





Notice.

ADIES ONLY. Goods on price will bring, but still so low the early attention of the public...

BEER BROS.

BEER BROS. For Coats and Steigh very large, and fine in fact approaching of clear prices...

FOR MEN.

FOR MEN. For Coats and Steigh very large, and fine in fact approaching of clear prices...

BROS.

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THE BAZAR

THE BAZAR. For Coats and Steigh very large, and fine in fact approaching of clear prices...

CELESTINE

CELESTINE. For Coats and Steigh very large, and fine in fact approaching of clear prices...

on Sense

on Sense. For Coats and Steigh very large, and fine in fact approaching of clear prices...

hantie

hantie. For Coats and Steigh very large, and fine in fact approaching of clear prices...

Pills,

Pills. For Coats and Steigh very large, and fine in fact approaching of clear prices...

STIFFER FREE

STIFFER FREE. For Coats and Steigh very large, and fine in fact approaching of clear prices...

LIDAY GIFT

LIDAY GIFT. For Coats and Steigh very large, and fine in fact approaching of clear prices...

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Dr. Morrison, Chief of Health Department of Ottawa, has been declared a champion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The Toronto English Frolics have been given at the suggestion of Mr. Wood, M. P. for Brockville, Ont., at the request of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

McLennan, the Chatham, Ont., undertaker, has had his business of death certificates transferred to another person, and will be a prominent feature in the coming year.

The celebrated Canadian Pacific Arctic expedition returned to Ottawa on the 1st inst. The expedition was a grand success in every respect.

At a meeting of the directors of the C. P. R., held in Montreal on the 1st inst., it was decided to declare a dividend of one per cent, payable February 15th.

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GENERAL NEWS.

Quintessence DeLima, who killed Edward Collins, was sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of five years.

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Went Over a Thirty-Foot Bank.

The west bound Northern Pacific passenger train, which left Montreal on Wednesday night, the 1st inst., slipped over a thirty-foot bank, and was wrecked.

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Local and Special News.

The LARSEN ARRIVAL of a ship on the coast of Norway, was reported by the local press. The ship was carrying a large number of passengers.

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To Our Subscribers.

The SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS which we have made for our subscribers, are of a nature to ensure that they will receive their papers in the most convenient manner.

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Stanley Bros.

Brown's Block. Ladies' Ulsters, Cloth Jackets, Astrakan Jackets, Marked Down Prices, Blankets, Quilts.

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DR. FOWLER'S 'EXT. OF' WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, COLIC, BRAMPS, DIARRHCEA, DYSENTERY.

A COOK BOOK FREE. By mail to any lady for her post office address. Write, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

GRANULATED SOAP. Pure dry Soap in fine Powder. WONDERFUL cleaning properties. Price 5c.

THE LADIES! A New and Distinct Form of Soap. Pure dry Soap in fine Powder. WONDERFUL cleaning properties. Price 5c.

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THE DOMINION BOOT & SHOE STORE! The Bargain House of this Town. We can't make up your losses or refund what others have overcharged, but we CAN MAKE YOU LAUGH OVER OUR GOOD BARGAINS and forget the unpleasant experiences of the past.

Land Office Again! To anyone who can prove to our satisfaction that the HOLIDAY GOODS are not of the Superior Quality and Better Value than any of the Spasmodic Importations.

Perkins & Sterns' THESE ARE GREAT BARGAIN DAYS WITH US. You will find Bargains on our Counter every day in the week. We make a specialty of every article we sell.

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THE THREE MASSES ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY MISS MARY C. DONNELLY.

"The Lord hath said to me: Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee."

Deep in the bosom of the Father lies His paternal love.

Whose generation's everlasting light illumines the unborn ages.

And contemplates His own Paradise, That first eternal dwelling of the Word.

Before the angels were, before the skies, Before the waters stirred Under the Spirit's strong, creative breath.

Uttered the Father in His bosom blast, This glorious Word. What matter change or death?

Amid the God-head's central firm expression, Life lives in Love, O men of vision dim, Here, at His altars, kneel, and worship Him!

And they came with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in a manger.

The midnight shadows wrap in their pall, The stars upon His rosy countenance shine: From Mary's bosom to the cattle-stall, He passes in His holy grace divine!

For God appears, our Savior, and our All! Before the Word made Flesh, adoring, fall, And praise the Everlasting's blest design.

Far, o'er the hills, the angel-chorus rings: The shepherds, thro' the dark, are drawing nigh: St. Joseph's lantern glows. The East-ern Kings Stand out, like giants, against the brightening sky.

"Glorious God!" the swelling strains increase, "And, on the earth, to men of good will—peace!"

A child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called the Angel of Great Council.

Within the Bethlehem of these poor hearts, The manger of our souls, O Prince of men! Come, in Thy pity, and be born again— Ere yet the golden Christmas-tide departs, Love, with its thousand woe and tender arts.

