4

## SHEMUS DHU,

THE BLACK PEDLAR OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

## CHAPTER XI-(CONTINUED)

"To tell you my mind freely," sait O'Reilly, "I wish it. Show me how I can regain his favor, and I am ready to do any service that will lead to it."

"Listen then. You need not fear the presence of this stranger. He is as deeply interested in you as I am. You have spoken of Shemus Dhu as of a friend; has he let you into the secrets of the service which you performed for him."

Shemus has spoken to me as you do. He has adsome honorable service, which I little regarded at the time, as there was more prospect af danger and of labor than of gain or honor. Seeing me unwilling, he proposed to me to put D'Arcy and his fellows on a wrong scent for some days, with a promise of advantage to me. I thought it no dishonor to do this, though I knew not the object of it. This is all I know of Shemus' latter movements, save that he lies now in some dark cell in the

Quay gaol." "May I ask you, sir," said O'Halloran, with a voice of anxiety, "did you act according to Shemus' instructions in directing D'Arcy?"

'I did, but not in every particular; he was too cunning for me; I am sure I let some words escape me at a carouse, which he understood much better than I. But I will yet, I hope, be even with him."

"But was it from you, D'Arcy got the news of Shemus Dhu's secret visit to the coast?" said O'Hal-I man.

"I can't say that, for I don't recollect. D'Arcy has many sources of knowledge. Some think it is from a darker source than men wish to speak of openly. Others say that D'Arcy's chief director and informer is Shemus Dhu himself. But you both seem to know more than I concerning Shemus. If you be his friend, fear not me; if you have any plan to serve him, trust me; I will go as far as any of you for its success."

"It is well," said O'Halloran, earnestly; "I will trust you." And he extended his hand to O'Reilly,

which the latter shook with a warm grasp.

"I will also trust you young man," said Connel.

"There are lives of more worth than you imagine depending upon the trust. You can be faithfulwill you be so?"

"In any deed in which my honour is not tarnished, I will be faithful even to the death, but I will do

no secret murder. "God forbid," said Connel; "but if this be the only reservation your honour makes, we will satisfy you.

"Stop; there may be another," said O'Rielly "yes, the office cannot be below the dignity of a born gentleman. By Jove, that would be too bad. I have cocked my beaver for the profession always. I can't and I won't give it up now. And then the guerdon; you know, sirs, I must live by my labours and wits; they are my only fortune."

"You shall be satisfied in all," said Connel. "H ar me now, do you say D'Arcy has injured you ?"

"Yes : deeply, by -. Cease your oaths, young man. It is impious to swear. You would be avenged on him?"

"Yes, in a slight matter. I would go some length for satisfaction, but not far for revenge." " Your disposition suits us the better. You have heard perchance, the name of Godfrey O'Halloran, who was once a merchant of wealth in your town?

" Yes, I have some recollection that I have. He was persecuted-I have heard my father often say -for his faith; others say otherwise." "You may believe your father. He was his

friend. He was generous and noble-minded, and a defender of the poor man's rights, and for these, he obloquy that rested upon his name. We are his dearest friends, and we now depend upon you to sid

" Say no mote," warmly said the generous O'Reilly, whose feelings of virtue were only dormant, and required but to be excited by an appeal such as Connel's; "I am yours"

"knew it," said Connel. "But you have not heard all yet. The man, who under the guise of friendship, has effected all this, and now enjoys the temporal fruit of his villany, isD'Arcy ;-but

"Then the villans doom is fixed; we will expose him."

"No my friend that would defeat our plans; we must go more prudently about it. We have to contend with one who is well versed in wiles. To gain advantage we must use his own weapons."

"Well we will do what you direct. I will be guided by you, for you must be something above your appearance. However, I thank you from my heart, my friend, whoever you may be, for putting me into honourable action. This life is burdensome without something of the sort. I have it now, and I have also an opportunity of proving to my father that I am yet capable of honourable feeling. D'Arcy! you may be successful for a time; but I have you in my power; and as the old fellow in the play says, I will feed fat my ancient grudge. Oh, I suspected there was something in the wind, from his fears, and his hurrying hither and thither these three days back, and his long conversation with the old wizard yonder in the wood. Ah! he thought I didn't know they were closeted together all night."

