

months of this sort of thing, and then—and then there was a son.

“You have no relations living but your cousin, Victor,” she said to him, more coldly than she had ever spoken in her life.

“You are afraid of this Miss Catheron, who writes you such long letters (which I never write) that you dare not take your wife home?”

“This secret has lasted long enough,” Lady Catheron said, a resolute-looking expression crossing her pretty, soft-curt mouth.

“The time has come when you must speak. Don't make me think you are ashamed of me, or afraid of her. Take me home—it is my right; acknowledge your son—it is his. When there was only I, it did not so much matter—it is different now.”

“The life—of one baby's dots of hands, and kissed it. And Sir Victor, his face hidden in the shadow of the curtains, his voice husky, made answer: ‘You are right, Ethel—you always are.’

“Just three weeks later, as the August days were ending, came that last letter from Inez, commanding his return. His hour had come. He took the next morning train, and went forth to meet the woman he feared and had wronged.”

The afternoon sun drops lower. If Sir Victor returns from Cheshire to-day, Lady Catheron knows he will be here in a few minutes. She looked at her watch a little wearily.

“My darling!” he exclaimed, and you need only hear the two words to tell how rapturously he loves his wife. ‘Let me look at you. Oh! as pale as ever, I see. Never mind! Cheshire air, sunshine, green fields, and new milk shall bring back your roses and your son and heir, my lady, how is he?’

“At last! Oh, Victor, when do we go?” “To-morrow, if you are able. The sooner the better.”

“And your cousin? Was she very angry?” she asked, wistfully; “very much surprised?”

“Well—yes—naturally, I am afraid she was both. We must make the best of that, however. To tell the truth, I had only one interview with her, and that of so particularly unpleasant a nature, that I left next morning. So then we start to-morrow? I'll just drop a line to Etchell to apprise him.”

“He catches hold of his wife's writing-table to wheel it near. By some clumsiness his foot catches in one of its spidery claws, and with a crash it topples over. Away goes the writing case, flying open and scattering the contents far and wide. The crash shocks baby's nerves, baby begins to cry, and the new-made mamma flies to her angel's side.

“I say!” Sir Victor cries. “Look here! Awkward thing of me to do, eh, Ethel? Writing case broken too. Never mind, I'll pick 'em up.”

“Ethel!” Sir Victor says, his voice stern, what does this mean?”

“What does that mean? Hush-h-h, baby, darling. Not so loud, Victor, please. I want to get baby asleep.”

“How comes Juan Catheron's picture here?”

“She catches her breath—the tone in which Sir Victor speaks is a tone not pleasant to hear. She is a thoroughly good little thing but the best of good little things (being women) are ergo dissemblers. For a second she dare not face him; then she comes bravely up to him and looks at him over her shoulder.”

“I thought I had lost it centuries ago.” “Good Heaven!” she exclaims inwardly; “how could I have been such a fool!”

“My dear Sir Victor,” with a little pout, “don't be unreasonable. I should have something to do if I put you on a covenant of all my acquaintances. I know Mr. Catheron—slightly,” with a gasp. “Is there any crime in that?”

“Yes!” Sir Victor answers, in a voice that makes his wife jump and cry. “Yes—there is. I wouldn't own a dog—if Juan Catheron had owned him before me. To look at him is pollution enough—to know him, disgrace!”

“What then?” He is white to the lips with jealous rage and fear. “This then—you should never again be wife of mine!”

“Victor!” she put out her hands as if to ward off a blow, “don't say that—oh, don't say that! And—and it isn't true—he never was a lover of mine—never!”

“He never was your lover? You are telling me the truth?”

“No, no—never! never. Victor—don't look like that! Oh, what brought that wretched picture here? I knew him slightly—only that—and he did give me his photograph. How could I tell he was the wretch you say he is—how could I think there would be any harm in taking a picture? He seemed nice, Victor. What did he ever do?”

“He seemed nice!” Sir Victor repeated bitterly, “and what did he ever do?” What has he left undone, you had better ask. He has broken every command of the decalogue—every law, human and divine. He is dead to us all—his sister included, and has been these many years. Ethel, can I believe—

“I have told you, Sir Victor. You will believe as you please,” his wife answers, a little sullenly, turning away from him.

