ed up with dark, imploring eyes.

"No," she said, " no, no ! I will never leave him sgain. I am not in the least tired, Lady Helena; I will stay and share your watch."
"But, my dear—"

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"O Lady Helena—aunt—don't you see—I must do something---make reparation in some What a wretch-what a wretch I have been. Oh, why did I not know all sooner? besn. why did I not know you? To revicini what my thoughts of you have been, member that time—all the time—it was for and il the time—all feel as though I were ma murderess."

Mer voice choked in a tearless sob. She

had hated bim--loathed him---almost wished, in her wickedness, for his death, and all the in her was yielding up his life in his love

"You will let me stay with you, Victor?"
she pleaded almost passionately; "don't ask me to go. We have been parted long enough; let me be with you until---" again her voice choked and died away.

With a great effort he lifted one of her hands to his lips that radiant smile of great joy on his face.

"She talks almost as if she loved me," he ssid. "Love you! O Victor! husband—if I

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were ned,

had only known, if I had only known!" "If you had known," he repeated, looking ther with wistful eyes. "Edith, if you it always does, more ill than good." really had known—if I had dared to tell you all that I have told you to-night, would you not have shrunk from me in fear and horror, as a monster who pretended to love you and points-how would you have comprehended hour, and there is nothing but the love left. But my own, if I had told you, if you had known, would you not have feared and left

She looked at him with brave, steadfast

"If I had known," she answered, "how your father killed your mother, how his madness was yours, I would have pitied you with all my heart, and out of that pity I would have loved you. I would never have left you never. I could never have feared you Victor; and this I know-what you dreaded never would have come to pass. I am as sure of it as that I kneel here. You would never have lifted your hand against my life." "You think so?"-still with that wistful,

earnest gaze. "I know so-I feel it-I am sure of it. You could not have done it-I should never have been afraid of it, and in time your deare naturally superstitious and excitablemorbid, even; the dreadful excitement of your father's story and warning were too much for you to bear alone. That is all. If you could have told me-if I could have laughed would have been half effected. No, Victor, I suffered and bled. say it again-I would never have left you. and you would never have harmed a hair of my head."

Her tone of resolute conviction seemed to bring conviction even to him. The sad, wistful light deepened in his blue eyes.

"Then it has all been in vain," he said very sadly; "the suffering and the sacrifice-all these miserable months of separation and

Again Lady Helena advanced and interposed, this time with authority.
"It won't do," she said; "Edith, you must

go. All this talking and excitement may end fatally. If you won't leave him, he won't sleep a wink to-night, and if he passes a sleepless night, who is to answer for the consequences? For his sake you must go. Victor, tell her to go-she will obey you."

She looked at him beseechingly, but he saw d rest. It was easy to make one more sacrifice now, and send her away.

"I am afraid Aunt Helena is right," he said faintly. I must confess to being exhausted, and I know you need a night's sleep, so that I may have you with me all day to-morrow. For a few hours, dear love, let me send you

She rose at once with a parting caress, and made him comfortable among the pillows. "Good-night," she whispered. "Try to sleep, and be strong to talk to me to-morrow. Oh!" she breathed as she turned away. "if the elixir of life were only not a fable-if the

Lady Helena heard her, and shook her

"It is too late for that," she said : " when suffering is prolonged beyond a certain point. there is but one remedy-death. If your miracle could take place and he be restored, he has undergone too much even to live on and be happy and forget. There can only be one ending to such a year as he has passed, and that ending is very near.

Edith went to her room-one of the exquisite suite that had been prepared for her a year before. She was occupying it at last, but how differently from what she had ever thought. She remembered this night twelve months so well, the strange vigil in which she had spent in taking her farewell of those letters and that picture, and waiting for the wedding-day to dawn.

To-night she slept deeply and soundly, and awoke to find the October sun shining brightlyin. Was he still alive? It was her first thought. Death might have come at any moment. She arose—slipped on her dressing gown, and rang the bell.

