

can enjoy your dessert with such an evident sense of gratification when you picture to yourself that poor young man absolutely pinning you for you. Do have some more ginger. I know you love it.

Well, I will, then," says Gretchen, with a little grin, leading him by the hand. "But this is a most miserable state of affairs," exclaims Mr. Tremaine, anxiously. "It is most unneighborly and inhospitable to think of his being there all alone, when perhaps he would like to be here. It is sufficient to make him melancholy and lying there all day brooding over his misfortunes."

"You are going to propose something," says Mrs. Tremaine, with a smile. "And you guess what it is?" with an answering smile. "Yes, I think we ought to invite him here; poor Mary Spencer's son; is that it? You see I always know your thoughts."

"Al! that is just what was in my heart," Gretchen breaks in, eagerly. "How thoughtful you are, papa! I am sure he would be happier here. Brandy may laugh at me, but when I was leaving his room today I would have given almost anything to be able to go back again, to have got a book and drawn my chair close to his and read to him for an hour or so. It seemed cruel to be so strong and healthy when he was so afflicted."

"Your sister Gretchen's fate will be a Methodist person," says Brandy, sotto voce, to Flora, who indignantly repudiating the idea, at once opens up another exhaustive argument, that lasts on and off till bed-hour.

"The library would be a charming place for him to lie in all day," says Kitty, with a smile. "It is such a pretty room, and it occupies it so much during the morning, and nearly all the evening."

"But his bedroom," ponders Mrs. Tremaine, thoughtfully. "I could see at once how painfully sensitive he is about his unhappy condition, and I don't think he would submit to be carried up and down stairs in a strange house."

"He may have my morning room," says Gretchen, willingly; it is off the library and can be easily brought from one room to the other.

"But you will miss your room, dearest," says her mother.

"No. For the time being I shall inflict myself upon Kitty. You don't mind, do you, Kitty?"

"Then I shall go over to-morrow and insist upon his coming," says Mr. Tremaine; "I won't hear of a refusal."

"I think papa, it would be almost better if mamma went," puts in Gretchen, very gently, giving her father's hand a soft little squeeze. "You are the kindest old papa in the world, but perhaps mamma could explain better, you know—with a glance at her mother—how wonderfully clever she is about all such matters."

"Do you hear her, the oily hypocrite?" murmurs Brandy, still sotto voce, to the incensed Flora. "Buttressing up both the Father and the Mater in one breath. Ugh! it makes me ill."

"You are a miserable creature," returns Flora, with subdued but evident force; "and I forget myself when I descend to bandy words with you. She is the sweetest creature on earth. But you are incapable of appreciating her. There is not a drop of oil in her body!"

"You would have to boil her down before you could swear to that," returns Brandy, provokingly. "Do you want to boil her? Why, positively you are worse than Wainright, and Hannah Dobb, and all that lot. And your own sister, too! Why, had you as you are, only that I heard you with my own ears, I shouldn't have believed that of you."

"I never said it," says Flora, angrily; whereupon the argument waxed hotter and hotter, until Mrs. Tremaine, fortunately rising, carried off Flora to the drawing-room, and so puts an end to it—for the moment.

"Now, what is love? I will show you a thing that creeps and crawls, and goes, and a prize that passes to and fro."

Seven long days have dawned and waned; August is a week older. Visions of yellow September, of partridges, and of good red setters haunt the brain. The last faint remembrance of summer has indeed departed, but mid-autumn asserts itself in all its glory: "La rosi estom; vive la rosi!"

In the library at the Towers both the clocks have carefully chimed four strokes each. As one begins precisely as the other finishes, the listener may be excused for wondering if it can be really eight o'clock. The day is drowsy and full of a calm serenity. All nature seems at rest; only the soft but hasty wind rustling through the distant fir—making them creak and groan as though they are tender spirits in mortal pain—makes itself heard.

The sunbeams are throwing flickering shadows through the trees; little touches of light, yellow as golden corn, are dashing madly here and there in very gayety of youth and joy, dancing on Flora's pale pink gown, enriching Kitty's hair, and, lingering softly in Gretchen's eyes, makes those sweet homes of love dwell as the skies above her.

