

HO... & Co.
TREET.

CHRISTMAS
DURING THE
MONTH OF DECEMBER
WE WILL SELL ALL GOOD
Wholesale Price
W. G. LAWTON,
48 King Street and 64 Germain Street
NEW
Boot & Shoe Store
NO. 212 UNION STREET
(Next door to A. Studoir's)

The Herald

LITERATURE
PUBLISHED BY THE HERALD PUBLISHING CO.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

VOL. 1. SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY 14, 1877. No. 30.

McCAFFERTY & DALY

HAVE
RE-OPENED
THEIR STORE,
Cor. King and Germain Streets.

Our Stock is partly in
order, and
WE ARE READY
to wait on our customers
with a Full line of
DRY GOODS
AT OUR
USUAL LOW PRICES.

PET'S PUNISHMENT.

Oh, if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master her,
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyrannically declare it,
I'd give my pet a cross of pearl,
And make her always hear it.

If then she tried to sulk and sigh,
And throw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses.

But should she clutch her dimple fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists,
With dainty golden fetters.

And if she dared her lips to peck,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her—with kisses!

THE SOAP STEALERS.

An intelligent hotel proprietor of Washington, receiving information that the visitors to his wash-room had an unwholesome habit of appropriating the soap after their ablutions, hit upon a plan to prevent it, and the plan was doubly pleasant inasmuch as it contained a joke. He sent for a sign painter and wrote out a paraphrase of Dante on a placard to the effect that: "Who enters here leave soap behind." The sign artist unfortunately lost the card on his way to his studio, but remembered enough of its import to give a poetical appearance in the shop a key to the business, and the result was a highly illuminated placard to the effect that "Who enters here leaves hope behind."

The placard was erected above the wash-room, but shortly after some crack cases put it over the main entrance to the hotel. Some of the guests say that it contained more truth than poetry, and the sign painter goes unpaid.

Job Printing of all kinds
executed at this office.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED BY THE FIRE.

The following correct list of the killed and wounded by the late disastrous fire is taken from the Globe of Thursday last:

Even at this late day the number of persons that met their death is uncertain. Eighteen persons at least died sudden deaths in connection with the fire. Out of these only eight were taken to the Dead House and only two inquests were held, the Coroner deeming it unnecessary to hold an enquiry in the other cases. Among the first to be killed were Garret Cotter and Peter McGovern, who were killed by the cornice falling off Adams' building. Cotter was a young man, was a cutter by trade, working in Mr. J. S. May's. He lived in Green street with his widowed mother, his father having been killed many years ago on the Railway. Peter McGovern was an old man and lived with a family on the Straight Shore. In the Reed house on Main street, Lower Cove, three ladies were burned to death. These were Mrs. Reed, mother of ex-Mayor Reed, and the Misses Clark, Mr. Reed's sisters. Mr. John E. Turnbull and others made desperate efforts to save the ladies, but all attempts were unavailing. Their bodies were never recovered. Capt. Wm. Firth, the well known ship chandler, also met his death in the flames. His remains were found on Prince Wm. street, near the hotel. A cabinet-maker, who met his death in the fire, among the missing, and there is no doubt whatever that he met a horrible death. Mr. Joseph Bell, painter, cannot be found, and he, too, has become a victim to the terrible disaster. He was a married man. Two persons were drowned in the harbor while endeavoring to save their property in boats, the bottom of the craft breaking and the boat filling. So great was the excitement that, although the boat was only a few yards from the vessels in the stream, both of its occupants had sunk before any effort was made to rescue them. These were James Kemp and Thomas Holmes. Kemp was a young man of about 21 years, and was clerk in Mr. Michael Farrell's clothing store, Prince Wm. street. He leaves a wife and one child. Thomas Holmes was a lad of 17 years of age, and lived with his mother on Harding street. Another victim was Timothy O'Leary, an old man who kept an apple stand at the foot of Dock street, and whose body never was found. There is no question however but that he was burned in Drury Lane. He leaves a wife. Mrs. Colohan, wife of William Colohan, Smyth street, also perished in the flames. Her body was never found. Mrs. Beadly, who lived on Princess street, also met her death on this never-to-be-forgotten night. Some human bones were found in the doorway of her house, and it is thought that these were what remained of her. A young man named Richard Thomas was burned. His remains were found in the ruins of R. O'Brien's tavern on Germain street. He was formerly a clerk in Fitzpatrick's warehouse, Nelson street. A young man, Robt. Fox, belonging to the Marsh Road, is known to have perished in the flames.

Two men have been killed by the fire since the day of the fire. The first accident occurred on Friday afternoon, 22nd inst., and was caused by the premature explosion of a blast while the Post Office walls were being thrown down. The victim was an old man named John A. Anderson. He was standing on his property on Germain street, about two hundred yards from where the explosion took place, when the flying bricks struck and fatally injured him. He was taken to the Public Hospital, where he died shortly afterwards. The second victim was George Gallagher. He was killed on Tuesday, 30th inst., on Water street, a portion of a wall that enclosed the vault in Messrs. DeVere's store having fallen on him and inflicted injuries which resulted fatally a few hours afterward in the

HOSPITAL.

He was a man of about 55 years of age, and lived with his family in Mr. Thos. McPherson's house on Sewell street. John Ross, a tailor, who was badly burned during the fire, died in the Public Hospital. There are one or two others that are missing since the fire, and it is supposed they have perished in the flames.

THE WOUNDED.

Under this head their names might be printed the names of a large number of persons who received injuries at the fire, but people have had very little time to think of their wounds. Indeed, we might say, the accidents were numberless.

At the Hospital a large number of persons were attended to. Many of them had only sustained slight injuries, and the physician in charge did not have time to record their names on his books. There were several others who received severe injuries, but are now in a fair way of recovery. Indeed, with but one or two exceptions, they have been able to leave the building. The names of those who stayed at the Hospital for any time were—Dan. Dooley, John Ross, Patrick Brady, Wm. Coxeter, Wm. Dohahoe, Helen Davidson, Hayard Thompson, Walker Lamb, (who was injured by an explosion at the Post Office), Andrew Donovan, Michael Barrett, Wm. Porter, Jeremiah Sullivan, Thomas Sullivan, Richard Powers, John Anderson, and George Gallagher. The two last are the only persons whose injuries resulted fatally.

An Artist's Luck.

Washington Allston, who stood at the head of American artists a half century ago, was at one time so reduced by poverty that he locked himself in his studio in London one day, threw himself on his knees and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and wife. While thus engaged a knock was heard at the door, which the artist hastened to open. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston, and was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the "Angel Uriel," which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. He was told that it was not sold.

"Where is it to be sold?"

"In this very room," said Allston, producing the painting from a corner, and wiping off the dust. "It is for sale, but its value has never been adequately appreciated, and I would not part with it."

"What is its price?"

"I have done nothing any nominal sum; I have always so far exceeded any offers. I leave you to name the price."

"Will £400 be an adequate recompense?"

"It is more than I ever asked for it."

"Then the painting is mine," said the stranger, who introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, and from that moment became one of Mr. Allston's warmest friends and patrons.

His name was Benjamin, and he hailed from Apohaqui. He thought the present time, on account of the many persons who were made homeless by the fire, a favorable one to come to this city and procure a wife. On Sunday last he made his appearance in the vicinity of the tents at the foot of Sheffield street, and met several persons his reason for paying a visit to the city on the present occasion. He said that he owned a farm and a large number of cattle, and had a very beautiful daughter to take a wife to. The boys did all they could to make his mission a success, but their efforts were in vain as he was afterwards seen on Brussels street trying his luck in that locality. He was about 60 years of age.

On June 20th, the body of a young lad, named James McGinness, aged 14 years, was found in the Kingswood Basin. Dublin.

THE FIRST SHIRT BUTTON.

Young Charley Overblower married about a month ago, and when he came back from his wedding tour, he and his pretty little wife Emma took possession of a charming place up town. Early one evening, after they were fairly settled, and the last of Emma's sisters had been induced to conclude her visit, Charley proposed to Emma that they should go to the theatre. The little woman assented, and both began to amuse their toilet. In a few moments Charley said:

"Darling, I am very sorry to trouble you; but really I think I shall be obliged to have you to sew a button on this shirt."

"Of course; why not?" said Emma, delighted at a chance to show her skill. She took the garment, seated herself, and said, "I can't remember for the life of me where the button came for further information, so he pulled a button from another shirt."

"Now, Charley," said Emma, "look in the top bureau drawer and get me a paper of needles and a spool of white cotton."

Charley looked in the box, which was a case of perfume bottles, and not finding the desired article, concluded he would not bother Emma for further information, so he pulled a button from another shirt.

"Now, Charley," said Emma, "look in the top bureau drawer and get me a paper of needles and a spool of white cotton."

Charley looked in the box, which was a case of perfume bottles, and not finding the desired article, concluded he would not bother Emma for further information, so he pulled a button from another shirt.

"Thank you, dear," said Emma, and she began to stitch vigorously, humming a drowsy Italian air. Presently she said, "O, Charley, won't you bring me the scissors? I think they're in my writing-desk. I had them there to-day cutting a poem out of a paper."

The scissors were not in the writing-desk, nor on the mantel, nor in the top bureau-drawer, nor in the case of perfume-bottles, nor even in the hall-receiver, so Charley drove on his "housewife" again. Emma took the scissors, snipped the thread, and exclaimed:

"There, darling! and make haste, or we shall be late."

Charley wriggled into the garment, and then put up his hands to button the band at the back, but no button was there.

"Why, Em," he cried, "where's the button?"

"O, Charley, ain't you ashamed?" exclaimed his wife. "Where are your eyes?"

"If they were in the back of my head," answered Charley, "perhaps I could see that button."

Emma raised herself on her tiptoes and looked at the band.

"Why, that's strange!" said she. "Take it off and let me look at it."

The shirt was inspected thoroughly, and the button was found nearly and deftly sewed on just beneath the tag of the shirt-collar, so as to button to that appendage in a most elegant manner.

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed Charley, "if I didn't know any more about sewing on a button than that, I wouldn't get married for a year."

"You were going to say you wouldn't have got married," cried his wife, putting on her hat hastily, and bursting into tears.

"Where are you going?" demanded Charley, savagely.

"I'm going home, and I'll get a separation from you and your old shirts; that's where I'm going," blubbered Emma. "I thought you wanted the button there to fasten to your what-you-call 'em."

It took Charley an hour to persuade Emma that if she went home there wouldn't be strawberries and cream enough to go around.

PLAIN
AND
ORNAMENTAL PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
At Low Rates and with Despatch
AT THE
"HERALD"
Book, Card and Job Business
54 GERMAIN STREET.

