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1886-7.

HRISTMAS

AND NEW YEARS

IFTS!

THE OLD VETERANS:

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ger Than Ever

EAPER THAN EVER

YBODY IS WELCOME

INE SHOWROOMS

CIAL DISCOUNTS

CHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

Cheapest House

DER THE SUN.

, next door to the Post Office. h, Dec. 2nd, 1886.

"Wirt" Fountain Penn.

(NATURAL SIZE.)

Writes Thin and Thick Letters, as with a dipping nib.

EVERY PEN GUARANTEED.

CAN NOW BE HAD FROM ANY DEALER IN THE CITY OF HURON.

CHAPLEAU TO THE RESCUE.

A French-Canadian Who Uses Vile English in Ontario.

Hamilton Times.

It was found that the Ottawa Ministerial trio, who have been rushing around the country trying to inspire confidence in their followers by abusing their opponents, had about exhausted their capacity for name calling, and Minister Chapleau was accordingly sent for. He joined the aggregation at Peterboro yesterday, and it must be confessed opened out well. The initial illustration of his method of thought and argument shows that he is well fitted to be a companion of men who clasp Boultbee and Bunting to their bosoms, and exclaim, "All hail, our boon companions and fellow patriots!" Chapleau, finding it impossible to combat the telling exposures of the mismanagement of the Northwest affairs made by Mr M.C. Cameron, the member for West Huron, took another method of dealing with that hon. gentleman. He called him a "skunk," and took it for granted that supposed-to-be withering term disposed of the whole matter! Nice, refined gentleman that he was, Chapleau evidently was trying to outdo his leader in vulgarity, in the vain hope that intelligent men would regard his blackguardism as an answer to the grave charges that Mr Cameron made on the floor of Parliament against the Government—charges that remained unanswered for six months, and then the answer took the form of a pamphlet, compiled by a notorious garbler of public documents in Hamilton—the most onesided document that has ever been given to the public, even as Tory campaign matter, and that is saying a good deal.

By the way, is it not somewhat remarkable that though Sir John Macdonald over a week ago announced that the serious charges made by Mr Cameron were without foundation, and that the member for West Huron was beneath his notice, not a Tory meeting has been held by the Ministerial combination since then at which Mr Cameron has not been denounced in language more or less violent, the orators taking it for granted that their audiences do not read and think for themselves, and put their own interpretation on such a cowardly evasion of the indictment against them.

Well, we suppose that Mr Cameron knows with whom he has to deal. He knows his men. The abuse does him no harm, and only tends to show to the people the straits to which the Tory leaders are put in endeavoring to struggle out of responsibility for the effects of their misgovernment in the Northwest.

Mothers.

do you not see the pallid face, once so bright, growing thinner? Do you not hear the hacking cough, and note the wasted, languid indifference, where once was mirth, brightness, and keen enjoyment for all the pleasures of life? Do not be mistaken or deceived. Yet thousands are living to-day who have been cured by the use of Dr Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which surpasses all other medicines for the cure of that disease. Send ten cents for pamphlet and testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

2 Will You Suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

Tory Turnabout

How is it that the *Mail* never discovered this awful danger in it to British institutions till the French Canadians turned their backs to the Tory party? So long as the Canadian pony trotted in harness with the Protestant horse he might talk French, but when he kicked over the traces, he must be whipped. He might be as French and as Catholics as he liked so long as he voted Tory, the moment he ceased to do so he must be deprived of his religion and his language. But a child can see through this game. The howl about the French and Catholics generally has been raised by a gang of political knaves with the view of rousing Protestant fears of "Romish Aggression" in order to defeat the Mowat Government in Ontario. But the Tory organ is sowing the wind and it will reap the whirlwind.

Geo. Andrews, overseer of the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years, before his removal of Lowell, afflicted with salt rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Free Trade.

The reduction of the internal revenue and the taking off of the revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefitted the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase to size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size. yeow

NATIONAL PILLS are the favorite purgative and anti-bilious medicine; they are mild and thorough. 1m

The funds of the National League have been transferred to France in order to prevent their seizure by the authorities.

