prottiest girl I ever saw—except, perhaps, her sister Gretchen." "You are onthusiastic," says. Sir John aWhat a pity it is they cannot hear you!

They would never forget it, to you. Yes, Gretchen is very pretty—a sort of being one would compare to a flower, or a dove, or an angel, or some such poetle simile. Why don't you go in for her, Arthur? She would just suit you." would compare to a flower, or a dove, or an "Too good for me," says Mr. Blunden, care-

"I'm not of much account, you know lesuy.

and besides, I'm not one of your marrying fel-With this he rises, and, going over to the rindow, stands there gazing out idly upon the darkening landscape—upon the soit green 1882s, and swaying beeches, and little flickeras sunbeams that seem so loath to die. Who is that coming across the grass?" he

Mts, presently; and Sir John, thus accosted, gets up, also, and, joins him at the window. Standing thus side by side, with their backs to the room and only part of their faces to be seen, one cannot fail to be struck with the wonderful similarity between the two men. There is in each the same tall, straight figure, the chestnut hair, warm and rich in tint, the same beautifully turned cheek and chin, destisame board, and, from where they stand, just a suspicion of the long, drooping mustache. "It is Brandy Tremaine, is it not?" Sir John says, after short scrutiny. "Let us

come out to meet him." "Her prother!" returns Arthur, with a little shrug. "Oh, by all means. Let us pay him every attention in our power.

Sir John laughs and as they both turn to move towards the door there comes an opportunify to mark the great difference between them. About Arthur's mouth there is a superciliousness, and in his blue eyes an expresson keen and penetrating, quite foreign to Sir John's, whose mouth is always more prone to aughter than to contempt, and whose eyes arely ever trouble themselves to look beyond the surface.

CHAPTER II.

" But all descriptions garble The true effect, and so we had better not Be too minute; an outline is the best— Alively reader's fancy does the rest.

-Don Juan. DESCRIPTIONS, like comparisons, are odious. The "mind's eye," though following with willing haste the tongue that speaks, never quite grasps the truth. It sees either too of a genius, and may paint your Paul or your Virginia in glowing colors, yet you will never get the uninitiated to understand in the very least what he or she may be like. Nevertheless a slight sketch of the Tremaines must be

They are, to begin with, that most interesting of all things, a handsome family. They are all handsome; the Tremaines would have scorned to acknowledge an "ugly duckling." For generations such a thing had not been so much as hinted at among them.

Mrs. Tremaine though arrived at that age when the question of birthdays is viewed with distavor, is still very good to look at, and emmently aristocratic. She rejoices in the thin tansparent nostrils, the fine lips, the pale blue eyes, and high white brow that are generally supposed to belong by right to blue blood. She rarely laughs, but she has the most charming smile in the world,-a lingering, perfect smile, with something in it un-willing, that adds to it but another charm, compelling as it does the companion of the moment to accept it as an irrepressible tribute to his own peculiar powers of pleasing. She also possesses to perfection the calm indifference of manner that goes so far to hide the craving for settlements so undying in the breast of the British matron.

Mr. Tremaine is handsome also, but of a darker type, and is one of those men who are indebted to their wives for their individuality. He is " Mrs. Tremaine's husband," and many most estimable man, warm-hearted and affec- possession, and the testimony of living men te, but I don t think even his best friend with whom I have spoken. could call him brilliant. And when, twentyis, the male portion of it—expressed astonish- cabin, and "delivered possession" to the respect a brave and good ment at his presumption. None, however, steward of Adsir. was expressed by Miss Lascelles herself, who

hesitation. The marriage proved a very happy one,which disgusted the world—that is, the female portion of it—axtremely. Mrs. Tremaine was fond of life and its good things, and very fond of her own way. Mr. Tremaine (wise the sheriff "delivered possession," the "crow-man) never thwarted her in anything. The bar brigade" levelled the house to the result of their union, therefore, was a most unusual amount of real contentment, and four pretty children.

