

suffered his infuriated enemy to make the thrust this time without offering the slightest resistance; but springing aside as Southern drove on, dealt him such a blow on the skull with his knobby blackthorn as might be distinctly heard amid all the confusion that prevailed, and felled him as a butcher would an ox.

"Heel!" cried the Celt, as his antagonist went down under the terrible crash; "remember the Paycock!"

"May the gold God bless ye for that, my bonnie man," shouted Nell; "an lang may he gie plith to yer airn, and courage to yer heart, for yer the bravest chiel I clasped een on sin I left the Hieland."

Whitret MacLachlan at this moment was returning from the punt—his head barely visible above the water. He had just reached Reddy's side as Southern fell; and whether from the spur of the moment, or owing to some vague suspicion he had that Southern once attempted his life when very young, and left him thus a hideous spectacle to the world, it is difficult to say; but certain it is, that, seeing the end of a rope trailing from the royal barge, he knotted it round the neck of the insensible and already half-drowned Southern, and next moment saw him towed after the boat as rapidly as twelve stout men could impel her through the water.

"Hough, hough!" ejaculated the dumb creature, grinning up at the Irishman, and rubbing his hands in great glee, as the boat shot off with the struggling man.

"Good God!" exclaimed Reddy, who fancied the deed was all the while endeavoring to rescue Southern from drowning, now seeing him chucked beyond his reach in an instant, "this is terrible."

"Come awa', come awa'," cried Nell; "there's na use glowerin' after him there; he's fished; it's naithin' but his fate, an' a man's fate, wad ye wate, and meet it. But gude be about an' aboon us," she went on, clapping her hands, and speaking in a lower tone to herself; "wha could be thought 'twould be through his sin victim's hands shod reward him wi' the collar o' hemp or gold? ow, ow, sirs, but the decess o' Heaven are wondrous awfu'!"

As the tumult had already in a great measure ceased when the combatants found the infant was carried off, and the crowd began to disperse on the departure of the royal cortege and the lights that accompanied it, Reddy took Whitret by the hand, and conducted him ashore.

"By all that's bad," said he, coming up to Nell, "the devil himself must be in this cratur; for iv all the murderin' thricks I iver heard tell iv, this thrick bates them hollu'. Se here he's fished; here, take him, for, upon my conscience, I don't think there's much luck or grace in his company."

"Hout, dinna tash yerseel about that, man; gin ye kenned a I ken, ye'd na wonder so muckle; so gang awa', my lad," she added, turning to the blue blowers now gathering around her; "gang awa' hame, for ye hae done a guid night's work, an' I canna say but am a bit thankful for't; mair no common; troth am I, lads; an' her, Wallopia Ned, tak this plecthuan, an' try if ye canna fumel a wheen allier places out o' this fauld to mak merry about the chimney neuk in Fenochurch street. For this braw lad here, and his frien' the apprentice, I hae lither work on hands."

So saying, Nell waved her hand to her trusty followers and left the scene of tumult, accompanied by Reddy Connor and Sam Wabble. Whitret MacLachlan bringing up the rear at his usual jog-trot gait.

As the little party passed Tom Outwater's cabin, the old sailor was standing on the threshold, his broad-brimmed hat on his head, and his hands stuck in the pockets of his sea jacket, nodding occasionally to his acquaintance as they wended their way home.

"Rillor, there! avest heaving," he suddenly cried, as Reddy appeared in sight, with his cudgel under his arm; "whilloo, there, Irishman; back water a bit, an' let's havo the news; what became o' Bawell?"

"Shot through the head, as ye ought to be yerseel, ye could vamin'!" replied Reddy, coolly walking on.

"Odds, tans and tow ropes, man; and who shot him?" inquired the sailor.

"His friend, one Mr. Houghton, at yer service."

"Ay, faith, I suspected as much; and where may Houghton be himself? ch? escaped with the money bags?"

"No, then," responded Reddy, "not entirely; he happened to fall when runnin' off with it."

