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A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The College of Ottawa Celebrates its Inauguration as a Catholic University.

The Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops Present a Grand Occasion for Ottawa and for Catholic Education—The Tabaret Statue—Splendid Eulogy by Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P.

[Condensed from United Canada]

We referred last week to the grand gathering at the College Académico Hall on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 23, to witness the inauguration of our Catholic University. Space forbids our giving the speeches of the Very Rev. Father Angler, Provincial of the Oblates; of Mr. E. Bennett and Mr. T. P. Foran on behalf of the Alumni, all distinguished by rare eloquence and oratorical gifts. We have much pleasure, however, in submitting for our readers a report especially prepared for *United Canada*, of the Very Rev. Father McGuckin's remarkable discourse on that memorable occasion. He said:

It is not my intention to detain you more than a few minutes. I cannot, however, allow the present opportunity to pass without saying something about this University. Nor shall I delay you to describe the wonderful progress, both material and intellectual, of this the Queen Province of the Dominion. Its material progress is known to all. The flourishing Universities of Toronto, Queen's, Victoria and Trinity College, sufficiently show the efforts which are being made by our separated brethren to promote intellectual advancement. As Catholics have done their share to promote the material progress of the Dominion in general and of this Province in particular, I doubt not that they are also willing to contribute generously toward the success and prosperity of this Catholic University. Here Catholic young men will now be afforded all the facilities and advantages of a complete University education. This institution has long been empowered by the Parliament of the country to confer the highest degrees in arts, law and medicine, but the crowning glory has been bestowed upon it by His Holiness Leo XIII., in raising it to a plane among those great and noble institutions—the Catholic Universities of the world. Hitherto the College of Ottawa has done great and good service to this country, but henceforth we may confidently hope, with the blessing of God, the Catholic University of Ottawa will render still greater and higher services to both Church and State, and particularly to this Province of Ontario.

The want and usefulness of such an institution for the Catholics of this city and Province do not require to be proved. It is needed for the Rev. clergy. No one doubts but the priests of Ontario are as zealous, pious and learned as any others on this continent. But unbelief and irreligion are daily becoming bolder and more irreverent. History is falsified; the sacred mysteries of religion, and the truths of faith are denied and ridiculed; the arts and sciences are employed to overthrow, if possible, all religious principles and even the church of God. Hence priests must become profound scholars in order to be able to refute those false and erroneous teachings, and to discover and expose the enemies of truth. Such priests must have a university education—the ordinary course followed in the Seminary will not suffice. Besides, it is a high time for Canada to provide for a Catholic English literature. No such literature, as yet exists, nor can we expect it to come into existence unless we have men who have the time and opportunity to pursue such a course of studies as is to be found only in a university.

We want a Catholic university to form eminent men for the bar. It is not sufficient for the Catholic lawyer to be highly instructed in the civil law of the country, he requires also to be thoroughly instructed in the divine law of God. But it is especially in the Catholic University that he can acquire the knowledge which will enable him to detect and confute the designing sophistry of the enemies of God and of the people.

Nature has made this Dominion a great and rich country; but to make it a great nation we need honest, upright and learned judges and legislators; men able to take part in framing just laws for the State; men worthy of the confidence of both rulers and ruled. Such men are best formed in a Catholic university.

If the clergy and the legislators require a Catholic University education, how much more so it is needed for those young men who give themselves to the study of medicine and the natural sciences. What havoc of Christian faith and principles has not materialism wrought in these sciences? It may be the rough and unsmooth materialism of the beginning of the present century, or the polished and methodical positivism of England, or again, it may be agnosticism prevalent in many places at present, but no matter what name it may assume, there is no one able to banish it from the dissecting room, or from the chemical and physical cabinets, except the Christian teacher. Let our medical men and scientists receive their education in a Catholic University and then men will be treated as rational beings, nay, as beings destined to a divine life, the family will be respected, and society protected from a thousand evils which now afflict it. Then Christian principles will prevail, industry, energy and self-sacrifice will achieve wonders in the arts and sciences.

ity of Laval at Quebec. Like that of Laval for Quebec, this University ought to become the focus of the Catholic intellectual movement for Ontario. It is admirably situated to be such a centre, being in the Capital of this Dominion, and having constant communication with all parts. The city possesses a magnificent and well furnished public library and museum, which are constantly being increased in worth and usefulness. Here sits the Judges of the Supreme Court of the Dominion and the members of the both Houses of Parliament—the Commons and Senate—spend a great part of the year in our midst. It is true, this is not the largest city in the Dominion, nevertheless, its population is rapidly increasing.

In conclusion, I appeal to all the friends of this Catholic University to work hand in hand together to make it worthy of its name and of the English-speaking people of this Dominion. It will neither destroy nor absorb other institutions of learning, but it will unify and strengthen them. I therefore appeal to the Alumni to promote the prosperity and glory of the Alma Mater, to the Catholic laity to aid in making it an honor to their holy religion and a blessing to their posterity. I appeal to the Rev. clergy and most Rev. Archbishops and Bishops of this Province especially to watch over, protect and promote the welfare of this Catholic University that it may always be a great seat of learning, the school of true Christian science, the stronghold of faith, and one of the principal glories of our holy mother the Catholic Church in this Dominion of Canada.

THE COLLEGE BANQUET.

The academic hall of the College of Ottawa presented a gay appearance Thursday evening the occasion being the banquet given by the college in honor of the unveiling of the Tabaret memorial statue. The gallery was set apart for the ladies, whilst the floor of the hall was taken up by nineteen tables. On the stage was placed one long table at which was seated, the Cardinal presiding, Archbishops Duhamel and Tache, Bishops Lorrain, Gravel, McIntyre, Rogers, Wadhams, Langlois, Vicar-General Laurent, Sir John Thompson, Hon. John Costigan, Very Rev. Father Angler, Mgr. Langway, Rev. Father McGuckin, Mgr. Marois, Mgr. Paquet, Mayor Erratt, Hon. R. W. Scott, Judge L. A. Olivier, H. Robillard, M. P., McLeod Stewart and J. J. Curran, M. P.

Amongst those seated at the other tables were Messrs. Alex. Robillard, A. J. Christie, Q. C., D. B. McTavish, Ald. Bortwick, McLean, Cransell, Lavender, Roger, ex-Ald. Desjardins, Dr. St. Jean, Messrs. H. Pinard, E. Pinard, E. E. Perreault, T. P. Foran, W. H. Barry, L. M. Montgomery, Col. Lay, Hon. Ed. O'Sullivan and some four hundred others.

The tables were elegantly decorated with plants and flowers and the menu was a tempting one.

At 7:30 the ladies specially invited by the Alumni Association entered the galleries of the banquet hall, being received with prolonged applause.

THE TOAST LIST.

Dinner being over the Cardinal proposed the toast of the Pope which was duly honored. Archbishop Duhamel said that loyalty was one of the principles of the Catholic Church; he therefore had great pleasure in proposing the health of the Queen, the band playing the National Anthem.

Mr. T. P. Foran, of Aylmer, speaking in an eulogistic speech of Lord Stanley, proposed the health of the Governor-General. Dr. MacCabe, who thought that it appeared as if they had annexed the United States for the evening, proposed the health of the President of the United States.

Mr. L. M. Montgomery, special agent of the United States Treasury, replied. Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., proposed Hierarchy and Clergy, pointing out the many benefits conferred on Canada by the Catholic prelates from the days of Jacques Cartier down to the present.

The Cardinal briefly replied in French, and Vicar-General Laurent of Toronto in English.

The Superior-General of the Oblates was proposed by Father Michel and acknowledged by President Angler and Father McGrath, provincial of the order in the United States. Our Legislative Assemblies were given by Father Coffey, who feelingly referred to the benefits conferred on the College by them.

AN APOLOGY FROM THE PREMIER.

Sir John Thompson, L.L.D., replied and stated that he was asked by his own political chief to apologize for his absence. He had been travelling a good deal and felt weary, and he thought they should make some allowance for a man of 75.

Hon. R. W. Scott, Q. C., L.L.D., also responded.

The learned Professions were acknowledged by Mr. L. Scott, and Dr. Gedlin of Holyoke, Mass., who made eloquent replies. Father Filiatre gave the Alumni, which was honored with great eulogy and acknowledged by Mr. J. A. Pinard and Senator Edward O'Sullivan, of Lowell, Mass., one of the distinguished alumni.

bronze and granite, Father Tabaret, who was a man, a priest, a pioneer and educationist in the truest and best sense of these titles, deserved that honor. On the 8th of March, 1888, a few days after his sudden death, unable as we were at the time to attend his obsequies we wrote of him:

"Words cannot express the emotion that filled our heart when the following message, flashed from the Dominion Capital, was placed on Sunday evening last in our hands: 'Father Tabaret died to-day. Funeral Wednesday, A Fallot, O.M.I.; and again when this was supplemented early on Monday morning by another: 'Father Tabaret, Superior of the College, died of heart disease yesterday at one p.m.' The keen sense of loss, the profound feeling of sorrow that agitates us in penning these lines are, we know, felt by thousands throughout this and the adjoining country, who like us, recognized in the deceased priest, not only a trusted and unchanging friend, but a father whose affection was deep and tender. As we pause in sadness to contemplate the suddenness of the blow that has fallen upon the congregation of which he was one of the pillars, the institution of which he was the patron and sweetest glory; the city of which he was so distinguished a citizen, and the cause of education of which he was the devoted apostle, we are indeed forcibly and feelingly reminded of the truth, that in the designs of God there is always matter for meditation ever deeper, for discovery ever ampler and for admiration ever better. But a few weeks have passed since we saw Father Tabaret, at the dedication of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, and not for years had we seen him so cheerful, animated and seemingly healthful. At the solemn opening of St. Peter's Cathedral, in London, on the 28th of June last, he was one of the honored visitors, filling during the ceremony the position of Chaplain to the Bishop of Hamilton. But now he is no more. The God in whose service he has so long labored hath in His inscrutable wisdom called him to his reward, and to the deities of that wisdom we must bow our heads and incline our hearts."

Never again will this worthy, kind and true-hearted priest welcome to College Hall, with pleasant smile and hearty greeting the alumni whom he loved and whose course through life he so fondly followed. Father Tabaret, has however, left in the missionary and educational annals of the Dominion a name that will live as long as truth and justice are revered by men. His was truly a life in relation with other men, whatever their position, however unfortunate their lot, he bore in mind that truth ennobled by charity: 'Before we censure a man for seeming what he is not, we should be sure that we know what he is.' And in the great work of Christian education in which his very heart was centered, and his every thought, feeling and sympathy enlisted, he sought to inculcate that which de Quincy has so well put in words: 'No man can be a great thinker in our days upon large and elaborate questions without being also a great student.' Dignity, love, complacency, the gentleman, the scholar and the priest were in him most agreeably blended. Modesty marked every line and feature of his face. Never subject to false exultation, he was above the deceptive emotions of self glorification. Honors and congratulations which he received served but to remind him of the high duties with which he was charged, and tell him how much from him was expected. His commanding presence, his rare merit, and distinguished services to Church and country marked him in every association, however exalted and every assembly, however illustrious, for respect. How applicable to him the lines of Dryden:

Mark his majestic fabric! He's a temple
Sacred by birth and built by hands divine;
His soul's the deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God."

