

bread with his axe. Suddenly the scene changed. One day, the mother and child were in their little house, the former singing one of the ballads of the country over her washbowl. All at once two neighbors came rushing in, with pale faces and eyes red with tears. They took the woman's hand, saying:

"Poor Mathurine! Poor Mathurine!" "Something has happened to Michel," she said, instinctively.

"Yes, something terrible," they answered. "One of the women then took Jean in her arms, murmuring, 'Poor orphan!'"

"My man is dead?" cried Mathurine, dazed and bewildered.

"Almost. You will scarcely have time for a last word," said the neighbors.

"Where is he?" cried Mathurine; "where is he?"

"They are bringing him home," said one of the women, throwing the door open as she spoke. Two men entered; they carried a stretcher, upon it was a motionless figure covered with a blood-stained cloth. A tree which he had been falling killed him in its fall.

Mathurine threw herself upon her husband, strained him to her heart, and vainly sought one word, one look, one sigh. He seemed already dead. They laid him on the bed and presently he opened his eyes. Seeing the terrible woman on Mathurine's face, and the tears in her eyes, he closed his own again, as if too weak to bear the sight of her sorrow.

At length he made an effort to speak some parting words to those dear ones whom he was about to leave. He beckoned his wife to draw nearer to him, saying:

"Do not weep. I am dying. You have been a faithful, kind and gentle wife. You made my life easy and helped me to bear its troubles. I was too happy, Mathurine; I must leave it and you." He kissed his wife, drew her to his breast for an instant, then took Jean, whom his wife held up to him. He pressed him close to his heart, saying:

"You will never see me again, little Jean. Would that I might have lived to see you grow up, to teach you to be honest and industrious, as your mother will teach you to be pious. God does not will it, and I must be resigned. Remember my last words, Jean. Be a good son and an honest man."

Just then the cure of the neighboring village came in. Michel's face brightened. He was a simple and devout Christian, who had led a life as pure as the dawn which he saw every morning rising above his head. His confession was not long, and he died in peace and hope.

Here there was a gap in Mathurine's memories. He remembered his mother in a black dress crying over him; crying for her good husband and for the future of her child. Jean still loved the woods, but he did not work in open day like his father. He haunted them at night, like the wolves. He had forgotten his father's dying exhortation, and was deaf to the advice of his mother who was almost heartbroken. A hard, fierce, rebellious nature was his; he laughed alike at the dying words of the one and the tears of the other. In vain did Mathurine, when all else failed, strive to terrify him by threats and predictions of evil. He laughed at *gendarmes*, as he did at saints and angels, and continued his evil way of life. Hidden in the brushwood, he waited for the game, laid snares, spread nets, and even if occasion demanded, shot goats. The gamekeeper, a worthy man, warned Mathurine repeatedly that he would have to bring action against Jean for trespass, poaching and dishonesty. The mother could do nothing with her son. She could only weep and pray. One night she heard the sound of footsteps and the clanking of sabres in the wood without. A loud knock came to the door of the hut, and the poor widow saw Jean, her idolized Jean, with handcuffs on his wrists and a scowl of defiance on his face. Caught in the act of poaching, he had released the *gendarmes*, and wounded one of them in the hand with his knife.

"Mercy, mercy, good gentlemen!" cried the mother, falling on her knees.

"Mathurine," said the wounded *gendarme*, "if I were alone concerned I would release this vagabond, but I have my duty to do, and he must come with us. I have brought him to say good-by to you, because you are an honest woman, and Michel Machu left a good name in the neighborhood."

"Oh, where are you taking him?" asked Mathurine.

"To prison," answered he.

"My child in prison!" she wailed out.

"You must own he deserves it," said the man, "spite of all your goodness to him."

"How long will they keep him?" she asked.

"That," said the officer, "is the judge's affair, not mine, but I think they will put him in the House of Correction."

"Jean," said the hapless mother, slinking into a chair, "you have killed me."

When Mathurine recovered consciousness the whole terrible vision had passed away, but in her ears still sounded the clanking of sabres and of the handcuffs upon Jean's wrist.

