ETERNAL LOVE

O say not that Love changes, That Time or Death estrang.s Twin souls! The one it ranges The ampler atmosphere Of heavenly fields elysian Beyond the other's vision, O say not in derision, They are less near or dear.

PG

Love's name, men but profate it i They hurt and soil and stain it, They take it but in vain—it
Is blasphemously blown By mouths unmeet to breathe it, O sacred name! I wreathe it, I put all things beneath is, And worship Love alone.

Rarth's cruel bonds they bind us, Earth misse they shroud and blind us; Can Heaven's pure light e'er find us, Can earth-dimmed eyes e'er see Thro' Time with Error hoary To read the wondrous story, To grasp the golden glory Of Love's eternity?

The Haunted Church

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER. I.

CAPTAIN PHIL, THE BUCCANSES. It stands by the canal side, that old house—not indeed quite by the canal, but a little distance off it, to which a narrow lane leads, running at a sharp angle to the towing publ. The lare being hidden by tumble down houser, and, where these leave off, by tall unkempt bedges, trace of it is speedily lost to the observer's ken; but there is no mistake whatever as to the presence of the house itself.

It stands obtrusively forward, and yet the old trees around give it a sort of shrinking appearance, with much the effect of a scowling and ragged nightfarer abroad for evil purposes in the day time-resolute upon demanding alms from passers by, but still conscious and half ashamed of his forbidding appearance.

The plaster has long since fallen off, as you may see where the old and feeble by has lost its hold or been swept away of a stormy winter's night. The wall is of ancient date, as is evidenced by the round and useven stones of which it is built. There are no regular layers of mason work therein as craftsmen are wont to use now. The r-of must have been repaired time after time and times out of mind, for it is white all over with the mortar used in its oftrepeated repairs.

But the windows remained unaltered-email and aquare, and entirely out of proportion to the size of the house; which latter, in the days of old Dublin, was one of no small importance. In particular, that window on the gable end looking aslans on the causl—for the house, like the lane, lies at rather an angle with the towing-path, for some reason best known to its first proprietor—I say that particular window, heavily barred too, has been in nowise altered for the past hundred years. For it was at that casement, looking through its bars on the barges gliding along the caual, that Phil Driscoll sat on the evening when the old sailor with the wooden leg came a stumping along the walk. Came a stumping along the walk, the plod of his wooden leg grating harshly on the sand and stones—and turned up the laneway that led at such a sharp angle with the towing-path: Phil's one eye falling upon him with careless observation at first, but rapidly taking more keen cognizance of him—such cognizance indeed as sent a noticeable look, if there had been anyone to take notice, of fear or affright or wonder into his face, and made him start

Phil Driscoll was then the owner of the mansion that now seems to scan the passer-by so forbiddingly through its little square eyes of windows. But it was handsome enough on the evening when Phil looked thereout; and perhaps it was the smiling beauty of its white front, showing so pleasantly against the green trees surrounding, that attracted the steps of the wooden-legged wayfarer. Phil—or rather Captain Phil, as he was generally called—had been a seaman by profession. Which it was required.

He had been in the navy, at a time, too, when the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place, and when me in the navy was rather a rough place. keel-hauling and other like playful practices were in vogue; had been in the merchant service when laws regulating that department, ton, were somewhat primitive, and when there was no Plimsoll to look after the interest of those who "go down to the sea in ship;" had know who is coming here?—who is just at the served as midshipman, as lieutenant, and finally door this minnis?"

back from the window.

as commander of his own vessel.

He had been wrecked in the Mexican Gulf. Is the stormy passages of the Cape Horn, in the Uhinese seas; had been weatherbound a whole winter in the outlets of Hudson's Bay, with nothing but ice and snow around him as far as the eye could reach—and scores of leagues farther; and was one of the five that escaped from his Most Gracious Majesty King George's vessel, the Thunderbolt, when that gallent 74-liner went ashore on the iron coast of the Esrmudas during the great hurricance of 1809 and foundered—guns, cannon, powder, shot, stores, and all hands—except the five who were washed ashore more dead than alive—in deep

He had had a rough time of it unquestionably, and, perhaps, the life suited him; for his tasture was not of the gentlest. I am not quiet sure how far the stories affication the neighbour-lood of his slave dealing habits were true; nor whether the narratives of the cargoes of en-trapped niggers he had borne away in irons from the African coast to sell to planters in Alabama and Florida and Gorgia were authen-tic; nor whether that dark story that told of how, when hotly pressed by an inimical man of war in search against such evil practices, he had had in the obscurity of the night his human cargo taken up from their reeking location in the hold, and, bound in couples hand and foot together, flung into the drowning waters, was absolutely correct; but the fact of such and like rumours being affect was well indicative of the character he bore among the neighbours amidst whom now, at the age of eight-and-had cast his lot.

