

kind, yet looking from top to toe the superb princess her cousin Frank calls her.

It is the said cousin Frank who stands at the window. He is seated in a chair, and what the years have done for him is to transform an extremely good-looking youth of seventeen into an extremely handsome young man of twenty-one, with a most desirable light mustache, quick, restless blue eyes, a vivacious society manner, and a penurious way of looking at young ladies, and bending over them, and holding their hands, and quoting poetry at them, that even at two-and-twenty he has found very effective. That Mr. Frank is a flirt of the most pronounced order, and has been consumed by four grand passions already, is a matter of history. He has a studio on Broadway, and paints young ladies heads very prettily. He is also celebrated as the best leader of Germans in the city, and in short is an ornament to society. He too, is down for the Christmas festivities, and to make himself agreeable to his cousin Olga, home from school. Leo does not go to school—masters and Miss Rice fuse knowledge into her at home.

"Why do you sing that, Jo?" Leo says, quitting her friend, and putting that careless right hand around the pianist instead. "It is a melancholy little thing this happy Christmas time. Do not sing any more."

She touches the untidy red hair with a gentle touch. She is a loving little heart, and she is very sorry for this poor Joanna, who has such a hard life, and such disagreeable relations. It comes naturally to her to love all by whom she is surrounded—to be generous, and unselfish, and impulsive, and without a particle of pride. In this last she is quite unlike mother, brother, and bosom friend. Miss Ventnor glances across, but does not go near the piano. She crosses to a distant window instead, and Geoffrey Lamar gazes lazily up from his recumbent position and joins her.

"It will certainly snow to-morrow," the young lady says, looking up with those great "pansy eyes" at the twilight sky. "I am very glad. A great vial—you know the proverb. Christmas without snow and sleigh-bells—nature could not make a greater mistake."

"What lovely eyes!" Geoffrey Lamar thinks.

Other eyes, black and sombre, watch covertly Frank's flirtation. Leo is a little girl, he cares nothing about her, he is merely keeping his hand in it, as he is well to get out of practice, but he looks at the same time as if Miss Abbott were the only creature of her sex in the universe.

"Do look at Joanna," Olga says, "what a daisy and angry face."

"Truly," Geoffrey utters, in some surprise. Her face does look dark, angry, menacing; she strikes the chords of the piano as though it were an enemy's face.

"What is the matter with her? A moment ago she was all right. She is an odd girl—a girl of moods and whims."

"A girl I do not like," Olga Ventnor says, with a very decided uplifting of the head; "a girl I fear and distrust. I wonder how you all can make so much of her. I do not wish to injure her, but I could never like her, or treat her as Leo does. Not that there is much in that," she added, laughing "dear little Leo loves all the world."

"You do not like her—you do not trust her," Geoffrey repeats; "now why, I wonder? If it is because of your first meeting—"

"That was nothing," Olga says in the same quick, decided tone. "I have forgotten and forgiven that long ago. She was only a wild half-breed child then. It is now I do not trust her. She is quiet, she says little, she is attached to your mother, she likes Leo a little, she studies hard, she sings well, she keeps her place, but—"

"Well," he says, smiling, "go on. What a wiseacre you are becoming. But—"

He likes to hear her talk, to be with her, to look in those deep, purple eyes, to meet that radiant smile. She is a beautiful creature, so brightly beautiful that it is a delight only to look at her.

"It is not easy to explain what I mean. You have read of men who tame animals? They take a young tiger and feed it on milk. It grows up gentle, sleek, playful as a kitten. One day they give it raw meat, the next it turns on its keeper, without warning or provocation, and tears him to pieces. Joanna is like that tiger—she is tamed no more than the tiger. You look shocked. I cannot help it. I know she is your protégée, and that you are bound to defend her, but it is the truth all the same. I do not know it. I feel it. And one day you will see. Now, do not let us talk about her. What are you doing in town? Walking the hospitals? How dreadful! What do you want studying medicine? As if you ever meant to practice! Being a 'Sawbones,' a 'Bob Sawyer,' she laughs, the clear girlish laugh that is sweeter than all Joanna's moods to his ears. "Like Bob Sawyer, but at the same time there is no sense in your following his footsteps. You know you never mean to be a doctor."