PATRIOT'S T. A. R. SOCIETY RALLY.

temperance meeting was held at the...
le's Hall, Carleton, on Sunday...
under the auspices of St. Patrick's...
B. Society. The attendance was...
a, some seven hundred people of...
being present. The platform was...
ced by Rev. T. Connolly, V. G. Messrs...
Ritchie, Esq., President of the N. B...
an, P. J. O'Keefe, President of the B...
and Thos. O'Reilly, Rec. Sec. Mr...
hie, the first speaker thought there was...
necessity of his trying to picture to...
e present the many advantages to be...
vel from being a member of a total ab...
society, as many of them knew by...
past experience more about it than he...
ld tell them, and asked all those who had...
erly been members, to ask themselves...
question, had it been of any advantage...
hem? He was sure the answer would be...
unanimous one in favor of total abstinence...
ferred to the duty of young men in...
ficular to at once renew the pledge...
had formerly made, and to the many...
gifts conferred on them as citizens...
the then better members of society.

P. KEENE
BOOT AND SHO
(Successor to the late
the Shanty on

SOUTH SIDE OF THE
centre of King Square, where
be found prepared to give the
faction to all who favor his
patronage.

JOHN MCGOURT
City Contractor,
COR. OF ELLIOT ROW & PITT ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

will be kept at J. C. Ferguson
Square, and orders left will be
ended to.

Boots worth \$30
ADDRESS with expenses paid
ONE DOLLAR. This may
be true nevertheless. Fire and
thief had better secure
hand you had better secure
G. G. COREY,
48 King Street, St. John, N. B.

dec22

Building that has almost a historic
ation in these parts, it having been
ilt nearly fifty years since by Simeon Le...
nd, father of the Leland Brothers, the
ebrated hotel-keepers, and run by him
umber of years at a hotel, under the name
of "The Green Mountain Coffee House."
ince the building of railroads this place
y as a hotel has become worthless,
nd is now owned by the Leland family.
its early associations, and was, I believe,
since repaired and repainted by one...
is at present occupied by one Patrick...
whom is illustrated the old adage,
is stranger than fiction." It is said
Sears has had a long-standing quarrel
upon one of his legs, and a few...
in turning over in bed, snapped...
twin about four inches above the...
successful amputation was performed...
bone was found divided of all...
ou matter, and completely hone...
Mr. Sears is now doing well, with...
pect of recovery.

M McLeod, 65 CHARLOTTE
keeps a fine assortment of...
Fancy Goods, Virginia...
writing Tools...
measures...
to Yards.

BROTHERS have constantly...
Supply of
INT MACHINE...
Common and...
FILES From 2 to 12...
For Rent...
FILES for...
by the...
Box 555

GENERAL NEWS.

Among romances in real life may be mentioned a recent marriage in London. A young man of good birth and education, but without fortune, was out shooting, when a stray shot entered his eye, extinguishing the sight. He was taken to his lodgings in London, where he lay suffering for weeks. A wealthy and handsome widow, near whose estate the accident occurred, took her abode in the same house, that she might nurse him. Her care was extended through several weeks, but the other eye sympathized with that which had been put out, and the youth and scholar was left hopelessly and totally blind at the age of twenty-three. The pretty widow was thirty; but she proposed marriage to him. The result was seen in a fashionable church—a beautiful dame, attended by her two little children, leading a blind youth to the altar, there to endow him with all her extensive worldly goods.

A curious experiment with a magnet was lately tried in London. A boy had broken a needle in the calf of his leg, and before resorting to surgical instruments it was decided to try the effect of a powerful magnet in withdrawing the steel. After a number of experiments in different positions the needle was drawn near the surface on the opposite side of the leg from which it entered, and was easily extracted.

The eloquent band of Jesuit missionaries, under Father Maguire, S. J., have changed their headquarters from Holy Cross College, Worcester, to St. Mary's Parochial Residence, Cooper Street, Boston.

The Catholic Centennial Fountain, in Fairmount Park, was formally transferred to the City of Philadelphia on the 4th of July, in trust for the free use of the American people. Governor John Lee Carroll, of Maryland, and Governor John F. Hattrauf, of Pennsylvania, delivered addresses upon the occasion. The fountain is adorned with colonial marble statues of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Rev. John Carroll, Commodore Barry, Father Mathew, and Moses.

A Statue of Archbishop Darboy, of Paris, who was murdered by the Communists, has been placed in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

In Dunedin, New Zealand, the Davenport Brothers accepted a challenge from a Captain Barry, who offered them £200 if they could unloose themselves from his knots. In 20 minutes after they had been tied by him they stood before the audience with the ropes in their hands, and then the captain told how he tied them. He says: "I started with a tom-fool's knot over the shoulders and round the neck; followed this with a slip-knot, and then a knot which I fastened them down with a string, and there must have been an agency or something outside assisting them to get out of that lot."

A tramp who had a main for throwing stones at trains, when arrested and tried before Judge Sanford in the Superior Court at Bridgeport, Conn., said that he had been stoning trains for the last six or seven years in the hope of striking a certain doctor, who was his evil genius, and made his life miserable by appearing to him in visions and tormenting him by the devices of witchcraft and other underhanded means. When asked if he considered himself insane, he returned a decided negative. He was sent to the insane asylum.

George Parker, a restaurant keeper, of Brooklyn, died on the 10th of February last leaving a fortune of \$25,000. Sarah C. Parker, wife of the deceased, possessed a slender interest therein. On the 1st of May last she died. By her will she bequeathed her property to her relatives—Laura Breese, Ann Unton and Lydia Kenwood, sisters of Mr. Parker, began preliminary action in the Kings County Surrogate's Court yesterday, to contest this will, on the ground that Mrs. Parker was not of sound mind when the will was made; that she was kept under restraint, and that her signature to the will was obtained by undue influence. The case was adjourned until July 7, when a full discussion of its merits will take place.

John S. Smith reported at the Twelfth police precinct station house, Brooklyn, that he had found a bullet on the floor of his apartment, at No. 142 West 10th street. But upon investigation had discovered a hole made by the bullet, through one of the windows. Mrs. King, who resides on the first floor, states that she heard the report of a pistol about midnight, although Mr. Smith says that he did not. Mr. Smith who is employed at the Kings County Penitentiary shoe shop, as instructor, states that he is not aware he has enemies who have designs upon his life.

A sleep-walking young lady in Cottonwood, Cal., while passing through her father's sleeping chamber was awakened by his hand on her shoulder. She dropped down dead.

The schooner A. Heaton, of New York, arrived lately at Philadelphia from 'Billow, Spain and one of her seamen, a colored man named Stephen Burrell was at once given into custody, charged with the murder on the high seas of J. B. Jones, the first mate of the vessel. It is stated that early on the morning of June 23 the prisoner and deceased quarrelled and the latter threatened the former with a slingshot. They were separated, but shortly after blows were struck and Burrell plunged a sheath knife into the heart of Jones, who died in a short while. The victim was a resident of York.

A medical restaurant has been lately established in London on the principle that diseases can generally be cured by a special system of diet, and that they are caused chiefly by improper food. On the entrance of a visitor, a physician asks him regarding his ailments. His meal is then prescribed, and he is not allowed to eat any more than is prescribed to him. At the close he is dismissed to smoke a medicated cigar and to sip coffee, camomile tea, or whatever other beverage may be considered advisable.

In 1868 British India had hardly begun the cultivation of tea for export. In that year but 1,500,000 pounds were exported. Now India sends out about 40,000,000 pounds annually.

A lad named O'Callahan, six years of age residing at No. 283 Garden street, Holoken, was badly wounded on Sunday evening by an explosion of a cartridge, and it is feared he will die. Some youthful companions, it appears, were discharging pistol cartridges by placing them on the ground and holding a pistol in his possession at the time of the occurrence, but it could not be learned whether it had been discharged by him. He denied having shot his companion.

June 30, the Caxton celebration was opened at the Horticultural Gardens, Kensington, by Gladstone. The collection of early printing was very remarkable, comprising the oldest existing English newspaper, some dating as far back as 1667; the wonderful Stevens collection of Bibles, and the finest collection of music in the world. Among the oldest works is "Charles I., a copy of Shakespeare, lent by the Queen. In the Caxton room are 190 volumes from Caxton's press, including "Pictes and Sayings of the Philosophers 1477," the first book issued from Caxton's press; also the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye, 1474," the first book ever printed in English, and having in 1812 for editor, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil were among those present.

TEMPERANCE.

In 1873 the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America comprised 200 societies; now it has grown to a membership of nearly 600 societies.

In a recent publication His Eminence Cardinal Manning uses these remarkable words:—"Now my dear friends, listen! I will go to my grave without tasting intoxicating liquors; but I repeat distinctly that any man who should say that the use of wine or any thing is sinful when it does not lead to drunkenness, that man is a heretic, condemned by the Catholic Church. With that man I will never work. Now I desire to promote total abstinence in every way that I can. I will encourage all societies of total abstinence. But the moment I see men not clear, do not belong to the total abstinence, from that moment I will not work with those men. I would have two kinds of pledge: one for the mortified, who never taste drink, and the other for the temperate who never abuse it. If I can make these two classes work together I will work in the midst of them. If I cannot get them to work together I will work with both of them, separately."

Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child. Never talk at one another, either alone or in company. Never speak aloud to one another, unless the house is on fire. Never reflect in a just action, which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time. Let each one strive to yield oftentimes to the wishes of the other. Never fight fairly, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and even then begin with a kiss, and loveliness. Never name with a past mistake. Suggest the whole world beside, rather than one another. Some men can never take a joke. There was an old doctor, who when asked what was good for rheumatism, would say, "How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what ails the mosquito?"

VARIOUS MATTERS.

A gentleman who lives at a fourth-rate boarding-house, says the little dried-up biscuits remind him of the old song, "Tis but a little faded flour."

"My dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband, as she looked out of the window, "do you notice how green and beautiful the grass looks on the neighboring hills?" "Well," was the unpoetic response, "what other color would you have it at this time of the year?"

A Wet Sheet.—A delinquent subscriber secured his Times in Whitehall last week, in a very damp condition. "What makes this so wet?" he asked of his clerk. "Guess it laid out over night," said the clerk, "for there appears to be considerable dew on it."

A strong-minded woman was heard to remark the other day, that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to groan every time she looked at him.

A man who lately committed suicide in Dulague, left a memorandum for his wife, saying, "Good-by, you old, scolding, red-headed lioness!" On reading it, the widow was heard to mutter, "I should just like to have got hold of him for one minute!"

SIXE AT THE SEASIDE.—Booth (with sad, love-struck air)—"O, wilt thou not be mine? my own dear bride? I love you deeply, fondly, passionately, wildly! I cannot live without you! Say, O, say thou wilt be mine!"

Maids (with downcast eyes)—"Adolphus is there anything the matter with my dress? I saw the Smith girls just now look at me curiously. Does my hair set all right?" Adolphus discontinues his love-making.

One of the most beautiful characteristics of woman is the unswerving confidence she places in her husband. But we have observed that when a married man goes home with a light deposit of pearl powder on his left shoulder, it is merely prudence to observe that he stopped on the way up to play a game of checkers at the florist-store on the corner.

KANE & CO.,

BOOK, CARD

54 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BUSINESS CARDS, BILL HEADS, CHITTLARS, PROGRAMMES, ADMISSION TICKETS, CUSTOM HOUSE BLANKS, WAY BILLS, CATALOGUES, CONSTITUTIONS, VISITING CARDS, HANDBILLS, BIBLES OF FARE, SHOP BILLS, DODGERS, LABELS.

