

"Oh, madam, do not pay any attention to such a wicked tale," she says, anxiously; "and forgive me for ever having presumed to send my ears to it. No one knowing the master could possibly believe in it."

"Of course not." "The answer came with unnatural calmness from between her white lips. Graham bursts into fresh tears, and flings her apron over her head."

Mrs. Branscombe, at this, throws up her head hastily, almost haughtily, and, drawing her hand with a swift movement across her averted eyes, breathes a deep lingering sigh. Then her whole expression changes; and coming quite near to Graham, she lays her hand lightly on her shoulder, and laughs softly.

Graham can hardly believe her eyes; has that rippling, apparently unaffected laughter come from the woman who a moment since appeared all gloom and suppressed anger? "I am not silly enough to fold over a ridiculous story such as you have told me," says George, lightly. "Just at first it rather surprised me, I confess, but now—now I can see the absurdity of it. There, do not cry any more; it is a pity to waste tears that later on you may long for in vain."

But when she has gained the house, and has gone up to her own room, and carefully looked her door, her assumed calmness deserts her. She passes up and down the floor like some chained creature, putting together bit by bit the story, just related to her. Not for a moment does she doubt its truth; so terrible fear is knocking at her heart, some dread that is despair and that convinces her of the reality of Andrew's relation.

Little actions of Dorian's, light words, certain odd remarks, passed over at the time of utterance as being of no importance, come back to her now, and assert themselves with overwhelming persistency, until they declare him guilty beyond dispute.

When she had gone to the altar and sworn fidelity to him, she had certainly not been in love with her husband, according to the common acceptance of that term. But at least she had given him a heart devoid of all thought for another, and she had fully, utterly, believed in his affection for her. For the past few months she had even begun to cherish this belief, to cling to it, and even to feel within herself some returning tenderness for him.

It is to her now, therefore, as the bitterness of death, this knowledge that has come to her ears. To have been befooled where she had regarded herself as being most beloved—to have been only second, where she had fondly imagined herself to be first and dearest—is a thought bordering on madness.

Passionate sobs rise in her throat, and almost overcome her. An angry feeling of rebellion, a vehement protest against this deed that has been done, shakes her slight frame. It cannot be true; it shall not; and yet—and yet—why has this evil fallen upon her of all others? Has her life been such a happy one that Fate must needs beguile her one glimpse of light and gladness? Two large tears gather in her eyes, and almost unconsciously roll down her cheeks that are deadly white.

Sinking into a chair, as though exhausted, she leans back among the cushions, letting her hands fall together and lie idly in her lap.

Motionless she sits, with eyes fixed as if riveted to earth, while tears insensibly steal down her sensitive cheeks, which look like weeping dew fallen on the statue of despair.

For fully half an hour she sits, scarce moving, hardly seeming to breathe. Then she rises herself, and going over to a table bathes her face with some eau-de-Cologne. This calms her in a degree, and stills the outward expression of her suffering, but in her heart there rages a fire that no water can quench.

Fitting her hat on once again, she goes downstairs, feeling eager for a touch of the cool evening air. The hot sun is fading; a breeze from the distant sea is creeping stealthily up to the land. At the foot of the staircase she encounters Dorian coming toward her from the library.

"I have been hunting the place for you," he says, gaily. "Where on earth have you been hiding? Visions of ghostly deaths rose before me, and I was just about to have the lake dragged and the shrubberies swept. Martin is nearly in tears. You really ought to consider our feelings a little. Why, where are you off to now?"—for the first time noting her hat.

"Out," returns she, coldly, looking straight over his head; she is standing on the third step of the stairs, while he is in the hall below. "I feel stifled in this house."

Her tone is distinctly strange, her manner most unusual. Fearing she is really ill, he goes up to her and lays his hand upon her arm.

"Anything the matter, darling? How white you look," he begins, tenderly; but she interrupts him.

"I am quite well," she says, hardly, shrinking away from his touch as though it is hateful to her. "I am going out because I wish to be alone."