At 3:30 o'clock, the hour appointed for the unveiling of the statue, an immense assembly had gathered on Wilbroad st., immediately in front of the college, numbering in all fully five thousand persons. A platform to the left of the pedestal had been erected for the Cardinal and eminent dignitaries in Church and State, and another on the right for the Memorial Committee. On the former were His eminence Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishops Duhamel and Tache, Bishops Morneau, Lafloche, McIntyre, Rogers and Lorrain, Mgr. Paquet, Mgr. Marois, Mgr. Toussay, Hon. John Costigan, representing the Cabinet, and Rev. Father Dawson. On the left were Mr. W. H. Davis, Judge Olivier, Father Coffey, M. J. Gorman, Canon Bouillon, Father McGovern, A. E. Lusler, J. A. Pinard, and others. Mr. W. H. Davis then rose and turning to Judge Olivier said:—"Mr. President of the Alumni Association, I have much pleasure as Chairman of the Tabaret Memorial Committee to hand over to you, as President of the Association from which we received our powers and instructions, this statue of the late Reverend Father Tabaret, the result of our joint and harmonious labors."

His Hon. Judge Olivier in accepting the statue, which had just been unveiled amid enthusiastic plaudits, made a beautiful and touching discourse. His reference to Father Tabaret's sudden death was a few hours afterwards painfully called to mind. He spoke of the bells which on the mournful 28th of February, 1888, had tolled their funeral notes of sorrow, which the adjacent mountains had taken up and carried off to distant places, little thinking that in a few hours later on the same bell would be sending forth their wail of sorrow for himself over the city and its suburbs, the mighty stream at the base of our majestic promontories and the mountains that rise in stately gradation to the northward stretching off to the horizon. When Judge Olivier had concluded his remarks in French and English, Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., stepped forward to deliver what was perhaps the best speech of his life. He said:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCE—

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen—Your kind greetings have courage to undertake a labor of love, I am painfully aware of my inability to perform. The task is as difficult as the ceremony that brings us together is imposing. But a few years ago, and we were summoned to weep over our great loss, that had befallen not only the University of Ottawa, but the church and the country as well. We stood beside the bier of our departed and dearly beloved friend and guide. Our grief was too keen for words, and we were mute in presence of a overwhelming calamity. To-day that is all changed. The scene is not of mourning but of gladness, sorrow has made way for joy, and in hearts that were bowed down with weight of woe, there beat pulsations of delight. The woe that made the bier of our departed and dearly beloved friend and guide. Our grief was too keen for words, and we were mute in presence of a overwhelming calamity. To-day that is all changed. 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THE WAYS OF GRACE.

A Conversion of More than Common Interest.

The Story of Paul Feval—How Faith Conquered in a Gravel Struggle with Sensationalism.

[The Month.]

When we hear the word "conversion," one of two things immediately occurs to our minds. Either we suppose it to refer to a turning from Protestantism to the Church, or we read it with a smile as being phrasology appertaining to those semi-hysterical scenes among a crowd of Salvationist or Baptist agitators, who have abetted or wailed themselves into a blank of fictitious repentance.

A CONVERSION OF MORE THAN COMMON INTEREST.

So, too, we have perhaps been sometimes puzzled by the expression fratres conversi as describing one portion of the inmates of a monastery, simply because of this change in the meaning of the word that modern heresy has brought in. We find it hard to realize that this name is given to those who have entered on the higher life at a comparatively late period of their lives instead of being brought up to it from their childhood.

A PARISIEN OF LETTERS IN HIS HOME.

A man in the prime of life, full of youth and vigor, and with the somewhat pensive studies at his feet, the successful journalist and author, sat leaning his head on his hands and reading a well-worn, scuffed cover with books and papers in his comfortable study, quiet and alone.

FACING FINANCIAL RUIN.

Finding that he did not appear, the mother, who was a sweet, gentle woman, left the room, and went to her husband's study. "Are you not well dear?" was her first question; then, as he did not answer, she sat down and looked him in the face. "It is true, then?" she concluded, softly.

THE GRACE OF CONVERSION COMES TO HIM AT LAST.

The memory of his childhood's home and, above all, of his first communion, were things so cherished by him that he never bore an allusion to them. All the first fervor of those wondrous days when he had for the first time knelt before the altar, all the tender piety of sisters and mother, the manly anxiety of his devoted elder brother, about whose name many teaching memories clustered, which we cannot enter upon here; all this explained to those who knew the fact, that when this recent friend, belonging to this new modern, middle-aged Parisian life, suddenly uttered names from the dead past, the armor of reserve in which Feval had so rigorously clothed himself was broken through, and when the priest spoke of one who had left them to enter the religious life, "her name is Mother St. Charles, but in the world she was called Marie Clementine Lohrer."

THE FINANCIAL RUIN WAS COMPLETE.

Bye-and-bye his wife returned to him, and sitting by his side began to question him. "Have you any work to do?" "He shook his head sadly. "Shall I ever work again?" "Then if it does not vex you, dear, tell me a little more. How much have we left—at least, about how much?" "Nothing—absolutely nothing."

Nothing left! They could scarcely realize the fact. Let any of my readers picture it to themselves. A well furnished house, a staff of servants, a family of children, everything which is embraced in the term "current expenses," the more easy the circumstances, the greater the blow, all this, in the very course and every day routine of life, perhaps in years to come he might regain some few thousands by unrelenting toil, but in the meanwhile—what? And here his wife's soft whisper fell upon his ear. "There is a God who sees the wound of thy heart." But that wound was as yet too recent, the blank too dark, to accept of such consoling words. As he afterwards said of himself, in words which every one of us may well ponder, "I was living, according to the law of God, living, that is, a blameless life as the world would reckon it, yet without pre-occupying myself about God."

cause it is not open to remorse. I was quite at ease there, outside God, nothing tempted me to enter in; and this peaceable indifference is like an unbroken sleep—the last hour may awaken it, in truth, but who can answer for this last hour? Indifference, itself, may be, and often is, the most certain of damnations!"

At last, when his fevered brain, which seemed as if it could not feel the want of God, yet could not rest without Him, waiting all day, had unavailingly reviewed and rejected every project of hope, the words escaped him, "What would you do in my place?" She answered swiftly and decidedly, "In your place I should go to confession!"

A NEW STRUGGLE OF FAITH WITH SENSATIONALISM.

It was not a new thought this, that the wretched wife thus counseled. He knew that she had long been preying that he might make a good confession, and even, fearing the effect of too much urgency, her confessor had advised her not to mention the subject without grave necessity. But he was as yet reluctant to take this decided step, which meant taking a stand on God's side. He had come from Breton home, and from parents who were not only pious but saintly in their lives; and the home of childhood was filled with such an atmosphere of holiness that once, when he was in trouble, he acknowledged that he dared not go there, knowing that he should hear only of God. And he had left that home as a youth, without fame or fortune, thrown himself into the great vortex of Parisian life, and won gold and renown by years of hard work and unremitting devotion to a literary career.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE.

And what of the new life which dawned on that eventful afternoon, when the ray of grace so effectually touched his heart? From the successful novelist and courted dramatist, Paul Feval became the night errand and chosen champion of Catholicity for the next ten years, developing new fire and eloquence in the defense of the Jesuits, the priesthood, the various topics and difficulties of the day, and above all, of his beloved devotion to the "Sacred Heart." He revised and republished his former works, destroying as far as possible the old editions lest they should do harm, and that he might gain nothing himself by process, he refused to benefit by the sale of the loose sheets, which were sold as usual to tobacconists and other shops for wrappers, but gave every sou to the poor. Indeed, he gave the first fruits of every payment in charity, and the whole proceeds of one of the most successful of his pamphlets to the building fund for the great National Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre.

THE MEMORY OF HIS CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

At length, in an undecided and fluctuating state of mind, he went off to talk to the good Jesuit who was one of the heads of the school where his boys were being taught, and confessor to his wife; and to tell him the painful news of their ruined fortunes. They talked, and the priest knew instinctively that the hour of grace was come. "Tell me the story of your first communion," he said to him; you have often promised to do so.

HOW HE HEARS OF LOURDES AND LA SALLE.

Yes, it was a half-hearted conversion, this of the eager and enthusiastic novelist. He accepted smilingly, even joyfully, the many slight and sneers which as a matter of course greeted his changed life, and seemed almost to invite comment and condemnation from his former associates. One day, meeting one of these, he told them that he had now become a practical Catholic.

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wife's arms and whispered in her ear, "It is done! I love God. I belong to God!" One is reluctant to break the spell of that first cry of supernatural gladness which blurted these two hearts still more closely in one, to each other, and to the Infinite Heart of Love. But his own words flow on irresistibly, thought upon thought coming swiftly and sweetly still.

"What a contrast between the night and the preceding one! I had Jesus reemerged at my bedside, and I confided to Him, with serene faith, the future of our children. . . . I cannot call myself resigned, for resignation pre-supposes a struggle, nothing but a supernatural calm."

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The memory of his childhood's home and, above all, of his first communion, were things so cherished by him that he never bore an allusion to them. All the first fervor of those wondrous days when he had for the first time knelt before the altar, all the tender piety of sisters and mother, the manly anxiety of his devoted elder brother, about whose name many teaching memories clustered, which we cannot enter upon here; all this explained to those who knew the fact, that when this recent friend, belonging to this new modern, middle-aged Parisian life, suddenly uttered names from the dead past, the armor of reserve in which Feval had so rigorously clothed himself was broken through, and when the priest spoke of one who had left them to enter the religious life, "her name is Mother St. Charles, but in the world she was called Marie Clementine Lohrer."

THE FINANCIAL RUIN WAS COMPLETE.

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ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

Whatever you have to say, my friend, Whether witty, or grave, or gay, Condense as much as ever you can, And say in the simplest way you can, And whether you write on rural affairs, Or particular things in town, Just a word of friendly advice—boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page, When a couple of lines will do, Your business is speed, you see, That the broad looks plainly through, So when you have a story to tell, And would like a little renown, To make quite sure of your wish, my friend—boil it down.

When writing an article for the press, Whether prose or verse, just try To utter your thoughts in the fewest words, And let it be crisp and dry; And when it is finished, and you suppose It is done exactly brown, Just look it over again, and then—boil it down.

For editors do not like to print An article lazily long, And the general reader does not care For a couple of yards of song, So gather your wits in the smallest space, If you'd win the author's crown, And every time you write my friend—boil it down.

The Illustrated Catholic American.

WIDOWS WHO ENTER CONVENTS.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In the last two weeks the attention of the public has been attracted to the number of ladies who have announced their intention of forsaking the world by entering the convent doors thrown wide to receive them. It is somewhat strange that among these are two widows, past middle age, who have spent their lives in the midst of the gay world, who are now within the cloister walls. One will take the black veil at the end of her probation, and the other has entered to live among the gentle nuns, and discover whether her vocation lies in that direction.

Mrs. T. C. Mitchell, one of the above-mentioned ladies, is the widow of Mr. Ned Mitchell, and has one child, Miss Mary Mitchell, who was educated in the Sacred Heart Convent at Nashville, and who became so enamored of the life of a religious that three years ago she joined their order, and is now known as Mme. Mitchell. Last October Miss Mitchell took the black veil. Mrs. Mitchell was Miss Cromwell, of Baltimore, and has two sisters, Mrs. General Barney and Mrs. Halliburton. She does not come empty-handed to the home of her choice, as she has a comfortable estate left by her husband, which will all probably be donated to the Sacred Heart. While in the world she led so saintly and beautiful a life that she was called "Saint Theresa" by those most intimate with her, and her sudden determination to leave them was a painful blow to those who loved her best. Mrs. Mitchell is a fine-looking woman, over 50 years of age, with hair as white as snow, and a lovely, placid countenance. The pathos of the situation lies in the fact that at any time her beloved daughter may be separated from her by an order to join some branch house. Often when the Superior-General of the order is visiting a convent of the order, as she is standing at the door at the departure, bidding good-bye to those about her, she will turn to one of the nuns and say, "Mother, take off your apron and come with me. The servant of the Church obediently complies, and she goes home again, and probably never sees her old home again."

WHIMS OF FASHION.

