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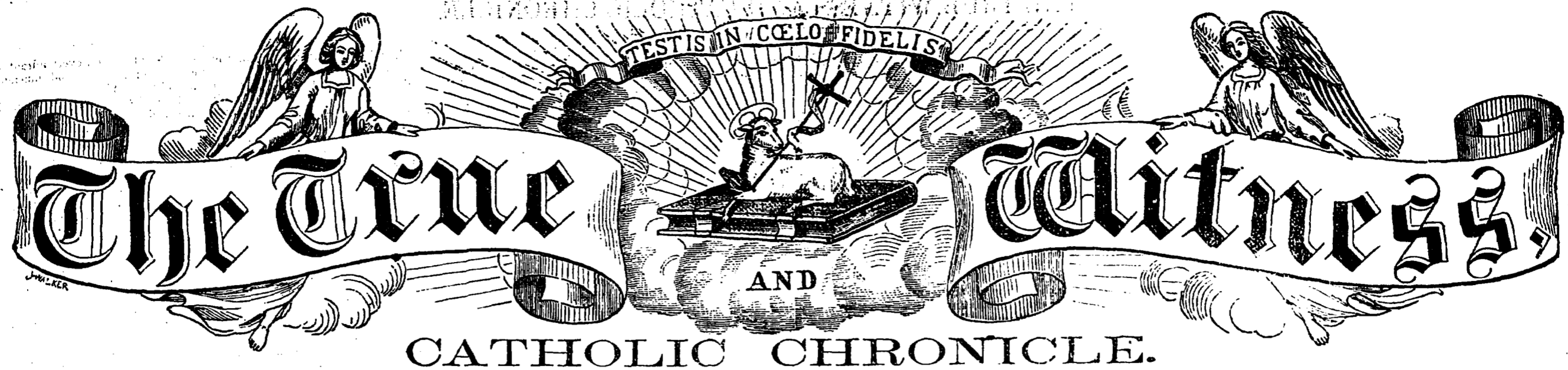
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WAIT AWHILE.

Wait awhile, cheerily smile, Soon the storm will be over; There's a bit of blue in the sky for you. There's sweetness yet in the clover!

LETTER FROM LACHINE.

THE OPINIONS OF MR. HYLES

Mr. Editor,—I am very certain you will excuse my seeming neglect in forwarding you my usual letter last Saturday when you learn the cause. While still overpowered by my emotions on learning the further and disastrous defeats inflicted on my political uncle and father in England (I refer to the great Lord Beaconsfield) I hastened to send him a letter of condolence so that at least one bright ray of sunshine might illumine the Asian mystery, over which he is so fond of poring.

hobble I get into, I never lose my presence of mind nor my spirit of philosophical enquiry.

"Can it be, my dear sir," I enquired, "that this animal, which has strange instincts of its own, has taken the opening of your pants for a hole in the sidewalk, and if so, how do you account for it?"

"H— you and the rat," roared the correspondent, "will no one release me from this infuriated quadruped?" As you may imagine, Mr. Editor, this little scene takes longer to describe than it did to transpire, but the moment the crowd learned the whereabouts of the rat, they gathered round the literateur and suggested many devices to entice the rat from its hiding place.

While those things were happening, Mr. Editor, an elegantly dressed lady advanced to me, and enquired what was the matter, and when I told her she swooned away into my arms.

You may therefore guess I was not much in humor for writing either to my friend, Lord Beaconsfield, or yourself.

THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

A GLIMPSE OF HOW THE CATHOLIC POLES AND POLITICAL PRISONERS ARE TREATED IN RUSSIA.—WHY Nihilism IS SO WIDE SPREAD.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

BERLIN, Aug. 7, (1879).—If a person of sane mind were to inform you of his or her intention to spend a vacation in Siberia you would undoubtedly smile audibly, and opine that the party making so audacious an assertion would be a fit subject for the lunatic asylum.

Until we came to Tobolsk there was still some civilization about and around us. But after that we received a foretaste of the horrors we were about to witness. For days we dragged along in a miserable carriage without meeting anything or anybody except the lonely Government posts, with their stupid "Starosts" and his subordinate Cossacks.

"Who is the prisoner?" I asked our guide. "No 114," he answered, laconically. "So I see," I replied; "but I mean his name, his family, his crime."

"It is Count de Parentoff," he replied, "a well-known conspirator. I am sorry not to be able to tell you more about No. 114."

The foul air suffocated me. I beckoned to the guide and my friend. He and I hastily traversed again the narrow corridors, and ascended to the world again, where the Chief Commander saluted us.

"Well," he asked, "what impression has our institution made upon you?" We bowed in silence. He seemed delighted, and remarked ironically: "Our boys below work diligently, do they not?"

"Indeed they do," answered my friend; "but with what feeling of relief the unhappy ones must greet their Sunday, when they can take a rest!"

"Best!" he said, wonderingly; "they have none; they must work always!" "Always!"

"Most certainly! They are condemned to work everlastingly. He who once enters the mine never leaves it again."

and there was a smell of putrefaction, as in a charnel-house.

"We are in front of the mine," said our guide, pointing to a high iron railing which surrounded a long cave—its massive rails, through the crevice of which hardly a rat might have squeezed itself, being covered with rust. The locks were fastened with chains of immense thickness and weight.

"Where are we?" I asked the guide. "In the dormitory of the prisoners," he answered. "Formerly this was a well yielding lode; now we have made it into a sleeping room."

The market price of the members of the Napoleonic family, in effigy, or otherwise, is not high. At the San Donato sale, a bust of Prince Jerome Napoleon was sold for 400fr.; a bust of the Queen of Westphalia, 500fr.; a portrait of Napoleon, First Consul, 200fr.; &c.

A paragraph in the *Noroye Fremya* states that the celebrated forger Jokianoff, who was condemned to Siberia, has just been received with open arms by the society of Krasnoyarsk. Balls, dances and masquerades were got up in his honor and every mark of attention shown to him.

Mme. Hencker's necklace is now the marvel among all other pearl marvels. The chief part of this treasure formerly belonged to the ex-Empress Eugenie. Neither that of Lady Dudley nor those of Count Branicki nor Countess Vitshume can bear comparison with this unrivalled adornment.

A fashionable *lingere* in Paris has invented waistcoats and curruas waists, made of plaited jet tubes, that are very scintillating. Also the Louis XVII collar made of cream-colored surah and malines lace, is much worn. It imitates the sailor collar and has revers and a double *jabot*. Also the stylish *chambrasse* guimpe is much the fashion.

"Father" McNamara, who is endeavoring to establish an Independent Catholic Church in Brooklyn, has peculiar ideas regarding fit religious tunes. He has hymns sung to the "Wearing of the Green" and the "Exile of Erin." One of the Psalms of David is set to "Yankee Doodle," and another (the 20th Psalm) is sung to the tune of "Paddy's Forever."

Vanity Fair mentions that in pulling down the old town barracks at Brunswick a few days ago a part of the original facade of Henry the Lion's palace was found built in one of the walls. A window, divided into three parts by two exquisitely executed and well preserved pillars, with Roman capitals, has already been laid bare, and little doubt is entertained that the entire eastern facade of the historic building will be susceptible of restoration.

Letters from Rio de Janeiro announce the safe arrival of the new Internuncio of the Holy See at the Brazilian Court, Mgr. di Pietro. His Excellency was immediately received in solemn audience by the Emperor, Dom Pedro. Rumours were lately current that fresh difficulties had arisen between the Brazilian Government and the Holy See, on account of the nomination to the see of Pernambuco of an ecclesiastic whom the Pope has on former occasions refused to accept for episcopal promotion. But this story shows the baselessness of such rumours. No nomination whatever has yet been made for Pernambuco.

The Salvation army have found in Philadelphia a heartier welcome than they received in New York. The ranks have there been recruited to the number of fifty, who are about evenly divided as to sex. They wear a uniform, march through the streets with banners flying and sing:

Satan's mad and I'm glad, A little more faith in Jesus; 'Tis all I want, 'Tis all I want, A little more faith in Jesus.

Oh, stand back, Satan, let me by, A little more faith in Jesus; I'll not go by, I'll not go by, A little more faith in Jesus.