The sweet past him through the old hall and out into the darkening sunlight, without a backward glance or another word. Amazed, puzzled, Branscombe stands gazing after her until the last fold of her dress has disappeared, the last sound of her feet has echoed on the stone steps beyond; then he turns aside, and, feeling, possibly, more astonished than hurt, goes back to the library.

From this hour begins the settled coldness between Dorian and his wife that is afterward to bear such bitter fruit. She assigns no actual reason for her changed demeanor; and Dorian, at first, is too proud to demand an explanation—though perhaps never yet has he loved her so well as this time when all his attempts at tenderness are coldly and obstinately rejected.

Not until a full month has gone by, and it is close upon the middle of August, does it dawn upon him why George has been so different of late.

Sir James Scrope is dining with them, and, shortly after the servants have withdrawn, he makes some casual mention of Ruth Annersley's name. No notice is taken of it at the time, the conversation changes almost directly into a fresh channel, but Dorian, happening to glance across the table at his wife, sees that she has grown absolutely livid, and really, for the instant, fears she is going to faint. Only for an instant! Then she recovers herself, and makes some careless remark, and is quite her usual self again.

But he cannot forget that sudden pallor, and like a flash the truth comes to him, and he knows that he is foul and despicable in the eyes of the only woman he loves.

When Sir James has gone, he comes over to her, and leaning his elbow on the chimney-piece, stands in such a position as enables him to command a full view of her face.

"Scrope takes a great interest in that girl Ruth," he says, purposely introducing the subject again. "It certainly is remarkable that no trace of her have ever since reached Fulham."

George makes no reply. The nights have already grown chilly and there is a fire in the grate, before which she is standing warming her hands. One foot—a very lovely little foot—clad in a black shoe, relieved by large

silver buckles; is resting on the fender, and on this her eyes are riveted, as though lost in admiration of its beauty, though in truth she sees it not at all.

"I can hardly understand her silence," perels Dorian. "I fear, wherever she is, she must be miserable."

George raises her great violet eyes to his, that are now dark and deep with passionate anger and contempt.

"She is not the only miserable woman in the world," she says, in a low, quick tone.

"No, I suppose not. But what an unympathetic tone you use! Surely you can feel for her?"

"Feel for her! Yes. No woman can have as much compassion for her as I have."

"That is putting it rather strongly, is it not? You scarcely know her; hardly ever spoke to her. Clarissa Payton, for instance, must think more pitifully of her than you can."

"I hope it will never be Clarissa's lot to compassionate any one in the way I do her."

"You speak very bitterly."

"Do I? I think very bitterly."

"What do you mean?" demands he, suddenly, straightening himself and drawing up his tall figure to its fullest height. His tone is almost stern.

"Nothing. There is nothing to be gained by continuing this conversation."

"But I think there is. Of late your manner towards me has been more than strange. If you complain of anything, let me know what it is and it shall be rectified. At the present moment, I confess, I fail to understand you. You speak in the most absurdly romantic way about Ruth Annersley (whom you hardly know), as though there existed some special reason why you, above all women, should pity her."

"I do pity her from my heart; and there is a special reason: she has been deceived and so have I."

"By whom?"

"I wish you would discontinue the subject, Dorian; it is a very painful one to me. If I do not to you." Then she moves back a little, and, laying her hand upon her chest, as though a heavy weight, not to be lifted, is lying on it, she says slowly, "You compel me to do what I would willingly leave unsaid. When I married you, I did not understand your character; had I done so—"

"You would not have married me? You regret your marriage?" He is very pale now, and something that is surely anguish gleams in his dark eyes. Perhaps had she seen his expression her answer would have been different, or, at least, more merciful.

"I do," she says, faintly.

"Why?" All heart seems gone from his voice. He is gazing mournfully upon the girlish figure of his wife as she stands at some little distance from him. "Have I been such a bad husband to you, George?" he says, brokenly.

"No, no. But it is possible to be cruel in more ways than one."

