THE HARP OF MY FATHERS.

BY OLD FANEUIL.

Dear Harp of my fathers, sweet emblem of Erin,
Too long in cold silence forgot dost thou hang,
Oh when will your sounds again true hearts awaken
As oft at old Tara your sweetest notes rang.

Oh sound but a chord,—it would thrill with emotion
In the breasts of your sons the proud memory awake
Of the heroes that sleep 'neath the billows of the ocean,
From Tara's old halls to Lough Neagh's blue lake.

But hushed are thy heroes who oft led to glory
The wild clans of Ulster with warrior joy;—
Their chieftains, McQuillan, O'Neill and brave Rory,
As the Red Hand of Ulster swept o'er Clanaboy.

Sweet Harp of old Erin, how long wilt thou slumber—
Thy sounds should recho for freedom again
And rouse the bold spirits that long for thy numbers
That give to proud Tara a world renowned fame.

Dear land of my fathers, green Isle of the Ocean,
The loss of your vision I sadly deplore,
But, like son to a mother, I cling with devotion
To that loved ancient relic, the Harp I adore.

How a Prince of the Church

LOST HIS

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

A True Story.

(From the New Yorker "Pietro," Special Correspondent of the *Catholic Review*.)

I.—THE CABMAN'S REPORT.

"Michael Edward, by the grace of God, and the favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Goldenesex, and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Rose on the Tiberian Hill."

This, as I have learned, is the full title, *mutatis mutandis*, of the gentleman concerning whose actions on the night of the 25th of December, 187—, I have been requested to give an account so far as I saw them. I am only a cabman, and am not an educated person—so, to avoid misunderstandings, I must explain that in using the phrase *mutatis mutandis*, I copy what was set down for me by one who for a long time has honored me by his friendship, and who although now living in obscurity—that is the term he employed to describe his lodgings in Mudlack Mews—was a graduate, with high honors, at Camford University, and knows all the dead languages better than I know my own mother-tongue. Having been shown why, in this story I have to tell, it would be wise to conceal the real names of the parties, I consulted my learned friend aforesaid how to do it, and he drew out the above formula, as he called it, which he said told the story, *mutatis mutandis*. I suppose you all know what this means—and so I can go on.

Well—this "Michael Edward, by the grace of God," and so on, is, in fact, a very great personage. My learned friend has explained to me something about this, and although my learned friend, unhappily for himself, is not a religious man, and occasionally indulges in expressions concerning monkeys, as our ancestors, which I do not approve of, he made it clear to me that this "Michael Edward by the grace of God" was not merely a priest and a bishop, but "a great prince of the Church which has always existed in the world, and in which the Pope is the head." My grandmother was an Irishwoman, and I can remember hearing her pray for the Pope, and saying "God bless our Holy Father, the Pope." When I told this to my learned friend he laughed—we were taking two fours of gin hot, at my expense, in the private bar of the "Cabman's Content," at that moment—and he said that as my grandmother died fifty years ago, the Pope she was praying for was not the present Pope. Seeing me look grieved at this, he added that it was all the same, and that although there had been 251 Popes, one after the other, they all were the same—and, if I did not misunderstand him, he said they all were Peter. This is a point that I intend to look into as soon as I have time—that is, I suppose, as soon as I have my leg or arm broken and am laid up in the hospital for a few weeks. But I learned enough from my learned friend to know that "Michael Edward by the grace of God" was in reality a greater potentate than any of the dukes and lords of the land and that he was in what my learned friend called "the line of succession," by which he meant, as he told me, that "Michael Edward by the grace of God" might be made Pope himself, on the death of the present Pope, and to be Pope was to be highest and grandest ruler on earth—"the ruler," as he said, "of more than two hundred millions of willing and loving souls." I remember his words well, and I am sure that I repeat them correctly.

