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THE COMET OF A SEASON!

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

Only one human creature, besides wretched old Matthew Starr, himself, was known to have perished in the fire. The flames found Starr's body still perfectly recognizable, in the room which he had converted into a little magazine of combustibles. Outside the door of this room, on its threshold, divided from the body of Starr only by the remains of the half-burnt door, was found a dead woman. She was dead rather from suffocation than from fire. She was gayly dressed, and seemed young. Some professed to recognize her, and said it was Matthew Starr's daughter. Whether, in some fit of penitence, she had gone to the Church of Free Souls and found that her father was there, and when the fire broke out tried to get at him and so perished, was never known. But those who professed to identify her were positive that it was she; and it is certain that Fanny Starr was not seen any more from that day. Starr's streak of vengeance would seem to have wholly missed its mark; it struck himself and the daughter for whose sake he sought revenge. To be sure, it struck the Church of Free Souls. The temple was gone. It never rose from its ashes a simple again. The site was soon occupied and turned to profitable account. On the ruins of the Church of Free Souls there stands a stately six-story building, some of the windows from which Montana poured forth his screams of a regenerate existence for men and women, and where Geraldine saw him standing erect and holding Melissa's hand, a plump and saucy bar-maid now works a beer engine and smiles on all comers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY VANESSA'S BENEVOLENT INTERVENTION.

MONTANA'S popularity lighted up again after the events on Tower Hill. The fire was the talk of London for days after. The waning season flickered up once more into a sort of animation as society discoursed of that eventful evening. People who had given up all idea of meeting their friends any more that season got up little improvised dinner-parties to discuss the whole affair. The various versions of the night's events kept curiosity and criticism alive by their conflicting authorities and assurances. The first report that spread through London was that the Church of Free Souls had been set on fire by a hostile and organized band, and that Montana was actually killed in the struggle which followed. Then there came a legend that Montana had lost his life in rescuing a girl from the burning. This presently softened down to the story that he had nearly lost his life, but had succeeded in rescuing the girl and himself. Rumors differed widely as to the rescued damsel. Some who, of course, were not in society, said it was a fashionable and great lady, daughter of the Duchesses of Magdalen; that Montana had, with superhuman strength and daring, succeeded in carrying her from the burning building, climbing heights and making descents in the midst of flames which Amodeus himself could hardly have braved. Society, however, knowing Lady Vanessa Barnes, was sceptical about this, even from the first. Lady Vanessa was rather too tall and nobly built to be easily carried in the arms even of a hero of romance. Of course Barnes was not unskilful in climbing to Montana's death of heroism and self-sacrifice. Some stories would have it that he was attacked by numbers of men and women whom he had deceived and whose hopes he had blighted, and that so far from showing any courage, he had made an exhibition of the white feather. There were wisperings about an injured husband having taken part in the turmoil, and made out of it an opportunity for avenging his own personal wrongs. But the important thing for Montana seemed to be that it set him up again as the hero of the hour; that every one talked of him and read about him; that the papers were full of paragraphs, leading articles, and letters concerning him; and that the police were busily at work to find out the nature of the organization through whose action the Church of Free Souls had been destroyed. Lately the period was, any enterprising hostess might have counted on filling her rooms to excess if she could have only made it known that the company were invited to meet Montana.

Montana himself looked at the event with very different eyes. He saw in it nothing heroic, or gratifying, or exciting, but only a degradation to his life and a menace to the future of his career. After all that he had done to exalt himself in England to the position of unchallenged leader of a great movement—to the position, indeed, of priest and prophet—his efforts had only resulted in a vulgar street riot, in a personal attack on himself from which he had escaped by the sheer physical strength of a friendly mob. However the newspapers or any ordinary observers might look on it, this sequel to his labors was to Montana a cruel anticlimax and bitter humiliation. Many said with a time that he in his bitterness felt deliberate regret that he had not sacrificed himself in the burning ruins of the Church of Free Souls. It was a mistake, he kept saying to himself over and over again. If he had known what was to come of it, he would have resigned within the burning house and brought his career to a close then and there. From his boyhood his worship had been for his career rather than for himself. What was to become of himself personally, he cared comparatively little. The great thing was to have a brilliant career; and if he must disappear suddenly, to disappear as a comet does, not to be put out like the gas-god, or to flicker ignobly into darkness like the candle. He found himself, in the midst of all his little Indian summer of revived popularity, brooding constantly over the next chapter of his career—thinking and thinking what he was to do to recover from his late humiliation, and to redress the balance of the anticlimax.

Something he was resolved to do. If he had, at any moment during that short time when he still believed he was to marry Geraldine Bowen, some thought of settling into a calm, secluded life of happiness, he had had some purpose now. His one purpose was to do some way of ending with dignity. He cared not little for the death of Matthew Starr. As he had often said, he felt no regret for people's deaths. Men and women had to die some time, and it seemed to him a matter of stipendiary little consequence whether they died, to-day, or next year, or in ten years to come. This was his measure for himself as well as for others. He had been bestowed two minutes thought on the fate of old Starr, and when he had once expressed a sort of chill and formal regret for his former follower he alluded to the subject no more. Montana's revived popularity had the effect of bringing him again into frequent companionship with Lady Vanessa Barnes. Through him Lady Vanessa became drawn into sudden intimacy with Captain Marion and his group. She visited them at all times.

Her ponies were seen standing for hours together at Captain Marion's door. She brought Mr. Barnes there more often perhaps than he cared for, but he bore it with meek patience, and talked a great deal to Sydney Marion, who felt therefore intensely grateful to him. He seemed to like her society, she thought; and he was one of the few who appeared to do so, and it was only in keeping with her fate that he should be a married man and married to a great lady. Lady Vanessa was greatly interested in the whole group. She concerned herself much with the approaching marriage and the marriage arrangements of Montana and Melissa. She was charmed with Geraldine. She pronounced Captain Marion a bold dandy, and said he was just the man with whom a pretty niece ought to enter a drawing-room. She persisted in regarding him as Geraldine's uncle, and at last Geraldine dropped all further protest. Marion and Geraldine had not yet mentioned to any one but Montana the fact of their engagement, and they were not likely to begin their confidences with Lady Vanessa. Every one in the group liked Lady Vanessa but Melissa. Melissa could not forgive her for even having been supposed at one time to have won the admiration of Montana. Geraldine frankly liked her, and, in familiar phrase, "took to her."

"I never knew a great lady before," she said to Sydney Marion, "and I always thought there would be something distant and haughty about them. In America we have a kind of idea that all English aristocrats are terribly haughty; that they keep everybody else at a distance. But I don't find her so. I find it hard to remember when I am with her that she is any higher in class than myself. She seems to me to be older, although I don't believe she is; but that is about all the difference I see."

Lady Vanessa was quite happy in having discovered the Marions, and Geraldine, and Melissa, and having some new group in whom to interest herself. This was partly out of genuine good-nature. She was a high-spirited, happy, genial creature—a sort of compound of tomboy and beneficent busybody—clever, shrewd, and courageous; ignorant as a school-boy, but unlike a school-boy, not devoid of tact. It must be owned that part of the interest she felt in her new friends was owing to the fact that all her old friends had left town. The season was over for her and her set; but Mr. Barnes could not leave London just yet. He had business engagements to which he was stuck as closely as though he had not married the daughter of a duke. Lady Vanessa was really fond of him, enjoyed his society, and would not leave town without him; and so she had perforce to stay. Therefore the Marions, and Geraldine, and Melissa were as welcome to her as a new toy or a new play-fellow to a child who is left at home while his family are away, and who does not at first know what to do with himself. "Ain't odd," Lady Vanessa would say sometimes, "how we are left alone in London? We are the sole survivors. We ought to do all we can for each other, and try to make the place as bearable as it may be, for there is nobody else to talk to. I do believe I shall have to stay with Mr. Barnes in town until well-nigh on to Christmas, and you will be gone long about that, Miss Rowan; so what on earth am I to do with myself then?"