Brandrum, the eldest-commonly called Brandy,"—is a cheerful, perhaps rather too cheerful, young gentleman of twenty-three. He calls himself a hussar; but as he is generally on leave all the year round, his friends say it doesn't matter much what he calls himself; any other regiment (for all it is likely to see of nim) will do just as well. He has curly hair and blue eyes, like all the Tremaines, and a smile like a cherub; and women as a rule pet him more than is good for

The second child Kitty, is exceedingly an undoubted success. All last season she Was caressed and made much of, and had acfully been able to refuse an earl—greatly to her mother's chagrin. But when, towards the close of July, she left town with every satisfactory symptom of having made a conquest of Sir John Blunden, Mrs. Tremaine forgave | widow and her orphane surrounded by a small her, and devoutly, though secretly, thanked her stars that she had been disobedient in the matter of old Lord Sugden, who, though of possessing the power to relieve them." higher rank than Sir John, was of infinitely shorter rent-roll.

Sir John as yet has not proposed in form, but words have been spoken and looks interchanged, and though nobody enlarges on the anbject, everybody hopes he means to do so. Although near neighbor-Coolmore, the Blunden property, being only eight miles distant from the Court, where the Tremaines live, he and Kitty had never met until the last memorable occasion in town; and now that he has followed her to the country, under the Pretense that his fine old house wants renovating, everybody feels that Kitty in effect is Lady Blunden—Sir John being a young man not addicted to the country except at certain seasons, and then very much fonder of other People's houses than his own.

(To be continued.)

MESSRS. NORTHBOP & LYMAN, are the pro-Prietors of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, which now being sold in immense quantities through the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. It you have not purchased a bottle, do so at once, and keep it ready for an emergency. Its cheapness, 25 cents per bottle, places it within the reach of all. To the every house.

IN DARK DONEGAL.

LANDLORD AGRARIAN OUTRAGES AT ST. COLOMBKILLE'S NATIVE PARISH.

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

To the Editor of THE POST. GLENA, near Bedlam, Co. Donegal,

August 26, 1881. I explained, if I remember rightly, in a recent letter, why, as a rule, the landlords of Donegal had never evicted their tenants, by townlands and almost by parishes, as the landlords of Mayo and other western countles evicted their tenants during the famine or 1847. The chief exceptions to the Donegal land and policy were the late Lord Leitrim, who was shot, and Mr. John George Adair, who is still unshot.

I write in a parish adjoining the scene of the most famous evictions-or " clearances '-in the history of Irish landlordism, and the house of a Catholic priest who personally knew the victims of this agrarian outrages by John George Adair.

It was in the parish of Gartin, in the townland of Derryveagh, the birth-place of the early Irish Saint, Colombkille, the successor of St. Patrick.

Time, April, 1861. The property had been purchased a short time before by Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Queen's County. It contained about 50 families.

"I had known the district," said Father James McFadden, "since my childhood, and its people were peaceable, happy and comparatively comfortable."

Following the same policy that the "benevolent" Lord George Hill adopted—to keep people in terror of his power-Mr. Adair served notices of ejectment on every one of his tenants. In November, 1860, his agent, ment of New South Wales, at the instigation Mr. Murray, a Scotchman, was murdered. There was no evidence to show that this murder was an agrarian crime, and there was, and still is, a belief in the neighbourhood, that it of Rev. James McFadden, the Catholic priest, was the tragic culmination of a social scan- and Rev. Mr. Maturin, the Protestant rector dal. On the night of the inquest, the parsonmuch or too little. You may have the pen age in which Mr. Adair lodged was set on fire. Mr. Adair regarded this crime as an attempt to assassinate him. He vowed vengeance on his Derryveagh tenants. To quote the words of a friendly chronicler at the time, "he resolved to clear the whole district, and thus mark his determination to put an end to the outrages which were taking place." He obtained writs of habere facias possessionem, and placed them in the hands of the subsheriff. A body of 200 constabulary were drafted into the district to protect this officer. a resident magistrate, began operations at the extreme boundary of the Derryveagh estates.

