

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,
*Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The
 Wizard's Son," etc.*

Mr. Babington remained in the house, or at least returned to it constantly, passing most of his time there till the funeral was

Upon Edward Langton a very different effect was produced; while Winifred's heart sank in her bosom, his rose with a boundless exhilaration and hope. What he saw before him was something so entirely unobscured for the thought of, that he could not but be turned to it, as the vulgar say. Mr. Chester, who had acquired the property of his ancestors in their moment of need, unrighteously, as he believed, trading upon their necessities, seemed to him now, with all the force of a dead hand, to thrust compensation upon him. It was not to Winifred but to him that the property was to be restored. That was the reverse of the testator's intention, that he had meant something totally different, did not effect Langton a mind. It gave him even an additional grim satisfaction as the jewels of gold and of silver borrowed from the Egyptian master might have satisfied the mind of a miser, that he had been able to escape the recompense of his toil. The millionaire's plunder, his gain which had been abstracted from the sweat of other men, was to return into the hands of one of the families at least of which he had taken advantage. For once the revenges of time were fully just and satisfactory. He thought of the poor patients who had awaited his poor patients with this elation in his mind, instinctively making notes as to things which he would have done and improvements made. Mr. Chester, who had the practical interests of a man whose first thoughts have always been to make money, had, indeed, done a great deal for the estate, but he had neglected the poor patients, and he had neglected upon the condition of the poor, for whom he cared much less than for their cattle, Langton's interests were strong in the other way. He thought of sanitary miracles to be performed, of disease to be extirpated, of wholesome houses and wholesome faces in the place of the sickly and the faded. He noted here and there round the enclosure of the park. Different minds took their pleasures in different ways. He was not dull to the delights of a well-preserved cover; but with a more lively impulse he anticipated a grand battue of smells and mistletoe, draining of lagat ponds, and extermination of the sick and feeble, which he hunted the surrounding country. This idea blended with the intense subdued pleasure of anticipation with which he thought of the estate returning to the old name, and himself to the house of his fathers: there was nothing ignoble in the elation that filled his mind, for, according to the old law, he had a more lofty position had he endured tortures from the idea of owing this elevation to his marriage; or even had he refused, at the cost of her happiness and his own, to accept so much from his wife; but Langton was of a robust kind and not easily affected by those personal considerations which would have been fatal to women. He would have married Winifred with nothing. Why should he withdraw from her when she had much? So far as this went he accepted the good fortune which she seemed about to bring him without a question, with a satisfaction that filled his whole being. Before he had even the better part of his inheritance, it should be the better for him.

for sweetness for both in the interval that followed. As Winifred recovered slowly, the abounding influence of bodily weakness hushed her career. For the moment she could do nothing, and anxious as she was, it was no soothing to have the company, and sympathy, of her mother and sister. They too, hushed aside all distracting influences, and almost succeeded while she was with her in forgetting. Instinctively she was aware that on this point his mind and hers would not be in accord—on every other point they were one, and she listened to the suggestions he made as to proper conduct, and to the manner in that direction of pleasure, indefeasibly which arises in a woman's mind when the man whom she loves shows himself at his best. He had too much discretion and good feeling to do more than suggest these beneficial changes, and above all he never betrayed their secret. He was not a man to let his own mind to carry them out himself. But from her sofa, or from the terrace, where presently she abided to walk with the support of his arm, Winifred listened to his description of all that could be done, and looked at the little sketch he would make of improvement in the garden, and the changes to be made to the poor, with a pleasure which was mutual what we may suppose to be angelic satisfaction than any other on earth. When he went away a cloud would come over the landscape. She would say to herself that George would be little likely to carry out all that she had again and over her mind would be prominent that Edward was as yet unconvinced of her determination on the subject. But when he came back to her, all that could possibly come between them was by common instinctive accord put away, and there was a satisfaction in the change that was not to be surpassed. The pathetic happiness which softens the ebbing out of life. Miss Farrell who was more than ever like a mother to the poor girl who had so much need of her, looked forward, as a mother so often does, with almost as much happiness as the chief actors in that lives of the poor, to the time when the work was over, the two ladies would listen for his quick step or the sound of his horse's hoofs over the fallen leaves in the avenue. He came in, bringing the fresh air with him, and the movement and stir of life, with such news as was to be had from the rural world. He told the stories of the humble pains and all the humors of the country-side. It was something to expect all day long and make the slow hours go by as noiseless wings.

val master, who would consider the true and vital range of all concerned; who, she asked herself, could hesitate as to which was best? But though it would be best, it would be founded on wrong and would be impossible. Impossible! that was the only word. She was in a position to consider the order of things, but not to act on her own judgment of what was best. It was impossible whatever good might result from it, that she should build her own happiness upon the ruin of her brothers. Even Miss Farrell did not take the same view of the subject. She had wept over the degradation of her mother, but she would not consent to Winifred's renunciation of all things for their sake. "You can always make it up to them," she had said, repeating the words, without explaining how this was to be done. How was it to be done? Winifred tried very hard through all the rest of her father's life, to try to do what she had only expressed her intention to do, to prove her own strength. She thought that now at least, even if never before, he must be enlightened, he must watch her with those "larger, other eyes than ours," with which natural piety endows all who have passed through the ordeal of a religious crisis. But she did not intend well at the time he must know better now. But how was she to do it? How succeed in thwarting yet obeying him? The problem was beyond her powers, and the hours would not stop to give her time to consider it. They flowed on, slow, yet following each other so close that she could not see the morning broke, which was to bring her perplexities to some sort of issue, though what she did not know.