“Oh, Ethel, forgive me!” he says; “I did not mean to wound you, but the thought of that man—fugh! But I am a fool to be jealous of you, my white lily. Kiss me—forgive me—we'll throw the snake in the grass out of the window and forget it. Only—I had rather you had told me.”

“He tears up the wretched little mischief-making picture, and flings it out of the window with a look of disgust. Then they ‘kiss and make up,’ but the stab has been given, and will rankle. The folly of her past is doing its work, as all our follies past and present are pretty sure to do.”

CHAPTER III.

Late in the afternoon of a September day Sir Victor Catheron, of Catheron Royals, brought home his wife and son.

His wife and son! The country stood astonished. And it had been a dead secret! Shocking! And she was a soap-boiler's daughter! Horrible! And now when this wretched, misguided young man could keep his folly a secret no longer, he was bringing his wife and child home.

“The resident gentry sat thunderstruck. Did he expect they could call? (This was the gentler sex.) Plutocracy might jostle aristocracy into the background, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and the daughter of a London soap-boiler they would not receive. Who was to be positive that there had been a marriage at all? And poor Inez Catheron. Ah, it was very sad—very sad. There was a well known, well-hidden taint of insanity in the Catheron family. It must be that latent insanity cropping up. The young man must simply be mad.

Nevertheless, bells rung and bonfires blazed, tenantry cheered, and all the old servants (with Mrs. Marsh, the housekeeper, and Mr. Hooper, the butler, at their head) were drawn up in formidable array to receive them. And if both husband and wife were very pale, very silent, and very nervous, who is to blame them? Sir Victor had set society at defiance; it was society's turn now, and then—here was Inez!

For Lady Catheron, the dark, menacing figure of her husband's cousin haunted her, too. As the big, turretted, towered, ivied pile of stone and mortar called Catheron Royals with its great bell booming, its Union Jack waving, reared up before the soap-boiler's daughter—she absolutely covered with a dread that had no name.

“I am afraid!” she said. “Oh, Victor, I am afraid!”

“He laughed—not quite naturally, though. If the painful truth must be told of a baronet and a Catheron, Sir Victor was afraid, too.”

“Afraid?” he laughed; “of what, Ethel? The ghost of the Gray Lady, who walks twice in every year in Rupert's Tower? Like all fine old families, we have our fine old family ghost, and would not part with it for the world. I'll tell you the legend some day; at present ‘screw your courage to the sticking place,’ for here we are.”

“He descended from the carriage, and walked into the grand manorial hall, vast enough to have lodged a hundred men, his wife on his arm, his head very high, his face very pale. She clung to him, poor child! and yet she battled hard for her dignity, too. Hat in hand, smiling right and left in the old pleasant way, he shook hands with Mrs. Marsh and Mr. Hooper, presented them to his lady, and bravely inquired for Miss Inez. Miss Inez was well, awaiting him in the Cedar drawing-room.”

“They ascended to the Cedar drawing-room. One of the grandest rooms in the house, all gilding and ornament, and magnificent upholstery—Master Baby following in the arms of his nurse. The sweet face and soft eyes of Lady Catheron had done their work already in the ranks of the servants—she would be an easier mistress to serve than Miss Inez.”

“If over she is mistress in her own house,” thought Mrs. Marsh, who was “companion” to Miss Catheron as well as housekeeper; “and mistress she will never be while Miss Catheron is at the Royals.”

“The drawing-room was brilliantly lit, and standing in the full glare of the lamps—Inez. She was gorgeous this evening in maize silk, that was like woven sunshine; she had a white camelia in her hair, a diamond cross on her breast, scented laces about her, diamonds on her arms and in her ears. She stood—a resplendent vision—so Sir Victor beheld her again.

“He put up his hand for an instant like one who is dazzled—then he led on his wife, as men have led on a forlorn hope.”