Distributing the Constellation Cargo. DUBLIN, April 10.—The Duke of Edinburgh is superintending the distribution of Lady Macbriaridge's relief fund along the western islands of Ireland, and has agreed to furnish ships to distribute the Constellation's relief cargo along the coast of Ireland.

PARIS, April 8.—The Bishops at the head of the Paris Catholic University have decided to conform to Ferry's Educational Bill, by altering the name of their institution to that of the Catholic Institute.

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Sunday too. They are never permitted to rest, Oh! but yes—twice during the year—at Easter and on the birthday of our glorious Euphoric.

And he removed his hat, as though he had spoken the name of the Lord.

We bowed again, and hastened to get back to Tobolsk. My friend and I were both very silent until we got out of Russia. But hereafter we shall not be so very much shocked when we read of the terrible spread of that political fanaticism which is called Nihilism in the great Empire of the European East.

ODD AND ENDS.

The *Moscow Gazette* announced that Lord Beaconsfield was going to stand for the "West End" of London in the elections.

The composer Wagner is expected to attend the Palestrina celebration at Rome this month, as well, probably the first performance of his "Lohengrin."

Jules Valles has written a drama, in five acts, called "La Commune," the principal character in which is Rosset. The piece will be played at Brussels.

A balloon trip across to England is about to be undertaken, the *Moniteur* says, by M. Joire, of the Aerostatic Experiment Society, who last year made some fine ascents in the North of France.

Vanity Fair says that the Czar has categorically refused to receive any petition from the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, once the lover of Fanny Lear, begging for a remission of his exile at Orenburg. The Grand Duke, it is added, has taken to drink.

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THE ARTHABASKA HORROR!

Full Confession of the Murderer

Ample Particulars Relating to the Commission of the Bloody Deed.

The veil of mystery which enveloped the late brutal murder at Bulstode, near Arthabaska, has been removed by the confession of Cleophas Lachance, who admits having committed the awful crime, by which a promising young woman was made the victim of one of the most cruel and cold-blooded murders that has ever taken place in the country. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that death was caused by blows on the head inflicted by some blunt instrument, perhaps with a stick of wood. The following is the prisoner's statement:—

Cleophas Lachance made a statement to High Constable Bissonnette, in which he confesses as follows:—

On the 29th of March, after dinner, I left my father's house and took the road leading to the unoccupied house of one Babino for the purpose of meeting Odile Deslats, whom I had seen from the shed, when she was about five acres from her house. I met the victim opposite the wall where the murder was committed, and I asked her to give me a kiss; she refused, and pushed me away, from the force of which I fell to the ground. I then got up, and being vexed, threw myself on her, struck her with my fist, and threw her on the ground, holding her by the neck. I then drew my knife (the same one Mr. Bissonnette has shown me) and, as she observed my movements, she pulled it out of my hands. While I held her on the ground with my hands and legs, she cried: "My God, he is pulling out his knife!" She said this before taking the knife out of my hands. I succeeded in again getting possession of the knife, but not before I had cut my hands. I then stabbed her on the neck with the large blade, and it is the wound then inflicted that appeared at the examination before the Coroner and Magistrate. When she had received the wound, she tried to get up, but I pushed her back on the ground and went for a piece of board (produced in Court) to which a hinge was attached. When I stabbed her, as she was about the centre of the road, I dragged her close to the wall in order that she might not escape from me. It was then that I split the piece of wood, and returned to the spot where the girl was lying near the wall. This piece of wood was the cover of the well and I broke it with my hands. When I returned to the girl with the piece of wood she was lying on the ground on her right side, her head being near the well and her feet pointing to the road. I then struck her with the piece of wood on the left temple, near the right eye, upon which she moaned so heavily that she might have been heard at Urban Babino's house, if anybody occupied it. I again struck her with the wood on the left side of the head, holding the weapon in both hands. She put her left hand on her head where I had struck her, and her hand remained in her hair. She did not make any movement, and I took her to the well, into which I threw her head foremost. I pushed her legs down in order to hide them from sight. She then made a motion, and raised her legs a distance above the top of the well, when I pushed her down again. Her hat and shawl were in the road, and I put them in the well, spreading the shawl over her and placing the hat to one side. I then got pieces of board, which I placed over her in the well, and I next took three cedar posts which I placed standing up in the well over the body. I left the body in the well and started to go in the direction of my father's house. I had got but half an acre when I ran back twice to see if the body moved, and, seeing there was no stir, I went to the barn about eight acres from the road, where I washed my hands. After the murder at the well I observed that my hands were wet. On my coat there was some blood. Part of the blood was from the body of the deceased and part from the wounds on my hands. When I observed that my hands were bleeding I put them in my pants pockets. When I had washed my hands I went out of the highway, and proceeded to the barn of my brother, Joseph Lachance, in order to calm my nerves. It was then that I saw the Rev. Cure Lessard, just as I was leaving the barn.

I am satisfied that I have made this declaration of everything connected with the case, as I have been anxious to make this confession for several days, but I could not bring myself to do so, but now I am satisfied that I have confessed this crime in order to remove any suspicion against innocent parties. In making this declaration I have taken a load off my conscience, and the statement is made of my own free will, and without threats or promises, but at my request to Mr. Bissonnette.

The prisoner, who is said by some to be slightly demented, told the High Constable that he was now most happy, as he had given a true version of the affair. The mothers of both the actors in the tragedy are ill, in fact, it is thought the prisoner's mother can hardly survive, so great a shock has her nervous system received. The self-confessed murderer is now in close custody in the gaol at Arthabaska, where he will be tried, at the Criminal Term.

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THE IMPERIAL ELECTIONS.

HOME RULE GAINS.

The following is a complete list of the members of Parliament returned from Irish constituencies up to the latest accounts:— Findlater and Given, Monahan, Liberals. Law and McClure, Liberals, Londonderry. Taylor and Hamilton, Dublin county, Conservatives. Gibson and Plunkett, Dublin University, Conservatives. Whitworth, Drogheda, Home Ruler. The O'Donoghue, Tralee, Home Ruler. Sir Rowland Blennerhasset and R. P. Blennerhasset, Kerry, Home Rulers. Mitchell Henry and Major Nolan, Galway, Home Rulers. O'Sullivan and Lysan, Limerick, Home Rulers. Gabbett and O'Shaughnessy, Limerick (city), Home Rulers. Breeford, Armagh city, Conservative. Curry and Ewart, Belfast, Conservatives. Lewis, Londonderry city, Conservative. Redmond and O'Byrne, Wexford county, Home Rulers. Bernard, Brandon, Conservative. Cole, Enniskillen, Conservative. Dickson, Dungannon, Conservative. Dawson, Carlow borough, Home Ruler. McCarthy and Errington, Longford county, Home Rulers. Finnegan, Ennis, Home Ruler. Foley, New Ross, Home Ruler. Fitzpatrick, Port Arlington, Conservative. Redmond (Cap), Wexford borough, Home Ruler. Greene, Carrickfergus, Conservative. Johnson, Malton, Liberal. Moore, Clonmel, Home Ruler. Russell, Dunalk, Liberal. Lever and O'Gorman, Galway city, Home Rulers. Brooks, Dublin city, Home Ruler. Leamy, Waterford city, Home Ruler. Lyons, Dublin city, Liberal. Parnell and Daly, Cork city, Home Rulers. Biggar and Fay, Cavan, Home Rulers. Lawlor and O'Connor, Queen's County, Home Rulers. Fisher and Stuart, Waterford, Home Rulers. Barry and Redmond, Wexford County, Home Rulers. Smythe and Gill, Tipperary, Home Rulers. Leashy and Weldon, Kildare, Home Rulers. McKenna, Yougal, Home Ruler. Cummins and Kelly, Roscommon, Home Rulers. Gray, Carlow, Home Ruler. Blake, Waterford Co, Home Ruler. Dillon, Tipperary, Home Ruler. Power, Waterford, Home Ruler. O'Gorman and O'Shea, Clare Co, Home Rulers. McCann and Corbett, Wicklow, Home Rulers. Lords Hill and Castlerough, Down Co, Conservatives. O'Byrne, Leitrim, Home Ruler. Tottenham, Leitrim, Conservative. O'Connor and Blake, Sligo, Home Rulers. Littleton, Liberal, McCartney, Conservative, for Tyrone. Archdall and Orlinton, Fermanagh, Conservatives. Callan and Sullivan, Louth, Home Rulers. Gill and T. D. Sullivan, Westmeath, Home Rulers. Molloy, Kings county, Home Ruler. O'Brien, Kings county, Liberal. McFarlane, Carlow county, Home Ruler. Power (O'O) and Sexton Mayo, Home Rulers. Chaine and McNaughton, Antrim, Conservatives. Mullholland, Downpatrick, Conservative. Breeford, Armagh, Conservative. Bruce, Coleraine, Conservative. Wallace, Lisburn, Conservative. Parnell and Martin, Meath, Home Rulers. Hugh O'Donnell, Dungarvon, Home Ruler. London society has had a new experience. Lady Margaret Toler, sister of the young Earl of Norbury, was married by special license at nine P. M. to Mr. Boycott Jenkins, son of Lady Lovelace. Every one came in full dress by invitation.

