## ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY.

STRAND MAGAZINE.

"But I have semething more to say," she answered. "Perhaps you will think me mad—perhaps I am mad—etill, mad or sane, I will now eay what is in my mind. I hate you, and I love Edward Bayard. I saw Ichward Layard in the park this mor ing. He was standing close to Stanhope Gate. I passed him. I wanted to turn and speak him, but b fore I could do so, he vanished. Yes, I saw him. It was that sight which completely upset in medically and the sight which completely upset in did not made to the sheek was terrible—perhaps I did not really see him—perhaps I am mad, and it was a case of illusion. Oh, Francis, don't ask me to marrylyou—don'taxoreiso yourstrength over mo—give me back my freedom. Don't make a girl who hates you as I do, your wife.

"Come, said Levesen, "this is serious. Stay quiet, my dear child; you are really not in a condution to exoite yourself. I did not know, doetor." he added, turning to me, that the case was so bad. Of course, Lady Kathleen is suffering from illusion, seeing that Bayard is at preson, Lady Kathleen is suffering from illusion, and the serves at Hartmoor."

"Hoe is an innocent man, and you know it," said Lady Kathleen.

"Poor girl, her malady has grown much worse than I had any idea of," continued Levesen.

I interrupted.

"That does not follow," I replied.

"Lady Kathleen is very ill, but she is not suffering from illusion. It is very probable that she did see Bayard this morning, seeing that he cessepad from Hartmoor two nights ago.

"What?" said Lady Kathleen.

My words eemed to electify her. She sprang from the sofa and clasped one of my hands in hers.
"Edward has escaped from prison?" she said, with a sort of gasp.
Levesen said nothing, but his face assumed any ugly, greenish tint.
"It is true—"I began.

My words were interrupted. A sudden noise was heard in the drawing-room which comm:niciated with the boudoir. Quieks footsteps approached, the door o

Franks?" said Leveson, in a tone of displeasure.

"Matter!—it is all up," said Franks, in a choking, trombling voice—" that —that poor fellow has escaped—he is in the house. Oh, I know he has come for me—he—le'll murder me—he'll shoot us both, Leveson. I saw him in the ball, and he carried a revolver. He'll kill us, Levesen, I say —he will—there is murder in his syos—he is a madman—oh, what shall we do?

—tie is a madman—oli, what shall we do?

"For God's retrain yourself," said Levesen; "it is you who have taken leave of your sonses."

"No, it isn't," said another voice; she has "osson enough for his foars."

The door had been opened a second time, and Bayard, the man I had seen last in prison garb, looking like death upon his trundle bed, stond before use he carried a revolver, but did not us; it. Franks, who had been almost beside himself, rushed now towards Bayard and dlung himself on his knees at his feet.

"Spare my life," he said; "don't take my life. I have repented for

ard and fining intension in states as his feet.

"Spare my life," he said; "don't take my life. I have repented for months. Spare me—I'm grarid of you. Let me go, I say."

The wretched man raised his voice almost to a shirtick.

"Don't kneel to me," said Bayard.
"I won't take your wretched life—I don't want it. Tell the truth, you coward. You gave me that obeque?"

"I did, Bayard, I did. I've been in misery over since—I was tempted and I fell, It is true. Don't take my life."

and I fell, It is true, my life," said Bayard, "I don't want your life," said Bayard, "I would not soil my hands with you. "I would not soil my hands with your I would not pollute myself with your blood. You have got to answer me one or two questions, however. You gave me the cheque for £5,000?"

"Yes, yes."
"Levesen gave it to you for the

"He did.

"Franks, you don't know what you are saying," interrupted Levesen; "terror has turned your head."

"No, it hasn't, Levesen," replied Franks. "You did give me the cheque to give to Bayard. I can't help telling the truth. I would do a great deal for you, but I prefer ruin and disprace to the mental saguish our crime has caused me. This fellow will shoot me if I don't tell the truth now, and by heavens, I'm not going to lose my life for you, Levesen."

"As far as I am concerned, you are

by heavens, I'm not going to lose my life for you, Levesen."