**I think you'd better. If Swarthy Dill wants to get in, he'll get in—he will. You may depend upon that He'd get in where ould Davy couldn't. How did be find us out?"

**Unless the devil told him, I don't know.'

Fut of wh. t they thought of him or what they said of him—and this latter was always carefully behind his back and never in his hearing— Captain Phil had not the remotest concern nor care. Whatever his past life had been—whatever events beneficent or baleful his hand had taken part in—were locked up in his own breast,

and lay hidden there. He was not likely to tell
them; and as for vague surmisings, he heeded
tthem no more than the idle wind.
The house had, even at this time, been
dereliet when he took it. But under his und
stinted hand it quickly assumed a bright and
handsome appearance. It had the remission had swept at night in the hurricanes across the the say in the darkest night, without compass unknown waters with dead men's bones lying or star, he wouldn't know his way through? thickly in the coral reets beneath him; had seen the mangled bodies of the fallen strewing the bottom ov the say, how can you keep him out?

the mangled bodies of the fallen strewing the deck and cockpit after a bloody fight—to care a straw for the feeble and impotent presence of a ghost on land!

He took the mansion, and the abundant guineas rolled out from his hand on its improvement until it glowed a very home of cheerful repose and brightness. Wherever or however he had acquired them—whether in the paths of peaceful commerce or otherwise—acquired them he had, and it was clear enough from the free-handed manner in which he disbursed them is adorning and beautifying the place that he meant to pass the remaining years of this life there—in ease, at any, rate if not in peace and contentment.

peace and contentment. Perhaps it was the personal appearance of Captain Phil that gave origin to the sinister draw it again hesitatingly. A second time—reports in circulation amongst his neighbours as a thuddering rap same from the knocker concerning him; perhaps it was his manner of living. For his appearance was certainly by no living. For his appearance was certainly by no door open.

Swarth—Bill and Limbell were face to race!

The former, as his eyes, through his shaggy came out of his grave, would ewear he never and unkempt looks, fell on the Commodore, was and unkempt looks, fell on the Commodore, was manifestly surprised.

That, said Captain Phil, with a new light breaking on him, "must have been the place

and similar incident had berefe him of one eye, over which a dark piece of square cloth con-stantly hung, held thereon by a black band which passed around his head under his black

For housekeeper he had a brother sailor whom socident, or an enemy's bullet in the hip, had renfered lame, and who had the more unnumbicharacteristic of having lost both his ears. And they two, and they alone, resided in Bermuda House, for so he named it—Heaven

knows why ! Once, indeed, there was an addition made to the horsehold, and a chargeman or servant— who slept out, however—had been engaged; and this was on the coccasion of the coming of

a young girl who called him guardian.

Whatever forbiddingness there may have been in the appearance of Phil Driscoil, there was no questioning whatever the rare and radiant loveliness of this young girl. Her face, beautifully rounded, had the soft olive colour of the South; her bair, raven black in wavy of the South; her hair, raven black in wavy is treases over her forehead, and falling in long masses over her shoulders, matched most fit tingly with a pair of eyes, diamond-dark, from which the bright smiles shot like flashes of lightning out of the darkness of a June night, whilst the lashes that veiled them touched the under lid in their drooping, silky falls. In contrast with their intense blackness, the forehead, though as we have said of au clive Southment like frame was ern tint, seemed marble white. Her frame was lithe and supple, and there was a grace about her every movement that was not of this laud, Very slight, with every muscle and limb pliable and full of grace, with a bust even nowateighteen developing into wamanhood, she seemed to an imaginative mind a princess whom the mahor-any-coloured sea-captian had borne from her father's palace in some far-off country. Few could look at her—few, indeed, got the chance -but should marrel at her singular beauty and the incomprehensible something that marked "What! Ould No-ear!" said Swarthy Bill her as different from the girls of this land.