Lady Randolph Churchill has issued 2,000 invitations to a reception which will be held at the Foreign Office on January 12th.

Emperor William has addressed a letter to the Czar urging the maintenance of peace. The Czar has promised his co-operation.

In January all French employees on the Alsace-Lorraine railway will be dismissed and replaced by Germans.

Auburn.

Political matters are very quiet here. Hon. A. M. Ross has the road here about.

RETURNED.—Mr Mally has returned from his trip east, looking better and fresher for his visit to his friends.

The Episcopal and Methodist people of this place are making preparations for public entertainments on the holidays.

Municipal matters are beginning to move. The Scott Act prohibitionists are moving with a view to the appointment of a police magistrate.

An electoral union has been formed here, consisting of about 30 members, and a prospect of getting much larger if they stand together, and are true to the principles they profess. They are going to make themselves felt in future elections on the question of prohibition.

SPECIAL SERMONS.—The second of a course of five sermons on revivals was preached in the Methodist church last Sabbath evening, by the pastor, Rev. John Turner, the subject being "Hindrances to Revivals." The subject for next Sabbath evening will be, "Is a Revival Desirable?" Service at 6.30.

LECTURE.—Rev. A. E. Smith, of Varna, lectured in the Methodist church in this village on "Prohibition," to a large and appreciative audience, on Tuesday, the 7th. inst Mr James Young presided, and the Good Templars choir furnished suitable music. For hours the rev. gentleman kept the audience interested, and profited. We hear that the evening had been well spent, and should Mr Smith come back again he will find many to welcome him and listen to him.

MISFORTUNE.—John Mills, of West Wawanosh, had the misfortune to lose eight head of valuable young cattle on Sunday night and Monday morning under very peculiar circumstances. It appears that they were let out of the yard on Sunday afternoon to go to the river to drink. It was not noticed that they had not returned until the evening and they had strayed into some of the neighboring yards, and that they began come back during the night, little attention was taken. On Monday the cattle not having returned a search was commenced, and about 10 a.m. they were found in the Maitland, some of them dead and the eight so far gone that it only lived a short time after being taken out, one young high bred cow was valued at $60. The rest were steers and heifers from 2 to 4 years old. Mr Mill's loss is between $200 and $300.

The Testimony

Of hundreds of druggists bear best witness to the efficacy of Polson's Nervoline is composed of newly discovered ingredients, and is equally good for internal or external use. Purchase a ten cent sample bottle, and test it at once. T. R. Melville, Prescott, writes: "My customers who have used Nervoline for pains. Sold by druggists and county dealers everywhere.

8 Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

John Connors, a young man who disturbed the Salvation Army meeting in Prescott, has been fined $20 and costs.

7 Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

Nordheimer's block, Montreal, including the Music hall, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon.

Robert Gilpin, one of the Nile voyageurs, died at Ottawa, from the effects of a cold contracted on the Nile expedition.

1 That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

CHICAGO BUSINESS MEN.

And the Way in which They Are Entertained.

From the Chicago Herald.