French Nonesmaid—"An' now-ak are ye gittin' ak along now, Mary, me jawl-ak-ki?" "Mary—"Sare o'm doin' foim. But phat for language is that y'r upakin'!" "It's Roshan, Mary. Roshan nunsmaid is in fashion now, an' y'r practicin' it over a place of am. French maids is out sv' thoy!"

STOCK RAISING AND GRAIN RAISING.

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MERE LUCK.

Mrs. Blinks (suddenly)—"Mr. Jinks began life as poor as you did, and now he's rich enough to buy you out a dozen times over." Mr. Blinks (calmly)—"Yes; Jinks is a lucky fellow." "Huh! Luck! I don't believe luck had anything to do with it." "Oh, yes; he told me himself that he owed everything to his luck in getting an economical wife."

A DELICATE ATTENTION, TRULY.

To commemorate the preservation of the Russian imperial family on the occasion of the Borki railway accident, the Emir of Bokhara has decreed the total abolition of the use of torture in his dominions.

WASTE OF TIME.

Philadelphia Fox Hunter—"How long does it take to get to Chicago? I've a great notion to go to the Chicago meet." Ordinary Citizen—"What's the use? The Chicago meet comes to us."

CANADIANS IN CAVALIER COUNTY, DAKOTA.

The thriving town of Langdon, county seat of Cavalier County, Dakota, is surrounded by thousands of acres of choice government land. Country settled chiefly from Ontario. Secure a farm from the government land. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

THE WRONG PASSENGER.

Mrs. Society—"I wish you'd run down to the drug store and see if they won't cash a check for you so we can go to the opera." Husband—"Wait a little. I'm very tired; stood up in the street car all the way home."

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

*Mr. De Pink (reading)—"A Hartford dog has been taught to wait at the gate for a postman and carry the mail into the house." The other morning there were no letters, and the carrier passed without stopping, the dog jumped from his place and savagely attacked the carrier."

DETECTIVES.

We want a man in every county in local as special private Detective. Experience not required. Particulars free. U. S. DETECTIVE BUREAU, Kansas City, Kan. 7-6

there is \$30,000 liabilities known and it is estimated that there is \$20,000 given or estimated. As far as can be estimated the nominal assets are \$7,000. The debts of the insolvent are principally due to farmers in amounts from \$1 to \$8,000, but residents of Whitby, Oshawa and Toronto are also creditors of the estate. Several widows are left penniless by the failure. The heaviest individual is Principal Kirkland, of the Normal school, Toronto. McGee was solicitor for the Dominion bank, but it is not known how the bank is affected. Mayor McGee's conduct is just as much of a puzzle as the disappearance of the funds. He says nothing and gives no information.

Misery in Labrador.

QUEBEC, October 17.—Captain Lemay, of Pointe-à-la-Croix, has arrived in town on the steamer Oshawa. He is sent by M. de la Roche, Bishop of Labrador, to represent to the local Government and His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau the state of misery in which the Labradorians are. Usually about twenty-seven schooners return every season to Pointe-à-la-Croix with loads of fish, which enable the Labradorians to live to comparative abundance, but this year only four returned and out of these two were only a quarter loaded, so that the greatest misery prevails on the Labrador coast and the population is doomed to certain death if no help is brought them. Hon. George Dubsall, who has visited that quarter this summer, will take the necessary steps to help in some way the hungry beleaguered Labradorians, and His Eminence will, no doubt, recommend his diocese to subscribe to the funds.

Plenary Indulgences for Servite Churches.

It is not generally known that the privilege of a Plenary Indulgence similar to that of the Portiuncula has recently been granted to the Churches of the Servite Order. By a Rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated January 27, 1889, at the request of His Holiness Leo XIII., granted to all the Churches attached to the Monasteries or Convents of the Order, or belonging to the Third Order, or in which the Confraternity of the Seven Dolours is canonically erected, a Plenary Indulgence is granted by the faithful of either sex as many times as they shall visit any of the above Churches or Chapels, on the third Sunday of September, and shall therein pray according to the Sovereign Pontiff. The Indulgence is applicable to the Holy Souls in Purgatory, and, of course, the usual conditions of Confession and Communion are indispensable. The time for gaining it begins at the First Vespers and ends at sunset on the Feast itself.

Why Will You?

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh, try to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what people will say is a life of slavery. Let your life and soul be free. In an infinitely short space of time all secrets will be divulged. Therefore if you are unjudged, why trouble to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it will save you. Roll your burden on Him, and He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. Here am I, a lump of clay; thou art the potter. Mold me as thou in thy wisdom wilt. Never mind any cross. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it. Just as thou wilt; but I rely on thy unchanging guidance during the trial. Oh, the comfort that comes from this!—Gen. Gordon.

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EVERYBODY

Should keep a box of McALL'S PILLS in the house. They are carefully prepared from the Sutterland, and contain nothing injurious. As an Anti-Bilious Pill, they cannot be equalled. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE—25 cents per box.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 804.

MARGUERITE CHARTRAND, file majeure et tante de ses droits, of the Village of Coteau St. Louis, in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff;

vs.

JOSEPH BRUNET, formerly of the Village of Coteau St. Louis, District of Montreal, Plaintiff, and now of Escoubaie, in the State of Michigan, one of the United States of America, Defendant.

The Defendant is ordered to appear within two months.

Montreal, 11th October, 1889.

GEO. H. KERNICK, Deputy P.S.O.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 1574.

DAME MARIE-EUDOXIE OHOQUET, Plaintiff,

vs.

JOSEPH EPHREM JACQUES, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 10th October, 1889.

ETHEL & PELLETIER, Advocates for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 1574.

DAME ELIZABETH GERMAIN, Plaintiff, vs. FREDERICK KAYER MARTIN, carrier, of the Village of Cote St. Louis, District of Montreal, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted by the Plaintiff.

MONTREAL, SEPT. 10th, 1889.

MERCIEUR, BRASSOLINI, CHOQUET & MARTIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

DROPSY

Positively Cured with the Best Vegetable Remedy. Cures all cases of Dropsy, whether it be of the lungs, liver, or kidneys. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Write to J. C. GARDNER & SONS, ATLANTA, GA.

DRUNKARDS

may not be aware that Intemperance in drink is just as readily cured as any other disease which medicine can reach. We say cured, and not relieved, for what we say, and if you happen to be a victim of this habit, and wish to rid yourself of all desire or taste for liquor, you can do so if you will.

Pfiel's Antidote for Alcoholism.

Ordinarily one bottle is sufficient to enact a positive cure in from three to five days, and as the comparatively trifling cost of \$1 per bottle, no one thus afflicted should hesitate to try it. We guarantee the result. For sale by all druggists. On receipt of \$5 we will forward a half dozen to any part of the United States and Canada. Charges prepaid. Send for circular.

Pfiel & Co.,

155 N. 2d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.) Chase Brothers Co., Colborne, Ont. 1-13

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle malarious are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Pure Food Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemist, LONDON, ENGLAND.

WANTED,

An intelligent, middle aged person, as working house keeper, in a private's house. Good reference

BRIN'S LAST SIGH.

O, when will my dimmed eyes, sight Erin, awake... Refreshed by the warm ray of liberty's sun!

WAS IT A DREAM.

The Strange Experience Gone Through by a Man and a Woman.

I was the victim of the Brazilian fever and everyone had given me up. I heard the priest say at my bedside that I would not live until morning.

We decided to cross the ocean during our honeymoon. Before we went she showed me her beautiful home and all her possessions.

A Resolute Purpose.

The spirit with which men undertake any work they have to do has much influence upon their success or failure.

thimbles, pinnacons, needles, workbaskets, kitchen furniture, every article of household or husbandry, no matter what it is—she very modestly you have done using it—return it to its proper place.

The Blessing a Medal Brought.

About forty years ago, not far from Hal, a city dear to the Blessed Virgin, a child fell into the river.

The Little Company of Mary at Home.

Says the Roman correspondent of the London Tablet: A good and most important work, which cannot fail to be very interesting to all English Catholics, has been proposed here, that is, the building in Rome of an hospital for English-speaking people.

A Pope's Election.

Pope's are elected through prayer and not through politics. Every ballot cast by the Cardinals engaged in electing a Pope is accompanied by the recitation aloud of the following oath as the Cardinal kneels at the foot of the chapel altar.

The Foreman's Escape.

We take the following interesting episode of the recent awful catastrophe at Antwerp from the letter of a Belgian correspondent: "Have you heard of the marvelous and quite providential escape of one of the men who were at the cartridge manufactory when the explosion took place?"

KIND WORDS.

"He who speaks kind words hears kind echoes."—Proverb. A gem of thought so sweetly given, thought breathed on earth conceived in heaven, I long to sing thee far and near.

WORKING A MINE.

Head waiter—"Didn't Mr. Goodheart tip you just now?" Waiter—"Yes, sah; gab me half a dollar."

The Church and Marriage.

The Catholic Church labours to elevate and sanctify marriage. With her, it is a holy Sacrament to be entered into with care and proper solemnity.

LITTLE GRAVES.

"There's many an empty cradle; There's many a lonely bosom, Whose joy and light have fled, For which in every grave-yard The little hillock represents An angel in the sky."

Modesty.

"Who will win the prize?" There was, at one time, a meeting of the Flowers, and the judge was appointed to award the prize of beauty.

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A "Lazy" Monk?

As an instance showing individual application not rare among monks, we submit the following, clipped from one of our exchanges: The most beautiful volume among the half million in the Congressional library is said to be a Bible, which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century.

A HOME IN THE WEST.

Join the great army of homeseekers and secure 480 acres of government land in the Devils Lake, Turtle Mountain or Mouse River districts of Dakota.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

"Isn't it heavenly?" ejaculated Miss Gnah, in reference to Miss Fadal's performance on the piano. "Yes," replied Fogg; "it is indeed heavenly. It sounds like thunder."

THE TURTLE MOUNTAIN REGION.

Thousands of acres of choice free government land, now open for settlers, in the Turtle Mountain region of Dakota.

A Convict Who Earned His Liberty.

"I've been here eight years now, and I've got three years more to serve. What do I need of money? Send it to the Johnston street."

THE FOOLISH MAN.

He failed and no one was surprised, Because he never advertised.

second degree. In a moment of hunger he had robbed a man and had been sentenced for the first time in his life, his term of imprisonment being fifteen years.

WHAT A CLERGYMAN SAYS.

MORRISVILLE, Christian Co., Ill., Sept. 24, '97. Rev. Father Koenig:—Within the last six years, I had good opportunity to observe the excellent results from your medicine for the cure of nervous diseases.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME DES NEIGES, MONTREAL.

The reopening of the College of Notre Dame des Neiges, Montreal, on the 23rd of September next.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION.

OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY.

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING.

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, November 12, 1899. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000. 100,000 Tickets at \$20 each. Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

AGENTS WANTED.

For Fox Club Rates, or any further information, send a card to the following address, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number.

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Address H. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La. or H. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D.C. By ordinary letter, containing MONEY ORDER issued by all Express Companies, New York Exchange, Draft or Postal Note.



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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Advice to Young Ladies—A Woman Sexton—How some of the Richest Women Live—A Popular Pair of Gloves.

The Girl in the Calico Dress. My lady is haughty and grand, She's a vision of beauty and art, But I fear that her dainty white hand Is softer by far than her heart.

My lady has money and style, She has dresses and gems by the score, And lovers to strive for her smile, Besides men and maid servants galore; But my heart sings as if to a lute, And all I envy I quickly repress, When I hold in my arms just a minute That girl in the calico dress.

My lady is travelled and wise, She reigns at reception and ball, She kills, if need be, with her eyes, But she blushes, I fear not at all. She's a pony proudly aspiring, With no fragrance a lover to bless; But a magnifico sweet and retiring Is my girl in the calico dress.