It is a mountain side, about sixteen miles from Letterkenny. The scenery there is picturesque-with its mountain and loughs; and these people had lived in that charming country from time out of mind. Mr. Adair had only seen it for the first time a few years before. Neither he nor his ancestors had ever lived on it. Yet although he had never spent a shilling in improving it, and although the tenants or their forefathers had reclaimed it from absolute sterility, the English law recognized the right of the new lord to wrest their homes and fields from them, and the English Government loaned him the force to enable him to commit this agrarian crime. Now the world has heard so much of agrarian outrages alleged to have been committed by the Irish peasantry, that I shall describe this typical agrarian outrage by an Irish landlord without abridgement and without pity, from people like him the better for that. He is a unpublished legal documents in my

five years before this story opens, he offered of a widow named McAward, in the town- sedateness of the Council Chamber, and thence his hand which was large-and his fortune, land of Loughbarragh. She was sixty years of to the highest temporal dignity on earth. which was larger, to Miss Lascelles, the age. Six daughters and a son lived with her. James A. Gurfield as son, husband, father spoiled beauty of the year, all the world—that The sheriff, with a small escort, entered the and citizen has proved himself in every

accepted both the hand and fortune without a spectator at the time, "loud cries were heard despite every conceivable precaution, was piercing the air, and soon the figures of the hurled into eternity; to-day the chosen poor widow and her daughters were observed ruler of a free people lies a victim to an asoutside the house, where they gave vent to sassin's bullet. But what a difference! The their grief in strains of touching agony.

But the landlord had no pity. As soon as the sheriff "delivered possession," the "crow-

The spectator whom I have already quoted writes:--

"The scene then became indescribable. frantic with despair. Throwing themselves atic, Guitean. on the ground, they became almost insensible. and bursting out in the old Irish wall-then heard by many for the first time-their terrifying cries resounded along the mountain side for many miles. They had been deprived of to them by associations of the past-and with | that the murderer Guiteau was a native of handsome, tall, and dark, like her father, and | will never forget it. No one could stand by | to know, that such is not the case. police officers themselves could not refrain come from a respectable family of French from weeping.

In a short time Huguenots settled for generations (I believe the work of demolition was completed, and since the Revolution) in the United States, we withdrew from the scene, leaving the and intermarried with other American fami-

> This work of diabolism went on for three days. Forty-six cabins were levelled, and forty-six families-241 persons-were driven into the roadside! If this outrage had occurred during the march of an invading army it would have been denounced as an indefensible outrage, unless the destruction was indispensibly necessary from the strategetic importance of the place. But these acts of savage vandalism have occurred in every county of the West of Ireland in times of the profoundest peace during almost every year of the reign of Victoria the Evictor.

> group of neighbors, who could only express

The agony of Mary McAward had a parallel in every cottage door. The poor people clung to their homes till the last moment. Sullenly the men removed the scanty furniture; but even after the Sheriff's formal warning it was found difficult to tear the women and the children from their homes. Many of them pade adieu to their old cabins in terms of endearment, as if they were living friends! England calls herself a "Christian" and "Civilized" nation—and yet, somehow, while her people are entitled to respect, her Govern. ment always acts towards races other than the Euglish as if she were a barbaric power. Here is another glimpse of her rule in Donegal. A spectator of these clearances wrote at

the time :-"One old man, 'near the four score and ten, on leaving his house for the last time reverently kissed the door-post with all the filled by-some one who has not the misforimpassioned tenderness of an emigrant leavfarmer it is indispensable, and it should be in | ing his native land. His wife and children | Catholic. followed his example ere those familiar old

walls gave way before the crowbars; and then, in agonised silence, the afflicted family stood by and watched the destruction of their dwelling."

In almost every cabin there were people to the grave-but they were forced to go, accompanied by a chorus of "the sobs of helpless children." A man of 90 years of age, sick unto death, was carried out of doors in order that formal possession might be taken." These crowbar brigades acquired great dex-

terity in their demoniacal work. "The brigade,"said one who saw them, "had scarcely applied their crowbars till the roof gave way and the walls began to tumble. Each succossive crash of the falling debris seemed to strike more terribly on the ears of the evicted, whose lamentations momentarily increased. As night set in the scene became fearfully sad. Passing along the base of a mountain the spectator might have observed, near to each house, its former inmates, crouching around a peat fire, convenient to (near to) bedge, as they dare not go near the falling

house walls; and, as a drizzling rain poured upon them, they found no cover and were entirely exposed to it, but they only sought to warm their famished bodies. Many of them were but miserably clad, and on all sides the greatest desolation was apparent."