He is Gretchen's special charge. With her whole heart—the tenderest that ever longed for mortal—she pities him, and all day long dresses little secret plans for his amusement, and weaves plots whereby he shall reap such comfort as may be gained from the knowledge that those around him are eager to do him good service. To be maligned, or miserable, or poverty-stricken, or despised by the world, is the surest way to gain Gretchen's sweetest smiles and tenderest glances and most honeyed words. And already Dugdale has learned to listen impatiently for her coming, to distinguish her step among a thousand, to read with unerring accuracy each change in her expressive countenance. To him the pleasantest hours in all the twenty-four are those in which she brings her book and her gentle presence to his side, and, drawing a chair to his couch, reads to him in her low sweet voice, that most "excellent thing in woman."

Just now she raises her head and sends to him a smile soft and frank and full of fellowship, that raises envy in the breast of Scarlett, who would have all her smiles and every thought of her heart his own.

"How good you are to that fellow Dugdale!" he says, begrudgingly; and Gretchen answers with mild reproach. "Remember how sad it is for him; how different he is from you and me, who can go about, enjoying the sun, and flowers, and all there is of the best."

"Well, of course it is hard on him," says Scarlett, growing repentant, "not to be able to walk, you know, and that, I certainly shouldn't like to be a cripple you know; should you?"

"Which answer vexes Gretchen more than she would like to acknowledge. "He is not a cripple," she says, coldly, in the tone that usually reduces Scarlett to despair. He is not in the happiest mood to-day. And Flora, without knowing it, is doing her utmost to aggravate him to madness by persistently keeping as close to Gretchen as circumstances will permit.

It is, indeed, with a mixture of the approach of Brandy, who comes leisurely towards them across the lawn. He is not alone; the past week has given to the Towers two new guests, Kenneth Dugdale and Mr. Dimont, a friend of Brandy's, and indeed, from old associations' sake, a friend of all the Tremaine's.

He is young—disgracefully young, he tells himself—though not so boyish in appearance as Brandy. Indeed, he might be any age within the twenties, though only twenty-two. There is a solemnity about Mr. Dimont, an amount of earnestness both in manner and in speech, that does honor to his "head and heart," considering he is rich, and well-born, and without that "creeping horror," a guardian.

History declares he might have been even more endowed with worldly goods but for a fatal tendency towards practical joking that, being put into practice in his fifteenth year, lost him many thousands. The thousands were his aunt's, the practical joke was quite his own.

Miss Jemima Dimont was an elderly spinster of severe morals and small wit. Nowadays they say it impossible to swear positively to any one's morals; but that Miss Jemima's common sense was of a low order, I think there can be little doubt, when she expressed a desire to escort George Dimont—then a lad—home from Eton.

Miss Jemima seldom made mistakes but this was a mistake difficult to cap, as I believe few people knowing George Dimont at that time would have elected to go on a journey with him. But Miss Jemima probably thought herself beyond fear. Afterwards all the Dimonts were glad to remember that it was she herself who had proposed the journey, that no one had incited her to it or pointed the expedition in glowing colors.

Miss Jemima met young George at the station, and, having saluted him and bought his ticket, they started on their ill-fated way towards home. At first Miss Jemima was genial, and George—who was nothing if not facetious—presently broke into a strain of rambunctious amusing; if not of a highly spiritual nature, that let her into a thing or two about school-boy life.

Perhaps these recollections were of a lively rather than an edifying description, because after while Miss Jemima grew palpably, whereupon young George found himself, as he afterwards expressed it, "in the wrong box." Silence ensued, and both turned their attention upon the flying landscape.

So far things had gone unusually well, and might have ended with a mere reprimand on one side and some disgust on the other, had not Miss Jemima chasen this moment of all others to commit her crowning act of folly; she fell asleep!

When the Dimonts heard this later on, they shook their heads dismally and asked each other solemnly, "What could she have expected?"

Yes, she fell asleep, and time began to hang heavily on young George's hands. He yawned; he dozed; he cut a large hole in the new cloth cushion of the carriage; he scratched his name upon the door; he worried the tassel of the end of the piece of leather that helps to open the windows, and in fact, did all that could possibly be expected of him in the course of ten short minutes.

Then he looked at Miss Jemima. She was sweetly sleeping, her lips were apart; her head was thrown slightly backwards. A gentle snore proclaimed her in the arms of Morpheus. Her nephew sat for some time lost in admiration of this enchanting picture, and then—and then—he caught sight of the dawn upon her upper lip!

