

Jamaica papers say the British war steamer "Dido" effected a settlement of the steamer "Atlas" affair. Hayti will salute the British flag, and pay the Atlas S. S. Co. £500, as reparation.

A severe encounter occurred on October 22nd, between the Haytian Government troops and the revolutionary forces near Fort Gavy. The revolutionary general, Cleovil, claimed the victory.

A strike among the laborers and freight handlers on the Panama Railway has culminated in the wreck of a train. The strikers removed the fish plates and replaced the rails. A baggage and two passenger cars went down the embankment into the swamp, the first car containing laborers borrowed from the Canal Company. In the second was a guard of soldiers. The strikers fired on the train. Many of those on board were seriously injured.

After the revolt of Montero's troops in Arequipa Colonel Raygade opposed the mutineers and populace, killing 70, including the mayor of the city. General Canerva was killed by his own troops. The whole of the Chilian expeditionary forces are in Arequipa. The Bolivian army is concentrating near Oruro. Montero is now in Bolivia. The Bolivian envoy has gone to Tacna to treat for peace.

THE LATEST ITEMS.

Heavy snowstorms occurred yesterday in all directions. Sleighing has set in in many places.

A brakeman on the Intercolonial named Brillant has been killed by being crushed between two cars. He was a widower and father of five children.

A deputation from the Canadian Women's Suffrage Association waited upon the Hon. O. Mowat, Attorney-General on Wednesday to urge the Ontario Government to bestow upon women the right to vote at Parliamentary and Municipal elections.

A man named Petrault with his wife and two children were drowned by the upsetting of a boat during the storm on Sunday night at Mitchell's Bay.

A Democratic procession at Richmond, Va., was stoned several times by negroes. Several were arrested. In Lee county Charles Willoughby and Z. Yeary fought over the result of the elections. The latter was killed and the former shot through the breast. In the same county two men named Rutherford and Williams quarrelled. Rutherford shot at Williams, missed him, but killed James Carter, a bystander. Rutherford was gaoled.

At Norfolk, Va., a fire broke out in the freight warehouse of the Norfolk & Western Railway on Wednesday, and rapidly extended to another freight house, consuming seven thousand bales of cotton, fifty car-loads of lumber, twelve cars, and a quantity of miscellaneous freight. Loss estimated at half a million, covered by insurance.

The Royalist troops in Serbia have everywhere been victorious against the insurgents. Gen. Nicolich has subjected all the places which had been declared in a state of seige.

Tales and Sketches.

"A SISTER'S KISS."

"Now, Tom, what will you have to drink?" "Nothing more than I have Roland," and the speaker raised a glass of water to his lips as he looked toward the companion with whom he was dining at a first-class hotel.

"Nonsense, Tom; surely you will not refuse to take a friendly glass with me?"

"Of anything stronger than this, yes."

"But, Tom, you do not mean to understand that you never touch it; that you have not sufficient self-respect to touch it as only a gentleman should?"

"Roland, I have known stronger men than I, with just as much self-respect, who have yielded to the tempter and gone beyond the limits of a social glass, but even the knowledge of this might not have kept me from indulging."

"What was it, then?"

"A sister's kiss."

"Bah! sentimental nonsense! Did she bribe you with a kiss?"

"No; but listen. I have a sister coming into womanhood—one of the purest, loveliest women I think God ever made. I have always had, whether I deserve it or not, a large share of her warm, young heart, and every evening when I enter the house she puts her arms about my neck and kisses me, with a glad look of welcome in her eyes. Roland, there are many things I prize in this life, but I would give them all up rather than that evening kiss. I thought as you did once, that I could take a friendly glass and let it go so far and no farther, and even had the glass in my hand to carry it to my lips for the first time, when the thought of the evening kiss I would have that evening came into my mind. Could I take it if I drank the wine? I knew then that I must give up one or the other, and the glass was put back, for I could not give up the other, and then I registered a solemn vow that, if I could help it, no stain of that kind should ever soil my sister's lips. A few evenings after that we were out together where the social

glass was handed round. Now there was no one there who did not consider himself a gentleman, and who would not under any circumstances have kept within bounds before ladies, and yet I saw my sister shrink from any she had seen touch the wine, and when we went home she spoke of it, and laying her head on my shoulder, said, sadly:

"It makes me feel so sorry for their sisters, Tom."

