again and again gladdened the poet's eyes—we are perfectly sure of this fact! The ripple of the Doon youder, the whir of the leaves, every bird note that breaks the silence,these are but echoes of the voices of Na ture from which he drew his inspiration. His baby feet pattered across that threshold; his boyish rambles lay among these meadows and beside that purling stream; and here he toiled and suffered poor enough, God knows, yet not

unhappy' It was over at Tarbolton, in his eighteenth year, that he met "Highland Mary"; and there, standing one on each side of a small brook, they laved "there hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronunced a vow of eternal constancy." Alas! that was their final parting. On the anniversary of her death the poet, who had all day been at work in the fields, and returned silent and dejected, wondered forth into the frosty night, and was seen to act like one wrapped in a deep dream. His watchful mother earnestly has night him to re-enter the house; and two hours later, when he did so, he want to his little desk in the corner and wrote those memorable lines, the nobility and purity of which should atone for a multitude of sins .

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray, That loves to greet the early morn, Again thou usherest in the day My Mary from my soul was forn?"

At Kirkoswald, in his nineteenth year. he studies mensuration, and first became acquainted with scenes of swaggering and riot." Ah, but that was a world day! At twenty-three he removed to Irvine. Carlyle says: "His scheme of establishing himself at Irvine seems to have been honest and well calculated. Doubtless,it failed; yet not, we believe, from any vice inherent in itself. His was no bankruptcy of the purse, but of the soul!

A tree grows beside the old kirk; and cast from day to day, is not calculated to child of nature, and simplicity itself even five to (wenty-eight he resided at Marsgiel, and these years are spoken of as being 'years of dissipation and degradation." Yet his genius was then in tuli flower; he composed at this time his "Halloween," "Address to the Deil," "Jolly Beggars," "The Vision," and "The Cotter's Saturday Night, '-that most touching memory of his own early life by the fireside in the rustic cabin we acve just visited.

It was at Muchline that Burns mar ried Jean Armour, who had borne him three children. All these villages lie within a half-dozen miles of one another. They are easy of access. Is it any wonder, then, that the land swarms with pilgrims, who gather about the haunts associated with the memory of Scotia's "darling Bobbie," and linger there lovingly, and think of him all the while with the clastic sympathy that one man naturally feels for a fellowmember of the great, frail human family ?-Charles Warren Stoddard, in the Are Maria.

#### Irish Literary Society in London.

The Irish Literary Society of London is shaping itself splendidly under the anspices of an earnest working comnuttee of Irish literary men who have already given proof of the wholesome capacity that is in them. The inaugural public meeting will be held in a central hall in the West-End on the return of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy from the Medi-terranean shore. The late Southwark Irish Club has presented its valuable collection of books to the new and larger organization, and donations of volumes (from the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., amongst others) are pouring in, so that the institution will start with the nucleus of a sound library. That Irish-men and Irishwomen of all shades of opinion may meet on a common ground is proved by the first list of members, which includes such names as Lady Wilde, Mrs. Sophie Bryant, Miss Katharine Tynan, and Miss Charlotte O'Brien, Sir Charles Russell, Michael Davitt, Jus-

arly and indefatigable hon secretary, T. W. Rolleston, infinite credit is due. Major McGuinness is the trusty trea-

direct from our factory. Free delivery to any part of Canada. Samples replated at dozen rate to show work.

THE CANADA PLATING CO'Y, 763 Craig St.

-Of Course She Was One!-Popular Novelist-"I only know two women who are absolutely perfect." Her friend-"Who is the other one?"



# Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incl-dent to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizzinesa, Naussa, Drowsinesa, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While

Headache, yet Carren's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

Ache they would be almost priceless to these who suffer from this distressing complaint: but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these liking pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carren's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In viais at 25 cents: five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CASTER KERLINE CO., New Yerk.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



Standing 19. Dec. 5, 50. Pastor Legally Nerve Serie in the very best f lever over former. I certainly discount a great meaning to sully a on a wheth I. May the bless tig of Goldberg on it. Years a not respectfully, SISVID OF 131 I HANCIS O. S. I.

ST. ACTIO SY ASSELM, BERROTT, July 37, 1886. [Color Rev. Vol. or Priodhand of St. Joseph thereby of this ety, colled our intertion to Pactor to hits Nerve Pouls, the loy for When I great and the mena me had been suffer ing 1-year to many from Epineps. He is about 17 years (1), and find an at one notify every day; but seems he has been using the Nord Todds Long that a love for been we often and deliber. In its actived that the natural methodous had good, and that it will eventually can him.

Eith. SYLVESTER. cure him.

