eight o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford met | chain of consequences which he carried. him informally in the hall, and greeted him . Evening came at last. affectionately. They went to The Retreat, where everything was expressive of home comfort. A floud of sweet memories filled Daniel's mind when he sat down and looked

"It seems an age since I was here last," he said, sighing. "I believe it was the night Yours as ever, before the navy hall."

"No," said Mrs. Crawford, "it was a few drys before the dinner for Mr. Webster." "You are right, my sickness has affected my memory ; only temporarily, Dr Blow tell

Daniel missed Emily when he first came, but did not inquire for her. He and Mr. Crawford talked of political events of the part month and more, and were interested in the conversation when Emily came into the

Her face was bright with delight; she hurried towards Mr. Courtney to give him welcome, and express her pleasure at his recovery. Daniel interrupted the remarks he was just then making, and rose slowly to meet hec. His heart beat violently, for he was yet woak, and she seemed like a vision of beauty before him. Remembering his resolution, he nerved himself to conceal his emotion, and bowing formally, he took he said so himself: her hand for an instant, scarcely allowing "I have told Colonel Keane that I will more than the tips of his fingers to rest on

The surprise of even this slight repulse in an instant chilled Emily, and her womanly dignity came to her aid.

"Pray, be seated, Mr. Courtney. Do not allow me to interrupt your conversation," she added in a formal tone. "I must, however, first say that you are looking much better than I expected. I am glad to see you able to come out again."

"Thank you, Miss Crawford, you are most kind. My friends have shown me sympathy that I had no reason to expect," replied Daniel.

The conversation became general, and warmed into something like family sociability. Emily was puzzled at Dapiel's manner, for he strictly avoided those speechless attentions which he had so constantly paid to her before his sickness. At all events, he could give himself credit for hiding what he suffered in sick. It would almost make me wish to be the effort he now made. On no occasion so to hear you ask me in so kind a tone." since he first met Emily had she appeared to him so interesting as on this first visit after his absence and solitude, and he would gladly have allowed himself the happiness of the friendship of Miss Crawford, but Mrs. Harper had been severe even in her counsels against such indulgence, and was he not now paying bitter penalty for his imprudence heretofore? Alas! He did not reflect, and few do, that once having gotten entangled in the brambles and thorns, the flesh must bleed in extricating the stray sheep from them.

Ten o'clock found the little circle around the bright fire ir The Retreat, still talking cheerfully, when they were summoned to the private dining-room for supper. How bright the room looked to Mr. Courtney! A blazing fire in the grate, the branched candlesticks filled with wax lights; the buffet shining with shelves of polished silver and fine cut glass; the servants, two in waiting, in dark green livery and spotless linen, noiselessly moved about in attendance; the supper could have tempted an epicure. The wine was the best the cellar afforded. and that was sufficient praise.

"I think," said Mr. Courtney. "that after all, your comforts of life at the North exceed those of our own at the South, in spite of our freedom from cold weather.'

"That depends on one's tastes, I think, and upon education," said Mr. Crawford; "you, no doubt, will prefer to live at the South, and its comforts suit you best. "I cannot very well make a choice," re-

plied Mr. Courtney, "my business obliges me to live at the South."

"Your plantations are very large, I believe I" Mr. Crawford remarked, more to continue the thread of conversation. "Yes, and too expensive to trust alto-

gether to the management of my yo Mr. Courtney, without much difficulty, now for the first time during the evening, had a little tête a-tête with Emily, who sat by his side, while Mr. and Mrs. Crawford kept up an animated conversation, which we strongly suspect was intended to leave the young people free for a little time. It was a formal one, however, on various topics.

That night Emily was restless and watch ful; conflicting emotions filled her heart with many thoughts-doubts and fears. Would that they were groundless?

CHAPTER VI.