Shall emulate the shepherds' glowing zeal, Or, like the Magi from the Orient marra, Shall glow, and myrrh, and frankincense reveal.

O Babe, so rich in Thy great poverty, Give us Bethlehem's grand, divining grace!

O Babe, sublime in Thy humility, Grant us, in Thee, all pride to self-abate: O suffering Babe, so beloved in Thy woe, A self-denying joy to us bestow!

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.

It was a point of the island, and it was also an island, being divided from the mainland by a deep and narrow stream with high and rocky banks.

This stream, known as the Kildare Cut-off, was spanned by a massive stone bridge, which was attended by an old retainer whose picturesque lodge nestled amid a forest grove on the Kildare shore.

The point of island, thus walled on its four sides, included within its boundaries a princely estate of over two thousand acres, comprising farms, hills, glens and woods, in picturesque and charming arrangement.

A wide drive, shaded by magnificent ash-trees, completely encircled the island, and several avenues traversed the woods and parks, and wound among the well-cultured 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 residence of its owners—Kildare Castle. It stood high up on a 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 date of our story, had left the young Lady Nora absolute mistress of her small principality, her guardian, an easy-natured, indolent old gentleman, 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 service of her family.

Late one sunny afternoon in September, 1889, a horseman approached Point Kildare, coming from the direction of the small watering-place of Glensara. 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 eye, and handsome of feature; but there was a sinister expression on his face and a mocking sneer on his full sensual lips, that betokened a debauched and unscrupulous soul.

"Well, I am about there!" he muttered aloud, coming to a halt on the top of a hill, and looking off upon the island of Kildare, his magnificent castle, and the shining waters beyond. "That's a fine sight spread out there! Did his dark eyes blazed with a greedy gleam. The owner of all this wealth has no need to envy a king. It's a prize worth his best efforts. It is worth between us,

half-hungry carriage of her swaying figure, and a half-hungry post-boy of small height, with a grumpy, grumpy-looking face. Behind the driver of a brown horse, shaded by black lashes, her complexion was dark and clear, and her hair, of a deep, dark hue, fell over her shoulders in ripples and waves. The face was exquisitely picturesque, bright, with a sunny smile.

"You wished to see me, sir?" she asked, in a high, clear, sweet voice, and with a doubtful glance at the stranger.

"I thought it was a mistake. The servant did not give me your name."

"You are then the Lady Nora Kildare?"

"The young girl bowed gravely. 'And you?' she asked.

"Permit me to remain my name from your ladyship until I have unfolded my errand," said the stranger politely.

"I have travelled expressly from London to see you, and best 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 in her own castle, with a score of retainers within call, and with a hungry little head of flaxing, dusky hair under a trailing plume, and then the glowing vision swept on, and a cloud of dust veiled her 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 unable 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 bridge over the cut-off, and he rode leisurely over it. The horseman, with her hounds, had disappeared up the avenue. As the stranger reached the Kildare shore, the old bridge-keeper, whose post was merely nominal, yet who faithfully adhered to ancient customs, came forward, touching his hat to the newcomer.

"I have business at the castle," said the horseman, tossing the old man a shilling. "Which turn shall I take?"

"To the right," responded the bridge-keeper, with a look of keen curiosity. "The doors at Kildare Castle were rare. The Lady Nora has just come in."

The stranger touched his horse, and galloped along the broad avenue, while the old bridge-keeper looked after him, uttering:

"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 ever's the case. 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 its course 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 shadow of the twilight was 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 alighted, and at the same moment a lad came rapping from the direction of the stables to take his charge. Reigning the animal into the old carriage, the stranger ascended the all and stately flight of steps, and scouted the massive varnished knocker at 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, and completely astonished the attendant, who, however, advanced the woods and parks, and wound among the well-cultured farms, while sunny lanes and secluded foot-paths led to the glens and more retired portions of the domain.

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"I am acquainted with the laws of matrimony," said the Lady Nora as coolly as before. "You recognize the truth, then, of what I say? You demanded the stunner's name, with some excitement. 'You comprehend that I am Lord Redmond Kildare, and the owner of this vast property?'"

"The fact is perfectly plain."

An excellent glance showed 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, died 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 incestuous family pride, he dared not acknowledge his mad marriage, but so secretly as his wife had no health or family connections to betray, 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 no 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—nor 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, wrote out, with his own hand, a will, in which he named his illegitimate son as his heir. The will was proved, and the son, who was now a young man, came to his inheritance. He died with his proud old father at his bedside, with his younger brother ministering tenderly to him, he could not, and he dared not, acknowledge the existence of his mad wife and her son. He died with the secret unadvised. And that wife and son are both living today."

Lady Nora looked at the narrator with dilating eyes. She could not restrain her voice to speak.