"It is indeed!" Then he sighs wearily; and, giving up all further examination of her lovely unforgetting face, he turns his gaze upon the fire. "I look here," he says, presently; "I heard unavoidably what you said to Kennedy that afternoon at the castle, that we could manage to get on without each other excellently well on occasions; you alluded to yourself, I suppose. Perhaps you think we might get on even better had we never met."

"I didn't say that," says George, turning pale.

"I understand"—bitterly—"you only meant it. Well, if you are so unhappy with me, and if—if you wish for a separation, I think I can manage it for you. I have no desire whatever"—coldly—"to keep you with me against your will."

"And have all the world talking?" exclaims she, hastily. "No. In such a case the woman goes to the wall; the man is never in fault. Things must now remain as they are. But this one last thing you can do for me. As far as is possible, let us live as utter strangers to each other."

"It shall be just as you please," returns he, haughtily.

Day by day the dark cloud that separates them widens and deepens, drifting them further and further apart, until it seems almost impossible that they shall ever come together again.

Dorian grows moody and irritable, and nurses his wrongs in sullen morbid silence. He will shoot whole days without a companion, or go for long purposeless rides across the country, only to return at nightfall weary and elck at heart.

"Grief is a stone that bears one down." To Dorian, all the world seems going wrong; his whole life is a failure. The two beings he loved most on earth—Lord Baxtoris and his wife—distrust him, and willingly lend an open ear to the shameless story of the unhappy Fate has ordained for him.

As for George, she grows pale and thin; and altogether unlike herself. From being a gay, merry, happy little girl, with "the sun upon her heart," as Bailey so sweetly expresses it, she has changed into a woman, cold and self-contained, with a manner full of settled reserve.

Now and again small scenes occur between them that only render matters more intolerable. For instance coming into the breakfast-room one morning, George meeting the man who brings the letters, takes them from him, and, dividing them, comes upon one directed to Dorian, in an unmistakable woman's hand, bearing the London postmark, which she throws across the table to her husband.

Something in the quickness of her action makes him raise his head to look at her. Catching the expression of her eyes, he sees that they are full of passionate distrust, and at once reads her thoughts aright. His brow darkens; and rising, he goes over to her, and takes her hand in his, not with a desire to conciliate, but utterly.

"It is impossible you can accuse me of this thing," he says, his voice low and angry.

"Few things are impossible," returns she, with cold disdain. "Remove your hands, Dorian; they hurt me."

"At least you shall be convinced that in this instance, as in all the others, you have wronged me."

Still holding her hands, he compels her to listen to him while he reads aloud a letter from the wife of one of his tenants who has gone to town on law business and who has written to him on the matter.

Such scenes only help to make more wide the breach between them. Perhaps, had George learned to love her husband before her marriage, all might have been well; but the vague feeling of regard she had entertained for him that, during the early days of their wedded life had been slowly ripening, into honest love, not having had time to perfect itself at the first check had given in, and fallen—hurt to death—beneath the terrible attack had sustained.

She fights and battles with herself at times, and, with passionate earnestness, tries to live down the passion; emptiness of heart that is withering her young life. All night long sometimes she lies awake, waiting wearily for the dawn, and longing prayerfully for some change in her present situation.

And even if she can summon sleep to her

aid, small is the benefit she derives from it. "Bad dreams, and sad as bad, harass and perplex her, until she is thankful when her lids unclose, and she feels at least she is free of the horrors that threatened her a moment since."

"Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe!"

"But, 'tis the happy that have called thee so!"

To be continued.

EPILEPTIC FITS.
St. Paul, Minn., January 4th, 1878.
JAMES I. FELLOWS, Esq.:
DEAR SIR,—I have deferred writing to you ere this that I might be able to give you an account of the effect of your medicine. I can now safely say that it is undoubtedly the best I ever tried, as there can be no doubt that my little girls in a fair way of recovery, and you must bear in mind that this was a very bad case, and I honestly believe that had I not given it to her, she would have been dead ere this; now she eats hearty, and is gaining in flesh, the fits are only partial, and the action of the heart is less terrible. I am, sir, yours very respectfully,
80-2-ws D. WALTER OAKES.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE.
ANNUAL CONVOCATION—FACULTY OF MEDICINE.
The seventh annual convocation of the University of Bishop's College for the conferring of degrees in the Faculty of Medicine was held Wednesday afternoon in the Synod Hall. There was a large attendance, the hall being completely filled, the members of the faculty largely predominating. The proceedings commenced about three o'clock, when the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Rev. Canon Norman, entered the hall followed by members of the Association, and took their seats.