But in nothing was shemore remarkable than in the jight that fisshed from her eyes when, aroused from some pensive mood, she smiled. The quick change that came ever her face, the gleam of rapid and evanescent lightning that flashed from them, went straight into the be-

holder's heart. So sudden, so bright—so in-describably bewitching!

This was the young visitor that came for a few days—for a few days only—and then was

gone.

Men who had seen her, women who had seen her, talked unceasingly long after of her exceeding—her bewitching grace and beauty, and marvelled that two so opposite could be thus related.

But she had come and gone like a radiant vision; the attendant housekeeper was dis missed, and Captain Phil and his non-eared companion were again left to their solitary

And it was some time after this that Captafu Phil, looking out from the gable end window, giving athwartly on the canal, saw the wooden legged mariner a stumping along the towing-

path. What was is that made Phil Driscoll's generally impassive face change its manogany colour so rapidly? What was it that made his eye, so rarely expressive of any emotion, after its hus and take on an appearance of unmistak-able surprise or afficight? What was it that made him draw back a pace or two from the window, and bend forward with gestures indicative of unusual emotion to scan the uncouth arrival more closely ?

Whosver else knew the answer to these questions, it certainly was not the approaching one-legged man, who, quite unconscious that he was the object of such keen attention or that he was the cause of any excitement whatever, stumped wearily along,

CHAPTER II.

SWARTHY BILL, THE RETURNED PREEBOOTER. When the stranger had passed beyond the angle of the gable, whither Captain Phil's eyes were unable to follow him, the latter left his post of vantage and hurried downstairs.

"Jake!"
"Ay, ay," said the earless man, who was engaged in the occupation of boiling a large kettle of water, and was busily puffing with his mouth at the fire to light it up the faster. A large black demijohn, and some tumblers standing on

"What's the matter, Commodore?" inquired Jake, relinquishing his work so far as to kneel upright, and glanding at his master's

face.
"Stand up, I say, and listen to me! Do you have?—who is just at the

"Shiver my timbers! How should I know, Commodors?" said Jake, who by this time had risen to his feet, looking surprised at the energy with which his master put his question. "Ould Davy himself—belike

question. " Ould Davy himself—belike enough." "You're not very far astray. It's not him-

but it's Swarthy Bill."

"Heh!" said Jake, with a look answering to that in Captain Phil's face, but blended with a considerable share of doubt. "Swarthy Bill is lying among the dead men in Saraka Bay this many a year-ain't he? You know

"It's no one else. He's coming to the door this minnit. That's his step. May old Davy fly away with me if it isu'c !" Jake, listening, could hear the wicket open, and the plod of the wooden leg on the

gravel.
"It couldn't be. He went down in the Honest George. You know he did. What could bring him here, then ?" "Unless the devil sent him, I don't know!" said Cap. Phil.

Balike enough, Commodore, if it's Swarthy Bill that's in it. But it aint."
"What'll we do, Jake? Shall we let him in? For its he. Out of the sea,or out of the fishes,or out of the kingdom of hell—its he."

Jake paused a litt'e, whilst the wooden leg

"He thinks its batchet in hand he is, amashing in the dooor of the jewel-room at-

"Hush I" said the Captain hurriedly. "He'd hear you through a stone wall forty feet thick. What'll we do?"

" Let him in, I say," said Jake decidedly.

" I don't think we ought," said Captain Phil,
undecidedly.

" What else can you do ?"
" "

"He may not know that it is we who are

"Know! What don't he know?" said Jake, handsome appearance. It had the reputation not wishout a strong expression of fear grow-of being haunted, but much he cared for that! ing into his fue as he listened for the repa-He had travelled through many stormy seas, tition of the knock. "Sink me? Where was

Perhaps it was the personal appearance of the lock as he clutched the bolt. Then with

ing that in Captain Phil's, shot with sudden you lost all your money, after the sack of the expression into his face. He staggered back a palson?"

page or two, passed his sleeve across his eyes, as if doubtful that shey were serving him truly, and then with an added look of terror glanced had a fise pile of money that time. You got

won's you come in."

