

shoulder. Instead of it as a support, walks to sofa near the fire-place. Making him lie down upon it, as in the olden days, she kneels beside him, and, smoothing back his hair from his forehead, gazes at him again tenderly, as though her eyes could never tire of what they have to feast upon.

After a moment or two she says, softly, in a low, pathetic tone, that comes straight from her glad heart:—

"Thank God!"

And I believe the whole Book of Common Prayer does not contain more soul-felt thanksgiving than is conveyed in these two earnest words as uttered by her.

"Yes; how can we ever be grateful enough?" says Kenneth, slowly. "It is more than I deserve. I took the whole thing so badly, and rebelled so bitterly at times—indeed, always."

"I think I never saw any one so marvelously patient, says Gretchen, promptly, and with their eyes on her, will not suffer contradiction. "I think, Gretchen," he says, earnestly, "I should like to do something for the poor, you know, and the wretched, and that I sent a check to one of the London hospitals, but I should like to do something nearer home. Didn't the rector want new school-houses built, or a new school? or what was it?"

"School houses. But he was here on Monday, and said he had secured funds sufficient for them. But he said also," brightening, "he was most anxious to get some almshouses built, as there are three or four old men and women in the town, very respectable and very dependent,—I think old Widow Furness is one; and we agreed how charming it would be to have them comfortable in their last days."

"Then we shall build them," says Dugdale, with interest—"as many as the rector wishes; and you shall see to them."

"May I have them erected in any shape or form I wish?"

"You may have them built in imitation of the Pyramids, if you so fancy it; only I would have you remember old Widow Furness and her rheumatism—they always have rheumatism, don't they?—and that comfort doesn't always follow on the heels of the picture."

"They shall have the very prettiest and coolest cottages in the parish, with gardens before, and everything of the most desirable. And they shall be as unlike almshouses as possible. I should so like to make them forget the unhappy fact of their being so."

"And you will have to take the occupants snuff, and tobacco, and tea, and brandy, and blankets, every week, you know," says Kenneth. "I have always heard that is part of the performance. How I shall envy you those weekly visits!"

"I shall take you with me," says Mrs. Dugdale, mildly. "I'm not selfish."

"Very well; they shall be begun the moment we return from Italy, in the spring."

"From Italy?"

"Yes; I forgot I had not told you. I am to winter there, and you are to come with me, to take care of me, if you will be so kind. I'm smiling, and pinching, lovingly her little rounded ear, that looks like) nothing so much as a tiny pink sea shell.

"That will be delicious," says Gretchen, gayly, bringing her hands together with a pretty ecstatic movement. "It has been the dream of my life to go to Rome; and to find myself really going there now, and with you, it sounds—'with a soft sigh of the most utter content—'too good to be true."

"Little flatterer," says he; but he looks as pleased and delighted as he ought to look. "So the almshouses have arranged themselves," he says, presently. "And, look here, darling, endow them as richly as you like, or as the rector thinks proper, as I know there must be a good deal of ready money lying idle during these past two years."

"These two past miserable years; why don't you say it?" asks she, maliciously. "It was on your lips."

"No, nor yet in my heart. This last year—though I confess there were moments when I would have given anything to be able to get up and go riding or driving with you—was the most perfectly happy I ever knew."

"Then your next shall be happier; if I can make it so. And until you can ride with me, I shall wait for you. How cruel I have often been to you!"

"Horribly so."

"And unkind, too."

"Very."

"And thoughtless."

"Aominably so."

"Kenneth," says Mrs. Dugdale, with sudden and unlooked for energy, considering the charming humility of the foregoing sentences, "if you say another word I shall infallibly box your ears. I would have you remember, sir, you are not yet out of my power."

"And I would have you remember, madam, that perhaps soon I shall be, and in a position to resent your ill-treatment and prove to you I am your master."

"I think you are that now," replies she, rubbing her soft warm cheek against his in a little fond fashion that belongs to her. Then, with a start, "Ken, darling, you must have something; you are tired and hungry." She says this most anxiously; being one of those women who, if she had children, would be sure to imagine them in a state of starvation every hour of the day, and would always have a biscuit in her pocket for the baby's delectation, in case she should meet him at any unexpected corner.