“The heir of Catheron Royals,” she said, “and a fine baby no doubt, as babies go. I don't pretend to be a judge. He is very bold and very dabby, and very fat just at present. Whom does he resemble? Not you, Victor. O, no doubt the distaff side of the house. What do you call him, nurse? Not christened yet? But of course the heir of the house is always christened at Catheron Royals. Victor, no doubt you'll follow the habit of your ancestors, and give him his mother's family name. Your mother was the daughter of a marquis, and you are Victor St. Albans Catheron. Good customs should not be dropped—let your son's name be Victor Dobb Catheron.”

“She laughed as she dropped the veil, a laugh that made all the blood in Sir Victor's body tingle in his face. But he stood silent. And it was Ethel who, to the surprise of every one, her husband included, turned upon Miss Catheron with flushing cheeks.”

“The proprietor of Burdock Blood Bitters challenges the world to produce the record of a medicine that has achieved a more wonderful success or better credentials, in so short a period of time as has this great Blood Purifier and System Renovator. Its cures are the marvels of the age. Sample Bottles 10 Cents. 40-2

CUBA WANTS TO BE TREATED LIKE CANADA. PARIS, May 17.—A Madrid correspondent telegraphs: Telegrams received to-day from Havana report that the greatest excitement was caused in Cuba by the prosecution and seizure, by order of the colonial authorities, of El Triunfo, the principal organ of the Cuban Liberals, because that popular paper energetically advocated, in a leading article, the autonomy of Cuba under the Spanish flag, but with as much self-Government as Canada El Liberal, and several influential Madrid papers, protest sharply against the conduct of General Blanco. The Creole representatives believe that no reform is possible in Cuba until General Blanco and the principal authorities are removed to reverse the fatal policy of the Conservatives and planters.

“I DON'T WANT THAT STUFF.” Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter, it was administered to her with such good results that she continued its use until cured, and was so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of her best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That “stuff” is Hop Bitters.—Standard.

DESIGN ON THE LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR. LONDON, May 17.—A Wiesbaden correspondent sends the following:—The recent stay of the Emperor William at Wiesbaden was considerably shortened in consequence of certain letters which were received by Court officials, and which contained friendly warnings of some design against the Emperor. These letters are said to have come from England. Consequently great precautions were taken during the Imperial stay here. Herr Madai, Chief of Police of Berlin, arrived with an extra force of detectives. The parade on the 6th inst. took place in front of the Colonnade for the first time instead of in the Wilhelm Strass, where it is generally held. The large place in front of the Kurass is more easily surrounded by police and soldiers, and the public are kept at a great distance from the Imperial party. On the last Sunday which he spent here the Emperor abstained from going to church. This was quite contrary to his regular custom. On the day of his departure no visitors were received at the Schloss. Even the usual offerings of flowers and bouquets were rigidly rejected. For the same reason the Emperor did not carry out his original intention of going to Frankfurt on the 10th instant, to be present at the opening of the Patent Exhibition. The exact time of his departure from home, which took place nine days earlier than was originally planned, was kept secret. The local papers published different accounts of the Emperor's intentions, and the Imperial train passed quickly through Frankfurt, arriving at Berlin last Monday evening in safety.

Neither the Syndicate, the Scott Act, or the Irish question causes half the sensationalism, that is caused by the popularity of Burdock Blood Bitters. This great remedy is marvellous in its success in curing Chronic diseases when other medicines have failed. It is the best Blood Purifying Tonic and Liver Investigator known. A specific for all diseases of Blood, Liver and Kidneys. Sample Bottles 10 cents. 40-2

A FAIR LAND BILL FOR IRELAND WILL BRING A LASTING PEACE TO ENGLAND. MR. ERROR.—The English Government should put a stop to all further evictions in Ireland, and be security to the landlords of that country for a fair rent at Government valuation.

2. The Government should have all the land in Ireland re-valued, and allow no landlord in that country to rent his land at a higher rent than this valuation.

3. The Government should receive all rents from the tenantry of Ireland and pay them over to the landlords. The Government will thus be able to prevent all rack-renting and injustice to the tenantry of Ireland, and will be enabled to assist any poor tenant during bad years until he can pay up.