These poor people lay out all night behind hedges and in a little wood that skirts the lake. Why did not the neighbours of these persecuted people in the adjacent townlands offer them a night's shelter? Because they had been ordered to boycott them by a power they did not dare to resist-because this brutal tyrant, Adair, had warned them not to harbour these homeless people! Adair still lives—and I rejoice that I still live also to spread abroad the story of his infamy!

The sick and the old were taken to the poorhouse at Letterkenny, and there they lingered until one by one they died. The rest of the evicted tenants remained in the neighborhood—in adjoining townlands or parishes—until November, when the Governof Irish colonists there, sent an agent to offer them a free passage to Australia. Seventy of them accepted it by the influence of the parish. It is gratifying to know that since they arrived in a country where the wicked landlords cease from troubling and the weary peasants are at rest-these evicted tenants have done credit equally to their old country and their old race.

Rev. Father McFadden, speaking of their visit, said to me that he was "painfully struck by the altered condition of affairs there -the ruined homesteads, the levelled houses the wailing of the aged and infirm that surrounded me beseeching to be taken to where their sons and daughters were going, but This force commanded by sub-inspectors and whom I was compelled to refuse. "The homeless condition of the once happy people, he added, "conspired to make this day the

saddest and most sorrowful of my life." Just one glimpse more at that agrarian outrage. Some of these poor people remained a few days around their old homes. Did Adair relent? No-he impounded their cattle for trespass! Anam an Dhiobal!

JAMES REDPATH.

LETTER FORM QUEBEC.

[From our own Correspondent.] Quebec, Sept. 21, 1881.

In keeping with her sister cities Quebec has put on the emblems of mourning for the murdered President of the United States. Without endorsing the sickly sentimentalism of the Chronicle, few will deny to the late James A. Garfield a character worthy of our admiration. From the tow-path to the Professor's chair, from the scholar's retreat to the theatre The English force were halted at the cabin of war, from the fierce shock of battle to the Truly, it has been a fatal year for potentates. "Long before the house was reached," wrote But yesterday the Czar of all the Russias, one was in private an immoral rascal, in public a cruel tyrant, blasphemously claiming to rule not alone the bodies, but the souls of men. The other was a good citizen, singled out by his fellows as worthy of the highest position to which they could elect

him. And yet both were murdered, the one by the exasperated victims of his tyranny, the The bereaved widow and her daughters were other by the morally depraved political fan-There are some people in this world who are nothing if not offensive, to whom truth telling would be a moral impossibility. In its obituary notice of the late President the Quebec Mercury says it is an additional source of their only shelter—the little spot made dear | sorrow to us that to our disgrace it is reputed bleak poverty before them, and only the blue | this Province, if not from the vicinity of our sky to shelter them, they naturnally lost all city. Now, the malignant blockhead who hope. Those who had witnessed their agony | makes this assertion knows, or, at least, ought unmoved. Every heart was touched, and A thousand journals have given biographical ears or sympathy flowed from many. The notices of Guiteau, showing him to have lies, therefore entirely alien both in religion and nationality to the French-Canadians. their sympathy for the homeless without But truth is of little consequence to the reptile portion of the British press, when, by the reproduction of a dead calumny, they can fling insult upon those who may differ from them in religion or politics. Our French-Canadian friends can form an idea from this exhibition of the Mercury's venom how bitterly and persistently Ireland and the Irish have been belittled and belied by moral thugs and political hirelings, despite our indignant denials of the foul accusations poured in ceaseless torrent on our heads.