How well Jean remembered that night, the first step in the path of crime, sentence, punishment which he had ever since pursued. Precocious criminal of fifteen as he was, he did not reflect that the law gave him every chance of becoming an honest man. He never dreamed of repairing the faults of his youth by sincere repentance. On the contrary, he vowed vengeance against society, which he had so early outraged, and began a deadly struggle against its laws. Time passed slowly in the House of Correction. One day some one came and told him his mother was dead. Bad as he was the blow was a heavy one. He felt it to the core of his heart. But his companions soon dispelled whatever salutary impression it might have made on him. They stirred him up by so many anecdotes of tricks played upon the authorities, and plans for the future, that he began to long for the hour of his liberation. It came, and he was free. He had a little money in his pocket. He knew a trade and might have earned an honest living; but he preferred idleness to work, and at any rate resolved to spend his money first. He met some companions. They brought him to wretched lodgings, and introduced him to some of the lowest den in Paris. In a week's time his vague idea of going to work had vanished. He resolved to live without employment and exercise vagrancy as his only trade. He did not disdain to open carriages, pick up the butt ends of cigars, sell letter paper, or tapers for smokers, but whoever penetrated the garret where he lived would have been amazed at the curious collection of articles it contained—hams, new pairs of shoes, pieces of stuffs, balls of wool, ready-made garments, boxes of blotting, all lying in the most picturesque disorder. All Mathurine, the broker of the Rue Gît le Cour, came to bring order out of chaos, and to carry the whole lot off in exchange for some piece of money.

One night Machu and a companion had been on a drinking bout. When they were about returning home, the weather being rainy, and their strength unequal to crawling

along by the wall, they hailed a coachman, and gave him an address which made him toss his head. Coming to a suspicious-looking house, they called out to him to stop, and alighted, began as it were to fumble in their pockets for his fare. Of course they had nothing. Jean Machu jogged his companion along, and the driver having got down to open the door and receive the money, Machu by a rapid movement gagged him, while his comrade stunned him with a blow upon the chest, took his purse from his pocket, pushed Machu into the carriage, got upon the box and whipped up the horses. Next day the confederates made good cheer with the horses and the money. But shortly after the police, making a descent upon a notorious haunt, took Jean Machu. It was a more serious matter this time. A trial in a criminal court, the chain and ball, the departure with the chain-gang, and the galleys. Thenceforth Machu had only one thought, that of escape. And he accomplished his design by a series of adventures more extraordinary than half the wondrous tales that beguile the tediousness of the mess or guard-room. Having climbed a wall by means of his knife, he hung suspended over an abyss by a frail cord. Pursued by the keepers, and driven ashore by a furious storm, he rushed panting and exhausted into a hut, to which he was admitted by a young man of angelic countenance.

"The Abbe Sulpice, the Abbe Sulpice," muttered the wounded wretch.

Oh, how the circumstances of that night forced themselves upon his memory. How carefully the priest had warmed his stiffened limbs; with what more than brotherly love he had supplied him with all things necessary for his escape. More than this, in that little hut, at the door of which the *gendarmes* might any moment knock demanding the convict, the priest had spoken of hope, repentance, an honorable life to the felon, the outlaw of society. Nor had he stopped there. A letter of recommendation gave Jean Machu a chance to lead an honest life. His future might yet have been happy. A new name, an honest trade, would have disguised the escaped galley-slave of Brest, so that henceforth he would be unrecognizable. Touched and subdued by the priest's words and manner, Jean Machu had promised, and even made an effort to keep his word. He had gone to the manufacturer, the proprietor of which had received him on the recommendation of the priest. But a robber whom he met, and whom he had known in other times, recognized him, deprived him of his savings, and threatened to denounce him, if he did not supply all his wants. In despair Jean Machu fled from the place, lest his real name might become known. Still weak from his wounds he remained irresolute, and at the close of day sat on the edge of a ditch by the roadside, asking himself what he was to do. Better throw himself at once into the furnace, and go to Paris. Once there his first visit was to Mathusalem.

The latter received him with the honor due to a man who had escaped the galleys, and brought him into contact with some of the most noted thieves. Thenceforth his crimes changed, not in their nature, but in the manner of perpetration. Mere murders seemed very puerile enterprises, and the stage-coach having been rendered obsolete by the railroad, there was nothing to be done in that line, and so they sought some new path to renown. Theft arose to the dignity of a profession, a society regularly organized, recruited from every portion of the city; they despoiled no auxiliary, and some times burst in with the news that they had just gained at one haul a hand, lieutenant and captain, all ready to obey that scrupulously respected hierarchy.