"As far as I am concerned, you are safe," said Bayard, laying his pistol on the table. "You have admitted the truth, that is all I want. As to you, Levesen, the game is up. You never guessed that I should break prison to confront you. You and Franks between you invented the most malicious conspiracy which was ever contrived to ruin an innocent man—you got me false imprisonment, but it is your turn now. You sha'nt escape, either of you. This gentleman here, I think I know him—I saw him two days ago at Hartmoor—will be my witness. Your

game is up, I, too, can plot and contrive. I feigned serious illness in order to lull suspicion, and so got out of prison. I did this because you, Lovesen, geaded me to madness—you took away my liberty—my character—you ruined my entire life, but whon. added to these iniquities, you de'er mined to force the girl whom I love, and who loves me, to be your wife, I felt that matters had come to an extremity. By a more accident, I save the notice of your engagement to Lady Kathleen in a paper which another convinct both me. From that moment I played a desperate game. I escaped from prison with the intention of shooting yeu, if necessary, you blackhearted secondrel, rather than allow you to become the lusband of the girl love."

"The girl who loves, you, Edward," said Lady Kathleen

hearted seconderle, rathor than allow you to become the lusband of the girl I love."

"The girl who loves, you, Edward," said Lady Kathleen.

Bhe flow to his side, and threw her soft, white arms round his neck. He gave her a quick, passionate glance, but did not speak.

"You must make a statement in writing, he said to Franke. "As to you, Lovesen—No, you don't leave the room"—for Lovesen had softly approached the door—"I have a pited here, and I'm a desperate man. You will know best if it is worth exciting my rage or not. You will witness Frank's confession. Now then Franks get your deposition down. I see papt, pon, and irk on that table. Now write, and be quick about it."

"You write at your perl, Franks," said Lovesen. "Are you mad to give yourself away as you are doing? What is this follow here, but an escape convict? Don't put anything on paper. Franks."

"Yes, but I will," said Franks, suddenly. "It is not only that I am frightened, Lovesen—upon my word, I am almost glad of the relief of confession. You don't know what I've been through—perfect torture—yes, no more no less. Bayard was no enomy of mine. I know you give me money, and I have not much moral courage, and I fell; but the fact is, I'd rather serve my own time at Hartmoor than go through the mental misery which I have been enduring of late."

"Put your confession on paper without a moment's delay," said Bayard, in a stern voice.

His words rang out with force. Not-withstanding his decay his abayen.

without a moment's dolay, said Bayard, in a stern voice.
His words rang out with force. Notwithstanding his dress, his shaven
head, his worn and suffering face—he
had the manner of the man who conquers at that moment. The spell of
fear which he had exercised over
Franks he so far communicated to
Levesen that he ceased to exposulate,
and stood with folded arms, sullen
face, and lowered eyes, not far from
the door. I saw that he would escape
if he could, but Bayard took care of
that.

if he could, but Bayard took care of that.

"Write, and be quick about it," he said to Franks.

The wretched Franks bent over his paper. He was a short, thickly-set man, of middle age. His face was red and mottled. Large beads of perspiration stood on his brow. His iron-grey head was slightly baid. The hand with which he wrote shock. All the time he was writing there was absolute silence in the room. Lady Kathleen continued to stand by Bayard's side. She had lost her nervousness and hysteria. Her checks were full of beautiful colony, her eyes wore bright—she had undergone a transformation.

At last Franks laid down his pen.

At last Franks laid down his pen. He took his handkerohief from his pooket and wiped the moisture from his brow.

his brow.

"Give me the paper," said Bayard.
Franks did so.

"Will you, sir, read this aloud?"
said the ex-prisoner, turning suddonly
to me.
"Certainly," I answered.

"Certainly," I answered.

The queer group stood silent around me, while I read the following words:—

"On the 4th of May, 189—, Francis Levesen, whose secretary I have been for several years, brought me a cheque for the sum of £5,000, which he had made payable to Edward Bayard. He told me to give the cheque to Bayard, remarking, as he did so:—
"The fellow is in difficulties and will find this useful."

"Bayard at the time was engaged to Lady Kathleen Church, Francis Levesen's ward, I replied that I did not know Mr. Bayard was in money difficulties.

"He is," said Levesen; 'he has

difficulties.

"He is, said Levesen; 'he has been fool enough to put his name to a bill for a friend, and has to meet as claim for £8,000 within the next ten days. He saked me to lend him that sum to meet the difficulty in Lady Kathleen's presence yesterday. I refused to grant his request at the time, and he seemed in distress about it.

"And yet you are now giving him £5,000," I said. 'That seems strange, seeing that he only requires a loan of £3,000."

strange, seeing that he only requires a loan of £3,000."