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BUSINESS CARDS, BILL HEADS, CHITTLARS, PROGRAMMES, ADMISSION TICKETS, CUSTOM HOUSE BLANKS, WAY BILLS, CATALOGUES, CONSTITUTIONS, VISITING CARDS, HANDBILLS, BIBLES OF FARE, SHOP BILLS, DODGERS, LABELS.

PAMPHLETS, CARDS OF ALL KINDS, NOTE HEADINGS, ENVELOPES, LETTER HEADINGS, SHOW CARDS, TAGS, COPY BOOKS, DANCE CARDS, Aves, Aves, Aves, Ac.,

Printed at Low Prices.

Business men and others will find it to their advantage to give us a trial.

Orders from the Country solicited and promptly attended to.

B. COTTER

May be found at his new stand, 100 West of John Street, St. John, N. B., with a fine assortment of goods.

FRUIT AND PRODUCE.

Fresh supplies of Fruit, received by every steamer from the West Indies, and the Continent.

E. J. RITCHIE has secured a desk for the printing of all kinds of business cards, etc.

LIPMAN & SON,

7 KING SQUARE, Under the Central Hotel.

WITH A FINE SELECTION OF IMPORTED CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, AND SMOKERS' REQUISITES,

Will open this day Saturday, THEIR STORE, UNION STREET, Near Golden Ball.

BARDSLEY BROS.

WILL BE FOUND AT 22 CHARLOTTE STREET, IN A FEW DAYS.

IRRESPECTFULLY wish to announce to the Public that since the late fire I have taken my stand in McKee's Building, foot of Main street, Portland, where I will continue to supply my old patrons, and as many new ones, as may favor me with a call, with a well assorted stock of

BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, to which I am making constant additions, and which I will sell at my usually low prices. JEREMIAH DONOVAN.

N. B.—Custom Work, a specialty.

JUST RECEIVED.

RECEIVED per S. S. "Dorcas" from London—91 half chests East London Tea; 30 Boxes No. 1000 Morton's Mixed Pickles; For sale Wholesale and Retail at H. GALLAGHER'S, 12 Charlotte Street.

A Superior Quality of Virginia Smoking TOBACCO

will be constantly on hand at the old stand of H. N. L'VY, King street.

To Teamsters, etc. JUST RECEIVED—75 PACKAGES Empire City Axe Grease, a splendid article. COLL BROS., Agents, 60 Mill street.

AUCTION 111

Commission Agency, TOWN OF PORTLAND, Sales-Room, - - Mill Bridge, FOOT OF MAIN STREET.

All Commitments will be strictly attended to, and all orders and returns made promptly. JOHN D. ROBERTSON.

U. S. PIANO CO. \$290!

YOU ask WHY we can sell First-Class 7 1/2 Octave Rosewood Piano for \$290. Our answer is, that it costs less than \$300 to make any 3000 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but sell direct to Families at Factory price, and warrant five years. We send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Bankers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw this notice.

ADDRESS: U. S. Piano Co. - 810 Broadway.

HOERNING, & Co., TRETT
DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER
CHRISTMAS

PER... AR... Costive... They are tonic as well as... Billousness, pression... They restore vitality, effect a thorough digestion, Physicians prescribe them, and Press praise them, as Price 30 and 60 cents

Book... Kin... A CO... CATE... ENGLISH... A CHOICE... STA... Liberal discounts... may... I... CELEB... FINE

W. E. refer with... sure to appreciate 600 of these beautiful Instruments. They are in the Lower Part during the past few years. They are Favorites... Every one... Their prices range from \$70 upwards... A Beautiful Illustration... CATALOGUE... AND... PRICE LIST... sent free on application

Write to us... attention... Temporary office... Cathedral... Repairs by experts... A GOOD TWO... first provided... be bought if a reasonable price... promptly by application, send for a... FOR SALE... and... Rightful... apply to... Rockford, Ill. It is... must be... McDONN... TIN & SHEET... AND GEN... Main Street... HOUSE, SHIP, PA... PLOUGHS, PL... ADDRESS with... ONE DOLLAR... true... hand you had... G. G. CORN... street, Ill.

Boots... LOWEST

MORNING,
HO & Co.,
TREET

Post-p
any part of
Town of P
The large circle
it a first-class me

CHRISTMAS

DURING THE
MONTH OF DECEMBER

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES,
ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR
Costiveness, Dyspepsia and Piles!!

They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:
Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.

They restore SATISFACTION, are pleasant to take, act promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Evacuation of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and Secular Press praise them, and every man and woman who has ever tried them admits their friends to use nothing else. Price 20 and 50 cents per box, and will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.

E. S. HARRISON & Co., Sackville, N. B.

EDWD. HANEY & CO.,
Booksellers and Stationers,
King Street, - Saint John, N. B.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS!
Ranging in Price from 20 cents to \$20.00.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND:
ENGLISH, FRENCH AND LATIN SCHOOL BOOKS,
suitable for all grades.

A CHOICE LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC WORKS OF FICTION
STATIONERY of every description and at lowest prices.

Liberal discounts allowed the Clergy and wholesale buyers.

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King Street, St. John, N. B.

LANDRY & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE
CELEBRATED ESTEY ORGANS!
ACKNOWLEDGED THE
FINEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD



PIPE ORGANS
built to order, at prices from \$500 to \$3,000.
Plans and Specifications furnished on application. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PIANOFORTES
from the best makers in the United States, at lowest possible prices.

CATALOGUES
sent free.

SHEET MUSIC,
Music Books, &c.

PRICE LIST
sent free on application.

Write to us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention.
Temporary office and warehouses since the fire at residence, Richmond street, opposite the Cathedral.
Repairs by experienced workmen.

A GOOD TWO STORY HOUSE, nearly new, with front porch and stone wall, situated on a high lot, 12 x 100 ft. and 100 ft. deep. You can immediately be applying to Joseph Woodcock, 100 George Street, Saint John, N. B.

FOR SALE, and possession given immediately if required. Two Houses on St. John Street, one on the corner, apply to Mrs. Capt. Bruce, 100 George Street, Saint John, N. B. These houses are in the best of repair and are well situated.

McDONNELL & MINDON,
TIN & SHEET IRON WORKERS,
AND GENERAL JOBBERS,
Main Street, - - - Portland,
(Three Doors above M. T. Co.)

HOUSE, SHIP, PARLOR & OFFICE STOVES,
PLOUGHS, PLOUGH CASTINGS, ETC.

At the corner of the street,
Charge moderate and work guaranteed.
E. McDonnell.

BARDSLEY BROS.
CAN BE FOUND AT
McDONALD'S BUILDING,
Cor. of Richmond and Brussels St.

Damaged Goods
Damaged Goods.

I will be found at
25 NORTH SIDE KING SQUARE

With an
IMMENSE STOCK
OF THE ABOVE GOODS.

GREAT BARGAINS
May be Expected.

P. J. QUINN,
NEW WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
WINE STORE.
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
No. 8 Charlotte Street.

Be it to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.
By strict attention to business, and keeping the choicest and best.

Wines, Brandies, &c.
on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

M. & H. GALLAGHER,
8 and 12 Charlotte Street.

CARRIAGES, CARRIAGES.
I have on hand and for sale the following CARRIAGES, consisting of the following:
1 light Grand Indes;
2 Breaker Patterns, Piano Waggon;
2 double seat Shilling seat Waggon;
1 double seat Phantom;
2 single seat Phantoms, American Pattern;
1 double seat extra long Phantom;
1 light sulky, weight 55 pounds;
1 second-hand light Waggon;
1 second-hand crank axle Express, as good as new.
Which we will sell cheap for cash at our factory, Main Street, Portland, N. B.

J. S. STANTON,
Coach Proprietor,
98 St. Patrick Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Compare the quality of the Work of the Portland, N. B. of the very choicest make.
22 St. Andrew Street, Portland, N. B.

Music Lessons.
MRS. JAMES GONWAY
TEACHES the method of teaching by French and Italian, the piano generally, and also prepared to receive a limited number of Pupils, who wish to receive instruction in the

Pianoforte!
At her residence, 100 St. John Street, Portland, N. B.

Ladies & Gentlemen

We have the extreme pleasure of announcing to you the arrival at the

"BRANCH"
OF OUR
Summer Stock

Boots
and
Shoes

of American and Domestic manufacture.
They are of the
FINEST QUALITY,
BEST WORKMANSHIP
and will sell at the
LOWEST PRICES.

The mens goods are our own make and they have no superior, as all who have worn them will testify. We therefore respectfully ask all to

Visit Our Store,
and we assure you it will be no trouble to us to instruct in the mysteries of this great art. Bring out your children that we may show and prepare them for the road to happiness.

M. WALSH & SON,
"BRANCH,"
97 KING ST.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BEES, Advertis-
ing Agents, 180 W. Fourth St.,
Cincinnati, O. Telephone 1000.
Send for our circulars and price lists.
We are also agents for the following:
Portland Hat and Cap Store!
JOHN D. HARRIS,
NEW HAT STORE,
MAIN STREET, PORTLAND, N. B.

PLAN
ORNAMENTAL PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
At Low Rates and with Despatch
AT THE
"HERALD"
Book, Card and Job Rooms,
64 GERMAIN STREET.

NEWS.
St. Leger, R. N., Har-
win, was found dead
of cottage, Kingstown,
he had been ailing for
of the brain was
death.
E. Carolina, of 206
blin, a smith in the
nd Great Western
about 45 years,
ember 18th.
Joseph Jenks, V.
e, Dublin, who
nected with the
t street, com-
s throat is a
cks at Donny-
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-Fitzgibbon
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n storm

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. R. SOCIETY RALLY.
A temperance meeting was held at St. Patrick's Hall, Carleton, on Sunday evening last, under the auspices of St. Patrick's T. A. R. Society. The attendance was very large, some seven hundred people of both sexes being present. The platform was occupied by Rev. T. Connolly, V. G., Messrs. R. J. Ritchie, Esq., President of the N. B. Union, P. J. O'Keefe, President of the Society, and Thos. O'Reilly, Rec. Sec. Mr. Ritchie, the first speaker thought there was no necessity of his trying to picture to those present the many advantages to be derived from being a member of a total abstinence society, as many of them knew by their past experience more about it than he could tell them, and asked all those who had formerly been members, to ask themselves the question, had it been of any advantage to them? He was sure the answer would be a unanimous one in favor of total abstinence. He referred to the duty of young men in particular to at once renew the pledge they had formerly made, and to the many

miles from Londonderry, Vt. in the town of Landgrove, is situated a large frame hotel building that has almost an historic association in these parts, it having been built nearly fifty years since by Simeon Leland, father of the Leland Brothers, the celebrated hotel-keepers, and run by him a number of years, as a hotel, under the name of "The Green Mountain Coffee House." Since the building of railroads this property as a hotel has become waste and is at present occupied by one Paul Sears, who is illustrated the old adage, "what is stranger than fiction." It is said that Sears has had a long-standing ailment upon one of his legs, and a few years since in turning over in bed, snapped the twain about four inches above the knee. A successful amputation was performed, the bone was found divided of all appearance, a matter, and complies honorably. Mr. Sears is now doing well, with prospect of recovery.