She was likewise much interested in Clement Hope, and asked Geraldine a great many questions about him. She said she was sure he was in love with somebody, and that things had gone wrong with him. She offered the opinion, which made Geraldine feel for a moment inclined to be angry, that Clement was remarkably like the man who fell out of the balloon—that is to say, that he wasn't in it. She opined that he was in love with Sydney Marion.

Geraldine smiled so genuine a smile at this that Lady Vanessa gave up that theory. Then she was sure he was broken-hearted about Melissa; and Geraldine said, with some hesitation, answering only for the purpose of getting rid of the whole subject if possible, that she fancied he had at one time been a little taken with Melissa, but she was sure there was nothing serious in it, and that he did not think of it now.

"Then I tell you what," said Lady Vanessa, "if he is not a lover of yours, Miss Rowan, I am sure if I was he I should be just that."

Geraldine became so evidently embarrassed, not to say distressed in manner, that Lady Vanessa's quick eyes saw in a moment that she had struck on a painful truth of some kind, and she had the politeness and good-nature to turn the talk away in a moment, and go on in the easiest way to some other conjuncture about Clement, leaving Geraldine to believe that she had not formed the faintest suspicion as to the real state of the case. But Lady Vanessa had made up her mind all the same that Clement was in love with Geraldine, and either that Geraldine was not in love with him, or that some obstacle stood between them. Her restless good-nature determined at once to find out what the actual condition of things was, and see if she could not lend a helping hand to somebody. She was an excellent camaraderie—probably she would have described herself as a good "pal"—and she felt convinced that something was amiss between Geraldine and Clement; that they were a pair of lovers, or would be if they could, and that it would be a glorious stroke for her if she could somehow intervene and make two lovers happy.

To whom would any fearless intermeddler in such a case naturally address herself but to the eldest of the party? Had there been a Mrs. Marion, Lady Vanessa would have gone for her straightaway and asked her a series of direct questions, and got at the truth of the matter. But there was no Mrs. Marion, and therefore Lady Vanessa's quick interest directed her at once to Captain Marion. To Lady Vanessa Captain Marion was simply "a dear old thing," "a charming old man." Three-fourths of her time at least she regarded Geraldine as his niece, and in any case it would not have occurred to her to think that Geraldine was likely to be his wife.

been a soldier and a traveller, who liked the society of women, and would always make himself agreeable. "What a darling girl your Geraldine is!" Lady Vanessa said, and that handsome young fellow, Clement Hope, who has he? Now tell me something about him, won't you? He interests me greatly. There is a picture exactly like him in Venice, I think, or Florence, or somewhere; a picture of a young Venetian painter. I think—just the same kind of eyes, with a figure like that, a figure that gives you the idea somehow of a tall young tree a little bending to the wind, don't you know? Does it strike you so, Captain Marion?"

"He is a charming young fellow," Captain Marion said, earnestly. "He has plenty of talent; but he has led too lazy a life up to this; not his fault, I should say—not his fault at all. He is going to turn to now, and do something to make his life useful in some way."

"Strikes me he is crossed in love," said Lady Vanessa. "Captain Marion smiled. 'Well, I believe there was something of the kind,' he said. 'I hear that he was very fond of Melissa Aquitaine.'"

"Not a bit of it," Lady Vanessa answered. "Don't you believe a word of that. 'Oh, but there was something, I assure you.' 'Was something?' said Lady Vanessa. 'Yes, there may have been half a dozen some things, I dare say there were. A young man like that does not get to his time of life without having had a good many things. But there is nothing now. He does not care about her now, I can assure you.' 'How do you know?' asked Marion, in wonder. 'Well, I don't know how I know—by looking at him—I knew by observing things. When she comes into the room he hardly looks up, hardly observes her. Oh, no, it is not that. I have quite other ideas, Captain Marion, about your young friend. You make your mind easy. It is not the future wife of our dear Montana he cares about—oh no!'"

Captain Marion looked astonished, and his expression was not exactly that of a man who feels bound to make his mind easy. He looked as if he was not making his mind easy.

"It is Miss Rowan," Lady Vanessa said, nodding her head at him decisively; "trust to me for that. What is wrong between them, Captain Marion? You take my word for it, he is in love with Miss Rowan."

Captain Marion almost started. "I don't think," he said—"no, Lady Vanessa, I am sure—I am quite sure—you are mistaken."

"Not a bit of it! Ask any woman who knows him, and has seen him; she'll tell you the same thing. Ask Miss Rowan; she will tell you. I should not like to ask her; she would think it rude, perhaps; but there is something strange, and I want to set it right, if I can. Yes, Captain Marion, the poor young man is in love with Geraldine; and I tell you what, I'll give you any odds you like that she is in love with him."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MELISSA'S HONEY-MOON.

The crowning event of Melissa's life had come off. She had attained what ought to have been the highest degree of her happiness. The wildest dream of her fond fancy had been fulfilled. She was married to Montana. The marriage took place in a church near her father's house, in the Northern city, and after the ceremony Montana and his wife stayed for a few days at a quiet watering-place forty or fifty miles away. It was not any of the usual resorts of couples on their honeymoon, but a steady-going, rather out-of-the-way place, which fashion had not yet found out. There they remained for a few days, but for a few days only. Montana had his preparations to make for his voyage across the Atlantic, and time was running short.

It seemed strange to Melissa to find herself thus alone with her idol, and stranger still to find that after all there was less of the wonderful and more of the commonplace about it than she might have imagined. Montana seemed to her to be always in a cloud or in a dream. He was kindly to her in every way. He seemed anxious to attend to all her wishes, and even to fore-tell them. But there was nothing about him of the genial, playful way which her father always had, and which made life so pleasant for her with Mr. Aquitaine, if she could only have known it at the time. She was married to Montana, and yet she did not seem to have approached any nearer to him in spirit than when they walked round Tower Hill that day together, and she conversed with him for the first time. A curious fact is that until the moment when he signed himself "Edmund Montana" on the occasion of their marriage, she did not even know what his Christian name was. Montana walked with her constantly while they were staying alone on what ought to have been their honeymoon trip, a honeymoon of three or four days. He conversed with her a great deal, but it was only conversing with her. There was nothing of the fond, close talk of the young husband or of the lover. He told her a good deal about his plans with a cold sniveling of tone that seemed somehow to convey to her the idea that he did this as a matter of propriety and duty. His manner seemed to say, although nothing could be more gracious and kind, "I don't suppose, Melissa, you really understand much about this; but we are now husband and wife, and I think it is part of the duty of a properly-minded husband to explain all his plans and purposes to his wife, even though she may not understand them. So I tell you all this, Melissa, but if you do not quite understand it does not matter. I have performed my proper part in telling, and you have performed yours in seeming to listen."