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

There is a moment's pause, and teacher and pupil confront each other. That an explosion will follow, Miss Sydney Owenson fully expects, but what was she to do? Helen Home was a day-scholar, who surreptitiously smuggled story-books inside the sacred walls of the pensionnat for the private delectation of the boarders. Helen had been threatened with expulsion the next time she was caught in the act of "red-handing," so to say, and it was much more on Helen's account than on her own that Sydney Owenson was palpitating now.

"I coaxed so hard for that 'Pickwick,' Sydney thinks. 'I hope to goodness some of the girls will pick it up and hide it outside. I don't mind mam'selle's flare-up—I'm used to it—but I'd never forgive myself if Nell came to grief through me.'

She looks up now in mademoiselle's indignant face, clasps two little white hands imploringly, and begins, with that voice and smile mademoiselle herself declares to be the most charming on earth, to wheedle her out of her just wrath.

"Oh, Mam'selle Stephanie, don't be angry, please. I know it's wrong to break rules, but then I am so tired of the stupid old plays out there, and the girls are so noisy and rude, and my head did ache, and the book was not a bad book—upon my word and honor it wasn't, mam'selle; not a bit like a novel at all, and I did find it among the cabbagees last evening, and—"

Mademoiselle Stephanie knows of old that Miss Owenson is perfectly capable of going on in this strain without a single full stop for the next hour. Therefore, without a word, she pulls a letter out of her pocket and hands it to her pet pupil.

"I will overlook your disobedience this once, petite," she said, "because it is probably the very last time you will ever have a chance to disobey. Read your mamma's letter, my dear; I know what it contains, as it came inclosed in one to me. Cherie, mam'selle's voice absolutely falters,—"you—you are about to leave school."

Sydney Owenson rises to her feet, the great gray eyes dilate and grow almost black with some vague terror. She looks at her letter—a look of absolute affright, the last trace of color leaving her pearl-fair skin—then at mademoiselle.

"Papa," she falters. "Oh, mam'selle! don't say papa is—"

"Worse? No, my dear. You poor child, you are as white as the wall. No, papa is not worse—it isn't that—it is—but read your letter, cherie; it will tell you all about it, and believe me, my dear, and mademoiselle lays two sun-colored old hands kindly on the girl's shoulders,—"no one in this school will regret the loss of one of its most troublesome pupil more than I shall."

She toddles away in her latest Miss Owenson to read her letter. "Ah," she sighs, "it is the best, the tenderest little heart after all. I shall never love another pupil so well. Only a baby of seventeen, and to be married in a month! *Heavens* the poor little one!"

Sydney tears open her letter; it is a lengthy, spidery, woman's scrawl.

"OWENSON PLACE, October 25, 18—"

"MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER.—I have written to the Mademoiselles Chateauroux, telling them to have all things ready for your departure on Monday, the third of November. You are to leave school, and for good. Papa is not worse really, but thinks he is, and the pines for you. He has taken it into his head—you know how hypochondriacal he is—that he will die before the year ends, and he insists that you must be married at once, else he will not live to see it. Now don't worry about this, Sydney. I know how foolish you are concerning poor papa's whims, and it is only a whim. Bertie is here, came by the Cunard steamer from England three weeks ago, and is naturally all impatience to see you. It is a very absurd whim of papa's, I think myself, this marrying a child of seventeen and a boy of twenty-two; but what use is it my saying so? I was nine-and-twenty when I married Captain Owenson. Still, I am sure, I hope you will be happy; and Bertie's so good-tempered and gentlemanly and all that, that anyone might get along with him. Rebecca will reach Petit St. Jacques Saturday afternoon, and you will start for home on Monday morning. Papa has actually sent to Paris for your wedding dress, and pearls and veil, as though good enough could not have been got in New York City; but it is another of his whims to look down upon everything in this country, and think nothing fit for you that doesn't come from Europe. I'm sure sometimes I wonder he never married an American lady, or that he found a school on this continent fit for his only child. I know he would have sent you to the Sacre Cour at Paris, only he couldn't bear to put the ocean between himself and you. But this has nothing to do with it. So bid the young ladies and teachers good-by, and be ready to start on Monday morning with Rebecca."

"Your affectionate Mother."

"CHARLOTTE OWENSON."

"P. S.—Bertie sends his love and a kiss, he says, to all the pretty girls in the school. He is as foolish as ever, but very handsome and elegant, I must say. Christ College has improved him greatly. He wanted to accompany Rebecca, but, of course, I wouldn't hear of anything so improper as that."

C. O.

"P. S. No. 2.—By the by, papa says you may invite your particular friend, Miss Hendrick, if you like, to be one of your bridesmaids. He knew her aunt, Miss Phillis Dormer, in England, and her mother comes of one of the best families in Dorsetshire. As if the best family in Dorsetshire mattered in America. C. O."

CHAPTER II.

CYRILLA.

This long, loosely written, rambling letter dropped on Sydney's lap, her hands folded over it, and she sat strangely quiet, (for her) looking out at the faint opaline twilight sky. To leave school on Monday—! To be married in a month! Surely enough to startle any school-girl of seventeen. Besides being the daughter of the richest man, besides having double, treble the spending money of any other girl in the pensionnat; besides having silks and lace and jewels as though she were five-and-twenty, and, "out," besides having beauty and talent and goodness and grace Sydney Owenson had one other—and still greater claim to be "queen rose" of Mlle. Stephanie's "rosebud garden of girls,"—she was engaged. All and each of the four-and-thirty other boarders of mam'selle—not to speak of the one-and-twenty day-scholars—looked forward in the fullness of time to a possible lover, a prospective engagement, and an ultimate husband, but a real lover and a bona fide engagement none of them yet attained, with the exception of Miss Owenson. That height of bliss Miss Owenson had reached in her sixteenth birthday. The midsummer vacation over, the young lady had returned to Canada from her paternal mansion—a solitary dis-

mond ablaze on one slim finger, a locket (with a gentleman's portrait and a ring of brown hair) around her white throat—and calmly announced to all whom it might concern that she was engaged.

The first stunning abock of surprise over a torrent of questions poured upon the blissful fiancée.

"Oh! good gracious! Oh, Mon Dieu! was she really? Oh, how nice! Oh! *c'est charmant!* What was his name? Where did he live? How did it come about? What did he say? Was he handsome? Was he rich? Did papa and mamma know? Oh, what a love of a ring, and how splendid it was to be engaged at sixteen! And when, O Sydney! when were they going to be married?"

"There! there! there!" cried Miss Owenson shrilly, breaking up from fifty-six eager excited faces. "I am sorry I told you anything about it. One would think I was the only girl in the world ever engaged before. If you leave me alone I'll answer all your questions. Stand off, and let me see. His name? Well, his name is Albert Vaughan—Bertie Vaughan—a pretty name to begin with."