"Well, what then?" inquired Tom Outwater, raising his voice as Reddy continued to walk on.

"That's all I can tell ye about him; only they say it was a paralytic stroke he got," replied the merry wag, raising his hand to the side of his mouth, and shouting back to his questioner.

"Ay, marry, from thy cudgel, I warrant," muttered Tom, closing the door; "for such a murderous weapon might well paralyze a ship's crew."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

The room in which Alice at length found herself a prisoner, was situated in the northern wing of the palace, the passages to it leading through that portion of the building appropriated to the use of the servants. It was a long, narrow, ill-lighted apartment, called the "strong room," where court officials of rank were sometimes confined at the will and pleasure of the sovereign, generally for trifling offences against the rules or etiquette of the court, but which, in Elizabeth's time had been used as a place of detention for more grievous offenders, until the usual forms of law were completed (if indeed she could prevail on her patience to wait so long) for sending them to Newgate or the Tower.

Below this room and the one adjoining (probably that in which Roger O'Brien was confined) were a number of smaller prisons, where menials and others of low rank were thrown, and where, in the broil and bustle of court life, their very existence was sometimes forgotten for years, except by the turnkeys or deputy keepers to whose care they might chance to be committed.

As Alice entered the gloomy apartment, conducted by the deputy usher, and leaning on the arm of the Lady Dudley, whose kind attentions had been unremitting since her arrival at the palace, she hesitated for a moment on the threshold, and closely pressed the arm of her friend, as the dismal look of the place struck her heart with the chill of despair. No wonder: the walls on two sides of the room were mildewed, and streaming with damp, and the flagged floor slippery with its thick, clammy moisture, even at that warm season of the year.

The windows, opposite the cumbersome door through which they now passed, were narrow, even for a prison, and almost completely darkened by the heavy, rusted iron bars that projected from the outside. Between these windows, or rather apertures, was placed a rough deal bedstead, with coarse scanty covering, and a chair of the same material beside it. These

were the only articles of furniture in the room, if we except, indeed, a volume of Sacred Scriptures, which lay on the granite mantel, bearing on the fly-page, in the queen's own handwriting, the following sentence:—"Repent, sinner, and be forgiven."—B. R.

After much affectionate leave-taking on the part of Lady Dudley, and divers unalloyed promises, on the part of the usher, that every comfort should be afforded consistent with the prisoner's rank and the rules of the prison, the heavy iron-bound door at length closed, the massive key turned in the lock, the bolt shot, and Alice was alone.

For a moment she stood gazing round the room, endeavoring to realize her situation, turning now to look at the window, and now at the bed. In truth, she found it difficult to reconcile herself to the fact that she was a prisoner at all, especially in the very palace to which she had fled for succor. Alas, poor thing; little she thought in a few years more, Mary Stuart, flying from Lochleven, should meet a worse fate—flung back from the arms of a royal sister into those of a jailer, and the hands stretched out for help repulsed and manacled. Indeed, the events of the last few days had succeeded each other with such terrible rapidity, that Alice could yet hardly tell whether they were real or illusory. But her doubts were of short duration; the solemn death-like stillness that followed the dying sound of the departing footfalls, and the damp, chilly atmosphere of the apartment, soon dispelled them.

As the sad conviction of the truth fell heavy on her heart, she slowly sank down on the damp, slippery floor, and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, addressed herself to God, the source of all hope and consolation.

