

AN IRISH BRUTUS

[BY E. P. STANTON.]

[From Walsh's Magazine, Toronto.]

II.

The fact that the two friends did not return to the Mayor's house on the fatal night, caused the other members of the household some concern—more especially as no message had come from either to say that they would spend the night elsewhere. An examination showed that their rooms had not been occupied since the previous evening. Before further enquiries could be instituted, a shout arose in the direction of the docks, followed by others in rapid succession, and these by the commotion incident to any public excitement. A servant was at once despatched to the quarter whence the noise proceeded, to learn its cause. On his return his white face and wild gesticulations warned the household that some calamity had happened. From his broken accents, they could gather that, at low water, a sailor had seen near the harbor bar, whither evidently the ground swell at the ebbs had borne it a dark object, and on going out to ascertain what it was, he found to his horror that it was the body of a drowned man lying wedged in between two huge boulders and partly covered with seaweed. He gave the alarm and soon a crowd was drawn to the strand. The sailor, assisted by some of the spectators removed the body to dry land, where they reverently placed it in view of all. Several recognized it as the dead body of the young Spaniard—the Mayor's guest. A closer examination revealed that drowning was not the cause of death, for through his tunic they could trace the fatal stab of sword or dagger.

With blanched cheeks and a sharp intaking of the breath, the Mayor heard the lackey's account of the tragedy, or as he listened an awful fear seized him, one or two circumstances in the hurried recital and connecting his absent son with the crime just discovered, painfully obtruding themselves. "My God, can it be," his anxious heart asked, "that my guest has been slain by my own son?" Ordering, as chief magistrate, a guard to proceed at once to the place, he made all haste to go there himself also, hoping against hope that rumor had exaggerated the occurrence. Fortunately, he found the facts to be as reported by his servant. It was only too true; there before him on the shore and surrounded by a mourning multitude, lay the pierced and lifeless body of young Gomez—his cherished guest, and the son of his old-time Galiz friend. And worse still, beside it were placed the sword and hat of his own son. Both had just been picked up by fishermen, the former on the strand and the latter floating at the wet dock. The finding of these on the scene of the tragedy and the mysterious absence of their owner were to a man of the Mayor's mental grasp facts of astounding significance. He had to face, he instinctively felt, the ordeal of his life—the struggle between his feelings as a father and his duty as a judge; his first dread surmise was correct—what he saw convinced him that his unfortunate son was the murderer. The ordeal left James Lynch Fitzstephen an altered man—altered save in one respect—the unalterable purpose, cost what it might, to be true to justice.

The guard had already come, and detailing the officer in charge with what assistance he required to remove the remains to his own house with the utmost possible respect, the Mayor accompanied them, rather with bowed head and broken heart.

Fortwith taking into his counsel two of the civic dignitaries who were more particularly entrusted with the preservation of the peace, he unfolded to them the circumstances of the appalling event that had clouded the city, suppressing none, not even the unaccountable absence of his son or his own suspicion as to the identity of the culprit. He suggested that a search party be organized for the apprehension of his son. In vain were remonstrances and objection on the part of his colleagues against the suggestion. But, foreful in character, as well as astute in sense of justice, he overcame all opposition and issued the necessary instructions for putting his suggestion into effect.

The town was searched, and the surrounding woods scoured for the fugitive. Every means known to an age in which the detective force and the telegraph were as yet in the realm of prophecy was exhausted. But, as if the grave had swallowed him, so had vanished every trace of the suspected murderer.

The funeral of the Spaniard was marked by every evidence of respect and mourning. Clarendon State joined in a tribute to his memory worthy of the ancient city in which he had met his death and of which he had been the guest.

But duty to the dead, however nobly discharged, in no measure weakens, still less satisfies the demands of justice. So thought Lynch Fitzstephen, who continued with unabated vigor his efforts for the arrest of his son—and this although days had passed in unavailing search, and the attempt to capture the fugitive had been formally abandoned by the civic authorities to whose hands the task had been especially entrusted. The houses in the country, to any one of which as a kinsman or as a Lynch his son would have been made welcome, were written to by the Mayor; masters of ships were questioned; and every other avenue of escape, overlooked or not closely examined by the civic enquiry, was investigated but without effect. Then, and only when human ingenuity could suggest no further steps, the chief magistrate gave up the quest. It was now thought that the fugitive might have taken passage on some craft for the continent or mayhap for that new western world, to which but a few months before the persevering Genoese mariner had discovered a watery pathway.

