

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

It appears by the recently published "Irish Catholic Directory" that the Catholics in the House of Commons amount to 58, that although there are only 6 Catholic judges, Catholics hold their own. There are 3,169 priests in Ireland, and that number shows a great increase from the number of priests during many of the years since the famine. In fact, the full number is 3,450, if Prelates, private chaplains, and those in asylums are added.

King's County.

A great demonstration, in support of the National League, took place at Birr, on January 27. Mr. Harrington, M. P., who arrived on the previous night, was met at the station by the Rev. H. Little, C. C., and other clergymen, and by a large crowd of the townspeople, a number of whom carried torch-lights, as the procession wended its way into the town, amidst enthusiastic cheering.

Louth.

A banquet was given on January 29th, in Drogheda, by the Mayor, Mr. Patrick Casey Connolly, to inaugurate his year of office, at which Mr. Davitt, Mr. Sexton, M. P.; Mr. Sullivan, M. P.; Mr. Mayne, M. P.; as well as all the representative local Nationalists, to the number of 300, were present.

Longford.

On January 26th, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Edgeworthstown, which was attended by Mr. Justin McCarthy, jun. Notwithstanding the dreadful inclemency of the weather, and that the snow was falling all the morning, the people gathered into Edgeworthstown in large numbers to welcome amongst them their popular representative.

Cork.

The following notice, addressed to fox-hunters, and signed by 106 farmers of the districts of Aghada and Cloyne, near Middleton, being the result of a meeting held recently at Ballinrostit, has just been issued:—"As a means of marking our appreciation of Plunkett Pasha's conduct, and manifesting our high esteem of and deep affection for gentlemen of the Rossmore Fighting (?) Fraternity, and Members of the Benevolent (?) Eviction Company, who—some discreetly silent, some recklessly frank—are comparatively numerous in the district (Middleton), of which our parishes form a part, we, the undersigned farmers of Aghada and Cloyne, hereby notify that we will not in the future permit hunting over our lands; and as we are not indisposed to be more mindful of the safety of their dogs than some of these gentlemen are of the lives of the people, we wish to say that our lands may be found to be poisoned."

Tyrone.

As if to convince the Orange faction that their furious threats and riotous conduct are powerless to stay the growth of national opinions in the North, or to prevent honest and impartial Protestants from joining the National ranks, another Ulster meeting was held almost simultaneously with the meeting at Park. The second meeting was held at Drumquin in the county Tyrone, and the chair was occupied by a Protestant tenant-farmer—Mr. Wm. Johnson—not he, of course, of Ballykilbeg notoriety. Over 500 tenant-farmers were present, and a large number were unable to gain admission to the room in which the meeting was held. The chairman made a highly effective

and patriotic speech, in which he ridiculed the idea that Protestant Ulstermen could not be Nationalists, and at the conclusion of his remarks a strong branch of the National League was formed, and a large number of farmers joined.

Kerry.

The number of ejections is becoming alarming in Kerry. Every Quarter Sessions Mr. Bland, Mr. Blennerhassett, Mr. Drummond, Miss Busted, and a host of other proprietors are proceeding against tenants. One attorney made over £300 last year in law costs by one estate alone. A sickly poor man, who never joined the Land League, never combined against paying his rent, was served with an ejection. The priest wrote that the poor man was very likely on his death-bed, offering one gale and costs, and offered to become security for the second gale, but was refused. The man had to leave his sick bed and sell the one little cow he had to supply himself and his children with a little milk, and paid up with £1 10s costs. The process wasn't entered. Many of the other cases are of a class with the above.

Limerick.

While the county Limerick fox hounds were out recently hunting between Croom and Rathkeale, a farmer of the district attempted to prevent the hunt from trespassing on his lands. An altercation ensued, certain members of the hunt, it is alleged, ultimately assaulting the farmer in question, and then riding over the land. Arrests are expected, and the matter is causing great excitement in the county.

It is understood that at the next general election Alderman Charles Dawson, M. P., ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, will be nominated for the representation of his native city, Limerick, in room of the sitting member, Mr. Gabbett. Mr. Dawson's return for Limerick is assured, should he consent to stand.