"Indeed that is precisely what I do mean; what I hope, what I am positively sure I shall be this time next year. Let me write M. D. after my name and I do happy."

"You will never be a doctor," the young lady repeats in her decided way—she is used to having opinions of her own, and having them listened to with respect; "that is to say, a practising doctor. It is your whim, your hobby, and a very horrible one, I think. What dreadful sights you must see! What shocking suffering! What frightful disease!"

"Yes," she answers, gravely; "God knows I do—sights, suffering, I pray you may never dream of. But to ameliorate all that, to heal the suffering, to give health to disease, to soothe pain—is not that a godlike mission Olga?"

"To those to whom the sight and suffering are necessary, yes; to you, no. One need not witness the misery of others in order to alleviate it. You are going to be very rich; you will not work as a doctor. There are enough without you, and they need it more than you do."

"He smiles at her, at the fair, earnest, proud young face.

"You talk like my mother. What a wise little lady you are, princess! If I thought you could really take an interest in the matter, he stops, the colour coming into his face.

under other circumstances, but she is not of them; unlike them she has not spoken a word, she has played on steadily, no one knows what. They hear the piano, they see the performer, and one is nearly as much to them as the other. They are kind to her—yes, polite to her always, and there are times when she would rather they struck her. She is Sleaford's Joanna—they are of the golden youth of the earth, well-born, high-bred. Heaven and earth are not further apart than they.

Geoffrey and Leo go out with their guests. The windows, mild December twilight, gay and star-studded, is beautiful as they gaze to the gate.

"And Olga predicts snow," says Geoffrey, laughing, "in the face of that sky."

"If she predicts it you may be sure it will come," says Frank. "The elements themselves dare not oppose the imperial will of the Princess Olga."

"Look at the new moon!" cries Leo, "and wish. What are you wishing for, Geoff?—what do you wish for, Olga? I wish for a snow-storm to-morrow, and then a lovely night."

"They all look. What do they all wish for? Geoffrey's eyes rest on Olga, before he looks at the sky. He wishes might be read, if there were eyes to read it. Olga looks up too—for what does beautiful Olga Ventnor wish!"

"I saw the new moon late yesterday, with the full moon in her arms," she quotes. "I see her now. Do not come any farther, Leo, in your bare head. It grows chilly; you may catch cold."

So they part. All the way back to the house Leo chatters, but Geoffrey is silent. "We have left Joanna alone all this time," she says, as they re-enter; "beg pardon, Jo; but—why, she has gone!"

She has gone. She has risen a moment after they left, taken her hat, gone out of a side door, and gone home. The grand portico entrance is not for her, and the home she goes to is Sleaford's.

CHAPTER II.

"Mamma," says Leo Abbott, "I wonder why papa dislikes Joanna so much?"

"They make a pretty picture, mother and daughter. Mr. Abbott, gracious and handsome as ever, sits at his embroidery-frame, with a basket of silks, and flowers, and zephyrs, in rainbow shades, beside her. She is making a tapestry, like a medieval countess in a baronial hall—a huge piece with four large figures. It is a Scriptural subject, 'Susanna and the Elders,' though at this stage of proceedings it is not so easy to tell which is Susanna and which are the Elders. Leo nestles on a footstool at her feet. She is one of the caressing sort, who always nestles on footstools and cushions, like kittens, and who like to purr and be petted. There is no affection about it—it is all very natural and very pretty in Leo.

"The lady looks up from her frame, and her dark, large lidded eyes rest on her daughter. 'Are you not mistaken?' she says, quietly. 'Why should your papa dislike Joanna?' 'Ah! why, indeed? I am sure I do not know—I think Joanna charming. All the same, papa dislikes her—more, he looks sometimes as if he were actually afraid of her!'"