Public consternation at the tragedy gave place, in time, to wonder at its cause, and this in turn, when the passion prompting the crime became known, to a feeling of commiseration for the culprit. The popularity he had enjoyed

among all classes; the fast friendships he had formed; his magnetic personality, and the influence of an honored name—these were now remembered and gave birth to the wish that Walter Lynch was safe beyond the seas. The wish, however, was vain.

III.

When all else availed not, the conscience of the outcast brought him back. His sojourn among the western highlands would, if nature could anywhere have accomplished the miracle, have healed the maimed heart. Often he went forth alone among the hills spending the whole day in solitude profound as those loved of the muse of him who, three centuries later, sang:

"There sometimes doth a leaping fish Send through the tarn a lonely cheer, The craps repeat the raven's croak In symphony austere."

The islands of Ar na Naomh, or "Ar of the Saints," within sight of the fisherman's humble dwelling, offered refuge to the outlaw. There, girt in by the billows of the Atlantic, and isolated from all who knew him, he might spend his days unmolested. But in the silent watches of the night or in the innocent and unsuspecting home of his entertainer, earth seemed to hold no place in which he could hide his sin. If his thoughts turned to his mountain retreats, the ghost of the murdered Gomez would rise in protest; if they wandered beyond the shoreless western horizon, as they often did when he gazed at some sail sinking behind it, his straining vision was arrested by the intervening islands, upon whose bosoms the saintly founder of their churches had taught, long before the Danish spoiler came, the inexorable lesson of penance and expiation.

And so one morning early, before its citizens were astir, he returned to his native city, and voluntarily placed himself in the hands of justice.

As soon as the announcement was made to the Mayor that his son was at the town-house and had surrendered, he ordered the guard to secure their prisoner. The command was reluctantly obeyed.

Now by the same strange irony of Fate that had made the father the judge of the guilty son, it happened that the strong prison of the city was the next building to the Mayor's own house. Hence, the progress of the guard with their prisoner from the town-house to the jail was for a considerable part of the way in full view of the home of the unfortunate culprit. From a window of their own residence, to which they had been drawn by the uproar of the crowd that had joined the dismal procession as it passed, the mother and sister of the self-confessed murderer could see him approach, bareheaded, pale, plighted and surrounded by the spears of his escort. Their outcry of dismay at the spectacle smote the father's heart and tested his fortitude to the utmost. Outside he beheld the surging, excited multitude. Surprise, compassion, horror, were depicted on the faces of all. While some expressed admiration for their upright magistrate, the vast majority pitying the fate of their favorite were loud in bewailings and in protest. As Mayor of the city, James Lynch Fitzstephen was, under the extraordinary powers conferred on that office in the 15th century, vested with the prerogative of pardoning criminals; but apart from his fixed purpose of justice he remembered now that during his tenure of office he had in the case of an earlier murderer exercised his civic duty without mercy. The struggle between his feelings as a father and his obligations as a judge was such as to shake the stoutest heart, but he remained inflexible.

The legal enquiry that followed was short. O his own confession the prisoner was convicted of murder and from the lips of his father, who presided at the trial, heard the sentence of death. This was pronounced in Galway town, four centuries ago, a scene which recalled the heroic days of Lucius Junius Brutus.

No sooner was the result of the trial publicly known, than the indignant populace, crying out against what seemed to them an inhuman severity, surrounded the prison and the Mayor's office, desiring to pull down both buildings if the condemned man was not released a maniac, which they were prevented from carrying out only by the presence of a military force summoned to suppress the riot.

The interval between the trial and execution was a prolonged and stern test of the fortitude of the father and the firmness of the judge. Persons of rank and influence pressed for a reprieve; his family implored him to save the life of his misguided son; the despair of the innocent cause of that son's crime and her piteous appeals for clemency met him almost every hour of that terrible period. But as well expect to see the rock-girt coast of Arranmore yield to the shock of the Atlantic.

The last dread scene, were they not veiled not only by a consistent tradition, but also by plain history, might be set down to an imagination finding its proper place in the realms of sensational romance.

The night before the day of the execution, the Mayor descended to the dungeon in which his condemned son lay. The visit had a two-fold purpose: to announce that on the morrow the death sentence would be carried out and to strengthen the watch lest the prisoner, availing himself of the general sympathy in his favor, might escape. The inflexible magistrate was accompanied by a priest (from the latter, according to Hardiman, the account was received. History of Galway, p. 74.) Both entered the cold, dark cell, the former holding a lighted lamp in one hand and locking the grated door with the other. The key he secreted about his person. The son, drawing near the father asked with eyes to which suffering had lent a peculiar winsomeness, the question that the uttering tongue could not utter: "Father, is there any hope?" "None, my son, from me—you must look to Another for that. Were I not the unfortunate man whom the law binds to the execution of its just sentence, I would strive to save you with every fibre of my being. Dismiss therefore, my poor child, all thought of earthly life; concern yourself only with that which shall never end.