On January 29th, what is described as a harsh eviction took place at Knocklong. A man named Daniel O'Brien, and his wife, each being aged about 70 years, and for some time confined to bed, owing to bad health, were ejected from a wretched house which they occupied on the hill of Knocklong. The bailiffs had to remove the sick people from their beds. The snow being heavy on the ground, and the weather extremely inclement, the poor old couple were for some time in receipt of out-door relief. The house, which was rented at two pounds ten a year, was on the property of the representative of the late E. J. Cooper, Sligo, the agent being Mr. Saunders, of Charleville. Another farmer named Owen McGrath escaped eviction by selling his effects and appealing to his neighbors, who collected the balance of the rent. McGrath's brother resided with him on the farm, but is at present an inmate of the Kilmallock Workhouse. Writs have recently been served through the property for a single half-year's gale of rent. The tenants received no abatement during the years of depression, excepting ten per cent. in one gale. On the property of Dean Beresford, of the county of Fermanagh, at Barna, near the Galtees, he ejected a farmer named Lewis, and three or four sub-tenants, two of whom he reinstated as care-takers. Mr. Hobson also made a seizure for rent in the neighborhood of Abyeafale. Numerous other evictions are, it is stated, shortly to take place in the county.

Tipperary.

On Sunday, January 27, a great demonstration under the auspices of the National League, was held in Newport, a village situated on the borders of Limerick and Tipperary. The attendance of farmers and laborers was very large. Deputations were present from Limerick, Cappamore, Killoe, Silvermines, Castleconnell, Murroe, Bruree, Ballywilliam, and Ballybricken. The following bands attended:—The Newport, Killoesilly, Tour, Silvermines, and Castleconnell. The weather was very inclement, and during the meeting there was a continuous and heavy fall of snow. The Rev. Thomas Meagher, P. P., presided. Mr. Mayne, M. P., Mr. Biggar, M. P., and Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., were present, and delivered eloquent and vigorous speeches. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. Father Maher, P. P., the Rev. David Humphreys, the Rev. P. M. O'Kelly, and Mr. Dundon, solicitor. The usual vote of thanks closed the meeting. It is estimated that ten thousand people were present. Resolutions were passed declaring that the Land Act and the Laborers Act were inadequate as a settlement of the land question.

Down.

The County Down was the scene of another splendid demonstration on Jan. 29th. The Nationalists of Castlewellan had arranged a demonstration at which Mr. Davitt and Mr. Small promised to attend. Earl Spencer, following the rule which he seems to have adopted with regard to all Ulster meetings, forbade the people to assemble. The people refused to obey the proclamation, and assembled to the number of several thousands about a mile outside the town. Mr. Patrick Murray presided, and fourteen priests took part in the proceedings, and resolutions in favor of self-government and the total abolition of landlordism were carried amidst great enthusiasm. The gathering was addressed at considerable length by Rev. Harold Rylet, Mr. Small, M. P., and several other well-known speakers. About one thousand troops and police were in the neighborhood for the purpose of preventing the meeting, but were unable to do so. Subsequently another splendid meeting was held at Killoo, in the same neighborhood, when similar resolutions were unanimously adopted. Earl Spencer, it would seem, is now about the most indefatigable propagandist in Ireland of the principles of the National League.

How a Member of Her Majesty's Service Escaped Destruction—His Graphic Account.

A CAPTAIN SAVED.

HOW A MEMBER OF HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE ESCAPED DESTRUCTION—HIS GRAPHIC ACCOUNT.

(Hamilton, Ont., Spectator.)

Some little commotion was occasioned several months ago regarding the experience of a gentleman well known in this city, and at the time the matter was a subject of general conversation. In order to ascertain all the facts bearing upon the matter, a representative of this paper was dispatched yesterday to interview the gentleman in question with the following result:

"Captain W. H. Nicholls, formerly in Her Majesty's service, is a man well advanced in years, who has evidently seen much of the world. Endowed by nature with a strong constitution, he was enabled to endure hardships under which many men would have succumbed. Through all privation and exposure he preserved his constitution unimpaired. A number of years ago, however, he began to feel a strange undermining of his life. He noticed that he had less energy than formerly, that his appetite was uncertain and changing, that he was unaccountably weary at certain times and correspondingly energetic at others; that his head pained him, first in front and then at the base of the brain and that his heart was unusually irregular in its action. All these troubles he attributed to some passing disorder and gave them little attention, but they seemed to increase in violence continually. To the writer he said:

"I never for a moment thought these things amounted to anything serious and I gave them little, if any, thought; but I felt myself growing weaker all the while and could in no way account for it."