Dr. F. W. Campbell, Registrar of the Faculty, then read the annual report, which was as follows:—

The number of matriculated students for the session 1881-82 was 53, being 21 in excess of last year, of this number two (2) were from the Province of Ontario, one (1) from New Brunswick, one (1) from Nova Scotia, one (1) from Jamaica, two (2) from the United States, and forty-six (46) from the Province of Quebec. Twenty-eight were students commencing the study of medicine.

The following are the results of the examinations, and the gentlemen named have passed in the subjects named:—

Botany—Frank R England, Dunham, P. Q. (Prizeman); Charles Lafontaine, Chambly; Ernest Bronsberg, Jamaica, W. I., first class honors. Henry Johnston, Montreal; Ohas E Parent, Waterloo; Wm G Nichol, Montreal; Frank J Nelson, Montreal; Charles Ulrich, Chambly; E O Lafontaine, St Outhbert; Wm D Nutter, Montreal; Jas A Shopstone, Brantford, Ont; E Sirols, Montreal.

Practical Chemistry—J B Saunders, Montreal, first-class honours. R C Blackmer, Stockbridge, Vt; E Sirols, Montreal; Edgar O B Freiligh, L'Orignal.

Practical Anatomy—E Sirols, Montreal; (Prizeman); J A Caswell, Digby, N S; J B Saunders, Montreal; first-class honours.

Anatomy—J A Caswell, Digby, N S, first-class honours. E Sirols, Montreal; J B Saunders, Montreal; Walter Prendergast, Montreal; G A Balcom, Campbelltown, N B.

Physiology—J A Caswell, Digby, N S; J B Saunders, Montreal, first-class honours. G A Balcom, Campbelltown, N B; W D M Bell, New Edinburgh, Ont; E Sirols, Montreal.

Materia Medica—W D M Bell, New Edinburgh, Ont, first-class honours. J A Caswell, Digby, N S; G A Balcom, Campbelltown, N B; W H Drummond, Montreal; E Sirols, Montreal; William Patterson, Jr, Montreal.

Chemistry—J B Saunders, Montreal, first class honours; J A Caswell, E Sirols, W H Drummond, Edgar O B Freiligh, G A Balcom.

Hygiene—J B Saunders, G A Balcom, first class honours; Edgar O B Freiligh, Walter Prendergast, W D M Bell, Jas A Shepstone.

Medical Jurisprudence—John W Cameron, Montreal; W D M Bell, G A Balcom, first class honours; Edgar O B Freiligh, William Patterson, Jr.

The following gentlemen have passed their primary examination, consisting of anatomy, materia medica, physiology, chemistry, practical chemistry and practical anatomy:—J B Saunders, Montreal, Q, first-class honours and "Dr David" Scholarship (or highest number of marks in the primary branches); J A Caswell, Digby, N S, first-class honours; J A Caswell, Campbelltown, N B; E Sirols, Montreal, Q, second-class honours; W D M Bell, New Edinburgh, Ont; Walter Prendergast, Montreal, Q.

The following have passed their final examinations for the degree of C.M., M.D., consisting of practice of medicine, surgery and obstetrics, pathology, medical jurisprudence, clinical medicine and clinical surgery. These ten last examinations are held at the bedside in the Hospital as a test of the ability of the candidate to put his theoretical knowledge into practice. Heber Bishop, B. A., Marlinton, Q. First-class honours and Wood Gold Medalist. This medal is awarded to the graduate who has attended at least two six months sessions at Bishop's College, and at the final examination has obtained the highest number of marks on all the subjects of professional examination, Nisan O Smillie, Montreal, first class honours and Chancellor's Prize. John W Cameron, Montreal, first-class honours. Wm D M Bell, New Edinburgh, Ont; Geo A Balcom, Campbelltown, N B, second class, 60 per cent honours. Walter Prendergast, Montreal.