M. McLeod, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET,
keeps a fine assortment of
Fancy Goods, Virginia
wing Tol
neces
"No Yards."
BROTHERS have constantly on
supply of
SEWING MACHINES
Common and
6 TILES From 2 to
For laid and other

Boots
with
LOWEST
ADDRESS with express paid
ONE DOLLAR. This may
be true everywhere. Fire and
insured me to sell, and as there
had you had better come
see.
G. G. COREY,
100 St. John Street, Sackville, N. B.

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HO & Co.,
TRENT

Post-p
any part of
Town of P
The large circula
it a first-class me

CHRISTMAS

DURING THE
MONTH OF DECEMBER

THE WEEKLY HERALD, JULY 14

GENERAL WARNER AND MR. SWEET.

In giving publicity in last week's HERALD to some statements reflecting on Mr. G. W. Sweet, as Manager of the Provision Department at the Rink, we considered we were doing that gentleman a favor. We thought in justice to Mr. Sweet these rumors should not be allowed to circulate so extensively without giving him an opportunity to publicly contradict them if false. We are sorry to learn that the gentleman does not appreciate our efforts in his behalf, but on the contrary gave vent to his anger in language more expressive than polite, and in hurling at our devoted head the choicest epithets from his well stocked vocabulary of profanity. We regret for his own sake that Mr. Sweet allowed his temper to get the better of him, because it will give envious people a chance of saying there must have been considerable truth in those charges, or else the gentleman would not be so annoyed at their publication. We were amused in taking up the *Chick* of last Monday to discover that General Warner had authorized that journal to contradict in toto the charges made against Mr. Sweet. Had the General read our article carefully he would have seen that he above all others was not in a position to contradict those statements. The HERALD, in pointing out the irregularities, distinctly stated that they were carried on without the knowledge of General Warner, and consequently that gentleman was not in a position to refute them unless he accepts Mr. Sweet's denial as satisfactory, which few would be inclined to do. Since our last issue we have heard many other complaints concerning the management of affairs at the Rink. Among others that the man next in authority to Mr. Sweet in the Provision Department gave orders to the clerks to serve none but respectable people with butter, the gauge of respectability being, we presume, the dress and general appearance of the applicants.—truly a nice system? Another, that a Mr. Thomas, one of our American Managers, brought two women into the Provision Department and requested the clerk to give them whatever they wanted. The clerk asked to see their order, when Thomas said, never mind the order, do as they say. The clerk following our instructions, still refused to give the goods without the order, Thomas then went to General Warner and obtained an order, and at the same time made a complaint against the clerk. The result was, the clerk was discharged the next day. These and other numerous complaints we have heard convince us that the management of the whole affair is in the wrong hands, and the sooner these gentlemen in charge are relieved and others in whom the people have confidence put in their places, the better it will be for all parties concerned.

A NEW BOOK.

The life of the Rev. E. J. Dunphy has, we are glad to know, been undertaken by a writer whose personal knowledge of the subject of the book is a sufficient guarantee that every particular which we might reasonably expect to find in a work of this character will be faithfully set forth. We understand that it was the intention of the author to have had the book published in a couple of months, and already some progress had been made by the printers, but the recent disastrous fire will postpone the publication for a short time. From our knowledge of the contents of the new work, we can assure the reading public that a rich treat is in store for them when happier times will permit the talented author to present to them the beauty of a life, which, in the eyes of all men, was beautiful and worthy of imitation. The book has been well written, the facts grouped in a natural and pleasing manner, such interesting matter has been carefully gathered and methodically arranged, and the life of Fr. Dunphy, the late pastor of Chelsea, will bring fame, and we hope, a more solid recompense to a writer already favorably known in literary circles.

All kinds of Printing executed at this office at low prices.

LOCAL NEWS.

McCAFFERTY & DALY have just received a large lot of New Goods, in Plain and Fancy Dry Goods, Plain and Cord Ribbons, which they will sell at their usual low prices.

ACCIDENTS.—Daniel Gallagher, of Portland, got the palm of his hand severely torn by nails in a board early in the week. While a gang of men were pulling down part of a wall with a rope, near Orange street, Tuesday morning, the rope slipped and the men fell. One of them, named James Johnston, received severe bruises on the back and arms by coming in contact with a pile of bricks.

At the last regular quarterly meeting of St. Dunstan's T. A. Society, the following were elected officers: Rev. J. C. McDewitt, Spiritual Director; J. E. O'Leary, President; Hugh Owens, 1st Vice-President; J. E. Perka, 2nd Vice-President; Thomas L. Martin, Recording Secretary; Geo. E. Parks, Financial Secretary; P. H. McGrath, Treasurer; D. Hanlon, Librarian; D. Cagney, sergeant-at-arms.

Mr. J. L. McCookery, for a number of years in charge of the Book and Stationery Department of H. Chubb & Co., has started in business for himself at No. 7, North Side King Square. Mr. McCookery having a thorough knowledge of the business which he intends carrying on, and being of a courteous and obliging disposition is worthy of a share of public patronage. We wish him success.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR HEALTH.—Those are the times when the health of those people who are crowded together in the Barrack Square tents, is being spoken of by the press and on the street corners, and yet a nuisance has been allowed to remain for the last five days in the gutter not twenty feet from the Portland Police Office. This nuisance is a defunct black cat. The people passing that way are already obliged to hold their breaths until they get out of range. The Portland people now ask why is it that when they have seen a gentleman going his rounds with a placard on his cap, on which is printed "Board of Health."

CELEBRATING THE 12TH.—Wednesday night was a gala one around the Indian town dock, at least to a party of woodboat men who finding it inconvenient to stop in town to celebrate the "pious and immortal memory" on the twelfth of July, resolved to do the usual honors on the 11th. A crowd well primed with rum and having their shirts and vests decorated with all the orange cigar box ties available, paraded around the wharves in the vicinity, uttering snatches of party songs, much to the amusement of the sober citizens who witnessed their antics. After this sort of thing had went on for about two hours, a policeman put in an appearance, but not before one of the "boys" got a "lifter" under the ear from an Indian-towner, with whom he was becoming familiar. When the policeman came, the boozing, frolicsome sailors retired, some to the bar-rooms while the remainder slunk away to the recesses of their woodboat cabins.

SHAVINGS.—The 97th Regiment left for Halifax on Monday evening. Policeman Hamilton, of Portland, dug a register grate and lots of other things out of a hole in the cellar of D. Logan's house, Straight Shore, on Saturday.

On Monday evening two young lads named Yocmans and Sims quarrelled during which the latter was stabbed in the shoulder.

A young man named Joseph Doherty, was struck blind while at work on De Wolf's farm, St. Andrew's last week.

On Saturday evening, Nathaniel Smith while cutting up some bushes to decorate the Orange Hall, Fredericton, nearly cut his hand off with a hatchet.

The city is full of strangers most of whom are on the look-out for work. In the Country Market yesterday, there was a fair supply of berries, green peas, and new potatoes. Berries sold for 75c half pail; potatoes, \$1.50 per bushel.

Some Norwegian sailors created a rumpus on Main St., Portland, Thursday afternoon. St. Dunstan's Hall, Fredericton, is now completely finished.

On Thursday, J. S. Knowles, a clerk of the Aid society, was ejected from the Rink by order of General Warner.

Lightning struck a house and barn belonging to Mr. Coburn, during a heavy thunderstorm which prevailed at Harvey Settlement, on Monday.

A blacksmith named White, was drowned while bathing at Buctouche on the 23d inst.

On Friday at the Portland Police Court, John Buckley, arrested on a warrant for beating his wife was fined \$10 or one month in jail.

The latest expression is "Give us a law." M. M. Cleary, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, keeps a fine assortment of Tobacco, Fancy Goods, Virginia and Canadian Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Havana Cigars, etc. His "Queen" Cigars, "three for a quarter," are the genuine article. Virginia Shag and "Gold Leaf" Smoking Tobacco a specialty.

John O'Gorman

Has removed from the office of Messrs. COLE, BROWN & CO. TO THE OLD STAND, No. 12 DOCK STREET, (where he has built a temporary shanty) and will attend to the wants of his customers and the public in the GROCERY AND LIQUOR LINE.

NOTICE!

R. J. COUGHLAN will be happy to see all of his friends at the old stand, WATER STREET, off South Wharf.

R. J. COUGHLAN.

Public Meeting.

Those interested in the establishment of a New Brunswick Loan and Mortgage Association, are requested to meet in the Mechanics' Institute on SATURDAY, the 14th day of July next, at eleven o'clock, sharp.

Damaged Goods

AT LESS THAN COST.

MCKENZIE BROTHERS are arranging their large stock of DRY GOODS and will open in a few days at the old stand, 15 KING STREET.

Wait for Sweeping Bargains.

NEW WHOLESALE AND RETAIL WINE STORE.

M. & H. GALLAGHER, No. 8 Charlotte Street.

WINE, BRANDIES, &c.

W. E. have on hand and for sale the following very fine lot of single and double seat CARRIAGES, consisting of the following: 1 Light Grand Wagon, side springs; 1 Light Grand Wagon; 1 Brewster Pattern Piano Wagon; 1 double seat chaffing seat Wagon; 1 double seat Phaeton; 1 single seat Phaeton, American Pattern; 1 double seat extension top Phaeton; 1 light sulky, weight 50 pounds; 1 double seat second-hand Wagon; 1 second-hand light Wagon; 1 second-hand crank axle Express, as good as new which we will sell cheap for cash at our factory, Main street, Portland, N. B.

KELLY & MURPHY.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS., Advertising Agents, 180 W. Fourth St.

Portland Hat and Cap Store JOHN D. HARRIS, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF HATS AND CAPS. NEARLY OPPOSITE THE LONG WHARF. MAIN STREET, PORTLAND, N. B. S. B. SILES, CLOTH AND MILLINERY HATS made to order at my Agency, General street, Market Building, or at the office of my Agents respectively these heat the Province. Daily orders will at once recognize the superiority of our goods with this exception by reference to their Prices. In consequence of the low price of my General Index and Price Book, I will not at present be able to send notice as to the new issue containing of that of my Agents will send for the new issue to the Police and if it could be offered the necessary notice to read at the time.