Again and again Daniel resolved to make Emily acquainted with the true history of his marriage; how it came about that he had become enamored of the beautiful young French girl, yet scarcely more than a child in years. But the dread of the terrible consequences of such a revelation overpowered him whenever he attempted to speak on the subject, and each time he found an excuse to postpone the confession till the next visit. Emily could not help seeing that there was a weighty subject on his mind that embarrassed him when they were left a moment alone. She thought it was the timidity of true love. When she remembered all that Vivie had said to him of her enagement to Lord L-, it appeared only natural that he should hesitate to make a declaration, and perhaps she had not sufficiently encour aged him; but now that he was evidently waiting for some proof that she was free to accept him, it was a question in her mind if she were not bound to deny the report of the mischief, and she could not tell how far she had done so in her conversations with Mr. Courtney.

Emily always consulted her mother on matters of this kind. Mrs. Crawford was so sympathetic that her daughter need not fear to confide to her the most delicate secrets of her heart. In her mother she had found the safest confidant.

Daniel made up his mind that he could no longer postpone the confession so dread-ful to make, though he anticipated it as he would have done crucifixion. His sensitive nature pictured in vivid colors his sudden downfall in the estimation of the family, whom of all others in the world, except Mrs. Harper, he esteemed most. Then the black cloud that overshadowed his heart. when he thought of the just anger and indignation of Emily's parents, was almost more than he could bear. No wonder! It was no use to dwell longer on these consequences. He had done so too long. The longer delayed the greater was the misery of his situation. He could not go to the House that day. Fortunately his business letters would occupy him till dinner time, and after dinner he would no longer put off the dreaded visit to Mr. Crawford's.

He wrote the following note and sent it to Miss Crawford by Lubin :

"DEAR MISS CRAWFORD,-If you are dis-

engaged I will ask the privilege of seeing you alone this evening.—Yours sincerely,
"DANIEL COURTNEY."

In half an hour Lubin returned with Miss

Before he left the hotel he wrote to Colone Keane: "I am spending the evening till ten o'clock at Mr. Crawford's. After that hour as suon

as possible I wish to see you at the hotel. Come alone. Do not fail. I need you.—

"DANIEL COURTNEY," The lovely apartment adjoining The Retreat was left to Daniel and Emily that evening. The good parents, sure that it was to be the night of crowning happiness to their child, made an excuse to entortain several old friends in the reception room, and gave orders to the servants that no one should disturb

Miss Emily. Emily waited with breathless impatience. yet with fluttering heart, to be called from the room when Mr. Courtney should be announced. He came, and was shown into the room where at any other time he would have felt he was going into an earthly paradise. To night its light depressed his spirits and the perfume of the roses sickened him. In a halfbewildered state of mind he walked round and round the room with his head bent down, almost resting his chin on his breast, and wondering how he ought to begin, and then

stay here till ten," looking at his watch.
"It is half past eight; I must leave the dreadful disclosure till the last moments. I must rouse myself now, and not meet Miss Crawford with this gloom upon me."

Emily had dressed herself with scrumlous care, yet simply, and looked lovely and queenly. Her face was radiant with happiness when she came into the room, in spite of a shadow of timidity that was manifest in her trembling hand when she extended it to Daniel with more than her usual warmth of manner. He looked so careworn, and his ex-

pression was so sad, it alarmed her. "Are you ill, Daniel?" she asked, with an affectionate tone of anxiety. She had not before called him Daniel. How sweetly it sounded to him! So near to paradise, and yet he must be for ever so far removed, he thought!

No sooner had he said the words than he was angry with himself for the implied love there was in the compliment.

Music, poetry, everything but love, were subjects of conversation between them till the clock on the mantel told Emily the hour had nearly come for him to depart. Emily was sitting on a small sofa opposite to him. He felt he could not face her now, and he took

his seat beside her.
"Miss Crawford," he began, and then paused, "I am going to ask the greatest favor of you that any human being can grant.

Emily slightly bowed her head. "I have no reason to expect that you can grant it," he continued; "I am too unworthy. but you are so near divine that I cast myself

on your mercy."