"Commodore, I didn't think I'd find y u in these waters," sail Swarby Bill, q nickly recovering himself, and taking the profit rad hand ont of gur-metal. "When did you anchor in, Bill? The image was an more. Read that in, Bill? The image was an more. Read that in, Bill? The image was an more. Read was an another in the was an in the was bought a man of war light out."

'Your go nor anyone knew cf. Commodors. I had more diamonds and j wels in my swag than us have bought a man of war light out."

'Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that, said Cap'ain Phil, becoming de ply interesting the more diamonds and j wels in my swag than us have bought a man of war light out."

'Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that," and Cap'ain Phil, becoming de ply interesting the man of war light out."

'Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that," and Cap'ain Phil, becoming de ply interesting the was another. How did you lose it?"

'I didn't bave bought a man of war light out."

'Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that," and Cap'ain Phil, becoming de ply interesting the was another. How did you lose it?"

'I didn't bave another. How did you lose it?"

'I light man of war light out."

'Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that, "Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that," and Cap'ain Phil, becoming de ply in the was another. How did you lose it?"

'I didn't be was another. How did you lose it?"

'I didn't be was another. How did you lose it?"

'I light man of war light out."

'Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that, "Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that," and the was another. How did you lose it?"

'I light man of war light out."

'I do min man of war light out."

'Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that, "Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that," and the was another. How did you lose it?"

'I light man of war light out."

'Your gog is getving old, Bill. Take off that, "Your gog is getving old, and the was another. How did you lose it?"

"Two years an' more. But won's you come in, Bill? There's good shelter an' sea room

hera."
"Ay, ay, Commodore," said Bill, as be atumped somewhat awkwardly across the threshold, and with no great signs of being at his ease. "You were always one to get the best berth that was goin'. You never went in

for bad wharfage—you didn's."
"It wasn's my luck, I suppose," said Captain Phil. more because the answer came to his lips the first than for any particular appropriateness

"You made the other way your luck, Com-modore," said Swarthy Bill. "Never mind that now, Bill I'm glad to tee you," said the Captain, fastening the door and leading the way for his visitor to the kitchen, where Jake was brewing the compound, "and glad to have a snug berth to give you now. There's an old friend here you don't

expect to see. See ! who's here!"
"Why, Bill Cantrel!" said Jake, advancing:
"may ould Davy fasten me down an' never
let me up again if I'm not glad to see you. May I never see a top-gallant yardarm again if

in fresh surprise.
"Ay, indeed, Bill the same," said Jake. "I thought you went down with the Honest George," said Swarthy Bill with a strong air of mistrust, as if he had somehow strangely found his way amongst a company of dead and drowned folk. "I shought you both went down with her?"

"We were nigh enough to it, said Jake dis-

concertedly.
"I thought no one ran the plank but myself," said Swarthy Bill; "I thought everyone else was drawned and d—d long ago, and here I

"Don't mind that now Bill," said Cap. Phil,
"We'll have time enough to talk over all that.
Take a seat and rest yourself. There's an armchair that you didn't find the like of on board the Thunderbolt."

"Ay, the trunnion of a gun was our armchair there," assented Bill, as he seated himself and threw out his wooden leg for greater case; "but she wasn't a bad ship for all that. Plenty of fighting, plenty of prize-money, and plenty

here, Jake-le it ?"

"No," said Jake, "not often."

"And we're glad to see him, Jake, areu't "Very," said Jake. "Shiver my timbers if

we alot."
"We had many a voyage together—hadn't we, Bill? Many a night together when the ship ran under hare bare poles, and we couldn't see one another on the deck.'

"Ay, Commodore, many a one," said Swarehy Bill, taking a tumbler of the smoking mixture from Jake's hand. "And many a jolly day ashore. Here's your health. Commodore. And yours, mate. Though I thought you both went down with the Honest George in Saraka Bay. May old Davy have me if I didn's."

What brought you to Dublin, Bill?" saked Captain Phil, to whom this allusion, for some reason or another, seemed unpleasant, and who, therefore, was anxious to change the con-

Where was that ?"