All this, however, I learned after I had seen "Michael Edward by the grace of God," and how I came to see him is what you wish me to tell you. I think I have never seen a more miserable day than the Christmas of 187—. There was first a rain storm; then a fall of wet snow; and another rain that turned the snow into slush, and then a thick fog—so thick that when I left my cab on the stand for a moment and went into the nearest public-house to have a drop of something hot to keep the cold from freezing up my heart, I lost my way in coming back and had some difficulty in finding my cab again. I was the only one on the stand; all my mates had gone off swearing that as fares were to be had on such a night and that they were not willing to sit on their boxes and starve to death, with cold and wet, I should have gone too, but the day's work had been bad, and I had not earned enough to pay my master for the hire of the horse and cab. It was now about six o'clock; and it had been dark, along with the fog and the shortness of the day, for three hours or more. The cab-rank was close to the Alexandria Station, and at the corner of the Hohabridge-road. Very near this street, as I afterwards came to know, was the "Archbishop's House." I did not know it then, for I had recently taken my place at this stand and was not well acquainted with the houses of the gentry in that neighborhood. Well, just as I had got back to my cab, and had climbed up to my seat, and was wrapping my blanket around my legs, to my delight I heard a gentleman hail me "Cabby" for service. It was only one word—but it pierced through the fog like the sound of a silver bell. I seized the reins and drew up to the side of the pavement, close to the gas-lamp, under which I dimly saw the figure of a gentleman. As I came up I moved a little so that the light fell full on his face. Such a face! I took of my hat, involuntarily, as soon as I saw it—it was so noble, so sweet, so grand and so sad. I did not know all this, to put it in words, at the moment, but I felt it, and I have thought it over so often since then that I now know how to put it in words. I jumped down to open the door for him. He was a tall, slim, very slim gentleman, and he was wrapped up in a long cloak that nearly reached his feet. "Cabby," said he, in a voice that sounded like a silver bell, "please drive me to Mount-holland-house, and go quickly. I am rather behind my time." His foot was on the step when a person who was hurrying past at a great rate suddenly stopped, took his hat off, and rushing between us, was about, as I thought, to kneel down at the feet of my fare—but a quick motion of the latter prevented him. Some hurried words past between them. I stood aside; but I heard my fare—whom the other one addressed as "your Eminence"—say that he had given his servants leave of absence for the day, and was going to Mount-holland-house "in this equipage," whereby he meant my cab. "And I am late, now; so pardon me an I'll be off." The other one said something in French, or some other outlandish lingo; my fare jumped into the cab, and mounting to my seat I drove off.

Now there is a short cut and a long cut from Alexandria station to Mountholland-house. The long cut is by the main road, up past the museum, through the Park, and along the high street. The short cut is through Salter's lane, behind the museum, and across St. Swithan's fields—the said fields being, as you may know, a neighborhood of narrow streets, crammed with old houses, having the reputation of being inscribed mostly by thieves, loose women, and bad characters generally. I was anxious to please my fare and get him to Mountholland-house quickly; and I was anxious on my own account to do the job speedily, for the fog had thickened and the cold of it went to the very marrow of my bones. So I took the short cut, and drove on at a sharp trot, although the fog was so thick that I could not see from one lamp post to another. I forgot to say that I was driving a blind horse; they are the only ones you can safely use on a foggy day; a horse that can see at all won't go faster than a walk through a thick fog, sometimes he won't go at all.

We had got safely through Salter's lane, and I was just turning the corner into St. Swithan's fields—the fog then seemed to have doubled itself together, and to be twice as thick as before—when I ran over a man! He was rushing across the road, in front of us, the horse struck him with his off shoulder; he fell like a log, and the horse and cab went over him, certainly; and I pulled up short. But I had scarcely stopped when there, at the side of the cab, stood the man. He was all emotion before, and I could see that he was a navvy—one of the class that come down from the North, where they have been working on railways and such like, and go in here for digging sewers and other fancy and delicate work of that kind. He was very quick in his motions. With one blow of his great fist he smashed the glass in the window of the cab—(I paid three shillings and eight pence for it, out of the sovereign that my fare gave me when it was all over—then he tore open the door with his hand all bleeding from the cuts of the broken glass, and before I could jump down he had seized my fare and dragged him out of the cab! The two men stood face to face on the muddy and slippery pavement.

"Damn you!" cried the navvy, in a hoarse voice. "Damn your proud soul! Driving in your fine carriages to your junketings and merry makings, and running over poor men as if they were pigs or mad! Damn you! I'll teach you better!"

And he raised his right arm—he had been holding my fare with his left—and struck a blow at him that would have felled an ox.

I never saw anything like it! My fare turned the stroke aside from him as easily as I would blow away a feather; how he did it was a mystery to me until an old wooden-headed broken-down boxing-master showed me the trick one day, and said that forty years ago they knew that dodge at Oxbridge University—and the next instant the navvy was lying on his back in the mud. My fare helped him up, and said, very quietly—

"Now you are not hurt at all. We did not mean to run you over. But we are sorry to have stopped you. You were running in haste. What is the matter?"