I have brought you this holy man, your old confessor (pointing to the priest shaken with emotion at the spectacle), he will help you to prepare to meet your Eternal Judge. At sunrise you must die."

Then as if he feared the father's feelings would overcome him, he turned to the priest and signed to him to proceed with his ministrations. He himself withdrew to a recess in the wall of the dungeon, while the last rites of the Church were being administered to the condemned man. This spiritual service rendered, he knelt in prayer with confessor and penitent, and all through that appalling vigil he waited with them for the dawn. Sustained by sacrament, prayer and holy counsel, Walter Lynch became resigned to his fate. He joined fervently in litany, psalm and prayer; and although sighing heavily from time to time, spoke of life and its concerns no more. Thus, with intervals of silence, his last night on earth passed away.

Meanwhile, outside the prison walls his relatives and friends were not idle. His disconsolate mother, whose maiden name (as already mentioned) was Blake, had effectually appealed to the heads of that house to rescue her son, if for no tie of kindred then for the honor of their family. They agreed to deliver him, and in the immense throng that before day-break had gathered about the prison, found willing hands to help them.

At the first hint of day in the dungeon, in the grey light of early morning, the Mayor gave the expected summons to the guard to prepare. He assisted the reluctant executioner to remove the irons that still bound his son. Then unlocking the grated door, he ordered the condemned man to walk between the priest and himself and thus proceed to the scaffold, which stood at the eastern extremity of the town. Thus they ascended a flight of stairs by which they gained the street. Here, supported by a strong military escort, they were about to advance, when they were stopped by the relatives of the culprit, who surrounded the Mayor, imploring him to spare the life of his son. The crowd stretching far before them, now looting their chief magistrate with instant death if he persisted in his course, made further progress impossible. The soldiers themselves, it is said, moved by the pathetic spectacle, became unwilling to perform the duties of escort and suffered the populace to continue their humane, though illegal, opposition.

It is considered probable that the Mayor was not unprepared for this contingency or the rescue that would, when entirely had failed, have been attempted. Seeing that progress through that excited and menacing mass of humanity was impracticable, he led his son back to the building they had just quitted, and, before the crowd could divine his intention, had mounted by a winding stair to an arched and opened window overlooking the thronged street. Using the rope with which his unfortunat prisoner had been bound, he made a noose which he passed over the young man's head, and to an iron bar, projecting from the wall outside, attached the other end of the fatal halter. Then in sight and hearing of the horrified spectators he addressed his son for the last time: "You have but a few moments to live, my child; employ them in prayer—take the final embrace of your unhappy father!"

The onlooking multitude, rendered powerless by the rapidity with which the Mayor's terrible stratagem was about to be executed, saw the parting embrace and then the sudden launch into the air above their heads of the murderer of Gomez!

Retaining his station at the window, the chief magistrate of Galway confronted the populace. Regardless of applause or censure, seeking only the approval of his conscience, fearless as he was just, their threats did not dismay him.

But the faces upon which he now looked had undergone instant and complete transformation. Rage, menace, open horror had changed to speechless amazement. The greatness of his act had awed them!

Local tradition has it that either because of the popularity of some Londoner, the general execution contained to follow no person could be found in Galway, who would act as executioner in the case of the present case.

Women who suffer pain each month can find relief and emancipation from their troubles. Congestion and inflammation of the internal organs are generally induced by exposure to wet or cold, excitement of the emotions, or a morbid condition of the blood. For the radical cure of these derangements Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a safe and certain remedy, permanently correcting all abnormal conditions, so that these trying ailments are passed with ease and comfort. Liberations and displacements of the uterus are cured by the "Favorite Prescription," and the cure is lasting.

Hysteria, Spasms, Nervousness, Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, often depend upon irregularities of function and displacements of the womanly organs. The "Favorite Prescription" cures by regulating and correcting these functions and organic changes.

For all irregularities, suppressions and obstructions, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific, and has a record of over a quarter of a century of cures.