Just now a raid is being made on all nontaxpaying canines. If you are sitting in the window and want to enjoy a farce, just wait it. till a policeman passes, and bark like a dog. Immediately Bobby will cock up his ear and roll his eyes round four corners at once, and sniff the air like a terrier. A burglary, a murder, no, not even an earthquake, would draw him from the vicinity while he has a reasonable hope of arresting the owner of an

unlicensed pup. An appeal will be made next Sunday in behalf of St. Bridget's Asylum, the bazaar in ald of which will open shortly. The response will no doubt be as prompt and generous as it has always been, and if it is it will be a fitting assistance to a most deserving institu-

The position of Deputy Shipping Master is now vacant, and the applicants are legion; the position is tacitly handed over to the English-speaking race, and will doubtless be tune (politically speaking) of being an Irish

A DONEGAL ISLAND.

stricken in years—" many of them toftering The Legends and Landlords of Tory.

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

FALCARRAGH, Co. Donegal, Augus 27.

Look at a map of the County Donegal and, if it is large enough, you will find Tory Island on its northwestern coast. I am writing within sight of it now. Seen from mainland its eastern side presents the appearance of a grand cathedral of the middle ages. The most stolid traveller could not pass within sight of it without inquiring its name. I have seen no more picturesque scenery in Donegal-a county in which every parish can justly boast of most magnificent views.

I asked the cardriver what there was interesting about Tory? His answer caused me to visit it; "It's a regular Land Lague Island," he said "they haven't paid a penny of

rent there for ten years." Tory Island is twelve English miles from the mainland. You reach it in boats rowed by four stalwart fishermen. There are two smaller islands near it. But Tory, by its legends and traditions and historical associations, as well as by its greater size, has thrown its little island neighbours into more than their natural obscurity.

When I landed I called on Father Blake, the curate, and found with him Father James McFadden of Falcarragh, or Tullaghobegly East, the adjoining parish to Gweedore. Both priests have the same name, although they are not related.

With Father McFadden and Father Blake I visited every part of the island.

Tory is a corruption of Thor-Eye, which denotes (according to an Irish antiquarian authority) that "it was consecrated to Thor, the Scandinavian deity, who presided over stormy and desolate places." Certainly Old Thor (I speak chronologically, not irreverently) could not have selected a more appropriate headquarters than Tory Island in his character of President of Stormy and Desolate Places. It is a hilly, stony, sterile, bleak and windy island. The storms of ages have bitten into its towering rocks and made its eastern coast a scene of grim and rugged grandeur. These gloomy cliffs are from 100 to 300 feet in height and have forms of the most varied and fantastic beauty.

The western coast is hilly but not mountainous. It slopes down to the sea shore. From the side of the Island the traveller has a beautiful view of the mainland with its dark hills and lovely valleys and sandy shores.

Tory Island is not quite three English miles in length and it does not average more than three-quarters of a mile in width. It contains 769 acres, and is the home of 60 families or over 300 souls. They are all Catholics and of the ancient Celtic race. Irish is the daily language of the people although many of them can talk English. The curate has not yet mastered the old tongue; and therefore Father McFadden, in whose parish Tory Island is included, had come over to hear the contessions of penitents in their

native apeech. Tory is a representative Irish Islandtypical of all these western counties. This implies that its recorded history stretches away back back a thousand years before the Christian era and that its traditions hold, in their impartial embrace, and with an equal and loving fervor, Pagan druids and Catholic saints. It means that fierce invaders have been fiercely resisted on its soil, that the old generations were sometimes slaughtered in me of religion, and that re rations have been robbed for a century in the name of property. And it suggests that memorials of all these religions, these races, these wars, these persecutions, and these plunderings, are still to be found on the Is-

And this implied pledge is redeemed. Here is a village that tells the story of the poverty of the people, and of their incessant struggle for the poor privilege of existence The houses are one story in height, hore. built of stone, and thatched with straw. Straw ropes are thrown over this roof, and they are fastened to pegs in the wall beneath the caves. But for these ropes, common along the coast, the houses would be unroofed by the fierce Atlantic winds. These houses have little windows. They are better furnished than at Gweedore. But here as elsewhere the cow and the pig and the chickens share the kitchen with the family. The calf is as tenderly treated as the youngest baby-for it, I noticed, instead of being kept behind the door, was tethered near the fireplace for greater warmth. The cabins, like all the one-room cabins along the coast, are smoky, and necessarily unclean. One great lack of Tory Island is peat. What was once here has been burned years ago, excepting a patch on the southern end of the island that the landlord reserved for his own use. This year the people have cut itthereby destroying a good pasturage, and spoiling the beauty of the tract, but securing for one winter, a good supply of fuel. The fuel now used is turfs of grass-common grass sods, which are ignited or made inflammable by having the oil arising on the water in which fish is boiled poured over it until the fire is "well burning."