"Did you take no steps to check these symptoms?" "Very little, if any. I thought they were only temporary in their nature and would soon pass away. But they did not pass away, and kept increasing. Finally, one day, after more than a year had passed, I noticed that my feet and ankles were beginning to swell and that my face under the eyes appeared puffy. This indication increased until my body began to fill with water, and finally swelled to enormous proportions. I was afflicted with acute rheumatic pains and was fearful at times that it would attack my heart. I consulted one of our most prominent physicians and he gave me no hope of ever recovering. He said that I might live several months, but my condition was such that neither myself nor any of my family had the slightest hope of my recovery. In this condition a number of months passed by, during which time I had to sit constantly in an easy chair, not being able to lie down, lest I should choke to death. The slight pains I had at first experienced increased to most terrible agonies. My thirst was intense and a good portion of the time I was wholly unconscious. When I did recover my senses I suffered so severely that my cries could be heard for nearly a mile. No one can have any idea of the agony I endured. I was unable to eat or even swallow fluids. My strength entirely deserted me and I was so exhausted that I prayed day and night for death. The doctors could not relieve me and I was left in a condition to die and that, too, of Bright's disease of the kidneys in its most terrible form. I think I should have died had I not learned of a gentleman who had suffered very much as I had, and I resolved to pursue the same course of treatment which entirely cured him. I accordingly began and at once felt a change for the better going on in my system. In the course of a week the swelling had gone from my abdomen and diminished all over my body and I felt like another man. I continued the treatment and am happy to say that I was entirely cured through the wonderful, almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe Cure, which I consider the most valuable discovery of modern times."

"And you feel apparently well now?" "Yes, indeed. I am in good health, eat heartily, and both the doctors and my friends are greatly surprised and gratified at my remarkable restoration. After I was virtually in the grave, my daughter, who has been terribly troubled with a pain in her back caused by kidney trouble, has also been cured by means of this same great remedy and my family and myself have constituted ourselves a kind of missionary society for supplying the poor of our neighborhood with the remedy which has been so invaluable to us."

As the writer was returning home he reflected upon the statements of the noble old man with whom he had conversed, and was impressed not only with the truth of his assertions, but also with the sincerity of all his acts. And he could not but wish that the thousands who are suffering with minor troubles which become so serious unless taken in time might know of Captain Nicholls' experience and the manner in which he was saved. And that is the cause of this article.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT for seeking medical aid when what are foolishly called "minor ailments" manifest themselves. There are no "minor" ailments. Every symptom is the herald of a disease, every lapse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient dyspepsia, slight constiveness, a tendency to biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas st.

It is spring. A resurrection of nature's latent forces is taking place. Like the world around you, renew your complexion, invigorate your powers, cleanse the channels of life. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the means to use for this purpose.

DUBLIN BAY LEAGUERS.

An enthusiastic meeting, in connection with the National League, was held at Dalkey, County Dublin, Jan. 27. The chair was occupied by Alderman John O'Connor.

SPEAKING TO THE RESOLUTIONS.

Mr. T. Sexton, M. P., said he only wished that Grand Master Scott could see the rebels arrayed before him; he (Scott) and his skulking friends had no better name than "rebels" to apply to the Irish people, but as he (Mr. Sexton) looked around he saw that his hearers were as well dressed, as well-looking (hear, hear, and laughter), as well-educated, and as well-to-do—

A Voice—And as sober.