Jean Machu was enrolled in a company composed of the most heterogeneous elements. He had under his orders classical scholars, clerks of government ministers, who, beginning by stealing papers and pens from the desks, had reached to this refinement of villainy. Machu had first met Fleur d'Echaud at Mathusalem's table, for the *Pension Bourgeois* was the resort of all who were involved in dangerous enterprises. It was Marc Mauduit who had planned the Pomeroy robbery, on account of the perfect facilities afforded him for knowing the house by his office of secretary.

"Ah, what a night that was! The scenes of his double crime came before his wandering mind like the various acts of a drama. They go in, Fleur d'Echaud and himself. The door of the safe is open, displaying piles of banknotes. While they are busy emptying it, a man comes in. He must be killed. In a moment Jean Machu's fingers are on the old man's throat, a brute, a senseless being, interfering; he falls, the murderers fly in haste, leaving the murdered man, already rigid in death, and the chimpanzee writhing in agony. As they go down the stairs a noise is heard, some one enters and comes up towards them. It is the Abbe Sulpice.

The name seemed to bring back consciousness. He found himself alone in the vast cemetery, transformed into a general grave, and the paths of which were strewn with death. He had just passed in review his whole life, a life of shame, of crime, of utter depravity and wickedness. Around him were darkness, star off through the gloom the red embers of the soldiers' bivouac. Jean Machu recalled in one brief moment his father's dying words, the sound of the village bells, the exhortations of the Abbe Pomeroy on that night when the murderer, abusing the power given to the penitent by the religious law, had sealed the lips of the son upon the murder of the father.

Did Jean Machu really believe in the depths of his soul that there was no future life? That future life in which the Abbe Sulpice must so firmly believe, or he would never have kept faithfully the secret of confession. In the wretch's soul one good thought found place.

"If I could prove his brother's innocence," he thought.

This idea took such complete possession of him that he cast about for any means of putting it into execution.

But to accomplish this he would have to escape from the cemetery, and pass through the detachments of soldiers stationed at all points.

"If I could change my clothes," thought Jean Machu. He slipped off his coat, bound his arm with his handkerchief, and began to grope in the darkness. He recognized by the touch the uniform of a soldier of the line. Slowly, very slowly, for his wounds were painful, and he was very weak, Machu took the dead soldier's clothes. Still more slowly he hid his own; but he had succeeded in putting on the uniform, which he soiled by his touch, the cold sweat of exhaustion covered his brow, and he fell, muttering:

"I can never do it."

He made another effort, however, and with indescribable exertion managed to get upon his feet. By grasping the marble railings, or crosses, and passing over and under to rest, he escaped one of the alleys of the cemetery. A little farther on, the light of a campfire guided him. His limbs failed, he sank down, but he crept along the ground, slowly, slowly,

all he was near enough to cry out in a faint voice. A soldier heard him, hastened to his assistance, and brought him to the fire. Some drops of brandy revived him, but, from the pain of his wounds and terror of his situation, he fell into a sleep so profound that it was almost like a trance. When he opened his eyes the friendly voices encouraged him. He turned away his face from those honest ones which were bending over him, and feebly articulated.

"Comrades! Chaussee d'Antin. The Abbe Pomeroy!"

"I see," said one of the soldiers, "you want to be brought there?"

Machu made an affirmative sign.

"Well, as the hospitals are all full, it is the best place for you. The first litter will take you there."

In a few minutes, Jean Machu, laid upon a stretcher, and so weak that he wondered whether he should be able to carry out his plan, was being carried by two men to the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin.

With a new feeling of shame he had put his arm over his face, and as he passed many an honest citizen, believing him to be a soldier of that heroic army, uncovered with respect.

Sulpice, Xavier and Sabine were together in a room on the first floor of the house when the *conscience* ran up stairs quite breathless to Baptiste, who brought the message to his master.

"What do you want?" said the Abbe Pomeroy.

"They have brought a wounded man here," said he.

"A wounded man?" repeated the priest.

"Yes, sir, a soldier," said Baptiste.

"So, Sabine, your work is not done, said he to his sister, adding to Baptiste, 'Bring him here, till a bed can be got ready.'"

Presently the litter-bearers carried their burden into what had been M. Pomeroy's study. They withdrew at once, fully repaid for their pains by Sulpice, and the wounded man immediately raised himself to a sitting posture. Sabine and her two brothers were at his side; but all at once Sulpice turned deadly pale, while a strange fire came into the convict's eyes.

