

THE EXORBITANT CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A broken remnant, numbering twenty, of the famous six hundred lately applied to the poet who had crowned them in song to tell the public how they were destined, aged, and helpless. Lord Byron said no. The total amount submitted to Great Britain was \$24.

Half a year, half a year,
Half a year onward—
Towards the Valley of Death
Moved of Six Hundred
Twenty of deathless feet,
Twenty men hale and main,
Who to the Front came—
Last of Six Hundred.

"You wrote 'The Light Brigade'!
We must have read it," they said,
"What though the cripples knew!
England's great glory tell—
Tears not to reason why,
Tears but to reason why,
Towards the Valley of Death
Crept the Six Hundred.

Hunger to right of them,
Hunger to left of them,
Death close in front of them,
Life's treasures plundered,
Then their whole darlings fell
England's great glory tell—
Begged that the poet tell
How in the porchhouse bell
Live what is left of them—
Last of Six Hundred.

Flashed then the poet's pen,
Flash'd—and it turned in air!
Urging compassion where
Cheer'd the glory when
All the world was well,
"What of the line they broke?"
—Went in the battle smoke
Cossack and Russian
Ras'd from their sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered!
Shall they want read? Oh, no!
Not the Six Hundred!

"Death close in front of them!
Want has encompassed them!
Glory behind them!
Shattered Six Hundred!
They who knew shot and shell,
When horse and hero fell!
Oh, you who cheered so well,
Let England's records tell
How the last comfort brought
Those who so bravely fought—
Last of Six Hundred.

Then England rose and said,
Thus are our heroes paid;
We have subscription made—
Twenty-four pounds.
When can their glory fade!
Oh, the wild charge they made!
England's records
Cheering the charge they made,
Paying the Light Brigade
Twenty-four pounds.
Back to your poverty!
Back the jaws of death!
Back to the mouth of hell!
Shattered and sundered,
You who have made her name,
England enjoys your fame!
Die in want all the same!
Wretched Six Hundred!

Toronto. Thomas S. Jarvis.

The Haunted Church.

By JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.
It was a moment too soon that his resolve was taken for loud clamouring arose at the door, the rapping that followed was sharp and frequent. They possibly had been knocking for some time previously, but in the earnestness of the conversation the noise had been unheard.

Captain Phil descended the stairs, crossed the corridor, and placing his hand on the lock, turned the key.

"Well," said he gruffly, with not unreasonable gruffness, indeed—for what business had they with him?—"what do you want?"

"The drowned man," said the foremost, who seemed from his appearance to be something between the character of a sexton and grave-digger—"the man that was took out of the canal!"

"Well?" said Captain Phil again, with sternness.

"He's kum," said the man, abashed and disconcerted by this depressing mode of query, "out of the grave—in his coffin."

"What do you mean?"

To a man excited with extended intelligence—but a moment's reflection and unaccountable character, there could be nothing more nonplussing than this query put in dry, uncomfortable, matter-of-fact language, and in the open light of day.

"What do I mean? I mean—that the drowned man buried yesterday—has—kum out of the grave."

"Where has he come to?"

Another nonplussing question.

"Out of his grave. Up from the clay. If you don't believe me, kum and see!"

"I suppose somebody's raised him out of it. What have I to do with their jokes?"

"I was sent for you."

"Sent for me? Who sent you for me?"

"The Town-Major."

"The Town-Major! What have I to do with him or his wife? What have I to do with the drowned man?"

city, but he had sufficient to find his way to the ancient graveyard where, shut in among high walls and encompassed with high houses, the dead reposed. The ruined church with its towering steeples lay inside, surrounded by its clientele of mouldering tombs. It had long been deserted. The sexton was in part gone, with the severity of unheeded winter storms, from the roof. The tower windows, high and lofty, were rendered almost oval from the fact of their apices having been by degrees closed up with continued accretions of dust and cobwebs. The walls had built their nests for many years with regular recurrence in its many crevices. The very straws could be seen hanging out in stray openings where their young ones had seen the light.