"Of what wizard do you speak," said Connel, with earnestness. "Is it the hermit of Kilrany?" "The same. Some old knave or dotard, who, in

my mind, should be hanged." "Do you know the purport of the visit? Have you heard anything from them?

" By my faith, they took good care I shouldn't. They drugged a posset for me. My bed was good.

I awoke often, though, and heard them in conversation: but I was heavy, and I slept again." Connel mused for a moment, and then with quick words said, "You must pretend to be still on good terms with D'Arcy. You shall have money enough for your expenses in town. My son, and another person on whom you may depend, will accompany you to Galway to-night; they will lodge separately from you, but you must get them means of speech with Shems Dhu, and you shall be directed by him. Watch D'Arcy well. You may account to him for your absence with the truth: tell him you have been with Connel More OKeane. He will not fail to make inquiries—a swer them openly, but conceal our plans, and that you have seen this young man. If you depend upon your own prudence and courage, you mar all; and we are ruined: if you take the advice of Shemus Dhu and of Father Thomas, whom you will meet, all will succeed. Be wild again, if you like; but for heaven's sake be not dissipated. Young man, if you take my counsel, you shall do a just and honourable action; in this life you will receive the praise of good men, and in the next,

God will reward you. We must part at present,

but I will speak again on this subject to you before | ions gun.

night. Those come to whom it would not be fitting to disclose our plans." Connel passed hurriedly through the door, as some of the villagers entered.

#### CHAPTER XII.

Evelcen, after fergus' departure, gave herself up to the fears which his words had excited. From infancy they had been constant, and it might be said, sole companions. In her labours and in her recreations, mental as well as physical, he was her supporter and director, her comforter and play-mate. When her young fancy dwelt on the anticipated amusements of Moycullen or Drimcong, the thought that her brother would not be partaker of them with her, blighted the pleasure, and made her often refuse the invitations. It will not be wondered at, then, that she felt with deep emotion the aunouncement, so sudden and so mysterious, of "You speak fairly," answered O'Reilly; I will his journey to Galway. Her memory called up speak as openly, for I think you intend me no evil. every word which she had heard unfavourable to the city; its dangers, its temptations, and its vice. vised me to give up my evil ways. He spoke of The ideas were oppressive; she could no longer think, but burst into a flood of ten's.

When she became calmer, she said to herself, "Oh! if my father thought of all this!—but he must think of it. Has he not himself told us of the dangers of the town? It must be for some great good, else he would not endanger his child. Why should I oppose it, then? I will strive to be sconciled. May heaven protect my brother."

With the last words she threw herself before a small painting of the Virgin, which hung at her bed's head, and recommended her brother's safety to the intercession of her Patroness. There is something heavenly and comforting in sincere and fervent prayer. To the sinner, it gives hope of pardon-a hops which itself is peace and bappin ss-to the afflicted consolation. She arose from her knees, wiped the moisture from her eyes to prevent sus picion, and with a lighter heart, joined Judith and Norah in the cuter room. Woman—the depth of tay kindness, its ardour and its strength are unfelt by man! And its delicacy, too is beyond the reach of his rougher sensibilities. By nature thou art his inferior; but the purity and strength and spirit of thy affection approach nearer than his

affiction of angels! After the first excitement, which was caused by Connel's conversation with him, had subsided the day appeared to hang heavily on Frank O'Reilly; bit he was not a person who was likely to let it go without some exertion to make it pleasant. He examined his long gun, and calling Buscar, who was now, from instinct, willing to attend him, he proposed to O'Halloran to stroll to the lake " to kill the time," as he termed it, "between that and night." Henry O'Halloran agreed to the proposal. He wished to fly from his thoughts, and he wished also to examin: better, and alone, the disposition of his companion, to whom so much was to be entrusted. He took from a p g-more for company than for use -a gun belonging to Fergus, and followed O Reilly. The village was a long irregular street of mud-buil cabins, with here and there astone house, which be tokened exteriorly the better comfort of its possessor It was alive with its inhabitants. swine and geese and fowl of every description were enjoying themselves around. At some of the doors, the cattle stood to receive their provender; and at others, their small horses were straddled to carry home timber for the winter firing, or corn from their field-stacks. The appearance of O'Halloran and O'Reilly excited no prying curiosity. The villagers had heard of their visit to Connel, and though they had a desire to know them they did not indulge it to the inconvenience of the strangers. The young men passed on, apparantly without attracting more than ordinary notice, as when a woodsman respectfully bowed to them, when they passed, or a picturesque girl, engaged in beetling linen, or washing wool, rose suddenly, blushed, and curtsied