Daniel paused again. Large drops of per spiration started out upon his forehead. He rose and walked across the room, and turned back and sat on the sofa, as if he had not strength to go on.

"Pray, Mr. Courtney," said Emily, "be lieve that there is no favor in my power to grant to you that I will withhold from you." "Oh, Miss Crawford, you cannot forgive me! I cannot forgive myself! Can God forgive me?"

The last sentence was uttered while strik ing his forehead, and looking up in agony. I alarmed Emily. She started to her feet.

"Mr. Courtney, what can you mean ?" "It means, Miss Crawford, that I am a wretched man, unworthy of your mercy. But,

oh, do pity me !" "You alarm me, Mr. Courtney; pray keep me no longer in this suspense."
"Miss Crawford, I am a married man!"

A sudden rumbling sound filled Emily's She asked him to hand her a glass of water. With almost superhuman strength she aroused and said:

"As soon as I am a little calmer, Mr. Courtney, I must leave the room. One ques tion nly I wish to ask. Have you been married lately, or were you married when you were first received by my parents into the intimacy of our family?"

"Miss Crawford, I was married more than a year ago. I am a father, and the husband of a good and a beautiful wife. I am not deserving of her love, nor of your forgiveness. I can only ask your pity, for I am indeed miserable."

Emily was almost stunned by the disclosures of such deceit as he had practiced, and yet the image of what he had been in her mind she could not drive away.

"Mr. Courtney, are you not ill? Is not this a fever dream of yours? Oh, if I can find it is so!

Then she loves me, he thought, a double

"No, Miss Crawford, it is not a dream." "You will please leave me, Mr. Courtney, and for ever!" she said, looking towards the

"It is right. And your parents?"

"They must know the truth." Daniel slowly rose and looked imploringly into her face, hoping to find one ray of hope there that she would not utterly despise him. Her eyes were cast down, and she was motionless as a statue. Her hands were tightly clasped, and they rested on her lap. At the door of the room he looked back egain-she had not moved. When he was gone large tears rolled down her cheeks. Time alone would soften the death blow her first love had received that night. Poor Emlly!

When Daniel reached the hotel Colonel Keane was waiting for him.
"Well, good friend, I hope you have settled that business," said the colone!

shaking Mr. Courtney's hand heartily. 'Come, tell me all about it." "Lubin," said Mr. Courtney, "leave us alone; I have everything here I need. You

can go to bed now."
When he had gone, Colonel Keane drew two chairs near the fire, and said:

"Come, don't pace up and down that way Tell me what passed. Are you the happy man? Everyone is on the qui vive in Washington to congratulate you on the event. It is just the choice they expect you to

"For heaven's sake, colonel," said Mr. Courtney, "never speak to me again on this subject."
You are too timid, Daniel. Her father

has owned to more than one person that your attention to his daughter is approved by him. Go ahead, man! I know you love the girl.
Why look so miserable?"

"My God, colonel, I cannot marry her; I am a married man and a father !" Mr. Courtney threw himself on the sofa, and covered his face with both hands. "A married man, Daniel Courtney !" ex-

claimed Colonel Keane. "It is a lie. You are raving; you are mad!" "I have been a married man more than

the second of the second of the second of

"We must see what can be done. Did you tell Miss Crawford?" he asked after a time.
"Not till to night."

"And what did she say ?" "We have parted for ever," he groaned,

"Did you ever make love to her, Court-"Not in words."

"Do you think she loves you?"
"I believe she did." "And expected you to propose for her?" "I think she thought I made the appoint ment to night for that purpose !"

Bad, bad, very bad business! said the Colonel, whistling a few notes.

"You never said anything like love?" "No, but I showed in a hundred ways that I was pleased with her society."

"Courtney, I must say that you have been a fool! You must be mad!" "Say anything you like. It is the first stone flang at me, but it will not be the last,"

answered Daniel. "Pardon me, good fellow. It has been a little weakness, that's all !"

"It has been baseness, for which I'd shoot a man if my daughter was so treated!" replied Daniel, rising and pacing the room and wringing his hands.
"Who is your wife?" asked the Colonel.