It was enough. Quick as lightning he drew from his pocket a piece of twine, three panicles, several apples, a few nails, a little box of matches, and a cork. Cautiously he lit a match and applied it to the cork; the latter, as though in rich enjoyment of the shadows, burned bravely and soon was black as could be desired. Then came the last act in the drama; George rose on tip-toe and applied the cork generously to Miss Jemima's lip. The cork took to it kindly, and soon developed as fine a mustache as any young attaché might be proud of.

George, gazing at her in silent misery, laid his hands upon his knees and bent almost in two in his violent efforts to restrain his unwholly joy; whilst Miss Jemima slumbered on in blissful unconsciousness.

"And, you gaffer," said young George to an admiring audience later on, "saw such an upper lip for the purpose."

Not yet altogether content with his work, this dutiful nephew next ornamented his sister's aunt with bushy whiskers, and, as a delicate compliment to the present government, made her present of a charming "Imperial." He might, perhaps, have added a touch or two to her brows or the tip of her nose, but that just then a shrill whistle warned him his time was short; and Aunt Jemima, waking, with a final snort, declared she never could sleep in those shabby trains, and told him his journey was almost at an end.

Then they steamed into the station, and George, bidding her a hasty farewell, without trusting himself to look at her again, sprang to the ground and fought his way through idlers and passengers, out of sight.

Miss Jemima descended slowly on to the platform and summoned a porter to see to her luggage. The man came, saw, and was con- quered. He put his hand to his mouth, and with a choking sound fled! Several men did the same; until at length Miss Jemima found herself marching across the station through a delighted crowd neatly divided into two rows, who gazed at her as she reached the place of exit a parting cheer.

Her own footman, as he opened her carriage door, grew first pale with fright, and then subsided into agonies of suppressed laughter, whilst the coachman on the box declared afterwards he was never so near apoplexy in his life.

Miss Jemima, all unconscious, though somewhat perplexed at the strangeness of things in general, stepped into her brougham and asked herself calmly what was the matter. Instinctively she raised the little mirror attached to the carriage, bent forward, and—saw!

She never again spoke to that branch of the Dimonts and when some months later she died, George was not so much as mentioned in her will.

"But what's the odds," said young Dimont, very philosophically, on the occasion, "as long as we'reappy?"

Just now he does not look particularly happy as he walks through the grass beside Brandy Tremaine, but is evidently protesting anxiously against injustice done, whilst the latter is exploding with laughter.

"What's the joke, Brandy?" asks Jack Blundon, laudably raising himself on his elbow. "You will be ill if you conceal it much longer. Don't be selfish, dear boy let us be partakers of your joy!"

"It's only Brandy's last," says Brandy, still full of enjoyment (Mr. Dimont is a "gallant plunger" and a Christian gentleman, but because his name happens to be Dimont, and his garments irreproachable, it goes without saying that to all who know him his Christian appellation is simply "Brandy").

"He is only Brandy's last," says Brandy, whilst Dandy in the background glowers painfully. "He is so sentimental and so full of poetry!"

"I wouldn't make an ass of myself, if I were you," interposes Mr. Dimont wrathfully.

MR. ARTHUR AND THE FENIANS. Mr. Walter, the owner of the London Times, who is now on a visit to this country, recently stated in an interview with a newspaper reporter, that it seemed to him the chief distinction between the journals of this country and those of England was that our newspapers are provincial, while those of England are cosmopolitan. In the face of this recent utterance comes the London Standard, the chief organ of one of the great parties in England, which says in commenting on our recent national calamity, that "so far as England is concerned, we have no particular reason to congratulate ourselves on the inauguration of Mr. Arthur."

