SCANDAL SEED.

A woman to the holy father went. Confession of her eins was her intent; And so her misdemeanors great and small, She faithfully to him reheared them all.
And chiefest in her catalogue of sin, She owned that she a tail bearer had been, And borne a bit of scandal up and down To all the long-tongued gossips in the town.

The holy father for her other sin Granted the absolution asked of him: But, while for all the rest he pardon gave, He told her thus off mos was very grave, And that to do fit penance she must go And what we do no perhance suc must go Out by the wayside where the thisbles grow, And gathering the richest, ripest one, Scatter its seed; and that, when this was done, She must come back another day To tell him his commands she did ob-y The woman, thinking this a penance light, Hastened to do his will that very night. Feeling right glad she had escaped so well, Next day but one, she went to the priest to tell.

The prices sat still and heard her story through,
And said: "There's something else for you to

do. Those little thistle seeds which you have sown I bid you gather every one."

The woman said: "But, father, 'twould be

To try to gather up those seeds again; The winds have scattered them both far and

wide, Over the meadowed vale and mountain side." The father answered: "Now I hope from this The lesson I have taught you will not miss; You cannot gather back the scattered seeds, Which far and wide will grow to noxious

Nor can the mischief, once by scandal sown, By any penance be again undone."

THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD.

PART L-THE RACE OF LANE.

CHAPIER III (Centinued).

" No one in the village cared to have the child (though it was well-grown and hearty), Lane carried the child inland and left it, he said, with his wife's people.

" For four years nothing particular happened. Then one day, while my mother was buying candles at old Pat Casey's, a man in a shawl came and asked where Lane lived. The man carried a rosy-cheeked boy, gathered in Dislike and distrust were fully unmasked, under the shawl on his back. The stranger and behind them larked something like dread was footsors and tired, so old Pat Casey sent some one to call Laue. My mother waited with an excuse of expecting my father to come there for her on his way to the

"When Lane arrived and saw the boy he reak him in his arms and kissed him. Then, sitting him on the floor, he lifted the the scrop out of the scales, and threw it with all his might on the ground behind where the child stood. The mea jumped and my mother screamed. Lane had his eyes fixed on the bey, who never moved nor even winked his lide, but stared round Assoon as the father saw this, he fall on his knees in the middle of | quie ly into the room. the shep and cried out: "Thank God he

dead who thanked Heaven for a blight be himself had helped to bring in the world by marrying that damb creature. It is one thing to submit to the will of Heaven, and another thing to be glad because Heaven sill ots

"Well, the father took his sen with him to the Bishop's, and there the two lived until found himself either unequal to it or fearful the child was grown up into a young man; of his finess for it. Taking the fact that he then when eld Lane was over eighty he died was a minister, and connecting this with the All the time there was no love lost between question of his own worthiness written upon All the time there was no love lost obtween distance it seemed as though he stood in the a network of dangerous figures exposed. The religible of the village. All the neighbors, except Tem presence of the great Sacrifice, terrified the Facility of the respection that cumber of small pillar-like is lads, which the people on the Island and the people of his face, it seemed as though he stood in the the Faol, who has no sens: faces against old Lane, and they thought he was helr to overwhelming responsibilities little better of the sep, for they looked on imposed by it on man.
him as a guilty moneter, the offspring of a EFor a while he surveyed in silence the heathen and the property of Darkoese, owing group before him. Then he addressed the led nd. to his having been born to a prayer that was Feel: "Tom, is what I heard about this un! It is & CUTRE.

of Lord Clonmore's, and put the case, and tell how the people of the Bishop's paid no rent, and were under the pret oflon of sheer want of physical strength. They brought the bail ff with them, and he wert to the Island and made he answered, "I'm not to blame, your reversigns to young Lane, and young Lane crossed ence; I did my best." by a rope, and Tom the Fool put into signs you think it was? A deed under Lord potence. Cloumore's ewn hand, tilling how his lord David for thirty pounds, and how it was his and his heirs' for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I cannot speak to him," thought the upplicatered on either the outer or inner side heirs' for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Lane had taken care to have put down in | time !" black and white that all he hawking, bunt-ing, fishing, mines, wood, water, and fore-thore rights where to be his and his heirs'

about this in Killard. Old Line must have man pause: Tem, ask him, in heaven's name, to wait, if it were only one mouth."