"I can't believe it, yet. It is a lie!" "See here, Colonel, you have a right to insuit me ; but do not dure to insult my wife; I warn you!"

Colonel Keane was alarmed by the haggard expression of Daniel's face and dared not say to him all that this astonishing confession made him inclined to say.
"My poor fellow, I like your spirit. I will

not insult your wife ; but for heaven's sake, tell me who she is, and where? I shall stand by you. It is going to make a deuced sight of scandal if it gets out, and our plan must be to prevent its being known."

"The lady is my wife, and that is chough to entitle her to respect," said Mr. Courtney. "From me, Courtney, it is sufficient. But the world will not respect the woman, if you have decied your marriage to her."
"I have never decied it."

"Not in words, perhaps; but your concealment of it is as great a condemnation of her as you could inflict." The poor husband writhed in agony. The Colonel saw it and said: "I am saying to you what the world will say by-and-by. We can't heal a wound till we know its true state. Do you think I like to pain you? Where is your wife? I can't believe it yet!"

"Angelina lives in New Orleans."
"Oh, Courtney! you do not mean to tell me you married the wife of the bigamist de

Grasse!" interrupted the Colonel. Daniel was bewildered for a time. The hour of trial had come and he must bear it. He hesitated, not knowing how best to answer the question, and then said: (To be continued.)

Carter's Little Liver Pills will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a doss. To be had of all druggists. See advertisement.

LETTER FROM LINDSAY, ONT.

THE NEW MOVEMENT AND ORANGE TORIES OF ONTARIO-LIGHT ON THE SITUATION -A NEW BRANCH OF THE LEAGUE.

LINDSAY, Ont., Dec. 3. A branch of the Irish National League was A branch of the Irish National League was recently formed here under very fair auspices, and subscriptions are being received with commendable success The organization was warmly supported by the Rev. Father Laurent, V.G., as well as by his Irish curate, the Rev. Father Sweeney. Among our separated brethren the movement was looked at with

The great topic of discussion here as elsewhere is the new departure of our French fellow citizens in Quebec. The mere liberal among the Conservatives admit that the Mail has lost its head in threatening to sweep the Lower Prohead in threatening to sweep the Lower Pro-vince with fire and sword; while, of course, the Orange element in the party are loud in their applause. With them the policy is "rule or ruin," and if the new French move-ment goes on, we in Ontario will be fairly deaf-end with the "No-Popery" howl with which the Protestant electors will be vigorously plied. As it is, the Orange Conservative element is badly frightened. They see in an allivace between the new national party in Quebec with the reformers of Ontario, among whom the Catholic voters will very generally be found in the deal of the present government. future, the doom of the present government, and the exclusion of the Orange element from power. Their only hope lies in arousing antagonism to the new combination by calling upon all good Protestants to oppose what they will call a Catholic and French coalition. If the Protestant Reformers in Ontario maintain their allegiance to Mr. Blake and turn a deaf ear to these assaults upon their political integrity and good sense, all will be well, and Orangeism will find itself excluded from power, or to use a vulgar term "left out in the cold." The hope and expectation of Orange Conservatives is to draw away from among Mr. Blake's reform supporters in Ontario and the other provinces, -on the strength of the religious and race cry,—enough support to compensate Sir John A. Macdonald for what he will lose in Qualice. Many strunch Reformers deny the possibility of this being done, and claim that their party have too long a score to settle with the Premier, and too vivid a recollection of his political sins of omission and commission to condone all these, to desert their party lines and rally to the support of Sir John merely because he has hanged Riel.

As is to be expected in a community where political and partizan real run high, the grossest misrepresentations of the actual political situation are being made, and will continue to be made. All sorts of improper motives and sinister designs are being freely charged to the pro-moters of the new political departure, who, with their friends and supporters, must expect to meet a storm of abuse and vilification. This, however, is but the penalty which must be paid by all who dare to venture to depart from the beaten track, or to inaugurate new ideas in the

world of politics.