"He owes his election to Irish votes," said Mr. Arthur in New York his constant associates were "Fenians." That American newspaper would be exceptional and provincial which should say that Mr. Gladstone relied mainly for support on the Irish landlords, supplemented by such help as he could count on from that class of voters in England who favored a re-enactment of the Corn Laws. There are in this country no "Irish voters." There are citizens here who were born in Ireland, and who, having given the required proof that they have identified their fortunes with those of the republic, are permitted to exercise all the rights of native born citizens. Little Rhode Island makes an exception against this class of citizens, in requiring a property qualification of them, but Rhode Island is but a fragment of the great Republic. It was brought to the attention of the great body of our voting population, last year, that Mr. Arthur was at all events the son of an Irishman and came mightily near being an Irishman himself, but he did not get one vote more or the less on this account. The Irish American voters very generally vote against the party which elected Mr. Arthur. Years ago the Democratic party came to the defense of the rights of foreign born citizens who had settled here in good faith, and established that liberal policy of which we all boast now, and to which we are indebted for the astounding growth of the Republic. On several memorable occasions since, the Democratic party staked its existence on its ability to maintain this policy. Native born men forget the Know Nothing excitements of the past, but the foreign born citizens and their descendants gratefully remember that at one time the Democratic party stood for power in almost every Northern State rather than concede that the Republic made a mistake in acknowledging the rights of foreign born men who come in good faith to stay among us to share in all the privileges and rights of citizenship. If Mr. Arthur has associated with "Fenians" in the past, it would be taken as pretty strong proof that the Fenians are, at all events, good fellows, for if Mr. Arthur was noted for anything it was for being a good fellow himself, with a natural leaning to the companionship of gentlemen good fellows like himself. There is not living, perhaps, a man to whom a dynamite Fenian would be more offensive than he would be to Chester A. Arthur.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"BOYCOTTING." Dr. Philip Cross, Shandyhall, near Coaghford, County Cork, has within the last week been boycotted, owing to some differences he has had with his tenantry. Everybody in his employment, with the exception of a lame steward and his wife, have left him, and his neighbours refuse to supply him with necessities or to hold any communication with him. A few nights since his steward's wife was taken seriously ill, but not a woman in the neighbourhood could be got to act as nurse. The traders in the town of Tallow, County Waterford, have held a public meeting to take steps towards boycotting the police, and have come to the decision not to supply them with any provisions in future unless they pay double the ordinary prices for them. The meeting considered this course would be effectual in boycotting the constabulary.

The Customs receipts of St. John, N. B., for month ending 30th September, amounted to \$124,705, against \$106,271, an increase of \$18,434.

FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.—Take a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in a gill of milk and syrup, equal parts, three times a day, bathing the body freely with the medicine wherever you feel distressed. 75-2 ws

A FUTILE UNDERTAKING. DUBLIN, Sept. 29.—Several ambulance wagons, which left Athlone barracks with police and soldiers for Shannon Bridge, County Westmeath, to protect process servers, were obliged to return on account of the roads being broken up and obstructions placed upon them.

CAPT. BOYCOTT BURNED IN EFFIGY. Boycott, protected by police, was in Westport on Tuesday. He was followed by a mob during the whole time, and his effigy was afterwards burned.

A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

[From the Catholic World.] "You will hear more Gaelic spoken in Canada in one week than you would hear during a month's sojourn in the Highlands!" Such was the astounding assertion made some time ago at a Montreal dinner-table by a Scottish laird, himself of Canadian birth, and an extensive landowner in Ontario as well as in North Britain. And such is indeed the case. Along the shore of Lake St. Francis, and beyond, where the broad blue ribbon of the St. Lawrence is dotted with tiny verdant islets, among which loyal Canadians dwell shyly across to the State of New York, dwell a sturdy race of men as truly Highland in heart and speech as when they left their beloved hills a hundred years ago. A nature, if loyal to one attachment, will be loyal to all. These Highlanders have preserved their faith and have adhered to their language and traditions.

To visit the Gael in the home of his adoption you leave Montreal, going by rail westward for about two hours and a half, and arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glengarry, the home of the Glenhady nan Gael. Glengarry is the most easterly county in Ontario, and is one of those into which the district of Lunenburg was divided in 1793. It is bounded on the east by County Soulanges, on the north by Prescott, west by County Stormont—also largely peopled with Scotch settlers—and on the south by the St. Lawrence.

The county comprises four townships: Charlottetown, Lancaster, Lochiel and Kenyon. These are again subdivided into "concessions," and the concessions into lots. Lancaster, the county town, is in the township of Charlottetown and lies on the banks of the Riviere aux Raisins. It is the outlet for produce from the inland villages, and the place of starting for stage coaches to different points. The roads here are atrocious, and the coaches "rattle your bones over the stones" while taking you through a country so magnificent that you wonder why the dwellers therein do not mend their ways. In Charlottetown are also the parishes of St. Raphael, Martintown and Williamstown. The township of Lancaster lies east of Charlottetown, and was called the "sunken township" on account of the first French settlers having considered it too swampy for habitation. Lochiel lies to the north and boasts of quite a rising town, Alexandria, containing seven hundred inhabitants, a high school and convent under the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Kenyon is north of Charlottetown and is, like the others, a country of magnificent agricultural development.