"Why don't you go to the mainland for turf?" I asked a fisherman, for I had heard the people accused of laziness, while on every

hand I saw evidences of ceaseless toll. "Because at the time when turf is cut and his many noble qualities; be it dried, we need our boats for fishing; and then we must make the kelp. If we went over for turf we might often be kept out two weeks, and that would ruin us at this time of the year."

The bar is a dangerous one; beneficent English Government will not build a harbour; and so the struggle for existence is made harder than even nature has rendered

"What is the diet of these people?"

"Potatoes—and fish."
They are better off than the poorest class on the mainland; for they have not the fish with their potatoes. When the potatoes give out (in these parishes they rarely raise enough to last longer than from four to six months), Indianmeal stirabout takes the place of the potatoes. July, the month before the new potatoes are ripe, is known all over the West of Ireland as "hungry July."

I saw one Tory Island family at breakfast. The old woman, the man of the house and two boys were squatted on the earth floor near the smoky fire. There were no chairs in the cabin. The potatoes and the fish were in a flat shallow dish, made of wickerwork, that was laid over a pot in which the potatoes had heen boiled. That was the bill of fare and the "dining-room appointments."

of patches—and air-holes. The women of always reliable.

all ages go barefooted, both in summer and

winter. And here, among this cluster of stone cabins, is a round tower whose origin no man can tell. It seems certain only that the race that built these towers lived here two thousand years before the Christian era.

And around this round tower there are ruins of a later date, but yet it is more than 1,300 years since their builders reared them. This Celtic cross here was raised by St. Columbkill, the pupil of St. Finian, who was instructed in the Christian faith by the immediate disciples of St. Patrick. Here is a great stone trough-lying in the mud where pigs could sleep in it—and yet so sacred that Of our own Canadian land? no money could tempt a Tory Islander to carry it to the mainland—lying among rubbish and filth, and yet if it were presented to any Catholic Cathedral in

America, it would be put on the costlicat pedestal, and have the place of honour-for it was the baptismal font of one of the Seven Churches erected here by St. Columbkill and his immediate successors.

his immediate successors.

At a short distance from these pagan and Christian ruins, a little church has recently been built by the exertions of Father McFadden. At one time, for eighteen years, there was no priest stationed on the Island, and no Mass was said on it. Zealous efforts were made to convert the people to Protestantism.

But one thing more our Canada lacks—The lilly of France, fair emblem of power, With the maple bough should twine. For to France of the past she owes whate'er Her present worth may b; And the maple should twine on the purple white ground

With the old French Fleur-de-Lys. made to convert the people to Protestantism. Only one man changed his creed. It is impossible to make Protestants out of these Western Irish, because in Ireland for 300 years Protestantism was the instrument of religious persecution. We'll never become Protestants," said one peasant to me-"never!" and then with a twinkle in his eye, he added, " unless the English become Catholics, and then we'll become Protestant just to be furnesst them!"

Passing from the site of the Seven Churches where St. Columbkill, "the Dove of the Churches," as the Irish still tenderly call him, worked and prayed, and travelling east, you see on the approach to a height a little pile of stones. This is all that remains of Balla's Castle-" Ballor of the Mighty Blows." Balla is described as "a warrior of the Days of Yore," which as the editor of the 'Annals of the Four Masters" very correctly remarks was "a period beyond the reach of

chronology." Have you ever read of Ballor-Ballor of the Evil Eye? Ballor lived in Tory. Old man Ballor-or old god Ballor-for I am not quite sure whether he was a god or a man—had one eye in the middle of his forehead, and the other "in the back of his skull." This rear eye (so to speak), according to the Four Masters, o. their editor, "by its foul distorted glances like that of the Basilisk, would strike people dead." To this day the Irish call an evil-looking eye- Suil Bhalorr, a Baller eye. But old man or old god Ballor, seems to have been, at times, a pretty good fellow for it is recorded that he kept his back eye constantly covered, "except (or Ballor had an eye single on business, too), "whenever he wished to get the better of his enemies by petrifying them with looks."