Mr. Sexton—As any of the chicken-livered admirers of King William (laughter). Yes, he could congratulate them in the county Dublin upon this great meeting by which they had broken the back-bone of the Orange faction, if they ever had a backbone at all (laughter) which was open to some doubt, because he thought the Orange society belonged to what naturalists called invertebrate animals (laughter). Not only were they assembled here to-day in numbers that reminded them of the days of Daniel O'Connell, but they had here to speak to them and to counsel them four members of the Parliamentary party representing the four provinces of Ireland (applause). The poet of their country (cheers) had spoken to them in the name of their own faithful Leinster; Mr. McMahon was there to speak of Munster (cheers); Ulster would speak to them by the mouth of Healy (cheers for Monaghan), that gifted politician who knew how to give an aque-fit to wrong-doers and to tyrants (cheers).

A Voice—The Collector-General.

FIELD MARSHAL SCOTT.

Mr. Sexton—And I am here myself to speak to you in the name of the province that has suffered most from alien misrule—I mean wronged and plundered Connaught (applause). I confess that there is one fact which gives me a feeling of disappointment. I have been looking carefully around since I came here expecting to see one or two distinguished gentlemen in the crowd. I expected to see, for instance, that friend of religious liberty, that eminent Christian, King-Harman (laughter), who has proved his piety recently by boycotting his own parish (loud laughter), and starving the honest gentleman out of the parish. But most of all I expected to see Field Marshal Scott (laughter). We have heard of Field Marshal Wolsley, but never till to-day did we hear of Field Marshal Scott, with his line of march, and his columns, and his main body, and his scouts, and his videttes, and his outposts on bicycles (laughter). Lord Spencer is not a man very much given to humor, but I am told that when he came from Cork last night and saw Scott's proclamation he burst his waistcoat buttons laughing (laughter). The principal rendezvous was to be at Ball's bridge this morning, but I am informed that out of the great army of Black Knights only two turned up, and they liked the look of one another so little that they turned home again (laughter); and as for Field Marshal Scott instead of leading thousands to victory I am told that he is at this very moment exercising with a broomstick in a back yard (laughter). I tell this miserable back parlor faction in Dublin that they have overshot the mark; their game of brag and bluster succeeded for a time in Ulster, but they have overshot the mark in Dublin, the home of a patriotic quarter of a million of people. Their action reminded him of the story of the chicken that clucked after its neck was wrung, and the woman said, "Ha, ha, my lad, you spoke too late" (laughter). The Orange faction, born of plunder, has pursued a course of murder and outrage—the blood of the people is on its head; but the day is past when Orange yeomen can carry the dead bodies of Irish infants on top of their bayonets; the day is past when they can march voters between their bayonets to the poll; the day is past when the Parliamentary power of the country was in their hands (hear, hear). We hold the Parliamentary power of the country (cheers), and the territorial will follow. The Government may now perceive what manner of men they have to deal with in the leaders of the Orange faction. They had no intention of facing the military and police. The last time they had heard of them they had turned their backs to the police.

A Voice—Where they are generally wounded (laughter).

SEXTON'S LOYALTY.

Mr. Sexton—They call us rebels and traitors. We are no traitors; we are true to the cause of Ireland. We are no rebels against any instituted power. They call us revilers of the Queen. We have never reviled the Queen (hear, hear). It was not an Irish Catholic, it was an Irish Orange parson that spoke about kicking the Queen's crown into the Boyne. We recognize the Queen as a constitutional sovereign. The obstacle to our freedom is not the will of the Queen, and we expect the day will soon arrive when the Queen, at the dictate of the constitutional powers of the country, will sign an act giving freedom to Ireland and prosperity to the Irish people (cheers).

HEALY SPEAKS.

Mr. T. Healy, M. P., said there was a celebrated work on natural history which had one chapter on the snakes of Norway. (laughter). The succeeding historian who would write a chapter upon the Orangemen in the county Dublin would write one consisting of these words, "There were no Orangemen in Dublin" (laughter). He had no intention of coming here to-day until he read the proclamation of Mr. Scott, and he might therefore regard himself as one of Mr. Scott's recruits (laughter), and so far as he could judge he was the only one (laughter) for the loyal bicyclists appeared to have had a spoke put in their wheels (renewed laughter). They had seen that this balloon of foul and fetid gas had had a big pin put in it (hear, hear), and the Government had now an opportunity of judging what chance there was of riot or disorder from the counter-demonstrations in the North if they had allowed the National meetings to be held, because their proclamations were