It was Inez who answered in person. "I heard your bell," she said as she kissed her good morning, "and I knew what you wanted. Yes he is still alive, but very weak and helpless this morning. The excitement and joy of last night were almost too much for him. And he remembers what anniver-

sary this is." Edith turned away, some of the bitterness. some of the pain of the loss she knew he was enduring filling her own heart. "If I had only known! if I had only

known!" was again her cry.
"If you had—if he had told—I believe it might have been well. But it is too late to think of that he believed differently. The terrible secret of the father has wrought its terrible retribution on the son. If he had told you when he returned from Popiar Lodge, you would have been happy together to-day. You are so strong—your mind so healthful some of your strength and courage would have been imparted to him. But it is too late now—all is over—we have only to make him happy while he is left with us.

Too late! too late!" Edith's heart echoed desolately. In those hours of his death she was nearer loving her husband than perhaps she could ever have been had he lived. "I will send breakfast here" said Inez turning to go; "when you have breakfasted, go to him at once. He is awake and waiting for

You. Edith made her toilet. Breakfast came, and despite remorse and grief, when one is nineteen one can eat. Then she hurried away to the sick-room. He was lying much as she had left him

But Edith only drew him closer, and look- propped up among the pillows-his face ly the ghartly change in him—saw that his fair hair was thickly strewn with gray, that the awful, indescribable change that goes before death was aleady on his face His breathing was laboured and panting—he had suffered intensly with spasms of the heart all night, sleeping none at all. This morning paroxysms of pain had passed, but he lay utterly worn and exhausted, the cold damp of infinate misery on his brow, the chill of death already on hands and limbs. He lay before her the total wreck of the gallant, hopeful, handsome gentleman, whom only one year ago she had married.

But the familiar smile she knew so well was on his lips and his eyes as he saw her. She could not speak for a moment as she looked at him-in silence she took her place close by his side.

He was the first to break the silence in a voice so faint as hardly to be more than a whisper. "How had she slept-how did she feel? She looked pale, he thought-surely she was not ill?"
"1?" she said bitterly. "O, no—I am

never ill-nothing ever seems to hurt hard, heartless people like me. It is the good and the generous who suffer. I have the happy knack of making all who love me miserable, but my own health never fails. I don't dare to ask you what sort of a night you have had -I see it in your face. My coming brings, as

"No." he said, almost with energy; "a hundred times, no! Ah, love! your coming has made me the happiest man on earth. I seem to have nothing left to wish for now. As to yet longed for your life? Sane on all other the night—the spasms did trouble me, but I feel deliciously easy and at rest this morning, my strange madness on that? It is gone and uncommonly happy. Edith, I talked now\_thank God\_in my weakness and dying so much last evening I gave you no chance. I want you to tell me now all about the year that is gone—all about yourself."

"There is so little to tell," she responded, it was really humdrum and uneventful. Nothing much happened to me. I looked for work and got it. Oh, don't be distressed! it was easy, pleasant work enough, and I was much better busy. I begin to believe plenty of hard work is a real blessing to dissatisfied. restless people—you can't be very miserable when you are very busy-you haven't time for luxuries. I got along very well, and never was ill an hour."

"But, tell me," he persisted; "you don't know how I long to hear. Tell me all about your life after-after-"

"Hush!" she interposed, holding his hands tight. "You were the sufferer, not I. O, my poor boy! I never was half worthy of such a heart as yours. I am only beginning to realize how selfish and cruel and hard I lusion would have worn entirely away. You have been. But, with Heaven's help, I will try and be different from this day."

She told him the story of her life, from the time of her flight from Powyss-place to the present, glossing over all that was dark, making the most of all that was bright. But he at your hypochrondriacal terrors, your cure understood her -- he knew how her pride had

#### (To be Continued.)

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT.

One who has fairly tested Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, though prejudiced against proprietory medicines in general, writes-" I would not rest over night without this reliable remedy for sudden attacks of Cholic, Cramps and Cholera Morbus so prevelant in the summer season, I keep a bottle ready at hand."

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks disagreed as to which of their sons should milk the cow, at Davis, Iowa, and the man in his anger killed the woman.