Yet the girl was happy. She was sometimes rapturously, ecstatically happy. She could sit and gaze at him through a whole evening. When they walked together she could look away from the sea, and the sky, and the sunlight, or the stars, and only turn her eyes on him, her one star. It was enough to be with him, and to lean her head upon his arm, and to hear his voice, and to know that she was married to him and bore his name. A few full of bread left anything might intervene, even now, to take him from her or to make him forget her. She dreaded the prospect of being left behind—left alone in the house that once was so pleasant to her; but now would be so dreary, where she could only spend the days in thinking of her absent husband and fearing for something to happen. She would have been glad to take her with him to America, but on this point he had already declared his purpose, and she had not the courage even to expostulate. Her love and her recent suffering seemed to have washed all the petulance and all the high spirit away from her, and left her submissive, languid, almost broken down. Mr. Aquitaine, too, had thought at first it would be better she should go with Montana across the ocean, but Montana seemed to have given some reasons

which satisfied him. "It would be rough work on a ship, and if Melissa did go she would have to be left behind in some great hotel in New York, or at the farthest in Chelsea, while her husband 'laid out the lines of his colony.' Mr. Aquitaine agreed that this would not do; and that Melissa, on the whole, would be safest and happiest in her father's house until her husband could return for her. When the days of their short holiday had passed, they returned to Aquitaine's home. Montana was not to go back to London for the present, but was to leave for America without seeing the metropolis again. Montana was anxious to get away. If it had ever been his nature to show impatience he would have shown it now. He was surprised one day to receive a letter from Clement Hope, in which Clement told him that he was getting sick of the Old World, and longing to begin his project in America; that he had changed his mind about waiting a little longer, and that he would leave Europe by the same steamer which carried Montana westward. Montana showed the letter to Mr. Aquitaine, and asked if Aquitaine could suggest any explanation of Clement's sudden determination.

"Surely," Aquitaine said, "you and he had better put your heads together and combine your projects. What can you want of two separate colonies at the same time? You don't want to run in rivalry, and besides, Clement Hope knows nothing about these things. His resources will run out before he has made a satisfactory start. He had much better go in with you. I will write and tell him so."

"I should be very glad," Montana answered, coldly, "if his helping hand, if it were to be a help at all, were mine. I owe him a good turn, I like him, I should be glad to make use of him, and to assign him a place that would be useful, but I don't admit partnerships in plans like mine. I don't like explaining my ideas to any one until the moment comes for putting them into action, and I don't always care to explain them even then. I want men to believe in me, and to work with me, and to take orders and to ask no questions. I am afraid Clement Hope has got it into his head that he can do something great upon his own account. Let him do so, by all means. The more of us who have faith in ourselves, and can put our faith into action, the better. But I could have nobody working with me who was not willing to work on my inspiration—to take it on trust, and do as he was ordered."

"I should think Hope would be delighted to work under you."

"I don't know. Some change has come over him lately. He seems odd and cold, and he has kept away from me. I am glad to find by this letter that he offers his friendship again. I shall take it just as it is offered. I owe him a good turn, as I have said; and I never look for offence, so I never receive any—or seldom, at least," he said, slowly, as some recollection of Treascoe came into his mind. "And I never answer coldness by coldness."

Aquitaine gave vent to something almost like a sigh. "I only wish you would answer warmth by warmth," he said to himself, as he looked into Montana's impassive, handsome face, and thought of poor Melissa, her quick, impatient temper, her wild love, her sudden little gusts and changes of emotion, her longing for affection, even the fitful partings with which she sometimes met the affection when it was offered; and he wondered what sort of life would be before her in the long future with this strange husband, who had taken her, not for love, but only out of curiosity.

Montana and Melissa often walked out together these bright evenings of early autumn. Sometimes they wandered along, apparently without purpose, through suburbs on which every day warehouses were making fresh ravages, along patches of strand by the river which were menaced every week by new experiment in dock and warehouse, and through greenwoods which had already the shadow of their destination to building lots cast over them. Now and then, coming to some particular spot, Montana struck quite away from the direction in which hitherto they had been going, and brought Melissa through tortuous windings of suburban streets and roads as if he were looking for some particular place, and then apparently having failed to find it, or having found it and seen enough of it, turned back again and resumed their old track. She could not help asking him once whether he knew the place long ago, and he answered that he did; that he had been there when a boy, but there were so many changes it was not easy to know any place again.

One evening they came to a bank just above the river. It was on the verge of sunset, and they were looking westward. Montana stood for a moment in silence. Then it seemed to him that the arm of his companion leaned heavily on his, and looking down to Melissa he saw that she was fatigued.

"You are tired," he said. "Let us sit down here for a moment."

Looking around, he had seen that there was a wooden bench under a decaying tree not far from them. He brought Melissa to it, and they sat there. For all that Montana could do, he could not bring his thoughts to fix themselves on Melissa. It did not seem as if he were really married to her, as if she had become a part of his life. He could not think of her and her as living on together through years. He was not a man given to regrets. Things that were past were done with him, as with Mark Antony, and when once he made up his mind that it would be well for him to marry Melissa he never went back upon the subject. It was settled, and there was an end of it. But the conditions under which they had been married seemed to prevent him from entirely realizing the fact, and from admitting it as part of his life and of his thoughts. He found his mind wandering away from her, and his eyes turned vaguely westward. Perhaps he was thinking at first that his own course would soon bear him westward. Suddenly, however, another thought, a memory, came into his mind. The scene, the place, were not indeed the same as those which he now remembered with a shock of disgust, and even of pain. But there was a resemblance enough to cheat the mind for a moment into the idea that it was the same place; and at all events Montana and his young wife were so sitting that their eyes naturally turned toward the setting sun.

Suddenly he rose to his feet. "Come, Melissa," he said, "and let us go away from this. I don't like this place."

"Why not?" Melissa asked, wondering. "It is very pretty, isn't it?"

"No," Melissa answered, "I only care about people, and not about many of them either. Don't you remember telling me once that in this world we must live in the present and for the present, and not in the past?"

"Did I tell you that? Where was that?"

"Oh, don't you remember? But of course you don't; you would not remember it as I remember it; you have no reason to. Well, it was that day—the first day that ever I talked to you—when we were walking together on Tower Hill. You said we both agreed in opinion, although then I don't think I had any opinion at all. I think only meant that I was not troubling myself about the past, because I was only troubling myself about you."

Montana turned and looked into her wistful face, and the eyes seeking his own. The sight brought the old memory back to him.

"Well, let us go, dear," he said; "I don't care about nature either, and I don't want to have much to do with the past. I had rather shut it out from me if I could. But, anyhow, I don't like this place. It makes me uncomfortable. Let us go."

So they went, and she leaning on his arm, could hear him murmuring some words to himself. He murmured them again and again, till at last she caught the sound.

"What is the comet of a season?" she asked.

"What? Montana asked in turn, looking for him, almost confused. 'The comet of a season? You have been saying that over and over again. What does it mean?' 'It is only a quotation from a poem, Melissa. I am not certain really what poet it is. I think it is Byron. I have not read much poetry, but I remember these words.' 'They are pretty words,' said Melissa; 'I wonder what they mean?' 'I don't know. They came into my mind somehow. I heard them long ago in a place like this.' 'All comets are of a season, are they not?' Melissa asked, seized for once with a desire to acquire exact knowledge. 'I have seen ever so many comets. They come for a while, and shine all over the sky, don't they, and then they go away?' 'Yes,' said Montana, 'that is so, exactly.' 'But they come back again,' Melissa persevered; 'I am sure the same comets come back again, after a long time, perhaps.' 'They do,' Montana gravely answered. 'That happens in the sky, Melissa—with the comets that appear in the sky. But I think those words I have been saying mean human comets, and such comets of a season don't always go away. When they go out they are not gone any more, and it is much better that it should be so—much better.'