"Limerick they called it when I was a lad.

good an' all." "Why, ay," said Swarthy Bill. "This ould hulk's fit for nothing now but to lie up in the dry dock. The onld ship's put out of commission

Knocked about the world for years, and comin' home to port at last."
"Plenty of prize money aboard?" asked.
Captain Phil. "Plenty, Commodore. But there 'ud have been more if the Honest George hadn's gone down

"She did go down rather suddenly," observed the Commodore.
"Suddenly! Like a shot! And all of those
Santtlad—that's what hap-

on board with her. Scuttled—that's what hap-heaed her, Commodore, wheever did it. Who did it?" "Twould be hard to tell. Take off that

tumbler, Bill—there's more where that came from. It's good, isn't it? "The best, said Bill, promptly acquiescing in the request and emptying his tumbler. "Souttled—yes, that's what happened her. Who did it? That's what I'd like to know.

How did you get off ?" "We went down with her, and came up with wreckage."

wreckage."
"No you didn't, Commodore. No one went down with her and came up. I was on the deck, and seeing her sinking shoved off on a plank, not twenty seconds hefore she went No one came up from her-not one. I

know that." know that."

Gaptain Poil, as the swarthy sailor raised the seamd tumbler to his lips, glanced at Jake, and Jake, with a curious expression in his eyes, glanced in return at the Captain.

"Were you ever in Dublin before?' Captain

Phil inquired, perhaps to get rid of the uncom-fortable tendency of the conversation.
"Wor I ever in Dublin afore? Yes, I wor,"
said Swarthy Bill, on whose tongue the potent
liquor was beginning to have a loosening
effect "You remember Sam the Swan?"

"Ay, him that set after the palace in Peru, after we had done a blunderin' of it, and burnt every man, woman, an' child in it—'cept the little girl I took out of the top windows—him, What became of her?"

"And you came to see New 2" color of the top." "The man that ---" "And you came to see Sam ?" asked Captain

Phil uneasily. "Was he living in Dublin?"
"He was that, said the sailor, whose train of
thoughts was easily turned. "He was to be hanged for murder—murder on the high seas. He was in irons in Acapulco, and was to swing from the yard arm at suprise. But he got off, Sam did, and swam ashore during the

night."
"I can guess who freed him," said Captain Phil facetiously.

"Maybe ay and maybe no. But he came to Dablin and turned saint. That's what he did -turned seint." "It wasn's much in Sam's.line," observed the

Commodore. "What position did he fill?"

"He was not Sam then," said the sailor; 'he
was Ebenezer Friendly then. He was sexton of
some old hulk in this city when I came to visit

him."
"I should think that post hardly suited him ?"

"Sam could do anything—if he had anything to do there, which he hadn't. The church was an old hulk with nothing but its mainment standin'; au' he might sit there the seven days of the week, and the four weeks of the month afore anyone came to disturb him—unless when they came to batten down the hatches on some landlubber gone below.'

had a fise pile of money that time. You got most of the loot."

anchor that time," pointing to his leg, "We had a rare old time of it, had Sam the Swan Not that we were in harbour all the time, or steering a straight compass. We were sailing ashout compass or rudder."

"I winderstand. But about the treasure—what did you do with it? Hid it?"
"Ay, hid it—in the mainmast of the ould hulk."

"The church tower, I know—"
"Right again, Commodore. Where they keep the gongs for striking the watches."

"The beliry-yes. Why did you not get it again ? "Get it! The darmed press-gang caught Sam and myself one night on the quaye, clap-ped a gag in our mouble and a ship's rope around our arms, and there we were aboard the Flying Hawk afore you could lift a hand-

spike. And you never came back since ?"

"Not till now, Commodore; not till now."
"And you mean to get it now?" "That I do, Commodore-if I can find the hulk."

"Take care, Bill, but Sam has taken it before you."
"No fear ov that, even if he wor land lubbing around. He was true as steel, was Sam. He wouldn's do it."

"Where is he now?,"
"The Flying Hawk was paid off the other day. If he's alive be'll come to this port to look for me. He'll be here soon, never fear." "Tell ms, Bill," said Captain Phil, with sudden thought, "what brought you here? How did you manage to find us out? How did you know we were here?" I didn't know it."