"It seems strange," mused a broker last night, "that six board-of-trade men, worth in the aggregate something like $5,000,000, should be found in the company of two blood-stained prize-fighters. But I have ample proof that six of the most prominent men on the board did nothing else Saturday afternoon but watch two men slug each other with their bare knuckles. The fight occurred in a room within a stone's throw of the big stained windows of the board of trade and lasted for over three hours. The contestants were Charley Reed, a 165-pound slugger from Buffalo, and John Brindy, the 170-pound pride of Omaha. Five to three was freely offered on Reed and by the time the men struck attitudes for the first round nearly $3000 was staked on the result. For several minutes after the men entered the ring the fighting was confined to cautious sparring for an opening, but in the second round the Buffalo man made bold, and, crowding his opponent upon the ropes, delivered a vicious blow which Brindy caught on the right wrist. Crazed with the pain which the blow had produced the Omaha man went at Reed hammer and tongs. His right arm was disabled, but his great left fin seemed more than equal for the occasion. It flew right and left, and whenever it came down on Reed's head it drove his eyes out and made his teeth strike fire. When time was called for the third round Reed's face looked as if it had been scraped with a harrow. Blood was trickling from a dozen cuts on his cheeks and lips. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth rounds were characterized by terrific slugging. In the seventh round Reed closed his opponent's right eye and sent him to the floor like a bag of sand. The next thirteen rounds were fought for wind, but in the twentieth round Brindy, who was now receiving the worst punishment, was compelled to use his wounded arm. He aimed a blow at his opponent, but it fell short, and the swollen arm came down upon one of the posts. With an agonizing cry the blood-stained fighter fell back upon the floor in a swoon. His seconds were about to throw up the sponge, when, to the surprise of every one present, he suddenly revived and insisted on going on with the fight. His right arm was now swollen to twice its natural size and hung limp by his side. The backers, who had become sick of the exhibition, begged Brindy to retire, promising him a sum equal to what he could win. But the plucky Western man was obdurate and continued to fight till the 33 round, when he received a blow in the stomach that piled him into a heap in one corner of the ring. His seconds threw up the sponge before he had a chance to regain his feet. Two doctors were then summoned, and upon their advice, the fighter was sent to a hospital. Three hundred dollars were collected to pay his board and doctor's bills. The fight, I learn, was for $250. Nice business for these Board of Trade men to be engaged in, eh?"

A DWARF'S DEEP LOVE.

How a Deformed Minister Won a Wife.

It was Sunday evening, and through the thickly gathering twilight Randall Williams looked forth from his study window, across his garden, the village paths, the clustering cottages to fix his large melancholy eyes upon the church spire. The sun was setting, flooding the village with golden light, and there was no fairer face illuminated by the rays than that of the young minister of Blyewood, Randall Williams. Waving brown hair shaded his broad, fair brow, and his features were delicate as those of a woman. There was sorrow, a deep longing look in his eyes, but it was not remorseful; nothing lingered in the expression to mar the saint-like purity of his face.

"Dreaming in the twilight, Randall?"

The voice roused him, and he held out his hand, as he turned, with a ready smile, to greet his sister, a tall fair woman, some fifteen years his senior.

"What is it?" she asked softly, for, with the quick perception of a loving heart, she saw that his reverie had been a painful one.

"What is it? What, Anna?"

"What is it that has changed you, Randall? Sorrow you have had to bear, sorrow and pain from your early childhood, and nobly you have borne it. None know that better than I, who have had all your love since our parents died. But that was a settled pain, a patiently borne burden. Now, Randall, something new troubles you. I have marked the change for months past. You are restless, paler than usual, and now for two weeks past this has increased to an extent that has alarmed me. I have waited, brother, for your confidence. Tell me now, what is this cloud?"

He sat silent, the pale features working with pain, the delicate fingers nervously clutching the arms of his chair, and his whole frame nerving itself for composure.

She watched him with wistful eyes—eyes that had rested on his face through his twenty-five years of life, to meet ever a loving, frank glance, and now saw the face averted from her.

"Randall!" It was a tone of such pleading pain that it broke down all his reserve.

"Anna! Anna! why will you force me to tell you? I have been a fool; I love, oh! how deeply I cannot tell even you. I could have buried it away in my own heart, but she is dying—my love!"

"Dying! Ella Graham?"

"Ah! you guessed it!"

"No; but there is no other dying woman in the village. My poor brother!"

"I have tried to conquor it!" he said bitterly. "I knew well how absurd it was to expect any one to love me"——

"Randall, I love you!"

"With a sister's love, pure and true; I have proved it, Anna; you are accustomed to it. But is not this a figure for a lover?"

He stood erect as he spoke, and Anna's tears rose, as she marked the face of despair; the figure that accounted for it. Every joint seemed twisted; the whole form leaned to one side, while the ill-matched limbs and emaciated frame made the man dwarfed in size. It was an angel's face on the frame of a Caliban.

"Randall, does she know?"