simply so much sound and fury, signifying nothing (hear, hear). They had endeavored—and no doubt they would have succeeded if they had thought of putting out their proclamation a little sooner—to get the Government to suppress this meeting. They only thought of it on Thursday and fortunately the firm and gentle Earl Spencer (groans) was down foxhunting in Cork. He did not arrive last night in Dublin Castle until six o'clock, and when six o'clock came George Scott had sounded the retreat (laughter) by bugle in the last edition of the Evening Mail (renewed laughter). But he had not the slightest doubt, if their proclamations were issued a fortnight ago, the Government would have been induced to believe that this non-existent body of loyalists would have done some desperate work here to-day. He hoped the bursting up of this faction would be a lesson to the Government, and teach men that the county Dublin was upon the side of liberty, and that the only class who were upon the side of tyranny, landlordism and rack-renting, were the miserable handful who profited by these iniquities (hear, hear). These men wound up their incitements to assassination by the cry of "God Save the Queen!" they knew their placards were calculated to bring them under the Crimes Act, and they cried "God Save the Queen" as a saving clause. He echoed the cry, but he said God save the Queen from such advisers as George Scott and King Harman (laughter). He would like to know whether that phrase at the end of a murderous placard by men who had shown themselves to be assassins at heart was to save them from either the criminal law or the statute law of the land (hear, hear).

THE "EVEN KEEL" AGAIN.

Why was not Mr. Scott prosecuted for his placards for intimidating people from doing what they had a legal right to do, namely, meeting in public meetings and demanding the redress of grievances (hear, hear). They were told by Mr. Chamberlain that the Government were steering through the rival parties in Ireland with an even keel, yet the even keel was for the Orangemen and the rough keel-hauling was for the Nationalists. (applause). For the Nationalists there was the plankbed and the prison; but the Orangemen who came out with revolvers were taken as the confidential advisers of Earl Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan (applause). Lately Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Smith had come over here to Ireland intruding into our domestic affairs and opening up a shameless alliance with a number of bankrupt Orange landlords to save their rackrents. In Parliament the Irish party had worked with the Tory party against the Whigs. He thought, however, that it was time now, having thrashed the Whigs, to turn round and whack the Tories, and a few members of the National party had been discussing a little plan for laying a few grains of salt upon the Tory tail (laughter). They were aware that the chief boast and rallying cry of the Orangemen of the North of Ireland in their addresses to Sir Stafford Northcote was that he had kept Bradlaugh out of Parliament. Well, that was a lie, because the men who kept Bradlaugh out of Parliament were the forty members of the Irish party, but for whom he would be sitting there now. But supposing the Irish party, having last year used Bradlaugh as a battering ram for knocking down the Whig Government, were to use him this session as a battering ram for knocking down the Tories (laughter).

A POSER FOR SIR STAFFORD.

How would Sir S. Northcote like that if at the opening of the next session, in return for his disgraceful conduct in Ireland in murdering nuns, because he laid the blood of Madame de Chantal on his head (hear, hear), and the unprovoked murder of unoffending Catholics like Philip Maguire, of Cootehill, how would Sir Stafford Northcote and his band of Tory hypocrites like it if, in return for his conduct, the Irish party were to declare that they would no longer ally themselves with Toryism, even for a purpose of that kind; and when the division came whether Bradlaugh should be admitted to the House of Commons or not, the Irish party were to say to the pair of them: "Boys, fight it out between ye," and Mr. Parnell and his friends were to walk out of the House of Commons? He ventured to say if that occurred Sir Stafford Northcote, when he went back to the North of Ireland, would have a very lame story to tell. He therefore told the Tory leaders that if the Irish party had

A hand for the hand of friendship, and we're another to make them quake, and they're welcome to whichever it pleases them most to take.