The teak is long time to opnye the idea to all in one sum when he was making the bar. | Lane. At length a half-angry, half-suspicious gain with Darkness.

"The young Line, who is now over thirty, him, and now, as you heard Tom the Fool an exasperated negative at the clergy.
say, he has come down to the village to find
a wife, but is going inland because we have a wife, but is going inland because we have no one efficied like himself. It's enough to done ?" oried Father Murtagh, glanding in bring the Arger down en the whole parish, and I only hope he'll never come back to

with the greatest difficulty. The moment prevail. I have implored and entrusted him her voice ceased, his head drooped heavily

had no room for him, unless he would sleep but I forl a dead weight upon my soul. I In the chimney corner. The young man rose feel the full responsibility of his salvation and said good-night, having previously been reating, as it were, on my own, and I can do told to go to Casey's, where he could be housed more comfortibly, "and where," added Mrs. Cantillon, "you will see David Lane, of the Bishop's Island, who is on his travels for a wife."

CHAPTER IV.

inhabitants, with the exception of these at enddenly, he creased the room with a firm, carey's, had gone to bed. The heuse itself was open unusually late, partly because it was standing, and falling before him on his

harbered a guest, and principally because knees, held aloft in one hand a crucifix. Father Murtha, the parish priest of Killard, and with the other pointed to heaven. As

Martin explained to the swner of the place, a plump, red-faced man, what he wanted, and added, that he had sought his house on the advice and with the recommendation of right hand hanging clenched by his side, and Cantillog.

"I den't know that I can treat you as well Cantillon's; for, you see, we have only one the owner of the house.

"But,' struck in a tell woman, his wife, a coup'e of rush mate and a pair of blanket, did my book, your reverence." and make a shake down for him in the shor, if Line objicts to sharing the back room with bim '

"I am much beholden to you," said Martin; "anywhere will do, so long as there is through the shop, and cut into the night shelter; often I slept on the cliff, but this is gibboring and shaking his arms to warn of n) night for that."

"Ge into the back room." said Casey, 'you'll find a fire there. We'll do nur best for you and welcome. Go in and alt down and rest yourself unt I we make up something for you to sleep on. You'l find Tom the Fall and Lane of the Island there."

"I's the room Lane was horn in," added the woman, as she souffed a large tallow dip candel that flared and flickered on the

When Edward Martin entered the back reom he found Tom crouched on the floor, his face to the fire. In front of the fire, with his hands behind his back, stood the man of whom he had beard so much that evening.

The draught admitted through the open deer caused the deaf mute to look round. His eyes ran juickly ever the traveller, and, failing to recognize him, he placed his hand on Tom's shoulder and interrogated him with a sign. While deing so he did net remove ble glance from the stranger, and Tom had to stand up and stop into the line of Lane s eyes before he could raply. His answer was that Martin had come a long way, and was a friend. To the latter part, expressed by because of neises and sight: about the Tom taking one of his own hands in the Bishop's; se, after a little time, the man other and shaking it, the mute dissented emphatically.

With the usual salutations, which were answered by Tow, Martin drew a chair tewards the fire and sat down. The Fool subsided into his old attitude; Lane retired a step from where he had stood, and kept his eyes still fixed on the new arrival. The expression of his face was one of almost batred. mingled with rrge. But those who knew the man would not have been au prised at this, for he treated every stranger as an enemy. This peculiarity of his tended in no little way to increase his unpopularity, for the people of Killard were of a friendly, sociable character, and, as far as their means went, loved to exercise the virtue of hosp telity.