"Here," he said, "they have brought me here. I remember the place well. The open air, the door by which he came in. And there, there, the spot where I killed him."

"What is he saying?" asked Xavier.

"His mind is wandering," said the priest. "Leave me alone with him. I must save this soul. God owes it to me."

Sulpice said these words with such fervor that various expressions chased each other over the convict's face.

"Yes," said he; "I came to bring it to you. I am conquered. Mademoiselle, give me writing materials, I beg of you. And you, sir," to Xavier, "stay. I want your pardon, too."

Without knowing what it all meant, Sabine brought what he had asked, and knelt with them beside the dying man.

The Abbe Sulpice held him in his arms. Jean Machu wrote four lines in a scrawling hand, rendered almost illegible by weakness, and fell back exhausted. Sabine made a movement as if to raise him, and he gave her such a look of mingled shame, terror and gratitude that it went to her heart.

"I have not signed it yet," he gasped.

His fingers still held the pen. He traced some letters which were barely recognizable as the signature of Jean Machu. He motioned to Xavier to take the paper. The latter took it mechanically, but at one glance his face lit up with joy, and he fell at his brother's feet, saying:

"Pardon me, that I could not rise to your heights."

Sulpice hastily pressed his brother's hand, and turned to devote his whole attention to the dying convict. He held the crucifix to the cold lips, saying:

To be continued.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By Druggists.

A HINT. Ask your Druggist, Grocer or Shopkeeper for a bottle of PAIN-KILLER. If he passes it down without ceremony ask him while extracting the quarter dollar from your wallet, if this is the genuine made by PRATT DAVIS & SON.

It was a trifling circumstance that clouded the domestic bliss of a recently married couple—she had corns, he hadn't a razor.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate A Refreshing Drink. Dr. C. O. FILES, Portland, Me., says:—"After perspiring freely, when cold water has utterly failed to satisfy my thirst, it has accomplished the purpose with the most perfect success."

What ought to go together?—A turnip watch and an eighteen carat gold chain.

A letter from P. O. Sharpless, Druggist, Marion, Ohio, in writing of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, says: One man was cured of sore throat of 3 years' standing with one bottle. We have a number of cases of rheumatism that have been cured when other remedies have failed. We consider it the best medicine sold.

Arctic explorers are pleasant persons to converse with, once the ice is broken.

Persons of weakly constitution derive from Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda a degree of vigor obtainable from no other source, and it has proved itself a most efficient protection to those troubled with a hereditary tendency to consumption. Mr. Bird, Druggist, of Westport, says: "I knew a man whose case was considered hopeless, and by the use of three bottles of this Emulsion his weight was increased twenty pounds."

A man who was burned in effigy two years ago, at Quincy, Ill., has just found out who incited the demonstration, and commenced a suit against him for \$10,000 damages.

JOSEPH A. EVANS, at Clifton, N.B., thus writes to Mr. Fellows:—"I believe, under kind Providence, that Mr. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites has been the means of restoring both my wife and daughter. The latter from Tubercular Consumption, and I hope the afflicted will avail themselves of its use."

A man told his tailor that he wouldn't pay for "that last epilepsy." It was discovered that he meant "bad fit."

Mr. Chas. Smith, of James, Ohio, writes: "I have used every remedy for Sick Headache. I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest."

FRENCH TROOPS FOR MADAGASCAR. Paris, Feb. 15.—The French cruiser "La Flore," with 430 men is about to sail for Madagascar.

MIDDLE AGED MEN often lack vigor. This can be restored by that great brain and nerve food, known as Mack's Magnetic Medicine. Read the advertisement in another column of to-day's paper. Sold in Montreal by B. E. McGale.

PORTUGUESE EXPEDITION. Lisbon, Feb. 15.—A Portuguese squadron is equipping to proceed to the west coast of Africa and take possession of Molembo and Cabinda, near Congo river.

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE. Is three times the man he was before he began using "Well's Health Renewer." \$1. Druggists.

FAILURE AT VALLEYFIELD. Napoleon Ercmont and Jacques Monty, carrying on business in Valleyfield, P. Q., as general merchants and traders under the name of Ercmont & Monty, have assigned to Hugh Mackay and Jacques Grenier, in trust, for the benefit of their creditors.