"Nothing yet," says Dugdale, with a slight gesture of refusal. "I must rest and talk to you a little. After awhile I should like, as a glass of sherry and a biscuit—nothing more, as I had something just before leaving town."

"You are sure?" anxiously.

"As sure as one can be of anything now days."

has stolen from the Fetherland a little brown shade that I love."

"I thank my stars I haven't changed for the worse," says he devoutly. "You might have objected to me on my return and sued for a divorce, and Blunt would have had to answer for it. By the bye, he says that only for my own obstinate refusal to take medical advice during all these past months, before I came to town, I might have been as far recovered as I am now a year ago."

"It so, you would probably never have come to Laxton, and never have met me; says she, quickly, keeping love as a woman will, always in sight, as the chiefest good the world can afford.

"Then I am glad I was obstinate," rejoins he, with much satisfactory genuineness in look and tone as makes her color deepen to a rich delicious pink, and creates within her a little warm glow that renders her already happy heart even happier.

"Where is Dr. Blunt now?" she asks, quickly, some fresh idea having occurred to her. "How is it I never asked about him before, dear, kind, charming man?"

"Bless me!" says Ken; "the last time we discussed him I fancied you spoke of him as one of the most detestable of men, if not the vilest wretch on the face of the earth."

"Oh, we have changed all that," says Mrs. Dugdale, with an enchanting little grimace. "I now think him the most delightful, fascinating, irresistible young man of my acquaintance, and I shall certainly make a point of telling him so when we meet."

"My dear, I hope you won't. I have a regard for that young man. You will turn his head, and reduce him to idiocy, if you go making pretty speeches to him with that intense look in your eyes. At present he is useful to mankind. Do not spoil him for his profession."

"Nevertheless I really must see him, and tell him something of all I feel. Yes, I shall go to town myself, the whole way, to thank him for what he has done, if, indeed, I can find words to express myself. Do you know, Ken,—solemnly,—I almost feel as if I could kiss him!"

"Oh, don't, you know," says Dugdale, mildly. "I really wouldn't, you know, if I were you. He wouldn't like it. It would frighten him to death. And then it would be such a horribly one-sided affair, you see, because I'm positive he wouldn't return it. Think of the disgrace of that?"

"That, on the contrary, would be another inducement to do it. Well, perhaps I may not go so far as to embrace him; but I shall certainly want to do it all the time."

"Poor Blunt!" says Kenneth.

Suddenly, with a little change of manner and a faint but tremulous passion in her voice she says,—

"Kenneth, there is one thing you never told me."

"What is it, my darling?"

"Will you tell me truly?"

"I will indeed."

"Then did you miss me much?"

"Need I answer that question?—with gentle reproach. "Every hour, every minute in the day I missed you. You will never know how much. When I woke each morning, my first thought was, 'Now I am one day nearer to my Gretchen.'"

"Did you? Really!"—with eager gladness. "Ah, how alike we are! That is just what I thought. Each morning I said, too, 'Now I am twenty-four hours closer to my Ken; and now—' She pauses. Then, "But how pale you are, darling! You must have a glass of wine this instant."

She rings the bell, and as Lyana comes to answer it, and while the "fa o' his fairy feet" can still be heard outside the door, Kenneth raises himself to a sitting posture, and says quickly, with all the eagerness of a boy—

"Let me rest my hand on your shoulder. I must let him see that I can stand."

"But, dearest, take care you do not fatigue yourself too much," says Gretchen, cautiously, feeling it her duty to expostulate, though in reality she is dying to show him off to every one.

"Not a bit of it," says Ken, briskly. "I am to walk so much every day; and I didn't do my accustomed allowance this morning; so, I may take liberties with myself now."

"Ah, Lyana, I am very glad to see you again."

He is standing tall and erect,—his one hand is on Gretchen's shoulder,—and Lyana, awestruck, delighted, indeed overcome with emotion, is standing to stare at him. The old man has known him since he was a lad; and has given him his first lessons in riding, and his first reprehensions shots out of his niece's gun during the holidays; has gloried in his beauty and strength, and mourned over his misfortune. Now, advancing slowly, he takes the hand his master extends to him between both his own, and, having bowed over it, says,—

"Oh, sir—sir!" in a tone impossible to describe, and, finally breaking into sobs, beats a rapid retreat.