A Valuable Book on Nervois-biseases sent free to any addi-and poor patients can also of that this medicine free of charge. ly has been prepared by the 155-er, of Fort Wayne, and, stace (85), a Junderhi, direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, III. 5. 17 for Demondists of \$1 per Bottle. 64 c on sign. 81.75. filluitles for \$0.



become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build hem up, by the use of

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda. Palatable as Milk. AS & PREVENTIVE OR

TURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

## CARPETS!!

This Spring Opening pronounced by connois-sours to be the Finest ever shown in this Market. Carpets for the most cultivated desires in crt.
Carpets for the thrifty and humble housenolder, noticer, Carpets that will look and wear well at moderate prices, Carpeting houses of every description a specialty Carpening indices of Carpening indices of Carpeting of Institutions and Public Buildings carefully attended to.
Church and office Carpets, special designs, Curtains, Shades and Draperles.
Rugs, Mats and Arl Squares,
Anglo-Indian Bordered Carpets.

Thomas Ligget, 1884 NOTRE DAME ST.

GLENORA BUILDING.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

"UNIVERSITY EXTENSION."

Major McGuinness is the trusty treasurer.—London Universe.

LADIES, -We secured three first prizes and diplomas at Montreal, Ottawa and Sherbrooke, 1801, for the extra quality of our manufacture of Silver-Ware and replating old goods equal to new. We supply private families and Hotels direct from our factory. Free trust of the Extra Cantibular is several very able articles. The first one, by Mr. Josha H. Penneman, of the University Extension, in a caborate and practical treatise. The next contribution is from the pen of Mr. Frederick J. Turner of the University of Wisconsin, on "Extension teaching in Wisconsin," Then comes a short paper on "University extension work in Mathematers, with the entitonal notes we have a really five number in this April one.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The Cothelic World, for April 1892, is very valuable; exceedingly so. There are a few gems on poetry, such as "At Easter Time," by M. F. Egan, and 'Heroes of Holy Church," by Geo. F. X. Griffith. Between the "Talk about books," and the editorial notes there is a fund of most instructive Catholic reading. But as far as the principal articles are concerned, we need but mention a few and the names of the writers to guarantee anyone taking the magazine, a real literary feast. "What Nature says of its Creator," by Rev. John S. Vunchan; "A House of Shadows," by Rev. Wm. Barry, D.D.; "Columbus in Portugal," by Rev. L. A. Dutte; "John Gilmary Shea," by Mare F. Vallette; "Human Certitude and Divine Faith," by Right Rev. F. C. Chatard, D.D.; "The Ancient City of Dublin," by Katharine Tynan, and a number of other most valuable contributions, make of April Catholic World a magnificent number. It should be found in every Catholic family. The Cothelic World, for April 1892, is very THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

a magnificent number. It should be found in every Cathodic family.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

It is rich contribution to the discussion of the leading topics of the day. The rounded and ample manner in which important matters are analyzed by men of distinction, whose opinions are authoritative and to whom the public eager by listen give peculiar weight to this influencial publication. In the first article, "The Man, or the Party "significant, entertaining, and instructive expressions of opinion are to be found from Senators QUAY and V KST, and from Representailves Boutelle. Burnows, Wilson and Kilgork. The demand for strong and upright party leadership as well as for clear platforms of principle are set forth. In "The Poet of Democracy" John Burkroughis writes in his graceful and popular style of Walt. Whitman Our minister to Russia, Charles Kingry Smith, gives a graphic account of the causes of the famine, the present condition of the land, and the measures of relief, presenting many fucts not before clearly understood, in his article, "The Famine in Russia." Senator Stewart, of Nevada, the chief upholder in our National Legislature of the rights of silver, presents with force the case against "The Ruie of the Gold Kings." Gen. R. F. Butler writes with spirit in "The Herhing Sea Controversy" of the claims of this country, turning his attention largely to the capacity of the United States to lake care of itself in case of war. On the same question The Manquis of Lounce urges with frank conviction that Great Britain is in the right, and expresses his confidence in the results of arbitration. Goldwith Smith is popular govennment. Journ RUSSELL, Volum, our lete Mini ter to China, in "The Chinese Question Again," urges a friendly policy, in opposition to that of exclusion and cannity, towards the great empire, No one is better qualified to speak of social matters in Englicon

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

THE LADIES' HOME JOUENAL.

About none of the magazines of this month seems there to be such a freshness of spring time as the May Ladies' Howe hourned goes out to its hundreds of thousands of readers laden with song, story, and a wealth of good material. The number opens with "A Day in Patit's Castle," written by Florence Wilson This article is accompagnied by drawings and engravings taken from photographs made specially for the Journal by Madame Patthnesself. Mrs. John Wanamaker gives a strong paper on "The Patient Work of Motherhood;" Mrs. William Ewart Gladstone contributes her second article, "Hints from a Mother's Lafe," and Miss. V. Stuart Mosty furnishes an interesing sketch, with portrait, of the wife of ex-Senator Ingalis. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-President of Wellesly College, is delightfully, written of by Kate Upson Clark, and Mrs. L. B. Walford gives in a charming description of "An American Guita Court," Two good Illustrated short stories, "A Modern Martyr," by Madeline S. Bridges, and "A Privileged Person," by Caroline Atwater Mason, provide good fletion, and the poetry is by such well-known poets as Flavel Scott Mines, Mary Alinge de Vere and Clifford Trembly. "The Duemes," writes of "When I was a Girl;" Mrs. Beecher continues her reminiscences of "The Nauting of a Country House;" Mrs. Burton Kingsland of "Ideas for Pretty luncheous," and Robert J. Burdette discourses on the dehpits (7) of May. Palmer Cog gives a full page of his infinitiable Brownies; Mrs. Mallon devoles several pages to summer and graduation gowns, and Miss. Haywood writes of "Tonester Datoline" in The Talman gives a full page of his infinitable Brownles; Mrs, Mallon devoles several pages to summer and graduation gowns, and Miss Haywood writes of "Tapestry Painting;" Dr. Tahnage, Mrs, Lyman Abbot, Mrs, Bottome, Miss Scovil, Miss Parloa, Miss Hooper, Buth Ashmore, Foster Coates and Eben E. Rexford fill their departments with all that is interesting and instructive. Altogether the May Journal is more than usually attractive, and no woman een afford to be without it. Published by the Curtts Publishing Company of Philadelphia, for Ten Cent per number, and One Dollar per year.