The Chicago Times calls the Tribune the Joemedillean, and the Tribune calls the Times that Lady Helens, was right, and that Edith | the Billstorean. The prize for wit has not yet | amounts until the club is completed. We been awarded to either.

On the body of an outcast woman who drowned herself at Detroit was found a gold medal, which she had received for remarkable scholarship on graduation at an academy.

The sons of Lord Radnor-Lord Mayo, Lord Canterbury, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Winterton, Lord Sandys and the Duke of Argyll -are members of the London Stock Exchange.

In France women are usually employed to manage the accounts in shops. "It is" says London Truth, "antiquated nonsense to supdays of miracles were not past, if he only pose that a girl in an office where men are might be restored to us, how happy we all employed is a detenceless lamb amid a troupe of wolves.

> What Americans call "putting a stick in a temperance drink is frequently cailed by people abroad an act of "lacing," and the application is not a new one. And would-be semi-temperance people sometimes make it a matter of tight lacing.

London Truth: - "Checks are now fashionable as wedding presents, and are naturally much appreciated. They take the place of the 'roll of bank notes' that the bride's father, in old romances, pressed into her hand at parting, and as to the amount of which she was always so indifferent-in fiction !

"Brace up!" We like this phrase. We like it because there's lots of soul in it. You never knew a mean, stingy, snivel-souled man to walk up to an afficted neighbor, slap him on the shoulder and tell him to "brace up." It is the big-hearted, whole-souled felslow that comes along when you are cast down, and squares off in front of you and tells you "that won't do, old fellow, brace up." It is he that tells you a good story and makes you laugh in spite of yourself; that lifts the curtain that darkens your soul and tells you to look out and see the light. It is he that reminds you that there never was a brilliant sunset without clouds. He may not tell you so in just such words, but he will make you "brace up" and see the silver lining for your-

self. - Flushing Journal. To make shoe-pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lasts and boot-trees take 500.000 cords of birch, beech and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more. The baking of our bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forests about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repair consumes about 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consume annually thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all our railroads would cost \$45,000,000, with a yearly expenditure of \$15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American forests are going. There are others. Our packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1874 \$12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making waggons and agricultural imple-

WHAT EVERY ONE SAYS MUST BE

TRUE. All unite in praise of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry who have tried its efficacy in curing Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Dysentery, Nausia, and Bowel Complaints, generally in children or adults. Every person should keep a supply on hand.

ments is valued at more than \$100,000,000.

# THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a thirsty in the morning." journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our cfforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one other said he was a bank burglar. copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughinterests, serve their own as well aud add agent. materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all have observed that our paper is, if possible more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and several. "In do dictionary," he replied, rolsons, though for the matter of that we will ling his eyes sky ward. take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.

## 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

A HARD TASK To find a better remedy for dyspepsis, indigestion, and impurities of the blood, than Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1, trial bottles 10 cents.

### THE LATE J. H. JOBIN.

At a meeting of Notaries of Montreal, held in the office of Messrs Papineau, Durand & Morin, Monday, 5th September, 1881, Mr. Pierre Lamothe, presiding, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:— Proposed by Mr. D. E. PAPINEAU, second-

ed by Mr. F. J. DURAND: That the Notaries of Montreal have learned with profound regret the death of their estimable and esteemed colleague Mr. Joseph Hilarion Jobin, Notary, practicing more than 48 years, who died at Montreal, the 31st August last.

Proposed by Mr. C. F. PAPINEAU, and seconded by Mr. John Helder Isaacson:

That as an able jurisconsult and an eminent practitioner, a citizen of integrity, a sincere friend and always devoted above all towards his young colleagues, Mr. Jobin held a brilliant position; and that for to testify their respect and esteem for this good and true man, the notaries of Montreal will wear mourning during a month.

Proposed by Mr. GARAND, seconded by Mr. L. N. DUMOUCHEL:

That a copy of the present resolutions be transmitted to Madame Jobin, with an expression of the sympathy of the Notaries of Montreal in her severe affliction. And also that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the city papers,

A short road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excortated nipples, or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL.