The young men spoke only a few words to each other as they went through the village. They passed two or three enclosures, and then enter d the bottom or swampy grounds. It required all their activity and care to avoid drains and pools which intersected the grounds before they arrived at a higher and firmer soil near the lake. O'Reilly then proposed to rest and charge their guns It was well was deprived of his rank and fortune. He left his for their sport that they did so; for a moment after, home, and died far from its green field, with a a duck disturbed by the noise from his sedgy cover, broken heart. His son is expected to this country took wing within range of their shot. The young the mirth which surrounded him. He forgot his go hence immediately," said the smaller personage, to claim his rank and his property. Indeed the men raised their gun together. O'Reilly fired, and griefs for a time, and became comparatively happy. latter is now but small; but it was a father's the duck continued his wild screech in safety. dring wish that justice should wipe away the O'Hall ran simed, and the bird in his death struggle fell at some distance into the lake. The victory was trifling, but it was painful to such a sportsman as Frank. He struck his piece with evident disap-pointment upon the sward, whilst he said—"By Jove, I knew I would miss, neither my gun nor I

accustomed to such quarry." "You disparage the game, though not perhaps yourself and your gun, my friend," said O'Halleran "my advantage was, that I was charged with slugs

and you with ball." "Oh, no," said Frank, reloading with ball, and throwing his pouch and horn to his companion, you have the victory in this, but we shall have another trial. But to the bird-Bascar is not

trained for such game." " It is not worth bringing to land." "By my faith, but it is, for your sake; you should have the trophy of your victory, and besides

it will help to show the fellows yonder that we are no chicks at the sport." O'Reilly descried the boats of the village secured in a little quay cut into the turf. They selected

the smallest, and were soon near the bird. "What think you," said O'Reilly, resting on his oar, "if we row to the island yonder? Its appearance gives promise of some sport."

"Be it so-where you will."

They rested outside the wooded Island, with thoughts differently engaged. The one with the hopes of amusement, and the other with the beauty of the scene. The day was warm for the season; the air was serene. The water around them was one unbroken sheet of brightness, save where the trees chequered it with their leafless boughs. The mingled noises of the land came pleasingly to their ears. The dull heavy stroke of the wood-axe, the lowing of the cattle, the merry song of some maid, and the curiew's whistle, all so different, formed an agreeable union of sound, and the calls to each other, or songs of boatmen in the distance, tralling for pike, added to its harmony. The grey ruins of the castles' battlements looked over the wood which surrounded them, giving it loneliness and awe. The dark sides of the mountains bounded

the view as far as the eye could reach, to the west. The hills near them were crowned with trees, or sloped with different shades of verdure to the shore. The entire scene was a mixture of grandure and beauty. Nature, in its gloom as well as in its smiles, seldom fails to excite pleasurable emotions in the hearts of the refined and educated; yet to some even natures smilling aspects calls up melancholy fancies. But this is only a shade which the disposition of the observer throws across the loveliness of the pictore; and still this meisncholy aspect is pleasing, for there is a secret feeling that unture

sympathises with the unfortunate. It was thus with O'Halloran, At first with unmixed pleasure his eyes ran over the place. Then there came suddenly and unaccountably dark thoughts of his future prospects. Melancholy seized upon his heart. He struggled long and strongly to wrest it from its grasp. He partly succeeded, and when he looked towards Portaragh again, he thought how the land was once his ancestors, and how their spirits might still hover around the place, and feel for him—an outcast from his home. The reverie was only broken by the sharp report of his compan-

rushes which fringed the Island. He had perceived a rustle among them, and suspecting some bird to be concealed, he had taken precautions against its escape. He had scarcely touched the rushes with the bow of the boat when there was a motion in the water-the duck had dived. O'Reilly was prepared; he watched its rise, and as it flapped its wings in its flight along the water, he fired. The bird fell quickly and heavily upon the surface. Neither of the young men made a remark upon the the shot.