"Master," said the man,—making a motion to pull off his hat, but that was gone, he had lost it on his head, it having been pulled up by myself out of the mud and I thinking engaged in cleaning it by knocking it against the wheel—"Master I humbly ask your pardon—but I was running quick to seek a priest for a dying woman. Though what use a priest can be I can't see. I suppose a priest is the same as a parson, and all the parsons do is to read some fine words out of a book, and to say to you 'Be content in the station to which God has called you.' I'm damned if I'm content, and I never knew one man that was."

"Where is the woman?" said my fare.

"Let me go to her! I am a priest!"

The navvy staggered as if he had received another blow from my fare, and I was taken all aback myself—but the gentleman was as cool as a cucumber.

"Come," said he, "let us go on. Where is the woman?"

"I'll go before and show you, said the man, in a sort of daze. "Get you into the cab again and drive on."

So it was done—and in two minutes more, after winding through a narrow lane and past a mews, in a strange guide stopped at the door of a tumble-down rookery of a house, kept from falling only by being propped up on each side by shorings. The fog had cleared off a little; the faint light of the moon showed us the house. In the upper story of it, out of a broken window, we saw the haggard face of a man, peering into the gloom. At the same moment a police officer who was walking on the opposite side of the street, came over and hurried to the door of the cab.

"What is this?" he said roughly; then lifting his bull-eye lantern he glanced into the cab.

"Why, sir, it's only a fare," said my fare. "I have come to a dying woman here! I am a priest."

"It is a den of thieves, sir," said the officer. "Perhaps they have put up a job to rob you. Way, sir!" he added in a whisper, which I heard plainly enough, "they would think nothing of knocking you on the head to get that ring."

The hand of my fare was on the door of the cab, and, in sight of the officer's lantern fell full upon it. On one of his fingers was a ring with a green stone set round with white ones—they sparkled like the stars in the sky.

"I am quite safe," said my fare; "I am a priest, and have come to see a dying woman."

By the time he had got out of the cab and had taken the navvy by the arm, "Show me where she is," said he, and they disappeared together.

II.—THE POLICEMAN'S REPORT.

Knowing the character of Moody's Gardens, and having received from Inspector Fox special instructions to watch most carefully that neighborhood, I felt it my duty to look after the safety of the gentleman who, as described by the cabman whose statement I have read, went into the worst building in the row, in the charge, as it appeared to me, of a man who would not hesitate to kill him for two pence. The man left the gentleman up to the third floor of the house, and I followed softly. A door was opened—they entered; I softly pushed the door so that I could see what was going on and be ready to act when occasion called. The room was as much—One side of an iron bedstead, a woman was dying. I have seen many deaths, and I knew she was at her last gasp. Her face was terrible; she seemed to be in her last agony. A moment or two my eyes fell on the door opened he had moved a little, but it still held her head in its lap. The gentleman threw his cloak and hat on the floor, and advanced to the woman. "I am a priest," he said. The man dropped to his knees; the woman attempted to rise but fell back again upon the wretched bed. The priest whispered a few words to the man, he arose and moved to the door; I left my post of observation and he joined me in the dark hall, closing the door behind him. We waited in silence for some minutes; then the door opened and the priest beckoned us to enter. The woman's face was changed; she was dying, and she knew it; but there was no more agony, no fear to be seen in her expectant face. The priest knelt at the foot of the bed; the man fell on his knees at the bedside, and the dying woman placed her hand in his. The priest began to recite what I now know are the prayers for the dying. I remember some of the words, although they were Latin, of which I know nothing; and when I reported the case to Inspector Fox he took down a book from a shelf and showed them to me on a page where the Latin and English were side by side. The navvy, who all this time had remained quite close to me—in fact I had mentally taken him into custody on suspicion, and kept one eye on him all the while—the navvy, I say, awkwardly got down on his knees also, and I felt inclined to do the same, but was restrained by the thought that it wouldn't be professional, and that my duty was to see that no harm was done to the gentleman. Presently the woman started, and an expression of anguish passed over her face.

"The child! Dennis! What will become of the child? Blessed Mother of God, pray for the child."

The priest arose, spoke to the woman a word that quieted her, and then turned to the man.

"Where is the child?" he said.