4. The Government agency should be borne by the landlords.

5. Any tenant in Ireland should have the privilege of writing to the Land Commission, stating that he was prepared to purchase his farm at the Government valuation, with a request that the Land Commission would, if possible, obtain the landlord's consent to sell, and if the landlord's consent be then obtained, the Commission shall or may enable the tenant to purchase his farm at the Government valuation and be security to the landlord for the terms of purchase.

6. The Government valuation should remain in existence for 50 years, and then the land may be revalued if it be thought necessary.

By this arrangement the landlords and tenants of Ireland would receive equal justice, and the Government would purchase a lasting peace, and make the Irish people her most loving and grateful subjects. May England see the wisdom of such a policy.

I remain yours, Mr. Editor, DON LEAHY.

As a health renewer Burdock Blood Bitters acts like a charm. In Malaria, Bilious Complaints, Scorfula and all disorders of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, this great combination of Vegetable medicines proves a certain specific. A few doses regulate the bowels, and as a restorative tonic it has no equal. Trial Bottles 10 Cents. 40-2

REVIEW OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES & NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

That reader must be hard to please indeed who in the diversified contents of the North American Review for June should find nothing to win his attention. First we have an article by Hon. Hugh McCulloch on “Our Future Fiscal Policy” treating of the problems of refunding, the remonetization of silver, and the restoration of the United States to their just rank among the maritime nations of the world. George B. Loring writes of “The Patrician Element in American Society,” but the reader need apprehend no glorification of artificial rank, for in the author's estimation the patrician element here is simply the strongest popular element—that portion of the people, whatever their lineage, who are engaged in developing the mental, moral and material wealth of the Republic. Dorman B. Eaton makes a spirited defence of civil service reform; Prof. W. G. Sumner states very clearly the argument for free ships; Frederick Douglass writes of “The Color Line”; Destro Charney, of “The Ruins of Central America”; Dr. Austin Flint discusses the benefits of vaccination; J. M. Mason asserts the lawful power of the government to regulate railway charges; and finally, Prof. E. S. Morse sets forth the evidences of the existence of man upon this continent in prehistoric times.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY. This fine periodical for June is unusually interesting. It contains a well written and entertaining article on Richard Brinsley Sheridan—a chapter on conceits and whimsicalities, by the popular writer, Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy; “Colonel Michael Dobony,” by Michael Cavenagh; a sketch of Mrs. Julia T. Parnell, by P. J. Hanway; “St. Lawrence O'Toole and his times”; “The Genealogy of O'Sullivan, O'Donoghue and O'Mahoney”; and many other articles. The editor is James Halligan, 273 Pearl street, New York.

DONAHUE'S MAGAZINE contains among other articles “The Church and the Fifth Estate,” “Irish Soldiers,” “Charlemagne,” “The Jubilee of 1881,” “The Irish Bar,” &c. Patrick O'Donoghue, Boston.

OUR LITTLE ONES. This amusing and instructive periodical for children for June contains about twenty engravings, as also a number of stories and sketches intensely interesting to children. It is published by the Russell Publishing Co., 149 A Tremont street, Boston. It is truly the best thing of the kind we have ever seen, and fills a gap in literature much required. It is \$1.50 a year.

MRS. BURNETT'S CHARMING STORIES. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published new editions of all Mrs. F. H. Burnett's earlier stories, the ones that first brought her name and fame, and which were originally published in, and expressly written for “Peterson's Magazine.” Their names are “Kathleen,” “A Quiet Life,” “Pretty Polly Pumberton.”

“Theo,” “Miss Creepingy.” The foregoing are 50 cents each, in paper cover, or \$1 each in cloth, and the following are 25 cents each in paper cover, viz: “Jarl's Daughter,” and “Lindsay's Luck.” Copies of any or all of the above books will be sent to any address or receipt of the price by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., or the seven books bound in paper covers will be sent on receipt of \$2.25, and the five cloth books for \$4.00.

“Sybil Brotherton” for sale by the same publisher, in the same place, and has the same binding.

Mrs. Southworth is a woman of brilliant genius, is one of the most original and talented of living female writers, and is by all odds the best writer of fiction in this country, for she has no superior. Her style is forcible and bold, and there is a chasteness and purity in all she writes, which commend her works to the approbation of every thoughtful mind. There is an exciting interest throughout all her compositions, which renders them the most popular novels in the English language.