The counties of Stormont and Dundas are, if we except a few Germans, entirely Scotch, but are not Catholic, as is Glengarry. The pioneer settlers were from the valley of the Mohawk, whither many had emigrated from Scotland and from Germany before the revolution. When the proclamation of peace in 1783 deprived the Scottish soldiers who formed the Royal New York Regiment, under Sir John Johnson, of their occupation, nothing was left to them but to accept the offer of the British Government and settle on lands granted them in Canada. West of Lochiel some more natural to their mountain instincts than policy, and they were in those days much more conscientious than practical. Each soldier received a grant of a hundred acres fronting on the river, and two hundred within the county on which he settled. That these people were for the main part Protestants is easily seen by the names which they bestowed on their villages, such as Matilda, Williamstown, Charlotte and Martintown, which latter was, we are told, "called after Captain Duncan's daughter Maria." There were many Catholics in Sir John Johnson's regiment, and they probably turned the first sod in what is now Glengarry; but the real influx of Catholic Highlanders did not take place until 1785 and 1802.

Throughout the last century religious persecution prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland, not in actual strife or bloodshed, but in the merciless bigotry and continued obstruction that comes so readily to those "children of the world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The old chieftains who had clung to their God and their sovereign were attainted, incarcerated in Edinburgh Castle or in the Tower of London, and their sons of tender age, removed from the influence of early associations, were the helpless pupils of the sanctimonious dominies, who banished from their young minds every ray of Catholic hope and joy, and sent them back to their country as strangers and sojourners—sometimes as fierce denouncers of the faith in which they were born.

Strong in loyalty and conservative to the heart's core, for years the powerful clan of MacDonald escaped unscathed. Descended from the mighty Somerled, Thane of Argyle, by his marriage with the daughter of Olaf, surnamed the Red, the Norwegian King of the Isles, this branch of *Siol Cain* (the race of Conn) had accepted the faith of St. Columba, the "royal O'Neill," and never wavered from his teachings. For centuries they had lived and died Catholics, and the "bones of their chieftains had been

not well attended and strongly armed it would be worse for him, for meekness and gentleness were Christian characteristics not strongly marked in this race, and they acted literally on St. Paul's injunction to be "first pure and then peaceable." Their precept was, *Quiesce et iudicabitur*—"Quicken thy hand and harden thy blows." An amusing specimen of this spirit is handed down from the prayer of a clansman before the battle of Sheriffmuir: "O Lord! be thou with us; but, if thou be not with us, be not against us; but leave it between the red-coats and us!"

At last among these chosen people of God fell, lured by the inducements of the supporters of the Elector of Hanover, as they had persistently called his Britannic majesty. Not content with embracing Calvinism themselves, they endeavored to inculcate their people. One, indeed, tried an untoward application by means of severe blows from his *Bati-bui*—or yellow walking stick—with which he hoped to induce his tenantry to repair to the Protestant meeting-house. To this day Calvinism is spoken of by the descendants of those people as *Credibile a bati-bui*—the religion of the yellow stick. The tyranny of these foes of their own household, combined with the poverty and wretchedness prevailing throughout the Highlands, caused many of the MacDonalds and their Catholic neighbors to turn their thoughts to America, whence came alluring stories of plenty and peace. At home the country had been drained to provide means for the insurrection which they hoped would put their exiled prince on the throne of the Stuarts. The ravages of war laid their lands waste, the more progressive Lowlanders and the aboriginal nobles were turning the tenant-holdings into sheep-walks, inch by inch their birthright was leaving them, their dress was forbidden, their arms sequestered, their very language was made contraband; so, facing the difficulty like brave men, they determined to emigrate. In the year 1785 two ships sailed from Scotland to Canada filled with emigrants. The first left early in the season, but sprang a leak and was obliged to put into Belfast for repairs; resuming her voyage, she reached the American coast too late to attempt making Quebec harbor, and therefore landed her passengers at Philadelphia. The emigrants were lodged in a barracks evacuated by the troops after the proclamation of peace, but in the course of the winter a third misfortune befell them: the barracks took fire and burned to the ground, consuming in the flames their worldly all. These poor pilgrims then went through to Lake Champlain in boats, and were met at Ile-aux-Bois by their friends who had already established themselves in Ontario. Who but Highland hearts would undertake such a journey for friends? At a bad season of the year, over slushy roads, when time was precious and horseflesh valuable, they started in capacious sleighs for their old friends and kindred, and drove them to the forest that was to be their home, housing and feeding them until their own log houses were erected.