"The marriage certificate is 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 claim 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 and twenty years old. Why did he not reveal himself to my father? Why has he waited until the estates have fallen into the hands of a young orphan girl? Does it not look as if he had feared to back up his claim?"

A red flush burned on the stranger's cheek. His voice was hoarse 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 the 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 that he took her to his home and there heard 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 demand to be righted. He wants his rightful name and honors. 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 you: Will you do me a favor? Will you go with me to my father's house? There are letters and documents proving the claim; and he took from a breast pocket a bundle of documents with red seals and laid them on the table. "And here is a letter to you from my business, 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 me to be Lord Redmond's son and heir. In this letter he gives the reasons for his utter silence concerning my existence. Again I ask, will you go with me to my father's house, and stand by me as a company name or war?"

He arose and stood before her, with folded arms and a proud, dignified expression, lighted by a lurid glow.

The Lady Nora was one, pale with evident agitation.

"And you," she whispered, "you are—"

"I am Edmund, rightful Earl of Kildare," replied the stranger, his bold eyes flashing, as he sang his head proudly. "I am the son of your uncle Lord Redmond by his marriage with the London actress. I am your cousin, Lady Nora, and your rival claimant to Point Kildare. Before arranging a wedding and going to law, I have come to you with proofs of my claims to give 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 created her answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN E. MACDONALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE: JOHN'S BUILDING, QUEEN ST. CHAS. CORNER.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1890.

"I am acquainted with the laws of matrimony," said the Lady Nora as coolly as before. "You recognize the truth, then, of what I say? You demanded the stunner's name, with some excitement. 'You comprehend that I am Lord Redmond Kildare, and the owner of this vast property?'"

"The fact is perfectly plain."

An excellent glance showed 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, died 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 incestuous family pride, he dared not acknowledge his mad marriage, but so secretly as his wife had no health or family connections to betray, 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 no 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—nor 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, wrote out, with his own hand, a will, in which he named his illegitimate son as his heir. The will was proved, and the son, who was now a young man, came to his inheritance. He died with his proud old father at his bedside, with his younger brother ministering tenderly to him, he could not, and he dared not, acknowledge the existence of his mad wife and her son. He died with the secret unadvised. And that wife and son are both living today."

Lady Nora looked at the narrator with dilating eyes. She could not restrain her voice to speak.

"The marriage certificate is 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 claim 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 and twenty years old. Why did he not reveal himself to my father? Why has he waited until the estates have fallen into the hands of a young orphan girl? Does it not look as if he had feared to back up his claim?"

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1890.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

Sent the Largest Number of Wrappers of WOODILL'S German Baking Powder, AND WRITES: WENTWELL, Pictou Co., Sept. 5, 1889.

I have received through Mr. Duffin, Postmaster, the price (25) offered for the Stock for Receipts of Woodhill's German Baking Powder, and thank you for the receipt of which I have been enabled to purchase the same in large quantities. Have used it for years, and find it to be a first-class Baking Powder.

(Signed) E. HALE. 4th St. St. P. E. Island sending Wrappers representing the most value. Address, W. M. D. PRAMAN, Halifax, N. S. No names published without permission. Oct. 18, 1889.

All kinds of job work executed with neatness and dispatch, at the Herald Office.

Liobig Company's EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual Sale, 400,000 jars.

J. Liobig. Genuinely with fac-simile of Justice von Liobig's signature in blue across label. Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists. LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Limited, London. February 13, 1889—yly

SALE OF 100 ACRES OF LAND Grand River, Lot 56. TO be sold by Public Auction on Monday, the 21st of January next, 1890, at twelve o'clock, noon, the Farm of 100 acres, fronting on Grand River, Lot 56, formerly owned by the late Donald Campbell, within three miles of Annandale Wharf. Terms and conditions made known at the Sale. For any particulars apply at the office of E. H. HAVILLAND, Dec. 11, 61

Warning to Debtors. All persons that have received Notices from Members, Agent or Head Office, to pay, had better do so at once, if they wish to save costs and expense. MILLS & DYER, Managers. July 17, 1889—ly

50 CENTS Watch for \$4.91. This watch has the finest movement, and is guaranteed to keep accurate for years. It is a beautiful specimen of watchmaking art, and is a most desirable possession for any gentleman. It is a beautiful specimen of watchmaking art, and is a most desirable possession for any gentleman. It is a beautiful specimen of watchmaking art, and is a most desirable possession for any gentleman.

Freehold Farm for Sale. FOR SALE, at Bargain, the Freehold Farm of 180 acres of Land, situated at Hope River, Lot 25, with Farm Buildings, formerly owned by Patrick Mahony. The whole of the above Farm will be sold, or a portion of it, to suit purchasers. Possession given immediately. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to SULLIVAN & MACNEILL, Charlottetown, June 8, 1889—41

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