row to the land "

"Neither shall we during the day," said O'Reilly, in a pettish humour—disappointed in his sport, now that success made him more eager for it. "I know, my friend, that I am a tiresome com-

panion," said O'Halloran, with feeling; " but I cannot help it. I am thinking of the chances of your anccess." "Never trouble your head about that," said

O'Reilly "Succeed we must with right on our side Come let's go, as you will it; we shall soon start, I suppose. I have some arrangements to make with your father,"

"My father ?" "Yes; with the old man, I mean"

"Unforounately, I have no father." "Oh, there I am mistaken; I should have known it. I am sorry that you shall not be my companion I suspect now that it will be that other young scapegrace who bearded me some while hence. Bythe-by, I will teach him manners before we return"

"Believe me," said O'Halloran, with anxiety, "you are deceived in your opinion of his character.
He is a generous young fellow. When you know him better you will love him. Treat him not with contempt; you know that the noble-minded will lt w not bear it. If you quarrel, my hopes are destroyed the last chapter, that two travellers raised from his and you yourselves are rained."

"Well, he must be an evil fellow who cannot be companion with me But, may I ask what hopes which covered the side of Eagle Rock, now presenthave you in the enterprise?"

seeks to redeem his father's name and rank. My hopes of happiness in this life rest upon the suc cess of the attempt. If it fail, they are wrecked for ever. You will not ask me more. You shall know it hereafter; but, believe me, that in any event, I am indebted to you."

"One word more, and I am ready. What know you of this old man? He cannot have been living always in this place. He is surely above the common peasant, and his children—especially that beautiful girl—show proof of higher birth and education.

"You have known him as long as I." said Henry, avoiding the question; "and during the time, you could have judged that he was sincere."

"As for that, I don't doubt it; yet, you gave me the first hand of friendship. But I speak of his birth."

"I cannot satisfy you, O'Reilly. I have only known him a few hours before you."

"Well, if there be mystery, I must find its clue

A short time brought them to the shore, and to Connel's dwelling, and when they entered the house, they found the family assembled, awaiting them for dinner. The dinner was served in the same manner, and consisted of the same viands as the breakfast, with the addition of a roasted goose, which sent its savour to greet Frank long before he entered the house. The same form was observed in commencing the dinner meal. Connel said grace, bld them welcome to his meat, and desired them to eat. An evident change had come over the party. Old O'Keane was communicative and even facetious. Fergus was less reserved, and Eveleen freely had broken down the manliness of his form. He bandled wit with the gay O'Reilly. Henry O'Hal- threw some of the logs upon the ashes, and enloran could not be reserved and thoughtful in such | deavoured by his breath to give life to the wood. company. His youthful spirits rose at the touch of griefs for a time, and became comparatively happy. who acted as guide. He spoke in Itish, yet, with a Frank O'Reilly was the centre, as well as the mover, pronunciation which proved to the cottier that he of the hilarity. He jested with Fergus, wi'h whom he was now on the best terms, about his guns and dogs; disputed with Judith on the best method for | pect us?" cooking a goose; and when he was worsted by her superior judgment, amid roars of laughter, he turned his labour. "I am willing to do the service I proto Eveleen, the merriest at his defeat, and obliged mised; but your token first with your will." her to blush and turn her head away, though she laughed aloud at his remarks.

"Fair mistress," said O'Halloran to Eveleen, after the bench was removed, and all were seated around the cheerful wood fire, "you have promised to introduce Shemus Crussack to us. Some of our friends | ed. By the light of the torch the peasant saw that must leave us to-night."

"Ob, yes, I had forgotten; he will make you. Fergus, more cheerful," and she patted her brother's

chek with her fair and delicate hand. The innocent and lovely girl tripped to the door, with a light step and heart. She soon returned, leading by the hand, an old man, whose age might be about seventy. His face was deeply marked with small-pox, from which the soubriquet of Crussack," yet he had an eye that would redeem the ugliness of the most ordinary countenance. It was calm, yet full of light-black and dark, yet kindness and good will beamed from it. His snowy hair fell on both sides, in long and ample curls from occurred to him, and now, after examining them, his high forehead. He was wrapped in a frieze great coat, and held a long walking staff in his hand.