"Where does he live? He lives at Oxford at present; at least he was his way back here when I left home. How did it come about? Well, it didn't come about; it was always to be, destined from all time, and that's my thing. Ever since I can remember anything, I remember being told that I was to marry Bertie some day, if I behaved myself—family arrangement, you see, like a thing in story. What did he say? Oh, well, he just came to me on my birthday, and slipped this ring on my finger, and said, 'I say, Syd, I want you to marry me this day twenty months or thereabouts, you know, and I said, 'All right, Bert, I will.' 'Is he handsome?' Handsome as an angel, Helen—brwn eyes, brown curling hair, fair complexion, rosy cheeks like a girl, small hands and feet, and the sweetest little love of a moustache! 'Is he rich?' Poor as a church mouse, Cyrilla—not got a sou in the earthly world; but as I am to have enough for both that doesn't signify. 'Do papa and mamma know?' Of course they know, goosie! Bertie and I would never have thought of such a thing if papa hadn't told us to think of it. 'And when are we to be married?' Oh, I don't know—not for ever so long. I don't want to be married—it's dreadfully dowdy and stupid. We won't be married for ages—not till I'm old—oh! never so old—twenty-one may be. It's nice enough to be engaged, but married—bah-h-h!"

Miss Owenson pronounced her "bah!" with the disgusted look of one who swallows a nauseous dose, and sprang to her feet.

"I say, girl's let's have a game of 'Prisoners' Base.' I'm dying for a romp. Come?"

Miss Owenson had a romp until the pale cheeks glowed like twin pink roses, and the vivid gray eyes streamed with laughing light. But from that hour a halo of romantic interest encircled her.

She had a lover, she was engaged, she would be married in a year. Oh, happy, thrice happy Sydney Owenson! Every month or so came to her a letter bearing the English postmark, dated, "Ch. Ch., Oxford"—real, genuine love-letters! Mlle. Stephanie shook her head and past them over in fear and trembling to her engaged pupil. She had never had such a thing before, and to a certain extent it was demoralizing to the whole school.

Six-and-forty heads ran more on lovers than on lessons, an engagements than on "Talemaque" or "Chopin's Waltzes." Miss Owenson, as a matter of Christian duty, read those epistles of her young Oxonian faithfully aloud to her six-and-thirty fellow students. On the whole they were rather a disappointment. They contained a great deal of news about boating on the Isis, riding across country, college supper parties and a jolly time generally, but very few glowing love-passages to his affianced. Indeed, beyond the "Dear little Syd" at the beginning, and "Your affectionate Bertie" at the end, they didn't contain single protestation of the consuming passion which it is supposed possessed him.

"Of course not," Sydney was wont to cry indignantly, when some of the sentimental young ladies objected to these love-letters on that head. "You wouldn't have Bertie spooning all the way across the Atlantic, would you? I suppose, Helen, you would like the sort of letters Lord Mortimer used to write to nobby-pamby, milk-and-waterish Amanda Fitzalan. 'Beloved of my soul! Ha! ha! I fancy I see Bert writing that sort of rubbish to me. He wouldn't do it twice, let me tell you!'"

As may be seen, Miss Owenson was not in the least sentimental herself—not one whit in love, in the common acceptation of the word, with Bertie Vaughan. "He was the dearest, jolliest old fellow in the world—Bertie," she was calmly accustomed to observe; "and since she must marry somebody sometime, she would rather marry Bertie than anybody else, but to go spooning as they did in books—no, not while either of them keep their senses."

She sits very quietly now, the letter on her lap, looking out at that pale yellow, frosty sky—little pale, and very thoughtful.

Going to leave school—going to be married! All the old life to end, and the new to begin. And the old life had been such a good life, such a pleasant life; she was so fond of school and of all the girls—well, with about three-and-twenty exceptions. She never could play "Brother Hermit," or "Hunt the Slipper," or "Tag" any more—never any more! Married woman never jumped skipping ropes, played "Pass in the Corner," or got people to swing them until their heels touched the beam in the barn each time! Never! never! It was all dull and stupid, and dowdy, being married. And great tears rose up in Miss Owenson's gray eyes and splashed, one by one, down upon the fatal letter.

"All alone, Syd?" cries a brisk voice, and with a swish of dingy skirts, Miss Hendrick is in the room. "And a letter—another love-letter! Happy girl! Well, blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed" of whom I am one. And how is our beautiful Bertie?"

"It isn't from Bertie," answers Sydney, hastily wiping away the last tear. "It's from mamma, and—a great gulp—"O Cy, I'm going to leave school!"

"Happy girl once more! When and why?"

"On Monday, and—to be married!"

"On Monday, and—to be married! Happy, happy girl! I wish I were going to the leave school on Monday, and be married. I wouldn't sit by myself in the dark and mope, I can tell you. But what's all this hurry about?"

"Read the letter," says Miss Owenson, placing it in her hand, and looking out with a woe-begone face at the fast darkening evening sky. One, two, three, four, five, more evenings may she watch that little white, cold-looking, half-moon float up yonder among the tamaracs, five more evenings may she listen to the discordant shrieks of the thirty-four boarders making day holidays, and then never more for all time. And another large tear comes plump down, at the misery of the thought, in her lap.

Cyrrilla Hendrick reads the letter, and throws it back with an envious sigh.

"What a lucky girl you are, Syd! A father and mother who dote upon you—a rich father and mother, a handsome young husband, wait-

ing for you, and all the freedom and gaiety of a married woman yours, at seventeen. While for me—ah, well!" with a bitter laugh, as poor Freddy used to say, "Life can't be all beer and skittles" for the whole of us.

"Freddy!" Sydney exclaimed, looking up at her friend with sudden curiosity, "that is the first time I ever heard you mention any man's name! Who is Freddy?"

"Ah, who indeed?" Miss Hendrick answers with another half-laugh. "Thereby hangs a tale, which I'm not inclined to tell at present. But I say again, what a happy girl you are, Sydney Owenson!"

"What, because I am to be married next month, Cy?" Sydney cries, opening her great eyes in unfeigned wonder. "You can't mean that."

"I mean that, and everything about your life. You are an heiress, you will be a beauty, you have people who love you, you have school friends wherever you go. Why, here in school the girls swoon by you, you are snuffy, priggish, dainty—little Mam'selle Stephanie, in her dreamy way is fond of you. At sixteen you wear diamonds and walk in silk array! While—"

Again she stopped, with a gesture that was almost passionate in the intensity of its envy. Sydney looked at her in wonder. The bitterness of her tone and words was a new revelation; it was a contrast indeed to the unusually cool, almost insolent serenity of Cyrilla Hendrick's manner.

"While you, Cy," Sydney supplemented, "are ten times over better looking than I am, sing better, play better, paint and draw better, speak four languages, and are the cleverest girl, mam'selle says, she ever had in her school. You have an aunt who is fabulously rich, so everybody says, who has adopted you, and whose heiress you are to be. While, as for being married—"

Cyrrilla Hendrick laughed, as Miss Owenson faltered and paused, all her easy insouciance of manner returned.

"While, as for being married, I have only to walk over to St. Jacques Barracks and ask any of the officers, and they will take me on the spot—is that what you want to say, Syd? And I sing well, play well, paint well, and am a famous linguist? Lucky for me I am, since these accomplishments are my stock and trade, with which, until some man does compassionate me, I am to earn the bread I eat."

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you? You never suspected, I suppose, that my brilliant role in the drama of life is that of a governess?"

"Governess! What nonsense, Cyrilla. The rich Miss Dormer's heiress niece!"

"The rich Miss Dormer's heiress niece! Sydney, would you like to know exactly how much Miss Dormer means to do for her pauper niece, Cyrilla Hendrick?"

"If you please, Cy. You know you and your history are darkest mysteries to Mademoiselle Chateauroux's boarders."

Cyrrilla laughed, still standing behind her friend. I knew it, *cherie belle*, and mysteries we all like to remain. Let me unveil this darkness to you a little. I was born in Paris eighteen years ago, in a garret—mark that, daughter of Mammon!—and my mother was the daughter of a baronet; my father was the only brother of the rich Phillis Dormer. My father was one of the handsomest men, one of the cleverest men, and one of the most utterly unprincipled men in Europe—a thorough-paced adventurer, in fact, as Aunt Phill takes care to impress upon my innocent mind every time I see her—an out-and-out Bohemian.