" No ?" "No, may I never eat ship's biscuit again if I did!"

"A chance visit, then?"
"See, here's how it was, Commodore. Captain Dombraine—you remember him?—he com-

manded the—"
"I remember," said his host.
"He's anchored somewhere in this port. I
was making inquiries for him—and hearin' that a master mariner lived here, came-and found

you."
"Dombraine is living in Dublin—is he?"
asked Captain Phil, with another glance of
strange interest at Jake.
"That he is An' he'll never port his helm
an' sheer off while there's an ould comrade like
me that wants a tow-rope to pull him astarn."
"He is a friend of yours?"
"A = Commodure. I saved his life from a

"Ay, Commodore. I saved his life from a French sakre in Trafalgar Bay. But say, Commodore—did this, too, come up with the wreckage?"

wreckage?"
"He pointed with his grizzly hand at the richly-chased silver bowl that held the sugar.
"What do you mean?" asked Cap; ain Phil, as his brow darkened over his sound eye with an expression that was by no means pleasant

to see.
"This bere vessel, Commodore. That's mine. It should have gone down with the Honest George, but didn's. How did it come

tain Phil. "You remember, Jake?"

"The no-cared man remembers—does he? It's tarnation odd, but there's my mark scratched on it.—B. C.—Bill Cantrell, that atoms for me. Young Dombraine did that afore he went down in the Honest George—when it was scuttled. It was part of my loot.'

"If I thought it was, Bill, you should have it and welcome,' said Captain Phil, with another plana from his one eye at the earless man. wereation.

"What brought me to Dublin, Commodure, said Captain Phil, with another dore? I was on my way back to the old docks glance from his one eye at the earless man, dore? I was on my way back to the old docks."

even though I paid honest hard cash for it. Ay, you were always an honest man, Commodore.

said swarthy Bill, with a semi-drunken I don't know whether they changed the name since."

"What became of that girl you brought away from England, Bill—when we sailed for the large in "And an you're goin' to lie up foo! Indies?"

Dead,' said Bill laconically. 'And your son? Hadn's you a son?'
'Ay,' said Bill, 'shipmate; yes I bad.'
'Where is he?'

'In Lordon. At school there.'
'He'll be well off, Bill, when he gets all your money?'
'Ay, will he,' said the old sailor with an animation which showed how much this statement ran on all fours with his own thoughts. There's some of what'll be his,' and he pulled out roll after roll of notes, each for large amounts, from his breast pocket and held them up. 'He'll be rich. That's what he'll be. Rich and titled. He'll never have to handle a cuttass or pull a rope—he won't. Ould Bill Cantrell will leave him richer than the richest land-lubber that steers along in a coach-and-

four in any part ov this island.' Perhaps it was the pleasure that this thought occasioned the old sailor, or that the drink had begun to take effect on him—for the tumblers which he had taken were capacious ones—or perhaps both influences together, but he digressed immediately into a sea-song, and soon the usually quiet walls of the domicile echoed to the strains of the 'Bay of Biscay-O!' thundered forth in tones to which, in Point of stentorian strength and force, a speaking trumpet would have been as the mildest summe

zəphyr. it was near midnisht—or perhaps later—when Jake suggested a walk on the canal banks

when Jake suggested a walk on the canal banks in the night air, to cool themselves after their heated orgics. Swarthy Bill whose blood with strong drink was up to fever heat, assented.

It was not long until Jake raturned—alone.

Well? asked the Commodore, who was awaiting his coming, in a fevered whisper.

Well?

That's settled,' said Jake, with white face 'He'll never see Dombraine again. But d'ye think we did right?'

Whatever it was that he spoke of it could hardly he right, for he quivered and trembled in every nerve and muscle of his body. Quivered and trembled so that he was barely able to hand Captain Phil what he carried in his pocket, and to hurl into a corner what he what he carried under his arm

TWO YOUNG CLERKS WHO WON \$15, 000 IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

(To be continued.)

Henry Hudson and Henry Knosts, two young clerks in C D. Kenny's tea store, 500 N. Gay, St., a couple of weeks ago drew \$15,000 in the Louisians State Lottery and have already received the money. They cant one dollar and got one-twentieth ticket No. 8182 which won \$30,000 of which they received \$15,000, the one-twentieth part—Baltimore (Md.) News, March 27.