"Afraid!" My child, what nonsense you talk!"

But the infection of Mrs. Abbott's voice, as she says it, is perfectly calm—the faintest of smiles dawns about her mouth, as she takes a fresh needleful of gold-colored silk, and puts a long slanting stitch in Susanna's black hair. As if anything of this wonderful discovery was new to her!

"Well, perhaps it is nonsense," says Leo, resignedly; "all I have to say, mamma, is, you watch papa the next time he and Joanna meet, and see for yourself."

Mrs. Abbott's amused smile deepens.

"My dear," she remarks, "I will, if you will tell me this—when do they ever meet?"

Leo looks up at her with puzzled eyes—then slowly a light breaks upon her.

"That is true," she says, amazedly; "they never do meet. I have never seen them in a room together in all these years! Now, how is that I wonder?"

"Watch and see," replies Mrs. Abbott, significantly, taking some bister-bued floss this time, to shade the eldest Elder's complexion. "What has started the subject now?"

"Why, this: Half an hour ago, after I left Miss Rice, and before Joanna had come, papa called me out to take a walk with him in the grounds. I went, and as we were going down the labyrinth walk, Joanna came up—she generally does take that side entrance. The moment papa saw her, he stopped in what he was saying, looking so flurried, you cannot think, and drew me with him between the trees. 'I don't want to meet that young woman,' he said. But, mamma, he watched her out of sight with the strangest look! It was exactly (only that is absurd) as if he was frightened—as if he was afraid of her!"

"Well, my dear, you do not generally stand in awe of your papa—why did you not ask him about it?" says mamma.

"Oh! I said: 'Why, papa, what is the matter? You do look so odd! You are not afraid of our Joanna, are you?' He gave me such a look—as cross as he can look at me—and he says, 'Afraid! that he blushed! And our Joanna, too! Who made her yours, I wonder? I don't like her, and I don't like to see her gadding here. She's no fit chum for you—a gentleman's daughter, by Jove!'"

Leo mimics her father's blustering voice so well, that Mrs. Abbott has to laugh.

"Then he told me to run away into the house, and went off by himself. But it is very odd, I think. I am sure Joanna has the manner of a lady—when she likes—and is good enough to be a companion to anybody."

"Ah! when she likes!" repeats Mrs. Abbott, significantly. There is a pause. "Your friend Olga seems to share in your papa's dislike, Leo," she says, still absorbed in the Elder's leathery complexion.

"Yes," Leo answers, thoughtfully; "Olga does not like Joanna, and there is not much love lost, I think. Joanna, mamma, told Leo, 'could be one of the good hatters old Dr. Johnson liked, she chose. I will tell you though who does like her more than his mother would quite approve of, I guess, if she knew.'"

"Who?" demanded Mrs. Abbott, looking startled, and letting the "I guess" slip in the excitement of the moment.

"George Blake—Miss Rice's nephew, you know. He comes here sometimes with Frank to play croquet. He is in the office of a New York daily paper, and is quite clever they say, and he runs down here once or twice a week—to see his mother, he says!" Leo laughs.

"You think it is not to see his mother?" "I think it is to see Joanna. You always send our Perkins home with her when she is here late, and George Blake, waylays them, and takes Jo out of his hands. Perkins walks behind until they reach Sleaford's, then he touches his hat, says 'Good-night, miss,' and comes home and tells the others. And then I have seen him watch Jo when we all played croquet."

"It seems to me, you see a great deal, little Leo," says mamma, reprovingly. "Fifteen-year-old eyes and ears should not be quite so sharp, and you should never, never on any account hearken to the gossip of servants."

Miss Leo blushed. Her mamma has not permitted her to read many novels; she has been next to no 'grown-up' society at all; all the same her feminine soul tells her George Blake is a victim to the tender passion, and consumed with love for Joanna.

"Does this George Blake make such money?" inquires Mrs. Abbott, after another pause, deserting the Elder and returning to Susanna, her mind projecting itself into the future of her protégée. After all, the young man might make a very good husband for the girl.