A Druid told Ballor that he was destined to be killed by his grandchild. Now Ballor had only one child, a daughter-Ethnea by name. There was no nonsense about Ballor. An almost inaccessible cliff at the eastern extremity of Tory Island is called Tor-more. On its summit Ballor had a tower. Here he confined his young daughter. He put her in the charge of twelve matrons. They were sternly told never to allow a man to come near her, nor to give the faintest hint of the existence or nature of the other sex. Ethnea grew in years and in beauty. The mysteries of Nature puzzled her. How had she come here? And those creatures there. floating in currachs, with hair on their faceswho were they? But the matrons were true to their trust, and they would not let Miss Ballor know anything about the hairy-faced parties whom she could see from the sum-

mits of the Tower of Tor-more. What was the cruel parent of the lovely Ethnea doing when his daughter was thus puzzling over her lonely conundrums? In the annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, in the history of the year of the world 3300-there or thereahout-you will find it recorded that Ballor now felt secure in his existence, and that he was regardless of the prediction of the Druid. "He continued," we are told, "his business of war and rapine; be achieved many a deed of fame; he captured many a vessel; he subdued and cast in chains many an adventurous band of sea rovers; and made many a descent upon the opposite continent, carrying with them to the island men and property.

And yet Ballor was not happy. He had secret yearning that could not be allayed. And why? He could not steal Glas Gaivlen And she? For, of course, there must have been a female at the bottom of this sorrow of Ballor? Correct. Glas-Gaivlen was the cow

of MacKineely.
This seems to be a good place in which to quote Sylvanus Cobb's famous remark-To be consinued in our next.

JAMES REDPATIL

SERE BUT NOT SLOW .- People who have used Dr. Thomas' ECLECTRIC Cit to get rid of pain find that it is sure, but not slow. A cough even, of long standing, is speedily controlled and cured by it. Rheumatism, neuralgia, corns, lame back and swelled neck rapidly disappear when it is used.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE. Whereas,-The Almighty, in His all-wise designs, has deeply afflicted the American people by calling to Himself their dearly beoved President; and Whereas,-The hearts of all true Americans

are filled with sorrow for the loss of one, who, though but a few months their Chief Magistrate, had endeared himself to the nation by Resolved,—That we, the American students

of St. Laurent College, Montreal, Canada, cordially sympathizing with the afflicted family in their sad bereavement, extend to them our heartfelt condolence; and be it Resolved,-That we express to our fellow-

countrymen our deep sorrow for the misfortune which has tallen upon the people and be it Resolved,-That we ever bear in mind the untiring perseverance, heroic self-sacrifice,

and noble sense of honor portrayed in the illustrious character of the deceased; and furthermore be it Resolved,—That a copy of these resolu-tions be sent to Mrs. James A. Garfield and

also to the Secretary of State. DAVID E. MURPHY.

John J. Lenenan. Committee: GRORGE W. BROWN. EUGENE J. MURPHY. St. Laurent College, Sept. 21, 1881.

A MATCHLESS MEDICINE.

The cooling, cleansing, soothing and healworld for all forms of bowel complaints, The men and women and children are sickness of the stomach, cramps, cholera addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. poorly clad. Their clothing is mostly made morbus and dysentry. Purely vegetable, and w. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester,

TO MAMIE.

Are you proud of our native land, Mamie? Of our young Canadian Queen, Whose robe in winter is snowy white, And in summer a glorious green?— White and green, like lillies they seem, When blended together, I trow, Whether culled in the woodland's leafy shade Or plucked from the mountain's brow.