HAMILTON, LOUNSBURY & CO., TO ARRIVE AND NOW DUE.—A large shipment of tin plate, block tin, galvanized iron, iron wire, lead pipe, iron gas pipe. Hamilton, Lounsbury & Co., importers. 169 Union street, near cobourg. jan27

15 KING STREET
AT
MCCULLOUGH & WALSH'S,
LAWRENCE'S BRICK BUILDING.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT Low Rates and with Despatch AT THE "HERALD" Book, Card and Job Office 54 GERMAIN STREET.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. R. SOCIETY RALLY. A temperance meeting was held at St. Patrick's Hall, Carleton, on Sunday evening last, under the auspices of St. Patrick's T. A. R. Society. The attendance was very large, some seven hundred people of both sexes being present. The platform was occupied by Rev. T. Connolly, V. G., Messrs. R. J. Ritchie, Esq., President of the N. B. Union, P. J. O'Keefe, President of the Society, and Thos. O'Reilly, Rec. Sec. Mr. Ritchie, the first speaker thought there was no necessity of his trying to picture to those present the many advantages to be derived from being a member of a total abstinence society, as many of them knew by their past experience more about it than he could tell them, and asked all those who had formerly been members, to ask themselves the question, had it been of any advantage to them? He was sure the answer would be a unanimous one in favor of total abstinence. He referred to the duty of young men in particular to at once renew the pledge they had formerly made, and to the many

miles from Londonderry, Vt., in the town of Landgrove, is situated a large frame hotel building that has almost a historic association in these parts, it having been built nearly fifty years since by Simeon Leiland, father of the Leland Brothers, the celebrated hotel-keepers, and run by him a number of years as a hotel, under the name of "The Green Mountain Coffee House." The building of the Leland Brothers, the early associations, and was, in fact, since repaired and repainted by the late present occupier by one Paul Leiland, whom is illustrated the old adage "stranger than fiction." Leiland's father has had a long-standing reputation on one of his legs, and a few years ago turning over in bed, snapped his leg in about four inches above the knee, and useful occupation was performed, the leg was found denuded of all its covering matter, and completely healed. This is now doing well, with a perfect recovery.

1600, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, a fine assortment of Fancy Goods, Virginia and Canadian Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Havana Cigars, etc. G. G. COREY, 65 street, St. John, N. B.

Patent Mangle Machine

30 BASKETS PAPER HENRICK, and FINE BIER JOUTET PALE DRY CHAMPAGNE.

M. A. FINN, Main Building.

Also, PAN TILES, for

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TRETT

Post-p
any part of
Town of P
The large circula
it a first-class me

CHRISTMAS
DURING THE
MONTH OF DECEMBER

A NOBLE LIFE.

What is a noble life? Do some men scheme
To gather wealth till life is but a dream
Of riches. Midas-like their touch behold;
Transmuting every grosser thing to gold?
Their clutch grows closer as their hoards in-
crease.
And only with their breath their labors cease.
They die! Their fellow men some splendid
gain
From these vast treasures hope, but hope in
vain!
Their memories shall be compassed in this line.
They lived, waxed rich but died, and made no
sign!
What is a noble life? Lo! some men toil
To conquer fame, in many a battle brawl;
Shed blood, waste treasures, deal in wounds
and death;
Or fix a despotic firm on his throne;
Or herd one thence and mount it as their own;
Or fire men's hearts with cries of specious
sound;
Till with their brother's blood they stain the
ground;
And these, too, die; and after many days
The senseless marble speaks their only praise!
What is a noble life? Some men grow pale
In learning's quest. Till their strained senses
fall.
They struggle with strange lore and heap
annals
Marvels of wisdom in their wearied brain;
Kotombing, eye, vast treasures of the mind;
The hidden meaning of all things they find,
Or seek to find as they deeper go.
Keep still a jealous guard on all they know,
Till, fallen with the weight of knowledge in
the race,
They wither like the leaf and leave no trace.
Wisdom and Wealth and Fame are glorious
things,
And each may grace a life to which it brings
Its treasures to be shared—not garnered self—
No life is noble with a god of self!
Who so on earth a noble life would live
Must toil to aid, and gather still to give
Secound the weakling, soothe the rugged ways
And with wise bounty sweeten all the days
He hath with man; so, laying down his staff,
A noble life shall be his epitaph.

The Mother's Curse.—A
Tale of the Banshee.

Every autumn for five or six years I had,
on the long vacation, visited some picturesque
spot in Ireland well known to tourists. Twice
I had been to Killarney, and twice I had
made extensive excursions in the west, and I
had filled my sketch-book with many a lovely
"bit" of scenery. Those sketches formed my
notebook; I kept no other. That evening
one distant peak of Devonish I had drawn
the morning the party of English tourists
overtook me, and among them were my dear
old friend Frank Vivian, and his pretty
young wife. The group of guides and the
old bare-legged cobby of a girl who danced so
prettily to her brother's whistle. I had made
a hasty sketch of them the day before. I heard
from home that Helen Blake was "engaged" to
some fellow, an officer, she had met at a pic-
nic to the Darryl. Well, I wished them
every happiness, but I broke the points off
one or two of my pencils nevertheless. And
so on through the whole book; it was strange
how much of the history of a life came to be
traced in its pages.
One entire vacation I devoted to the
beauties of the County Wicklow; and the
sixth year I determined to break ground al-
together new, and to visit the north, a part
of Ireland as unknown to me as if it did not
form a portion of my native island. So ac-
cordingly I started, and I had "done" the
Great's Causeway, and I had seen the wild
and magnificent scenery of Donegal; and
having still a week to spare before the term
began, I determined to spend that week in
the little village of Antrim, in order that I
might be able to see for myself the "round
towers of other days" as I wandered upon
the shores of Lough Neagh. I also wished to
visit the ancient castle of the O'N's.
Antrim is a small and rather pretty little
town, about fifteen miles from Belfast.
There is nothing very remarkable about it, if
I except the round tower in its vicinity,
which is one of the most perfect in Ireland,
the wide extent of bleached greens, and the
clean, well-to-do appearance of the inhabi-
tants. I established myself in lodgings in a
neat cottage in the outskirts of the town, and
every day I made excursions in the neighbor-
hood, and added to the contents of my
sketch-book.
I spent hours wandering upon the shores
of the lake. Shane's Castle is built upon its
margin, and I sketched the old battress from
every available point of view. There was to
me something inexplicably melancholy in
the ruins of this once handsome building,
and as I drew, and pondered upon the brave
men, the red-handed O'N's, its founders, I
found myself prepared to believe implicitly
in the many startling tales I had heard and
read of the banshee, whose wild wail is heard
echoing among the woods and upon the shore

of the lake, and even through the dark vaults
of the castle, before the death of any mem-
ber of the ancient house.
A very small but not uncomfortable-looking
cottage, standing in a tiny garden or paddock,
close to the margin of the lake, had often at-
tracted my attention during my rambles.
Unlike the majority of Irish cabins, it was
shaded, and the walls were covered with ivy
and other climbing plants. I had some curi-
osity respecting the inmates of this little
abode. The garden was not altogether ne-
glected looking, and yet I never saw any one
even passing through it; there was generally
smoke from one of the chimneys, and occa-
sionally the entrance door stood open, but
man, woman, or child, I never saw.
At length, one morning, when only two
days of my week remained, while passing the
cottage at an earlier hour than usual, I saw
an old woman sitting upon a bench outside
the door. Even at a distance her appearance
struck me, and a nearer view con-
firmed the opinion. Her face was perfectly
colorless, save for a thin streak of red mark-
ing the compressed lips, and her eyes, which,
although large, seemed actually receding into
her head, were of the most brilliant and
vivid black; their remarkable expression was
increased too by thickly-defined eyebrows,
also of jetty blackness, while her hair was
as white as snow. She may have seen me,
but I am not sure that she did; for, although
her keen eyes occasionally flashing hither and
thither, apparently took in every feature of
the scene before her, I fancied, I know not
why, that, absorbed in her own thoughts, she
was in reality unconscious of what she gazed
at. I went close by the little garden path,
not three yards from where she sat, and called
her "good-morning." She only shook her
head in reply, and I passed on.
I spent the greater part of the day going
over the castle for the last time, and for the
first time under the guidance of an old dame,
who had grown old, she told me, in the ser-
vice of the O'N's. She was brimful of
legends connected with the castle. From
her I heard how, during the fire which had
destroyed the castle in 1816, a ghostly lady,
dressed in white satin, and a knight in armor,
had appeared in several windows in suc-
cession, with the flames leaping round them,
and how for a week before the fire the banshee
had been heard shrieking round the walls, the
sure forerunner of calamity, and then fol-
lowed such marvellous tales of this, the wild-
est and most weird of Irish superstitions (the
old dame assured me that upon six different
occasions she had, "with her own eyes," seen
the spirit), that my blood fairly curdled in
my veins, and if I had ever stood upon end on
any one mile did that day.
We may ridicule as we like ghost-stories
and legends of the banshee, but such myste-
rious tales have more or less effect upon us.
I honestly confess they had upon me; and
the same evening, when I had finished my
solitary dinner, and when the rays of the
beautiful moon, that at the full, began to
throw a cold, silvery light into my little
chamber, illumining suddenly enough a mar-
ble path across the carpet, but deeper and
shadows in every corner. I felt that to sit on
there would be unbearable; so I went out
with the intention of smoking a cigar as I
stood up, and down outside, but I suc-
ceeded in the quiet beauty of the scene I had
me on, and ere long I found myself upon my
familiar path close to the cottage of the
strange old woman.
So half an hour might have passed. I
took no note of time; I was standing per-
fectly enraptured with the tranquil loveliness
around. The waters of the lake were shimmer-
ing in the full flood of moonlight, and
across them at intervals passed the ripple of
a faint breeze; I watched the tiny curls
caused by the gentle wind upon the moonlit
water, watched them die away, and saw the
silence shadow of the castle appear again in
the calm depths; and a moonbeam touched
brooded the walls themselves, so dark were
they that I could scarcely discern their out-
line. I tried to picture to myself how it
must have looked during the fire; and then
the rivy tales that had been haunting my
back, giving me an inclination to shiver and
feel cold. I tried to tear myself away, but
the strange fascination of the scene was too
great for me. Just as I was watching an-
other light breeze play over the water, and
as I began to repeat half aloud Moore's beau-
tiful lines, beginning—
How oft has the banshee cried
How oft has Death united
Bright links that were
Sweet bonds entwined by love!

at length, by the cry again, beginning low,
and rising to a perfect shriek of agony. I
heard it, and at the same moment a white
figure fitted out of the dark shadow of the
castle, and gliding swiftly along the water's
edge, crying as it went, disappeared, as I
thought, into the lake.
With my teeth fairly chattering now—for
of course I had not only heard, but seen, the
banshee of the O'N's—I turned, and was
making my way rapidly back to my lodgings,
when, in my hurry, I almost stumbled against
a dark figure which was coming toward me.
"I beg your pardon," I stammered.
"I should beg yours," was replied, and I
recognized the voice of Father —, the old
priest of the parish, with whom I had formed
what is called a "bowing acquaintance" dur-
ing the few days of my stay.
"A lovely night, is it not?" he said. "You
were tempted out, I suppose, as I was. I
wish we had met sooner."
"I wish we had," I replied heartily; and
then, unable to restrain myself, I added,
"May I ask if you heard or saw anything
unusual just before I came up?"
"No," he said, "nothing unusual. Have
you?"
"You will laugh, perhaps," I replied,
"but I suppose—I am almost sure—it was
nothing human; a wild cry—a white figure."
"Ah," he interrupted, "I forgot you were
a stranger here. Poor thing! she then out-
to-night! But I might have known; we
seldom hear her unless the moon is full. I
am not surprised," he added, seeing that I
expected an explanation, "that you fancied
you had heard the banshee in what may be
called her legitimate haunts—but I can assure
you that the voice you heard, and the form
you saw, were both human. Would you like
to hear the story? It is not long, and we
may take a stroll as I tell it.
"I am sure," he began, "that you have
noticed that small ivy-covered cottage upon
the shore," and he pointed to the slated cabin
I have already described; and you may per-
haps have seen its solitary inmate. Her
name is O'N—Mrs. O'N—she calls herself,
and will have others call her; but I fear no
legal tie of marriage ever bound her to the
gallant soldier, long since dead, whom she
calls husband. But let that be as it may, she
came to live in that cottage when she was
still a very young woman, and a remarkably
handsome woman too, with one child, a
splendid boy just able to run alone, and a
girl of about four, the orphan daughter of
her only brother. There was no perceptible
difference in her affection for the two chil-
dren, and I sometimes fancied she loved
the little girl more better than her own
handsome boy. He was, without doubt, a
splendid creature, clever, high-spirited and
daring. When old enough he used to come
to the parish school with his little cousin, and
it was beautiful and touching to see the ten-
der and almost protesting love of the gentle
girl for the great lad who, although her
junior by two years, had far outstripped her
in height and in all mental attainments.
(Conclusion in our next.)