Cracks in Pretty Lips. The Philadelphia Record says:—Early in the autumn the winds that whistle through our Quaker City highways cause fissures or cracks in the lips that are not only extremely unpleasant to look upon but are exquisitely painful, and by touching them with your tongue you intensify the pain very much. Go to the drug shop and get there an old remedy, so old that it has the charm of novelty. It rejoices in an overpowering Latin name, but when you ask the druggist for it in English say you want citron cream. Apply this with your fingers or a soft linen cloth, and the cooling and healing result will follow which convince you that even in medicine sometimes old things are best.

Advice to Young Women. It is the duty of every woman to be a true lady. Brazen boldness is a thing which girls cannot afford to practice. Wildness of manner and an open defiance of all those wholesome laws which have made woman's name illustrious both in sacred and profane history from the beginning of time, are no more becoming to the girl and "young ladies," so-called, than in angels. Dificency is an innate quality of the female heart, which, when lost, can never be regained. No heart can restore to the grape its bloom or its sweetness to the taste, when the mildews of night have once settled down upon the vine. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard to the common rules of etiquette even, is destructive of all that makes women exciting and engaging.

"The world is wide, these things are small, They may be nothing, but they're all."

They Have Millions. Some of the richest women are the least extravagant in their clothes, as is the case, for example, with old Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, who does not spend \$1,000 a year, and the late Mrs. Gould not much. Nelly Gould, who will inherit \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000, and already has an income of \$40,000 a year, spends about \$2,500 in dress. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart was a fortune to dress-makers, who put away 8,000 or 10,000 a year for her fur-bows. When she died an inventory of her effects was taken; her great white mansuetude of a house on Fifth avenue was found to be run out with the most magnificent amount of clothes, lace, furs, bonnets and jewels, most of them very valuable in appearance, though she was over seventy years of age. Mrs. Astor dresses with a solemn handsome expensiveness, at the cost of \$4,000 or 5,000 a year, and all the younger Vanderbilt women spend a great deal of money on their clothes. Mrs. George Gould who was Edith Kingdom, the actress, and who has been the quietest and most careful of women since her marriage, spends money like water when it comes to a question of clothes, and must put a good \$10,000 a year into the hands of the dress-makers. Her dressmaker, by the way, is a woman who had a good deal of social position; but who, when financial misfortune came, followed the example English women of rank have set of late years, and went into the milliner's business.

A Woman Sexton. It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the sexton of one of Louisville's largest cemeteries is a woman—Mrs. Shelby—who, since the death of her husband in 1855, has had charge of St. John's Catholic Cemetery, located at Twenty-sixth and St. Cecilia streets. There are now thirteen thousand dead resting in this graveyard, the first grave in which was dug by Mrs. Shelby's husband. The lady was born in Ireland, and married there, but came to the United States in 1855. She attends to all the duties of a sexton, keeps her own books, etc., in a thorough and systematic manner, and has achieved a most creditable success, and made a host of friends. She has five children, one of whom, a daughter, is married. Mrs. Shelby attends to her duties faithfully, though suffering from the effects of a lightning-stroke received some time since. She is the only woman sexton in that city or State, as far as known, and one of the very few in this country.

A Popular Pair of Gloves. A fascinating young married woman of my acquaintance tells a quaint little experience of hers while returning a brand new bride in a new Colorado town. She had in her possession a pair of black kid gloves, which turned out to be the only pair in camp. Beside settling the question of her social standing right from the start this fact caused her to be the recipient of many flattering little attentions from the matrons of the camp, who did not know how soon they might need the use of these emblems of mortality. Society in the camp was mixed and somewhat unconventional. On her first appearance on Sunday before the onset of the shawd and shinning camp, the black kid made their appearance out of her respect for the day. On Tuesday she had a feminine caller who, after introducing herself, and besting about the camp a little, asked, "If the could lend her the loan of the gloves, alleging as a reason that her husband had been stabbed in the back that morning. The gloves were loaned and returned with zealous care at the close of the obsequies. The first year in camp was a hard one on her health, and on several occasions she did not refuse of those officers come to her entreaty the loan of those black kid gloves to wear at their husbands' funerals. And

each time they came back a trifle more stretched and more frayed out than before, until finally she left off wearing them at all herself and devoted them entirely to the camp burials.—Chicago Herald.

MARRIAGES.

The Laws of the Church in Relation Thereto Carefully stated.

The doctrine of the Catholic Church is that a Catholic once validly married cannot be divorced either by Church or State; and if such Catholic attempts to re-marry before the death of his other partner, under the presence that he or she has been divorced by the courts, such Catholics must be denied the Sacraments, and, dying without repentance, be deprived of Christian burial. "Christian marriages," once consummated," says the Church, "can never be dissolved except by death." Let it be well understood that even adultery, though it may justify separation from home and board, cannot loose the marriage tie so that either of the parties may marry again during the life of the other. Nor has legal divorce the slightest power, before God, to loose the bond of marriage and to make a subsequent marriage valid.

Though the Church sometimes permits the contraction of mixed marriages, she never does so without regret, and without a feeling of anxiety for the future happiness of that union, and for the eternal salvation of its offspring. The Church also says, let Catholics enter into marriage only through worthy and holy motives, and with the blessing of religion, especially with the blessing of the Nuptial Mass. The Nuptial Mass is a Mass appointed by the Church to invoke a special blessing upon the married couple. It is earnestly urged by the Church to those contemplating matrimony to avail themselves of this privilege and blessing.

The Church merely exhorts and does not oblige you to have a Nuptial Mass; yet no good Catholic who are making a holy union, with nothing to be ashamed of, and hoping for the blessing of God upon their mutual love, will, through indecent haste, sinful display, or a foolish fear of a little natural nervousness, have the Nuptial Mass omitted. Should circumstances make it necessary for two Catholics to be married without a Nuptial Mass, this Mass can be said, and the blessing given, on some allowable day after the marriage. Be married at Mass. Let there be no night marriages; these seldom bring blessing; on the contrary, the wrath of God may follow those Catholics whose marriage was the occasion of noisy and profane evening gatherings in His house, and that, too, before the Blessed Sacrament.

The marriage sacrament gives these graces: 1. An increase of sanctifying grace at the moment of the marriage. 2. It affirms mutual grace to enable them to love and be faithful to each other in time of need, to resist temptations, and to bring up their children in the knowledge, love and fear of God. Prepare well for this great sacrament. On the day before, if possible, make a good confession, and during the Nuptial Mass receive the Blessed Eucharist. Come provided with a civil or legal license, where it is required by the State, with at least two competent witnesses, whose names must be correctly given, and with the nuptial ring. In mixed marriages no blessing of the Church is given, nor are such marriages allowed to take place in a church. No Nuptial Mass or solemn blessing of a married pair is allowed between Ash Wednesday and Low Sunday, inclusively, and between the first Sunday of Advent and the Feast of the Epiphany. Nor ought any marriage take place within these times.—Sacred Heart Review.

Receipts For Hires. Though I am no doctor I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and shall charge nothing for them; so that you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I dare say you are also. Now, then, for my prescription:— For a fit of passion, take a walk in the open air, you may then speak to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. For a fit of idleness, count the tiles of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull of your coat the next time you go to work like a horse. For a fit of extravagance or folly, go to the work-house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced that "Who maketh his bed of briars and thorns, Must be content to his fellows."

A NEW SIN. A benevolent lady had been expounding to a class of boys the character of the Pharisees, and especially the meaning of the metaphor that they "strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel." This exposition, as she thought, thoroughly completed, the instructor proceeded to examine her scholars. "Now, Tom, tell me what was the sin of the Pharisee?" "Eating camels, my lady!" replied Tom, with the happy promptitude of one who had mastered his subject.

St. Louis, Mo., March 28, 1889. BAILEY REFLECTOR COMPANY. Gentlemen:—We have now used your Reflector about three months. It is very satisfactory. Our audience room is 50x60 ft., with ceiling 20 ft. Your 60 inch Reflector light is admirably. Very respectfully, J. H. HOLMES, Chm. Bldg. Com. 3d Cong'l Church. (Letter from the Pastor.) Dear Sirs:—The Bailey Reflector which you placed in our church gives entire satisfaction. It is ornamental and gives a brilliant light. It is really a marvel of cheapness, neatness and brightness. Very sincerely yours, G. H. GRANNIS, Pastor of 3d Cong'l Church, of St. Louis, Mo.

SETTING UP AND SITTING DOWN. Swift was one day in company with a young coxswain, who, rising from his chair, said, with a confident and conceited air, "I would have you to know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you indeed?" replied the Dean, "then take my advice and sit down again."

AMERICAN BOASTING. At the American Declaration of Independence Day at Vienna, in 1890, a speaker growing eloquent on the future of the Republic, repeated a description of its boundaries given by an enthusiastic Yankee, who said, "It was bounded on the east by the Atlantic, on the north by the Aurora borealis, on the west by the setting sun, and on the south by the day of judgment."

DOMAIN OF SCIENCE.

The Age of Electricity—Natural Gas for Railroads—A Substitute for Cars.

The smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disc about the size of a shilling, which is employed for cutting the slits in gold pens. These saws are about as thick as ordinary paper, and revolve some four thousand times per minute. Their high velocity keeps them rigid, notwithstanding their extreme thinness.

It is said that the common cowcatcher attachment to locomotives is about the only article of universal use that was ever patented. Its inventor was D. B. Davies, of Columbus, who found his model in the plow. Red lights on the rear car of the train, it is further said, were adopted at the suggestion of the late Mrs. Swinheim, after a railway accident in which she had a narrow escape. UTILIZING WORTHLESS MATERIALS. Not the least hopeful of the signs of the times is the tendency to use materials once thrown aside as worthless. Cotton seed oil was once without value. Slag, formerly mere rubbish, is made into beautiful ornaments for the table and mantelpiece, and some varieties have been utilized as a manure or in road making. Anthracite coal was long in proving its claim to be a serviceable fuel. Coal dust is to-day used in "filling in" places where mining has been carried on with such vigor as to endanger houses and streets. The probabilities are that each year will press into service something that has hitherto been overlooked. It is not likely that man knows the full worth of everything in Nature's storehouse.

NATURAL GAS FOR BALLOONS. Prof. Carl Myers, who lately made a balloon ascension from Saady Creek, N. Y., had the balloon inflated with natural gas from the gas well there. Nearly 1,000 people witnessed the ascension. Prof. Myers had been invited to Saady Creek by the directors of the gas well for the purpose of testing the supply of the well. The capacity of the balloon was 11,500 ft. and it took just thirty minutes to fill it, which would show an average flow of over 500,000 ft. per day. According to the present showing the well is a very valuable one, and the prospects are very flattering as the drilling continues.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CARS. An ingenious contrivance is about to be brought out by Captain Woodward, of the royal mail steamer "Don," by which it is proposed to do away with cars as a means of propelling ships' lifeboats. It consists of a hand-power screw propeller, which enables the boat to be driven by any one in it though unacquainted with rowing. This, Captain Woodward points out, will obviate the chance of passengers who may get away from a stranded ship finding themselves in a boat without oars or having them without any skilled in their use. The machinery takes up little room, and seems to be both efficient and simple.

THE AGE OF ELECTRICITY. The century which is rapidly drawing to a close is appropriately called the age of steam; that which will soon be ushered in will be the age of electricity. In all probability people are now living who will ride from Savannah to New York between the rising and setting of the sun. Instead of trains of many cars, to the train, and many trains. The heavy "moguls" that are now the pride of the railway companies will no longer pound the life out of the rails, so to speak, or shake bridges or trestle to pieces. Every second or third car, possibly every one, will carry a motor, taking its power from stationary dynamos placed at intervals along the track. The load, lighter, and, therefore, the grades may be made heavier. The tracks of other roads and the public and private roadways will be obliterated, and an unbroken line of fencing will otherwise protect the trains. This lightning method of travel will be both safer and quicker than the present one.