Montana was silent. She had not the faintest idea of the meaning of his words, but there seemed something in them melancholy and ominous, which cast a gloom over their way home.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"THE POWER THAT MADE BOY AND GIRL."

Never were there more miserable days than those which Clement Hope was now passing. He suffered intensely, and all the more because it seemed to him that he had no right to complain. His idle and transient passion for Melissa, that unreal, boyish affection of love, had been foolishly cherished by him, and ostentatiously exhibited and proclaimed after the fashion of youth, when if it pleased to fancy itself in love, and is proud of its own sham and self-delusion. He hated to think of this now. He looked back with shame and anger upon his former rhapsodies, and ravings, and attitudes, and the hopeless lover of poor Melissa. Such folly, he felt, took away from him now all right to complain. Why should Geraldine think for a moment of one like him, whom she had seen only the other day apparently steeped in love for another girl—a girl far beneath her own level in intellect and in heart, and how could she now be expected to regard him in any serious light? She could but laugh at him and despise him. Only for his colonization scheme and its incessant demands and details, Clement sometimes felt as if his life could not go on—as if he must have ended all the difficulty by going out of his senses. The nights, above all, were trying to him. He came home late and tired to the lonely house looking on the dismal canal, and he could not sleep. He mounted the little observatory on the roof, and looked abroad over the trees and grass of the park, and saw the sky reddened by the lights of the great city. He out-watched the Bear and the sun of the sleepless, "the melancholy star," and only fell into a fitful sleep at last when morning had come and the roads and streets began to be alive again. Sometimes he went out before the dawn, and wandered about the roads, and climbed a little hill in the neighborhood, from which he had a confused view of London shining somewhere in the near distance, like a mass of glow worms in a hollow. He hated the lonely, ghostly house, and yet he would not leave it to live anywhere else. He would not leave it even for a night. He felt a kind of savage, self-torturing pleasure in condemning himself to its loneliness, and its shadows and its memories. Day and night the one feeling possessed him. He had found out his love too late, and had found out at the same time that he was not worthy of such a love.

Sometimes he regretted at Geraldine, and told himself that she was marrying only for money, for a house, for position; that she was throwing away her youth and her beauty and her intellect on a man old enough to be her father—selling herself, as many an other girl was doing, for mere worldly advantage. Such a thought, filling him for the time with an angry feeling against the girl, gave him the momentary courage of resentment. But he soon found that courage bought at such a cost is not worth having even to a disappointed lover. It is only like the courage supplied by the maddening stimulus of some strong drink. It is factitious and unwholesome, and leaves its dismal hours of reaction and depression, its lonely, wasting heartache, instead of the headche which the other excitement bequeaths in dying. And, besides, Clement was not in his right mind when he allowed such a thought to possess him, even at a moment. He knew this. He never could believe anything evil of Geraldine. Let her motive be what it would, it must be a good one and worthy of her. He could only suppose that she either did love Captain Marion—after all such things had happened—or that she felt she could care for no one else in the sense of deepest love; and was therefore willing to marry a man for whom she had a sincere respect and affection. Anyhow, it was all the same to Clement. She was lost to him. She never could ever know how truly he loved her, and how fully he appreciated her. That bitter, immemorial remembrance with which she had been disappointed lover makes, if she could only know it, "if she could only understand all"—that remembrance was always in Clement's heart; if not on his lips. He himself had rendered this impossible. She never could know that he really was never could understand that his love for her was deep and real, and even in his sufferings he could not hope for kindly

sympathy. Nothing was left for him but to go away, and never to come back again. On this he was resolved, and he would not return to England.

While in this mood he received one day a few friendly lines from Montana, thanking him for the part he had taken in the rescue on Tower Hill, and expressing a regret that they could not meet again before Montana left for America. At once the thought came into Clement's mind, "Why wait any longer? Why not go to America at once, and in the vessel with Montana?" The thought became a resolve. He wrote to Montana, and told him of his determination.

"The thought that he was to leave England so soon gave Clement new strength and courage. 'Say what we will, we can none of us in our souls believe that in changing our skies we do not change our hearts. It is impossible not to indulge in the fond fancy that every grief is cured, that every disappointment is redeemed and repaired, by the simple process of going away. Peace always seems to be beyond the other side of yonder purpling mountains; peace, too, and refreshment to every weary heart will always seem to lie in a shadowy land of gold across the sea. The thought of going away is almost like the knowledge of coming death; it pacifies wild emotions, makes disappointment seem a trivial thing and vaguely promises a renewal of love and hope and youth. So Clement began to feel, now that his going away from England was but a question of days. Willingly would he, with Bryan's help, have told the vessel that was to carry him that he cared not what land they beat to, so long as it again to him.' Such were Clement Hope's feelings; and for the hour they were as strong and as sincere as human feelings well can be. He was in the true exile mood—unless things should change."

Meanwhile Lady Vanessa's words had sounded a note of alarm in Captain Marion's mind. The alarm was the more keen because the impression given from outside only corresponded, after all, with a certain impression that had long been forming itself within. In order to continue even moderately satisfied with himself, Marion had had to assure himself many times of late that he was doing the best thing he could for Geraldine in marrying her. He sometimes found himself looking at her with a certain tender and pitying glance, contrasting for the moment her bright youth with his advancing years, and wondering to himself whether a girl, however high-minded and devoted, could be happy with a husband so much older than herself. "It is all very well," he used to think, "for the present"—used to think, that is to say, in his moments of doubt and despondency—"it is all very well for the present—or not all very well; but how will it be ten years hence, when she is little more than thirty (and a married woman is only in her prime) and I shall be far on the shady side of sixty? Am I doing wrong to the girl? She is only marrying me to please me. Am I doing a man and a shabby thing? Then, again, as Geraldine brightened up when he talked to her, he told himself that it was all for the best, that he would make her happy, that he would be perhaps more devoted to her than a younger man might be; and he looked around the circle of those whom he loved, and he saw no young man worthy of her whom he could suppose Geraldine would marry. Many a time the idea came to his mind that if Clement Hope had not been so absurd as to fall in love with Melissa, he would have been a young man whom Geraldine might have cared for. For a time Captain Marion could always remind himself that he was saving Geraldine from the influence of Montana, and at Geraldine's own request. How unlucky, he thought again and again, that Montana should ever have come among them! Who could have supposed that the influence of any one man could be so strangely disturbing to a whole group of people? Nothing was the same since Montana came. Marion's daughters were not the same to him, Katherine and her husband were not the same, Melissa was not the same. Mr. Aquitaine was thrown together strangely in a manner hardly welcome to either, utterly unexpected, and all because of Montana's coming. This mood of occasional doubt and occasional reassurance prevailed until Montana's offer of marriage to Melissa and her acceptance. Then Captain Marion's position became one of still greater doubt. Now that Geraldine was free from the importunity of Montana, and from what she seemed to think the dangerous spell of his influence over her, how could she feel with regard to her engagement to marry Marion?

(To be Continued.)

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, stunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

SKINNY MEN.

At Tel-el-Kabr, First and old Irish settler belonging to the First Battalion Gordon Highlanders, bravely "mashed" the intrenchments at the head of the Highlanders, and displayed a coolness and a courage which excited universal applause, no more minding the rain of bullets than if she was out anti-shooting. One day long been a pet of the regiment. When the order came to proceed to Egypt, every one said that Juno must go, too, and go she did, very much to the delight of the men.