The second band of emigrants before referred to had a much more prosperous voyage. They were from Knyndart and were under the leadership of the Rev. Alexander MacDonald, of the family of Southshore, a cousin of the chief of Glengarry. He was a man of courage and strong will, and marshalled his flock with prudence and discretion. As the good ship *MacDonald* glided out of the harbor of Greenock the priest addressed his flock and put them under the protection of St. Raphael, the guide of the wanderer. A few moments later there was a wail of terror: the ship was aground. "Sois ar et glorieux, ayas hantih unray!"—"Down on your knees and pray!"—thundered the priest; St. Raphael interceded, the ship slid off, and in the Quebec *Gazette*, 1785, is this entry:—

Arrived, ship *MacDonald*, from Greenock with emigrants, nearly the whole of a parish in the north of Scotland, who emigrated with their priest and nineteen cabin passengers, together with two hundred and twenty stowage passengers to better their case up to Ontario. Catabarqui was the ancient name for Kingston; there, however, they did not go, but to what is now known as St. Raphael's parish, some miles north of Lancaster. Here they fell to work, in spite of numerous hardships, to construct their houses, and also to build the pioneer church, called "Blue Chapel." Of course church and parish were dedicated to their archangel guardian. In the year 1802 another very large party of emigrants arrived from Glengarry, Inverness-shire, who, settling near the earlier comers, gave the name of their native glen to the whole district. During the winter of 1803 the good priest of St. Raphael fell ill far away from any comfort or from medical aid to soothe or assuage his malady; he was deprived, too, of the services of a brother priest to administer the consolations of religion. His people rallied round him, and the strongest man came forward; they constructed a *leabath ghluhan* and carried him upon it through the forest paths and over the snow mountains to Williamstown. Hence, when the ice broke up, he was taken in a canoe down Riviere-aux-Raisins to the mission at Lachine, where he died on the 10th of May, 1803. He was succeeded in St. Raphael's by a Father Fitzsimmons.

The chronicle of the emigrants of 1802 introduces one of the grandest figures in Canadian history—the Rev. Alexander (Allan) MacDonald, or MacDonnell, later the first Bishop of Upper Canada. He was of the House of Glengarry, a branch of the clan Donald now generally recognized as inheriting the chieftainship of the

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. At the semi-annual meeting of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Quebec, held on Wednesday at Laval University, the following graduates in Medicine and Surgery obtained the license of the College on presentation of their respective diplomas:—Laval University (Quebec)—L. G. Pileas DeBois, M. D., St. Henri de Lanyon, Aime Trudeau, M.D., Three Rivers; Alex. Chausse, Gros Delyer, M. L. St. Francis; Benoit; Nap. Mercier, M. L. St. Jean Chrysostome; Chas. Noel Barry, M. L., St. Anne de la Paroisse; P. A. Gauthier, M. L., Rimouski; Laval University, Montreal—Jos. Ed. Lemaitre, M. D., Pierreville; Gustave Demers, M. D., Victoria University—A. Gibault, M. D., C. M., St. Jacques L'Aobain; Gilbert Houli, M. D., C. M., McGill University—Wm. L. Gray, M. D., C. M.; Geo. Ross, M. D., C. M., Bishop's College—Frank N. R. Spindlow, C. M., M. D.; Robert H. Wilson, C. M., M. D., Mr. T. Symington, graduate of Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., obtained the license after passing a successful examination.

Money saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. THOMAS' ELECTROLYTIC OIL—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, out-brise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast. The vote on the Canada Temperance Act will be taken in St. John, N. B., early in December.

WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

There is still a chance left for Grant to become Emperor. Western people abroad are noted for their loud tone of voice. Vennor holds the coming winter in the hollow of his right hand. Greer county in Texas has two million acres of unappropriated land.