Martin was too tired to take an interest in the undlaguled lifewill of the mute. He resta ed his arm on the back of his chair, and having leant his head on it, was almost aslesp, when the door opened again, and Father Murtagh, the patien priest of Killard, stopped

Father Murths stood a moment fioling the light of the candle and fire. His face was a "It was a mercy the father wasn't struck | dull brewnish-yollow, his wherke aunken and and farrowed, his figure emeclated almost to O here yest and intricate labyrithes, with a skeleton, and in bis eyes an expression not easy to analyse. In those dark eyes shrank depths the murmur of the wildest storm weary trouble, anxious awe, tremulous distrust, profound self-questioning. He looked ke a man who had undertaken como tremendous task, and, after entering upon it,

happy man true? Is it a fact that he is When the old man was gone, the neight going to take a wife, sfilleded I ke himself, bors got together and plauned how they and that he intends deing so without making should get the sen. David Laus, out of the his submission to heaven and repenting his parish, so they sent for Billy Cabill, a balliff past heathen life-without even roceiving baptism !"

The voice was low and quavering from

The Fool rose and bowed respectfully as

Accepting the implication as an answer (he was often with the dumb man and know | the priest clasped his hands and raised his his way:) that Lane should go. Lane went eyes in quiet awe towards heaven, as though back to his cabin When he returned from be prayed for the other's acquittal, and it he had a paper in his breast, and what do pleaded in fierce grief his own utter im-

David Line drew away from the prices as ship had sold to eld Lano the Bishop's Island | far as the room would allow, and steed scowl-

Though the island is little more than an acre, priest in arguish, "and signs cannot now be the balliff told us, with a laugh, how old made to answe. If I could only gain some

The mute steed at !!!, glaring resentfully at the priest. The latter leoked again to Tem fer help. "Can nothing be done!" he oried aloud. "Can nothing be donn! Can we not, Tom, by any means, make this wretched

Tom took a long time to convey the idea to light shone in the mute's eyes, and folding his arms tightly across his obest, he shook continued on the Island as his father before his head with fierce resolution, and looked

unspeakable anguish from Martin to the Fool. "I have left no stone unturned to bring this man into the holy fold. I have Here the weman ended. For a long time importaned daily and nightly that the ice the traveller had been ably to keep awake around his heart might be thawed, and grace forward, and, wern ent by fatigue and overcome by the heat of the fire, he fell asleep.

He roused up in a little while, and asked

He roused up in a little while, and asked

He roused up in a little while, and asked

He roused up in a little while, and asked

He roused up in a little while, and asked

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He roused up in a little while, and asked

He roused up in a little while, and asked

He roused up in a little while, and asked

He roused up in a little while, and asked my other duties, to try to win him from his entrageous indifference. This responsibility where he could rest for the night. Cantillen | that I murmur because it is placed upon me. nething—nothing, I am manacled and powerless, On i if he were only included under the banner of the great Church, I should be at rest. But to think that this man is as though the waters of the Jordon had never flowed—as though Calvary had never

His head dropped on his obest, and for a while he tood in a reverie of despair. After Following instructions he had received a little time he raised his face suddenly from Cantillon, Martin found Pat Cacey's towards heaven, his lips moved rapidly, his house, Indeed, if he had been told no more than a little time he raised his face suddenly towards heaven, his lips moved rapidly, his countenance was illumined with passionate than that such a place existed, he could not earnostness, and from his eyes there came the well miss it; for not only was it the solitary light of complete faith. He locked as though they in the village of Killard, but although he were within the visible eye of God, and light o'clock had not yet arrived, there was light of complete faith. He locked as though he were within the visible eye of God, and was clamoring for a miracle. For a minute light in ne other house of the village; all the he remained thus, then, lewering his head

had sent word that he should call to see the he kneit there was a tyranny of entreaty in his face, as if denial were not to be posalble,

Lane started at his approach, threw his bedy into a balf-defensive attitude, with his his left clenched upon his breast. When the priest fell on his knees and held the cruotifu as I'd like to treat any friend of John aloft, Lane blesed and muttered through his white set teeth, and. with a growl, placed his roem, and David Lane has taken it, and back against the wall and fling up both his there's only one truckle bad in it," returned , hands, holding them behind as far as they

could go against the wall.