Before I was twelve years old I had traversed the Continent from one end to the other, and had a smattering of every European language. No wonder I studied them with facility now. When I was twelve my father came to England, his native land, and there, in the parish of Bloomsbury, we set up an hotel in for moderately respectable Bohemianism. My mother was dead—luckily for her, poor soul!—and I was housekeeper in the Bloomsbury establishment—think of that, Syd—at twelve years old! From that until I was sixteen, I kept my father's house, and I saw more of life—real genuine life—in those three years than you, mademoiselle—only child and heiress—will ever see in your whole respectable, rich, Phillistine existence! Good heaven, Syd! how happy I used to be with my handsome, clever, vagabond father and my poor, dear little Fred."

She stopped—passionate pain, passionate regret in her face and voice. Sydney Owenson sat listening with bated breath to this marvelous and rather shocking revelation.

"It was poverty, Syd, but picturesque poverty; that meant truffled turkey and champagne to-day, and a dry crust and a cup of water to-morrow; a seat in the upper tier of a Strand theatre or Astley's circus among the gods of the gallery, big bearded men to take me on their knee, and kiss me, and pet me; men who wrote books and painted pictures, who wore sock or buskin, who got tipsy on gin and water or Claret, as their finances stood. Men who taught me to roll up their cigarettes, and to light them after. By the way, Syd, Cyrilla broke off her half-bitter, half-cynical tone, ending in a sudden laugh, "do you remember the night, after I came here first, that Miss Jones caught me smoking a rose-scented cigarette, a dozen of you standing around in an awe-struck and admiring row? She told Mademoiselle Stephanie, as in duty bound, and got me punished. I vowed vengeance, and the vendetta has waged between us ever since."

"I remember, Cy. And what a superior being you seemed to me, to be able to sit there and smoke off four cigarettes without wincing once! Go on!"

"Oh, well!" Cyrilla said coolly, "there's nothing more to go on about. When I was sixteen, Aunt Phill sent for me, and I bade farewell to old England and my jolly Bedonkin life, and came to America, exchanged the tents of vagabondia for the red brick mansion of respectability. She found me half-savage, wholly uneducated, according to her notions, and knowing a great deal I would do much better without. She sent me here—unfolding something of my antecedents to horrified mam'selle, and I had to pledge myself to keep my disreputable history to myself before I could be taken into this spotless fold of youth and innocence. That is three years ago—I am almost nineteen, and at Christmas I am to leave school for good."

"To go and live with Miss Dormer?"

"To go and live with Miss Dormer, in the dreariest, grimmest old house in America; companion to the coarsest, spitefullest old woman on earth! Don't be shocked, Syd—she! I'm to read to her, write to her, play for her, sing for her, sew for her, feed the birds and cats, and run her errands, all for my clothes and keep."

"And her fortune when she dies?"

"Not a bit of it! She has two wills made, assigned. One bequeaths her hundred thousand dollars to endow an asylum for superannuated maiden ladies; the other bequeaths that sum to myself, on condition—"

"Well?" Sydney cried breathlessly.

"On condition that I'll swear—swear on the Bible, mind!—to do something she wants me to do. I haven't taken the oath yet, and I believe, oath or no oath, she will never trust me an inch further than she can see me. 'There is bad blood in my niece Cyrilla.'—Miss

Hendrick grows dramatic when she narates, it is a high-pitched old woman's voice that speaks—"all the Hendricks were reprobates all over, every one!" "Do we gather grapes of thorns, or eggs of thistles?" My niece Cyrilla is—fortunately—the last of the tribe, a Hendrick to her finger-tips, and mark my words! my niece Cyrilla will come to no good end."

"Ugh, how horrid!" said Miss Owenson, with something between a laugh and a shudder. "I wonder, thinking that she ever troubled with you at all?"

"So do I wonder. She seems to utilize me until the final catastrophe comes, and I disappear in the outer darkness to which I was born. It is a wonderful old woman—Aunt Phill! And sometimes, Syd, sometimes, the handsome youthful face darkened and grew sombre, "when I think of what my past was, when I think of what my father is, when I think of what my future is likely to be, I rank Aunt Phill among the prophets, and believe, with her, that her niece Cyrilla will come to no good end!"

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL-GIRL GOSSIP.

There is a silence for a while. Cyrilla Hendrick has walked away to the curtainless school-room window, and stands looking out at the pale, chill, twilight sky, where a white moon hangs silvery, a few yellow, frosty, sparkling stars near. The tamaracs shiver and toss their feathery green plumes in the evening breeze, a breeze that bears a prophecy of coming winter even now in its breath. Miss Hendrick's handsome brunette face looks darker and sadder than Sydney Owenson has ever seen it before.

"Ten minutes and the study bell will ring, and this horrid tumult end, for which *Dieu merci*. Look at them, Syd, a motley crowd, my masters, a motley crowd." Of course, all this I've told you is strictly *sub rosa*. Mademoiselle Stephanie, poor old snuffy soul, would go out of her senses if she thought I was corrupting her favorite pupil by such improper conversation.

She half-turned around, all her gloom gone, the airy ease of manner uncommon in a school-girl, and which constituted this school-girl's chief charm, back. Independently of wealth and social position, and no one on earth thought more of wealth and social position than this waif of vagabondia, she liked Sydney Owenson for her own sake.

"I promised not to tell, you know, Syd, and reprobate as Aunt Phill thinks me, I like to keep my word. I have kept it for three years; all those noisy girls think, as you thought an hour ago, that my life, like their lives, has been the quintessence of dull, drab-colored gentility. Your papa was a captain in the English navy once, wasn't he, and is a great stickler for good birth and breeding? I wonder if he would ask the rich and respectable Miss Phillis Dormer's niece to be your bridesmaid if he were listening now?"

"If papa knew you as I do, he would like and admire you as I do," Sydney cried warmly. "Who could help it? I never saw a man yet whom you did not fascinate in ten minutes if you chose."

"If I chose?" Cyrilla laughed. "Ah, yes, Syd, the men like me, and always will; let that be my comfort. I shall be one of those women whom other women look upon as a scandal, and know as their natural enemy at sight, but men will like me to the end of the chapter. Only be sure of this, pretty little Sydney." She took the pearl-fair face between her two hands, and stooped and kissed her. "You need never fear me."

"Fear you, Cy? What nonsense! What do you mean?"

"This Mr. Bertie Vaughan is handsome, you say, Syd?" was Cyrilla's inapposite answer. "Let me look at his photo again."

As a rule Miss Owenson wore her lover's picture and locket affectionately in her trunk, but she chanced to have it on to-day. She snatched the slender yellow chain off her neck and handed it to her friend. She had been touched strangely by Cyrilla's confidence, more touched still by the unexpected caress. They had been good friends and staunch comrades during the past three years, with the average of school girl quarrels and make ups; but never before had Cyrilla Hendrick been known to kiss her or any other creature in the school.

She was wonderfully chary of enthusiasm or caresses; set down as "that proud, conceited thing" by her fellow boarders, admired and envied for her superior cleverness and ease of manner, and dark, aristocratic, high-bred face, liked by few, Sydney Owenson chief among them, and cordially hated by the many. Without knowing why, without being able to reason on the matter, they instinctively felt that she was one of them, but not like them.