Summer Drinks.
A lady gives the Germantown Telegraph
these: "To make root beer, take a quantity of
sarsaparilla roots, sassaparilla bark and some
hops, and boil till the strength is extracted.
To three gallons of the liquor, after it is
strained, add one quart of molasses and a
cup of yeast. Allow to stand in a warm
place for eight or ten hours strain again and
bottle.
For ginger beer, take one pint of molasses
and two spoonfuls of ginger, put into a pail
to be half filled with boiling water when well
stirred together fill the pail with cold water,
having room for one pint of yeast, which
must not be put in till lukewarm. Place it
on the warm hearth for the night and bottle
it in the morning.
For spruce beer, take three pounds of
ginger, four gallons of water, one ounce of
lemon, and a little essence of spruce to give
it a flavor. Stir altogether, warm it a little
and add a cupful of good yeast. When fer-
mented bottle up close.
Mead is made by dissolving one part of
honey in three of boiling water, flavoring it
with spices and adding a portion of ground
malt and a piece of toast steeped in yeast,
and allowing the whole to ferment."

The Catholic Centennial Fountain, in Fair-
mount Park, was formally transferred to the
City of Philadelphia on the 4th of July, in
front for the first time of the American people.
Governor John Lee Carroll, of Maryland,
and Governor John F. Hartranft, of Penn-
sylvania, delivered addresses upon the occa-
sion. The fountain is adorned with colossal
marble statues of Charles Carroll of Carroll-
ton, Rev. John Carroll, Commodore Barry,
Father Mathew, and Moses.
Why are all chess games of equal duration?
Because it always takes four knights to play a
game.

BARGAINS.

McCullough
&
Walsh

Are to be found at
their Old Stand,

95 KING ST.,

and are Selling

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CHRISTMAS
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THE WEEKLY HERALD, JULY 14.

"THE TEACHER OF MEN."
The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness.
The Church Prefigured by St. John the Baptist.

ELOQUENT SERMON OF BISHOP CONROY, THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE IN CANADA.

The following beautiful sermon was preached in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by His Excellency, Mgr. George Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh and Coadjutor and Delegate of the Holy See to the Church in Canada. Our report is borrowed from the Toronto Tribune:

And this is the testimony of John when the Pharisees sent from Jerusalem priests and Levites to ask him, Who art thou? They therefore said unto him, who art thou? that we may give answer to them that sent us. What answer shouldst thou give? He said I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the Prophet Isaiah. (St. John I, 19-23.)

The office discharged by the Precursor of Christ, St. John the Baptist, whose feast we celebrate to-day, is a type of the office belonging to the Catholic Church as the teacher of men. His it was to point to the Lamb of God who had come to take away the sins of the world; here it is to continue to the end to preach the same Christ, and Him crucified. Born in mystery, brought up in desert solitude, miraculously nurtured in music and garb and speech, he came upon a hitherto generation as an apparition, perplexing it with wonder and dismay. Who is that man asked in their astonishment; who dares thus sternly to rebuke our pleasant vices, and to disturb our cultured ease with his harsh summons to penance, and his threats of future punishment? Even so has it been with the Catholic Church. For now nineteen centuries she has traversed the earth, unceasingly in her origin, in her power, in the beauty of her holiness, and in every age she has been confronted by men asking her, now in anger, now in love, now in hatred, as the Jews asked John, who art thou? what sayest thou of thyself? And, like John, she has ever answered, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord." No two words are less becoming to human lips than those two words, "I am who am." The history of man's greatness, man's glory, must be told in other speech. *Veni Proga et infans gloria.* Alone among all institutions on earth,

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH CAN SAY "I AM."
for the I of her priesthood is contained in the eternal "Thou art a priest forever" spoken by God to His Son, her founder. With this simple assertion of her existence, she has triumphed over the enemies that have ever beset her path. When pagan emperors arose with sword in hand and every implement of torture to crush her for refusing to "despise the tyranny," she answered, "I am," and the successor of the pontiff whom they slay and whose seat upon their vacant throne. When Arianism came forth to deny the divinity of Christ and make the only begotten Son of the Father that Father's creature, and when the entire world, seduced by its wiles, shuddered at finding itself almost enveloped by its latest doctrine, the Church said, "I am," and Arianism with its baneful power became a thing of the past. When savage nations and savage hatreds were in the ascendant, and Christian civilization was on the point of being extinguished in blood, once more the Church asserted herself, and Atilia retired before her. And later on, when the empire she herself had raised would have laid impious hands upon her liberties, she broke their hands by declaring that she was the spouse of Christ, and triumphantly exercised the freedom He had given her; and later still, when at the so-called Reformation the nations of Europe rose up against their mother, and when a thousand voices echoed Luther's boast that he was the death of the papacy, once more she said "I am," and lo, she finds in the new world more children by the million than she had lost in the old. Whilst Protestantism is crumbling around her, she lives victorious and triumphant. What then if to-day the governments of the earth have broken with her; what if in their cabinets statesmen are busy weaving bonds wherewith to cripple her liberty? As wax is wont to melt before the sun, so shall their bonds disappear and they themselves perish, whilst she shall endure. Already this terrible truth is being recognized in that Germany which has taken the first rank amongst

THE PERSECUTORS OF THE CHURCH.
"This struggle must cease" cries one of the official organs of public opinion in that country. Under the banner of Kultur Kampf, all the elements hostile to religion and to Christianity have for many years exercised their work of destruction, and the consequences are too evident, and acknowledged by the most liberal. The State, the school, the family—our whole life is falling to pieces without religion and its support. Unless we wish to fall into the evils of socialism and become the prey of revolution, it is absolutely necessary once more to establish education on the basis of religion, impose silence upon the so-called struggle for civilization, and raise the siege that has been proclaimed for so many years against the Catholic Church. They begin to see that without the Pope there is no Christianity, and without Christianity there is no hope for society. "But, where Peter is" cried out St. Ambrose some fourteen hundred years ago, "there is the Church; and where the Church is, no death

shall come, but life unfailing." *Ubi Petrus est, ecclesia ibi nulla mors sep ultra.* And what does the Church say that she is? There lived a barbarian king who said he was

THE COURSE OF GOD
The impious Mohammed loved to call himself the sword of the Most High. The Catholic Church says of herself that she is but a voice.

There exists on earth nothing weaker than a human voice; the summer winds scatter it, and than himself it is of what strength they spare, by deeds which belie his promises; and yet, as weak as it is by divine institution the link that unites the temporal with the eternal—man with God; "for how shall men be saved unless they believe, and how shall they believe unless they hear, and how shall they hear unless it is preached unto them?" So that it is strictly true that the means established by God for the accomplishment of His designs of mercy towards man is none other than the voice of the church's teaching; for how shall they preach unless they be sent? Nor is there any other means more worthy of man or more noble. For, as man himself is the noblest of God's creatures, so man's highest nobility resides in his reason, and language is the very flower of his rational gifts. In making, therefore, His Church a voice, God proclaims His respect for the free will He Himself created in man, and declares that He would reach man will only through man's intellect. His own grace aiding. And hence the Church is not, as her foes assert, the enslaver of the human intellectual force. Consult all that her voice has uttered, since the first Council at Nice, when she defended the divinity of the Eternal Word, to the last Council at the Vatican, where she defended the free liberties of human science and you will not find a syllable disrespectful to man's reason or to the right use thereof. It is this voice noble in its weakness, which speaking first through twelve poor fishermen, and ever since through a mighty army of preachers, has shaken the pagan world, brought nations to the faith, and created Christian civilization. And its power, not human; for it is the voice, not of a mere man, but of one who is both God and man. The Holy Scriptures tell us of three mysterious cries uttered by our Lord during His mortal life. These three cries we find reproduced by the Catholic Church, and in her alone. The first was the cry of healing, of which we read in St. Luke (x, 54), when He took the dead girl's hand in His, and cried out, "Maid, arise," and her spirit returned, and she arose immediately. There is no healing for the sins and sorrows of man, whether in the individual or in the family or in the commonwealth, save in

THE LIFE-GIVING TOUCH OF CHRIST
and in the sound of His creative voice.