WELLS' HEALTH BENEVOLENT RESTORES HEALTH AND VIGOR, CURES DYSPEPSIA, IMPOTENCE, SEXUAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE MANITOBA ELECTIONS.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 23.—Premier Norquay issued an address to his constituents, which is regarded as an address to the people of Manitoba on the eve of dissolution. He advocates the transfer of the ungranted lands within the Province to the Province, and the representation of Manitoba in the Dominion Cabinet. Upon the question of disallowance, the Premier says, in effect, that while he recognizes the immense benefits that have accrued to the Province from the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he thinks the Dominion Government is justified in protesting the road in the interest of the whole Dominion. He, however, maintains that the Province has a right to authorize purely provincial roads, and will assert that right.

EPH'S COCOA—GRAPEFUL AND COMFORTING.

"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 dainty, delicately flavored beverage which will 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 maledices 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."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (4lb and 1lb) by Grocers, labelled "Epps's Cocoa." Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of Epps's Oculocary Essence.

NAVIGATION.

Canada vs. the United States—Warrior Commission...

The Harbor Commissioners have just issued a memorial to the Governor-General...

The memorial then states that the sum of \$1,780,000 has been expended and the 25 feet channel has been obtained...

The Board further draws attention to the fact that the \$1,780,000 expended, \$575,000 was paid for plant alone...

In view of the large trade expected from the Canadian Pacific, the Board ask that the Government undertake the cost of further deepening the channel...

It is said that if the Government assume the debt and the further deepening of the Channel, the Board would be enabled to abolish the tonnage dues...

The Board say they view with considerable anxiety the action of New York State by their recent vote in proposing to entirely abolish the tolls on the Erie Canal...

The petition of the Council of the Board of Trade, asking for free canals, states that in consequence of the abolition of tolls on west-bound freight via New York canals...

In consequence of an emergency having again arisen, which seriously threatens the value and usefulness of the canal system of Canada, it calls urgently for immediate action on the part of the Dominion Government...

The petition further states that the Government has spent numerous sums in canals, for the purpose of obtaining a through traffic for Canadian carriers...

from the West will be lost to Canada and gained by the United States.

The Board feel confident that if the tolls are abolished, Canada will be able to compete favorably with the United States...

Therefore, your memorialists do most earnestly invoke the immediate attention of your Excellency to the foregoing considerations...

The memorial is signed by Mr. F. W. Henshaw and Mr. Wm. J. Patterson, President and Secretary respectively.

THURLOW WEED.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—Thurlow Weed died this morning at 8 55.

At law, Nov. 22.—He was surrounded by his family, his children, his grandchildren, physicians, nurses and attendants of the household, and although his death was expected, yet the bereavement was severely felt by his family.

Thurlow Weed was the oldest journalist in New York State, Oran Follett, his companion, having moved to Ohio.

Mr. Weed was born on November 15, 1797, at Cairo, Greene county in New York State.

Mr. Weed was the oldest journalist in New York State, Oran Follett, his companion, having moved to Ohio.

Mr. Weed was the oldest journalist in New York State, Oran Follett, his companion, having moved to Ohio.

igation should be appointed—a committee in which all Irishmen would have confidence—whose report would be accepted as satisfactory to one side or the other, or to both.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN DR. THOMAS O'BRIEN AND MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

St. Louis, October 12, 1882.

Hon. Herbert Gladstone:

DEAR SIR,—I would like to write to your father, but realizing how overwhelmed he is with public affairs, I dread overburdening him with mine.

The enclosed speech was delivered before a large American audience and seemed to give very general satisfaction.

We hope, however, that he will not close his career before he crowns his administration with the glory of having given to the Irish people the power of legislating on their own domestic affairs in the same manner now enjoyed by the Dominion of Canada or one of the States of this Union.

LONDON, O. T. 28, 1882. 10 Downing St., Whitehall.

Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for your letter of the 12th inst., and for the report of Mr. Sullivan's interesting speech.

How can it be expected that we should submit to the exclusion of our manufactures while Ireland depends almost altogether on the English markets for the sale of live stock and butter?

In theory I am personally ready to support the idea of self-government in Ireland so long as the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is maintained, and the Liberals are, I believe, quite ready to consent to a thorough reform of Irish administration, and to extend fully the system of local self-government.

But before a Liberal Government can think of going further, the Irish people in the four provinces must be of one mind, and must tell us with some exactness and in detail what they propose.

Millions of Irishmen throughout America and at home will give to learn that the distinguished and patriotic priest and Secretary of the Irish National League, the Rev. Lawrence Walsh, of Waterbury, Conn., has recently met with a double sad bereavement in the death of his venerated father and also of his eldest brother, within an interval of a few days.

Mr. John M. Walsh, son of Wm. Walsh and Sarah McGuire, was born in the parish of Cloone, County Leitrim, Ireland, on June 29, in the memorable year '98.

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NOT THE GALLOWS THE KNIFE. THE HANGMAN CHEATED

THE ABERCORN MURDERER CUTS HIS THROAT TO AVOID THE GALLOWS.

A Terrible Episode in the Sweetwater Falls Tragedy—Richardson Dies by his Own Hand—Full Particulars of the Tragedy—The history of his murder...

On last Friday morning at eight o'clock William Richardson, the murderer of Joseph Jackson, was to have been executed at Sweetwater Jail, in the county town of the district of Bedford.

The day broke out under gloomy auspices—rain and snow falling down heavily and the sky was covered with dark clouds.

The murderer during the last week occupied the time most cheerfully, chatting and eating and drinking heartily.

Justice failed; but law was satisfied. It was death and blood it wanted; it had both.

But what a future for the victim of his own hand? None can say. The coroner was immediately notified and acted accordingly.

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fortunate victim, Jackson, who was a delicate man of 27, was evidently of good family, as his sister is a teacher in a leading Brighton Academy.

It was her letter which was found on his body, and was the first and only one which the author had.

The trial of Wm. Richardson for the murder of Joseph Jackson, near Abercorn, county Down, began at Sweetwater, the day after the execution of the murderer.

The prisoner on being examined, said: "I am guilty of causing the death of Joseph Jackson, but not wilfully, but in self-defence."

The Court, therefore, ordered a plea of "Not Guilty," to be entered. Prisoner then stated he had no counsel or means to procure counsel, whereupon the Court appointed Mr. E. Thos. Duffy to defend the prisoner.

Hon. Mr. Baker, Q. C., acted as Crown prosecutor. Geo. Mackie farmer, residing on the Lashine Road, was the first witness called.

He testified that Wm. Jackson, the deceased, was in his employ for five or six days in July, 1881.

Witness saw a number of sovereigns in a small box belonging to Jackson. Witness also testified that the accused, Richardson, had told him that Jackson intended buying a small farm in Canada and employ him (the accused) as foreman.

It was further established that the prisoner paid for a further instalment; that both the accused and deceased left the city together by the South Eastern Railway for Abercorn, where they remained over night at a hotel, the prisoner then paying Jackson's hotel bill; that they then proceeded to look out for work and called upon a farmer named George E. Ingalls, and requested employment for both; that finally prisoner made some indefinite arrangement with Ingalls to work a month; that in the course of their conversation, upon Ingalls remarking that Jackson had money; from whence they left to seek employment for Jackson, and were directed by Ingalls to a farmer named Brees, about a mile and a half distant from Ingalls' place.

Brees testified to prisoner and Jackson interviewing him with a view of obtaining employment, but disagreeing about wages; at their request, Brees directed them as a short cut to the railway station, across the fields past the ravine, where the body of Jackson was subsequently found.