"Father in heaven," she exclaimed, "I am now alone with thee; all my earthly friends are gone; not one is left to succor me in this hour of trial; but thou, Lord, art ever ready with thy hand to lead into the path of safety the wandering and forsaken who trust in thee. I now prostrate me here before thee, and humbly beg thy protection. I am, at last, a poor, friendless orphan; the old man who once so fondly loved me, who guarded me with such paternal tenderness, is no more. I am adrift like a solitary mariner on a tempestuous sea, and no light to guide me, or port to steer for, but thee, O guiding star of mercy and haven of salvation. Turn not away thy pity; amid the storms that gather around, grant me light to see, and courage to meet the danger. Stay with me, and guide me, for if I lose thee I am lost. I ask thee not for life, for that, indeed, were now a poor boon to crave; but I implore thee by the pity of my mother, by the faith of my father, and by the soul of the martyr who died last night in mine arms, that on the morrow I may stand unshaken before the judgment seat, and that neither threats, nor torture, nor the gibbet, nor the block, may wrench from me the faith bequeathed on Cavalry, and transmitted to me through a stainless ancestry. Grant me this one blessing, Lord; I ask no more in this world—if it be not, indeed," she added, hesitating and blushing as she spoke, "that the generous youth who hath perilled his life to protect mine may not be forgotten. On the morrow must I stand alone before the great ones of the world;—aye, even before her whose very frown is death,—to answer for my faith, and behold, I have none to plead my cause. But thou, my God, art the light of confessors and the strength of martyrs. Alas! they have shut me in here from all intercourse with human kind, that none might counsel or prepare me for the coming danger. But they knew not, Lord, that the rays of thy wisdom can penetrate the deepest dungeon, to illumine the soul of her who trusteth in thee. Incline unto mine aid, then, O Lord; make haste to help me. In a thousand hopes; let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me in thy justice, and rescue me. For by thee have I been confirmed from the womb; from my mother's womb thou hast been my protector. Offer me a short prayer to the virgin mother of God, the comforter of the afflicted, she rose up, and taking the sacred volume from the mantel, sat down composedly to seek strength and consolation in its divine lessons. The first passage that met her sight, as she opened the book, was the thirty-second verse of the tenth chapter of St. Matthew the evangelist: "Every one, therefore, who confesses me before men, I will confess before my Father who is in heaven. But he that shall deny me before men, I shall deny him before my Father who is in heaven."

"What a terrible threat!" thought Alice, "against those who would abandon their faith to gain the wealth and pleasures of the world; who, to obtain the favor of the great, renounce the dearest and grandest of earthly blessings—their membership in the church of God!" These thoughts naturally led her into long and bitter reflections on the nature of that society into which fate had thrown her, the corrupting influence of the court upon the people, the effects produced on weak minds by the examples of statesmen so renowned for their wisdom, and the temptations which, in such a general decay of virtue, must beset the ignorant and unwary. "O spirit of my father," she murmured, clasping her hands and raising her eyes up in a meek and humble appeal, "look down on thy forsaken and suffering child. O, it was hard, hard to separate thus two hearts so fondly entwined—so linked together as ours; but better, mayhap, better it should be so; better to be up there in the bright heavens, praying to the Father of love and mercy for thy little Alice, than here, to bear the insults and scorn of the world in thy old age. But alas, alas! they have not been content with taking thy life; nay, they have consumed thy body—burnt it to a very cinder, that none might distinguish it from the blackened cinders of the wreck; they have made thy dust commingle with the ashes of those old books thou'st loved as well: those old, iron-bound volumes that were thy companions in life, are now also thy companions in death. My God, my God!" she cried, covering her face with her hands, "that kindly countenance, that love-beaming eye, those old gray locks I so often stroked when I sat a child upon thy knee, are now undistinguishable amid the ruins. Never will that mild old face smile on me again; never those affectionate arms press me in their fond embrace; never those lips pronounce the nightly blessing. Never shall I steal behind his chair, and slip the newly-made pen behind his ear; never more shall we sit together on the greenward, 'neath the old sundial, nor pray together at my mother's grave." Whilst absorbed in these sad reflections, the book lying open on her knees, and the tears streaming down her cheeks, sad and unheeded, she was suddenly disturbed by a whispering voice at the door, as if some angel earnestly implored an admission. Alice closed the book, and advanced to ascertain the cause; hardly had she approached, however, within five or six feet of the door, when Peto, (for it was no other,) after a long search, and many a blow