A TERROR FOR TRAVELLERS.

Deadly Disaster on an Inclined Railway in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, October 15.—The most appalling accident ever known on the inclined plane railways of this city happened to-day between 12 and 1 o'clock. It was on the Mount Auburn inclined plane, which lies at the head of Main street, and reaches to a height of between 250 and 300 feet in a space of 2,000 feet or less. Two cars are employed, one on each track. They are drawn by two steel wire cables that are wound upon drums at the top of the hill by an engine located above. Nine passengers had entered the car at the foot of the plane and a number were on the other car at the top. The passage of the ascending car was all right until it reached the top, where to his unspeakable horror, the engineer found that the machinery would not respond, and that he could not step the engine. Only one result was possible. The car was arrested by the strong bumper which stops its progress, and as the engine continued all its force was expended on the two cables and they snapped like wrapping thread under its enormous power. Then the car with its nine passengers locked within began the descent of that frightful slope.

The crash at the foot of the plane was frightful. The iron gate that formed the lower end of the track on which the car rested was thrown sixty feet down the street. The top of the car was lying almost as far in the gutter. The car track itself and the floor at the top of the frame cracked and the floor cracked in the track. A shapely wreck mingled with the bleeding and mangled bodies of the nine passengers. Two passengers were taken out dead, one a middle aged lady named Mrs. Ives, the other a young girl of twenty, Miss Lillian Oakamp. Another, Mrs. N. Kneiss, a teacher, died soon afterwards. Five others were injured, perhaps fatally, and one man escaped miraculously with but a slight injury. The names of the injured are not yet fully ascertained. J. W. Dickson and a Mr. McFadden are two of them. Judge Dickson is nearly 70 years old and will hardly survive such a shock. This inclined plane was built twenty-one years ago, and this is the first accident attended with loss of life at any of the four inclined planes now in use.

THE DEAD AND WOUNDED. Judge Dickson was one of the first of the wounded to die. The list of the dead now stands: Judge Dickson, Mrs. Caleb Ives, Miss Lillian Oakamp, Michael Kneiss and Joseph Horstetter. The wounded are: Charles McFadden, both legs broken; Joseph McFadden, cut on sides and body, and internal injuries; Mrs. E. Horstetter, cuts and internal injuries; Mrs. Joseph McFadden. Chas. Goebel, who was the man at the lever and unable to stop the engine, says he complained that the "cut off" was not working properly. "I told the engineer about it this morning," he said, "but the engineer told me he had repaired it, but it was evidently still out of order, and this must have

been what caused the accident." The engineer, Howard Worden, could not be found, though this is not to be considered evidence that he is hiding. The coroner will make a thorough investigation.

Mr. Kneiss was a teacher in a public school. He was on his way home to dinner. His body was badly disfigured. Mrs. Ives was the wife of Caleb Ives, treasurer of the Globe Sewing works. She was on her way to visit her son who was married a few weeks ago. Mrs. Ives was aged about 60 and her neck was broken. Joseph McFadden, aged 60, died at 2:30 p.m. Charles McFadden is his son.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT. The accident is described thus: As car No. 29 reached the top of the plane, Goebel, the coxman, forced down the lever which shut off the steam. For some reason the apparatus refused to work, and the car rushed on upon its own momentum. Goebel bent all his strength upon the lever, but it failed to budge. On the car rushed madly, the iron work pierced deeply in the wooden flooring, and still the cable tugged. Finally, with a grating noise, the cable slipped from the brass clamps that held them, the bolt that secured them opened the car was free. The passengers, unconscious of the trouble, were about to step from the vehicle as it shot downward. The passengers who had arisen fell together upon the floor of the car. Down the plane of several hundred feet it shot and plunging fiercely upon the railway at the bottom was dashed to pieces. The cars struck, shot far out upon Main street and were shivered into a thousand fragments.

HOW FORTUNE SMILED SO GAYLY ON A FAMILY.

A number of ladies at Hollister, Cal., in a club jointly purchased a one-twentieth part of ticket No. 87,835, in the Louisiana State Lottery. On the 15th of August last they were almost thrown into joyful hysterics because they drew the capital prize.—San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner, Sep. 20.

FIFTY PERSONS INJURED.

Miraculous Escapes from Death in Another Railway Smash-up.

OMAHA, Neb., October 16.—A terrible wreck occurred on the Burlington & Missouri railroad at Gibson, at 6:48 last evening. About fifty passengers were injured, two engines were completely demolished, and a chair and combination car were thrown from the tracks and reduced to atoms. Train No. 6, the local between Lincoln and Chicago, ran into No. 9. The former was east and the latter westbound. Gibson is the meeting point of the tracks and reduced to atoms. Train No. 6, which is a high train that makes connection with the Kansas City express, stop to register. Both trains were due at Gibson at 6:15 p.m., but last night No. 9 was slightly behind. When the accident occurred the engine on No. 6 struck the end, hurling both engines and the two coaches from the track.

ENVELOPED BY FLAMES. The combination coach and the chair car were both crowded with passengers, all of whom were more or less injured, while Peter Reuland, proprietor of the Tremont house was injured so badly that he died shortly after being taken to the hospital. The chair car, after being overturned, caught fire and many passengers were burned. In addition to their injuries, but those who had escaped comparatively safe aided in relieving their pain. The exact number of the injured has not yet been ascertained.

THE INJURED.

The following thus far have been reported. Engineer Gillespie, on No. 6, of Plattsmouth, badly bruised about the body. Henry S. Waller, of the Richardson Drug company, Omaha, badly cut and bruised about the head and shoulders. Mary Butler, South Omaha, hand crushed and body badly bruised. She is in a precarious condition. Charles Laure, of Oralg, Mo., ear cut off, faces severely cut, and body and limbs badly bruised. His condition is almost hopeless. E. Mix of New York, shoulder dislocated and lower limbs badly bruised. Francis Elder, New York, representing Wm. Demuth & Co., bruised and thought to have received internal injuries. Fred Schultz, New York, slightly cut about the head and face. J. Falkenberg, Chicago, lower limbs bruised and shoulder dislocated. C. W. Chaffee, Boston, slightly bruised about the body. Isaac Tabold, Cincinnati, injured about the shoulder and head; not seriously. J. Kallaber, New York, shoulder sprained and bruised about the body. S. Kemper, Buffalo, N. Y., bruised about the body, head slightly cut and lower limbs bruised. Isaac Wrooks, Hartford, Ct., injured about the body. Conductor Lovrin, of No. 9 right lower limb badly bruised, amputation may be necessary. Engineer McCoy, No. 9, slightly bruised. The two firemen, Harkin and Martin, escaped with slight injuries.

GOVERNMENT LAND IN DAKOTA.

Millions of acres of free government land in the Mouse River, Turtle Mountain and Devils Lake regions of Dakota, near the great markets of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth. Secure a home in Dakota. For further information, maps, rates, etc., apply to F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. P., M. & M. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

How to Choose a Wife.

This is really interesting. For young men it is always a difficult task to discover a young lady who makes them a sensible and good wife. They often imagine they have got hold of an angel disguised, but find out their mistake after. A writer in an exchange has, however, settled the whole question. It is all done by the nose. In choosing a wife this writer advises that special attention should be paid to her nose, for one can judge by it the temper and character. This gentleman has made ladies' noses his special study. "It is said that a woman whom nature has endowed with a crooked nose is fortunate in her friendship, and she makes her husband and children happy, unless with the crooked nose there be heavy eyebrows close together. In such a case, temperamental jealousy is apt to be found. A woman with a delicate, straight nose is to be easily seduced and seduced she does not make a good wife, unless she be a crooked-nosed lady. The wife of the happiest home is she whose nose is

lives have concentrated. This is very encouraging for those ladies who have peculiarities about their noses. Crooked-nosed ladies ought especially to be very thankful to this gentleman for solving a difficult question.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Apples for Feeding Stock—Haystack Blacking—Points on Butte Making—Practical Notes.

FEEDING CORN WHOLE OR GROUND. Feeding experiments made at the Malna station during two years showed no difference worth considering in the feeding value of corn, whole or ground to meal, when fed to pigs. One-half of a lot of western corn was ground. Six pigs of uniform size, about five months old, were divided into two lots and fed eight-four days. The first period occupied forty days and the last forty-four. In the first period one lot was fed meal and the other whole corn. In the second period the feeding was reversed. In this trial the total gain with whole corn was 281 pounds, and the total with meal 242 pounds. Taken in connection with previous experiments, the results were favorable to feeding whole corn, which seemed to produce as much gain, pound for pound, as meal, and the cost of grinding was saved.

BUTTER MAKING.

Here is a word from Hoard's Dairyman to those who churn all day to get butter and fall during the fall and winter:—"Do not let the cream stand over forty-eight hours before skimming. Then do not let the cream stand over two days before souring. If you have a quart that is apt to help to sour the rest. We have experimented and believe that milk or cream remaining too long before souring develops the principle antagonistic to butter, and is the cause of long churning. The cream from one pan that has stood until it tastes badly and is not acid will ruin a large jar of butter."

APPLES FOR FEEDING STOCK.

The use of apples for feeding stock was more general last year than ever before, because there was no other way to dispose of them. Farmers in most cases believed that apples had little or no feeding value, and thousands of bushels have gone to waste on the ground when the owners had abundant stock to consume them. There have been instances, of course, where cows have broken into orchards and gorged themselves with unripe fruit, and the same is true of grain chaff; but that does not prove that either are not useful when used in moderation. One man in town fed a colt all last fall principally on apples. No grain was used, and it was estimated that this colt made a gain of 100 pounds in weight. Other farmers' found nothing increased the flow of milk so much as a moderate supply of apples. One man says he made a gain of ten quarts of milk per day by feeding four and a half bushels of apples to eight cows, which makes a gain of 47 quarts to the cow. Dr. Goessmann finds that the analysis of apple pomace indicates a feeding value nearly equal to that of corn silage. Has not the time arrived when apple chaff will have a value as certain as any other feeding material? To those who never fed their stock apples, I would say try it and see if you cannot get as good results as you can by carrying them to the cider mills.—New England Homestead.

HARNESS BLACKING.

This harness blacking is recommended in Farm and Home:—Melt together, with gentle heat, three ounces of turpentine and two ounces of white wax; then add one ounce of ivory black and one drachm of indigo, each in fine powder, the two well mixed together. Take the mixture from the fire and stir until cold. Wash the harness in warm water, and when it is nearly dry give it a coat of neat's foot oil; let it dry in and then with a brush, put on this coating of the dressing; let it dry, then polish with an ordinary shoe brush. Not only will the harness be given a fine polish, but if the treatment be repeated occasionally the leather will be preserved for a long time.

OVER TEN CENT IN CORN.

The Department of Agriculture is getting out some very interesting documents these days. Among those to appear soon is a series of cereal charts prepared by Mr. Dodge to be entitled an "Album of Agricultural Statistics." An illustrative of the kind of information which this will furnish it is shown that ten states have each over ten per cent of their superficial area devoted to corn, these states standing in the following order of precedence: Iowa leads with 219 acres of corn to every 1,000 acres of area, Illinois is second, with 217; Delaware, 175; Indiana, 167; Missouri, 149; Tennessee, 136; Kentucky, 123; Maryland, 117; Kansas, 113; Ohio, 110. The rate of yield in this crop for the last ten years has been only 18 bushels per acre. With such yields as many good farmers have shown to be practicable these states could on the same acreage easily grow all the corn produced in the United States.—National Stockman and Farmer.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

The cream from bran fed milk rises slowly and is hard to churn. When the butter is made it will be pale rather than the golden yellow from the cream of cows fed on corn meal. Bran should be fed to young, growing stock rather than to cows. It is rich in phosphate and makes an excellent manure. A fruit-grower reports that, having an orchard of young trees badly infested with lice he made a solution of sal soda—half a pound to a gallon of water—and applied it with a whitewash brush. In a week's time they were all dead and washed off. The trees grew two feet a year afterward and remained very healthy.