THE "WESTMINSTER REVIEW."

THE "WESTMINSTER REVIEW."

Pensions for the poor and for old age, or "Mr. Chamberlain's Pension Scheme," by Thomas Scaulon is the opening article in the "Westminster Review" for April, Mr. Scanlon writes from the position of the Friendly or Beneficial Societies, and his paper is a thoughtful and valuable contribution to the study of state and in old age. Mailfilds M. Blake contributes a novel paper on "The Lady and the Law," in which she presents some interesting suggestions on the legal status of women. Her acticle has had the approval or the Lord. Chief Justice of England, and therefore carries considerable weight. The economic aspects of religion are discussed by the flev, Walter Lloyd in an article entitled "An Economiston Church and State "J. A. Newton-Robinson makes an interesting "Study of Mr. Marion Crawford" and his novels, which is one of the series of studies of fiving novelists now appearing in the Review. W. J. Greenstoot Zdiscusses "The True Alm of Education" E. R. Spearman writes of the Newfoundland question under the head of "Sacrifleing the First-Royn," A. A. Hayes writes on some aspects of America and American life in an article on "The Unknown Country," The department of "Contemporary Literature" is full of its usual brief but valuable short reviews of hooks, and the number is close with "The Drama," some notes on some new plays. New York: Leonard Scott Publication (O.

DIED.

At Black Hawk, Gilpin County, Colorado, April 8th, 1892, Peter Dewhurst, aged 21 years, son of the late George Dewhurst, formerly of Bolton, Lancashire, England.

At St. Alphonse, Joliette Co., Que., on the 17th inst., Mary Keily, wife of the late Anthony Rowan, aged 88 years.

At St. Alphonse, Joliette Co., Que., on the 23rd inst., Emily Ann Cassidy, daughter of Hugh Cassidy and Margaret Rowan, at the age of 16 years and two months. May their souls rest in peace.

Seven attempts were made to burn the City of Louisville, Ky,, on Tuesday night. In four hours fifteen buildings were de-

## FOR SALE

Dry Kindling..... 

C. MACDIARMID & CJ., 830 St. James Street. Telephone, 8110.

#### Carsley's Column

## Ladies' Mantles

All the leading styles in Ladies' Spring Mantles now on exhibition at

S. CARSLEY'S

#### LADIES' MANTLES.

Just received a consignment of new

MAT MANTLDS

The latest novelties for summer wear. New Mantles Handsomely Beaded. New Mantles Handromely Trimmed. Special line of Ladies' Plush Wraps, only \$9.60.

Endless variety of Long Travelling Closes in all colors.

With Long Capes. With Short Capes. Made of New Tweed and Cloth.

S. CARSLEY.

#### Ladies' Pelerines.

SPECIALSHOW

O. Ladies' New Spring and Summer's Polerines, in all the to I wing materials:

Secil enne Silk Pelerines Gros Grain Sak Pelerines Satin de Lyons Pelerines Chantilly Lace Pelerines Spanish Lace Pelermes Black Cloth Pelerines Fawn Cioth Peterines Gray Cioth Pelerines

Pelerines in every new style, and handsomely decorated with every fashionable.

S. CARSLEY.

## LINEN GOODS!

New Barnsley Linen of all descrip-

White Table Damasks, Cream Table Damasks, in endless variety, to select

New Hand Loom Table Lineus

54 inches wide, 38c yard 60 inches wide, 43c yard 72 inches wide, 57c yard

This Linen is hand spun and hand woven, and is without doubt the most serviceable Linen extant.

MANUFACTURERS' ENDS.

A large stock of Manufacturers' End to be cleared at low prices.

S. CARSLEY.

## **BATH TOWELS**

White Cotton Bath Towels In all sizes White Linen Bath Towels In all sizes Fancy Cotton Bath Towels In all sizes Fancy Linen Bath Towels in all sizes White Cotton Bath Sheets Fancy Striped Bath Sheets Fancy Checked Bath Sheets Brown Linen Bath Sheets White Linen Towels White Damask Towels Tremendous Stock of Towels at

S. CARSLEY'S.

#### S. CARSLEY.

765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 177 Notre Dame Street, Montreal

S Carsley's Column