at the hands of the servants, as he passed them, snuffing and scenting along the passages, having at length discovered her retreat, now set up a howl of recognition that resounded along the echoing corridors, and soon brought up a number of the royal domestics to inquire the reason for so unusual a clamor. Alice tried all she could to pacify the affectionate fellow, but her entreaties and threats were alike fruitless; the more she spoke, the more uproarious grew his joy, now barking loud and long, and now pushing his nose and whining in a most piteous manner for admission. The servants endeavored to drive him off, but in vain; they raised their weapons to menace him; but Peto, having found his mistress, was firmly resolved to stay by her side despite all their threats or inducements. One of the men at last pointed a carbine at his head; but Peto only barked defiance, and told him, as plainly as he could speak, that neither fire nor sword should drive him from his post. Finally the usher made his appearance, attracted by the uproar, and seeing a large stag-hound guarding the door of the "strong room," and keeping three or four men at bay, snatched a carbine to shoot him without further hesitation, when, fortunately, Alice's voice was heard faintly through the thick door, beseeching them to spare her faithful follower, and to let him have one sight of his mistress. The usher, feeling rather a humane man for his place, at the times went, was at length, after various entreaties, induced to comply with her urgent request. When the door opened, and Peto rushed in and saw his mistress face to face, his joy was unbounded, almost throwing her down in the excesses of his raptures. He leaped upon her, kissed her cheeks, and then her hands, and when at length she scolded him for his boldness, and ordered him to lie down, he crouched at her feet, and looked up in her face, as if his very life depended on his gazing in her eyes. When the exuberance of his joy had, however, somewhat moderated, and the usher proceeded to eject him from the room, he again grew literally furious with rage, and would have sprung upon his assailant, had not Alice herself caught him by the silver collar, and held him back.

"Canst not let him remain with me?" said Alice; "he loves to be near me, poor fellow."

"Nay, nay, madam," replied the usher, "it may not comport with the rules of the prison."

"Here then," she said, promptly submitting to the necessity of the case, "I lay hold of him, and tie him up somewhere in the house, that he may at least have the consolation of knowing he is in the same building. 'Ho, good Peto,' she added, patting him on the head, 'go away, now, and keep quiet for my sake.'"

The servants having dragged the noble animal from the room by main strength, the usher turned to bid Alice fair thoughts and a speedy release, assuring her, at the same time, that nothing should be overlooked that might contribute to her comfort.

"Dost think, good madam," innocently inquired Alice, "there's much danger to be feared?"

But the usher only shook his head and retired to the door.

"Verily," she continued, "I know of no crime, save to worship at the holy mass."

"Nay, I fear me," replied the officer, "the queen hath not sent thee hither on so slight a charge; marry, if thou couldst but spout thy beauty, methinks thy imprisonment might come sooner to an end;" and again closing the ponderous door with a loud crash, he disappeared. Alice now sought her hard, coarse bed, and laid herself down to rest for a few moments, after the excitement of the day.

Time wore away slowly and sadly for the youthful prisoner. One while she would rise up and read from the inspired page, and then again kneel down by her bedside, and pray for patience under her present afflictions, and courage to meet the coming danger. Often did she wish Father Peter, her own and faithful director, at her side; but alas! Father Peter was a corpse in Whitstone Hollow. Often did she long to see Nell Gower again, her old and devoted protectress; but poor Nell was now waiting the dead in her lonely and desolate cavern. And there was another whose image also crossed her mind, even when rapt in her holiest contemplations, whom she felt would speak to once more. Often did she unconsciously murmur his name, and often did she chide herself for the act, fearing it inconsistent with the solemnity of the time and place, and incompatible with the sorrow she ought to feel for her murdered father. Sometimes she would check herself when indulging in the remembrance of his chivalrous conduct on midsummer eve, and his gallant defence in the cavern. She even begged of God to banish the image from her mind, if it were a sin to harbor it; and the spirit of her father to pardon her if she seemed ungrateful to his memory, in thus suffering the idea of another to approach her in the midst of her grief.