And in the sound of His creative voice, vain do philanthropists construct schemes of beneficence; in vain do deists political economy seek remedies for the ills that harass mankind; there is a depth in human sorrow and an unfathomable abyss of woe which no science can reach, and which demands a divine comforter. That divine comforter speaks only in the Catholic Church. Where else save in the Catholic Church do you find the tribunal of penance, in which, over heads bowed low with sin, the Redeemer's absolving words are spoken, and what is heaven on earth is loosed in heaven? Is there a single form of human suffering, of physical misery, for which the Church has not established some religious order in which the virtue of Christ's restoring touch lives and operates? The second of Christ's mysterious cries is the cry of faith with which, as we read in John (vii, 38), "Jesus stood and cried saying, if any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink." Where else save in the Catholic Church is faith to be found to-day? Faith is belief not upon human but upon a divine authority, and is it not a simple fact that no other religious body claims to speak with divine authority? Nay, do they not repudiate for themselves and for their rivals any share in the gift of infallibility, without which there is no certainty of faith even for the inspiration of God's written Word? Except the Catholic Church, then, who can say with confidence to men thirsting after the truth, "If any man thirst let him come to Me and drink?" As a matter of history she alone has converted pagan nations, and in the great upheaving of modern thought she alone offers a rational basis for faith. Compared with the unity and harmony of her creed, how discordant the jarring sounds of the conflicting opinions that ecclesiastical and tear other religions combatants until their followers in their despair declare positive doctrines to be unnecessary and seek refuge in the weakness of an emotional religion. The third of Christ's solemn cries was the cry of sacrifice uttered upon the cross, when, crying with a loud voice, He yielded up His spirit. Is it not again a fact of history that throughout the length and breadth of the earth, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, no sacrifice is offered to the living and true God save in the Catholic Church? She alone lifts up to heaven the pure Host, the true blood of His eternal, and the chalice of perpetual salvation. And as

CHRIST WAS AT ONCE PRIEST AND VICTIM
in His own sacrifice, so she and she alone must have her priests sacrifice first themselves and then the body of the Lord. Before she pours out upon the joyful Levite the unction which makes him a priest for ever, she bids him turn away from the cares and pleasures of life, and become like St. Paul, crucified to the world, as the world is to be crucified to him. She alone preached the sanctity of poverty, chastity, and of obedience, and for her alone, St. Augustin

line says, "flowers forth the beautiful bloom of chaste youth and maiden whom consecrates to the Lord." With a voice thus one claim addressed to herself the words of Christ, "He that heareth you heareth Me." It is true that to-day, more perhaps, than at any other period of her existence in the past, the Church cries in the wilderness. In the political world, the atmosphere is dark with the cloud of war, and the earth begins to tremble beneath the shock of conflicting armies, fear seizing upon the nations, and men are uncertain whether they have more to fear the enemy that marches against them from without, or from the secret societies that darkly conspire against society in her own bosom. In the world of thought disorder has reached its highest materialism has penetrated into every avenue of every science; and free-thinking, after uprooting the fundamental truths of the natural order, now boldly denies to man the very power of thought. Men would fain blot out the eternal moral distinction between right and wrong, and cynically mock at what their fathers revered as virtues. Christianity is openly assailed; the divine Author of our faith openly blasphemed. His teaching now and unknown by man. The moral universe is shaken to its centre, and the Catholic Church alone stands firm in the universal dissolution of principles and of institutions. She cries out in the wilderness, "Prepare the way of the Lord" and her words are at once

A PROPHECY AND AN EXHORTATION
—prophecy addressed to the enemies of religion and an exhortation addressed to us. She has lived long enough to know by experience that there is no counsel, no power, no wisdom, against the Lord; she knows that He who out of the evil of the first sin drew the precious and verities through a mighty army of preachers, and ever since through a mighty army of preachers, has shaken the pagan world, brought nations to the faith, and created Christian civilization. And its power, not human; for it is the voice, not of a mere man, but of one who is both God and man. The Holy Scriptures tell us of three mysterious cries uttered by our Lord during His mortal life. These three cries we find reproduced by the Catholic Church, and in her alone. The first was the cry of healing, of which we read in St. Luke (x, 54), when He took the dead girl's hand in His, and cried out, "Maid, arise," and her spirit returned, and she arose immediately. There is no healing for the sins and sorrows of man, whether in the individual or in the family or in the commonwealth, save in

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THE ENDURANCE OF THE TRAMP
The endurance of the tramp is something marvellous, and he has a capacity for sleep that is to be envied, though the circumstances under which he sometimes takes it may not be judiciously managed. A member of that fraternity named Bowers, lay down near Troy, Penn., last week with his legs across a railroad track, and sank into profound slumber. He didn't notice any train pass, but when he awoke from his nap he found he could not stand. One leg was severed below the knee, and the other was badly broken. Bowers hailed the next train by setting a newspaper on fire with a match and waving it to attract the attention of the engineer. He was taken to Troy, his legs

amputated over again in a more workmanlike manner, and the bones of the other put in place, and he is said to be doing well, which apparently is more than he ever did before.

A DETERMINED SUICIDE
A REPORT OF ST. JOHN'S TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

From the Quebec Chronicle, June 2.
Two very determined attempts at suicide were made in this city yesterday morning by a late resident of the ill-fated city of St. John, N. B. A week ago yesterday a gentleman, aged about forty-five years, and of most respectable appearance, arrived in this city and registered at one of our hotels as "M. Masters, St. John." The name he furnished the police yesterday, however, was Ed. Masters. Shortly after nine o'clock yesterday morning an alarm was rung from the St. Bridget's Asylum for the police by the Company. On the police arriving at the asylum the man Masters was handed over to them by the nurse, in an extremely critical condition and covered with blood. His own story is that he twice attempted suicide. First he took 126 grains of chloral, which he obtained from a drug store in John street, and finding that insufficient to accomplish his purpose, repaired to St. Patrick's Convent, behind St. Bridget's Asylum, where he essayed self-destruction with the knife. He wound a cord tightly around his arm so as to cause the principal vein to swell, he stabbed his arm again and again with the small blade of a pocket knife, successfully severing the blood vessel. The poor fellow lost a considerable quantity of blood, and doubtless escaped death by the blood clotting over the wound and on the sleeve of his shirt. In this feeble state he asked for a drink at the Asylum, and the nurse immediately took him in and having carefully attended to his wants, signalled for police assistance. He was driven to No. 1 police station, where Dr. Colin Scavill was called in to attend him. The doctor ordered his removal to the Marine Hospital, and says that he will probably recover. No money on private papers were found upon Masters' body. The cause of his attempted suicide may probably be found in his statement that he has lost his all in the St. John fire. He says that he came to Quebec from Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, and expressed remorse at the unsuccessful result of his attempted self-destruction. When the unfortunate man first came to Quebec it appears that he registered at Mr. Henchey's Hotel, where he remained for three or four days. At the time of the sad occurrence, to which we refer, he had left in a most mysterious manner, and at the hotel neither the proprietor nor guests can account for such an extraordinary act on his part, as he was a most respectable, and influential stranger.

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NEWS.

St. Leger, R. N., Harwood, was found dead of cottage, Kingstown, he had been ailing for some time. The cause of the death of the brain was death. K. Carolina, of 206 King Street, was found dead of cottage, Kingstown, he had been ailing for some time. The cause of the death of the brain was death. K. Carolina, of 206 King Street, was found dead of cottage, Kingstown, he had been ailing for some time. The cause of the death of the brain was death.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. R. SOCIETY RALLY.

A temperance meeting was held in the Patrick's Hall, Carleton, on Sunday evening last, under the auspices of St. Patrick's T. A. R. Society. The attendance was very large, some seven hundred people of both sexes being present. The platform was occupied by Rev. T. Conolly, V. G., Messrs. R. J. Ritchie, Esq., President of the N. B. Union, P. J. O'Keefe, President of the Society, and Thos. O'Reilly, Rec. Sec. Mr. Ritchie, the first speaker thought there was no necessity of his trying to picture to those present the many advantages to be derived from being a member of a total abstinence society, as many of them knew by their past experience more about it than he could tell them, and asked all those who had formerly been members, to ask themselves the question, had it been of any advantage to them? He was sure the answer would be a unanimous one in favor of total abstinence. He referred to the duty of young men in particular to at once renew the pledge they had formerly made, and to the many

miles from Londonderry, Vt., in the town of Langrove, is situated a large frame hotel building that has almost a historic association in these parts, it having been built nearly fifty years since by Simon Leonard, father of the Leland Brothers, the celebrated hotel-keepers, and run by him a number of years at a hotel, under the name of "The Green Mountain Coffee House." The building of railroads this country as a hotel has become worthless, and is at present occupied by one P. J. O'Keefe, who is illustrated the old building as a stranger than fiction. It is a building of about four inches above the ground, and was found derelict of all its contents, and completely home. There is now doing well, with a recovery.

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IRISH NEWS.

In June 17th, a young man named Patrick O'Driscoll, aged nineteen, resided at 11 Marlborough street, Dublin, was accidentally drowned while bathing.

A man named Thomas McNamee, aged 35 years, took suddenly ill while taking a pint of beer in a public-house, and was immediately removed to his residence in Blackhorse lane, Dublin, where he died soon after. He had some time previously complained of a pain in his left side.

On June 17th, at Ballyhogan, near Malloy, two young men, named Kerney and Hyde, had a quarrel about a young woman. Hyde was the better of Kerney when the latter's father took a knife and attempted to stab Hyde in the chest, but the thrust took effect in the abdomen. Little hope is entertained of the wounded man's recovery.

On June 18th, while several workmen were engaged in shifting an engine in the yard of Mr. McAuley, builder, of great Brunswick street, Dublin, the "caneing beam" snapped asunder, falling on two of the men, named Michael O'Hara, of Townsend street, and Thomas Dempsey, of Cottage Place. Dempsey, whose arm was fractured, almost immediately expired, while O'Hara had his leg broken and is in a precarious state.

On June 22, a terrible storm of thunder and lightning passed over Tallamore and other districts of the King's County. About nine o'clock the storm burst in all its fury over Tallamore, and at about a quarter to ten the lightning struck the house of a man named Stewart. A portion of the house was knocked down, and six inmates were thrown to the ground, and a young man named John Smith, who was seated at the window, was killed on the spot. The others recovered after some time.

A committee has been formed in Clifden, composed of the leading Catholic and Protestant gentlemen of the town, to collect funds for the purpose of presenting a suitable testimonial to the Very Rev. Dean McManus, on the occasion of his silver jubilee as parish priest of Clifden. The venerable Dean has been a quarter of a century battling for the people and their faith in the western Highlands. He has built a magnificent church in Clifden, and notwithstanding his advanced age, he has shown an uncompromising patriotism, he has won the esteem of his neighbors of all creeds and classes, especially of Liberal Protestants.

A man named Michael Brennan, died on June 17th, at the Meath Hospital, under circumstances of a melancholy nature. It appears that he was seized with a severe attack of Draper's Court, at about 10 o'clock in the afternoon, under the influence of liquor. After a struggle with his wife and children, he again went away, and returned very drunk soon after five o'clock. His wife, being alarmed at his conduct, called the police, and he was taken to the Meath Hospital, where he was promptly attended to, but a short time after his admission he expired.

On June 10th, a man named Andrew Byrne, a native of the county of Carlow, was given in charge to the police at the Green street, Police Station, Dublin, by his brother-in-law, as being a dangerous lunatic. He was removed to the Richmond Lunatic Asylum by order of one of the divisional magistrates, and died in the asylum on the following day. After his death some suspicious marks of violence were found on the body. An inquest was held by Dr. N. C. White, City Coroner, and the following verdict was returned: "That Andrew Byrne died of apoplexy, the result of violence inflicted on him previous to his admission to the asylum. In the course of the inquiry it transpired that the deceased arrived in Dublin on June 13th, and that he had been drinking here."

A fatal accident of a melancholy character occurred on the River Suir at Waterford, on June 18th. Thomas Lawless, captain of the yacht "Sunderland," the property of Mr. Waters, O.C. Chairman of the county Waterford, put out from the Killybegs side of the river, in a boat with three sailors, named Rogers, Flynn, and Smith, all of the party being, as is alleged, slightly under the influence of drink. On the boat reaching the middle of the river, which was at high water, screams of alarm and cries for help were heard. On assistance arriving it was found that the boat had capsized. One of the sailors was found clinging to the bottom, and the other two were seen to be struggling. These and other particulars were ascertained by Mr. Waters, who was informed of the accident by Mr. C. H. Lawless, brother of the deceased. He was supposed to have been carried from the river by the tide, and will be post mortem examined to-morrow. He was a native of the county and leaves a widow and four children.