Even the bells, left there for heaven knows what reason, had grown brown and freckled and almost rusted from disuse. V. rily, even these same walls had built their nests therein, as might be seen where, high up, the heavy eulphoric arch of the bell shadowed the pendant but silent iron tongue, the mossy covering of the wind-torn nest hung raggedly down. At the quadrilateral pointed roof, its great huge multiplex beams, interlaced and interwoven and mortised and girded-like, that supported it, and from which the massive bells swung, were stripped in places, and the elated and plaster gone, showed grimly and grimly to the ghastly light of day.

All these things Captain Phil saw with the first glance. He had been too long accustomed to take note of things immediately around and above him not to notice. The brightening or lowering sky overhead, the length and spread of the sails, the firmness or flimsiness of each pulley-ropes and yard-arm—how often had his eyes glanced rapidly over these and in a second's space ascertained exactly how they stood! What wonder, therefore, that his eye with unconsciousness, and as it were, intuitively, took in the surroundings of the ruined church and its desolate and abandoned tower?

If his eye lingered for a moment longer on one spot than another, it was on the great bell, long silent, and on its huge, discoloured tongue, mute and dusty. A glimpse of it could be seen from where he stood at the gate—as a stray ray of sunlight fell upon it—through the iron casement of one of the uppermost tiers of ruined windows. Of a dark day it could not be seen, all the surroundings had been so worked down by the colourless brush of time into the same dull, sombre, uniform tint; but now, with the ray of golden sunlight brightening and tinting whatever remnant of golden beauty still appeared to it, it became vaguely but remarkably visible. Visible to his eyes, at least—

and remarkably so; why or wherefore he knew not. But it fastened in his mind, lingered there, and lying there perdu in one of the mysterious recesses, came up afterwards and projected itself unbidden into his thoughts.

The gate at which he stood partook of the look of disuse general to the place. The bars were rusted, and in some places, by want of paint and continuous oxidation repeated for years, had been nearly eaten through. The iron frame of the lock had worn away and discoloured the steel works inside.

The noise of voices in subdued conversation occurring within, caused him to withdraw his attention from the appearance of the church and recalled him to the objects of his visit.

He pushed the gate open and entered. Quite a number of people were standing in a distant part of the graveyard, at the angle formed by the termination of the wall in which the gate-way was. They were standing in a group around something. Another Captain Phil directed his steps.

There was a movement in the group as he approached, and it widened out somewhat to receive him.

"This is a very strange business," said the uniformed official whom he had seen at the inquest yesterday, advancing a few steps to meet him.

"What is it?" asked Captain Phil.

"The raising of the coffin."

"Who raised it?"

"No one. No one, that we know."

"Did not rise itself," said Phil. "That would be nonsense, you know."

"It seems as if it did. There is no other explanation for it. Look!"

The man in uniform raised his hand in the direction of the little group—who fell back, disclosing the object around which they had gathered.

Looking, the Commander perceived that there was indeed a coffin lying on the verge of the grave. A great heap of earth was on one side; at the other extended the coffin, the lid off and lying by its side.

Mechanically, and as if drawn thereto by some mystic force, Captain Phil, followed by the official, walked towards it.

He passed as he came to the edge. There, beyond all doubt and question, lay the dead form of Swarthy Bill, as he had seen it after being taken out of the canal yesterday morning. There was no mistaking that triangular shape across his face, there was no mistaking the reckless glamour of the dead eyes; but proof—if he wanted of his identity—was conveyed in the heavy gold ring that was on the broken finger of the hand which hung over the side of the coffin.

"Who disturbed the grave?" Captain Phil asked.

A dozen voices were ready to tell him. A dozen voices did tell him—essayed to tell him at least; for, as is usual under such circumstances, but disjointed fragments of what each had to say reached his ears.