The "Robert Nelson" gold medal awarded for special excellence in surgery, was won by Heber Bishop, B. A. This medal is valued at \$60 and is for the best special examination in surgery, written, oral and practical, open to all candidates who have taken first (75 per cent) honours in all subjects of the final examination, and who have attended at least two months sessions at Bishop's College.

HONOUR LIST.

"Wood" Gold Medal and "Nelson" Gold Medal—Heber Bishop, B. A.
Chancellor's Prize—Nisan O Smillie.
David Scholarship—J B Saunders.
Practical Anatomy—Senior Prize, E Sirols.
Practical Anatomy—Junior Prize, R C Blackmer.
Botany Prize—F R England.
The following gentlemen will receive honorable mention in the underrmentioned subject:—
John W Cameron, final examination.
J A Caswell, primary examination.
W D M Bell, Medical Jurisprudence, Materia Medica.
Charles Lafontaine, Botany.
Ernest Bronsberg, Botany.

In concluding this report I desire to state, during the past winter, the Faculty expended a large sum of money in fitting up a Practical Physiological Laboratory, and that we now possess the most complete Physiological Laboratory in Canada. Our prospects for the next session are most encouraging, and with the kindly aid of our friends we feel that the growth of Bishop's College School will keep pace with the wants of the Dominion.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE
EXPLAINS THE SITUATION.
HIS SPEECH AT KILDARE
STERLING ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE
THE IRISH MUST HAVE IRELAND.
THE ENGLISH FACTION AT ROME.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal of the 25th March says:—

His Grace, who on coming forward to reply was greeted with enthusiastic applause, said—Mr. Lee, Dr. Kavanagh, my Lord Bishop of Ross, rev. gentlemen, and men of Kildare, though this is my first visit in point of fact to the historic town of Kildare, I am proud to be able to tell you it is not the first time I have been invited to come here (cheers). Your much and justly respected pastor more than once asked me during the past year to come to this old town—memorable for so many great associations, and there to meet, there to address, not to rouse—for, thank God, they are sufficiently aroused—the great and good and patriotic people of this great country (cheers). For reasons which it is not necessary for me now to explain, I did not deem it expedient to come at the time. Your respected pastor invited me, and in coming now I fancied it would be without anyone knowing it except the parish priest himself, inasmuch as I wished to have my visit a private one, and as a simple mark of respect to himself. But somehow or another he thought that the people would be dissatisfied if one so intimately, and as you are pleased to say, so usefully associated with them in the past (cheers), was not placed in a position to say a word or two to the people of the district. I do not know much of the town of Kildare, having only passed through it on my visits to and from Dublin. I know a good deal of the country of Carlow, having been, in years long gone by, one of the professors of the great College of Carlow, and it is a singular fact which I may mention here to-day, for it is note-worthy, that your good and eloquent and revered pastor succeeded me in the chair which I filled in the College of Carlow. I have to thank you from my heart for your beautiful address. It was most laudatory, it was flattering to myself to a high degree. It stated some things that were true, but like all addresses it was too complimentary (no, no). It is a fact, however, that when on a recent visit to the Eternal City the English faction—

A Voice—Down with them (groans and hisses).