It is a little singular, however, and a good deal barefaced, to pretend that so long as Sir John and his Orange allies act in concert with French Conservatives all is serene, the country is safe, and there is no French domination; but the moment the Quebec people propose con-certed action with Mr. Blake and the Reform certed action with Mr. Blake and the Reform party, then the political sky is overcast, the country is in danger, French influence dominant, and nothing but an appeal to arms can vindicate the mighty of Upper Canadian town:. Faugh! It is disgusting. Our leading political newspapers are simply wholesale liars.

As in the present state of political opinion, sentiments like these may be regarded as burn-

sentiments like these may be regarded as burning in treason. Perhaps I had better bring this hasty letter to a close, as I do, by signing my-

The young violiniste, Signora Teresima Tua, has just signed an agreement with the impresario, Henry Klein, for a grand tour in America in 1886-7, for which she is to receive \$50,000.

Crawford's card, on which was written:

"It will give me pleasure to see you.

Come."

The Colonel was utterly confounded. He contains only 20,000 acres, and yet it suppass if each was adding a new link to the heavy lionized Southerner; and now he saw at a ports 60;000 people and 2,000 head of cattle.

glance the consequences of having this fast go FATHER ANDRE'S LETTER.

The Scaffold Sanctified by Riel's Death.

FULFILMENT OF A LAST PROMISE TO THE | with me on purely spiritual subjects. In the DYING MAN.

Execution.

RIEL'S LAST UTTERANCES AND DEMEANOR ON THE GALLOWS.

Father Andre Says he Died Like a Salut

and a Brave Han.

An important addition to what may be termed the literature of Riel's eventful life and death has just been received here in the shape of a very affecting letter from Father André, his devoted spiritual adviser and con-fessor from the beginning of his captivity to its end on the scaffold on the memorable 16th to have been better clothed, so much was the André, his devoted spiritual advisor and con-November. It is addressed to Riel's lawyer virtue of cleanliness and order a part of his here, Mr F. Lemieux, and was written four pature. But notwithstanding the poorness of days after the execution in keeping with a his outfit he went to his death with his ing is a translation from the French original.

REGINA, 20th Nov., 1885.

SIR AND DEAR FRIEND,-Before I leave Regina, I wish to carry out a desire formally expressed by the late Louis David Risl to write you a few words.

begged me to write in his name and thank you and Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Greenshields for the noble and generous efforts you made to defend him and save him from the gallows. In those thanks he also included all the generous hearts, both French and Irish, who interested themselves in his unhappy fate. During that remarkable and never to be forgotten night he prayed with extraordinary fervor for you, dear sir, imploring the Lord to bless you, your wife and dear little children, in gratitude for all you had done for him. He was extremely affected when he learned from my lips all the steps you had taken to save him from the rope and he was particularly moved when I told him that Fitzpatrick, on returning from England, had gone on to Ottawa to make a last effort in his behalf, but that nothing in this world could save him, that the determination to destroy him had been long taken by Sir John Macdonald and the French Canadian Ministers, our natural defenders, who had easily yielded to the despotic will of their master. All these memories were keenly present to poor Riel's mind on the eve of his death, and not withstanding the anguish that filled his heart, it was full of gratitude to those who had shown him sympathy in his

"Father André," he said to me, while pressing me in his arms, "be the interpreter of my sentiments of love and gratitude to the people of the Province of Quebec, to my many friends in the United States, to the Irish people of Canada, and assure them that Riel, dying had but one thought for them all, and that his last request to them

was not to torget him in their prayers." My dear Lemieux, our poor friend Rie died like a brave man and a saint. Never ated brethren the movement was looked at with fow signs of approval, but with no manifestations of actual hostility. Happily, even the Protestant public are being educated to a knowledge of Irish grievances, and are preparing to accept the inevitable in the granting of Home Dula to Traland at an early day. eternity, and God favored him with a heroic death. If I can be permitted the expression, he ennobled, and sanctified the scaffold; his come, under the circumstances that accompanied it, Riel's veritable apotheosis. The Government could not have better immortalized his name or shed infamy on their own in the eyes of history than by carrying out the sentence as they did.