"He shall have his wages raised too," says Gretchen, with an attempt at lightness that rather falls through, because her tone is heavy with tears. In a minute or two, however, correcting herself sternly, she says,—

"Now we shall have no more scenes today; on that I am determined. So I shall go for the wine myself. Because I know Mrs. Judson (the housekeeper) will want to see him next, and I simply won't have you tormented or fatigued, which means the same thing. Kenneth, lie down again directly. What do you mean by overtaking your strength in this manner?"

"I'll telegraph for Blunt if you address me in that tone again," says Dugdale, with a slight smile. "Very well, then, I will be obedient. You shall make me your prisoner if you like; I desire no better fate and no gentler jailer. But I say Gretchen, don't be long."

To be continued.

MOTHERS will find Perry Davis' Pain-Killer invaluable in the nursery, and it should always be kept near at hand, in case of accident. For pain in the breasts, take a little Pain-Killer in sweetened milk and water, bathing the breasts in it clear at the same time. If the milk passages are clogged, from cold or other causes, bathing in the Pain-Killer will give immediate relief. 3-2 W.S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS. Sir,—I was surprised, but not astonished, at the preponderance of names, unmistakably Irish in the printed list of young men who have been admitted to orders at the Roman Catholic Seminary of Montreal this year, as follows:—

Tonsure.—Total number, 9, of whom 6 were Irishmen from the United States, 3 do from Canada.

Minor Orders.—Total number, 33; of whom 3 were French from Canada, 8 Irish do, 16 Irish from the United States, 6 doubtful nationality.

Deacons.—Total number, 17; of whom 4 were French from Canada, 12 Irish from the United States, and 1 Irish from Canada.

Priests.—Total number, 25; of whom 3 were French from Canada, 20 Irish from the United States and 2 Irish from Canada.

This is, as it has been, the glorious distinction of Irishmen and women, that they give their sons to serve God at the altar in sufficient numbers, that the sons answer the call, as St. Patrick did, that they furnish clergy-men and missionaries for other nations.

They may be, and are poor, in general, because of the tyranny and spoliation of past times, from which they have not yet risen and recuperated, and the hand of the worldly-wise and worldly religious is against them still; but they are rich in faith, which will produce fruit when this earth and its minions shall pass away.

H. K. Montreal, 31st Dec., 1881.

A CASE FOR STRONG REMONSTRANCE.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS. Sir,—Under the above heading, we read in the Gazette of Tuesday the 3rd inst, an account of an outrage upon a British subject of the name of Levy, perpetrated by the French authorities in Tunis. As described in the Gazette, the outrage is as bad as many a one which has served for a pretext to England for bombarding a weak power.

In this case, however, no very decided "remonstrance" has been made to France, and certainly no move in the direction of bombarding any French seaport town. The Gazette complains of this, or at least, at the weak tone of the (at other times) bullying press of London and the silence of the Government.

In his security, away off here in Canada, the Gazette man has allowed his undoubted valor to outrun his discretion so far as to cloud his memory; he forgets that England has her hands so full at home that she is not in a position to resent any insult she may receive—not even Blaine's letter; he forgets that her whole army is now little enough to guard the prisoners immured in Irish jails. Why, to-day, if the French, instead of taking Mr. Levy's farm, were to walk up to the gates of Gibraltar, England would not defend them!

This is the condition to which FATE has reduced her, because of her unjust treatment of Ireland. As it is not at all probable that England will do justice to Ireland on our day, we shall, as long as we live, see her backing down before any and every nation that may wish to crowd her.

We shall see her grant to the United States all that they may demand in the way of modifying the Bulwer-Clayton treaty; and in two years from now, when our fishery question comes up again, I would not be surprised to see the States obtaining an absolute right to fish in Canadian waters for ever without any compensation—and all because that Ireland keeps her weak.

Let the enslaved people of Ireland, therefore, console themselves with the knowledge that for the suffering inflicted upon them England will ultimately be brought to the dust. So may it be.