"Cead milla fealths, Shemus," greeted him from every part of the room. He briefly thanked them, and invoked the blessing of God and the protection of God's Mother upon the household, and accepted the seat which Connel gave up for his comfort. Shemus knew not English, but it was no loss to

the strangers; they were too Irish to be ignorant of their native tongue. "Shemus," said Evelcen, in Irish, "the dhinne uassail would wish to hear some of your old poems.

I have promised, in your name, and you will not

let me speak falsely." "Eveleen na cean dhu" (Eveleen of the raven locks) said the old man, "you know your power over the poor old man, mayourneen bawn (fair darling of my heart); bring your harp, and give me joy. I will say something of the glories of the

"I will indeed, Shemus," said Eveleon; and she brought her harp from her room, and ran her fingers over its strings, producing a simple and melancholy prelude which Shemus himself had taught her. When she paused, she enquired of Shemus what song she would sing.

"Samhre teacht, (summer is coming) mayour. neen."

Eveleen ran over a few notes and then commenced that exquisitely-beautiful ballad. Her voice was sweet to ravishment; the music and the sentiment, so fitted to each other, thrilled through every vein of the hearers. She ceased, and the hearers for a time forgot the reality of the coming gloomy season in the enchantment of the song.

deep plaintive tone "Kincora," or Mac Lisg's laone of the productions of the ancient bards, which Ireland's classic literature. He entered in'o the is a feeling of awe and dread, at night, in the feelings of the plaint, and dwelt with a lengthened | nature of man. We know so little of the world of

Whilst O'Halloran was engaged in those thoughts note of wee upon the word "ceadhe," or "where O'Relly had urged the boat gently towards the large are ye," with which most of the stanz is commoncrishes which fringed the island. He had perceived ed. The effect was visible in the tears of some of his hearers. The old man took the harp from Eveeen. He touched first the notes of patriotism and vengeance, and then of love and of peace"

O'Halloran was in a reverie whilst the harper's music continued. He had read and heard the praises bestowed upon his country's poets; he had heard the power of the ancient Irish musicians over the passions extolled, and he felt that it was not exaggerated. He had listened with a rapthe young men made a remark upon the training an exploit, ture to the music of France and of Malloran would make some but he found that its language could not occasionally in darkness by the light passing because O'Halloran spoke first:

| The state of the music of France and of Malloran considerable discounting the southing hind a rock or clump of trees, and this, with the speak to the various passions with the obstacles in his way, kept him a considerable discounting the state of the state of the speak to the various passions with the obstacles in his way, kept him a considerable discounting the state of th

which Ireland's music spoke.
"By Jove," burst out O'Rellly, after the old man and sing. It will be worth while, even if I only learn some good resolutions from the exercise. I feel myself more an Irishman now than I was an

hour ago." "My son," said the old man, rising to depart "God has given us music for good purposes. He has given us it in tribulation for our solver and, our comfort. He has given it us to excite us to virtue and to peace with man, and perhaps as a foretaste of the joys which He has prepared for us in heaven. We should not then neglect the lessons of good which it teaches."

The old man left the house, with the blessings of its inmates.

"I believe he speaks truth," said O'Reilly. "By Jove, I will often visit the old fellow."

### CHAPTER XIII.

That the reader may understand some allusions in the former pages, we are obliged to leave Portarab, and conduct him some miles west-

It was on the third night previous to the time of

peaceful bed a skepherd, whose little hut was snug-ly esconced smid the thick shelter of wild ash ing, though lately planted, a bleak appearance on "More than you suspect, O'Reilly," said Henry. the Danesfield estate to the traveller, as he journeys to the Irish highlands. Our travellers were destined for some locality in the neighbourhood, though it was evident their intention was not to stop at Drimcong, then the residences of the Lynches, for they carefully avoided the broad road, when nearing the entrance to the house, and with difficulty ascended the broken path which led to the shepherd's hut To one of them, at least, the localities of the neighbourhood were known; for he directed his companion into a rising path some time previously, in order to avoid the meeting of many stragglers, who, now and then, gave notice of their approach upon the beaten way. With a precision, which would have been unaccountable in a perfect stranger, he avoided the different dangers which a morass, a sudden declivity of a hill, or an entanglement of underwood, offered in the darkness. There was no sign of life about the cabin; all was dark; but after repeated blows against the rickety, and assurance from without that there was no danger, the two travellers were admitted. On their entrance a pine torch was lighted, which showed the misery of the myself, though my nurse often told me the whole one long room, of which alone the cabin consisted. world would hoodwick me. By Jove, if its only to In the corner, nearest to the place where the fire prove the old hag false, I will try to find out who this Connel is. I am satisfied—pull ou!"