Thus wore away the time slowly, but steadily. At last the declining sun flung a stray beam of his glorious light through the bars of the prison, that illumined her whole person, making her face glow and brighten up like a seraph's. The blessed light, though of short duration, cheered her drooping spirits; for it seemed like a heavenly messenger sent to convey hope to her sinking heart.

And now the sun went down, and night came on; and then the usual meal was laid before her; but all the kind attentions of the attendant could not prevail upon her to touch it. Then the lamp was removed; and once more alone in the deep darkness, she recommended herself to the care of heaven, and retired, to forget her miseries for a time, in the balmy influence of blessed sleep.

O child of God, sleep on; sleep on, thou pure and beautiful; for thy guardian angel is now hovering above thy bed, and maketh a curtain of his wings to shield thy spirit from the evil influences that surround thee; sleep on, thou spotless child of grace, for He who maketh the sparrow's fall hath not forgotten thee—the chaste image of himself. Sleep on; the odor of thy virtues will embalm thy heart, and hallow thy dreams; sleep on, sleep on; many an aching heart beats to-night under the same roof with thee; many a troubled conscience wakes the slumberer from dreams of horror; many a demon of jealousy hath found his way into the gloided chambers to tempt the sleepless wretches, and prick them on to madness of revenge. But thy heart is calm, and thy conscience untroubled, for thy sleep is in God, and thy dreams are of heaven.

And now time has taken another stride onwards, and the hum of busy life is no longer heard in Hampton Court. It is past the second hour after midnight, and no living thing seems awake, save the bats that fly about the windows, and the owls that leave their resting-places in the old ivy walls of the ruined convent below, to screech round the gables of the palace, and frighten the fearful listeners within. But hark! a stealthy step approaches the prison door; the key enters the lock, the bolt

is slowly moved back. Hail two females, deeply masked, now appear on the threshold, one of them holds a lamp, whose dim, shaded light hardly suffices to reveal her sex. Hush! they listen for a moment, thinking, perhaps, the noise of the rusty lock hath awakened the slumberer. But no; she is innocent and spotless as an angel, and therefore her sleep is sound. Taking the lamp, the taller of the two females entered on tiptoe, and advances noiselessly to the bed, whilst the other remains to watch at the door.

(To be continued.)

## "CARRYING THE BANNER."

As a cure for tardiness in the schools of Flint, Mich., Superintendent Barnhart has hit upon a novel and unique idea. An elegant banner is presented in each of the schools to the room having the least percentage of tardy pupils at the end of the month, and that room holds the banner throughout the next month, with the title of "Banner room," after which it is again awarded. The scheme works to perfection so far.

GENUINENESS—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and nervous debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it, I was completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.

## THE UNEMPLOYED.

Not only in Paris, but in Germany, and, in fact, throughout Europe, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the cry of the unemployed is rising high.

Holland is much troubled with it at present. In both Amsterdam and Rotterdam there is a large amount of labor eager but unable to get work, and driven into destitution. In Amsterdam the Government has devised some temporary work, and in Rotterdam two thousand of the disinherited have issued a protest against the subvention of the opera by the municipality during this distress.

Carter's Liver Pills, for the cure of dyspepsia, liver complaint, and all diseases caused by malice, made by the makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills, which guarantee their goodness. 32 rs

## "THE ARM ON ITS MUSCLE."

The archiepiscopal city of Canterbury, England, was on the night of December 27 a scene of wild clamor. Some 300 cavalry soldiers completely "rooked" "The City Arms" and drank "the liquor." The landlord and his wife espoused the authorities found that if they attempted to quell the riot they would make it worse. It arose out of the landlord not sending a soldier a silver watch, won at a party held in the house. Many of the men left for India during the following week.

## THE RECORD OF A TRIUMPH!

CONSOLATION FOR THE SUFFERING.