Your obedient servant, C.R.L. Montreal, 4th January, 1882.

PROSTRATE IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS. Sir,—Fancy to yourself the unnatural and inconsistent position of the Englishman who would not be loyal to England, his own native country. In like manner, the Frenchman to France, the American that would not be loyal to his native country and his free Republican institutions, even the Canadian that would not be loyal to Canada first.

And here permit me to remark that it would not be at all necessary that Canada should be treated as Ireland, but were England to trespass in the slightest instance upon the established rights of the Canadian people, the true nature of their loyalty would very quickly be made manifest. Now then; any of your readers who may feel inclined through the influence of prejudice or bias of any kind, to criticize unfavorably the following remarks and sentiments, I simply ask them, at least in all fairness, to take a sensible and logical view of the situation.

So far as my natural sympathies in the matter may be concerned, and to set me down a *Loyal Irishman*—and, indeed, as regards that, there cannot be the slightest doubt, for it is impossible for me to be otherwise.

Considering the terrible amount of terrorism and provocation inflicted upon them, there can be no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the Irish are the most forbearing, peaceable and law-abiding people in the world. That is, no other people in the civilized world would stand so long in the face of all these cruel and trying circumstances, therefore, it is hard for Irishmen to be silent when duty and patriotism call upon them, at least, to raise their voice, and to enter a solemn and indignant protest against the outrageous, the brutal and barbarous doings of the Irish landlords, and the whole military force of Britain to back them.

Shame! I say shame upon the cowardly, hypocritical nation in this enlightened period making pretensions to constitutional rights and freedom of government, whilst at the same time seeking by brute force to fasten and perpetuate the old system of slavery and serfdom upon a noble and a Christian race of people. It is not at all amusing; it is disgusting to an honest, intelligent man to sit down and read those sensational, libelous newspapers, column after column, about the violations of "law and order," agrarian outrages, &c., on the part of the Irish people, when it is well known that the case is altogether one-sided, and that the landlords and the power that upholds them in their wickedness are the real criminals and not the people. If an Irish Peeler, a process-server, a fox-hound, or a villainous landlord happen to get maimed immediately the English newspapers take it up, it is flashed across the broad Atlantic by the lying cable and the parrot-press, as Wendell Phillips terms it, of the United States and Canada, give tongue, take up the cry, issue forth tearing full of non-sensical prate about the outrages committed in Ireland, say, and about the glory, the freedom and liberties of the British Constitution.

Now I defy anyone to contradict successfully my assertion when I say there is no such thing in existence as a British Constitution. It is a shadowy representation without soul

or substance, a myth, and like Gladstone's Land Bill, "a mockery, a delusion and a snare."

Where was the British Constitution when free parliamentary discussion was gagged and suppressed?

Where was the Constitution when the noble few of Ireland's representatives, honest and earnest, and possessing more brains and exclusive ability than the whole "six hundred scoundrels" combined were snubbed and insulted and summarily kicked from the House of Commons for daring to advocate the rights and the freedom of their native country?

Where was the Constitution when the unfortunate Bradlaugh was also ejected from the smudge-house.

With coat-tail torn And collar-bone broken, simply for being an unbeliever—not one particle more so than the hypocrites themselves?

Where was the Constitution when thousands of disciplined armed riflemen, in the midst of famine and distress, were turned loose upon a defenceless people, with bayonets, bullets and buckshot to coerce, to murder and exterminate them from their sacred homes and from the land of their birth?

Where was the Constitution when dozens of Irish magistrates were stripped of their commissions for being present at some of the repeal meetings during the O'Connell agitation?

And now, sir, what becomes of the "Glorious British Constitution" when the noble Parnell, with five hundred of Ireland's best men, without crime, without cause, without even the farce or formality of trial before judge or jury, are being caged and incarcerated within the prison walls of tyranny and despotism?

There was no charge, directly or indirectly, against Messrs. Parnell and Dillon; their arrest was an act of mean, paltry, personal spite for having punctured the wind-bag of Gladstone and exposed him to a world of ridicule. Ah! but there was another crime for which somebody must be punished, and that, perhaps, the greatest outrage of the period—that Waterford hunt.