POLITICAL TROUBLES IN SPAIN.

Madrid, Sept. 6.—Some sensation has been caused here among the Advanced Democrats, who were about to open a political club in Madrid similar to the Conservative Catholic and Liberal Clubs of the same kind, when perse, and some to attend a Judge in Cham-

the authorities will refuse to allow the ultimate creation of the Club, though its members belong to the Progressist Democratic group, who obtained 11 seats in the Senate and 16 in Congress under Salmeron, Maztos and Monterorus.

THE "HAPPY DESPATCH."

Paris. Sept. 6. - A heather Chinee went to a bathing establishment in the Rue do Goutle Dor yesterday, and blandly asked for a bath. No sooner was he in the water than he whipped a knife out of his tunico and performed in himself the operation known as the "happy despatch."

WIT AND HUMOR. What glorious object does a boy getting up

in the morning resemble? The rising sun, of course. Who says it's unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken, and

see how tough he is. He could't raise the mortgage on his building lot, and so, poor man, without becoming

blind, he lost his site. Josquin Miller says he has wept on reading some of his own poems. Right! so should

we if we had written 'em. "Your handwriting is very bad." "Yes; but don't you see, if I were to write better people would find out how I spell?"

The Washing Critic says the storm that took the roofs off the houses in that city didn't take off the mortgages by any means. A middle-sized boy, writing a composition

on "Extremes," remarked that "We should avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees." "I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologised a landlady. "Never mind, madame;

its tough enough as it is!" quickly replied the boarder. A Mississippi puts it thus :—"At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money

I have consented to become a candidate for County Treasurer." "I'm sure," said a confiding old Boston lady, "that my son never drinks anything at night, because he's always so awfully

A curious person wants to know if the alleged fact that swans always sing before they die may not be, in some way, interwoven with the acknowledged fact that they never sing

after they cease to exist. An old lady, sleeping during divine service still further enlarged and improved during in a church in Liverpool, let fall her Bible with clasps to it; and the noise partly awaking her, she exclaimed aloud: "What! you've

broken another jug, have you?" Two men in New York recently had a fight because they couldn't agree, by looking at a subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 | man, what his business was. One called him each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 | a country member of the Legislature, and the

A little boy, weeping most piteously, was interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; the thought was broken. "Ma," said he, resuming his sniffle—" What was I crying about just now?"

A millionaire who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had out Canada and the Northern and Western | sold it to him: "I do admire a rich, green States of the Union, who can, by serving our flat." "So do I," significantly replied the

Mean folks in this world! There are! A West End father asked his son if he felt too tired or lame to go to the circus, and when the boy said "no." told him to go and bring up a scuttle of coal, and the boy couldn't say

he wasn't able. The man who invented the fifteen puzzle is now making patterns for the latest styles of oilcloth. The rumour that he had been the conditions by forwarding the names and published by his friends to throw hired assasstruck by lightning last summer was a canard, sins off the track.

"My brudders," said a waggish coloured man to a crowd, "in all infliction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy." "Whar? whar?" shouted

SCIENCE IN FULL PROGRESS.

Thousands cured of Catarrb, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung diseases by Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts effected. These wonderful instruments are used in all first-class hospitals, and are prescribed by leading physicians. Full instruments expressed to any address. only since Dr. Souvielle's invention that lung diseases are no longer feared except in their very last stage. Write for particulars to Dr. M. Souvielle, ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal. Read the following notices:-

(From the Montreal Gazefte, December 24th,

1880.) We are pleased to notice that a great many of our best citizens have bought Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer, which is used for the cure of those terrible diseases known by the name of Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, and it is so highly spoken of as if those instruments and preparations were infallible in the cure of such complaints, and, to satisfy our curiosity, we visited Dr. M. Sauvielle at his office, 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal, and gave a thorough examination of his invention, so that we can speak with our own authority of it. We think that such a method, which conveys medicinal proper ties direct to the organs affected by those distressing diseases, cannot fail to be a benefit to humanity, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach and deranging digestion. These wonderful instruments, with their contents, were invented by Dr. M. Souvielle after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis and used in hundreds of cases treated by him in the hospitals of Europe. We find the Doctor a well-learned gentleman, and he invites physicians and sufferers to try his instrument free of charge.