Mrs. MALVINA WILSON, of Boothville, Marion Co., W. Va., writes: "For twelve long years I suffered greatly with extreme nervousness, stomach and uterine disease, I was doctored with four physicians with little or no good, and one of them was as good as dead here as could be had here to die. None of my friends thought I could get well. We had tried almost everything, and at last I thought I would try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I had been the most of the time for almost two years. After taking several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and following the directions strictly, I now enjoy better health than ever before in my life. I only weighed a little over one hundred pounds and now I weigh 160 pounds."

HOW TO HELP THE COLONIES.

[From the Canadian Gazette, London, Eng.]

In his speech at the Canada Club dinner, Dr. Montague, the Canadian Minister of Agriculture, voiced the predominant wish of Canadian thinking men of all shades of political feeling. Canada wants population. She is earnestly striving to secure workers for her fertile acres, and she is—a little slowly, perhaps, but surely—reaping the fruit of her labours. All through the Imperial Unity debate in the Canadian House of Commons, which we report this week, this desire for more people and greater progress was noticeable as the main propelling cause of Canadian activities. Encourage your surplus citizens to come to us rather than going to foreign lands," say the Canadians. "We have proved our loyalty to the flag; you know the abundant fertility of our lands, for your tables are laden with our cheese and butter and meat and apples. Tell your emigrating workers to come to us and help to develop this boundless hidden wealth of our soil, and we will promise you greater outlets for your manufactures, and an ever-renewing bond of union in the cause of British civilization. We have pleaded for a more serious consideration of this population problem among British statesmen. It is really worthy of their best attention, for it is at the heart of the question of British expansion. No one can seriously doubt the capacity of our colonies to supply British food needs if they are encouraged as it is in the power and according to the policy of British and Colonial Governments to encourage them. Take Canada, as an example. She has in her North-Western prairies a vast wheatfield of unprecedented powers of production. In Manitoba and the organized districts of Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, there are nearly 230 million acres of land, much of it of the highest proved fertility. Yet of this 230 million acres, only 7 1/2 million acres have as yet been brought to uses of farmers and ranchers. The Province of Manitoba is but a small fraction of this vast area; yet the Red River Valley and Lake Winnipeg plateau, which lie within the Province, contain 7,000 square miles or 41 million acres of the best wheat-growing land in the world. As for the whole prairie region, let a block of land be carved out of it of the combined areas of France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain, and the remaining territory would still be considerable.

From what Manitoba has done we may judge the powers of much of the rest of this vast prairie country. Ten years ago the 350,000 acres then under crop yielded 74 million bushels of wheat; in 1895 1,140,000 acres yielded 31 1/2 million bushels. The estimate of the Canadian bankers—always a conservative body—places the yield of last year even higher, at 35 million bushels, and adding 5 million bushels as the approximate yield of the vast and as yet very sparsely settled areas beyond, we have the noteworthy fact that prairie Canada, which is little more than a decade ago was a wilderness, has this year produced more of high quality than the United Kingdom itself. This 33 1/2 million bushels of wheat was produced in Manitoba last year by 25,000 farmers, many of them amateurs in land cultivation. Place 75,000 farmers there about three months' emigration from the British Isles—and you have at once a yield equal to the wheat deficiency of the British Isles. And Manitoba, remember, is only a small fraction of wheat growing Canada.

And if the Empire can so easily supply its own wheat needs, it can certainly supply all the meat and dairy produce it requires. It is calculated that there are in the British Isles and the Colonies nearly five times the number of live cattle and seven times as many sheep as are needed for the meat food of the Empire. The annual requirements of Great Britain in the way of butter and cheese are estimated by Mr. James Long to be equivalent to 1,245 million gallons of milk. Of this only 188,000,000 gallons as yet reach us from Canada and Australia, leaving a deficiency of 1,057 million gallons—that is to say, the product of 2,500,000 cows, or 100,000 twenty-five cow farmers. In 1885 nearly three times that number of so-called "emigrants" left British shores. That total must be much discounted to get at the real emigration, as we have often shown, but a substantial and genuine exodus still remains. How is it to be turned to British lands overseas? That is a question which will well repay earnest study here and in the Colonies.