By slow degrees his mind evolved from the glamour a few ideas more or less confused. Put together in hurried coherence or sequence, they amounted to this:

earnest at the stupor which would seek to give a perfectly natural occurrence a supernatural tinge.

This suggestion, however, was received by all hands with undisturbed disbelief. "Van well play such a practical joke?" or "Why? And if it's practical, why not?" were the answers that came from the group, why should they select the grave of an officer, stranger for the purpose? The idea was absurd.

"Did you know him?" asked the sexton, in turn.

"A little. At least, I think I remember him years ago on board a ship I commanded."

"What happened to him?"

"He was found in the canal. Must have slipped and fallen in."

"What brought him there?"

"Heaven knows!" said the man in uniform, interrupting. "What would bring him anywhere? He was wandering about, and I suppose, fell in. It was natural enough. Tripped over a towing-ropes with his wooden leg, perhaps."

"What should be done now?" asked one of the men standing by.

"What should be done but bury him?" said Captain Phil. "It is not right that one who served his Majesty the King so long should be left without decent burial—is it?"

All agreed that it was not.

"Here is some gold," said Captain Phil, withdrawing some coins from his pocket and handing them to the sexton. "See that he is decently interred, and pay some men to watch to-night, and see that the grave is not disturbed again."

The light of the gold acted as a soother on the disquieted nerves of the sexton. After all, the proposal did seem the most practical outcome of the whispered discussion that had been taking place for some time. It was a promise, but rather natural, termination to the singular circumstance.

Accordingly, the sexton proceeded to employ grave-diggers, the lid was firmly fastened down, the extended arm being placed in its natural position with the body; and the coffin once more lowered, the heavy earth piled thereon, and the grave tamped and smoothed as it had been before.

The group separated, and Captain Phil, in no wise anxious for their company or conversation, wandered towards the door of the church, which stood open, and entered.

The church remained as it had been when used. The pews were there still, albeit covered with dust; the pulpit stood in its place as when the preacher addressed the congregation; but there was a strange sense of gloom and awe over the building, which was not a little added to by the curious hollow echoes which filled it when his footsteps fell on the sounding boards.

Suddenly it occurred to the Captain: What if this were the building in which Swarthy Bill and Sam the Swan had passed such uproarious nights years ago, as described by Bill himself! What if it were here in this very place the casket containing the rare jewels looted from the burning palace in Peru had been hidden away! Mayhap in that ruined tower, or in some of the many crypts and vaults underneath the edifice. Likely enough Swarthy Bill in one of his mad freaks, when his frame was strong, before the Spaniards' cannon-bell had swept away his leg, and when his brain was as sane with strong drink, was likely to select some curious and eccentric nook—which vanished from his recollection in more sober moments.

The more Captain Phil thought over the matter, the more likely it seemed to him. He would wait to see the sexton.

The latter, his work concluded, was not long in making his appearance. The generous donor of the golden coins was not one to be treated with the discourtesy of non-attention. It was not every day a benefactor of that character was to be fore.

"It's an old church, this," said Captain Phil, as the latter joined him.

"It is an old church," assented the sexton. "Never used now?"

"No, not for years."

"Why do they keep you here?"

"To look after these monuments. He pointed with his hand to various marble tablets, figures, urns, laid into the church wall at various places, many of them carved in a style of art so obsolete and exquisite as to indicate the care and expense bestowed upon them, and all commemorative of the virtues of wealthy and influential persons who had been buried beneath."

"When they built the new church in Maudlin Street they had to keep these here and in repair. That's why I am here."

"Are you long here?"

"A good many years."

"Who was here before you?"

"A sailor chap—at least, so I believe. They thought he was a saint; but he set the tower on fire one night in a drunken fit, and never was seen afterwards. It was only a miracle the whole place wasn't burnt down."

"He never turned up afterwards?"

"No, never."

"Ah! What sort of a place is that tower?"