Common Sense in Medicine.

(Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.) Dr. M. Souvielle, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Spirometer for the scientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and air passages, who recently took up his residence among us, is meeting with excellent success. Already the doctor has had hundreds of patients, who have given his system a trial, and, so far as we have learned, with both satisfaction and benefit. Dr. Souvielle makes a departure from the usual methods of treating diseases of the air passages. He contends that the proper mode of treating them is by inhalation and absorption, not by pouring drugs into the stomach and thus upsetting and disarranging one part of the system in the hope of benefitting another. This of me, I beg that you would eliminate any argument certainly has the advantage of obstruse or equivocal particles of distrust last night a police inspector and several debeing common sense, which is always the from the profound and all transpicious abnortectives, in plain clothes, entered the Club best kind of sense. The doctor certainly mality of your love." premises and ordered all present to dis- has the courage of his opinions and confidence in his system, for he gives a standing bers, to render an account of the sundry invitation to physicians and sufferers to visit speeches made at the general meeting of the him and test his instruments free of charge. Club last Sunday. It is supposed that now His office is at 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal. to the school of Philosophy at Concord."

A GREAT ENGLISH NUISANCE.

A correspondent writes :- "Tipping" commences the moment you leave the dock at New York. You have paid a very large sum for your passage, enough to entitle you to every comfort that money can buy. But there sets upon you immediately a horde of blood-suckers, who never let go till, gorged, they drop off at Liverpool. There is a sovereign to the man who makes your bed; there is the chambermaid, there is the table steward, the smoking-room steward, the deck steward; there are collections for asylums in Liverpool; there are collections for the man who attends the pursor's room, where a select few are treated to a little refreshment at five in the afternoon; there are fees for showing the machinery of the vessel; there are tips for the Lord knows what. Then there is the English hotel. You

contract for your room at so much a day,and the sum is always a round one,-and it is explained to you that you may order your meals from a bill of fare, the price of each dish being set down opposite its name. Very good, you say to yourself-I know now what I am to pay; and you fall to work. When you are through you rise and prepare to get out. The waiter stops you with an obsequious smile in which there is much determination, and remarks, "The waiter!" You are made to understand that he expects a shilling. You give it him. Getting to your room you want a pitcher of water. A servant brings it, and waits till you give him a sixpence. You take a drink—if you do drink—I know this from seeing other victims-you pay for the drink, and the servant who brings it to you expects and manages to get threepence. The boy who cleans your boots wants sixpence, the chambermaid who sweeps your room wants a shilling, the boy who goes down to see if you have any letters wants sixpence; and after paying for all this you get your bill. Understand, you have already paid exorbitant prices for each and every bit of service you have received; but, nevertheless, there in your bill is an item, "attendance four days, eight shillings." You pay it without a murmur externally, and hope you are done with it. Not so. As you leave the hotel there stands the entire retinue of servants—the boots, the chambermaid, the bar-man, the bell-boy—all with their hands extended, and every one expecting a parting shower of small coin. You pay it. There is no other way to do.

You get into your cab and drive to the station. The legal fare is one and sixpence. The cabby expects sixpence in addition for himself: the porter who shows you what car to get into, with the uniform of the company on his back, expects fourpence for that; the other porter who takes your valiso to the car door must be feed; and so on, and so on, forever and forever.

I tried conclusions with a hotel clerk in a city in England, but I shall never do it again. I went to bed at night with two candles on the mantel. It was bright moonlight, and as I had read my regular chapter in the Revised Testament in the office, I had no occasion for light. I simply wanted to get into bed; therefore I didn't light the candle at

The next morning I found in my bill charge for two candles, two shillings. I pro tested.