She came into their midst with her pauper head held high, all sort of defiance in her black, derisive eyes, a sort of superior contempt for them and their ignorance of life in her slight sarcastic smile. Wonderfully reticent for a girl of sixteen, she yet said things, and did things, besides the smoking of cigarettes, that proved that she had lived, before coming here, in a very different world from any they had ever known. The sketchy outline of her life she had given to Sydney Owenson—the sketchy outline only—there were details that might have been filled in, which would have raised every red-gold hair on Miss Owenson's pretty head aloft with dismay. She had seen life with her "handsome, clever, reprobate father," as luckily it falls to the lot of few daughters ever to see it. Bacchanalian nights of gambling, song-singing, wine-drinking, and festive uproar. There was not a capital in Europe which she and her doll had not visited at the age of twelve. She had spent three whole months behind his chair at Baden-Baden, with a pin and a perforated card, and starved and fasted as he lost or won. All the jolly outlaws of Bohemia had lounged in the shabby rooms of "Jack Hendrick," where a perpetual "tobacco parliament" seemed to reign. Scions of aristocracy, youthful sprigs of gentility, deep in the books of the children of Israel, made it their headquarters and lounging-place, and lost their self-sovereign to their genial host. Clever painters, whose pictures hung on the walls in the Royal Academy, had painted "Little Beauty Hendrick" as Cyrilla had been named—painted her as Onipida, as Undine, as Hebe, as gypsies, as angels, as everything a plump, pretty, black-eyed rosbird of a child could be painted. Clever actors gave her orders to their plays, had coached her in small private theatricals. Old Jean Jacques Dando, teacher of the ballet of the Princess Theatre, taught her to dance, and the first violinist taught her to play the fiddle. She could jabber in five different languages at twelve, and read French novels by the wholesale. Tall booted and spurred military-wholesaler had carried her aloft on their shoulder, and taught her to roll and light their cigarettes. Midnight, as a rule, was this little dame's hour of lying down, and nobody but "time of rising up." Then, in the midst of this jolly, vagabond career, came Miss Phillis Dormer's offer and its acceptance.

"Will you go, beauty?" her father said, doubtfully. "It will be beastly dull without you, but the old girl's rich; and intends to make you her heiress, no doubt! She'll send

you to school, and do the handsome thing by you when she dies. Will you go?"

"Yes, father, I'll go," Cyrilla answered, promptly. "I'll pack my trunk and be ready at once. Freddy says there's a steamer to sail day after to-morrow."

"Ah! Freddy says," her father repeated, still looking at her doubtfully. "Look here, Beauty! I wouldn't say anything about Freddy, or the rest of them over there, if I were you. Just tell the old girl and the other Phillistines you meet that you came of poor—poor, but honest—parents you know. Mum's the word about the card-playing and the scampering over the world, and—the whole thing, in short."

"You may trust me, father. I know when to hold my tongue and when to speak. I haven't lived with you sixteen years for nothing," calmly says Mademoiselle Cyrilla.

"No, by Jove!" Jack Hendrick cried, admiringly. "You're the cleverest little thing that ever breathed, Beauty! You know on which side your bread's buttered. And you'll not forget the dear old dad, eh, Cy? out there among the purple and fine linen, and your first taste of respectability?"

So Cyrilla came and was received by Miss Dormer—a pale, dark girl, tall and slim, quiet, silent and demure. But Aunt Phill had the keenest old eyes that ever sparkled in the head of a maiden lady of sixty, and read her like a book.

"Ha!" the old voice scornfully cried; "you lived sixteen years with Jack Hendrick and then come to me and try to take me in with your mock-modest airs! But I'm an old bird, and not to be caught with chaff. You're a very pretty girl, Cyrilla—you take after your father in that—and you hold your beggar's head well up, which I like to see. You take that and your aquiline nose from your mother. Your mother was a fool, my dear, as I suppose you know, and proved her folly to all the world, by running away with handsome, penniless, secondarily Jack Hendrick. She was the daughter of a baronet, and engaged to a colonel of the Guards—Lord Hepburn to-day—and she ran away one night, just three weeks before her appointed wedding, with your father. Ah! well, she paid for that bit of romance, and is in her grave long ago—the very best place for her. But you're a Hendrick, my niece Cyrilla—a Hendrick to the backbone, and a precious bad lot, I have no doubt. I never knew a Hendrick yet who came to a good end—no, not one! And you take care, niece Cyrilla, or you'll come to a bad end, too."

"I dare say I shall," niece Cyrilla answered, coolly, seeing in a moment that perfect frankness was best with this extraordinary old fairy godmother. "My father always taught me that coming to grief was the inevitable lot of all things here below. At least I hope I shall do it gracefully."

"I'm going to send you to school," the old lady pursued, for three years, and mind you make the most of your time. You are ignorant as a Hottentot now of all you ought to know, and horribly thorough in all you ought not. I shall send you to the Demoiselles Chateauroux, at Petit St. Jacques—a very strict school and a very dull place, where even you cannot get into mischief. And mind don't you go contaminating your fellow pupils by tales of vagabond life! Don't offend me, niece Cyrilla; I warn you of that."

"I don't intend to, Aunt Phill," the girl answered, good-humoredly. "I shall study hard, and be a credit to you; trust me. I know my ignorance, and am anxious to shake the dust of vagabondism off my feet as you can possibly be. I shall do you honor at school."

She had kept her word. She was brilliantly clever, and amazed and delighted her teachers by her progress. She was the pride of the school at each half-yearly exhibition; her playing, her singing were such as had never been heard within these walls before. And in the small milk-and-water dramas performed on these occasions she absolutely electrified all beholders. In truth she did it so well that the Demoiselles Chateauroux were almost alarmed.

"She goes on more like a real play actress than a school girl," they said; "it can't be the first time she has tried parlor theatricals."

It was not, indeed. And at one of these exhibitions a little incident had occurred that disturbed Mam'selle Stephanie more and more. The rooms were crowded. "Cinderella" had been dramatized expressly for the occasion and "Miss C. Hendrick" came on as the Prince, in plumed cap and silk doublet, acting her part, as usual, *con amore*, and making much more violent love than ever Mlle. Stephanie had intended to the Cinderella of the piece. As she came gracefully forward before the audience, singing a song, a tall, dashing-looking man, an officer newly arrived from England, had started up.

"It is!" he exclaimed; "by Jupiter, it is! Beauty Hendrick!"

Miss Hendrick had flashed one electric glance from her black eyes upon him, and the play went on. People stared; the Demoiselle Chateauroux turned pale; pupils pricked up curious little ears and looked askance of the big trooper. "He knew Cy Hendrick, and called her Beauty. What did it mean?"

The performance over, Major Powerscourt sought out Mlle. Stephanie and a low and earnest conversation ensued—the gentleman pleading, the lady inexorable.

"But I know her in England, knew her intimately, by Jove!" said the gallant major, putting his long red moustache in perplexity. "Just let me speak to her one moment, mademoiselle!"

Mademoiselle was resolute.

"I would be very happy, monsieur," was her answer, polite, but inexorable, "but it is her aunt's wish that she makes no new gentleman acquaintances and renews no old ones. What Monsieur the major asks is, I regret, impossible."

"Confound her aunt!" Major Powerscourt muttered inwardly, but he only bowed and turned away. "Little Beauty Hendrick! and here! By Jove! it will go hard with me though I don't see her."

See her he did not. Mademoiselle Stephanie spoke a few toned words to her tall pupil. Miss Hendrick listened with down-cast eyes and closed lips; then she bowed.

"It shall be as mam'selle pleases, of course," she answered quietly. "I have no wish to transgress even the slightest of my aunt's commands."

With the words she left the parlors, and appeared no more. Next morning she went for the midsummer vacation to "Dormer Lodge." When she returned, the dangerous Major Powerscourt was gone.

Miss Jones the second English teacher, had been one of the witnesses of this scene. Miss Jones set her thin lips, and drew her own conclusions. She hated Cyrilla Hendrick with an absolute hatred, hated her for her beauty and that indefinable air of haughty high-bred grace that encircled the girl, hated her for her bright cleverness and talent—hated her most of all for her cool independence to herself. There was a long debt standing between these two—a long debt of petty tyrannies on the teacher's part of serious smiling indulgence on the pupil's.

"And if the day ever comes," Miss Hendrick said, "I shall be glad to see you."

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of five-and-thirty girls on their feet, a busting of books into the desk, doors swung wide, and a marauding, two deep, Miss Jones at their head, and in strictest silence, down stairs to the refectory.

'We will see' she said, prophetically. 'Meantime, what a romantic old gentleman your papa must be! I thought that sort of thing, financing people in their cradles, went out of fashion two or three centuries ago.'

CATHOLIC NEWS. On Wednesday last Mrs. Dr. John Mahony was received into the Church by the Right Rev. Bishop. A select party of friends witnessed the ceremony, and warmly welcomed the new member into the one Church of Christ.—Catholic Visitor.