would be, was a bundle of dried fern and moss, upon which lay the wife of the peasant—the mother of two naked children, who screamed at the appearance of the strangers. Furniture there was none except a coffin-like box of moth-enten wood, in which were jumbled together patches of worn dress and linen, grease, and tow, instruments of male as well as of female manual labour. Logs of wood were scattered about, serving for fuel or for seats, or for both. A broken reel occupied one corner, and in another a misshapen bench or stool, supported some broken vessels of wood and iron. owner of this miserable hut was a man of thirty vears. He was tall, but great want, not years

> "You need not light the fire for us, friend; we was not an inhabitant of the country. "But had you not a visitor here to day, whe bid you to ex-

"Yes, avourneen," said the cottler, arising from

"Emon," said the first speaker, " lead on." The peasant, without a word, put a live coal into his torch, called his dog, and after some remarks to his companions were men of a strong frame of body; both habited alike, having their faces concraled by the high collars of their outer coats of frieze. The smaller, who appeared the older personage, carried a long gun in the cateless manner of hunter. His companion was also armed: but he had his gun strapped on his back, and he led or dragged along a large hound, which seemed not to follow him with the best will. Their guide made these observations as they descended the hill, and he thought also that there was something in their silence which suited not the persons whom he expected. At their first appearance, the necessity of being cautious he felt the necessity more strongly. The night which had set in hazy, now became brighter. The sky was clearing above; and the stars, as they twinkled here and there, through the opening of the trees, gave some relief amid the gloom about them. The younger stranger on the descent was left far in the rear of his companions, owing to his ex-ertions to bring on his dog. The other stranger and his guide descended the hill at a quick pace. For some time the silence was only interrupted by his execration against the giver of the dog, and the

dog himself.
"Plague on you, brute as you are" And in his attempt to force the hound, he missed his focting, and fell some yards beneath. He arose, laughed with good humour at his mishap, and then jerked the strap from the dog's neck, which he yet held, saying—
"Well, let's see what next; you are at liberty

now, take your own way." The dog scented among the trees for a moment,

and then followed in his master's track. "Ha! you are no fool I see; I will forgive She-

mus for his gift:" He now followed the peasant more quickly, and was within a few yards of his companions, when a loud uncarthly scream from the rock above made him stop. His companion had also heard it; for he turned suddenly, but appearing satisfied with the explanation of the guide, he then called to his com-rade to come on quickly, and was soon lost in the thick wood beneath, So contradictory are the feelings of the human heart, that the younger traveller brave to death in the danger of any adventure, now

felt an overpowering fear. To a person with more advantages of education "Thou hast leave to call on me, maid of the dark locks," said the old man, and he commenced in a the place, the objects around, were calculated ta call up feelings of some uneasiness. No matter what ment over the deserted palace of Brian Boru. It is has been said of the influence or ignorance, and consequently of superstition, in producing fear in have come down to us perfect amid the wreck of darkness, to the exclusion of other causes, there

spirits, that we dare not say what is the limit of their agency. The bravest and the most learned, at some time, have felt the solemn awe which at tends darkness And even the incredulous on matters of higher import, at dead of night, have had the fearful thought that there was some power queen at the moment about them, which was superior to them. Whether the feelings which seized the younger traveller arose from nature or from educa-tion. or from hoth, it is certain that he stopped often on his path, and fancied that he heard some sounds of mockery about him, as the quick and low voices of his companions came up to him. He was left speak to the various passions with the southing obstacles in his way, kept him a considerable dis-strain, with the bold and fiery note, or with the obstacles in his way, kept him a considerable dis-tance behind them. He was sure he heard a voice after him. First, it was at some distance-low, but to him distinct—then nearer—it was now at his had returned the harp, "you must teach me to play side. He stopped again; he heard a rustle among the trees; his dog was before him.

(TO BE CONTENUED IN OUR HEER)

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