The man went to the corner of the room, and from what seemed to be a heap of rags, drew out a little boy. The motion awoke him—he gazed around the room for a moment, and then held out his little hands (they were grimy and dirty, and his only garment was a tattered shirt) to the priest, and smiled so brightly that the room seemed for a moment to be illuminated. The priest took the boy in his arms, and the little fellow clasped him tightly around the neck.

"Your sister has told me," said the priest, "why you cannot take her child—and why, you must leave here at once. I am ashamed for you—and mind you, I shall pray for you every day, until I hear that you have made restitution to those to whom you have done injustice. Now, I shall take the child and place him where, please God, he shall grow to be an honest man."

The woman sprang up in her bed—a happy smile lighted up her pallid face; and she fell back dead.

Half an hour after this—the priest, meanwhile, having some conversation with the navvy, and the man Dennis, and given to the former a card with some lines he had written upon it—we descended the stairs together. The child had fallen asleep; the priest had wrapped him in his cloak, and carried him in his arms. The cabby was was waiting for us; naturally he would wait for he had not been paid yet.

"Well, cabby," said the priest, "we will not go to Mountholland-house now. It is too late, and besides I cannot introduce my little friend there in his present garb. Take us back to the Archbishop's house."

Three years after this I was on duty at the fine church of St. Simon, in the west end of Goldenesex. There was a great crowd there on that day—the Cardinal was to be present, and half the nobility and gentry were coming to honor him. Sergeant Fox had sent a squad of twelve of us to keep order and prevent jamming with the carriages, and so on. But happily, I was stationed at the side of the church, and close to the corridor, through which the Cardinal, the bishops, and priests, and the altar boys were to pass as they entered. The procession came—a host of boys in white surplices with red sashes; then a lot of priests; then the bishops in purple robes; and last of all the Cardinal. He was glorious in a crimson robe of silk, with a train I know not how many yards long, the end of which was carried by an angelic little boy with golden hair and blue eyes. By some good fortune there was a hitch in the procession just as the Cardinal came opposite to me, and every one had a space to a few minutes. I looked at his face for the first time, and I knew him in a moment. He was the gentleman who had taken away the baby from that rookery on Christmas night, three years ago. Do you believe it—he recognized me at the same moment. "Officer," said he, with a merry smile, "you are good in coming to take care of me again. And here, too, is our little friend." And he pointed with his hand to the little boy who held his train. As sure as I hope to live to be inspector myself, that was the boy whom he had rescued from misery and death on that Christmas night.

This, then, as you say, sir, is how the Cardinal lost his Christmas dinner and what came of it. Of course, as you say, sir, he is a Popish priest; and perhaps a proud and pampered prelate, but for all that, in my humble opinion—and hoping no offence to you, sir, not knowing your own views on such subjects—he is a true gentleman and what I should picture to myself as a real Christian.

How an Irreverent Saloon Keeper was taken in.

The other day when the wind whistled sad toned jigs around the battery, a little old man entered a saloon in that vicinity and asked the bar-keeper if he could leave some tracts there.

"A whole car load if you want to," was promptly replied, and the old man placed a package on the beer table and said:

"There's no nobler cause than the cause of the heathen. We should all contribute a small share of our worldly wealth to shed the gospel light across the seas."

A pair of boxing gloves were softly posing on a table, and the little old man felt of them and went on:

"It makes one mad to see such sinful things lying around when the cost of one single glove might save a dozen souls in Africa.

Three or four of the boys had dropped in, and the saloon-keeper winked to them and replied:

"Do you want to cart 8s. for the heathen?"

"Verily, I do."

"Put on the gloves with me and knock me down, and I'll ante up enough cash to convert a whole regiment of African sinners."

"The cause is noble, the inducement great," mused the old man, as he toyed with the gloves.

The boys encouraged him to go in, declaring he could him knocked wrong end up, and he finally got out of his overcoat with the explanation.

"It can't be a sin to box for the cause of the heathen."

The saloonist he shot his fist into over one of the tables at the first blow, but the blow was warded off very handsomely, and the little old man sighed:

"Ah—um! The heathen walk in wickedness and have souls to be saved."

"Look out now!" cried the saloonist as he got in a left hander.

"Verily, I will, and I will give three cents in return for the heathen."

He struck a staggering blow, and the saloonist didn't feel quite so enthusiastic as at the start. He took the defensive, and for soon had all the work he could do.

"That's another for the ignorant mind on the far-off shore!" sighed the little old man as he knocked the saloonist against the wall.

There wasn't any "referee" about him, but he struck to kill, and his arms were flying around like the spokes of a wagon wheel.