"I have never been in it but once, and that's many years ago."

tered his house by the sight of the earliest man."

"What the devil is amiss with you now?" was his abrupt query to his retainer as he saw his bloodshot eyes and livid face.

"It's been here—since," was the somewhat incoherent and distracted answer.

"Since! What do you mean by 'since'?"

"Since you left."

"Who has been here?"

"The—the—devil," said Jake, whilst his lips trembled as he gave utterance to the words.

"The—the—devil," said Captain Phil, repeating the words in their original slowness as Jake had said them, not, indeed, so much by way of mocking him as to give himself time to call out his thoughts. He had expected to hear that the drowned sailor had appeared to him, and would not have been surprised if he had said so; but he did not expect this latter statement, and singularly enough, ridiculous though it was, it jarred with excessive force and uncomfortableness on his thoughts.

"You'd be a son of a marine spike," said the Captain angrily. "What are you raving about? What scaffold?"

"You remember La Ros Grande, in Lima?"

"Ay—you're thinkin' of that still?"

"An' the scaffold that was set up there—for us?"

"Will you let your ugly tongue still talk of these things?" cried the Captain menacingly.

"You remember," said the earless man, too oppressed and absorbed in his distressing and afflicting thoughts to give heed to what his companion and master said, "how you got off only by killing the priest on the scaffold, and escaping in the confusion of the moment. He was here, too."

(To be continued.)

Closing Up Convents.

The old, old tale from Russia. The Pzysk, of Posen, published the following from its correspondent at Dubno, Volhynia:—"The last convent of women, belonging to the order of St. Francis, wherein all the sisters from the other convents which had been already confiscated were living has now been closed by order of the government. It had been decided that the buildings shall be applied to the purposes of a military hospital."

The order was at once carried out and the sisters expelled. Then the government was informed that there was already a military hospital at Dubno, and that a second was altogether superfluous. As a consequence the following dispatch arrived from St. Petersburg:—"Turn the convent buildings into a prison."

And so it was done. Russian civilization shows itself in its true colors. It is at least logical; it suppresses the monasteries, and consequently is prudent enough to multiply the prisons. To prudent religion is to increase the ranks of the criminal class."

Prevention of Consumption.

The health department of the city of Providence has issued the following circular:—"Consumption causes more deaths than any other disease the human race is subject to. Nevertheless it is to a very large extent preventable. It is, though not generally known, a contagious disease. Consumption, or pulmonary tuberculosis, is in every case caused by disease germs which grow in the lungs in enormous numbers. When a person is sick with this disease, these germs are coughed up in great quantities in the expectoration, and when this becomes dry and crumbly, or is trodden to dust, the germs float about in the air and are liable to be breathed into the lungs of any one. If the lungs of the person who does breathe them are poorly developed, or if the constitution is feeble, the germs are very sure to grow and cause the disease. Unfortunately we do not know how to kill them when they are once in the air passages. The best that can be done is to build up the system and strengthen the lungs by the use of cod liver oil, good food and fresh air."

Much, moreover, can be done to prevent the spread of the disease by destroying the germs as completely as possible in every case. First—No person with consumption should ever spit on the floor or in the street. Handkerchiefs or bits of cloth are employed they should at once be disinfected or burned. A good plan is to use a small wide-mouthed bottle with a rubber stopper. The contents should be thrown into the fire and the bottle and stopper thoroughly scalded with boiling hot water every day.

Second—The dishes used by a consumptive should be at once scalded, and the unwashed underwear and bed clothing should be thoroughly boiled as soon as possible.

Third—When a person with consumption has diarrhoea, the discharge from the bowels should at once be disinfected, as at this time they contain the disease germs. A good way is to add a half-teaspoonful of fresh chloride of lime, or fill up the chamber vessel with boiling water.

Fourth—No one with consumption should sleep in the same room with another person, and the room occupied by a consumptive should be thoroughly cleaned as often as possible.