"Never mind,' said Levesen, a little ready cash will be acceptable under the circumstances. Get him to take the obeque. The fact is, there is more in this matter than meets the eye. I want you to help me in a small conspiracy, and will make it worth your while. You are to give this obeque to Bayard when no one is present. See that he presents it at my bank. If you can act quietly and expeitously in this matter, I will give you that thousand pounds you want so hadly in each."

looking at him in foar and astonish-

looking at him in foar and astonishment.

"'You know you want that money,' he roplied.

"God knows I do,' I answord.

"'Go meet that bill of sale on your furniture,' continued Levesen. 'Your wife is just going to have a baby, and if the furniture is sold over her head, you fear the shock will kill her. Is not that so? Oh, yes, I know all about you—a thousand pounds will put all straight, will it not?

"'Yes, yes, but the deuce is in this matter,' roplied 'What are you up to, Levesen—what is your game?

"Levesen—what is your game?

"Levesen's face became ashen in hue.

"Lovesons me below." My game is this, he hissed into my ear 'I mean to do for that wret ched, smooth tongued sneak, Bayard." 'I thought he was your friend. I

my ear. 'I mean to do for that wretched, smooth tongued aneak, Bayar:1.'

"I thought he was your friend.' I naswered.

"'Friend! 'said Lavoson. 'If there is a man I hate, it is he. He has come between me and the girl I intend to marry. I have made up my mind to main. I short, he sha'n't have Lady Kathleon—I shall look him up. Now, if you wilh help me, the decan be done. and you shall have your £1,000.'

"I was as wax in his hands, for the tatto of my own affairs was desperate. I saked what I was to do.

"I mean to have Bayard arrested,' said Leveson. 'I mean to have him arrested on a charge of forgory. When the moment comes, you are to help me. I mean to prove that Bayard forgod the signature to the sheque which you now hold in your hand. He will declare that you gave it to him—you are to dony the fact—in short, you and I will have to go through a good deal of false swearing. If we stick together and make our plans, I am convinced that the thing can be carried through. My ward can't marry a man who is going through penal servitude, and, by Hesven, Bayard shall have a long term." I said I couldn't do it, but Lovens said: 'Sleep over it.' I wont homo. The Evil One fought with me all night, and before the morning he had conquered me. That thousand pounds and the thought of saving the lome were what did for me. We carried out our scheme. I am propared to swear to the truth of this statement before a megistrate.

"I to your Franks."

"It would be well to have witnesses to this." I said. when I had done

lome were wast out or me. ...
carried out our scheme. I am prepared to swear to the truth of this statement before a magistrate.

"John Franks."
"It would be well to have witnesses to this," I said, when I had done reading. "Lady Kathleen will you put your name here?"
She came forward at once, writing her full name in a bold, firm hand. I put mine under hers.
"And now, Bayard," I said, "this is not a moment for showing merey; a foul deed has been committed, and only the stern arm of justice can set matters right. Will you have the goodness to go at once for the police? Leveson and Franks must be taken into custody to night on the charge of malicious conspiracy against you, for causing you to be falsely imprisoned, and for perjury."
"One moment before you go, Bayard," said Levesen—moving a step forward and speaking with the studied caim which all through this strange seen had never descreted him. "There is another eide to Franks's story, and when I have said my say to-morrow morning before the magistrate, I can easily prove that the statesment made on that piece of paper is worth momora than the paper on which it is written. There is not a magistrate on the Bench who is likely to give even a moment's serious consideration to such a trumped up tale told under pressure, and at the instigation of an escaped convict. You can do your worst, however—I am so conscious of my own innocence that I have my wish to escape."

"Have you done speaking?" said Bayard.
"I have—you will repent of this."
Bavard left the room. In less than

Have you done speaking?" said Bayard.

'I have—you will repent of this." Bayard left the room. In less than half an hour, Levesen and Franks had been carried off to the nearest police-station, and Bayard was left show eith Lady Kathleen. I went then to find Miss Levesen. I had a painful task in telling the poor lady the shameful truth. She was a hard women, but she at least had been no partner in Levesen's horrible conspiracy.

women, but she at least had been no partner in Levesen's horrible conspiracy.

The ovents which followed can be told in a few words. The next morning, early, I took Bayard to see my own solicitor, who instructed him to return to Hartmoor, and to give himself up; in the measuring, a petition would be immediately presented to the Queen for his free pardon.

The pardon was obtained in less than a week—although Bayard had to go through a short nominal punishment for his assult on the warder and his escape from Hartmoor.