The Marquis of Waterford took it into his head one day to have a hunt, and with his hounds and horses to gallop rough-shod over the fields and farms of the people, but the farmers came forward and protested. They said: "Here, stop this thing; we'll have no more of it." The result was, some of the hounds got pitched, and the noble Marquis and his hounds and his hunters were hunted back again to their kennel.

Immediately a despatch was flashed forth from the fiery eyes of the Marquis to old Buckshot—"Arrest those mischievous leaders or we'll have to leave the country" (for the country's good), and sure enough they were arrested, but the hunt went the wrong way all the same.

Now, sir, if anyone will take the trouble to look into the history of the Repeal agitation under the leadership of O'Connell during the '48 movement—according to Charles Gavan Duffy—he will find, in the present case, that history is repeating itself over and over again, and that Gladstone and his Government are pursuing the very same policy and tactics. Fool allowed O'Connell to go on with his blowing and bragadocio until the people became thoroughly aroused and ready for any emergency. Even foreign aid was offered him from France and the United States, in case of real emergency. But he became suddenly loyal, and declined such aid, and the doughty chieflain lost his courage and manhood completely when the real test and crisis arrived. He told the people their independence was not worth one crimson drop. But the Government, nevertheless, pounced on him tiger-like, snuff off his wind, arrested him, clapped him into jail, and so his babble was burst.

O'Connell was a man of theory, he indulged in the degrading system of petitioning a foreign Government for political rights which the people should have insisted upon like men, not as mendicants. His famous petition that he hoisted would reach across St. George's channel, was treated with contempt, and he himself sneered at for his pains. O'Connell was but a man of theory, whilst Parnell is a practical man in every sense of the word.

The latter has succeeded in establishing, universally, an organization which cannot be destroyed, and if twenty millions of Irishmen to day, outside the limits of their native country, would not come to the rescue now in this very important crisis, I say, more shame be it to them.

The very strange, unexceptional and anomalous state of Ireland—being held down in bondage now for several centuries—is something which cannot last forever. There must be an end to it, and if I mistake not, judging from recent transpiring events, that time is very near approaching. God, in His Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in His Divine wisdom, may chastise his own favorite people for a time, but He will not allow them to remain in slavery and bondage for ever. Why, then, cannot the foreign rulers and oppressors of the Irish people see all this? They will not give them just laws, neither will they let them go, because of the hardness of their hearts. They cannot see the hand-writing on the wall. No; the seven-or-seventy-seven plagues of Egypt would not make them let the Irish people go. Never! It is eventually they, the English and Irish land thieves, with all their hosts, become engulfed in the Red Sea of their crimes, and the crimes of their marauding ancestors. It is every day becoming more and more evident to the civilized world that England is possessed of a very great amount of doggedness and stupidity, as well as cowardice. The Irish people are prostrate and she holds them down with her iron heel afraid of her life to let them rise once to their feet, and all because of the instinctive promptings of a criminal and a guilty conscience.

Now, in conclusion, I will make one more remark. If the Irish people were to submit quietly and peaceably to the degrading and humiliating position they are in as a nation, without making some effort to redeem themselves, it would indirectly amount to a virtual admission that they were actually ruled by superiors, but such is not the case, and there is where the trouble comes in. England is determined she will not see the point. It is contrary to the natural order of things that inferiority should rule and master a superior element. Morally, physically and intellectually the Irish people are, by nature, the superiors of the bloated and plundering aristocracy that hold them down in perpetual bondage.

The fact is—that England is not fit to govern a nation of people like the Irish. She may rule them by brute force, bayonets, bullets and buckshot, but she is not fit to govern them. And the sooner England gets down on her marrow-bones and acknowledge the corn the better it will be for all parties concerned.

M. F. MASHNER, Belleville, Jan. 3rd, 1882.

"A horse," observed a Scotch Vet., "may have a very good appetite, and yet be unable to eat a bit." "Aha," said Barry, "there's the difference between a loss and a ostridge, which could eat bit; snaffle, curb and all."

FASHION NOTES.

Visiting cards for gentlemen are smaller and narrower than formerly, with the prefix Mr. For a time it was the mode to use the full name only.