ROWELL'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY FOR 1881. It is to hand. It is truly a magnificent work of over twelve hundred pages, handsomely bound, and full of information absolutely necessary to business men, and those who advertise extensively in particular. There is nothing omitted in this directory, and it is compiled up to the very latest date.

THE “CATHOLIC SHIELD.” A new monthly journal called the Catholic Shield has appeared in Ottawa. It contains sixteen pages and is gotten up much in the same style as the New York Catholic Review, and well printed and in so far as mechanism goes is certainly a success. But in our opinion it is more than mechanically successful. It is well written, and there is an absence of egotism about it, which is as unusual as it is indicative of success in this age of puffery and self assertion. We give its salutatory article in full:—

The publication of a Catholic Periodical, whose tone and actual performance shall be in strict keeping with the character it assumes, is an undertaking of no ordinary importance, and involves a consequent risk and labor of a most serious nature. In issuing the first number of the Catholic Shield, we are fully impressed with the magnitude of our task, and the care to be exercised in its proper management, while we are keenly alive to the duties which shall devolve upon us as it grows apace. It was only after a patient survey of our chosen field of labor, and honest study of the workmen already there, that we determined upon a periodical of an unclaimed furrow before it. How vast the field we stand in, how much its tillers have achieved, and wherein they have failed, we propose not at present to discuss. Only this shall we say, that there is yet many a sod untamed, many a bonder and stub untouched, and consequently ample employment for another laborer.

We enter upon our self-allotted work with no pretensions of supplying “a want long felt” in the Catholic community; in no spirit of opposition to any existing journal; not as an admonitor of ecclesiastical authority or director of private conscience; not to pander to sectarian prejudices or promote useless inquiry or idle controversy; but to assist, in a modest way, in propagating what is true and combating what is false in Religion, Philosophy, Science, Social Economy, History, and the Arts; and in cultivating a popular taste for the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. We have no other aim but this,—to place before Catholic readers a careful review of the leading questions of the day in their relation to the Universal Church, and a monthly digest of important events the world over.

For this purpose, we have secured the services of gentlemen who, while they do not pretend to be “the best talent the country can produce,” are well versed in every subject they propose to handle, and are no novices in journalism. With their valuable aid, besides occasional contributions from other writers of merit, we hope to make the Catholic Shield a useful and welcome family magazine, ever faithful to its mission, alive to Catholic interests, and preserving that dignity in tone and bearing which becometh Catholic journalism. So much said, we ask the support of an intelligent Catholic community, and rely upon their outside assistance for our success.

Address: Publisher, Catholic Shield, Ottawa.

Latest Irish Mail News. The National Land League of Great Britain have issued a manifesto describing the present struggle as a battle between a nation and a foreign garrison. Thousands of Irishmen in England and Scotland are themselves evicted tenants, and the address asks them to evict the landlords in return, and to prepare to work at the polling.

The London Times says: Under the auspices of the Irish Parliamentary party and the executive of the National Land League of Great Britain, an Irish National Club is being established in Victoria-chambers, opposite the Houses of Parliament. It is intended that the club shall bear the same relation to the Irish Parliamentary party as the Reform Club does to the Liberal and the Carlton to the Conservative parties.

Mr. Elmore, the Academician, who did the other day, has left £80,000 behind him, a circumstance which goes to show that painting is not such a bad business after all. Mr. Elmore was an Irishman, coming from Clonsilla, a little village in the county of Cork, where it would be difficult for the most persistent searcher after the beautiful to find a pleasing object. He was a protégé of O'Connell, who gave him, one of his first important commissions. He came up to London when little more than a lad, and had his first picture exhibited in the Academy in 1831. He was elected an Associate of the Academy when he was only thirty years of age, and subsequently was made one of the Forty.—Court Journal.