One of the sensational trials at the autumn assizes was that of Levesen and Franks. The intelligent jury who listened to the trial were not long in making up their minds with regard to the verdict. I do not know that I am a specially hard man, but I could not help rejoicing when the judge's sentence was known. Levesen and Franks are now serving their time at Hartmoor—their seatence was say.

Hartmoor—tuer sentence was seven years' imprisoment.

As to Lady Kathleen, she has com-pletely recovered her health, and the the long postponed wedding took place before the Christmas of that year.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerful-ess; altogether past calculation its

## AMERICAN NOTES.

Women Successful in a Benevolent Association.

e Gift of an Irish Priest to Washington-Beath of a Hoston Fenlan-Beath of o Fa-mous Jeant . Chauncey Depon Bescribet Lourdes.

New York. Sopt 23—The correspondent of the Union and Times describes the little band of Catholle now women who have braved all sorts of opposition and not a little ridicule, when they undertook to extend the opportunities of their sex by securing for thom through the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, the same prevision for rainy days that men find in insurance societies. They may rest on their cars a bit now for all things clea are being added unto them. Everything seems to be coming the Catholic woman's way nowadays and with the great and glorious power of the greatest of institutions, considered even on its human side, only to back her, what may she not do? Considerably less than twenty years have passed since the little group of pioneers, timidly, half frightened at their own temerity, lastred the first insurance society for women. How some folks laughed at first but now it's a solid, dignified, matter of course institution and everybody else is following suit. The other day the Women's Catholic Benevolent Legion got institution and everybody else is following suit. The other day the Women's Catholic Benevolent Legion got institution and everybody else is following suit. The other day the Women's Catholic Benevolent Legion got away will have a Mass of thanksgiving offered in St. Bernard's Church in West Fourteenth street. The Vory Rev. Mgr. Mooney, Vicar-Goneral, will preach a sermon appropriate to the oceasion and there will be a social entertainment afterward in St. Bernard's Hall. Naturally the women who were pioneers in the insurance movement believed in the opening of many other fields of activity and apportunity for their sex, and regarded this particular one as a more opening wedge. Woman has a good deal of the camel's persistence about her after all. Let her get her head in and it is only a question of time when her whole body will follow. To those who observed the large number of women delegates at the temperance convention held in New York. It wasn't a Catholic affair of course, but it shows

FATHER M'MAHON'S GIFT.

The first week in October will witness a gathering in Washington that will mark the most important epoch that Catholic educational interests in the United States have ever known. During this week the largest Eucharistic Congress over held in the United States will be convened in the new St. Matthew's Church. This body is composed entirely of olergymen, and will be attended by a majority of the Bishops and Archbishops of the Church in America. It is a religious and not an educational body, but is the first of a series of great meetings that will hereafter mark Washington as the centre of the Catholic educational and religious interests of the United States. The day before the Congress convenes the McMahon Hall of Philosophy will be dedicated at the Roman Oatholic University at Eckington. This hall, which cost \$400,000, is the gift of Father McMahon, late of New York.

Father McMahon was born in Ireland nearly eighty years ago. From an early age he was destined for the priesthood, and at the proper time he was sent to the famous college of Maynooth, of which his uncle was President. After leaving this institution he went to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, and from thence to the same seminary in Montreal. In 1843 he went to New York, and united himself with that Jiocese, where he remained during the forty odd years of his active priesthood. While in New York he formed the sequentiature and subsequently the warm friendship of Bishop, afterwards Archbishop, Hughes, of the province of New York. The zeal of the young priest made a very favorable impression on the Bishop, who soon afterward appointed him to the parish of St. Andrew's parish were scanty, and the young priest thad a hard time to make both ends meet. It was about this time that he began his speculations in real seate, which afterward turned out so profitably to him.



Everybody admits that who has tried it. Have you? The wo-man's friend is un-

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## JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Toronto, Manufact'ers

in Boston. Hisdeath wasoceasioned by aninjury, received from ablock of grante falling from thoruins of the lately burned Masonic Temple, which etruck on the heal as he was passing on the sidowalk. He was taken to his office on Washington Street, and thence to the Massachusette General Hospital where he expired on Friday, the 18th instant. He was in his estitoth year, a native of Clonakilty, County Cork, who came to the United States in his boyhood, and served with creditin Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher's famous frists Brigade. Throughout life Colonel Warren was identified with Irish revoluntion ary movements. He risked life and endured imprisonment. He was a gen.al, kindly man, beloved by his associaties and is mourned as a sincere and faithful friend of his native land. The functal of Col. Warren took place from the residence of his sister, Mrs. Denis Lesry, Arlington.

caseers of Parlier Nash.