If folks would only leave off feeding those monarchical British sparrows. A granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson visited the White House on Tuesday. Living in Paris is as expensive as at a fashionable American watering place. It is not unlikely the hansomman will say one of these days, "Get O, Guitauo." Parisians boast that one of their celebrated restaurants is the centre of the world. It is reported that those in charge of the French loan are lending money on sham security.

What troubles English savans now is the question "Will the coming woman smoke?" It is thought Mr. O'Haberty, of Quebec, will obtain Mr. Gahan's place in the Crown Lands Department. Now, that the English and Scotch want a Land Bill, will the London dailies call them communists? In Washington eight men are kept busy in a photographic gallery making portraits of Guitauo for sale. Two hundred soldiers lately took the pledge at Alderast after an eloquent address by Cardinal Manning. The number of verses written on the death of President Garfield is as remarkable as their general lack of merit. The Toronto World thinks we shall soon see a conglomeration of republics. Long live the Canadian Rep.—orters. When Emma Abbott is sick and her place as a singer is taken by another lady she makes a little speech of apology. The Acadian Recorder, of Halifax, wants no deadheading to the Exhibition. Even newspapers should pay, thinks the Recorder.

It is no wonder Sir John goes in for everlasting connection with England. Canada cannot make him a Knight Grand Commander. The Rev. S. S. Hunting appeared on the stage of a theatre at Des Moines, Iowa, at the conclusion of a regular performance, and married an actor and actress, who still wore the costumes of the play. Some malicious person or persons broke into the Ottawa Herald office on Wednesday night and made "Pill" of the forms. If the proprietors discover them they will make pudding of their heads. In Cote St. Louis they light the lamps on a bright beautiful evening, and leave them severely alone on a dark night. A resident of Cote St. Louis may be detoured by the bumps on his sides. The fare on the railroads running out of Boston has been reduced to five cents to any point within five miles, and the experiment is said to be satisfactory alike to the companies and to suburban residents. The elopement of Martha Noally, the richest heiress of Clermont County, Ohio, with Dr. John MacDonald, an already married man, was noteworthy from the fact that the girl's mother accompanied the couple in their flight. McNeally reached across a Texas gaming table and seized the stakes belonging to Phillips. His hand was instantly pierced and fastened down by Phillips' knife; but he quickly freed himself and killed Phillips with a pistol.

The trousers, an English critic writes, is the weakest link in the German military costume. Those worn by the officers are so tight that they remind one of the English dandy in old times who would never venture to sit down in his walking trousers. A widow in Philadelphia who keeps a shoe store owns a parrot which repeatedly cries: "Say, come over here and buy some shoes." This amuses the passers-by, but two rival shoe dealers on the other side of the street traded by his oft-repeated entreaties, and they brought suit against the widow and caused her to be bound over in the sum of \$500 on the charge of maintaining a nuisance. And still the parrot cries, "Say, come over here and buy some shoes." Fenian outrage connoisseurs have lost a splendid chance. A live white rat was found the other day in the letter-box of one of the Birmingham pillar-posts. How came it there? May not it have been ingeniously coated with dynamite? What a splendid idea—a dynamite-coated force of rats trained to crawl into all sorts of places obnoxious to Fenianism! Had a reporter of a Fenian-outrage connoicer type got hold of the first news of the very suspicious whereabouts of this Birmingham white rat, what a sensation might he not have caused? But the chance has passed away. Instead of the sensation and the penny-lining profits coming first, and the truth afterwards, the truth has come first, and there is neither sensation nor money-making. What a disappointment.—London Univers.

ABOLITION OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL. HALIFAX, Sept. 30.—Hon. Messrs. Fraser, Wedderburn and Young of New Brunswick Government, and Hon. Messrs. Sullivan and Ferguson of the P. E. Island Government, were entertained at a dinner at the Halifax Club to-day by members of the Local Government. The former gentlemen had an extended conference with the N. S. Government on the subject of the abolition of Legislative Councils of the two Provinces. No issue was arrived at, but the visiting gentlemen will report the conference to their Government, and another will shortly be held at Fredericton.

As caloric electricity and phosphorus are induced and supplied by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, it only requires the administration of this successful invention to fortify the feeble, give sprightliness and motion to the torpid, and bring about a condition which not only secures tenaciousness of life, but makes life really enjoyable.