This was the last that was ever seen of Jackson alive. It appears that the prisoner then killed Jackson, but for what motives, or how, nobody can tell.

The prisoner's confession agreed almost identically so far with the evidence, and his own statement is the only evidence we have as to how Jackson came to his death.

The prisoner's explanation is that they had a sudden quarrel; that he struck Jackson, knocked him down and that the latter falling upon a stone with his death in that way; he thereupon took ten dollars and other articles from the victim's body and went to the station, took his own and the deceased's baggage, and took the first train for Hartford, having first concealed the body where it was found.

H. D. Pickle, High Constable of the District, who captured the prisoner and worked up the case generally, gave a most minute description at the trial of all the ingenious means employed by him in bringing about the above. Witness stated that the statement of the prisoner when arrested in Hartford, Conn., and his present statement, differed from each other in many respects.

Dr. Macdonald, of Sutton Flats, gave the medical evidence and stated that his examination of the body of deceased revealed the fact that the skull had two fractures, but owing to the decomposed state of the body prevented him from ascertaining whether they were inflicted before or after death, or even whether they were the cause of death.

ring as a prize fighter, and broke the arm of his first opponent. After sometime he went to London and joined the army as a private and was several times punished by imprisonment for desertion and received the cat-of-nine tails on three different occasions for that offence.

He went to Paris, a deserter, and engaged as a sailor on H. M. S. "Hullington." He admitted having seduced a young girl in England, and of having been a devotee of several years of the worst type.

After an absence of several years he returned to his home again, but his father ordered him away to avoid his being arrested.

Space prevents relating all his petty thefts and highway robberies. The only time, he claims, that he stole, believing he was right, was on a Christmas Eve, when he stole a lamb for his family, which, he says, were starving.

As to the lashes he received, he says they were no punishment at all for him. He bears the mark "W" on his skin on the right arm for desertion.

He left Liverpool in June, 1881, on board the Dominion line steamer "Montreal" for Canada. His public confession follows here.

He informed the officials that he would not state anything to anybody about his doings in Canada and other things, but would leave a sealed letter which was to be opened only after his death.

The belief in Sweetwater is that he formed the acquaintance of Jackson, who was a young man of 24, and who has a sister in Brighton, on board the steamer, and on the deceased telling him that he possessed one hundred sovereigns concocted a scheme to kill and rob him, and brought him out to Abercorn for that purpose.

This letter, however, did not contain anything beyond what was related above. He only consented to relate his life for publication, on the understanding that ten per cent of the receipts of the sale of the book would be sent to his widow.

The murderer was a healthy powerful man, six feet and a half high, and weighing some 240 pounds.

The tragedy will cause a sensation all through the country, and was a topic of conversation on the streets to-day.

Concluded on Fifth Page.

PREMIER NORQUAY'S MANIFESTO. WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 23.—Mr. Norquay, the Premier, has issued an address to his constituents, which is regarded as an address to the people of Manitoba on the eve of dissolution.

He advocates the transfer of the ungranted land within the Province to the Province, and the representation of Manitoba in the Dominion Cabinet.

Upon the question of disallowance, the Premier says, in effect, that while he recognizes the immense benefits that have accrued to the Province from the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he thinks the Dominion Government is justified in protecting the road in the interest of the whole Dominion.

He, however, maintains that the Province has a right to authorize purely provincial roads, and will assert that right.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Nov. 20.—The citizens of this town were somewhat startled early this morning when a report was circulated on the street that a murder and suicide had taken place near the village of Stamford, three miles from here, last evening.

Officers McMicking and Wynn, of the Ontario police, were dispatched to the village, and elicited the following facts of the affair:—A young Englishman named Claud Lister, aged 20, who has been in this country about nine months, and been working amongst farmers through the township until September, when he left for the United States, previous to which he had been arrested for larceny and found guilty, and served a short term in prison.

When arrested he had on his person a loaded revolver, which was confiscated. It seems he returned from the States last Saturday evening, and purchased a seven-shooter revolver of 22 calibre.

On Sunday evening he proceeded to Stamford, and was seen watching around the village church for some one he wanted to see, and not being able to find them, he went to Thomas Smith's house, a carpenter, and asked for Mr. Smith's son, Clarence, aged 16, who, being at home, accompanied Lister across the road, after being requested by Lister to do so.

KIDNEY WORT HAS BEEN PROVED THE SUREST CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES. Ladies, to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is recommended.

U. S. CENSUS BULLETIN.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—The census bulletin embraces statistics of all the manufactures of the United States except gas, as returned by the census of 1880, the number of establishments was 253,840; capital, \$2,780,223,000; average number of hands employed, males above 16 years, 2,025,000; females above 15 years, 531,000; children and youths, 182,000; wages paid during the year, \$947,919,000; the value of materials used was \$3,394,340,000; value of products \$5,359,687,000.

THE TRUE WITNESS

Subscription per annum in advance \$1.00
Single Copies 5 Cents

TO ADVERTISERS
A limited number of advertisements of approved character will be inserted in THE TRUE WITNESS

THE POST PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY
764, CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29, 1882

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

- THURSDAY, 30.—St. Andrew, Apostle. Conf. Abp. Kenrick, St. Louis, 1841.
FRIDAY, 1.—Febs.
SATURDAY, 2.—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid after repeated appeals for prompt settlement.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

On account of the resignation as agents for Post and True Witness of Messrs. S. Kelly, Almonte, Ont., and John McCullough, Fournier, Ont., Mr. James K. Kelly will replace the former and Mr. Joseph Sloan the latter.

THE KILMAINHAM TREATY

The so-called "Kilmainham Treaty" formed the subject of a debate last evening in the House of Commons. Mr. Yorke moved the adjournment of the House in order to bring on the discussion, which the Opposition decried as being damaging to the Irish party.

THE SKIRMISHING FUND

In 1875 O'Donovan Rossa inaugurated a fund which was to be devoted to waging a silly and reprehensible warfare upon Great Britain, and which has been known as the "Skirmishing Fund."

Without wishing to take any part in the discussion, and however we may differ with Messrs. Devoy and Breslin on many points, still, from what we know personally of the men and of their past records, we are satisfied that they have not used the funds to advance their own personal interests.

THE COMING MAYORALTY

It is very much to be regretted that, on every question affecting the interests of this Province or of this city, the nationality claim should be perpetually thrust forward. The acceptance of the best man for the best place has not yet come to be a recognized doctrine in the Dominion, and least of all in this Province or city.

ANOTHER SEASON OF DISTRESS IN IRELAND

That distress and want will again be the sad experience of Ireland during the present winter, seems to be almost an established fact. A few months ago we alluded to the lamentable contingency as far as County Clare was concerned, but reports coming from all parts of the Island give a harrowing picture of the present state of the country and of the prospects of the poor tenants.

THE HON. L. T. DRUMMOND

Another of Canada's honored and respected citizens has been numbered with the dead—the Hon. Lewis T. Drummond breathed his last on Thursday, in the seventieth year of his age.

of twelve years he emigrated from Ireland to Canada in 1825. In his new home, he found an easy access to these institutions of learning from which the youth of his native land was debarred from entering.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE

The Provincial Legislature in Ontario has been called together for the despatch of business; the House will meet on the 15th December, which is four or five weeks earlier than usual. It is to be presumed that this, the closing session of the present Parliament, will be an interesting one, as both parties will be engaged in taking all preparatory measures for the warfare of a general election, which will speedily follow the dissolution of the Assembly.