There is no little consolation in the thought that, however the impostor may flourish for the season he cannot long continue to delude mankind. How many men contrive to acquire a brief and flashy reputation, and then sink into disrepute and oblivion! We confess that years ago, when we first heard of the universal celebrity of Holloway, we distrusted his lofty claims and arrogated to ourselves a superiority of discernment which would not allow him to entrap our judgment. Most heartily do we beg his pardon for the unjust imputation. A careful study of his system convinced us that we were indeed mistaken, and that the world to do him justice, should immediately, as it undoubtedly will hereafter, rank him foremost amongst its benefactors.

The human blood is not a mere fluid, coursing through the veins and arteries, as partaking of the mere qualities of other fluids. It is—startling as the statement may appear—ALIVE. It is, in plain words, "the life of man." All physiological diseases, such as indigestion, deranged kidneys, liver, heart, lungs, stomach, all impure secretions in the body, and a large majority of epidemic and endemic diseases have their origin, or at least their exciting cause, in the impure state of the blood. Cleanse that and keep it cleansed, and no sickness can prostrate, or even assail the system. This splendid discovery has given a lustre to Holloway's name. We do not wonder at the great fame he has acquired in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia.—*Western Times.*

## NOVA SCOTIA LEGISLATURE

The Governor's Speech at the Opening of the Session—A Financial Surplus Announced—Proposed Legislation—Looking to Ottawa for Aid.

HALIFAX, N.S., February 14—A large crowd gathered about the provincial building this afternoon to witness the reception of the Lieutenant-Governor at the opening of the Legislature. His Honor was received by a guard of honor from the 19th P.W.O. Regiment outside the building and by one from the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers in the hall. At the same time the customary salute was fired from the parade by the Halifax Garrison Artillery. After the usual formalities, His Honor delivered the following

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

Mr. President and honorable gentlemen of the Legislative Council; Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House of Assembly,—

I offer you very cordial greetings upon your arrival to resume your legislative duties. Having been charged with the important trust of administering the government of my native Province, it affords me unfeigned pleasure to welcome your assembling in response to my summons to assist in maturing measures for the benefit of our country, and I congratulate you that we meet under circumstances which claim the expression of our gratitude at a people to the Supreme Governor of the Universe. While during the last year calamities of unusual magnitude have befallen some portions of our globe, afflicting people whose sufferings have awakened our sympathy, we may thankfully recognize the happy immunity from such visitations with which our own land has been favored.

This year has been one of gratifying activity in many of the branches of industry in which our population is engaged. If the commercial outlook for the moment is less satisfactory than might be desired, we may reasonably hope that by the exercise of that industry and prudence which so largely characterize our people the prosperity of the province will be fairly maintained.

Under the authority of the act passed at your last session the Government acquired the Eastern Extension railway, with the right to a transfer of the Pictou branch of the In-

ternational railway. In connection with the transfer of the latter branch unexpected conditions were imposed by the Government of Canada, and protracted negotiations ensued which resulted in the making of a provisional agreement for the transfer of these railways to the Government of Canada on terms which, while securing the province against loss, effect such improvements in our railway facilities as fully justify the policy of acquiring the property. The amalgamation of the lines to the Strait of Canso with the International Railway naturally strengthens the position and claims of those who desire to secure an extension of the railway system into the island of Cape Breton. The papers relating to this very important subject will be laid before you at an early day.

The legislation of last session authorizing the raising of money to pay the remainder of the subsidy pledged in the previous years for the Nova Scotia, Nictaux & Atlantic Central Railway was followed by a resumption of work on that road. A large sum has already been paid out by the company in discharge of the liabilities of the former contractors, affording welcome relief to many persons who had supplied labour and material for the railway. The company are now prosecuting their undertaking, and the government have assurances that this road—so much important to a large section of the province—will be long be completed and in operation.

The money appropriated by the act of last session for the repair of the Western Counties Railway was expended under careful supervision, and a most desirable and satisfactory improvement in the condition of that road has been made.