Sr. Louis Mo., April 23, 1889. BAILEY REFLECTOR COMPANY.

Gentlemen :- We have now used your Reflecfor about three months. It is very satisfactory, Our audience room is 50x60 ft., and the ceiling about 32 feet at the highest count, is lighted about 82 feet at the nigues trom, admirably by your 60 inch Reflector.

Very respectfully,

J. H. Holkes,

Chairman Building Committee Third Congregational Church.

Dear Sire: - The Bailey Reflector which you "You must have had pleasant times of it together."

"You must have had pleasant times of it together."

"Ay, Commodore, you may sing that. We made the old hulk ring scales night time."

"Ay of the life is really a marvel of cheapness, neatness and brightness." Very sincerely yours, G. H. GRANNIS,

Something new in honnets-Brains.

Pastor Third Congregational Church.

St. Mary's College.

The "Rector's Day "festival held at St. Mary's College commenced last Wednesday night. The event was associated with the seventh annual re-union of the former scholars seventh annual re-union of the former scholars and advantage taken of the banchis of the unfortunate insense who were rescued out of the burning Lengue Peinte Assiam given by the pupils of the College in the half of l'Union Cathol que issue evening before a crowded house. The feature of the evening was D.lavigne's Louis XI, a very difficult drama, painting the leading vices of that court in those days; orusity, craft, hypo-orisy and deceit. The college orchestra-contributed neveral classical selections and among them the grand march from Tann-

bauser. Banblen, assisted by Messrs. Huden, Gladu, Fournier, Designes, Dumsuchel, Ferron, Quintal, Charbonneau, Joseph Luceste, Giradot, Rodier, Laramee, H. Desloges and Deguire. The annual re-union of the alumni of the college took place to-day at the college buildings, at which nearly a thousand students and alumni were present.

Gen. Middleton's Successor. Toronto, May 22.—It is ramored that Colonel Denison, the Police Magistrate here, expects to succeed General Middleton as commander of the forces. This is said to be the reason for his prolonged stay in England, where he now is. It will be remembered that Colonel Denison, a few years ago, won the prize offered to all competitors by the Russian Government, for the best treatise en cavelry tactice.

Beneficiary Heiress. Dome Mary McCarthy, wife of James Green of Wexford, Que., was authorized by the Superior Ceurt Last Wednesday morning to take the quality of beneficiary heiress to the succession of the late Rev. Thomas Mc-Carthy, parish priest of St. Gabriel's church.

HOW CAN THE LONG

may be a long one and yet be the short-BE THE SHORT

est between given points. For instance the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway has over 3000 milesof road; maggnif-icently equipped

and managed, it is one of the greatest railway sys-tems of this country; for the same reasons it is the traveler's favor-ite to all points in Minne-sots, North and South Dakots and Montans. It is the only line to Great Falls, the future manufacturing center of the Northwest; to the fertile free lands of the Milk River Valley; and offers a choice of three routes to the Coast. Still it is three routes to the Coast. Still it is
the shortest line between St. Paul,
Minneapolis, Fargo, Winnipeg, Cookston, Moorhead, Casselton, Glyndon,
Gratton, Fergus Falla, Wahpeton, Devil's
Like, and Butte City. It is the best
route to Alaska, China and Japan; and the
journey to the Pacific Coast, Vancouver, Tacoms, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco,
will be remembered as the delight of a
life-time once made through the wonderfulseen or of the ManitobaPacific Route. To fish and hunt;
to view the magnificence of

to view the magnificence of nature; to revive the spirit; restore the body; to realize the dream of the ho gold-seeker, the toiler, or the capitalist, visit the country reached by the St Paul, Minneapolis & Mani-toba Railway. Write to F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for maps, books and guides. If you

wanta freefarm

Date I

gol.

in a lovelyland HAND write for the "Great Reservation, readitand OF FORTUNE! #CC 8 Dt



ONLY ONE BOTTLE

SEALY, AUSTIN Co., TEX, January, 1889. Last winter I contracted a sickness from overlitting, and had to lie in bed for a time. I felt very weak, and all medicines did me no good, when Rev. Pastor Winman advised me to take Pastor Koenig's Merve Dy.