(Applause). They had now entered upon this foul career of stirring up strife and religious bigotry among men who should be friends. The National party upon their side would take care that whatever enmity they might have against the Government, they would watch also who were their enemies upon the side of the Tories, and Sir Stafford Northcote would find during the next session of Parliament, and perhaps afterwards, the worst day's work he ever did for his party was when he put himself at the head of anti-Catholic intolerance in the North of Ireland (applause). He would ask them not to allow themselves, because of these Orange placards, to be led away into confounding Protestants with Orangemen. (hear, hear). Let there be no words of enmity or unfraternity spoken against Protestants in Ireland (hear, hear). The Protestants of Ireland had given us a Tone, an Emmet, a Mitchell, and a Parnell (applause). The arms of Catholic Nationalists were outstretched wide to accept them in the National ranks; do not be misled by this miserable crowd of factionists, who, he supposed, were not able to meet here to-day, because they could not get the Orangemen to come without their car-fare (laughter). The best men and best patriots the country had ever produced had been amongst the Protestants of Ireland (hear, hear). They were all working together; the grand army of democracy of Ireland, officered by Protestants as well as Catholics, would enter upon its way to freedom, and before very long would march steadfastly and defiantly along the paths of liberty (applause).

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

Consider it your religious duty to take outdoor exercise without fail each day. Sweeping and trotting around the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. Oh, I know all about Lucy's gown that is not finished, and Tommy's jacket, and even his coat—his buttonless coat thrown into your "lap, as if to add the last straw to the camel's back; still I say: "Up and out." Is it not more important that your children in their tender years should not be left motherless, and that they should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every blessing? Let buttons and strings go. You will take hold of them with more vigor when you return, bright and refreshed, and if every stitch is not finished at such a moment, still remember that she who "hath done what she could," is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly one of the best of men, though there are malicious people who might answer that that was not saying much for him. Still he would never dream to the end of time, of what you are dying. So accept my advice, and take the matter in hand yourself.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas st.

Nightcaps

An English physician asserts that people of the present generation are much more addicted to dreaming than were their ancestors, and that people often dream in cold weather who never dream in warm weather. The reason is that we sleep with the head uncovered. The cold night air chills the outside of the head, driving the blood inward to the brain, and thus stimulating cerebral action. There are various remedies which might be suggested to persons who dream to an undesirable extent. They might reverse their usual position in bed, placing the feet on the pillow and their head under the blankets. This would keep the head from becoming chilled, and, no matter how cold the feet might be, their condition would have no effect upon the brain. The physician's remedy is not so simple as this, and is probably less efficacious. He proposes that we should resume the nightcap of our ancestors. They all wore nightcaps, both men and women, but it is alleged that in our day even the feminine nightcap has become obsolete. Those nightcaps kept the head warm and the blood near the surface; so that our ancestors seldom dreamed and were much less liable to cerebral disorders than we are. It is very doubtful if men and women will consent to acquire immunity from dreams at the price of wearing the nightcap. What may have been the case in the last century, no modern wife could respect a husband in a nightcap, and no husband could long retain his affection for a wife in a nightcap. This may be all wrong, but it is nevertheless true. People who dream will perhaps try the plan of sleeping with their feet on the pillow, but they will never degrade themselves by adopting nightcaps.—N. Y. Times.

For All Ages.

The aged, debilitated and infirm will find renewed vigor and strength by taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The young hastening to early decay will also find in this revitalizing tonic a remedy worth trying.

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders: I have also used it in cases of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

A Dog Takes up a Collection.

The Scotch colley dog Help, which collects funds in almost every part of the kingdom for the orphan fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, has just returned to his headquarters at the chief office of the society, City Road, from a trip to France, where he has been getting money for the orphans of railway men. Introduced by Mr. Raggett, chief officer of the steamship Brittany, to the vice consul of Dieppe, the "Railway Dog of England" received in a short time 138 francs; in his journey back to England Help got 17s. 6d., and 26 francs while at Newhaven, and on board the steamer he collected £9 1s. 9d. The general secretary of the society, Mr. E. Harford, has now on hand numerous invitations to the animal, distributed over the leading railway systems. Help, trained by Mr. John Climpson, guard of the night boat train on the London, Brighton and South Coast railway, is expected to be the medium of collecting some hundreds of pounds for the orphan fund during the present year.

Is your hair turning gray and gradually falling out? Hall's Hair Renewer will restore it to its original color, and stimulate the follicles to produce a new and luxuriant growth. It also cleanses the scalp, eradicates dandruff, and is a most agreeable and harmless dressing.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."