In reference to the displacement of the two patriotic priests displaced by the Bishop of Cork for their national sentiments, the Freeman's Journal says:—We understand that the Rev. Henry Murphy, late P.P. of Muirkirk, who is now engaged in collecting funds to enable him to proceed to Rome to lay his case before the Papal Court, has received from the leading M.P.'s of the Irish party an address of sympathy with him in his present position, and expressive of the hope that he may be successful in his mission. To the address are appended the names of the following members:—C. S. Parnell, A. M. Sullivan, W. H. O'Sullivan, J. G. Biggar, Justin McCarthy, W. E. Redmond, T. M. Healy and John Barry. Father Murphy is at present calling on his friends in the chief centres in Lancashire, and is, we understand, receiving on all sides many proofs of the people's kindness, and of their sympathy with him in the difficulties in which he is placed.

Yesterday (5th May) several friends visited the prisoners at Kilmallock, Mr. J. P. Quinn, of the Central League, visited Mr. Joseph Dalton, in reference to the representation of his case to the American Government, Mr. Dalton being a born citizen of the United States. He also visited his brother, Mr. T. J. Quinn, and Mr. Daniel O'Connor. Mr. Dillon was visited by a relative, and also by his medical attendant. Mr. Boyton, who are happy to learn, is now so much recovered that the doctor does not think it necessary to place any restriction upon visitors calling to see him. In the case of Mr. Dalton, we are informed that a communication has been received by him from the American Consul, stating that as soon as he obtains his paper of citizenship he will visit him in the prison.

Mr. Louden, B.L., has charge of Mr. Dalton's case, and is in communication with friends in America, for the purpose of procuring the desired certificates.

The usual weekly meeting of the Council of the Gaelic Union was held on Saturday. A subscription of £1 was received for the prize fund from J. M. Hart, Esq., Professor University of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. Mr. Hart last year spent a considerable time in Ireland for the purpose of acquiring a correct pronunciation of Irish and an accurate knowledge of the modern language as now written and spoken. While here he formed the acquaintance of several members of the Gaelic Union, and was deeply interested in their work. A communication was also received from Rev. Professor Moffatt, A.M., Diocesan Inspector of Clogher, Victoria Terrace, Enniskillen, who has kindly volunteered his services to collect subscriptions in his district for the funds of the Gaelic Union. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Mr. Moffatt for the exertions he has made in various ways to further the work, and also to Mr. Hart for his active prosecution and encouragement of the study of Celtic in his college. The members of the Gaelic Union notice with pleasure the renewed exertions of Mr. Sexton, M.P., to procure the removal of the restrictions by which the teaching of Irish is so much hampered at present in National Schools. There is reasonable hope of success in obtaining the desired concessions. A special circular on this subject, accompanying a copy of the Gaelic Union for 1880, is being circulated among the National Teachers' Associations with a view to conveying information concerning the movement, eliciting opinion thereupon, and obtaining reports of progress. This has already been very favorably noticed at general meetings of teachers.—Dublin Freeman.

The following is taken from the Freeman's Journal:— We have received from the Veterinary Department, Privy Council Office, Dublin Castle, a return showing the number of animals exported from this country to Great Britain during the week ended April 30th, 1881, as well as giving the several ports of embarkation. From the return we gather that the totals of exportation for the time mentioned were:—

Table with 2 columns: Animal type and quantity. Includes Sligo, Waterford, Wexford, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Horses.

BURNING AN EFFIGY. Intelligence which has reached Limerick by this evening's post show that the state of public feeling in the west of the county continues much disturbed. Last night a large number of people assembled, and hawked about an effigy of Mr. Maurice Leahy, Sessions Crown Solicitor for the county Limerick, who has lately been engaged prosecuting in some cases of alleged forcible taking possession of farms, and also in the recent charge against some 12 men and women for stripping Viscount Guilmor's balling near Abbeyfeale. Mr. Leahy's effigy, after being hawked and bundled about, was publicly burned amid derisive cheers. Subsequently the windows of Mr. Palmer, Pott's Sessions Clerk, were broken in with stones, as alleged, and the police treated to a well sustained growling and howling, which lasted for a considerable time.—Cork Herald.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Dyspepsia, Jaundice.—These complaints are the results of a disordered liver, which secretes bile in quality or quantity incapable of digesting food. Digestion requires a free flow of healthy bile, to insure which Holloway's Pills and Ointment have long been famous, far eclipsing every other medicine. Food, irregularity of living, climate, and other causes are constantly throwing the liver into disorder, but that important organ can, under all circumstances, soon be regulated and healthily adjusted by Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which act directly upon its vital secretion. The Ointment rubbed on the skin penetrates immediately to the liver, whose blood and nerves it rectifies. One trial is all that is needed; a cure will soon follow.