"I used no cardles," I said. "But they were there," was the cool reply. Perhaps you used matches, -it is all the

same. "But I didn't use matches, and, if I did, I had my own." "We do everything for the comfort of the

guests of the house. There were candles and matches for you." He never blushed, but took the two shillings as coolly as possible, receipted the bill, and said. "Thank von." and hoped, if I ever

visited the place again, I would call upon them. It reminded me of the man who built a him one night, and the next morning asked

for his bill. "Twelve hundred and fifty dollars," said

the landlord promptly. "Twelve hundred and fifty dollars for one

day! It is outrageous." "It is a little high," said the landlord, "but I'll tell you how it is. I opened this house exactly a year ago yesterday. I expected to make \$1,000 the first year, and you are the first customer I had. I ought to charge you a little more to cover insurance, but I like you, and don't want to be hard on you; \$1,350

will do." I have crated much against the American hotel-clerk, and his diamond pin and cool directions for treatment sent by letter, and insolence, but I shall never do it again. He is a babe in arms as compared with his Eng-

lish brother. In fact, you cannot go anywhere in London without the everlasting and eternal tip, except the British Museum. Even Westminster Abbey, the most sacred spot in England, has its regular system of tips.

In the restaurants there is a charge on the bill for attendance, but, nevertheless, you are expected to tip the man who waits upon you. By the way, these waiters get no pay for their services; they pay the proprietors a

bonus for their places. The hackney-coach driver gets about two shillings a day from the proprietor of his vehicle, and makes his money from his customers. The man who drove us down to the Derby expected—and did not expect in vain, for he demanded it directly-two shillings each from his 12 passengers, notwithstanding the fact that we had paid \$12.50 each for our passage.

A CHICAGO GIRL AT CONCORD. From the Inter-Ocean,

A young lady on the West Side has just returned from Boston. While there her uncle, who is a reporter on a sporting paper, took her to the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord. She heard some one read an essay on "The Absoluteness of Absolutism," and became infatuated with the doctrine taught.

differentiate the indissoluble absoluteness of the absolute?". "No," he replied, to tell you the truth, I don't," and as it was the first time he had

seen her since she got back, the suggestion uttered struck him with some alarm. "Do you ever stop to inquire," she began again, "into the inchoation or the rudimentary incipience of the rhapsodical coagmentstion of your thoughts of love?"

"Well, not to speak of, he said. "Then, if there is one drop of blood in your heart that pulsates for me; if there is one conceit, nooscopic or psycological, that in the incogitancy of your dreams, or in the perquisition of your walking hours, absorbs a thought

"Great heavens, Maria, have you swallowed a dictionary ?"

stern and forbidding displeasure; I have been | does not deteriorate, and is 'thorough and

WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

The Greek rising in Crete is spreading. James Thorne, author of "Ram 168 by Rivers," is dead.

The death is announced of the eminent physician and medical writer, Archibald Bill-

The value of landed property in possession of the suppressed religious houses in France is

\$140,000,000. Major General Luard, after inspecting the Pictou, N.S., Garrison Artillery, said they

were the finest corps he had seen in Canada. There is some probability that the port of Halifax will be property defended in the immediate future by a heavy battery of field

Mr. Patrick Cosgrave, the well-known brewer, Toronto, died Tuesday week. He was a native of Wexford, Ireland, and came to this country in 1814.

Scotch farmers are said to be very discontented, the weather is bleak and cold, the wheat is a thin crop, oats are under average, turnips a failure, and barley scarcely up to the average. The Customs collections for the port of

Victoria, B.C., for August were \$404.76, and

for August, 1880, \$ 77.49, the reduction being caused by the increased consumption of Canadian goods. Clara Bell writes that the majority of her sex are either too fat or too lean to be pleasing without the kindly shaping of clothes.

This is a strong argument in favor of wearing clothes .- Lowell Citizen. The Buffalo Express had an article against proposed woman convention in its city. The editor of the Express still remains at home, but the doors and windows of his establish-

ment are locked and barricaded. Emma Abbott says that she would kiss the stage carpenter if her part required it. The stage carpenters are now in mortal terror lest some such necessity should be introduced into one of the new operas .- Providence Sunday Star.

The Government have issued orders prohibiting any party or parties from camping on any of the Canadian islands among the Thousand Islands without first obtaining permission from the Department of Indian Affairs.