Sir John, in his North-West policy, always had the rare merit of doing exactly the opposite of what the real friends of the country desired him to do; and in this instance though warned from all quarters that Riel dead would be a hundred times more dan gerous than Riel living, he preferred to followed his old principle of taking for a policy his own caprice and arbitrary will. Riel is dead, but his name will live when the name of Sir John, his implacable enemy, will have been long forgotten, notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary by his interested flatterers. The Regina Leader, which had no great love for Riel, was never theless compelled to pay homage to his great and glorious death. You will receive a of that memorable death.

During the whole night preceding his death, Riel never manifested the slightest symptom of fear. He engaged in prayer during most of the night with a fervor, a beauty of ex-pression and a countenance which transigured and gave to his person a look of culcutial beauty.

My dear friend, I cannot convey to you the sorrowful impressions I felt in keeping com-pany with a person for whom I had all the respect and veneration one has for a saint. During the twenty-five years of my sacred ministry, I can assure you that I never was so consoled by any death. Throughout the night he uttered not one word of complaint against his death sentence or against his persecutors; in fact, he was gay, joyous even, at his approaching release from captivity. He said to me I cannot tell you how happy I am to die, my heart overflows with joy;' from time to time he laughed heartily, embracing me with effusion and thanking me for remaining with him to the end. When I expressed my fear that a nervous change might take place in him at the supremo moment, he replied: "Do not be afraid, I shall not disgrace my friends and gladden my enemies and the enemies of my religion by dying like a coward. For fifteen years they have pursued me with their hatred, but they never yet got me to show the white feather, and far less will they succeed in doing so now that they have brought me to the scaffold for which I am grateful to them as a deliverance from my hard captivity. I certainly love my rela-tions, wife and children, my country and my of spending my days in a lunatic asylum or a penitentiary, among the scum of society, exposed to every affront, fills me with horror. I thank God for sparing me that trial and I accept death with joy and gratitude. A new respite, in my present frame of mind, would greatly afflict me." As if dominated by a sort of religious enthusiasm, he then exclaimed: "Letatus sum in his que dicta sunt mihi; in

domum Domini ibimus. Don't be afraid, Father André, Ishall die joyously and bravely.

- (12 of

to death.

Would you believe it, Mr. Lemieux? Al though laboring under the weight of so much emotion in my heart and placed in a situation so well calculated to excite me, I can affirm that I spent a holy and a happy night, and that the hours fled rapidly for me. Riel either busied himself in praying and writing to his relatives and friends or in conversing course of our conversation he charged me with different messages. He showed the same courtesy and kindness to his guards as ever, complying freely with their re-Description of the Night Before the quests for mementoes. How much he had won the esterm and respect of all with whom he came in contact was most singular and extraordinary. There was something about him which compelled respect, and, though always polite, he never descended to familiarity with anyone. The police, the ladies of the fort, some of the officers sympathized deeply with Riel in his misfortunes, and his death created a painful

sensation among all. At five o'clock I said Mass for him, when he approached the Holy Table with angelic piety; after six, he asked permission to wash and prepare himself, expressing regret that he had not had more notice in order to provide better dress and to go to his death with body and soul both purified as a mark solemn promise made to the dying man the clothes well brushed, his hair neatly combed, night before that tragic event. The follow- and everything about him breathing that air and everything about him breathing that air of cleanliness which was the symbol of the purity of his heart.