Caseers of Parlier Nash.

The Rev. Michael Nash, S.J., died of applexy at Troy, N. Y., September 6th, at the age of 70 years. Father Nash was born in Ireland in 1825 and came to America at an early age. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1844 and after completing his studies in France was detailed to St. John's College, Fordham, where he was occupied for several years as professor and prefect. At the outbreak of the war he volunteered for army duty and on the recommendation of the latd Archbishop Hughes, was appointed to the chaplainacy of the Sixth Regiment of New York Volunteers, known familiarly as "Billy" Wilson's Zouaves. He joined in 1801, and served with the regiment throughout the war. By his untiring zeal and the consolations of religion to his wounded comrades he won the affection and setteem of the men not only of his own regiment but of the entire brigade. On one occasion they tried to dissuade the heroic chaplain from risking his life in carrying the viaticum to a soldier wounded to death in an engagement at Fort Fickney. The enemy's shot was falling thick and fast, and they knew it was almost certain death for their chaplain to face the hail of builets. He would not be deterred. When stationed near New Orleans his reputation was carried into the Confederate lines and he was asked to foliciate for some of their soldiers who were without a chaplain for both armies. Although offered a pension after the war was over, he declined it saying that the United States had treated him well while he was in their service and he was over, he seclined it saying that the United States had treated him well while he was in their service and he was been visiting Lourdes. He describes the secue at night there in the following graphic words:

Lourdes. He describes the scene at night there in the following graphic words:

"At night the sight and scenes are wonderful. Thousands carrying torches and singing lymns are marching over the winding roads. Other thousands are on their kness in the space in front of the grotto praying, singing and imploring the Virgin for help. Hundreds upon hundreds of candles flicker and flare in the grotto and throw a weird light upon the whiterobed statue of the Virgin which stands just above. In the afternoon a vast procession forms in the grotto and marches along the river; turning into the planas it passes the point where the road rises from the plains on the arches to the church. On one side of the plasas were placed some hundreds of little wagons, each containing an incurable sufferer. The sight of these helpless, and except by miracle, hopeless men, women and children in every stage of physical distortion or living death is affecting beyond the power of words to express.

"As the head of the procession reached the first wagon the priest elevated the Host before the patient. Another priest, with a great depth of lung, cried out: 'Oh, Lord, help this sick one!' The hundreds of priests and five thousand pligrims cached the cry in unison. Again the leader, with tremendous passion and energy, would car.

ous passion and energy, would Oh, Lord! heal this sick

estate, which afterward turned out so profitably to him.

DEATH OF COL. WARREN.
Colonel John Warren, a prominent
Fanian in the old days has just died

Colonel John Warren, about the state of the ship's are will be soon aware in their state of the ship's action, but do their work thereagally.

A Distinguished Swedish Author Be-comes a Catholic.

comes a Catholic.

A romarkable conversion to the Catholic faith has taken place this summer in Stockholm, Sweden, which must tend to the greater progress of the Church in that country, which, as is known, is one of the strongest bulwarks of Protestantism in Europe. The convert is Mine. Helma Nyblom, one of the most brilliant anthors in the Scandinavian countries at the present time. She was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1843, where her father, Jorgen Roed, a painter of renown, was professor at the Danish Academy of Fine Arts. In 1864 she married Carl Ruppert Nyblom, Professor of Esthetics and History of Literature at the Royal University of Upsala. Professor Nyblom himself is regarded as a poot of rank, being one of the eighteen members of the Swedish Academy, an institution for the promotion of the language and literature of Swedon, founded in 1786 by King Gustavus III., the membership in which is considered to be a high honor. By the way, is may be mentioned that Professor Nyblom has in a masterly way translated into the Swedish language Moore's Irish Melodles and Shakespeare's Sonnets.



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English mails close on Mondays and Thurndays at 9.30 p.m., on Wednesdays at noon, and on saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplements mails to Mondays and Thurndays close occasionally on Thurndays and Fit. Thurndays close occasionally on Thurndays and Fit. Replain mails for the month of September 7 5.3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 11, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, 20, 11, 12, 13, 11, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27, 20, 27

2 M, XT, X0, 30.
N.B.—There are branch postodiose in every part of the city. Residents of each district, should transact their sawings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to noilry their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Foctoffice.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS **DUNN'S**