"Don't crowd a feller," called out the saloonist, as he was being driven back, and he got mad and put in his hardest licks. He meant to mash the old man's nose as flat as a window glass, but he could not do it. He got two or three fair hits, and was beginning to regain his courage, when the aged stranger sorrowfully remarked.

"My friend, the heathen call, and I cannot tarry much longer. Take this one and it may broaden your views on the heathen question. Receive this one in the spirit tendered, and you may be sure the five dollars shall be a beacon light as far as it will go."

He delivered two sledge-hammer blows right and left, and the saloonist got the last one he saw he dodged the first. He went over in a graceful style, and as he slowly regained his feet he felt in his vest pocket for wager.

"If you'll come around here to-night and do that again, I'll double the money," he growled, as he paid the wager.

"My road points toward Bosting," softly replied the old gentleman, "and I cannot tarry. Let us part friendly, for I only boxed three for the heathen's sake. I gave to three, then turn cheek to the heathen, and now farewell."

EXTRACTS FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

A NOBLE WAR SONG.—*Blackwood*—in addition to the sixth portion of its serial tale of "Mine is Thine," and opening instalment of a new story entitled "The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy," and the seventh paper on "The Storm in the East," in which the incidents of the present atrociocious war are epitomized from month to month—contains three whimsical lyrics by J. R. S., an archæological chapter headed "The Parliamentary Recess," and a critical and biographical treatise on the "Opium Eater." Besides all this, however, it contains a remarkably contribution—a patriotic effusion well worthy of a place in Maga, and wonderfully *apropos*, penned by the gifted author of "The Forging of the Anchor," and yclepped at the first glance, it may seem enigmatically, "The Widow's Cloak." In the lengthened rhythm of it, it bears something of a resemblance to that noble and heart-stirring old national ditty hight "The Fine Old English Gentleman," which is but a later version of the famous Elizabethan song about "The Queen's Old Courtier." The verses here strung together by the lyrist are so true and sterling in their every syllable they are so distinctly apposite to the actual situation politically, they are so chivalrous and patriotic in their whole sentiment, that we do but a kindness to our readers in giving them here intact. Beginning as it were, *sotto voice*, they swell towards the close to the resonance of a trumpet. In quoting them we shall do here what Leigh Hunt was so fond of doing when giving an extract that he himself especially enjoyed, we shall italicize the passages more peculiarly to our own liking. Listen!—

There's a widow lady worthy of a word of kindly tone
From all who love good Neighborhood, and true allegiance own
To motherly Humanity in love and sorrow tried,
Who lives, some seasons of the year,
Adown Deeside.

To her sister in the cottage, to the Highland hut comes she,
She takes the old wife by the hand, she shares her cup of tea,
She loves the lovely people—years of life have taught her well,
Its God's great household, they, the hath
Of inmates, dwell.

She loves the Highland nature, and the Dark and deeps beyond,
To every pressure of her palm the Irish hearts respond,
What tourists we seldom see her St. Patrick's Hill winding,
The Gaze her presence yearly cheers
Are kith and kin.

Castle of Balmoral stands proudly on its hill;
A simple Widow Lady has a finer castle still,
Where hill-big keep and chapel soar up the southern sky,
Above the woods of Windsor,
And Thames runs by.

The iron castles on the shore that sentry Portsea beach
The iron cuttles on the sea, their guns a ship load each
That ride in Spithead anchorage—the ordnance great and small,
Of Woolwich and of London Tower,—
She owns them all.

Ten thousand are her men at call that ride in golden spurs,
The edged margins of the seas, half round the world, are hers
And in sight that monarchs fall to look at her right hand
Of state sway,
For she's the Queen of the Three Joined Realm.
God save the Queen!

And sons she had good plenty, and daughters, if need were
Of issue of the lawful line, to sit St. Edward's chair.
For God has filled the quiver; and with countenance clate,
He next in lawful right, may speak
His foe in gate.

And Denmark's gracious daughter, who leads the Light of eyes
Our darling, ever welcome as flowers that come in May
God shield the precious creature beneath Thy angels' wings
And send her lovely nature
Down lines of Kings!

Fine men the princely brothers; and time is coming, which
By sea and land they all may show that they are manly men;
Alert at clear-eyed Honour's call, to give their duty da
Afield
Come what come may.