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

Not all of the truly worthy authors of past times have been condemned to penury and vagabondage. Some of them, on the contrary, have acquired fortunes by reason of the liberal compensation they received for their work. Scott was paid for one of his novels at the rate of \$252 per day for the time employed in writing it, and his total literary earnings aggregated \$1,500,000. Byron got \$20,000 for "Childe Harold" and \$15,000 for "Don Juan." Moore sold "Lalla Rookh" for \$175,750, and his "Irish Melodies" brought him \$45,000. Gray received only \$200 for his poems, but not a cent for the immortal "Elegy," out of which he made \$50,000; but that was because he had an eccentric prejudice against taking money for writing. Tennyson had an annual income of from \$10,000 to \$50,000 for many years, though in the early part of his career, when he wrote "Maud" and "In Memoriam," he realized next to nothing. Longfellow sold his best poems, including some of his best ones, at very low figures, but he lived to receive \$100,000, or \$20 a line, for "The Hanging of the Crane," and when he died he was worth \$350,000. Whittier left an estate of \$200,000; and several of the leading American prose writers have done quite as well. These are exceptions, it is true, but they serve to modify the general rule, and to show that in cases of acute merit, literature has proved to be notably profitable. It is safe to say that the present rates of pay for literary work of good quality are higher than those of any preceding time, and that the number of persons who are earning respectable incomes in that way is larger than was ever before known. The late Robert Louis Stevenson made \$150,000 in twelve years; Rudyard Kipling has prospered in a similar degree, and Dobson, Weyman, Crockett, Barrie, and others, are well to do and getting big prices for their writings. There are authors of other kinds, also, whose books are bringing them handsome returns.

A WISE MINISTER.

The potentate was plainly agitated. "My couriers," said he in angry tones to his Minister of War, "inform me that all is in readiness to snatch the roads who have dared to question our authority, and yet I find you delaying the advance, if I thought there were any treachery—"

"Have patience, O Brother of the Sun and Boss of the Moon," replied the minister, in the tone of one who is sure of his ground. "We are but waiting for them to get out a set of postage stamps, which we will rush in and seize, and by the sale of them pay the whole expense of the war."

"Verily," said the admiring monarch, "thou hast a head like a tack."—Indianapolis Journal.

PERFECT WISDOM

Would give us perfect health. Because men and women are not perfectly well, they must take medicines to keep themselves perfectly healthy. Pure, rich blood is the basis of good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. It gives good health because it builds up the true foundation—pure blood.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

ARE RICE-EATERS NOT BLOOD-THIRSTY?

It may be admitted that diet has more or less influence upon character, but mildness, gentleness and kindred virtues are by no means universally found among those races which abstain from animal food. Vegetarians are prone to contrast the gentleness of our domesticated herbivora with the ferocity often displayed by carnivorous animals. A little reflection, however, shows that the food cannot be the main cause of the disposition in either case. Many of the

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herbivora are capable of displaying the utmost ferocity; savage attacks upon inoffensive persons by bulls, horses and stags are by no means uncommon in this country; while in the East, "rogue" elephants, wild boars, and other herbivorous animals often inflict serious injuries upon human beings who chance to come in their way. So likewise the ordinarily mild Hindoo, feeding on rice or wheat flour, is liable to become riotous, uncontrollable and bloodthirsty when influenced by religious fanaticism. It would seem that the mischievous effects upon the habits and disposition ascribed to animal food are due rather to the alcoholic liquors which are generally consumed at the same time. The disposition of an average individual, leading a temperate life, would probably not be altered for the better were he to substitute vegetarian diet for ordinary fare.—Fortnightly Review.

LADY ABERDEEN'S ESCAPE.

Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen was out driving on the road along the side of the Gatheneau river, between the Canadian Pacific railway bridge and Gatheneau Point, which is for a short distance just now covered with flood water, but is in regular use by farmers and others passing to and fro. There is, however, at that point, by the side of the river, a large hole, concealed at present by the flood water, and when opposite this hole one of the horses swerved slightly, and immediately the carriage and its occupants were plunged into the water. Most mercifully, all were extricated. The horses were drowned. They were a very fine pair of chestnuts, given some years ago by the Governor-General to Her Excellency for her own use. Much thankfulness is naturally expressed at the escape of the Countess and the other occupants of the carriage, of His Excellency's staff and a groom. Her Excellency, though feeling somewhat the shock occasioned by such an accident, does not appear to have suffered in health.

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unfortunate

Cod-liver oil suggests consumption, which is almost unfortunate. Its best use is before you fear consumption; when you begin to get thin, weak, run down; then is the prudent time to begin to take care, and the best way to take care is to supply the system with needed fat and strength. **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, will bring back plumpness to those who have lost it, and make strength where raw cod-liver oil would be a burden.

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Montreal, 21st of March, 1896.

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MONTREAL City and District Savings Bank

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of this bank will be held at its office, St. James St., TUESDAY, 5th MAY NEXT, AT ONE O'CLOCK P.M., for the reception of the Annual Report and statements, and the election of Directors. By order of the Board, H. Y. BARBEAU, Manager. Montreal, 2nd April, 1896.

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