A new lace just introduced has the flowers of white lace applied to black tulle in a most effective way.

What is called the Worth ruffling is three graduated rows of finely crimped lisse, each edged with very narrow valenciennes.

The most fashionable women do not wear earrings with street costumes or with mourning toilets either at home or abroad.

Flush window curtains are the latest in house decorations. Those of crimson are very elegant and are very expensive.

Braided dresses will be all the rage in the spring. Ultra fashionable people are wearing them now. Braiding is a particularly graceful style of trimming and is quiet and elegant.

New Yorkers have adopted the European fashion of buying ready-made dress skirts in satin, velvet, silk, alpaca and soft wool, and wearing them with independent basques and the ever useful polonaises. The latter has taken a new lease of life, and appears as an overdress in cloth of many different styles.

The prettiest of pocket muffis are made of a "bleached beaver" in the most exquisite shades of old gold and cream. They are lined with amber or cardinal satin, and are ornamented with a heavy silver cord arranged in double loops across the front. They are very small.

Very high draperies and full paniers are used on evening dresses. A lining of white crinoline muslin is put inside most trains, no matter how rich the fabric is of which they are made, and the wide balayuse flounce of pleated muslin and lace at the foot is made heavy and full enough to support the end of the train.

Painting on silks, satins and other stuffs is taking the place very largely of embroidery. Scent sachets, lamp screens and toilet sets are now almost altogether painted, and generally in water colors. Painted parasols will be greatly used another season. Lace is painted with fine effect, particularly for evening wear.

Costumes for street wear all have the short, round skirt, and the short skirt also appears in toilets for carriage and visiting wear, while being allowable with the dinner dress, and even in the evening toilet for young ladies. Walking and carriage costumes are frequently made with short polonaises as the overdress; or the drapery is attached to the skirt, the waist is a pointed basque, and the tournure being hooked up over the back of the basque, the effect is of the waist and the back drapery in one, or in the princess style.

THE "DAILY NEWS" ON BLAINE'S CIRCULAR NOTE. LONDON, Jan. 6.—The Daily News discussing Blaine's circular to the Republics of Central and South America, proposing a Conference at Washington, says: The meaning of the project is the establishment of an American protectorate over both Central and South America. Blaine's pretensions are novel and extravagant. They were never contemplated by the originator of the Monroe doctrine under which an attempt will probably be made to shelter them. Now that Freilighusen has succeeded Blaine there is at least hope of some rational basis of negotiation that can be arrived at. That American interest on the Pacific seaboard has greatly increased since the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was signed admits of no doubt, but it is quite an open question whether England is not interested in the Panama Canal yet more deeply. That England with her vast American possessions and carrying trade should become a party to any agreement yielding the Canal into American hands and acknowledging the suzerainty of the United States of the entire western hemisphere, is a dream beyond the domain of practical politics.

Burdock Blood Bitters is not a Whiskey Stimulant or fancy drink to pander to the depraved appetite of the intemperate, but a pure vegetable life-giving Tonic and regulator of the Secretions. It acts promptly on the Bowels, the Liver, the Blood and the Kidneys, purifying and giving tone to the entire system. Try a Sample Bottle which costs only 10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1.00.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND CANADIAN EMIGRATION. LONDON, Jan. 3.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, a cable despatch says, has issued a letter to the clergymen of the Church of England on the subject of emigration. The official societies are arranging for a series of hand-books containing information with regard to the principal colonies. Those relating to Canada will be ready in a few days. If the Church in Canada co-operates with its brethren in England much good must accrue to the Dominion. It is understood that the London office of the Canadian Government is in receipt of a large number of inquiries for information respecting Canada. So far as can be judged from present appearances, a valuable emigration to Canada will set in in 1882.

Neither the Syndicate, the Scott Act, or the Irish question causes half the sensational comment that is caused by the popularity of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. This great remedy is marvellous in its success in curing Chronic disease when other medicines have failed. It is the best Blood Purifying Tonic and Liver Invigorator known. A specific for all diseases of Blood, Liver and Kidneys. Sample Bottles 10 cents.