Emigrants and travellers will find in Ayer's Sarsaparilla an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin—the effects of disorder in the blood caused by sea-diet and life on board ship. It is the best medicine for everyone in the spring.

NINE TIMES MARRIED. From the *Massachusetts (Ky.) Monitor*.

An old man residing in Simmons' Gap, Ga., has about as wide, varied and full an experience of domesticity as any man since the days of King Augustus II. of Poland. This happy man, who has attained the patriarchal age of eighty years, has had the extreme felicity of being married nine times, and it is the ninth wife who is at present solving—we can't say his declining years, because there is no knowledge what are the possibilities of a man who has displayed such hardihood—but who is at any rate the present mistress of Simmons' Gap. Nor in nine wives alone has this old gentleman been endowed. Fifty-three persons are entitled to call him "papa," and at a recent family gathering over 300 of his descendants were present.

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

The hygienic properties of MURRAY & LAMMAN'S FLORIDA WATER are a marked and distinctive feature of this delicate perfume. Its wonderful power in relieving nervous headache, fainting turns, ordinary hysteria and its healthful disinfectant properties in the sick room, mark it as peculiarly adapted to the requirements of the boudoir, the dressing room and the bath.

LAND LEAGUE CIRCULAR.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 13.—The Central Council of the Irish Land League has issued a circular to that body stating that at the convention to be held in April, Parnell, Sexton and, perhaps, Egan, will be present. In the circular they also call on all Irishmen and women, and the descendants of such, in America, to contribute one dollar each to a special fund for the relief of the famine sufferers in Ireland. Contributions are to be sent in before St. Patrick's Day to the treasurers of the different League branches. The fund thus obtained will be sent directly to the famine districts for relief purposes only.

"NO ONE GOES AWAY FROM HIM WITHOUT HELP."

On the 26th December last, Mr. Alvin Kessler, of this city, sent \$10 to M. A. Daphin, President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company at New Orleans, La., with request that he forward two tickets to him. In a week the two tickets were received, Nos. 10,454 and 71,363. On the Monday following the January drawing he received a message that No. 10,454 had drawn the first prize of \$75,000. He at once forwarded the ticket for payment, as it is subject to no commissions. Mr. K. is thirty-eight years of age and unmarried, was born in Knox Co., Ind., and raised a farmer, is very upright, and withal a very charitable man: no one in want ever goes away from him without help.—*Odesa (La Fayette Co., Mo.) Herald, January 26th, 1883.*

THE PROVINCIAL ESTIMATES.

QUEBEC, Feb. 15.—The estimates of the Provincial expenditure for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1884, were distributed this evening. The chief items are the following:—

Legislation	\$ 145,755
Civil Government	216,905
Administration of Justice	461,752
Public Instruction	378,180
Agriculture, Immigration, Repatriation and Colonization	180,750
Public Works and Buildings	389,297
Charities	302,903
Miscellaneous	51,350
Charges on Revenue	187,350
Public Debt	1,043,123
Railways	714,625
Total	\$4,080,993

Of which \$1,594,516 have been already voted.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

A Kentucky stock-breeder has just failed, with 130 mules among his assets.

Bloating headaches, nervous prostration and spinal weakness cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A corset is nothing more nor less than a waste basket.

An old fellow came into a tavern on a cold, biting day, and says he guesses when Dr. Kane came away from the North Pole he forgot to shut the door after him.

CATARH OF THE BLADDER. Stinging irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-palms." \$1.

Some one remarked to Mrs. Siddons that applause was necessary to actors, as it gave them confidence. "More," replied the actress; "it gives us breath."

The most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics are made by the Diamond Dyes. Unequalled for brilliancy and durability. 10 cts.

Upon a writer exclaiming that his works contained much "food for thought," a friend remarked, "That may be so, but it is wretchedly cooked."

The cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, because so very little of it is required to effect a cure. For croup, diphtheria, and diseases of the lungs and throat, whether used for bathing the chest or throat, for taking internally or inhaling, it is a matchless compound.

**BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS**

THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR

**DYSPEPSIA.**

Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Sick Headache and Bilioousness.

Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court. Celanire, wife of Pierre Laurin, Plaintiff, vs. the said Pierre Laurin, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this cause, the twenty-third day of January instant. Montreal, 24th January, 1883.

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