"Then I made another vow—that I would never take to the house one who took even a social glass. Perhaps I was wrong to go so far, but I did not think of its being so hard. You see you are one of my oldest friends, one of the noblest and truest fellows I know, and one I am proud of knowing, and when I heard that you were coming here to live I made up my mind that our house should be like a home to you."

"Tom," said his companion soberly, "you have not gone too far—no, not even in excluding me from your home. I think I like you all the better for it. I am glad you have told me what you have. If I had a sister—"

"Would you have done the same? Then do it now. Stop for the sake of some other fellow's sister. Surely, the time will come when you will want another's sister for your own."

"I don't know, Tom," was the hesitating reply. "If I did stop for the sake of any other fellow's sister, you would be that other fellow. What you have said makes me a little envious. Suppose I were to stop and then grow very envious—"

"Roland," said his companion, looking up, "I must give her up to some one, I know, and there is no one to whom I would so willingly give her as to you."

"Then, Tom, you have my word for it that I will not touch wine again so long as I live. Your sister's kiss has saved me as well as you—from what? God knows."

Young men, there are other sisters in this world like the one I have told you of, and such sisters make wives such as a man may be proud of having won. For the sake of the one you may meet who would make your home so bright and cheerful that you would be glad to go to it, sure of a welcome—for her sake, I say, stop ere it be too late; bring no shadow of that kind into her life, but be strong to resist, that the time may come when she will put her hand in yours and tell you you have made her life a very happy one.—Selected.

FATHER MATHEW.

The ninety-third birthday of Father Mathew was celebrated the 10th October by the Catholic total abstinence societies of America with great enthusiasm. In Chicago, Cathedral Hall was filled to listen to the eloquent orator, Rev. James M. Hogan, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of that city. He depicted in glowing terms the early life and devoted services of Father Mathew till millions were numbered among the converts. He closed his address as follows:

"In 1849 Father Mathew visited America. His approach had been heralded, and he was met and received in a manner that a conquering hero might have envied. His course through the country was, indeed, one continued ovation, and his journey little less than a triumphal march, for he not only received marks of a most distinguished consideration at all points, but what was vastly more grateful to his feelings, he added more than half a million to the list of those who pledged themselves 'to touch not, taste not, handle not' the intoxicating cup. After remaining in the country nearly two years and a half, his enfeebled constitution, still more exhausted by his herculean labors, admonished him that both his labors and his life were approaching their termination, and that, if he would die in his native land, he must hasten homeward. Accordingly he embarked in November of 1851.

"Reaching Ireland near the close of the year he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. He lingered till 1856, when, trusting in God, believing in Christ, and loving all men, his soul departed as consciousness leaves an infant that falls asleep.

"The spirit of Father Mathew lives, and will live on as the living, energetic, inspiring thought of successive generations.

"That spirit means that drunkenness will ever be looked upon as the degrading and debasing vice which perverts judgments, poisons habits, sways passions, sears consciences, begets endless wrongs and crimes, and crushes to the earth the spirit of patriotism and virtue.

"It means that the drunkard shall be branded and condemned by society as a human brute, an intolerable monster of impurity and crime, a vile blasphemer, a reckless murderer of domestic peace, a demon from hell let loose upon earth.

"It means that drinking customs shall be made odious, and the frequentation of saloons shall grow to be disreputable.

"It means that the liquor-dealer and saloon-keeper shall not take a place among the pillars of church and society.

"It means that the men chosen to enact and administer our laws shall not cringe through fear before saloon-keepers, receive their inspiration from them, and speak and act at the bidding of King Alcohol.

"It means that the Irish people, wherever they may be found, even at the farthest ends of the earth, will remain an active, a careful, an enterprising and clear-brained, a faith-bearing and God-loving people."—National Temperance Advocate.