An amusing and rather curious case came before the District Court on June 20th. The plaintiff, Mrs. Catherine M. Mulligan, whose husband was a publican, and the defendant, Mrs. Mulligan, whose husband was a publican, were both publicans in the same street in Dublin. The plaintiff was a widow and the defendant was a widow. The plaintiff was a publican and the defendant was a publican. The plaintiff was a widow and the defendant was a widow. The plaintiff was a publican and the defendant was a publican.

position the lady was much superior in rank and fortune to the defendant. Matters, however, went so far that both parties went to England for the purpose of being married, and the lady was only dissuaded from her course by the pressure on the part of her friends. The jury awarded the defendant £150 in addition to £50 lodged in court.

CARE OF CHILDREN.

Statistics say that three fifths of the children born in the United States die before the age of five years. How many of these die whose lives might have been saved by care and a knowledge of a few of the simplest laws of health. In this country, when a child is three years old, if not before, he sits at table with his parents eating and drinking the same things. It is not uncommon for infants to be placed at table where they are allowed to taste every thing on it. Is it any wonder that our children are puny and sickly, or that their teeth fall out? The boy who dines on tough meat, soggy, new potatoes, and a slop of fruit pie, swallowing meanwhile copious draughts of ice water or hot weak tea will have a fit of indigestion, and he is punished because he is cross. English children, who have plain, simple food served to them in the nursery, and at reasonable hours, are much healthier than ours. Feed your children regularly, with food convenient for their age, and highly seasoned meats and sauces, and as such things are unwholesome, they should not be allowed to taste them. There are many delicious preparations of the various farinaceous substances, that if rightly cooked, will content him. These with fresh vegetables, never new potatoes, and fruit in their season, will keep him well and strong. If meat is required for a child under five, let it eat a piece of tender, juicy, rare beefsteak. Cut this very fine, and do not allow him to hold it in great pieces. Soup will not harm him. Every bit of fat, however, must be removed. Full directions for making soup stock properly, has been given in the Weekly Herald. Add some boiled rice to the plain stock for children.

Boiled macaroni may be simmered for a few minutes in soup stock and given for a change. A child who is subject to fevers should have cooling food. If he is fond of oatmeal do not allow him to become dissatisfied with it; plain farina or boiled rice for a change. Rice and milk or honey and milk are also good, and may be eaten warm, with butter and sugar, or cold, with milk and sugar. Give him a little butter. Any of these with a cup of milk and a boiled egg constitutes a good and harmless breakfast for a child. If he has meat and vegetables let them be given at noon. Meat and vegetables let them be given at noon. Meat and vegetables let them be given at noon.

Let him sleep as long as he can after eating. Let him sleep as long as he can after eating. Let him sleep as long as he can after eating. Let him sleep as long as he can after eating. Let him sleep as long as he can after eating. Let him sleep as long as he can after eating.

This Boston literary correspondent of the New York Tribune says of Judge Caton's new book, "Deer of America": "Judge Caton has for many years kept up an extensive deer park, in which he has bred all the varieties that he now describes, and has observed them with continuous and scientific accuracy. One entire winter, I am told, was spent by him in northern Canada (or possibly Alaska) for the purpose of studying a species which he did not possess, and it follows from this thoroughness that his work reveals particulars never before given in any treatise. Mr. Caton's aim has been to make his subject attractive to sportsmen at the same time leading them to take a scientific view of their game. Being an enthusiastic sportsman himself, the author is able to attract to his treatise spirited descriptions of the chase of each kind of deer mentioned. The first sixty-five pages are devoted to the antelope of America, one of the most beautiful but in several respects one of the most uninteresting of the antelope family. It is curious to find in Judge Caton's experience of the antelope, a natural history. The antelope, indeed, weeps when in trouble; we have here an account of one who "burst into a copious flood of tears, which coursed down his cheeks and wet his face." One cannot fail to be reminded of the "poor wretched slave" in "An Yon Liko I," who is thus described by the excellent Duke in the forest of Aspidochelone: "indeed, my lord, The wretched animal heaved forth such groans That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

ST. GEORGE ITEMS.

At the last annual meeting of the Bay of Fundy Red Granite Co., held the 10th inst., the following named gentlemen were elected Directors for the coming year, namely: Hon. B. R. Stevenson, St. Andrews; Thos. Barry, Esq., B. R. Lawrence, Esq., St. John; J. C. Brown, Esq., New York; Robt. Ellis, Esq., New York; C. C. Ward, Esq.; Henry Ridge, Esq., St. Stephen.

A subsequent meeting held by the Company, your correspondent learns from a reliable source, that the Hon. B. R. Stevenson was elected President; C. C. Ward, Esq., Secretary; and T. Barry, Esq., Treasurer. The Company is in excellent standing, and last year's work proving satisfactory to all orders come rushing in, and every thing seems to be prospering. There are many specimens of the manufactured Granite in the yard adjoining the buildings, consisting of monuments etc., some of very superior workmanship.

The body of the man named Brown who was drowned some time ago, in L'Etang harbor, was found to-day. An inquest was held by Coroner Dick, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts already stated to the public.

The Saint George Brass Band serenaded Mr. Broad, last evening. The Grand Union Picnic, under the auspices of the Temperance Societies of this place, will take place the 19th inst., weather permitting.

CARLETON ITEMS.

The rowdy element on the increase in Carleton since the fire, owing to the immense numbers of sailors that are around. The way they make the right air resound with oaths and curses is really horrible. Another policeman is sadly needed, as even respectable women have been insulted by them. They congregate in large crowds around the corners.

The traffic on the Ferry is immense, and the boats are very satisfactory. The members of the Carleton Serenades Band will hold their annual picnic on the grounds adjoining the Exhibition building, on August 7th; they have also engaged the building where all who desire to use the building will have a chance to do so. A boat race and all the other usual games have been provided for. These young men should have a bumper picnic, as they may show all in their power to make it a success.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—The Subscriber, formerly of the firm Mullin Bros., having been forced by the late fire from his late establishment, Prince Wm. street, now begs to inform his customers that he has opened on PORTLAND BRIDGE (north of railway track), with a new and select stock of everything that is to be made to order, and a perfect fit guaranteed or no sale. Also—All the latest novelties in Neckties, Collars, &c. J. J. FULLAN, 1227 Portland Bridge, north Railway track.

G. & W. DELLA TORRE & CO. Have now opened at NO. 14 BELL TOWER AVENUE, KINGS SQUARE, Near Hazen House. Baskets, Cutlery, VASES, AND A Large Variety of Goods IN THEIR LINE. W. W. JORDAN HAS OPENED OUT HIS Dry Goods Store, AT 175 UNION STREET. Where he will be prepared to sell to his friends and the public generally at Very Low Prices FOR CASH.

Great Bargains. Great Bargains. W. G. LAWTON, Has re-opened at Smith's Variety Shop, UNION STREET, WITH BALANCE OF GOODS SAVED FROM THE FIRE, Which he will sell at IMMENSELY LOW PRICES. J. L. McCOSKERY (Can with H. Chubb & Co.) Stationer, Printer, BOOKBINDER, Store North Side Kings Square SAINT JOHN, N. B. M. McDONOUGH HAS Resumed Business AT HIS RESIDENCE, No. 38 CLIFF STREET, Second House from Waterloo.

M. J. DRISCOLL, Custom Tailor, (LATE DRAMATIC LYCEUM.) Can be found at 47 BRUSSELS STREET, Where he will be most happy to have his friends call and leave their orders. OPENED TO-DAY

Jewellers' Hall, JACK'S BUILDING, CHARLOTTE ST., Table Knives and Forks; Desert Knives, Spoons and Forks; Looking Glasses; Valises, and Hand Bags; Hair Brushes, Combs, Hair Oil, Perfumery and Pocket Cutlery. This is an invoice of English Goods which came since the fire and they will be sold low. T. L. COUGHLAN.

WM. MARTIN, JR., CUSTOM TAILOR & CLOTHIER, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF READY-MADE CLOTHING, AND Gent's Furnishing Goods, No. 55 MILL STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. JOHN M. STAFFORD, Importer and Dealer in FOREIGN WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, TOBACCO, & C. Cor. Union and Brussels Streets, ST. JOHN, N. B. TO BUILDERS. TENDERS for building a Brick House on Dock Street will be received until Monday, 16th inst. Plans and Specifications can be seen at Messrs. Dunham & Clarke's office, No. 1 Orange Terrace. Lowest not any tender not necessarily accepted. JOHN O'GORMAN, 12 Cock Street.

CHRISTMAS SALE DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER WE WILL SELL ALL GOODS AT Wholesale Prices W. G. LAWTON, 48 King Street and 64 Germain Street

NEW Boot & Shoe Store NO. 212 UNION STREET (Next door to A. Sinclair's) ST. JOHN, N. B.

A FIRST-CLASS assortment of BOOKS, ALPHABETS, RUBBERS, &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices for Cash. Books and Shoes made to order in the latest style. VAUGHAN & DONOHUE, P. S.—All goods purchased of us kept on hand.

J. S. STANTON Coach Proprietor 98 St. Patrick Street ST. JOHN, N. B. Coaches furnished for Weddings, &c., at the very shortest notice. All orders promptly attended to.

ENGLISH HARDWARE HARD FELT HATS for Men and Boys wear. These will be sold at low prices. ALSO—WELL KNITTED CAPS, Deep Crowned, &c., in plain and colored. GENTS' HATS, in plain and colored. Also, a large stock of FUR CAPS, MITTS and TIEPS. In addition to FUR CAPS, in various styles. DR. DRESS HATS and MERINOES at short notice. Ladies will save money by calling on BARDISLEY BROS., 22 Charlotte Street, Corner Brussels and Richmond.

The Empire Dining Rooms GERMAIN ST. - Opposite City Hall. R. J. PATTERSON, Proprietor. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. The very best of Oysters always on hand. Wm. Doherty & Co. CUSTOM TAILOR, Corner of Main St., Portland and Paradise Road, SAINT JOHN, N. B. FIRST CLASS And workmanship guaranteed stock of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS Ladies' Sarcines A Specialty. DOMINIO Dining Rooms and Bar OLD ST. JOHN HOTEL CHARLOTTE STREET ARE NOW OPEN. Meals at all hours. Dined from 12 to 2. Patronage guaranteed. Satisfaction guaranteed. C. COUGHLAN.

P. KEENE BOOT AND SHOE (Successor to the late J. Keene) has removed from the late J. Keene's Shop to the Shanty on SOUTH SIDE OF THE centre of King Square, where he is prepared to give facilities to all who favor patronage. JOHN MCGO City Contractor DR. OF ELLIOT ROW ST. JOHN, N. B. will be kept at King Square, and attended to. Also, a large stock of FUR CAPS, MITTS and TIEPS. In addition to FUR CAPS, in various styles. DR. DRESS HATS and MERINOES at short notice. Ladies will save money by calling on BARDISLEY BROS., 22 Charlotte Street, Corner Brussels and Richmond.