"Fifteen dollars a week," responds Leo, promptly, and he pays seven out of that for his board! And I don't think Joanna would make a good housekeeper, or manage on fifteen dollars a week. And, besides, she wouldn't have him."

"My dear!" says her mother, starting again. "Oh, no, she wouldn't, mamma, Leo laments with convictions; she treats him with the greatest disdain, scolds him when he meets her, and sometimes makes him go back. But he meets her next time just the same. I wonder what Miss Rice would say? She is awfully proud of George, thinks he is going to be a Horace Greasley by and by—"

(To be Continued.)

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, Diabetes and other Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which you are being so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permanently prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.

Persons under the operation of Fellow Hypophosphites should examine their blood under the microscope from time to time, and mark the increase of red and active particles, and diminution of the white or dead ones; these observations are interesting and instructive.

128-2-ws

FIRST COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION IN THE PARISH OF ST. JEAN BAPTISTE OF OGDENSBURG.

On Saturday last eighty-nine children of that parish, after a retreat of two days, received their first communion from their beloved Pastor, Rev. F. Larose. There was a good attendance of parents and friends, who came to share with these children, that Heavenly joy which their God and Saviour bestows so abundantly upon the child who received Him for the first time. During Holy Mass the children's choir, under the direction of Bro. Ovide Roy, sang several beautiful and appropriate hymns. Immediately before communion, Rev. Father Larose addressed them with eloquent and forcible words upon the solemnity of the act which they were about to perform. Finally, when the happy moment arrived, they all marched in a body to the altar railing, and there received into their hearts their Lord and Saviour. After returning to their seats, Rev. F. Larose again addressed them with a few appropriate remarks concerning their future conduct in life; and impressed vividly on their minds the fact that the events of this happy day would never be obliterated from their memory. In the afternoon took place the well known ceremony, the renovation of the baptismal vows, which was very nicely read by Master Eugene Leclerc. Then followed the consecration to the Blessed Virgin, which was also very nicely read by Miss Louise Marcenau. The next in order was the reception of the Holy Sacrament, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. In connection with ceremonies of the day, I would say that the parishioners of St. Jean Baptiste have reason to feel proud of the handsome appearance which their children presented, and also of the dignified and orderly manner in which everything was conducted. The manner in which the children rendered their singing deserves special mention, and reflected the highest credit on their able teacher, the Rev. Ovide Roy. The soloists were admirably rendered by Messrs. Savary and Legendre. On the following day Pontifical Vespers were chanted by Rev. Bishop Wadhams, assisted by Rev. Fathers Larose, Smith and Masterson. Immediately after Vespers His Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to those who had received Communion on the previous day. The children acquitted themselves very creditably of the various ceremonies in the reception of this Sacrament. When all was terminated the Rev. Bishop spoke very highly of the fine appearance and good order that reigned throughout. He also congratulated the children upon their fine singing. After Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament each one returned to his home animated with the joy and consolation that such a beautiful ceremony could produce.

HINEMAN.

MAC'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE

Is an unfailing food for the Brain and Nerves, and by its rejuvenating effect on these organs never fails to cure nervous exhaustion and all weaknesses of the generative organs. See advertisement in another column. Sold in Montreal by B. E. McGale. 128 6

INDIAN REVOLT IN SOUTH AMERICA

Lima, May 4.—The Indian revolt against the Chilean forces in the interior was principally occasioned by an Italian who volunteered to assist the Chileans in collecting cattle. This nine Chilean cavalry were surrounded in a narrow defile and boulders rolled upon them. All were killed. Other detachments were attacked and cut off. The Chileans afterwards destroyed five villages and killed two thousand Indians, including a number of women and children.