Are you proud of her stately maple
That lifts its graceful head,
With its pointed leaves in the harvest time
Sprickled with Autumn's red,
And her forests of pine and slivery birch,
So vast, so dean so grand

So vast, so deep, so grand, And the broad St. Lawrence, the pride and

She takes her place when the nations meet With a freeborn grace, her own— A grace not caught from the trappings tha wait
On royaliy's sceptre and throne;
They tell us of lands far, far o'er the sea,
Where the "Arts Divine" have their birth,
But to us, if born on Canada's soll,
She is the fairest land on earth.

AGNES BURT. "THE LEAVES SHALL BE FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS."

The leaf of the Wild Strawberry has verified that Scriptural quotation. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the marvel of healing in all varieties of Summer Complaints, Fluxy, Cholera Morbus, Cholora Infantum, and every form of Bowel Complaints of children or adults promptly yields to its power of healing.

WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

Dogs are beginning to bark at white hats. Water is five cents a quart at Lockport

Chick is the name of another Republican faction. George Francis Train is not dead, but he

no longer aspires to be President. It would be better for Guiteau if Sergt,

Mason had succeded in shooting him. John Smith, St. Anicet, Quobec, has forwarded us \$1 for the Land League fund. The Academicians of the Plateau rushed in

body to see the big pig of Cole's circus. They are not all office-seekers who crowd round Sir John Macdonald, but most of them

It is too long since the newspapers chron icled cabinet changes. Let us commence at once.

"Are you lonely to-night, Miss Ada?" "No, sir; I wish I were lonelier." And he bade her adien. An Iowa man named Deep is the happy

father of triplets.—Ex. Those babies are "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep ."-Roches-"One of the first duties of a community," says Mayor Means of Cincinnati in an inter-

view, "is to protect its youth-protect the boys first, and they will protect the girls." It a princess is not positively ugly she is described as the most beautiful woman in Europe, if she can play upon an old concertina she is the most accomplished woman in

the world. The Marquis of Gallijet, Cambetta's friend, has as many lives as a cat. He was blown to pieces at Pueblo, Mexico, but somehow or other they have been gotten together and he

is the Marquis of of Gallijet. The Chinese are advancing upon us gradually and quietly. Last week there was but one of them running the laundry a few doors off, to-day we notice two. Where have they come from? Where will they go?

James Gordon Bennett wears nine diamond rings. He would wear more, but one finger was disabled during the war by the premature discharge of a champagne cork. He has applied for a pension for the disability.-Peck's Sun.

At the consecration of the new Archbishop of Vienna at Kremsminster a toast was given for the Pope, and that of the Emperor afterward. Some years ago, when the eleventh centenary at Kremsminster was held, the Papal Nuncio demanded that the health of the Pope should be drunk first, which was re-

fused. Vennor says that with a little study and careful observation anybody can be a weather prophet. We always knew that anybody could be a weather prophet, but didn't suppose that either a little study or careful observation was necessary. Vennor predicted a wet July and a cold August, and a wooden Indian couldn't have predicted wider of the mark .- Norristown Herald.

At Weissdorf, in Lower Franconia, a highly interesting find has just been made. On the slope of the Bugberg, on which probably a castle formerly stood, some children found a gilded iron casket, which had evidently been laid bare by late heavy rains. On being forced open it was found to contain pearls and stones, a number of rings, and different gold and silver coins dated 1516, 1612 and

1624. The greatest discovery in surgery thus far in the year 1881, is that of Dr. William Mc-Ewen. He has successfully transplanted bone, fragments of wedges of bone taken from patients for curved tible-into the arm of a child whose limb was useless by reason of extensive necrosis; two-thirds of the humerus had been destroyed and no repair of bones had taken place. A good new humerus was the result, less than an inch shorter than its fel-

GET THE BEST.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best, most prompt and safest cure for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Sick Stomach, Oramps, Collic and Cholera Infantum that plunged them into grief and mourning; and has yet been discovered. It popularity is undimmed by age. All medicine dealers sell it.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections. also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of ing properties of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild | charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in Ger-Strawberry render it the best remedy in the man, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by