SULLIVAN'S HARTY ET AL. To the Editor of the Herald. We reproduced from the Ottawa Herald a report of the above case, and as Mr. Harty claims that it was one sided, we insert his letter on the subject:—

Sir,—Your issue of Monday last, which has been placed in my hands only to-day, contains a very unjust, and a very unfair report of the proceedings in the above case, tried in the Court of Chancery in your city last week before Vice-Chancellor Blake.

I have in my possession evidence that the plaintiff called upon the editor of one of your leading papers and requested him to publish a report similar to that produced by you, but the same was refused him. It is, therefore, fair premises, I think, to assume that the report which you publish was inspired either by him or by some one acting upon his behalf.

Whilst I do not think it necessary for either Mr. Weldon or myself to go outside the Court for our defenses in this case, yet many of your readers might be disposed to place credence in the facts as published by you if they were not explained or contradicted. I request space in your columns for this letter.

You stated I was asked to explain “a drawing of \$2,015 of the Trust funds but was unable to state what use was made of it.” Any one reading this sentence, and who had not heard the case in Court, would infer that I had appropriated this amount and had not accounted for it.

In my evidence I stated I had used this sum on my own account for about ten or twelve days and then replaced it in the Building Society, whence I had drawn it and allowed the estate for its use, the same interest which the Building Society was allowing for it.

Did the estate suffer any loss by that? We have properly accounted for, and produced our vouchers in Court for every cent received and disbursed on account of this estate. If we had done any wrong in management of our trust, the Vice-Chancellor before whom the case was tried, is just the man who would make us suffer for it.

Instead of such being the case, however, the unfortunate Plaintiff who dragged us into Court, and who was the cause of all the obstruction to the distribution of the estate, now finds himself saddled with the cost of the suit, and has been ordered by the Court to furnish us with a power of Attorney, which will allow us to wind up the estate and which we have been asking from him for the past three years, but which he obstinately refused to give us.

Yours truly, WM. HARTY.

Burdock Blood Bitters is not a Whiskey Stimulant or fancy drink, but a powerful purgative and aperient, and a most valuable life-giving Tonic and regulator of the Secretions. It acts promptly on the bowels, the Liver, the Blood and the Kidneys, purifying and giving tone to the entire system. Try a Sample Bottle which costs only 10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1.00. 40-2

THE CATTLE TRADE. Enquiries at the different steamship agencies in the city have elicited the information that great as was the increase in the cattle shipments of last year over those of 1879, a still further increase this year of 15 to 20 per cent is highly probable. Thompson, Murray & Co., of the Dominion Line, shipped 11,189 head of cattle, and the Beaver Line have not been idle during last winter, for it carried from Portland between November and April, 3,261 cattle and 2,840 sheep. These shipments were made to Liverpool and Glasgow, and the losses occurring during the voyages amounted only to 36 oxen and 40 sheep. The agency of Robert Reford & Co., shipped during last year, by Ross' London Line of steamers, to different ports in Great Britain, 11,081 cattle, 20,993 sheep and 698 horses. David Shaw, agent for Temperley's Line, shipped during last year, 1,860 cattle, and 2,874 sheep; while David Torrance & Co., agents for the Dominion Line, shipped during the same period, 50,817 cattle, \$1,547 sheep, 700 hogs, and 49 horses. It will be seen from these figures that the shipments were very large, and if the trade continues to increase even at the moderate rate of 15 per cent yearly predicted by the shippers, there will be grounds for the alarm already expressed by many in relation to this matter.

Professor Cherriman, Superintendent of Insurance in Canada, goes to England to bear argument in the case of the Queen's Insurance Company vs. Parsons, on appeal from the Supreme Court, and which incidentally involves the question of the constitutionality of legislation on the subject of insurance by the Dominion Government.

Table with 2 columns: Animal type and quantity. Includes Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Horses.

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