"Slow and steady wins the race." Steadily, but not slowly, Kidney-Wort is distancing all competition for universal popularity and usefulness. This celebrated remedy can now be obtained in the usual dry vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put up in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated, and will act with equal efficiency in either form. Read advertisement.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

It appears that at the meeting of the "Royal Society" on Friday, the heterodox opinions expressed by Dr. Sterry Hunt in a scientific paper led to a protest being uttered by the Rev. Mr. Hamel, rector of Laval University, who objected to such views going forth with the imprimatur of the society. Some discussion ensued, and ultimately the following members withdrew and returned to their homes:—Rev. Mr. Hamel, Rev. Professor Bergevin, and Rev. Professor Lafamme, of Laval University; Mr. Oscar Dunn, of the Education Department, Quebec; Mr. Joseph Tasse, M. P., Mr. Paul de Casse, and the Hon. Mr. Marchand.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE WORLD.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—The United States contains 189,000 elementary schools, having 9,720,000 pupils; Government expenditure for education, \$81,719,000. Austria, 16,000 schools, 2,135,000 pupils; Government expenditure, \$3,500,000. Brazil, 5,900 schools, 188,000 pupils; Government expenditure, \$11,600,000. Bavaria, 1,200 schools, 841,000 pupils; Government expenditure, \$4,000,000. Belgium, 5,700 schools, 688,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$2,467,000. British India, 15,000 schools, 618,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$6,626,000. England and Wales, 18,000 schools, 3,896,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$13,749,000. France, 71,000 schools, 4,949,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$22,000,000. Germany, 80,000 schools, 7,200,000 pupils; Government expenditure not reported. Hungary, 15,000 schools, 1,560,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$2,300,000. Ireland, 7,500 schools, 1,032,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$2,677,000. Italy, 48,000 schools, 2,058,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$3,000,000. Japan, 25,000 schools, 2,163,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$1,181,000. Mexico, 8,100 schools, 349,000 pupils; Government expenditure unknown. Netherlands, 3,800 schools, 241,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$2,500,000. Ontario, 5,100 schools, 514,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$2,889,000. Portugal, 4,500 schools, 198,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$5,000,000. Prussia, 36,000 schools, 4,816,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$10,000,000. Russia, 28,000 schools, 1,213,000 pupils; Government expenditure, \$9,000,000. Scotland, 3,500 schools, 534,000 pupils; Government expenditure, \$1,736,000. Sweden, 8,800 schools, 598,000 pupils; Government expenditure, \$2,500,000. Spain, 28,000 schools, 1,410,000 pupils; Government expenditure unknown. Victoria, 2,300 schools, 200,000 pupils; Government expenditure, \$2,844,000. Württemberg, 3,900 schools, 275,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$2,000,000. Saxony, 2,100 schools, 40,000 pupils; Government expenditure \$1,500,000. There are 220 Normal schools in the United States with 26,000 pupils. The figures surpass those of any other country. In the number of schools for secondary instruction the United States with 220 leads the world, although the number of pupils, 196,000, falls below the others reported.

Mr. James J. Anslow, Newcastle, N.B., writes: "Mrs. Anslow was troubled with Lung Disease, and until she took Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda had little or no appetite; but after taking a bottle or two she gained appetite and had a relish for her food, which was quite a help to her in keeping up against the disease. As we are out of years, and cannot procure any here, she is taking another Emulsion; but as we prefer your preparation to any in the market, will you kindly ship me some at once and oblige."

Brilliant Scientific Triumph.

IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND

It is now recognized by the leading medical men that Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer is the most wonderful invention of the age for the cure of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all lung diseases. After having been used in the leading hospitals, it was proved that 75 per cent. of these diseases, by many called incurable, can be cured by the Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts affected. This discovery is proving a blessing to mankind and a credit to his name. Many persons in the city of Montreal, and all over the Dominion, have been cured of the above diseases. Below are a few of the many hundreds:—

Mr. H. H. H. Montreal, catarrh and bronchitis. Mr. DeBoucherville, of the Indian Department, Ottawa, catarrh of many years; now cured.

Mr. Geo. Acker, Ottawa, catarrh and lung diseases; cured.

Mrs. Smith, London, wife of Medical Detective, cured of catarrh.

Mr. MAGUIRE, Toronto, 482 Adelaide street West; daughter cured of asthma.