Dr. Croke—The English faction—which seems to have established itself in Rome just as solidly as in Dublin or in any other part of this country, or in England—the English faction sought to make the authorities in Rome believe we were in a state of dangerous revolution here, that there was nothing here but a purpose on the part of the people to plunder their neighbours, to do everything, in fact, that was unjust and unfair, instead of, as was the case, that we did not wish to deprive any man of what was his due, but at the same time fully determined to assert our own rights (cheers). My pronouncements have always been to the effect that we are in our own country—we have a right to live in our own country (cheers) to live like men in our own country, that Irishmen should be rooted in the soil, that they should have as firm a foothold on the soil as the people of other countries have upon the soil of their native land. I have often declared it, and I do now declare it on this spot, that as far as I am concerned I will never lay down my arms until the bright consummation of this glorious hope of my life will have been accomplished, this bright fancy of my youth realized, and that Ireland may be not for the few but for the Irish people (cheers). You referred in your address to the interview which the Munster Bishops had with the Holy Father last year. Had we much difficulty in laying our views before the Holy Father? Nothing of the kind. The Holy Father had read of Ireland and of Ireland's tribulations and trials. He was acquainted with Ireland's history, with all that we had suffered for the faith—a great mind, a great historian himself—he appreciated all our race had done for our country and for religion, and the consequence was he drank in the truth, believed every statement we made, and as a result we came away the respected champions of the people's rights, instead of being—as the English faction believed we would have been—coldly received, if not condemned, by his Holiness the Pope (cheers). In that visit I was associated with the other bishops of Munster, and though I happened to be the spokesman, from one reason or another—notably that I was an archbishop and the others were simply bishops—I rejoice to be able to say that we were all of exactly the same mind (cheers). The bishops of Munster are united as one man at the back of the people, and please God, they will remain so (prolonged cheers). Now, my dear friends, as we are speaking at all of the past let us look at that past, and also at the future. What has been done with in the past three years? Three years ago you were sera and slaves; the people were afraid to look a landlord in the face. You were in this condition that you might have been thrust into jail if you did not salute that man, notwithstanding any cruelty or harshness against the people that he may have been guilty of. Within the last three years you have been educated and have been taught the proud bearing and aspirations of free men, and even in that particular immense progress has been made, and, therefore, even on that account we have a right to be grateful to the man who stood in the forefront and are still, thank God, though suffering, in the forefront to defend it (cheers). What more have we done in the past? We have strangled landlordism in the country (cheers), because after all, as I said to Michael Davitt when I visited him with the Bishop of Ross in his prison cell (loud cheers), in reply to a question from Michael Davitt—

Dr. Kavanagh—Three cheers for Michael Davitt (loud and prolonged cheers).

Dr. Croke—"What," said Michael Davitt, "do you think of the Land Bill?" "Well," I replied, "that up to this the landlord was a man who could do what he pleased with his land—who had his tenants completely at his mercy; but now the landlords cannot do what they like with their land, for they had to submit to another power, to a court, either one established by the State or by

the people; and in point of fact landlordism is practically in so far as an end" (cheers). Of course, for the full accomplishment of this and the useful operation of the Land Act arrears must be blotted out, lease-holders must be brought under the operation of the act, and the amendments introduced into it last year by the assembled bishops of Ireland must be substantially incorporated with it (cheers). Now you see what we have done—educated the people and made them believe that they have a right to live in their own country free from the degrading thraldom of rack-renting landlordism (cheers). Work on in the same way and in the same lines, always honestly, fairly persevering, and, above all, determinedly (cheers). It has been charged upon us, Irish people, that we lack perseverance and persistent energy, and are good only for a rush. Well, that is a mistake. I believe that having determined on a certain course of action we will now pursue it to the end. We have our colors nailed to the mast. I say "Wa" for I never, as a bishop, separated myself from the people. They are our backbone, our nerve and sinew. They support us as no other clergy are supported by any people. The Pope of Rome is not more respected than an Irish bishop amongst his Irish flock, and I say that, independent of anything else, we would be the meanest of men and the most ungrateful of men if, at all hazards, even of life itself, we were not prepared to stand by the side of the people (loud cheers). Therefore, I say look at the past; and as to the future, I simply suggest to you to pursue the same track—turning neither to the right nor to the left (hear, hear). Don't imagine that because you get a small abatement for this year that your business is done. No; see the land question settled, and satisfactorily settled; put your shoulder to the wheel; do not look back, but fight on till you secure the emancipation of the land of Ireland as far as may be, and the emancipation of Ireland itself afterwards (loud cheers). We must have all our rights. Rights are like truths. All the great truths, historic or otherwise, are linked together, and we should never cease our sound, strong, energetic, but constitutional agitation until we have accomplished all that Irishmen have a right to be (cheers). My advice to you is—take a leaf out of the past; act the advice of your patriotic pastors, and follow it (cheers). They are intelligent and disinterested—they have no object in view except your advancement, and that of their native country, and if you stand together as one man, if you do not allow divided councils to come among you, as sure as we are here, and as sure as I am talking to you, in presence of this old ruin, which tells me of the faded glories of the old country—before you and I are much older, our greatest and fondest hopes will have been realized (cheers). I thank you once again for your great kindness in coming here to see me, and for your beautiful but too complimentary address, so admirably read by Mr. Lee. I beg of you, finally, to bear in mind what was spoken in the last sentence of the address as to outrages occurring through the country. You saw a letter from me some time ago saying that accounts of these outrages were exaggerated, and that there were worse outrages by far occurring in England—greater in number and more revolting in species, than those in Ireland. But we must have no outrages. It is not a war against landlordism that you are waging now, but a war amongst the tenants against themselves. I have been amongst savage men in the Antipodes, and although they were a race wild for battle, they never fought against friendly or neighboring tribes, but always against the common enemy. It should be the same here. Let us pray, be just and fear not—do no injury to any man, and our cause must prosper. In conclusion, believe me when I say that amongst the many addresses I have received of congratulations from many sections of our countrymen in Ireland and elsewhere, I rarely, if ever, received one which afforded me greater pleasure than the address which you have just presented to me, and to which I am endeavoring to make a suitable, though I fear unsatisfactory, reply. Once again I thank you for your unexpected kindness to me, and hope that I may yet prove that I am not wholly unworthy of it (loud and prolonged cheering).