Now hath you kings and Emperors who rule this peopled ball
That nourishes us, man and beast, and graveyard bears us fall,
The blood of horses and of men, and lives of men, will be
Main heavy on their souls that break
Her amity.

Victoria's sheltering mantlets over India spread,
Who dare to touch the garment's hem, look out for
[illegible]
Look out for gun and bayonet and rifle crash through mound and bodies,
Far shot and shell and Sheffield shear
Steel, point and edge!

The tiger [illegible] in road and part the seamen [illegible]
The Eagle of the Lion's field are champing for the charge,
Stand back! keep off! the chain long stock of Peace
[illegible]
To Heaven the while—

"Sister, Protector of Mankind, and Saviour that thou art,
Accept the rage of wrathful men, abate their haughty
[illegible]
We have The by

This simple but grand reveille to the Three Kingdoms, we take note here with pride, it gates from Dublin.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

A country superintendent of public instruction wrote to each person that was examined at the teacher's examination, asking if they were engaged, and if so, by whom, and at what salary. One young lady in the northern part of the country answered—"I am not engaged, but would be delighted to receive any attention, or proposal for an engagement. Of course I would like a salary, or some one with an income; but rather than miss an opportunity for the nuptial joys of wedded life, I am not particular about the salary."

FOOLSCAP.—It is not often asked why a certain kind of paper is known by the name of "foolscap." When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused a stamp, representing the cap of liberty, to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II. he had occasion to use some paper for despatches, when some of this paper was brought to him. On observing the stamp he asked its meaning, and, on being informed, he exclaimed, "Take it away; I will have nothing to do with fool's cap!"

Certain parties in Philadelphia, it is said, are organizing a movement to petition the Legislature, now in session at Harrisburg, to pass a law for the introduction of the Mollie bell-punch for barrooms. It is estimated that the amount of money could be realized each year for the support of the poor and the maintenance of the schools would reach $1,500,000, the tax being two and one-half cents per drink.

A Cincinnati physician vouches for the entire truth of the following strange story, which recently happened in that city: A lady drove to his office at a late hour in the evening and asked his immediate attendance upon her sick daughter. As they proceeded in the carriage and do to questioned his companion as to the nature of the child's illness, and was surprised to learn that she had not seen her for four months, and that at that time she was well. She also directed his attention to the child, who, she said, met her at the depot and sat on the opposite seat, looking sickly and wasted; but the doctor, much to his surprise, could see no one. Reaching the house, however, they found the child seriously ill in bed, though the mother had not suspected it until she entered the carriage at the station.

It is not husbands alone who are afflicted with mothers-in-law. Wives sometimes have the affliction in an acute and aggravated form. A young man in Cincinnati, a barber by occupation, married the maiden of his choice, and they were happy until he brought his mother home to live. Then there was trouble. The young man seems to have been more in dread of his mother than of his wife, for he insisted that the latter should do all the work and have all the care and trouble of the household, while the former enjoyed her ease and comfort. The wife rebelled, and refused to wash the dishes. Being abused for this, she threw the crockery into the street, thereby wasting ammunition that might have been used with good effect on the mother-in-law which did not show good generalship. Then, being beaten by her husband, she retreated to the home of her parents, leaving the mother-in-law in possession, but she sent her big brothers to bring away the furniture and traps, which she had furnished when the young couple set up housekeeping. The moral is old and obvious.

FASHION NOTES.

The overskirt has once more come into favor in Paris.

It is said that satin will be used for trimming summer dresses.

A Japanese pattern of small, partly-opened fans is seen in brocade silks.

A wealthy Californian's wife wears a necklace, earrings and bracelets of small richly wrought tusks.

Much of the lace Princess point, miquardise and Ragusa now sold in shops is made in America.

Galloons made of a sponge-like, felt-gray material have been shown in Paris as trimming for linen dresses.

Moss and olive shades will probably hold their own throughout the summer and red will be used for brightening them.

An old-fashioned lace collar can be made into a very pretty cascade tie, and with one of the fashionable slender scarf pins.

From a yard and a half to three yards of double-faced satin ribon is needed to make the clusters or loops now worn at the throat.

Some of the Spanish ladies who went from Paris to the royal marriage provided themselves with fifteen gowns made expressly for the occasion.

Pretty table-mats are now made of scarlet flannel, with a border of porcelain buttons, sewed on very thickly. The ooxy, if one be used, should match the mats.

The smoothed ten cent pieces of which studs and coat buttons were made during the early years of the war, are now sewed to black velvet bands and made into dog collars.