Martin looked on in surprise and fear, but "the traveller has nowhere classes go to, and Tom to k little interest in the scane. "I did we must only try to do our heat for him, my has," he muttered to bimself, as the We can give him a few bundles of straw and priest and the muse held their arms aloft. "I

The doof mute glanced hastily towards the door, alid quickly from the space between the priest and the wall, sout hed up his hat off the table, and dashed out of the room, out gibburing and shaking his arms to warn off all who would stay blm.

Father Murtagh remained motionless for a momest, then his arms fel ered and fell, his head drooped forward on his cheet, and with a grean he sank to the ground, his strength exhausted by the wreatle between his duty

CHAPTER V.

A CHRISTIAN HEIR. At a time when the popular faith of Ireland was under severe ban, and suffered persecution, a bishop of the Catholic Courch, driven from his discess in the midland, sought security in Clare, and subsequortly was obliged to retire to a place of obscurity : thus he came to a small island, on which he built a hut. Here he dwelt for many years, his pursuers believing him dead, or fled beyond the scan into France. But his life was not one of idleness: he soon made his name well known among the rude fishermen of the coast. and drew them around him, ministering to them, and affirding them medical aid, for he was learned in the healing art as practiced at that time. He lived to extreme old age, and after his death the klind was regarded almest as sacred by the people who knew his history, and in memory of the ex la to whom it had afforded a shelter, they called it the B shop's Island, which name it retains to this

day.

The coast of Clare is bold, barren, and deselate in the neighborhood of Killard. Nothing but heroic cliffs could withstand the unimpeded fury of the Atlantic. For miles toland there is no vegetation on the land but unprefiable moss-like grass. No tree, or sbrub, er il nt, rises to break the dull menotony of plain. The coast l'ne is ragged, and turn into huge chasms by the seas. At Kulard the cliffs rise two hundred and fifty feet sheer out of the water. The village is built around a little bay, whose waters are recured against the violence of the exterior billows by a low chain of rocks running acress the mouth of the buy, and leaving two narrow openings through which the best may para

Although the rocks and cliffs now fronting the sea are ix remely hard and durable, there must have been soft fissures in them ages age, for the whole coast is plerced with caves, and cloven into abrut t chasms. These caves vary in kind and form. Some are mere abaft reaching to no considerable distance. aul'es of chambers, into whose gloomy never pin trates, whose black mysterious waters are never etirred by a ripple from the ocean. Frequently the roofs reach to pro-diglous heights, and looking upward, it is impossible to believe the cliffs can afford roofs for such unexplorable vaults of darkness. In many cases the cavernate through the solid rock until the roofs fell in, lavving rise from the sudden depths of the sea, and have summits level with the surrounding olifie. Of such origin is the Bishop's

It is almost flat. The inper semi-circular edge roughly corresponds to a little semioircular bay which the island stands. The outer edge is more broken, and has a deep depression in the middle. The inner wall is perpendicular, the outer abrupt and preolpiteus, On the latter, about twenty feet above highwater mark, there is a narrow ladge. By means of a cleft in the face it is impossible to descend from the level of the island to this ledge, but the path is extremely t ep and dangerous.

In the depression on the outer side stands the law stone but built by the bishop. O sing to the hollow in which it lies, no one can see It from the shore.