Fifth—No mother with consumption should nurse an infant, and children ought never to be taken care of by a consumptive person."

Effects of Chloroform.

A Commission of experts of the highest standing employed by the Nizam of Hyderabad to investigate the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic has just made a report, in which it declares that the danger from the chloroform is not to the heart, as is generally supposed, but to the lungs. It says:—"However concentrated the chloroform may be, it never causes sudden death from stoppage of the heart. . . . Chloroform has no power of increasing the tendency to either shock or syncope during operations. . . . The truth about the fatty heart seems to be that chloroform per se in no way endangers such a heart, but, on the contrary by lowering the blood pressure, lessens the work that the heart has to perform, which is a positive advantage."

The practical conclusions of the Commission are that the safe administration of chloroform depends on careful attention to the respiration. Care must be taken that it is not interfered with, and if by accident it stops artificially respiration must be instantly begun. Rules on this subject are given, by constant attention to which the Commission asserts that chloroform can be given with perfect ease and absolute safety.

St. Louis, Mo., April 23, 1889.

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Pastor Third Congressional Church.

Requisites for Good Memory

Memory is found in all healthy states of the brain; and consists of a revival in the mind of a past condition or act. It is not enough that the original impression be renewed on the brain and comprehended; it must be registered, so as to produce a permanent modification of brain structure or action, otherwise it passes from the mind and can only be vaguely recalled. A good memory depends on various considerations; one is healthy brain structure, another is nutrition, and a third is training and culture.

The young remember more easily than the old. Their brains are active, and there is an enormous amount of new healthy blood coursing through them at a rapid rate, and nutrition is active. Fatigue is fatal to good memory; it is then that nutrition languishes; but rest restores a beautiful condition, and then the power of memory comes back again. At old age comes on, nutrition is less perfect, and the cells of the brain in which memory takes place become filled up with debris of decay, become yellow, and actually lose their organized structure, and are no longer capable of action.—New York Ledger.

The Largest Wooden Sailing Ship.

At Bath, in the State of Maine, A. Sewall & Co. have laid the keel of what will be when launched the largest wooden sailing ship in the world, exceeding in tonnage even the great Rappahannock, which ran aground recently on her way to sea from Philadelphia. The new ship, to be called the Shenandoah, will be 286 feet long on the keel, will be a three-decker and will carry four masts. Her gain in tonnage over the Rappahannock is secured by greater length chiefly. She is expected to register about 3,300 tons, and her lines will be as fine in all respects as those of the Rappahannock, which measured 3,033 tons net. The new ship's mizzen yard will be as long as her main, 92 feet, and with a fourth mast she will carry an enormous spread of canvas. She will have a midship house for petty officers, carry a powerful steam engine, and have her side lights in towers on the bows like an ocean steamer.

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BE THE SHORT

A line may be a very long one and yet be the shortest between given points. For instance, the shortest line between the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway has over 3,000 miles of road; a magnificent line equipped with a modern and one of the greatest railway systems of this country; for the same reasons it is the traveler's favorite to all points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Montana. It is the only line to Great Falls, the future manufacturing center of the Northwest; to the fertile free lands of the Milk River Valley; and offers a choice of three routes to the Coast. Still it is the shortest line between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Winnipeg, Colesburg, Moorhead, Casselton, Gloydton, Grafton, Fergus Falls, Waberton, Devils Lake, and Bismarck City. It is the best route to Alaska, China and Japan; and the journey to the Pacific Coast, Vancouver, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, via the route made through the wonderful scenery of the Manitoba-Pacific Route. To fish and hunt; to view the magnificent scenery of nature; to revive the spirit; to realize the dream of the home-seeker, the gold-seeker, the trader, or the capitalist, visit the country reached by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway. Write to F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for maps, books, and other guides. If you want a freeform in a lovely land write for the "Great Reservation."

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INFORMATION WANTED OF MARY I. McDONALD, formerly of the County

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