THE BRONZE.

The bronze is the largest breed of turkey, and weighs three years old have been known to weigh fifty pounds before being killed and dressed for market. It is not very hardy breed, but does well when crossed on the common variety. The white Holland turkey is smaller than the bronze, but it is a more active forager and can secure nearly all of its food.

AN AGRICULTURAL WRITER SAYS.

An agricultural writer says that a simple mode of keeping butter in warm weather is to invert a large crock of earthenware, or flower-pot if need be (varying with the size of the vessel containing the butter), over the dish or firkin in which the butter is held. The porousness of the earthenware will keep the butter cool, and all the more so if the pot be wrapped in a wet cloth, with a little water in the dish with the butter. Not the porosity of the earthenware, but the rapid absorption of heat by external evaporation, causes the butter to become hard.

480 ACRES FREE.

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Irish Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED. BURKE—MURRAY—September 18, at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Bray, William J. Burke, youngest son of Tobias Burke, Castle street, Bray, to Mary Jane (Minnie) youngest daughter of Christy Peter Murray, Main street, Bray.

EVERETON—BYRNE—September 27, at the parish church, Bray, George, son of Joseph Everetton, Esq., London, to Fanny, youngest daughter of the late Andrew W. Byrne, Esq., Crosey Barne, county Wicklow.

FREHAN—COX—September 18, at St. James's Church, Dublin, by Rev. F. Hackett, John Wm., only surviving son of the late Wm. Robert Frehan, to Maggie, third daughter of the late Mr. Edward Fox, Esq., of the late Mr. Fox.

LACY—BYRNE—September 24, at the Church of the Three Patron, Rathgar, by the Rev. P. Doyle, John F. Lacy, Bray Head Hotel, Bray, county Wicklow, to May Josephine, eldest daughter of Daniel Byrne, Prospect, Miltown, county Dublin.

MILLER—ROSSITER—September 24, at Newmarket, by Rev. J. Rossiter, Emmanuel, brother to the bride, Bryan Maylor, of the National Bank, Cork, formerly of Harristown, county Wexford, to Mary K. Rossiter, Newbawn House, county Wexford.

SCULLY—RATIGAN—September 17, at St. Mary's R. C. Church, Saggart, Dublin, Sergeant Patrick Scully, of P. Constabulary Depot, to Mary Teresa Katigan, Saggart, Dublin.

DIED.

BURKE—At the residence of her father, Ballinacilly, Carlow, county Car., Mary, daughter of John Burke, aged 28 years.

BUCKLEY—September 24, at her father's residence, Knockdown House, Enniskerry, county Wicklow, Isabella Anne Buckley, aged 23 years.

CAULLY—September 24, at his residence 16 Trinity street, Dublin, Mr. Patrick Cahill, aged 48 years.

CARBERRY—September 27, at his residence, 37 Denmark street, Dublin, Catherine Carberry, aged 69 years.

DEMPSEY—September 25, at Johnstown, county Dublin, Ellen, relict of the late Mr. James Dempsey.

DOWDY—September 25, from the result of an accident at Inchicore Works, Dublin, Michael Downey, of 4 Hawthorn terrace, aged 51 years, son-in-law of the late Kyran Feehan, Spring Villa Mills, Roscrea, county Tipperary.

DUNNE—Sept. 25, at his residence, Old Graigue, Maynooth, Patrick Dunne.

DUNN—September 23, at the residence of his father, Frankfort Cottage, Glonchester street, Dublin, Terence, eldest son of Bernard and Mary Devey, aged 27 years.

DENNAN—September 24, at the Parochial House, Baldoyle, county Dublin, the Rev. Bernard Dennan, C. P.

DEGAN—September 21, at her residence, 44 York street Dublin, Mrs. Deegan, an advanced age.

DUNPHY—September 26, at Shanghaugh, of consumption, Ellen, second daughter of the late Michael Dempsey.

DONRY—September 25, at 64 Rathmines road, Dublin, Michael Donry, late of Thomas Donry, late of Ballybride Mill.

FITZSIMONS—September 25, at Poletemple, Virginia, county Caron, Ann, widow of the late Thomas Fitzsimons, in her 78rd year.

FITZGERALD—September 23, at Henry street, Tipperary, aged 58 years, Margaret, wife of Patrick Fitzgeral, of the late Mr. Fitzgeral.

FINEGAN—At the residence of her brother-in-law, James Woods, 41 Donnybrook, Patrick Finegan, late of Manor street, Dublin.

FITZPATRICK—September 22, at 6 Upper Sackville street, Dublin, William Joseph, the beloved son of Thomas and Mary Fitzpatrick, aged 6 months.

GILLIQUAN—September 23, at Enniscorthy, co. Wexford, after a short illness, Thomas Gilliquan, husband of Catherine Gilligan, 68 Dorset street, Dublin.

GILFOYLE—September 25, at his residence, Coolinagh, King's County, Patrick Gilfoyle, aged 68 years, son of the late Mr. P. T. Dulock, and of J. Gilfoyle of the Local Government Board, in the 74th year of his age.

GORMAN—September 27, at the Hospice of the Dying, Dublin, Joseph Gorman, aged 25, eldest son of John Gorman, of 28 Upper Buckingham street.

GANNON—September 21, at 5 Ranelagh avenue, Dublin, Sarah, fourth daughter of the late William Gannon.

HEALY—September 21, at Longford, in the 74th year of his age, John Healy.

HYLAND—September 22, at his residence, 3 Lower Rutland street, Cottages, Dublin, Mrs. Jane Hyland, after a long illness.

HEARNS—September 24, at 92 Marlborough street, Dublin, Mrs. M. E. Hagarty, aged 33 years.

HUGHES—September 26, at his residence, 33 Denzill street, Dublin, Mrs. Maria Hughes, wife of Michael Hughes.

KELLY—September 24, at her residence, Willbrook, Keshmarran, county Dublin, Mary, third surviving daughter of the late Patrick Kelly.

KINSELLA—September 24, at her residence, Weldonstown, county Meath, Mrs. Philip Kinella.

KIWIN—September 24, at his residence, 116 Lower Gardner street, Dublin, Matthew Kiwin, 18, late of Galway, county Galway, aged 74 years.

KRATING—September 21, at Kilbriob, after a lingering illness, the wife of John Krating. KELLY—At his residence, 68 Menst street, Dublin, Thomas Kelly, late of 4 Sterling street. KRABBS—September 26, Dominick Wart Keane, of Villa, Galway, and Ivy Cottage, Mayo, aged 81 years.



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LADY KILDARE, Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER I. THE LADY NORA.

Point Kildare, on the coast of county Antrim, in the north of Ireland, had been for many generations the home of the Earls of Kildare. As its name implies, it was a point of land jutting out into the North Channel, but it was also an island, being divided from the mainland by a deep and narrow stream with high and rocky banks.

The point, or island, thus watered on its four sides, inclosed within its boundaries a princely estate of over two thousand acres, comprising farms, hills, woods, and a wide drive, shaded by magnificent arching trees, completely encircled the island, and stately avenues traversed the woods and parks, and wound among the well cultivated farms, while sunny lanes and secluded foot-paths led to the glens and more retired portions of the domain.

The chief feature of the island was of course, the magnificent castle, known as Kildare Castle. It stood high up on rocky bluff overlooking the channel, and presented a grand combination of towers and turrets and immense windows, which glittered in the sunlight like glorious jewels. The waters alternately played and dashed against the sea-wall at the base of the castle, while on the three remaining sides of the hoary old structure extended terraces and lawns and gardens, losing themselves in the other features of the island which we have described.

The present owner of Point Kildare, and the last representative of the grand old line of Kildares, was a woman.

The death of her father, the late Earl, a few months previous to the opening day of our story, had left the young Lady Nora absolute mistress of her small principality, her guardian, an easy-natured and somewhat dissipated, residing on his own estates in England, and contenting himself with a semi-annual visit to his ward.

And no queen was ever loved more tenderly than was the Lady Nora by her island tenants and her servants, the faithful old retainers who had spent their lives in the services of her family.

One sunny afternoon in September, 1889, a horseman approached Point Kildare, coming from the direction of the small watering-place of Glenarm. He was well dressed and well mounted, and his appearance differed in no important particular from that of the ordinary fashionable young man of the day. He was about five and twenty years of age, dark of hair and eyes, and of handsome feature; but there was a sinister expression on his face and a mocking sneer on his full sensual lips, that betokened a scheming and unscrupulous soul.

"Well, I am almost there!" he muttered aloud, coming to a halt on the brow of a hill, and looking off upon the island of Kildare, its magnificent castle, and the stately waters beyond. "That's a fine sight spread out there! and his dark eyes kindled with a greedy gleam. 'The owner of all this wealth has no need to envy a king. It's a prize worth my best efforts. It is war between me, my unknown Lady Nora—war to the knife! In the deadly struggle before us, which shall win?'"

His face darkened with a look of the keenest deadliest resolve. It was evident that in the struggle which he apprehended he would not be hampered by any sense of chivalry or honor.

He was about to move onward, when the silence around him was suddenly broken by a full, rich baying of dogs. The sound was followed by the baying of hounds and the tread of a horse's feet in the distance, the latter sound growing louder with each instant.

With the instinct of a cautious and secretive nature, and perhaps with an impulse of curiosity, the horseman drew back into the shadow of a spreading oak tree at one side of the road, and, halting there, waited.

The watcher, bending forward eagerly in his saddle, caught a brief glimpse of a sunny, winning face, bright with youth and health, and all aglow with spirit and animation, of a mass of flowing, dark hair under a trailing plume, and a look of glowing vision swept over him, and a cloud of dust veiled from his view. The horseman thrilled with a sudden excitement.

"It must be the Lady Nora herself!" he ejaculated. "How beautiful she is—the glorious little amazon! I am impatient to learn how she will take the news I have to tell her."

He rode on at a gallop, following in the lady's wake. A few minutes later he arrived at the draw-bridge over the cut-off, and he rode leisurely over it. The horse-woman, with her hounds, had disappeared up the avenue. As the stranger reached the Kildare shore, the old bridge-keeper, whose post was merely nominal, and who faithfully adhered to ancient customs, came forward, touching his hat to the newcomer.

"I don't like the looks of him! It's the eye of a snake he has! And yet he has the Kildare features as sure as I'm born! Who can he be?" Unconscious of the interest he had excited in the old bridge-keeper's breast, the horseman rode along the tree-arched avenue, following the curves along the shore of the island, coming at last upon the broad sweep leading to the chief door of the castle.

By this time the sun had set and the shadows of the twilight were gathering. The doors and windows of the castle were all open, to give free play to the pleasant evening breeze, but the lawn was deserted, and no one was visible about the premises.

The stranger rode up to the portico and slowly alighted. He cast a momentary glance at the sky from the direction of the water, to see if he could see the lady's carriage. Resigning the animal to the stable-boy's charge, the stranger ascended the tall and

stately flight of steps, and scouted the massive burnished knocker after an imperious, authoritative fashion. The summons was speedily answered by an old servant, who gave him admittance into a grand old entrance hall, demanding his business.

"I wish to see the Lady Nora Kildare," said the newcomer. "Be kind enough to tell her that a gentleman from London wishes to see her a few moments on business."