"Know!" he cried. "She know? No, Anna! I could not see her shrink and shudder at sight of me! She sees in me only her parson, her friend; as such I believe she likes and trusts me. Never speak of it—how can you?—she is dying!" and with a cry of anguish Randall sank back into his seat again.

There was no word for a sorrow like this. Anna Williams knew well that an attack of typhoid fever had prostrated her friend and Sunday-School scholar Ella Graham, and that to-day Randall had offered, by her father's request, the prayer for the dying! She took the fair head in her own arms and softly caressed him, seeking with mute sympathy to comfort him.

The same setting sun with its golden light flooded another scene, and here too was pain and sorrow. In a large room, furnished with cool matting and soft white hangings, a group stood sadly round the bed of a fair girl, whose end seemed so soon about to leave its earthly enclosement. She lay, half raised by pillows, her eyes closed, her breathing faint, her long, fair curls lying in careless profusion around her pale, but lovely face. Her parents, and her two manly brothers, in silent grief watched round her bed, while beside her the doctor kept his keen eyes fixed upon her face. Suddenly she opened her large blue eyes, full of light.

"Mother!"

"Yes, darling."

"I want to see the minister—before I die—now. Mother—may I see him alone?"

Before the sentence was finished her brother had started to comply with her request. Smiled as she saw him leave the room, and then the white lids fell wearily over the blue eyes again.

It was but a few steps from the house where the dying girl lay to the parsonage; and the footsteps of Leon Graham had scarcely died away before they were heard returning more slowly to keep pace with the limp of the clergyman. Up the broad staircase to the sick-room, and then all withdrew softly, and Randall Williams was alone with his love and sorrow.

Ella lay quiet her eyes fixed on the door until it closed after her mother, who was the last to leave the room. Then she raised her hand to hold it out to the young minister. He came to her side. Every outward sign of emotion he had stilled for the performance of the duty for which he believed he had been called there, to pray for a dying parishioner. Not one trace of his strong emotion lingered on his pure, calm face, as he bent over her to catch the low words she uttered.

"They tell me I am dying," she whispered, "and I will confess to you the only secret of my life. My shame, had I lived, for"——and a faint flush rose to her pale cheek, "I have where my love has been unsought. He"—and she dwelt a moment on the word, "has seen much with me, and from him I first learned to look upon life as more than a gay holiday. It is from his teaching I have learned to face calmly this—my dying hour. If I tell him now, will he scorn me? Randall—can you not guess—do you not know—how I love you?"

"Me! Deformed! dwarfish! hideous!" burst from his lips.

"Not so! If God has sent affliction, has He not granted patience? If He has made the body to suffer, has not He beautified, exalted the soul?"

And seeing his great love, his joy even in the prospect of a last parting, in his expressive face, she whispered again:

"Oh! Randall, do not speak of your cross to me, as if I could taint my love. I am dying; but remember, I say, Randall, I love you!"

The time passed away quickly, for, in his joy, the minister could bear even a parting gilded by such consolation as was his now. The group outside waited long, till the mother's heart could bear the suspense no longer. Softly opening the door, she saw the child she feared to lose sleeping calmly; while by her bedside, praying fervently, knelt the young minister.

One after another followed her into the room, till, with his grave professional face, the doctor again stood beside his patient. With an eager look he scanned the peaceful face; noted the quick breathing, felt the even pulse, and with a long-drawn breath heard the glad whisper:

"She is safe! Let her sleep quietly, for this is the slumber to bring her back to life."

It fell on Randall's ear as he still knelt there, and glad tears coursed down his pale cheeks. Safe!

The one word nestled close to his heart, as he rose to obey the doctor's request to leave Ella alone with her mother. Safe! He whispered it softly to himself, as he walked home. As he fell, sobbing, like a child, into his sister's outstretched arms, he murmured "Safe, Anna! She will live, and she loves me!"

There were not wanting wondering words, when the fair girl married the deformed minister; but they who loved her best knew that her happiness lay in his love, her future was safest in his keeping.

The proposed expedition of Henry M. Stanley to relieve Emin Bey will delay starting

FOLK WHO ARE TOUCHY.