Feed Shipments from Ireland. Almost every steamer leaving Dublin for England takes large quantities of Irish seed potatoes nightly for agricultural districts in Lancashire and Yorkshire, but up to the present time the largest weights of these occupants have been despatched to Wales, the London and North-Western line to Holyhead taking as much as sixty to eighty tons daily.

"HERALD" MISREPRESENTATIONS. The New York Press and the Parnell Movement. It will not be uninteresting at this stage of the Parnell movement, to cast a brief retrospective glance at some of its salient features, and to consider the attitude of the metropolitan press in reference to the same, and the influence which it has exercised in endeavoring to prejudice public sentiment against him.

be upheld, and the people still ground down under an ignominious thralldom. At this crisis in the destinies of Ireland we would address all lovers of human freedom in the words of Clarence Mangau: Know then your true lot, ye faithful, though few!

worldly smile that often irradiated the beauty of her Titian-like face.

Prof. 31-900. I have been reading French novels lately, Cy, that sounds like an extract. Oh, no, Cy, the girl's face grew suddenly grave. I am not a bit like one of the heroines of your pet romances.

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The True Witness

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14.

CALENDAR APRIL THURSDAY, 15—Office of the Blessed Sacrament. FRIDAY, 16—Feria. Ep. Timon, Buffalo, died, 1867.

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Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office. By so doing the postal authorities can be the sooner notified, and the error, if there be any, rectified at once.

The latest Irish revolutionary organization goes in for great achievements. It intends throwing 100,000 rifles into Ireland, and raising two or three millions of money to carry on the war.

A late English paper remarks it as a peculiar fact that when the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were lately entertained at the British Embassy in St. Petersburg there was not a single Englishman present, the whole personnel of the Embassy being Irish.

The Marquis de Lorne has written a national anthem for Canada, and now, as the Ottawa correspondent of the New York World informs us, the Princess Louise has followed suit, and also composed a national anthem for the French Canadians.

The farmers of Canada are beginning to realize that in the future their chief source of profit will be the raising of stock for the English market. The western States will supply wheat, but Canada may fairly expect to enter keenly into competition in the cattle trade.

PARIS. NAPOLÉON and his son, according to the cablegram (one must be cautious) made a tour of the democratic towns of France lately, and it is stated that he sides with the Government against the Jesuits.

HERZ BRYAROK has been defeated once more in the Bundesrath, and consequently has once more threatened to resign. This is quite enough to bring the Germans to their senses.

reconsider, and from the Emperor down they are acting accordingly. The great cause of unpopularity is as to what can be said to one enemy of Bismarck and Germany, which will convince him when he comes and makes his demand for the soul of the large German, that he must forego his claim, as Germany cannot afford to let her one great man die.

Despite the mendacious statements of press despatches that Parnell was an object of dislike in the eyes of Irish electors he has been returned for the constituency of Cork by a large majority, in opposition to Murphy, a timorous Home Ruler.

FAMINES have not succeeded in taking from the Irish their keen sense of the ridiculous. At Ennisceorty a band of hired ruffians attempted—as the classic phrase goes—to rotten egg Parnell.

The Arthabaska murder is one of the most appalling in the criminal records of Canada. The Biddulph tragedy was indeed more terrible for the reason that the victims were many, but it was enacted in revenge for manifold alleged crimes.

A FEW days ago our readers were apprised by an Ottawa despatch of the official announcement that the Hon. T. N. Gibbs, Oshawa, had been called to the vacant seat in the Senate occasioned by the death of Senator Seymour, of Port Hope.

Sullivan, of Kingston, could have been nominated. He has rendered good service to the party to which he belongs, has occupied some of the most dignified positions in the city in which he resides, is said to be a capital speaker, and in every respect a man likely to meet with general favor.

Our Relations With America. From the New York papers of Saturday we glean the intelligence that on the day previous a deputation of Boston merchants and traders had a hearing before a Congress Committee of the House.

Resolved, That the President of the United States be and he is authorized to appoint three commissioners to confer with the advice and consent of the Senate to confer with other commissioners to be appointed by the Government of Great Britain, whenever it shall be the wish of that Government to appoint commissioners on its part, such commissioners on the part of this Government to ascertain and report on what basis a treaty of reciprocal trade for the mutual advantage of the people of the United States and the said provinces can be negotiated.

The Herald telegram says that in consequence of an expected deputation from New York failing to put in an appearance, and lend support to the Bostonians, the Committee could not give them much encouragement, and so we assume the affair drops for the present.

Now, we are constantly reminded by certain papers and the politicians that we are at all intents and purposes an independent nation, and as a proof of it they point to the fact of Sir A. T. Galt going over to England in the capacity of Canadian Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

This, however, is just about the time to agitate afresh for reciprocity. There will soon be an Imperial administration in existence which will allow the colonies to do what to them seems proper for their own benefit, or at least what they think will be for their benefit.

At Last. The latest phase of the Imperial election news is almost startling—Parnell and Daly elected for Cork city, P. J. Smythe and John Dillon returned for Tipperary—Parnell successful all along the line.

causes the student of history to pause and imagine that the chasm between 1888 and 1880 has suddenly closed, and that once more shall Dublin see the O'Neills and O'Connors and O'Briens jostling against their new made allies of the Pale.

It is pretty generally known among politicians that for some time past this Province of Quebec has not been in a good financial position; that its credit is not of the best, and that its revenue is not as great as its expenditure, and all this notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of several able men who have had charge of its financial affairs.

Most of our readers will be aware with what difficulties the American inter-oceanic road met with in its construction, how immense tracts of land had to be given the directors to encourage them, how a great monopoly was established in their behalf, and how after all this government aid the enterprise was almost a failure, and undoubtedly would have been only for local traffic.

From time to time within the past month the public has been warned that the Hon. Mr. Blake would soon assume the leadership of the Reform party, and would inaugurate his reign as such by a grand onslaught on the Pacific Railroad policy of the Government.

crushing defeat of the party on the 17th of September, 1878, to his unpopularity and mismanagement. They may or may not be right in their opinions, but one thing certain is that the Opposition are divided, whether as regards the mere leadership or a policy is not clear.

Reports received from the seal fisheries point to a very small catch. The Commodore is reported at Bonaville with 6,000 seals (she has capacity for 80,000), and the sealing vessel Isabelle Ridley with 4,000. It is estimated that about 30,000 seals have been taken between Baccalieu and Cape Race by people from the shore.

"True Witness" Irish Relief Fund. Brought forward..... \$2,138 10 McNaughton Bros., Huntington..... \$10 00 Henry Mills, Grand Falls, Que..... 1 00

Table listing names and amounts for the Parnell Land League Fund, including E. Many, U. Walsh, B. J. Flanagan, etc.

PARNELL LAND LEAGUE FUND.

Brought forward..... \$1,189 00

THE LUCAN HORROR.

A TREE BILL FOUND AGAINST THE ACCUSED. LONDON, Ont. April 7.—The Grand Jury this afternoon returned a true bill in the case of the persons charged with shooting John Donnelly on the night of the 4th of February last.

The Ladies of St. Patrick's Orphan Bazaar.

In response to the invitation of Rev. Father Dowd on Sunday last, a large number of the ladies of the congregation, who each year espouse so charitably the cause of our little orphans, met on last Wednesday in the Orphan Asylum.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE DAY.

QUEBEC, April 6.—The St. Patrick's Institute was well filled last evening with the elite of French Canadian society, including His Grace the Archbishop and some 20 clergymen, to listen to the conference given by His Honor Mr. Justice Routhier on the coming celebration of the French Canadian national festival on St. Jean Baptiste Day.

The Real Fisheries.

Reports received from the seal fisheries point to a very small catch. The Commodore is reported at Bonaville with 6,000 seals (she has capacity for 80,000), and the sealing vessel Isabelle Ridley with 4,000.

A ROYAL VICEROY FOR IRELAND.

The London correspondent of the Daily Express says:—The project of appointing the Duke of Connaught Viceroy of Ireland has again been seriously considered in the highest quarters, and will probably be carried out.

DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS.

DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS, have been gotten up on SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES and any one using them, at especially this season of the year, will find in them the best spring medicine obtainable.

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS.

WEDNESDAY.

Col. Vohl, of the Ninth Battalion, Toronto, has resigned.