"What name, sir?" "No matter about the name," returned the stranger, giving the old man a half-crown. "I wish to surprise her ladyship."

The servant nodded assent, and conducted the guest down the length of the magnificent hall past stately drawing-rooms, into a pleasant, breezy parlor at the further end, then retiring to execute his errand.

In the course of a few minutes he returned, with a message that her ladyship would see him presently, and the stranger was then left to himself.

For a little while, the guest found much to interest him in his surroundings. The room was luxuriously furnished, and its broad windows opened upon a wide balcony which overlooked, and seemed to overhang, the sea. The stranger stepped out on the balcony and surveyed the scene, looking up at the castle and down at the smooth waters and around him on every side with glances full of scheming and calculation.

Long twilight was now deepening. The shadows began to gather thickly within the parlor. A servant came in and lighted the lamps and drew the fluttering lace curtains, leaving the windows open to admit the air, and then went out. The minutes passed slowly, and the sinister guest, re-entering the room, began to grow annoyed and impatient.

"Half an hour!" he said, looking at his watch and frowning. "This is getting tiresome. Ah! there she comes now!" The click of tiny boot-heels on the tessellated floor of the hall and the rustling of garments penetrated to his hearing through the half-open door. The next moment the door was pushed wide open, and a young girl entered the room.

As the first glance the stranger recognized her as the gay and listless girl he had seen with a glance full of scheming and calculation. With an involuntary look of admiration, he arose and bent his head lowly before her.

If she had looked beautifully when mounted on her horse, she was absolutely bewitching now, in her trailing robe of white muslin, and with her wide scarlet sash tied about her slender waist. She was about twenty years of age, slender and graceful, with a half-haughty carriage of her swaying figure, and a half-chatty poise of her small head, that were infinitely becoming to her. Her eyes were of a bronza-brown hue, shaded by black lashes; her complexion was dark and clear, and her hair, of a deep, dusk hue, fell over her shoulders in ripples and waves. The face was exquisitely piquant, bright, arch and sunny.

"You wished to see me, sir?" she asked, in a high, clear, and sweet voice, and with a doubtful glance at the stranger. "I thought it was a neighbor. The servant did not give me your name."

"You are then the Lady Nora Kildare?" The young girl bowed gravely. "Permit me to retain my name from your ladyship until I have unfolded my errand," said the stranger politely. "I have traveled express from London to see you, and have letters with me from friends of yours which I will present in due time. You will listen to me?"

The Lady Nora hesitated, the stranger's manner and words striking her unpleasantly. But she was within call, and with a score of retainers at her beck and call, and with a naughty little bend of her small head she signified her assent to his singular proposition.

"I will have my step-sister, the Lady Kathleen Connor, present," she said, touching the bell. The stranger made no reply. A servant appeared, and the Lady Nora exclaimed: "Ask the Lady Kathleen to come to me, please."

"The Lady Kathleen has gone out for a stroll on the rocks, my lady," returned the servant. "She bade me say, if your ladyship should call for her, that it's not under an hour she'd be in."

"This is a grand old place!" said the stranger, with a glance around him. "No doubt you love it, my lady, more than you love your home."

"Love it!" repeated Lady Kildare, in a haughty surprise. "Love Kildare, the home of my ancestors, the spot where I was born! Why, all the traditions of our family are interwoven with this island! The old Irish Kings from whom I claim descent had their strongholds on Point Kildare. It is, of all places in the world, the one most dear, most sacred, and most glorious to me! But," she added coldly, checking herself abruptly, "what have my sentiments in regard to my home to do with you, sir?"

follow, who spent most of his time in England, lost money on the turf, kept a costly yacht, and indulged in every luxury and fashionable dissipation of the day. He was married to a woman, and his health, and died at the age of thirty-one, a prematurely old man. Had he left legitimate issue, that issue would have inherited Kildare, to the total exclusion of your father and yourself."

"I am acquainted with the laws of primogeniture," said the Lady Nora as coldly as before. "You recognize the truth, then, of this great fact? I demand the minor great, with some excitement. 'You comprehend that if Lord Redmond Kildare left a lawful son, that son would now be Lord Kildare, and the owner of this vast property?'"

"The fact is perfectly plain." An exultant gleam shone in the stranger's eyes. A triumphant glow overspread his face. "Listen!" he cried, his voice ringing through the room. "Lord Redmond Kildare, your father's elder brother, did leave a lawful son and heir. Lord Redmond was secretly married to an actress who was for a while the rage in London. He made her his lawful wife, and withdrew her from the stage, establishing her in a cottage at St. John's Wood. Knowing his father's lawless and pride, he named and acknowledged his mad marriage, the more especially as his wife had no wealth or family connections to back her, and there were enemies ready to impeach her previous good name. Lord Redmond soon tired of his actress wife, and repented his folly in marrying her. The birth of a son had not power to win back his affections to his wife, and he coolly abandoned her when his child was less than a year old. The wife had no noble quality at least—her love for him. She went mad at his desertion of her, and was placed in a private insane asylum. Lord Redmond continued his wild career; and a year or two later, worn out with his excesses, came home to Point Kildare to die. With his proud old father's pride, and his younger brother's indignation, he would not, he could not, and he dared not, acknowledge the existence of his mad wife and her son. He died with the secret untold. And that wife and son are both living to-day!"

Lady Nora looked at the narrator with dilating eyes. She could not trust her voice to speak. There are marriage certificates in existence. There are yet living witnesses to that strange, secret marriage. There is a certificate of the son's birth. There are letters which Lord Redmond Kildare wrote to his wife before she went mad, some of them bearing date from Point Kildare. A conclusive chain of evidence, not a link wanting, has been wrought out, and Lord Redmond's son is about to enter claim for his inheritance."

"Why has he never put forward his claims before?" demanded the Lady Nora. "If this claim is made, you may be sure it will be closely investigated. This son, or pretended son, of Lord Redmond Kildare must be at least five or twenty years old. Why did he not reveal himself when his father died, and until she estates have fallen into the hands of your orphan girl? Does it not look as if he had feared to battle with men?"

A red flush burned on the stranger's cheek. His voice was husky as he answered: "Until within a month he has not known his own history. The marriage was secret, and intended to be kept secret until the death of Lord Redmond's father. When the mother was placed in a lunatic asylum, Lord Redmond placed his son in safe hands, keeping, however, the secret of the boy's parentage to himself, and having but a single confidant in the matter. He died, as I said, with the secret unrevealed. The boy grew up ignorant of his birth. And he would never have known it but that the insane mother was discharged a month since, from her asylum cured, and she took her son with her, and there he has been from her lips this story. Since hearing it, he has collected all the proofs necessary to establish his mother's marriage and his birth. He is not a hard man, Lady Nora, although he has been hardly treated. He has no wish to war upon a young girl, but one thing he must have—justice. His mother's wrong he will not let him be righted. He wants his rights, and he has had a hard struggle with the world so far, and he is determined now that the world shall give him his due. And so, Lady Nora, before proceeding to extremities, and invoking the aid of the law, I have come to ask what you will do. Shall we effect a compromise? Or shall we go to war? There are letters and documents proving the claim," and he took from a breast pocket a bundle of documents tied with red tape and laid them on the table. "And here is a letter to you from your kinsman, the Dublin lawyer, Mr. Michael Kildare, who was Lord Redmond's confidant all through, declaring that he was one of the witnesses of the secret marriage, and that he knows the boy's name, and his father and his mother. This letter he gives the reasons for his utter silence concerning my existence. Again I ask, what is it to be between us—a compromise or war?"

He arose and stood before her, with folded arms and a stern, set countenance, lighted by a lurid glow. The Lady Nora arose also, pale with sudden agitation. "And you," she whispered—"you are—"

"I am Redmond, rightful Earl of Kildare," answered the stranger, his bold eyes flashing, as he flung his hand proudly. "I am the son of your uncle Lord Redmond by his marriage with the London actress. I am your step-sister's brother, and your rival claimant to Point Kildare. Before arousing a scandal and going to law, I have come to you with proof of my claims to offer you a compromise. Shall we be friends or enemies?"

He looked at her with the air of one who held her destiny in his hands, while he awaited her answer. [To be continued.]

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL MARKET QUOTATIONS.

FLOUR, GRAIN, &c. FLOUR.—Receipts during the past week were 20,628 bbls. The following is a copy of a circular sent by a Halifax merchant to his customers, which sets forth the idea of what is being done by the Lower Provinces: "Halifax, Oct. 10, 1889. We can offer you a good 'strong patent flour' made from one-third 'Manitoba' and two-thirds 'Ontario' wheat; a flour which makes a nice loaf of bread, and which, with plenty of sponges and kneading, will make an immense loaf. We will sell you a sample lot of this flour for \$4.80 to \$5.00, here cash, or equal to cash. We have had a sample of the bread just baked by one of our men, and it is just what we desire to offer to you. We have a thousand bbls of this flour to sell during the next six or eight weeks, and once you have tried it we are persuaded that you will continue buying it. Let us hear from you by telegraph or return mail with your order."

The market here retains the same dull and uninteresting tone which has characterized it for some weeks past, the business reported on spot being exclusively for the local trade. American flour continues to be in demand through shipment. A lot of 8500 bbls of extra being ready for sale at \$4.25 duty paid here. Several other lots have also been received. A dealer in this market stated to the writer, a few days ago, that it was exceedingly difficult to give correct values in the present condition of affairs, as there were really no established rates for the quotations, each having to use his own judgment irrespective of quotations. A number of straight rollers have been made at from \$4.50 to \$4.75 the latter figure having, it is said, been shaded. There are too many anxious sellers to admit of any strength in prices. Strong bakers appear to have been sold all the way from \$4.50 up to \$4.85, with one inside quotation has been shaded in Hungarian patents. Wheat winter, \$5.20 to \$5.50; Patent spring \$5.20 to \$5.50; Straight roller, \$4.80 to \$4.75; Extra, \$4.10 to \$4.35; Superior, \$3.10 to \$3.25; City, \$2.80 to \$2.95; \$4.90 to \$5.00; Strong

FATHER MATHEW REMEDY



THE ANTIDOTE TO ALCOHOL FOUND AT LAST. A NEW DEPARTURE!

FATHER MATHEW REMEDY is a certain and speedy cure for intoxication, and for all ailments arising from alcohol. It is sold by Druggists, \$1.00 per Bottle.

S. LACHANCE, sole proprietor, 1538 and 1540 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Baker, \$1.70 to \$5.80; Ontario bage, extra, \$2.00 to \$2.15. The exports of flour during the present week were about 27,000 sacks.

OATMEAL, &c.—The market is steady at the following prices:—Standard in bbls \$3.85 to \$4.10, and granulated, \$4.10 to \$4.30. Rolled oats, \$4.50 to \$4.75, and Moultrie, \$2.2 to \$2.3.

BEANS.—Sales of two cars of Ontario bran were reported at \$12, and 1 car at \$12.50. Shorts are steady \$13 to \$15.

WHEAT.—Receipts during the week were 69,820 bushels. Since our last issue the first lot of No. 1 Manitoba wheat has arrived and been delivered at 95c. It is stated that the new Manitoba will be taken by millers in preference to old. We quote No. 1 Manitoba hard at 95c and No. 2 at 92c to 93c.

CORN.—The market is unchanged at 40c to 41c in bond, and 49c to 50c duty paid.

PEAS.—Business is small, and prices are quoted at 69c to 70c per 50 lbs.

OATS.—The market remains firm at 31c to 32c per 32 lbs. Upper Canada are quoted at 33c per 32 lbs.

BARLEY.—There have been sales during the week in car lots at 54c to 55c for good malting samples although dark. Feed sells at 45c to 48c.

BUCKWHEAT.—The market is dull at 49c to 50c per 48 lbs.