PREMIER NORQUAY IN AN AWKWARD PICKLE

Premier Norquay, of Manitoba, has issued on the eve of dissolution an address to the people of the Prairie Provinces. He at first deals with matters of less pressing interest and importance than the question of Disallowance; but towards the close he plunges into the question of the railway monopoly.

GAMBLING IN THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE
Gambling of any kind is a disreputable practice, but to bring food products, the very necessities of life, under the manipulating fingers of gamblers, commonly known as speculators, is creative of a dangerous public evil.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE THURLOW WEED

The remains of the late Thurlow Weed will lie in state on Saturday at the residence of Mrs. Emily Weed Barnes at Albany, N.Y.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE PHILIP A. STROBEL

The remains of the late Philip A. Strobel, of the Lutheran Church, Bluebeck, N.Y., is dead, aged 70.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE BARON OTTO THEODORE VON MANTEUFFEL

The remains of the late Baron Otto Theodore von Manteuffel, the Prussian statesman, died at Crossen, Prussia, on November 26th.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE N. F. WHITING

N. F. Whiting, financial editor of the New York Evening Post, died on Monday morning, November 27th, aged 42.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE GENERAL HAMILTON N. ELDRIDGE

General Hamilton N. Eldridge, a distinguished soldier and lawyer, died at Chicago on November 27th, aged 49.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE DR. W. H. BACON

Dr. W. H. Bacon, homoeopathist, residing at Brantford, Ont., for a number of years past, but better known as a money-lender for the last few years, dropped dead on Friday morning, November 24th.

THE OLDEST RESIDENT OF ANTIGONISH COUNTY

The oldest resident of Antigonish County, N.S., Mrs. Hugh McDonald, of Fraser's Hill, died on Monday, November 20th, in her 103rd year.

THE DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AT OTTAWA

The Department of Militia at Ottawa has been officially informed of the death of Major Herbert, of "B" Battery, Kingston, who left Canada to serve in the Egyptian army.

COL. WM. HENRY MCCORMACK

Col. Wm. Henry McCormack, Chief Adjutant of duties at the New York Custom House, and Tariff Commissioner for the State of New York, has died suddenly of rheumatism of the heart.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DR. L. G. A. DELRY

The funeral of the late Dr. L. G. A. Delry took place on Thursday morning, November 23rd, at Quebec. After an impressive service at the Basilica the remains left for interment at Beauce, being followed to the steamer by a large number of prominent citizens.

MR. JOSEPH TIFFIN

Mr. Joseph Tiffin, sr., whose death occurred in this city yesterday, was born in Montreal in 1814. He was a very successful merchant being engaged in the East and West India and Lower Port trades.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF THE VENERABLE PATRIARCH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEWFOUNDLAND

The announcement of the death of the venerable patriarch of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland will be read with regret throughout the country. The Very Rev. Dean Cleary breathed his last at his residence in White Bay, on the 21st October. He had been in failing health for the past four years, but until then was strong, active and most laborious.

AGRIAN ORIME

LONDON, NOV. 28.—Mr. Travelsyan is seated in the House of Commons that the number of agrarian crimes this month was less than any month during the past 28 months, and not years as reported last night.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN IS FROZEN OVER

Lake Champlain is frozen over between Whitehall, N.Y., and Crown Point.

Italy, or any other country, and was controlled by its Government, it is evident that the outside nations and governments would be reluctant in dealing with the Holy See, when it could be presumed that its policy was influenced or dictated by the Italian Government.

OBITUARY

Lady Stratford de Radcliffe is dead. Casaguel, the renowned critic of the Journal des Debats, is dead.

Commodore Henry Esqle (retired), of the U. S. Navy, is dead.

Bonnet Duverrier, a well-known Radical Deputy from Lyons, is dead.

Count Montebello, the only surviving son of Marshal Lannes, is dead.

Ex-Federal and ex-Confederate Senator Robt. W. Barnwell is dead, aged 81.

Dr. J. B. Dickson, of Kingston, Ont., died on November 23rd, after a protracted illness.

Rev. Philip A. Strobel, of the Lutheran Church, Bluebeck, N.Y., is dead, aged 70.

Baron Otto Theodore Von Manteuffel, the Prussian statesman, died at Crossen, Prussia, on November 26th.

N. F. Whiting, financial editor of the New York Evening Post, died on Monday morning, November 27th, aged 42.

General Hamilton N. Eldridge, a distinguished soldier and lawyer, died at Chicago on November 27th, aged 49.

The body of the late Bishop Crinon will arrive at Hamilton, Ont., from Florida on Wednesday evening, November 29th.

The remains of the late Thurlow Weed will lie in state on Saturday at the residence of Mrs. Emily Weed Barnes at Albany, N.Y.

Word has been received in Hamilton, Ont., of the death of the Roman Catholic Bishop Crinon, in Florida, whither he went for his health.

The Hon. Frederick Dudley Ryder, brother of the Earl of Harrowby, whose death has been announced, is dead. They both died on the same day.

Mr. Marshall, a much respected resident of York, Ont., was seized by paralysis while feeding his stock, and died before medical aid could be procured.

Thomas Leclerc, a well known artist, died on the evening of November 27th at Rutherford Park, N. J., aged 65. He held a high rank among American artists.

The Department of Militia at Ottawa has been officially informed of the death of Major Herbert, of "B" Battery, Kingston, who left Canada to serve in the Egyptian army.

Col. Wm. Henry McCormack, Chief Adjutant of duties at the New York Custom House, and Tariff Commissioner for the State of New York, has died suddenly of rheumatism of the heart.

Dr. W. H. Bacon, homoeopathist, residing at Brantford, Ont., for a number of years past, but better known as a money-lender for the last few years, dropped dead on Friday morning, November 24th.

The oldest resident of Antigonish County, N.S., Mrs. Hugh McDonald, of Fraser's Hill, died on Monday, November 20th, in her 103rd year. At the age of 100 she could walk six miles to visit neighbors.

L. D. Campbell, formerly prominent in State politics, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress for several years, but lately retired from public life, died on November 27th at Hamilton, Ohio.

Dr. C. C. Cox, formerly Lieut. Governor of Maryland, Commissioner of Penitents, President of the District of Columbia Board of Health, and Commissioner to the Australian Exposition, is dead. He was a literary man of some note.

The funeral of the late Dr. L. G. A. Delry took place on Thursday morning, November 23rd, at Quebec. After an impressive service at the Basilica the remains left for interment at Beauce, being followed to the steamer by a large number of prominent citizens.

Mr. Joseph Tiffin, sr., whose death occurred in this city yesterday, was born in Montreal in 1814. He was a very successful merchant being engaged in the East and West India and Lower Port trades. He served as a volunteer in 1837, and was made an Alderman in 1866. He was also a director of the Exchange Bank and a generous giver to most of our charitable institutions.

The announcement of the death of the venerable patriarch of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland will be read with regret throughout the country. The Very Rev. Dean Cleary breathed his last at his residence in White Bay, on the 21st October. He had been in failing health for the past four years, but until then was strong, active and most laborious. He was in the 85th year of his age, and 54th of his sacred ministry. He received his first appointment from Dr. Scallion, was the first in the priesthood of the colony to celebrate a Golden Jubilee, and is almost the last of that grand old school of Irish missionaries who have been the pioneers of religion and civilization amongst us.—St. John's Messenger.