Supersensitive Persons, and How they Get Worked Up to the Pitch of Woe.

There was much kindly wisdom in Sir Walter Scott's advice to his daughter to beware of proneness to take, as well as to give, offence. Touchy folk are trying companions says the London Standard. Oversensitiveness (this is the charitable description of a disposition to be offended at trifles) is, perhaps, rather a modern than an ancient weakness; though history presents a fair list of people who were as fallible in this respect as any of their later descendants. Could any touchiness exceed that of Robert, Duke of Normandy? According to Holinshed, the king, trying on a new cloak, with a hood, and finding it too tight for him, directed that the garment should be taken to his brother (the duke), who was a smaller man. A slight rent, however, had been made in the garment, and the duke perceiving it and hearing that the cloak had been tried on by the king, indignantly exclaimed "Now I perceive I have lived too long, since my brother clothes me like an almsman in his cast, rent garments," and refusing all food starved himself to death. Touchy must have been the mediæval German baron who directed that his body should be buried upright in a pillar that no base person should walk over his stomach. Still, instances like these were rather the exception than the rule in days of yore.

There is a story of a Scotch minister, preaching against the evils of falsehood, being interrupted by the parish idiot, who exclaimed in an aggrieved tone: "I dinna see why ye suld be sae hard on me, Mr. ——. I'm sure there's mair liars in the parish than me." The worthy divine had intended no personal allusions, but the idiot belonged to the ranks of the touchy ones. What social agonies are often undergone by hosts and hostesses in shielding a touchy guest from the attacks of a good-natured but hopeless blunderer. They know too well how the former is appropriating as studied insults all the airy remarks which the blunderer is making in happy ignorance of the feelings of his listeners. For the blunderer is the exact opposite of the touchy person; the latter is too sensitive, the former too obtuse. The touchy one reads hidden meanings where none are intended; the blunderer is deaf and blind to the plainest hints.

Few people possess the kindly sense of the French abbe mentioned in the memoirs of Mme. Vigee de Brun, the celebrated portrait painter of the last century. This gentleman was, unfortunately, extremely deformed, and playing at cards with him, Mme. de Brun was so struck by his strange figure that she inadvertently hummed a few bars of a tune called "The Hunchback." Immediately recollecting herself, she stopped in confusion, whereupon the abbe turned to her with a kindly smile "My dear madame," he said, "continue your tune. I assure you it does not offend me in the least; the association is so natural a one that I believe it would have occurred to me in your place."

The Touching Story of Beryl and Bertie.

From the Chicago News.

"Hush! Not another word."

Regally beautiful was Beryl Clearsides as she stood beside Bertie Cecil in the brilliantly lighted parlors of her father's Prairie-avenue residence that October night when the glorious harvest moon hung low in the western sky and the baseball championship lay buried in the dim vista of an unknown to-morrow. She had been singing for him—this man to whom she had given her heart such a little time ago in the soft June days when the kissing zephyrs of a Chicago summer had blown a week's washing off the line and her ice-cream-campaign dress, a soft robe of purest white, which clung to her Diana-like form in graceful folds, had sailed away into the great unknown.

At first she had sung gay verses, the sparkling harmony rippling from her lips in a cascade of melody that held Bertie Cecil spell-bound at her art, but after a little it seemed as though the girl's mood had changed, for when her fingers had wandered idly over the keyboard of the instrument for a moment she had bent her queenly head forward a little and then came to Bertie Cecil's ears the words of the old Scotch ballad:

When the cows come home,
When the cows come home:
Meet me, darling, in the gloaming
When the cows come home.

It was at the conclusion of the last stanza that Beryl had risen from the piano and moved towards the conservatory.

"Speaking of cows," said Bertie in his rich, manly voice, whose every tone thrilled Beryl's whole being, so madly did she love him, "reminds me of pleuro-pneumonia. And it seemed to me, sweetheart, that you, too, are in danger of catching cold; you seem—"

It was then that the words with which this chapter opens were spoken.