One of the most important measures passed at your last session was the "act respecting bridges." I am glad to be able to inform you that under the provisions of that act operations have been carried on in nearly every county; many handsome and substantial bridges have been built, and others are in course of construction. Within a year or two it is hoped all the larger and more important bridges of the province will be placed in good repair or rebuilt of the most desirable material. The nature of these improvements in contributing to the convenience and welfare of the people cannot be too highly estimated.

During the recess further information has been received by the Government with regard to the claims of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., for a return of the money deposited by them in connection with a contract then made for the consolidation of the railways. On a review of all the facts in the case, the Government decided the question one for friendly adjustment, and entered into negotiations for the purpose. The papers on the subject will be submitted to you and you will be asked to sanction the repayment of the money to Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., subject, however, to a deduction of a sum sufficient to cover certain expenses incurred by the Province in relation to the contract.

In view of the proposed transfer of the Eastern Extension Railway to the Government of Canada it will not be necessary for the province to assume a debt so large as was proposed last year, and temporary arrangements have been made for obtaining such funds as were needed to meet the obligations of the province. A measure will be submitted to you to repeal the act of last session and substitute another limiting the issue of bonds to the sum now required.

The commissioners appointed to revise the statutes of the province have completed their work, and their report will be laid before you for approval.

The attention of the Government has been directed to the need of a more simple and efficient system of pleading and justice in the provincial courts. A measure intended to effect reform in this direction similar in character to that now in force in the mother country will be submitted for your consideration.

You will also be asked to consider a bill designed to secure more fully to married women the benefits and profits arising from their earnings and property.

The experience of each succeeding year strengthens the conviction that the allowances to Nova Scotia from the federal treasury for local purposes are inadequate, and that they should be increased. Your attention will be directed to this very important subject, with a view to the adoption of such measures as may be calculated to most effectively present the claims of the province.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:—

The accounts of the revenue and expenditure for the past year will be laid before you. You will be pleased to find that the revenue exceeded the estimate, and that by prudent management the expenditure has been kept within the sum appropriated, thus leaving a surplus on the year's operations. The estimates for the current year will also be submitted to you, and I trust you will find that they have been prepared with due regard to economy and the efficiency of the public service.

Mr. President and Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council; Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:—

The measures which I have mentioned will, I doubt not, receive, with others that may be brought before you, your careful consideration, and I now commend to you for the exercise of your legislative wisdom the affairs of our province, confident in your intelligent regard for its welfare and resting assured that your deliberations will be productive of advantage to the important interests committed to your care.

IN THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, the address in reply to the Governor's speech was moved by Mr. Henry Munro, of Annapolis, and seconded by Mr. M. J. Power, of Halifax, in short speeches. An adjournment was made until to-morrow.

During the session legislation on the question of the registration of medical practitioners, the constitution of the medical board of Nova Scotia, and a bill embodying the proposed amendment to the medical act will be presented.

## PENAL SERVITUDE IN ENGLAND.

An English paper says that penal servitude is, as now carried out in England, a very dreadful punishment indeed. From the dock the convict is carted away in the prison van, and on his arrival at the jail the heavy gates are shut to, with a horrible sound, behind him. He is thrust into a narrow cell, there to remain without companionship for nine months. Scarcely ever hearing a human voice, save the warden's, he is fed on coarse food, his life is sealed for thirty-four weeks, and after that he will probably be sent to another establishment where the discipline is somewhat less severe. The nine months' solitary confinement of a five years convict is hard to bear. About five feet from the floor is a peep-hole. The warden can look in at any moment, and the dread of this constant supervision induces in sensitive prisoners nervous anxiety, in such cases the most severe part of the punishment inflicted on them. The period of solitary confinement at an end, they are allowed to work in gangs, under a strict and purposely vexatious discipline.



## THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost-bites, Stings, and ALL OTHER BRUISES AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a Bottle. THE CHAMBERLAIN & CO. LTD. Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.



## CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Bloating, Flatulence, Stomach Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, acting on the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE

Is the bone of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action, please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents, five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

## An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 8, 1883."

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the Pectoral constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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