AGRIAN CRIME

LONDON, NOV. 28.—Mr. Travelsyan is seated in the House of Commons that the number of agrarian crimes this month was less than any month during the past 28 months, and not years as reported last night.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN IS FROZEN OVER

Lake Champlain is frozen over between Whitehall, N.Y., and Crown Point.

TOUTE SORTS DE CHOSES.

It was fortunate that the Republican party was laid out before the ice crop failed.

Horford's Acid-Phosphate acts as food for an exhausted brain.

Society is defined by the New Orleans Picayune to be "a circus for the display of wealth, clothes and personal charms."

Millions of packages of the Diamond Dyes have been sold without a single complaint.

Opulence pays more for less solid enjoyment than comes to poverty with twenty-five cents worth of good food.

BE WISE IN TIME.—Dr. Holman's pad never fails to relieve all liver and stomach disorders.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner.

Let the father see, bang away at the front doors of the colleges until their educational rigors are wide-spread and as exhaustive as those of the men.

The hair is frequently rendered prematurely gray by care, grief, delicate health, loss of spirits, or depressed tone of the vital powers.

When the Prince of Wales swore he knew nothing of the wrong doings of Lady Mordant, Lord Beaconsfield is reported to have said: "He perjures himself like a gentleman."

FOE LIVER COMPLAINT.—Take a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in sugar and water three times a day, bathing the side and between the shoulders with the medicine at least twice a day, rubbing it in well.

Young, middle aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weakness, should send two stamps for large treatise, giving successful treatment.

Mrs. Katherine Seales is known in St. Louis as the "mother of the public schools."

Dr. B. V. France, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir.—I have advised many ladies to try your "Favorite Prescription" and never see it fail to do more than you advertise.

WITH \$5 YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

Imperial Austrian Vienna City Bond.

Which bonds are shares in a loan the interest of which is the interest on the loan four times yearly. Every bond is so long entitled to.

Four Drawings Every Year. Until each and every bond is drawn. Every bond must be drawn with one of the following premiums:

2nd JANUARY. Every Bond which is bought on or before the 2nd January, with Five Dollars, is entitled to the whole premium which will be drawn thereon on that day.

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.

No. 150 Broadway, New York City. ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

Will Warned, OR BY EXPERIENCE TAUGHT? People who continue to weaken their systems by the use of the ordinary disagreeable drugs, when the Oriental Fruit Laxative is a greater purifier and strengthener of the digestive organs.

BRISTOL'S SANSAPARILLA & BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIERS PREPARED BY LANMAN & KEMP NEW YORK.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE

Catholic Separate School, Brockville, Ont. A Male Teacher, holding at least a Second-Class Certificate. References required. Apply to JOHN R. RAY, R. C. S. S., Brockville, Ont., November 15th, 1882.

CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure.

D. Langell's Asthma and Catarrh Remedy.

Key J. B. Howard, Dundas, Ont. has written: "Your ASTHMA and CATARRH REMEDY has been an unspeakable blessing to me."

Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW is the best and most reliable saw ever made.

REFRESHING FRAGRANCE!

Neither the French, English nor German perfumes possess any refreshing or invigorating properties.

MARINE DISASTER.

THE SS. "WEARMOUTH" WRACKED ON THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS—SIXTEEN OF THE CREW DROWNED.

Quebec, Nov. 21.—The SS. "Wearmouth," Capt. Evans, which cleared at this port on the 17th instant, with a deal cargo for London by Bryant, Fowle & Bryant, went ashore on North Sand Beach, Magdalen Islands, one mile east of Wolfe Island telegraph station, at 2:30 yesterday, midnight, in a terrific easterly gale.

BILIOUS ATTACKS.

If neglected, lead to many serious troubles such as Liver Complaint, Jaundice, and general Debility.

A young New Orleans artist, who has just entered Julian's school of painting, at Paris, writes of his fellow students: "They are very good natured, full of life and wit."

Is it a HUMBUG? Some people think all proprietary Medicines humbugs. In this they must be mistaken.

There are no less than 331 deer parks south of the Tweed in England, thirty-one of which contain more than 1000 acres.

IN TORONTO.

Since the removal of M. Souville's Throat and Lung Institute to his new quarters, 173 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario, from 173 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario, catarrhal diseases, bronchitis, asthma and many diseases of the throat and lungs have recovered treatment.

EARS for the MILLION

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil. Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the Only Absolute Cure for Deafness.

HEAR WHAT THE DEAF SAY! It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthy noise in my head and hear much better.

HAYLOCK & JENNEY, (Late Haylock & Co.) 7 Bay Street, New York.

A PERFECTLY RELIABLE ARTICLE

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

It is a preparation of pure and healthy ingredients used for the purpose of raising and shortening, calculated to do the best work at least possible.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

CATARH.

whenever a permanent cure is effected in from one to three treatments. Particulars and Treatise free on receipt of stamp.

L.S.L.

We do hereby certify that we support the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1883 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes with a capital of \$1,000,000.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19th, 1882.

Under the personal supervision and management of Gen. G. T. BEARDREAR of Ia., and Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY of Va.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, during which will take place the 1st GRAND MONTHLY and the EXTRA-ORDINARY SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING at NEW ORLEANS.

THE "TIMES" ON BRITISH COLUMBIA. London, Nov. 23.—The Times of Wednesday publishes full reports of the Marquis of Lorne's speech at the banquet given by the civic authorities at Victoria, B.C., last month.

DECLINE OF MAN.

Impotency of mind, limb or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, and all diseases caused by indiscretions and abuse, are radically and promptly cured by the use of Mack's Magnetic Medicine.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING

THE SCOTTISH CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 23.—The Marquis of Salisbury, speaking before the Scottish Conservative Club to-night, taunted the Liberal Government with having adopted its predecessors' Eastern policy.

ANNUAL REPORT OF COMPTROLLER OF CURRENCY.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—The annual statement of the Comptroller of Currency shows that national banks held on November 1st, as security for circulation and public deposits and other purposes, \$496,528,000 interest-bearing bonds of the United States.

HOW TO GET RID OF AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

"Rheumatism," says Mr. A. McFall, proprietor of the City Hotel, Kingston, "used to hold its own pretty well, but the days of that here are over."

DECORATING THE TROOPS.

Windsor, Nov. 21.—The Queen in conferring the decorations, said: "I have called you here to-day to express my best thanks for the gallantry and devotion you displayed in the short but decisive campaign in Egypt."

MR. GWYNN HARRIS, Health Officer and Inspector of Marine Products.

Washington, D.C., Oct. 11th. The next drawing will occur December 19th. Full particulars can be had of M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

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REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA is no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Coughs, Lumbago, and any kind of a Pain or Ache.

Medical.

ST. JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains.

HEALTH FOR ALL HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY

Manufacture those CELEBRATED CHIMNEYS AND BELLS for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, &c. Price-List and circulars sent free.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY

MENELY BELL FOUNDRY

CLINTON H. MENELY

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$50. Address: 571 King St., Portland, Maine.

DESTROYER OF HAIR!

ALEX. ROSS' DEPILATORY Removes hair from the face, neck, and arms without injury.

TEACHERS WANTED.

For the R. C. Separate School, Prescott, a MALE TEACHER, holding a second-class certificate, required for Jan. 1st next. Also, TWO FEMALE TEACHERS, holders of second-class certificates. One required immediately, and on the 1st January, 1883. Applications received by JOHN GIBSON, Secretary, Separate School Board, Box 235, Prescott, Ont.