"But why may I not speak?" he continued. "Why may I not say to the one who is all the world to me words which may save her from sufferings?"

"There is no need of caution," replied Beryl, speaking in low, firm tones.

"But you may not know," he continued. "Perhaps you are not——"

"Believe me," said Beryl, "there is no danger—none whatever."

"But why?"

The faint suffusion of a blush passed like a wave across the girl's beautiful face as she leaned trustfully over Bertie and said in low, melting tones:

"I am wearing my liver-pad."

Terrible Projectiles.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Gen. Boulanger has been studying new projectiles of a most destructive kind. They are each tipped with a powerful steel ram, and contain a strong explosive recently discovered, which, after the ram has pierced its way into a wall, acts like dynamite in blowing it up. At a distance of three kilometers these projectiles, which are fired from a mortar of special construction, pierce steel plates twenty centimeters thick and knock down the strongest walls after a few shots. Their power of boring into solid masses was illustrated last week at a cost of a couple of lives. The missile having been fired and having entered the ground, two sappers were ordered to dig it out and note the effects. Unfortunately, the shock had loosened a mass of earth, which fell upon the two men and completely buried them. Meanwhile the gases evolved from the exploded bombshell were escaping into this closed chamber, and when a sergeant proceeded to rescue the sappers he found them suffocated, and was himself overtaken by the same fate before he had time to escape.

Oldest Newspaper in the World.

The oldest newspaper in the whole wide world is the King-Pau, or "Capital Sheet," published in Pekin. It first appeared A.D. 911, but came out only at irregular intervals. Since the year 1351, however, it has been published weekly and of uniform size. Now it appears in three editions daily. The first, issued early in the morning and printed on yellow paper, is called Hsing-Pau (business sheet), and contains trade prices and all manner of commercial intelligence. The second edition, which comes out during the forenoon, also printed on yellow paper, is devoted to official announcements and general news. The third edition appears late in the afternoon, is printed on red paper and bears the name of Titani-Pau (country sheet). It consists of extracts from the earlier editions and is largely subscribed for in the province. The number of copies printed daily varies between 13,000 and 14,000.

Wicked Boys.

From Harper's Bazar.

Bobby—"Ma, you don't want me to play with wicked boys, do you?"

Mother—"No, indeed, Bobby.

Bobby—"Well, if one little boy kicks another little boy, isn't it wicked for him to kick him back?"

Mother—"Yes, Bobby, very wicked."

Bobby—"Then I don't play with Tommy White any more. He's too wicked. I kicked him this morning and he kicked me back."

Mr. Blake has made, says the *Week*, we must say, a very effective reply to the charge against him of unpatriotically crying up Kansas as a place for settlement, and running down Canada. It seems that he referred to Kansas in debate only once; that he did it for good cause, and that there was nothing unpatriotic in what he said. He flings back the charge of want of patriotism with great force on those who, believing, as they aver, that his words were hurtful to the country, nevertheless gave them the widest possible circulation for a party purpose, instead of letting them die and be forgotten. "I believe," says Mr. Blake, "in the virtue of the truth, and I believe that great harm has resulted to Canada, both at home and abroad, through the adoption of other tactics."

"There is no name under Heaven whereby we can be saved." This passage of Scripture is not to be found in the Ross Bible. It is omitted. Why?—Toronto Mail. It is not in the King James Bible either. The nearest approach to it is Acts iv. 12: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." How would it do for the high Protestant editor of the *Mail* to quit howling about the Ross Bible for a few days and spend the time getting acquainted with his subject? Does he want to exemplify the saying that the men who make most fuss about religion are the ones who never go to church?

While a shooting match was in progress in Exeter, John Snell, sr., while climbing a fence at the rear of his premises, on Huron st., received a few shot in the back. Although the lead did not penetrate his garments, he affirms the consignment made him "hump."

It is estimated that the costs of the Campbell divorce case will amount to $124,000.

The London *Post* warns Turkey against further connection with Russia. The article was inspired.

A large number of Kerry moonlighters have been sentenced at Cork to 18 months' imprisonment.

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