Stripes, checks and small brocaded designs are seen in new spring silks. Jasper silks are dashed with various colors and have a bright gloss. Bagdad silks have cross threads of silver and gold.

Worth thinks that every dress ought to have some "expression." The greatest "expression" about Worth's dresses is made by the husband when he sees the bill. And a very warm and voluminous expression it is, too!

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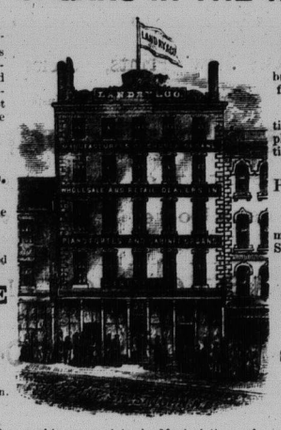

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may25

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Gents' Clothing made to order in the most Fashionable styles, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

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Intending purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere.

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Just received.

50 GREEN Cases DeKuyper's GENEVA;
25 " " Key do.
25 " " half-bottles do. 1 dozen each;
5 " " pint-flasks do. 1 "

M. A. FINN,
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nov17

THE BEST PLACE

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IS AT THE

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where you can get anything in the Shoe line as cheap as any house in the Trade. I have on hand a large stock of Men's Kip, Coarse and Calf Boots of our own make, hand made, which will be sold at very low prices.

dec22 H. BOWLES.

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Prospectus of Saint Michael's Commercial College, Chatham, N. B.

THIS College has for object to impart to young men, together with the benefit of a Christian education, the necessary knowledge of commerce in all its branches, and whatever else may fit them for industrial pursuits.

TERMS OF BOARD.

Board and Tuition for the scholastic year, payable in advance in two terms: $70; September 1st $35; March 1st $35.

No deduction is made for absence, unless for expulsion or protracted sickness, that is one month or more.

The Board dates from the 1st or 15th of each month, according as the pupil entered in the first or last half of the month.

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Drawing	$5.00	per annum.
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Telegraphy	5	do do.
Bed and bedding	8	do do.
Half-board	2	do a month.

Each pupil should have a trunk wherein to keep his clothes.

Letters and packages should be addressed as follows:—

Mr.
Pupil in St. Michael's
Commercial College,
Chatham, N. B.

For more ample information send for prospectus. Classes will re-open first Monday of September.

aug18

M'DONALD & HATFIELD,

Custom Tailors and Clothiers,

HAVE REMOVED

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MARSHALL'S INSURANCE BLOCK,

Cor. of Market Square and Prince William Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

GENT'S GARMENTS made to order at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

NEW GAS-FITTING

AND

PLUMBING ESTABLISHMENT,

JAS. CAMPBELL,

for the past 15 years in the employ of Mr. Thomas Campbell,) wishes to inform the public that he has commenced business on his own account, in his Shanty,

South Side King Square,

opposite the Fountain, and, being determined to use none but the best material, is prepared to guarantee all work done by him. Orders respectfully solicited.

HAWKES BROTHERS,

Dealers in

Ales, Wines and Liquors,

48 GERMAIN STREET,

AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

nov8

HAVANA CIGARS.

Just received from New York:

THIRTY-FIVE M. LaRosa, LaUnion, El Horcon and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de La Reinas, Princessas, Infantas and Londres.

Daily expected from New York:

45 M. Republica Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.

The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.

M. A. FINN.
Hazen Building.

WM. MARTIN, Jr.,

Custom Tailor and Clothier,

HAS REMOVED

TO

60 MILL STREET,

(Opposite Old Stand,)

SAINT JOHN, N. B.,

WHERE HE WILL CARRY ON THE BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

M. J. DRISCOLL,

Custom Tailor,

(LATE DRAMATIC LYCEUM,)

Can be found at

47 BRUSSELS STREET,

Where he will be most happy to have his friends call and leave their orders.

WHISKEY.

Just received ex "Hibernian," from Liverpool

8 QR-CASKS GLENLISSA WHISKEY,
75 cases Lorne Highland "
16 " Hazelburn " "
29 " " " pints
29 " Old Irish "

For sale low, by

nov17 M. A. FINN.

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL

WINE STORE.

M. & H. GALLAGHER,

No. 8 Charlotte Street,

BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store recently the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.

By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best

Wines, Brandies, &c.,

on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of patronage.

M. & H. GALLAGHER,
8 and 12 Charlotte