An atrocious-looking scoop-bonnet has appeared which is called "la Republique." A formidable-looking gilt sabre adorns one side of the crown, and the head of a stern-visaged eagle peers from amid a cloud of black lace on the other. Near Constantine, Algeria, 61 persons were burned to death in one day in the recent forest

fires. Many persons were wounded and 682 dwellings destroyed. The value of cattle, grain and other articles consumed will reach 200,000 francs. A movement is on foot for the organization of a Catholic Colonization Society, whose field of operation will be in the diocese of

Ottawa. Bishop Duhamel is patron of the affair. The counties of Ottawa and Pontiac will be the base of operations. The Philadelphia News says "the husband of the most handsomely dressed lady at a watering place can easily be recognized by his shabby coat." That's what somebody remarked to us yesterday when we were carry-

ing water from the street watering-trough for our hens. Many fashionable ladies who adopt the antique style of dress are modeling their coif-fures after the beautiful head of Psyche, waving the hair low over the forehead, drawing it back from the temples and twisting it low in the nape of the neck, allowing a few short

ringlets to escape from the coils of hair. Madame d'Hubonstein, of the family of Montmorency-Luxembourg, has taken the veil as a Sister of the Annunciation; Madame Cornudet, of the family of De la Redorte, daughter of the Marshal Suchet d'Albufera, es a Sister of St. Thomas of Villanova; and Madame D'Escaro, daughter of the Countess

Lebzeltern, as a Carmelite. An exchange says that "Joaquin Miller's penmanship makes the angels weep." From the ignorance displayed in the assertion it is very probable that the writer never happened into a composing room when one of the "angels" took his clay pipe from his mouth and communed with nature for a few moments over a page of the mountain poet's manuscript. Weep? Ah, no, no .- Detroit Free

Iress. The original of Dickens' "Fat Boy" was a man named Budden, who lived at Rochester, England. When he was a boy he was exactly the Joe described by Dickens. After "Pickwick" had gotten into circulation, somebody called Budden's attention to the character. This woke him up. He became a very active, energetic man, and was afterward made Mayor of Rochester, and later was elected to Parlia-

ment. The London Telegraph put its foot in it when it ascribes Canada's prosperity and increase of population to "the beneficent rule of the Marquis," for as the Kingston News pointedly remarks:-"The Marquis has undoubtedly contributed as much to the prosperity of the country as he has to the increase of population." The English journal is seemingly but little acquainted with

our semi-royal family. The most fabulous stories of oil springs and creeks cannot equal that told of Ventiera County, Cal., where, according to a local paper, there are deep, sluggish streams of oil pouring out of the mountain sides and covering acres of land. Mixed with the soil and hardened by the exposure, the crude petroleum turns into an asphaltum. Thousands of rarrels of crude oil run to waste every day

along these mountain streams. Byron died in Greece in 1824, and Shelley was drowned off the Italian coast in 1822 Their careers have so long been the subject of history that one is at first surprised to learn that one of their contemporaries and friends "Chawles," said she to her lover the other has just died. They were both young, howevening (he is a clerk in a harness store), ever, when their lives ended, and Edward John Chawles, do you realize that you cannot! Trelawney, their biographer, and the companion of Byron in his Greek campaign, had only reached the unusual but far from unprecedented age of 89 at the time of his recent dceease.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Staten Island has for a month been suffering from one of the most serious droughts ever known there. Nearly all the wells and cisterns have become entirely dry. Vegetation is dying for want of moisture, and it is feared that if rain does not come soon the late crops will be ruined. As it is the early cabbage crop will amount to little or nothing. In many cases water has to be carted a long distance. In some of the churches on Sunday prayers were offered up

Dollars, which might otherwise be thrown away by resorting to ineffectual medicines, are saved by purchasing that inexpensive specific for bodily pain and remedy for affections of the throat, lungs, stomach, liver and "No. I have not," she said, with a look of bowels, Dr. THOMAS' EULECTRIC On, which

Buch Brown Buch Brown Const.

l pure.