Mr. WILLIS, Exeter, Ont., catarrh and bronchitis.

JOHN DURN, 8 Robert street, Toronto, bronchitis.

J. D. ARMSTRONG, 186 Yonge street, Toronto, catarrh and catarrhal deafness.

THOMAS TILLEY, 12 Melinda street, Toronto, asthma; cured.

Mr. BENJ. A. DRAKE, St. Urbain street, Montreal, for many years suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is now cured.

Several of my friends have been cured of Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, also a member of my family, by using the spirometer. Jno. P. WHELAN, Manager THE POST and TRUE WITNESS, Montreal.

Thousands more could be given, but the above is sufficient to convince the public of the merits of the Spirometer. Call or write, inclosing stamp, to M. Souville, ex-Aide-surgeon of the French Army, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

Physicians and sufferers can try it free. Full particulars sent free and instruments expressed to any address.

JOHN BRIGHT ON AMERICA.

BIRMINGHAM, June 2.—At the opening of the central library yesterday John Bright dwelt upon the growth of literature in America. He recommended the study of the American poets, especially Whittier's and Bancroft's history of the United States, as conveying a knowledge of some of the most important events of the last century, and showing how colonies grew to what will soon be the greatest nation on the face of the globe.

"Why is Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound like the Mississippi river in a spring freshet? Because the immense volume of this healing river moves with such momentum that it sweeps away all obstacles and is literally flooding the country."

BISHOP GILMOUR AND THE LADIES' LAND LEAGUE.

CLEVELAND, June 2.—Bishop Gilmour has written a letter to be read in all the Catholic churches of this diocese on Sunday, excommunicating any lady who attends a meeting of the Ladies' Land League or becomes a member. The Bishop denounces that branch as calculated to make brawling politicians of women, and holds membership therein incompatible with womanly modesty.

EVERYBODY SUFFERS PAIN.

It is the result of sin and violation of nature's laws. The great Creator of the universe in his infinite mercy has done much to allay the suffering of his people by giving them out of nature's store-house a "balm for every wound." Such is the Pain-Killer made by Perry Davis & Son; it stops pain almost instantly, is used both internally and externally, and is of all other pain remedies the oldest and best.

THE IRISH "EVICTS."

TWO HUNDRED FROM THE WEST OF IRELAND AND FIVE IN TORONTO—SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR CONDITION.

Toronto, June 2.—Over two hundred immigrants, principally "evicts" from the West of Ireland, arrived here early yesterday morning. They were visited at the sheds and some of them on the wharves and deprivation of the hardships and deprivation they had endured in Ireland. One poor old man said it would take him a day to describe their troubles, and then they would not be all told. "You could say most anything you like in your paper," he continued, "without the slightest fear of exaggeration."

They were sent out by the Irish Immigration agent, Mr. Tuke, and from enquiries made it is safe to say there is not two pounds in cash among the whole lot. Although the majority of the number were warmly clad, the material of which their clothes consist is of the coarsest texture. There are about sixty children under fourteen in the lot, and about forty young girls who desire to secure situations as domestic servants. The other hundred is made up of young men and women, although there are a few bakers, tin-smiths, carpenters and plumbers in the number. They seem very anxious to secure work, and as the Government will only supply them with three meals, something should be done speedily to supply their wants. It is probable that many of the men will be engaged to work on railways. Their surroundings at the immigrant sheds are dreary in the extreme. It rained heavily most of the day, and the soft clay was carried into the long, gloomy sheds—where on either side on raised platforms reclined or slept men, women, and children all huddled promiscuously together in large numbers. Children were crying, little boys fighting, girls screaming, and old men and women, who had not recovered from the effects of the sea voyage, were moaning piteously in corners. A milkman was on hand with a can of milk, which he doled out at six cents a quart in pints and half-pints to the poor women, whose hungry children were clamoring loudly for something to eat. Many did not have sufficient money to pay for even a half-pint, and they stood by with "watering" mouths, while their more fortunate companions bought and drank the nourishing beverage. Something should be done at once to relieve the pressing wants of the poor creatures.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Rheumatism and Rheumatic gout are the most dreaded of all diseases, because their victims know that they are ailing at no season, and at no age secure. Holloway's Ointment, after formation of the painful parts, gives greater relief than any other application; but it must be diligently used to obtain this desirable result. It has been highly commended by rheumatic subjects of all ages and of both sexes, for rendering their attack less frequent and less vicious, and for repressing the sour perspirations and soothing the nerves. In many cases, Holloway's Ointment and Pills have proved the greatest blessings in removing rheumatism and rheumatic gout which had assailed persons previously and at the prime of life.