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—Its effects are almost instantaneous, affording relief from the most intense pain. It soothes the irritated or inflamed part, and gives rest and quiet to the sufferer. It is eminently the people's friend, and every one should have it with them, or where they can put their hands on it in the dark, if need be. 80 2 ws

A STORY WITH A MORAL.
(Detroit Free Press.)

A hare who had long concealed himself in a dense jungle, and rendered his presence a terror to the neighborhood by raiding the sheep-folds and calf-pens, one day entered the house of a peasant and said:—

"Base calf! I have come to complain of your inhumanity! The wool of your sheep sticks in my teeth, and you don't know how much bother I have with the bones of your calves."

"But what can I do?" protested the peasant.

"Dress the meat for me," continued the hare.

The peasant meekly agreed, and when the gory old hare sallied out that night to make things tremble he found a shoulder of mutton hanging against the sheepfold. He carried it to his lair and made his meal, but it was hardly finished when he found his hind legs trying to tie a knot around his neck. He fell down and got up and keeled over, and as he realized the situation he gasped out:—

"Alas! the peasant not only dressed my mutton, but he will dress my hide as well! What a fool I was to complain when I got both the meat and the wool! Farewell, my countrymen—I'm a goner!"

Moral—Don't stand a creditor off till tomorrow when we can pay him to-day. Tell him to call next week.

A youthful poet, who went into a newspaper office one day last week, with an "Ode to a Blue Bird," came out feeling interested chiefly in what he owed to a black eye.

"Do you enjoy married life?" asked a spinster of a friend who had just returned from her wedding tour.

"Ls, how can I tell!" blushing answered the bride; "I've only been married three months."

A stalwart and a half breed were discussing the qualities of President Arthur. The half breed having exhausted his stock of objections, finally fell back on the statement that the American people didn't like a President who had so little to say.

"That's an open question," retorted the stalwart; "but his silence isn't half so bad as Blaine's Peruvian bark."

A MISSISSIPPI PILOT'S STORY.
SOME FACTS ABOUT ALLIGATORS AS THEY WERE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.
From the Vicksburg Herald.

The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim old grayback, who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in the river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shoot 'em for their hides and taller," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em, stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"Cause you'd think I was a-lyin' to you, and that's sumthin' I never do. I can cheat at keards, drink whiskey, or chew poor tobacco, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em?" inquired the passenger.