At S 15 when the deputy sheriff appeared at the door of his cell, scarcely able to propounce the fatal summons of which he was the bearer, Riel guessing how much it cost Mr. Gibson to break During the night preceding his death, the silence and to impart the terrible news, which I spent alone with him in his cell, he addressed him, quietly saying without any the silence and to impart the terrible news, emotion "Mr. Gibson, you want me; I am ready." He started up on these words, traversed the guard room, walking with a firm step and ascended the long stairway which you must remember at the entrance of the guard room. I feared this ascent, but he mounted it without weakness or hesitation. He left me far behind him, when suddenly perceiving that he was not tollowed by his epiritual adviser, he stopped and waited for me in the middle of the large room leading to the scaffold. When I rejoined him we continued our funeral march reciting prayers until we reached the place of execution. There in face of the scaffold, we went down on our knees and prayed for a considerable time. Riel was the only one who maintained his coolness and presence of mind. He rose and went bravely forward and placed himself on the scaffold, and before being launched to eternity he called me to him for the last time, embraced me and begged me to remember Mr. and Mrs. Forget for their kindness to him. I then drew away from him, he exclaimed to me, "Courage, good courage, my father?" And, while recommending his soul to God, invoking the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and pronouncing the holy name of

> peneath his feet and he disappeared. His death was almost instantaneous and without a struggle; his features remained calm and his body underwent no contortions.

Icaus, Mary and Joseph, the trap yawned

I never saw a more radiant countenance than his while he engaged in prayer on his way to the scaffold. The beauty of his soul was reflected in his face and a ray of divine light seemed to already illumino his person. There was an extraordinary light in bis eyes, as if they already contemplated the divine beauties. Never, I repeat, did the scaffold present so sublime and magnificent a spectacle; the spectators were melted to tears and struck with the great spectacle they witnessed than which no religious ceremony had ever touched all hearts so deeply as did the sight of Riel going to his death. The sheriff, his assistant, and even the hangman wept. I returned from the hanging consoled and en-couraged by such a death and thanking God tor having given it to me to witness it. Every one was under the sway of similar impressions. Riel wanted to speak and prove that he was a prophet and fulfill his mission to the end. It was a great sacrifice for him to keep silence at my request. "You have in fact a mission," said I to him, "to fulfill, and that is to show to the world how a Catholic, animated by grace, can die." This mission he admirably fulfilled, because he died, as said the Leader, like a man and a Christian. I had to make a struggle to get his body. Sheriff Chapleau nobly sustained me, and I feel it my duty to say that Mr. Chapleau discharged his sad functions with a charity and a tact which carned Riel's gratitude. He proved that he was a man of heart and intellect, and it gives me pleasure to bear this testimony to him.

The body was only handed over to me at midnight on Wednesday, the third day after Riel's execution. Notwithstanding his lively desire, it was impossible for me to have his remains transferred to St. Boniface. There is quite a history to be written about all the difficulties I encountered in giving poor Riel the benefits of occlesiastical sepulture. The body having been conveyed to my residence, we opened the coffin to ascertain whether according to rumor any unworthy outrages had been committed upon the remains. Sheriff Chapleau, Mr. Davio, editor of the Leader, Messrs. Forgot, Bourget, Bonneau, and other citizens were present when the cossin was opened. We were happy to discover that the body was intact, and that it had been religiously respected. But we were all struck with admiration when the body was exposed before us, to no-tice the calmness of the face upon tice the calmness of the face upon which an ineffable smile seemed to rest as if to mark the peace in which the soul had departed from it for a better world. During the morning, a large number of persons, men and women, called to inspect the body and left with the same impression.

Poor Ricl was a saint. It was sufficient to look upon him to be convinced of this fact.

I cannot convey to you all we felt in contemplating that body, which inspired none of those ideas of herror and repulsion usually evoked by the sight of a corpse, and espe cially the corpse of one hanged. Even the children approached it without fear or repugnance. Yesterday at 9.30 a.m. we had the funeral service. Many of the notables of the place attended, Sheriff Chapleau and all the Canadians being of the number. It is, how-ever, painful to me to note—and the circumstances struck and afflicted everyone-that fellow countrymen, and the perspective of Judge Rouleau refused to attend. He was being a freeman and living with them causes the only one whose heart was not touched by my heart to throb with joy. But the thought Riel's death, which even affected the hangman on the scaffold.