THE ALTA DRIFT DISASTER.

VIRGINIA CITY, June 2.—This morning Richard Bennett and Dennis Callahan, with a skiff, ventured into the Alta Drift in search of the imprisoned miners. Neither was heard of, and it is feared they were suffocated by the heat and gas. Afterwards Dutch George waded into the shaft, but soon returned delirious. He saw a light and a boat, but no men. Two others attempted to wade in, but found the heat and gas insupportable. It is reported that rats are still heard on the air pipe, indicating that the imprisoned miners are yet alive. A miner named Pike, of the Union shaft, by wearing a helmet, penetrated to the end of the Alta Drift, and found seven men all right, sitting in the cooling off house, two hundred feet from the end of the drift. The only lives lost were those of two men who went in with the boats this morning.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At the last meeting of the F. M. T. A., of Almonte, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted.

Resolved.—That this society learns with profound regret and sorrow of the death of their First Vice-President, Patrick Delaney, and feel that in him they have lost one of their most faithful members, and they beg to extend to his sorrowing relatives their heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

THE CANADA ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

OTTAWA, May 30.—The annual general meeting of the Canada Atlantic Railway Company was held to-day at the Company's office on Wellington street. The meeting, which was largely attended by the shareholders, opened at 10 a.m., when Mr. E. McGillivray, the President of the Company, read the annual report, which was highly gratifying. The report was adopted, and after some discussion on the affairs of the Company, the following directors were elected for the ensuing year: E. McGillivray, McLeod Stewart, G. B. Pattee, Geo. H. Perley, Ottawa; E. O. Smith, St. Albans; Duncan A. McDonald, Lachine; Alex. A. Stewart, Kenyon; John Rankin, Montreal; Guy O. Noble, St. Albans. The general meeting then adjourned at 2 p.m., and at a subsequent meeting of the new Board of Directors the following officers were elected: E. McGillivray, President; McLeod Stewart, Vice President; A. W. Fleck, Secretary and Treasurer; J. J. Gormally, Solicitor.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

General Charrette, the famous pontifical Zouave and his lady, arrived in New York yesterday, and will pay a visit to this city on the 10th of June, after a short sojourn in Baltimore. The distinguished visitors will be entertained by the Canadian Zouaves, who are completing all arrangements for the purpose. A deputation composed of the Rev. Abbe de la Croix (de Castries), is *Ouvrier* La Roque and Mr. Renaud left this city for New York to meet the General.

Patients do more for doctors than doctors can do for patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.

"Sharp fresh" is a new name for that peculiar state which is often described as "neither drunk nor sober."

"A divided hygienic skirt" is the new garment recommended to English women by the advocates of scientific dress.

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a schoolmaster to a country lad. "Because he had no knife," said the archaic.

A Russian proverb says:—"Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

John Davis, who died in England in 1788, left the sum of 5s. to his widow, to enable her to get drunk at his expense—for the last time.

SCOTCH NEWS.

(From Glasgow Herald, May 30th.)

Our Pontypridd correspondent telegraphs: It having been stated that the Duke of Argyll was going to join the (C)ervative party next session, his Grace has been communicated with as to the truth of the statement. The Duke replies: "I can only say that I adhere to the principles which I consider to be liberal, and that I desire to be free from all the which would hamper me in the assertion of them, whether by use Minister or not."