Dotale of it cured me entirely.

MBS. Scenerides. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and only one

Our PAMPHLET for sufferers of nervous disease will be sent FREE to any address, and POOR patients can also obtain this medicina

FOUR patients can also obtain stile institutes
FREE of charge from us.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverse Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is new prepared under the direction by the KOENIG MEDICINE CO., Chicago,

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By E. LEONARD, Druggist, 118 St. Lawrence Agenta: — B. E. McGale, No. 2123 Notre
Dame street; JNO. T. LYONS, cor. Bleury
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Notre Dame and Bonsecours streets; S.
Lachance, St. Catherine street. Price
\$1.25, or six bottles for \$6.00. Large bottles
\$2.00, or six bottles for \$11.00.

EMILE BOISVERT, General Manager Province of Quebec, 11 Gosford at., Montreal.

NOTICE Is hereby given that a Dividend of THREE-AND ONE-HALF per cent. (3) on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its head office, in this city, on and after MONDAY, the SECOND DAY of JUNE NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 21st to 31st May, both days inclusive.

Notice is also given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the same place, on Wednesday, the 18th day of JUNE next, at twelve o'clock noon.

By order of the Board.

U. GARAND, Cashier. Montreal, April 24th, 1890, 89 7

BANK JACQUES

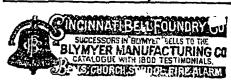
DIVIDEND 49.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three-and-one-half (32) per cent, has been declared on the paid up capital stock of this Bank for the current half year, and the same will be payable at its head office in Montreal, on and after Monday, the second day of June next. The transfer books will be closed from the 19th to 31st May, both days inclusive.

The annual general meeting of the shareholders will be held at the office of the Baak, on Wednesday, June the 18th, at one o'clock by m. Re order of the Roard.

p.m. By order of the Board,
A. DE MARTIGNY, Montreal April 23, 1890,

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free. VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincipnati, O.









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READ OUR HOME REFERENCES:

REV. CHAS. HOLE, Halifax, N.S., is happy to testify to the benefits received from our Butterfly Belt and Actina. Senator A. E. BOTSFORD, Sackville, N.S., advise everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight. HENRY CONWAY, 44 Centre Street, cured of intermittent fever in tendays, one year's standing; used Actina and Belt. MRS. S. M. WHITEHEAD, 578 Jarvis St., a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Electric Belt. MR. J. FULLER, 41½ Centre Street, coughed eighteen months, cured in two treatments by Actina. J. McQUAIG, grain merchant, cured of rheumatism in the shoulders after all others failed. JAS. WEEKS, Parkdale, sciatica and lame back, oured in fifteen days. WM. NELLES, Thesslen, cured of lame back, pain in breast and dyapapsia, after being lated up all winter. MRS. J. SWIRT, 87 Agnes Street, cured of sciatics in six weeks. D. K. BELL, 135 Simcoe Street, cured of one year's sleeplestness in three days by wearing lung Shield and using Actina. L. B. McKAY, Queen Street, tobacconist, cured of headache after years of sufferings. MISS ANNIE WRAY. Manning Avenue, music teacher, finds Actina invaluable. E. RIGGS, 230 Adelaide Street West, cured of catarrh by Actina. G. S. PARDEE, 51 Beverley Street, cured of lame back after all medicines had failed. MISS DELLA CLAYTON, Toronto, cured of paralysis after being in the hospital nine months. JOHN THOMPSON, 109 Adelaide west, cured of a tumor in the eye in two weeks by Actina. MISS E. M. FORSYTH, 18 Brant Street, reports a lump drawn from her hand 12 years' standing. MKS, HATT, 342 St. Clarence Avenue, Toronto, cured of BLOOD POISON.

"Your Belt and Suspensory have cured me of impotency," writes G. A. "I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50," writes J. McG. "For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price," says.Mr. S. M. O. These letters are on file. MR. McOLINCHY, Thessalon, cured of rheumatism in back and legs, very bad case; laid up a long time. Many more such testimonials on file. Catarrh impossible under the influence of Actins,

Acting will cure diseases of the eye.

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