"I'm most afraid to tell you, mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred alligators to the mile from Vicksburg clear down to New Orleans. That was years ago, afore a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well, I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,450 of 'em on one sand bar," continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a Government surveyor was aboard, and he checked 'em off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger, as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad of it, stranger. Some fellows would think I am a liar, when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile."

"Is that so?"

"True as Gospel, mister! I used to almost feel sorry for the cursed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out 'em most like a human being. We killed lots of 'em, as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one Captain who always carried a thousand bottles of liniment to throw over the wounded ones!"

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't 'peot I'll ever see another such a kind Christian man. And the alligators got to know the Nancy Jane, and to know Captain Tom, and they'd swim out and rub their tails again the boat an' purr like cats, an' look up and try to smile!"

"They would?"

"Solemn truth, stranger! And once when we grounded on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under her stern, and jumped her clean over the bar by a grand push. It looks like a big story, but I never told a lie yet, and I never shall; I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

"There was a painful pause, and after a while the pilot continued:—

"Our engines got out once, and a crowd of alligators took a low line and hauled us fifty-five miles up stream to Vicksburg."

"They did?"

"And when the news got along the river that Capt. Tom was dead, every alligator on the river daubed his left ear with mud as a badge of mourning, and lots of 'em pined and died."

The passenger left the pilot honest with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, and the old man gave the wheel a turn, and replied:—

"That's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar of myself. I was brung up by a good mother, and I'm stick to the truth if this boat don't make a cent."

THE TRIALS OF AN EMIGRANT PARTY
WINNIPEG, April 5.—A train with 300 emigrants, including Mr. Bengough, cartoonist of Grip, is frozen in three miles from the nearest source of supply. Provisions are being carried by a relief train. It will be three or four days before the train can get out. Incapacity is the cause, for where the train lies there is but a small depth of snow. A train of ten cars was sent out with one engine, and two could have been spared. All drifts were safely passed before the train was stopped. Captain Kirwan, who returned partly on foot and partly by sleigh, says a man is dying in the train. It was pitiable to hear the little children crying for bread during the night. One barrel of biscuit and one cheese were discovered on board and dealt out. There is no danger of starvation, but fuel and light may give out.

On the St. Paul line, near Crookston, five miles of the road are submerged, and there is no sign of traffic being resumed. Floods are expected out West if the thaw to-day continues. It is not advisable for emigrants to start for a week yet.

Rev. Dr. Hunter is snowed in at Portage la Prairie.

OVER 1,000 EMIGRANTS EN ROUTE FOR CANADA.
THE O. P. R.

LONDON, April 5.—The "Parliament" sailed today with 100 saloon and 900 steerage passengers, nearly all English emigrants for Canada. A large portion will proceed to Manitoba. The "Nestorian," extra steamer, takes tomorrow foreign and other passengers that out from the "Parliament."

A preliminary meeting of an important character was held at the Mansion House today, the Lord Mayor presiding, with a view of taking steps to raise a fund for assisting unemployed working people to emigrate to Canada. Sir Alexander G. Galt announced that Canada offered to give the Canadian Pacific Railway Company offered employment. Messrs Arthur and Torrens, members of Parliament, Cardinal Manning and several well-known churchmen were present. It was announced that \$3,000 would be required to start the scheme.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are the best, the cheapest and the most popular remedies. At all seasons and under all circumstances they may be used with safety and with a certainty of doing good. Eruptions, rashes, and all descriptions of skin diseases, sores, ulcers and burns are presently benefited and ultimately cured by these healing, soothing and purifying medicaments. The Ointment rubbed upon the abdomen, checks all tendency to irritation of the bowels, and averts dysentery and other disorders of the intestines. Eruptions and other disorders of the skin, muscular pains, neuralgia, sciatica and enlarged glands can be effectively overcome by using Holloway's remedies according to the "Instructions" accompanying each bottle.

Lord Cranbourne, an elderly brother of the present Marquis of Salisbury, and who died before his father, was stone blind, but he could distinguish colors by the touch as accurately as others can by the sight. He could also tell, by sound the extent and height of any room he entered.