ARTIC EXPLORATIONS. ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 3.—General Anontchine, Governor of Eastern Siberia, who is here at present, has received a telegram from Irkutsk dated January 2nd, announcing the return to that town of M. Soulkowsky who left in search of the "Jeannette" at the beginning of 1881. M. Soulkowsky states that after travelling overland to Behring Straits he went on board the clipper "Chassner" and sailed as far as the Commander Isles, a Government beaver and seal fishing station where he noticed a number of American whaling ships unceremoniously pursuing their operations in Russian waters and making splendid hauls in St. Lawrence Bay. The "Chassner" met the "Rodgers," which was sent to the relief of the "Jeannette," and the two vessels sailed together to East Cape in Behring Straits. On the 10th of September, M. Soulkowsky went ashore at Wladostock, where he had a short time and travelling by way of China and Mongolia, he eventually reached Irkutsk on December 30th.

ENKURS, SIMSIA, Jan. 4.—Soulkowsky, who left in search of the "Jeannette" in the beginning of 1881, has safely returned. He states that he met the American search ship "Rodgers" and also saw members of the Bremen expedition.

[London (Can.) Advertiser.] THE ELECTRICAL GIRL WHO LIVES AGAIN.

It is now about three years since the Advertiser published the story of the Electrical Girl in the township of Romney. The tale passed through nearly all our exchanges, and occasionally re-appears now. The story in brief was that the girl was so highly charged with electricity that she could not handle any article of steel. She was a veritable magnet, and needles, knives, etc., would cling to any part of her person. The publication excited a good deal of curiosity concerning the girl, and many people called upon her at her home. Recently she was taken ill, and the local physicians were called in. She described her peculiar sensations. In her knees joints severe pains were felt shooting at intervals, as though a battery were at work giving her intermittent shocks. The knee began to swell, and the pains spread to other parts of her body, generally becoming permanent in the joints. All the doctors called do was of very little avail. Occasionally slight relief would be obtained, but in wet or murky weather the pains would redouble in violence. Finally, when the doctors had given up treating her, and regarded her simply as a physiological wonder, a tramp called one day at the house. While he was being given a meal he was told about and asked permission to see the girl. He had been a soldier in the Crimean army, and while working in the trenches around St. Petersburg he contracted rheumatism in its most severe form, and noticing that the girl's symptoms agreed with his, he pronounced her to be suffering from rheumatism. The parents of the girl were overjoyed, but were again cast down as they recalled the fact that the doctors had said they could do nothing for her. "Why," said the tramp, "do you want to bother the doctors about rheumatism? Get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. It cured me, and will cure any case. I know plenty of old soldiers who have been cured of chronic rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil." The advice was taken, and the so-called Electrical Girl is today prepared to add her testimony to the thousands of others who bear witness to the efficacy of the Great German Remedy.

To the Editor of the London (Can.) Advertiser: DEAR SIR,—As you have given me a good deal of notoriety by writing of me as the Electrical Girl, I thought I would write to tell you of my condition. . . . (Here follows the recital which is summarized above.) My parents obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and to its effects I owe the fact that I am now able to walk without pain, and the swellings in the joints have all disappeared.

Yours very truly, SUSAN J. HOFFMAN.

RICHMOND, QUE., ITEMS. The long continued frost of mud and rain was cut short by a sharp period last night. A small quantity of snow has fallen, but not enough for sleighing yet.

Christmas and New Year's passed off very quietly. Jan. 2nd was generally observed as a legal holiday.

Mr. J. H. Murphy, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is now recovering again. Mr. Henry Murphy, of Boston, has presented our new church with a magnificent organ for the altar.

The bazaar given by the ladies of the R.C. Church, Richmond, took place on the 27th and 28th of December in the Town Hall, and, despite the almost constant rain and excruciating state of the roads, was a grand success. The hall was fairly crowded with people each day and evening. A very efficient Committee of Management had been organized, of which Mrs. Joseph Bedard, Sr., was President, Miss E. J. Mulvorn, Treasurer, and Mrs. J. N. Dubrule, Secretary. On lines stretched across the hall were displayed in great variety lace curtains, table covers, counterpanes and specimens of the ladies' handwork