My dear Mr. Lemieux, I know that these details will be precious to you, and it is a consolation for me to talk about my dear and unfortunate Riel. You are entitled by your devotion to his cause to know all that concerned the last moments of a client so dear to

you in many ways.

Begging you to present my affectionate reminders to Mesers. Fitzpatrick and Green-

(...

With the help of God, I shall walk bravely | shields and my best respects to your wife and

I remain Your devoted triend. a. andré. O. M. ,

P.S.-The Minerve and Nouvelliste may again attack the authenticity of this letter, but the people are really simple who throw doubts on the genuineness of a letter which has gone the rounds of the press without any

protest on my part.

Once more 1 a lute you affectionately. I am going to St Boniface before returning to my mission. I am going to see poor Riel's family.

WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US.

ike a thief at night it steals in upon us una-wares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of saicky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor! Thore is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feet clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a graph of the cough sets in a first dry, but after a few months. it is attended with a greenish coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sonsation in the head when rising up suddenly. The havels become costrising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a apitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste: this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes: there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-thir-of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that nedical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others or kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield :- I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale

is increasing wonderfully.

Jeo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.
J. S. Metcalfe 55, Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Curative Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have

sold many grosses.
Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—1 have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas Chapman, West Auckland:— I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicine than any other kind.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it ar pleased, and recommend it

Jos. Balkwill, A.P.S., Kingsbridge:—The public seem to approciate their great value.

A. Armstand, Morkot Street, Deltonin, Kur. A. Armstead, Markot Street. Dalton-in-Fur ness:—It is needless for me to say that you valuable medicineshave great sale in this district—greater than any other I know of, giving

satisfaction.

Robt. Laine, Melksham:— I can well recommend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself.

Friockheim, Arbroath, Forfarshire, Sept, 23, 1882 Dear Sir,—Last year I sent you a letter recommending Mother Saigel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure in still bearing testinony to the very satisfactory results of the famed Syrup and Pills. Most patent medicines die out with me but Mother Seigel has had a steady sale everging I companyed and wefill in as a great desince I commenced, and is still in as a great de mand as when I first began to sell the medicine. The cures which have come under my notice are chiefly those of liver complaint and general

debility A certain minister in my neighborhood says a is the only thing which has benefited him and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but space would not allow. A near friend of mine, who is very much addicted to costiveness, or constipation, finds that Mother Seigels Pills are the only pills which suit his complaint. All other pills cause a reaction which is very annoying. Mother Soigel's Pills do not leave a bad after-offect. I have much pleasure in commending again to sufferin humanity Mother Seigel's medicines, which are If this letter is of any service you

no sham. If this letter is of any second can publish it.

Yours very truly.

(Signed) William S. Glass, Chemist.

A J. White, Esq.

15th August, 1883.

15th August, 1883. Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and denedicine variables of the clares Mother Seigers of the has saved his life.

Yours truly,

(Signed) N. Webb,

Chemist Calne
James Street clares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from

Mr. White. Chemist Calne.
A. J. White, (Limited) 67 St. James Street,

Montreal For sale by all druggists, and by A. J White limited), 67 St. James street city. Fear that the world's supply of coal would be exhausted a century hence or thereabouts, is somewhat modified by the discovery of

trict larger than the coal fields of Pennsylvania, yielding the best anthracite.

An exhibition of American apples in London attracts thousands of visitors.

enormous deposits in China, including a dis-

An investigator of names says after a long search for it he has been unable to find any person who ever bore that of Printer. He as found Painter, Stainer, Shoemaker, Tanner, Tinker, Carpenter, and many others derived from trades or occupations, but no

The New York Odontological Society has officially promulgated the opinion that the excessive use of common salt is one of the main factors in the construction of human

The new Postmistress in a town in Indiana writes her official name "Mrs. J. Smith, P.

Encouraged by a government bonus, the people of South Australia are planting trees very extensively on their wide plains, and with remarkable success.