The construction of the but is peculiar. It is formed of large stones, comented tigether with a light, grey motur, such as may be feund in the ecolesisationi buildings of two hundred years ago. The walls are thick and The roof, formed of hoge flags has grown green with moss, and, supposing it were possible to see it from the shore, it could not readily be distinguished from the green velvet cap of the island. The interior of the but is divided into two chambers, each about twelve feet square, and having no door of communication from one to the other. Thus t is necessary to walk round one side of the but in passing frem room to room. In the partition wall, which, like the exterior ones, is very thick, is a deep fire; I ce for each roem. The two chimneys are connected into one flue, carried in a curved line to the cope of the reof, from which the smoke escapes irt; the air without the aid of a chimney

Unlike his father, David Lane did not pass through K lierd on his return from the inland. The villagers never could accertain the time exactly at which he ence more reached the island, but t wardz the middle of January in the new year, Tom the Fool came one day running to a group of fishermen, who it ad on the wet strand of the I tile bay of Killard. As soon as he was within speaking distance, he threw up his hands and shouted as well as his dis resend breathing would all w him-"He's there he's there sgain, he and she !"

(To be continued.)

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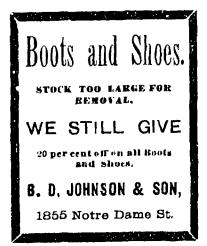
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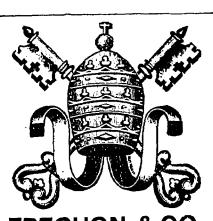
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THE FARM.

MANAGEMENT OF WORN OUT FARMS Waldo F. Brown writes as follows in the Cultivator and Country Gentleman on the utilization of worn out farms :-

There are several ways in which a rundown farm may be managed with very small expense and a centrinty of profit; and so as to improve the farm rather than still further to reduce its fertility. The last object must never be lost eight of, but when a poor man buys one of these farms to make a home for his family, the first—that of running the farm with little expense—is almost as important. In some cases a capitalist may buy such farms as an investment and find it quite prefitable to expend a comparatively large sum of money for fertilizers, or to set it in fruit, or in some other way. I wish, however, to keep in mind in writing on this sub just the thought of poor men securing these farms and successfully managing them, rather than rich men. Three different plane, all of which will require but little plowing, and which will help to improve the condition of the farm, occur to me. One is sticking the farm with dairy cows, another with sheep, and a third with poultry. On some farms all of these could be carried on, and on any farm poultry-raising can be combined with either dairying or sheep-raising, and it goes particularly well with dairying, for milk and ourds make valuable food for poultry. Probably the average farmer looks upon poultryraising as a very small business, and yet there is no doubt that many a poor farm which, under a system of skinning to grow wheat and cern, is giving a very meagre support, could be made to give a liberal one if stocked with poultry, and as careful attention paid to the fowls as good farmers give to their other stock. I know one farm of filty acres that is run on business principles, from which for a series of years eggs and poultry to the amount of more than \$3,000 a year was sold, and all the feed for the poultry was produced on the farm. This was in New England, where

THEY WERE DOING WELL to sell \$5,000 worth. It costs but little to stock a farm with poultry, especially if one begins on a moderate scale and raises most of his breeding erock. Suppose one started four celonies of fifty hems each, located two hundred yards apart. They need not be confined to yards, but each must have a small, cheap house, which can be shut up nights so as to secure them from thieves and vermin. By lecating the fowls in this way, each will range over a different part of the farm. Next a half de zen good turkeys, a dozen er twenty ducks, and an equal number of geese. Give all this stock constant care and sell all the young as soon as they are marketable, so as to save the expense of keeping, and when you come to sum up the receipts from eggs, breilers, ducklings, goslings and turkeys, you will find a very respectable income. Your farm would also keep as many cows or sheep and produce as much corn or potatoes as though no fewls were kept; and if you have tight floors under your roosts, and take up the manure every week, you can save enough in a year to manure several acres of wheat, so as to insure a fine growth.

