

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

"If these things are not dreams," Mrs. Cregan said, in that calm, restrained tone which she always used when her mind was undergoing the severest struggles...

of the Province of Quebec

of the result of the elections of the Province for year ending June 30, 1903. The following table shows the results of the various contests...

of the province, amounting to \$25,800,094.47. The following table shows the results of the various contests...

RECEIPTS.

Table with columns for item and amount. Includes entries like 'Taxes', 'Fines', 'Licenses', etc.

EXPENDITURE.

Table with columns for item and amount. Includes entries like 'Salaries', 'Rent', 'Fuel', etc.

murdered love! Oh, let it not be thus without recall! Tell me not that the things done in those hideous months are wholly without remedy!

close an eye in sleep again until I lie on a dungeon floor. I never more shall smile until I stand upon the scaffold. Well, well you will prevail; you will prevail," he added, as his mother forced him back into the chair which he had left; "but I may find a time. My life, I know, is forfeited."

"It is not forfeited." "Not forfeited! Hear you, just Heaven, and judge! The ragged wretch, that pilfers for his food, must die—the starving father, who counterfeits a wealthy name to save his children from a horrid death, must die—the goaded slave, who, driven from a holding of his fathers, avenges his wrongs upon the usurper's property, must die—and I, who have pilfered for my passion—I, the hypocrite, the false friend, the fickle husband, the coward, traitor and murderer (I am disgusted while I speak)—my life has not been forfeited! I alone stand harmless beneath these bloody laws! I said I should not smile again, but this will force a laugh in spite of me."

trod upon; and you were primed with strong drink, moreover. But how dared you—this is my chief point—this—how dared you stand up, and give any gentleman the lie, when you have not the heart to hold to your words? What do you stare at? Answer me."

CHAPTER XXXVII. HARDRESS FINDS THAT HIS CONSCIENCE IS THE SWORN FOE OF VALOR.

He who, when smitten by a heavy fever, endeavors with bursting head and aching bones, to maintain a cheerful seeming among a circle of friends, may imagine something of Hardress Cregan's situation on this evening. His mother contrived to sit near him during the whole time, influencing his conduct by word and gesture, as one would regulate the movements of an automaton.

"Dinner is on the table, aunt," said the former. "And I am come on the very point of time, to claim a neighbor's share of it," said Mr. Cregan.

"He would be a sharp lawyer," continued Mr. Cregan, "that could take them up on that verdict. I thought there were some symptoms of murder in the case, and wished them to adjourn the inquest, but I was overruled. After all, I'll venture to say it was some love business. She had a wedding ring on."

"That is most likely to be case in the present instance," said Mr. Cregan, "for the clothes, in all likelihood, will be identified, and Warner has sent an advertisement to all the newspapers and to the parish chapels, giving an account of the whole transaction. It is, indeed quite certain, that the case will be cleared up, and the foul play, if there be any, discovered. Whether the perpetrators will be detected or not, is a different question."

assumed during the period of his uncertainty respecting Eily's fate. A small party had been formed one morning for the purpose of snipe-shooting, and Hardress was one of the number. In a rushy swamp (adjoining the little bay which had been selected as the scene of the saddle-race so many months before), the game was said to exist in great quantities, and thither, accordingly, the sportsmen first repaired. A beautiful, but only half-educated pointer, which Hardress procured in Kerry, in his eagerness for sport, had repeatedly broken out of bound, in disregard of all the menaces and entreaties of his owner and by these means, on many occasions narrowly escaped destruction. At length, while he was indulging in one of those wild gambols, a bird rose, with a sudden shriek, from the very feet of Hardress, and flew forward, darting, and wheeling in a thousand eccentric circles. Hardress levelled and fired. The snipe escaped; but a mournful howl of pain from the animal before alluded to, seemed to announce that the missile had not sped upon a fruitless errand. In a few seconds, the poor pointer was seen crawling out of the rushes, and turning at every step to whine and lick its side, which was covered with blood. The slayer ran, with an aching heart, towards the unfortunate creature, and stooped to assist it, and to caress it. But the wound was past all remedy. The poor quadruped whimpered and fawned upon his feet as if to disarm the suspicion of resentment, and died in the action.