St. Catherine's, Ont., has remitted another £100 to Ireland.

Belleville spent last year \$73,594 out of a revenue of \$73,725.

A Belleville firm is shipping 10,000 doors to New South Wales.

Belleville is to pay 25 cents for each tree planted in its streets.

Striking workmen on section 15, Canada Pacific Railway, want \$2.00 per day.

"Drammers" for clothing houses have to pay \$100 per annum for a Winnipeg license to sell.

The Toronto Separate School Board is unable to borrow money, not having any land to offer as security.

James Brady, aged 95, one of Napoleon's guards at St. Helena, was arrested in Toronto yesterday for drunkenness.

Prince Napoleon writes to the French press, "If this Empire was offered us we would reject it with scorn."

Major General Luard has been appointed successor to Lieutenant General Sir E. Selby Smyth, as Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian militia.

The King of Burmah is dead.

200 lbs. of Canadian tobacco were seized in Quebec yesterday.

St. John, N. B. saltmakers have struck for an advance to \$2 per day.

Prince Bismarck will retain the Chancellorship of the German Empire.

Paul de Cassagneac has transferred his allegiance to Prince Napoleon's sons.

A buyer is purchasing horses in the Belleville district for the Montreal market.

The old Clarendon Hotel, Ottawa, is being remodelled for the Geological Survey.

A deceased Montreal lady bequeathed several large sums to Quebec institutions.

Toronto has subscribed a total of \$1,409 to Irish priests and bishops for relief distribution.

Hungary is about to issue a lottery loan of 40,000,000 forins, principally for rebuilding Szeged.

A patient in the Ottawa Hospital suffering from bladder complaint suicided by cutting his throat.

The roads around Beamsville, Ont., are officially declared to be impassable, and mails are carried on foot.

Ernest Renan, the eminent theologian, is lecturing in England on the influences of the Roman Catholic faith.

Peter Lawson, of London, Ont., was condemned by a jury to pay John Vincent \$300 damages for the seduction of his daughter.

FRIDAY.

Toronto is forming an anti-tobacco society.

The Caritas is improved, although not out of danger.

22,000 emigrants arrived in New York during March.

King William refuses to accept Bismarck's tendered resignation.

Ottawa offers \$200 for the capture of the sacrilegious incendiaries.

The 62nd Battalion of St. John, N.B., will visit Quebec on the Review day.

A firm of well known Chicago merchants have been arrested for bleaching barley.

A cargo of pressed hay is being loaded at Wolfe Island, Kingston, for the Toronto market.

James Carroll, one of the Lucan incendiaries, was seized yesterday with dangerous illness.

A young girl who disappeared "very mysteriously" from Quebec last summer has been found married and settled in Montreal.

The steamship Brounchweig, from Bremen to Baltimore, brought 1,500 emigrants, the largest number ever landed there from one voyage.

Mr. John White, M.P., is building a large addition to his foundry at Madoc, and will enter into the manufacture of agricultural implements.

Twenty-three men, composing the crew of the sunken steamer Fernville, have arrived at St. Pierre Miquelon on the barque Vallance, from France.

A Heerish Duel.

A sickening account of a duel in Morocco is given by a correspondent of the Republic...

An Anecdote of Bishop Dupanloup.

A most interesting book will be the Biography of Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans...

WHAT IS VASELINE?

As the use of this wonderful product increases, in the same ratio do people ask what is Vaseline?

A Letter Writer.

The New York Evening Post has discovered a new occupation of a most romantic nature in the metropolis.

For Sale.

GOD SAVE IRELAND

Still on hand the new book entitled, Ireland's Story and Song. Also some of the finest photographs yet issued of the late lamented Irishman, E. Devlin, Esq., Q. C.

Advocates.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c.

No. 50 St. James Street, Montreal.

Miscellaneous.

\$55.66 Agents Profit per Week.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home.

\$9 A DAY TO AGENTS.

\$66 a week in your own town.

PATROL Men and Women furnished employment.

POSTERS.

In 1879 247,315 acres of public land were sold in Manitoba.

A vigilance committee flagged a thief at Sullivan, Ind., and the latter has recovered \$500 damages in a civil suit.

Two boys at Grand Island, Neb., were successful in making their father believe they were burglars, and he shot one of them dead.

Upon the invitation of Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Bret Harte will respond to the toast of "Literature" at the Royal Academy banquet, London, in May next.

About one-fifth of the Italian vineyards were affected by the severe frosts, but the injury is not irreparable, and the prospect is now somewhat better than was at first anticipated.

The municipal authorities of Berlin have under consideration plans for an elevated railroad across the capital, to be worked by electricity, and a special commission of engineers and architects have been commissioned to report upon it.

The following advertisement appeared the other day in a London newspaper; A lady of position and fortune desires to share her very elegant and luxurious home with one person of corresponding means.

Epps's Cocoa - GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY

BLYMYER MFG CO BELLS

CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL CO.

MENEELY & KIMBELLY.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY

Musical Instruments.

BEATTY

Educational.

The Loretto Convent

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE

BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS

Hats, Furs, &c.

FURS! FURS!

EDWARD STUART,

Wanted.

WANTED.

Soap, Candles, &c.

D. PHELAN,

Marble Working.

CUNNINGHAM BROS.

MANTLES

PLUMBERS' SLABS, &c.

MADE TO ORDER.

Agricultural Implements.



CANADIAN PLOW

THE ABOVE is decidedly the Best Made and Best Working STEEL PLOW ever offered in this Market.

ADDRESS: EMPIRE WORKS, Montreal, Que.

Bells, &c.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY

BLYMYER MFG CO BELLS

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MADE TO ORDER.

Medical.



HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS!

This Great Household Medicine Banks Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life.

These Famous Pills Purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys & Bowels.

Giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE.

They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened.

They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Scratching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

FOR THE CURE OF Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers!

It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the Neck and Chest, as salt into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA.

For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas, Gout, Rheumatism, and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

Both Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 533 Oxford Street, London, in boxes and 1/2, at 1s. 1/2, 2s. 6d. & 4s. 6d., 1/2, 2s. & 3s. each, and by all medicine vendors throughout the civilized world.

N. B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter 1/33 w/g

THE MILD POWER CURES HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Specifics

Been in general use for 20 years. Everywhere proved the most Safe, Simple, Economical and Efficient Medicines known.

They are just what the people want, saving time, money, sickness and suffering.

Every single Specific the well-ripened prescription of an eminent physician.

For sale by Druggists generally. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Treatment and Cure of Disease (1st ed.) also illustrated Catalogue sent free on application to Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 100 Fulton Street, N. Y.

H. HASWELL & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES

Approved of by the Medical Faculty

Are now acknowledged to be the safest, simplest and most effectual preparation for the destruction of worms in the human system.

They are Purely Vegetable.

They are Agreeable to the Taste.

They are Pleasant to the Sight.

Simple in Administering and Sure and Certain in their Effect.

In every instance in which they have been employed they have never failed to produce the most pleasing results, and many parents have, unhesitatingly, tested their valuable properties.

They can be administered with perfect safety to children of most tender years.

CAUTION—The success that these Pastilles have already attained has brought out many spurious imitations; it will be necessary, therefore, to observe when purchasing that you are getting the genuine, stamped "DEVIN'S."

TO MOTHERS—Should your Druggist not keep them, I will send a box of DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES by mail, prepaid, to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

R. J. DEVIN'S DRUGGIST, Next to the Court House, Montreal.

If you are troubled with TAPEWORM!

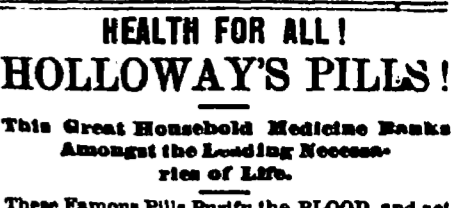
ONE DOSE OF DEVIN'S TAPEWORM REMEDY

Will Drive this Parasite from the System

SOLE BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Wholesale by Lyman Sons & Co.; Kerry, Watson & Co.; H. Sugden; Evans & Co.; H. Haswell & Co.

Medical.



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