RYE.—Prices nominal.

PROVISIONS.

PORK, LARD, &c.—A large business has been done in pork since our last issue at about former prices. Several large lots of short cut clear have been placed with lumbermen on the basis of \$23 1/2 to \$13 1/2 here. A fair demand is also experienced for lard which has sold at about 8 1/2 to 8 3/4 to a quantity. Smoked meats are steady to advance.

Canada short cut clear, per bbl, \$15.00; Chicago short cut clear, per bbl, \$13.25 to \$15.50; mess pork, Western, per bbl, \$13.25 to \$20.00; Hams, city cured, per lb, 12c to 13c; Lard, Western, in pails, per lb, 8c to 9c; Lard, Canadian, in pails, per lb, 8c to 9c; Bacon, No. 1, 11c to 13c; Sledgers, No. 1, 6c; Tallow, common, refined, per lb, 6c to 6 1/2c.

DRESSED HOGS.—A few lots of dressed hogs have been received and sold at \$6.75 to \$7 per 100 lbs.

GENERAL MARKETS.

SUGAR, &c.—The market for refined has receded another drop of 1/2 per cent, with sales of granulated 7 1/2 to 7 3/4. Barbadoes molasses firm at 44c to 45c to a quantity. A round lot was made at 45c.

PICKLED FISH.—The market for Labrador herring is in an unsettled condition and prices are unquestionably easier, but as soon as the Halifax lot sent on here to save commission, and hawked around against the law has been shipped their normal price. We quote Labrador herring at \$1.25 to \$1.75. Dry cod in good demand with sales at \$1.50 to \$1.65. Green cod has been pretty well cleared out, and is quoted at \$4.50 for No. 1, and \$4.75 for No. 1 large. Cape Breton herring at \$5.50 to \$5.75.

CANNED FISH.—Lobsters have sold at \$6.40 and \$6.50, and mackerel at \$5.50.

FISH.—The market is quiet and cod oil is easy at 34c to 35c for Newfoundland, and 32c to 32 1/2 for Halifax and Gaspe. Steam refined seal quiet but steady at 47c to 47 1/2c. Cod liver oil 60c, 65c for Newfoundland.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

BUTTER.—Receipts during the week were 6,295 pkgs. The scarcity of choice grades of both A and B, and dairy continues and prices of such remain steady. But the great bulk of stock is held here and grading below finest is difficult to sell even at concessions in prices. Sales of August creamery have transpired at 21c, and of choice September at 22c to 22 1/2c. In Western there have been higher prices. In Western there have been higher prices. In Western there have been higher prices. In Western there have been higher prices.

CHEESE.—Receipts during the past week were 16,919 boxes, against 25,554 boxes for the week previous. Exports are expected to be between 16,000 and 17,000 boxes. The market has ruled extremely quiet during the week, although a fair amount of new business in English and Swiss has been done in a quiet way. Shippers would pay 10 1/2c and in fact are looking around for finest Septembers and Octobers, but at that figure they cannot be had. We quote finest September and October 10 1/2 to 11c. There has been a fair amount of business in grades below finest at 9 1/2 to 10c. The cable has advanced 1c on the week to 2c.

Finest September and October..... 10 1/2 to 11
Finest August..... 10 1/2 to 10 3/4
Medium..... 9 1/2 to 10 1/4

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Receipts during the past week were 295 pkgs. The demand continues good, and sales have transpired during the past few days at 17c for lined in round lots and at 18c to 19c in single cases. Field fresh eggs are quiet but steady at 19c to 20c, and strictly new laid at 21c to 22c. A forced sale of 20,000 dozen lined was reported at 15c cash.

GAME.—Owing to the mild weather a number of lots of partridges have turned gamey, and have had to be sold at low prices, but good stock has been placed at 45c to 55c per brace. No venison in the market yet, although it is expected for.

BEANS.—The demand is slow choice Ontario are being offered at \$1.80 per bushel in round lots, and we quote \$1.75 to \$1.70 as to quality.

DRESSED POULTRY.—A few cases of dressed turkeys have been received and sold at 10c per lb, but they were very choice. We quote 9c to 10c. Large quantities of turkeys are being held in the country.

HONEY.—New extracted honey 11c to 12c.

imitation good 9c to 10c. Comb 15c to 16c, for choice with clover, and 15c to 16c for ordinary. Honey.—The market is quiet at \$3.25 a cask. Canadian at 11c to 12c, and old at 4c to 8c. A lot of Canadian was sold at 9c. HAY.—New pressed hay, \$10 to \$10.50, and No. 2 at \$9 to \$9.50.

FRUITS, &c.

APPLES.—The receipts of winter fruits have been considerable, although not as large as expected. Large quantities are being put aboard steamers for British ports, large engagements having been made to Liverpool, London and Glasgow. The receipts of winter fruit from 15th, Catherine which were shipped as No. 1, only grade No 2 causing great dissatisfaction. Some lots received from the Niagara district have turned out the veriest trash, owing to these poor receipts the market is dull and will remain so until they are worked off. Sales have been made of car lots of No 1 winter fruit at \$2.50 to \$3, and No 2 at \$1.75 to \$2. A lot of 1,200 fancy winter apples was sold at \$3.25. Cabbles from Liverpool quote a lot of American Ben Davis at 16s average, and a small lot of fancy Kinged at 27s. Some very high prices are reported from London, ranging from 16s to 24s for Northern Spies, and other choice descriptions from 32s to 40s per bbl; but it is thought that the shipment now going forward will soon reduce those aristocratic values. A cable from London says apples are becoming.

ORANGES.—The market is quiet at \$3.00 to \$3.50 per bbl for Jamaica.

LEMONS.—The market is quiet, sales being reported at \$2.00 to \$4.50.

GRAPES.—The Almeria are in fair request at \$5 per keg; blue grapes at 5c to 6c, and red 5 1/2c. California \$8 per case.

PEAS.—The few varieties offering range from \$3.50 to \$6 per bbl.

CRANBERRIES.—Cranberries are steady at \$8 to \$8.50 per bbl for choice Cape Cod.

SWEET POTATOES.—Market is easy with sales at \$4 per bbl.

COCONUTS.—Steady at \$5 per 100.

ONIONS.—Sales of 500 tons were reported at 65c to 70c per cask. Canadian \$2.50 to \$2.75.

POTATOES.—The market is easy, with sales of car lots reported at 60c to 70c per 90 lbs as to quality.

A TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

Those Who Were Not Drowned When Their Vessel Foundered Suffer Awful Torture.

PHILADELPHIA, October 21.—The seven survivors of the steamer Earmore, which foundered September 15 in a cyclone 300 miles off Turks Island, arrived here to-day. They tell a story of terrible suffering. The Earmore struck a terrible gale September 4, which increased in fury, and at 11.30 a.m. the following day the vessel foundered. As the steamer sank the port lifeboat floated off from the ship and the men clung to it and there were engaged in the second officer, second and third engineers, four sailors, three firemen and the cook. An effort was made to save the rest of the crew, but the boat was blown away and the oars wrested from the hands of the men. The cries of the drowning men dashed about by mountainous waves were heard by the men, but they could not be reached. The boat contained no provisions.

It drifted into the Gulf Stream, and the w.m. at increased the intensity of the men's thirst. The horrors of hunger on the second day became awful, and it increased as time wore on. They managed to pick up seaweed afloat in the Gulf Stream, which gave them a little nutriment, and on the third day a flying fish was caught. The men ate it greedily, and it was a relief for each man and devoured. They also captured a sea bat and sucked its blood and then ate its flesh after it had dried in the sun. The first man to die was a seaman, William Robinson, of Baltimore, and the second was the third engineer, Thomas Hunt, of Philadelphia. One night, while all were asleep except a fireman named Plargo, who was on watch, he suddenly became insane and jumped overboard. The rest were too weak to save him. The men were without a compass and steered by the sun by day and the stars by night.

LEFT TO THEIR FATE. Eleven vessels passed them. A British barque, which they are certain saw them, deliberately left them to their fate. When three hundred miles off Hatteras they were picked up by a schooner. They were so weak that they had to be lifted upon the vessel's deck, and one of them, Dr. Thomas, a New Jersey, fell overboard and was drowned. The following is a list of the last: R. R. Grey, master, A. Painter, first mate, Soulas, first engineer, Thomas Hunt, third engineer, W. Dummer, boatswain, S. Perry, steward, all of Philadelphia. Jas. Durand, mes boy, Robt. Johnson, Karl J. Fucherson, Edward Johnson, W. Johnson, James J. Chy, Mess, fireman, A. Flagg, fireman, James Sinclair, fireman, Herman Torges, fireman, all of Baltimore.

HAS THIS STEAMER BEEN LOST, TOO? NEW YORK, October 21.—The steamship Brooklyn, Captain Carson, which sailed from Darien, Ga., Oct. 12th, with a cargo of lumber for Brooklyn, is supposed to have been lost with all on board (eighteen persons) in the gale of the 13th, as she is now six days overdue. A vessel, named Earmore, which was on the coast of the 17th, sixteen miles ESE of Body Island with her box twenty feet out of water and her stern apparently on the bottom.

American (who has ordered a dozen raw in a Liverpool restaurant).—"Are these oysters?" The Waiter—"They are," American—"Take 'em away and bring me a couple of your whales, will you? I'm kinder hungry."

ESTATE OF JOSEPH DUBEAU—DAME SCHOLASTIQUE MAURICE, widow of JACQUES DUBEAU, her son CHARLES and JACQUES DUBEAU, all of this city, hereby give public notice to all the interested heirs of JOSEPH DUBEAU, who died on the 22nd day of August, 1888, that they will petition, on the 22nd day of November, 1889, one of this District Superior Court Judge, in Chamber, at the Court House of Montreal, at 10.30 a.m., to grant for their own and exclusive benefit letters of verification of the heirs. All interested parties are hereby notified to oppose the said petition, on or before the said date, if they judge convenient. Montreal, October 17th, 1889. DAVID, DEMERS & GERVAIS, Attys. for Petitioners, 12-5, 1608 Notre Dame street.

WHO MURDERED DR. CROWING? 5,000 agents wanted to take orders for the latest sensation of the day, "The Crime of the Century," or the life and murder of Dr. Patrick Henry Crowing, by the noted journalist, Henry C. Brown. This is a complete and authentic story of the greatest of modern sensations, and will be read by all who are interested in crime. It is profusely illustrated with engravings of the principal actors and scenes in the tragedy, and is published in our large volume of over 700 pages. Price only \$1.50. Send your orders to the publishers, Address: Address in GREAT BRITAIN: W. B. Ewing & Co., Ltd., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

LADY AGENTS WANTED—ALSO LADIES—Two Immense New Specialties, One Lady made \$27 before dinner; another \$16 the first hour. Address, LITTLE & CO., Box 443, Chicago, Ills.

SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL, No. 162.—DAME MARY HENDERSON, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of WILLIAM O'HARA, of the same place, Trader, duly authorized a *cestui en justice*, Plaintiff, vs. the said WILLIAM O'HARA, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause on this Fourteenth of October, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-nine.

Montreal, 14th October, 1889. JUDAH, BRANOHAD & BAURET, 12-6 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

CALL AND SEE the new arrival of fall corsets, S. Carsley.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S GLOVES in Wool, Cashmere and Lined Kid, at prices most reasonable, at S. Carsley's.

NEW SILKES, Dark Prints and Satens just put to stock, all suitable for present use

The great show of black silks is now going on at S. Carsley's.

MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS, MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS, MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS, MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS

Full assortment in all sizes; ask for our \$1 White Shirt. The best value in the trade.

S. CARSLEY'S.

MEN'S NECKTIES, MEN'S NECKTIES, MEN'S NECKTIES