"Oh, no," I said, "My own dear maid, For me, though all forlorn, for ever, That heart of thine, Shall ne'er repine, O'er slighted duty—never. From home and thee though wandering far, A dreary fate be mine, love; I'd rather live in endless war, Than buy my peace with thine, love." Sing Gilli ma chree, etc.

"Oh, no," I said, "My own dear maid, For me, though all forlorn, for ever, That heart of thine, Shall ne'er repine, O'er slighted duty—never. From home and thee though wandering far, A dreary fate be mine, love; I'd rather live in endless war, Than buy my peace with thine, love." Sing Gilli ma chree, etc.

Several circumstances, trifling in themselves, but powerful in their operation upon the mind of the guilty youth, occurred in the course of the ensuing week, to give new fuel to the passion which preyed upon his nerves. A few of these we will relate, if only for the purpose of showing how slight a breath may shake the peace of him who has suffered it to be sapped in the foundation.

When the first agony of his remorse went by, the love of life, triumphant even over that appalling passion—made him join his mother in her fears of a discovery, and her precautions for its prevention. He sought, therefore, many opportunities of misleading the observation of his acquaintances, and affected to mingle in their amusements with a greater carelessness than he had ever

"Not I, I am sure." "No! What was your quarrel, then?" "We had no quarrel. You are under some mistake."

"That's very strange. That's another affair. It passes all that I have ever heard. The report all over the ground was that you have exchanged the lie, and some even went so far as to say that you had horse-whipped him. It leaves me at my wit's end."

"Oh, no," I said, "My own dear maid, For me, though all forlorn, for ever, That heart of thine, Shall ne'er repine, O'er slighted duty—never. From home and thee though wandering far, A dreary fate be mine, love; I'd rather live in endless war, Than buy my peace with thine, love." Sing Gilli ma chree, etc.

"Oh, no," I said, "My own dear maid, For me, though all forlorn, for ever, That heart of thine, Shall ne'er repine, O'er slighted duty—never. From home and thee though wandering far, A dreary fate be mine, love; I'd rather live in endless war, Than buy my peace with thine, love." Sing Gilli ma chree, etc.

"Oh, no," I said, "My own dear maid, For me, though all forlorn, for ever, That heart of thine, Shall ne'er repine, O'er slighted duty—never. From home and thee though wandering far, A dreary fate be mine, love; I'd rather live in endless war, Than buy my peace with thine, love." Sing Gilli ma chree, etc.

"Oh, no," I said, "My own dear maid, For me, though all forlorn, for ever, That heart of thine, Shall ne'er repine, O'er slighted duty—never. From home and thee though wandering far, A dreary fate be mine, love; I'd rather live in endless war, Than buy my peace with thine, love." Sing Gilli ma chree, etc.

So frequently have we been asked to continue these random gleanings in the domain of the past, that we again come with statement of a few of the anniversaries of the week just ending. We will not comment upon them, but simply give a hurried list. The 23rd August, Sunday last, represented four special anniversaries: The landing of French at Killala, in 1798, to aid the Irish in their insurrection; the death of the famous Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, in 1678; the execution of William Wallace, in 1305; and the martyrdom of Father Rale, in the State of Maine, in 1724.

The 24th August was the anniversary of the entry of Alaric, the Goth, into Rome, in 410; of the death of Napper Tandy, in 1803; of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum in the year 78; of the death of the great Roman General, Agricola, in the year 93; of the massacre at Ardmore, Waterford, and the marriage of Eva and Strongbow, in 1170; and of the burning of the city of Washington, in 1814.

The 25th August was the anniversary of the first using of cannon, by the Spaniards at Gibraltar, in 1309; the taking of Ballina, by the French in 1798; of the death of Louis XI. of France, (St. Louis), in 1270; the death of Hume, the historian, in 1776; the death of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, in 1819.

The 26th August was the anniversary of the Stamp Riot Act, in 1768; of the Battle of Cressy, in 1346; and of the birth of the Rev. Francis Mahony, the famous Father Prout, in 1805.

The 27th August was the anniversary of the death of Pope Sixtus V., in 1590; the driving of the English from Limerick, in 1690; the Battle of Long Island, in 1776; the death of Foley, the Irish sculptor, in 1874; and the Battle of Dresden, in 1813.

Subscribe to the 'True Witness.'