prices will average, perhaps, double what

they are in Ohio; but there are tens of theu-

ands of men who think themselves on the highway to fortune, if they could sell \$1,000

worth of produce yearly from a farm much

larger than this, and would feel that

Suppose the farm, in addition to the poultry, would furnish pasture and hay for from six to ten cows; here would be not only another source of income, but also of manure, and seen a few acres of the land best suited to plowing could be made so rich as to produce a heavy crop, and corn or potatees could be grown. The farmer who cultivates but a few acres can always have time to put it in the best order, and at the same time to plant early, and can give constant and thorough cultivation, and in not a lew instances which have been more bushels produced from eight or ten acres managed in amount badly worked. With good pasture and the spare skimmed milk, very little grain would be required to produce all the pig pork the family would need, and as one gains experience and improves the farm, the number of pigs kept can be increased and some income

DERIVED FROM THIS SOURCE,

The idea that the owner of such a farm must keep before him is that few acres must be cultivated, and these made to produce as much as possible. Be ever on the alert to find out what can be sold in your market, preduce it and put it on the market in an at tractive form. If you have some sheltered spot, a southern slope or bit of creek bottom, where you can grew even a half acre of sweet cern or potatoes so as to get it into market early and catch the high prices-do it. If there is a demand for plant: -sweet potato, cabbage, celery, pepper, &c.—be on hand to supply it. Have you land suitable for sweet potatoes? Grew an sore or so of them. I rarely fall to sell \$50 worth from an acre, and have done much bett-r. By sprouting a barrel of seed I can usually sell enough plants to pay all expense and trouble and have enough left to plant an acre, and with a mederate coat of fine manure, it does not take rich land to grow a profitable crop of

aweet potatoes. In many lecalities the man who will master the business and will stick to it may make money from fruit-growing on a farm so hilly as to be unfit for grain-growing. I fre quoutly pass such a farm on which a man has been wonderfully successful. He has hill-sides, almost too steep to drive over with a wagon, set in grapes, raspberries and blackberries, and his sales from these are often more in a single year than the owners of rich bottom-lands near him get from their land in five years, and although this man is twelve miles from market and railroad he has paid for his farm, nicely improved it, and is laying up money,

It is not my design in this article to go into details, but rather to suggest the possibilities of even poor farme. I consider the man a public benefactor who improves one of them so that instead of heing an eyesore it becomes beautiful and prefitable.

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DUBDIN, Nov. 18 .- At the regular meeting of the Schul: Union, the board room was besleged by thousands of small farmers and sborers imploring the authorities to give them feed or employment. Many piriful stories were told by the sufferers. The Rev. Father Forest, of Galuen, informed the board that thirty families in his parish were starying and he was obliged to assist such as he could out of his ewn scanty means. A deputation of the directors of the Schuli and Skibercen railway asked the board to petition the Government for money with which to extend the line to Orcokhaven and build decks.

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MAMMOTH DRAWING. At the Academy of Music, New Grienns, Tuesday, DECEMBER 16, 1890, CAPITAL PRIZE, \$600,000.

100,000 Numbers in the Wheel. THET OF PRIZES.

APPROXIMATION PRIZZE. TWO NUMBER TERMINALS.

3,144 Prizes, amounting to.....\$2,159,600

PRICE OF TICKETS: Whole Tickets Forty Dollars: Halves 820; Eighths \$5; Twentieths \$2; Fortieths \$1.

Club rates, 55 fractional tickets at \$1, for \$50. MAKE ALL REMITTANCES BY EXPRESS THE COMPANY WILL PAY CHARGES ON ALL PACKACES CONTAINING

> NOT LESS THAN FIVE DOLLARS. M, A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

ATTENTION—The present charter of the Louisians State Lottery Company, which is part of the Countintion of the State, and, by decision of the SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, is an involable contract between the State and the Lottery Company, will remain in force under any circumstances FIVE YEARS LONGER, UNTIL 1895...

The Louisiana Legislature, which adjourned Joly 10th, voted by two-thirds majority in each house to let the people decide at an election whether the Lottery shall continue from 1895 until 1919.—The general impression is that THE PEOPLE WILL FAVOR CONTINUANCE.

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