Tom arrived by the early morning train. He also had not slept much in the night, and his eyes were red, and his face pale. He was in a state of extreme nervous excitement, mingled with anxiety, but an air of triumph over all, and elation scarcely controlled, gave a certain wildness to his aspect, almost like intoxication. It was an intoxication of the spirit, however, and not anything else, though as he leapt out of the dog cart and made a dash for the house, he seemed to be going to meet him, almost shrank from the careless embrace he gave her. "Well, Win, and so here we are back again," he said. He had no great reason, perhaps, to be touched by his father's death. It brought him back from unprofitable idleness, gave him a new life, and a new death, and luxury which he loved, it restored him to all that had been taken from him. Why should he be sorry? And yet, and

"responsibility. He need not look for anything from me."

"Tom, I don't ask anything from you; but don't you think—oh! is not your heart softer now that you know what it is to suffer hardship yourself?"

"That's all sentimental nonsense," said Winnie. "He went to the first place and warmed himself, for there is always a certain chill in excitement. Then he returned to the table to finish his breakfast. He had a fewish appetite, and the meal served to keep in check the fire of expectation and restless ness in his veins. After a few minutes sit ting and meditating upon his hurried expe rience—"

"Bainston has been sent for to meet me," suppose?"

"He is coming on Monday. We did not think you could arrive before Monday, and George perhaps by that time—"

"Always George?" he said with an angry laugh.

"Always both of you, Tom. We are only three in the world, and to whom can I turn but to my brothers to advise me?"

"Listen a little! I want you to know every thing, to judge everything, and then to tel me."

It was natural enough, perhaps, that Tom should think of her personal concerns. "Oh I see," he said, "you and Langton don't hit it off, Winnie? That's a different question. Well, he is not much of a match for you. No doubt you could do much better for yourself if you were not so good a sister. But, from the advice I can advise you to the best of my ability. If you mean to trust for advice to George—"

"It is not about myself," said Winnie. "Oh! Tom, how am I to tell you? I cannot find the words—my father—oh! listen to me for a little—"

"If you say anything to make me think badly of the governor, I will never forgive you, Winnie!" he said. His face grew pale, and then almost black with gloom and excitement. "I've been travelling all night," he added, "I want bath, and to make my father comfortable, and to get up to get on your business. Where have you put me?"

"In the old room I suppose?"

"All your things have been put there," replied Winnie. It was a relief to escape from the explanation, and yet a disappointment. He turned away without looking at her.

"Oh! all right! there is plenty of time to change when I have made up my mind which

THEIR POWER AND INFLUENCE

THE "DAILIES" AND THEIR POLITICS—SPECIAL PAPERS (COMMERCIAL, TEMPERANCE, RELIGIOUS, SCIENTIFIC, EDUCATIONAL, &c.)—A READER'S WISDOM.

(Special Correspondence of the Witness.)

LONDON, Dec. 8, 1886.

NEWSPAPERS are now, in every intelligent community, one of the chief requirements, because they supply food to the mental understanding just as physical food does to the body, and the man who does not, in a more or less degree, partake of this mind food, is left far behind in the great intellectual race. He may, indeed, be a book-reader, and even a student of history and of the classics, but unless he is posted on the current thought and action of the people among whom he lives and works, his intelligence will be of a musty and antiquated kind. In the present age of push and "go," newspaper literature is necessary to the man desirous of holding his own, either in politics or in trade, as a man of the world. He does not, however, for a moment mean to underrate book-learning; indeed, on the contrary, I entertain for it the highest appreciation, but in the course of my rambles up and down the world, I have met many men well up in ancient ages, and yet unacquainted with the sayings and doings of their contemporaries in politics or science. To my mind it is of more importance to be posted on the current of what is going on in our own day than to learn what the ancient poet Homer dreamt of the siege of Troy, which, looked on from a practical, every day point of view, is but the recital of a story of a filibustering expedition of factious Greek-making war on one of their own colonies. The more active, practical and intelligent a people are the greater will be the circulation of newspapers, and in this city, the largest on the globe, we have

twelve daily papers, and seven, even published in the morning and five in the evening, and all of their large and thriving circulation. The *Times* is the largest, and its circulation is the largest, but its circulation is not longer the most extensive, neither is its political "thunder" that it was a few years ago, when Deane, a certain Lord, and the right Hon. Sir William Harcourt, one of the leading article writers. The literary get up of the *Times* is ponderous, and, I suppose, dignified, which, does not greatly read. The *Daily News* is the chief organ of the Liberal party, and is giving Mr. Gladstone its hearty support on his Irish policy. Mr. John McCarthy, the author of the *Standard*, is connected with the *Daily News*, the latter being, believe, *proprietor*. The *Standard* is in politics, *Tory Democracy*, whatever that means may be, but it is a *Tory* paper, and is not backed on to a warm *Tory* groundwork. At the head of the workshop where this mending and patching are going on is Lord Randolph Churchill, the son of the Duke of Devonshire, brother of the present Duke, and to this master workman the *Standard* extends its cordial support. The *Morning Post* is owned by Sir Algernon...

plan of Canadian county councils. The *Evening News* and the *Echo* are halfpenny papers, but they are not so large nor so newswy as the *Witness* and other Montreal one-cent journals. In London there are

FOETY GENERAL WEEKLY PAPERS, besides scores of local weeklies published in the different counties. The *Standard* is one of thirty-seven Protestant religious papers, some supporting one form and some another, above one or two of them, however, representing the Roman Catholic Church. There are published in London two journals and one in Liverpool. In London they have the *Tribune*, strongly Roman Catholic, and mildly Tory, the property of Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salisbury, and the *Irish Times*, the property of a priest. The *Universal* is the other Roman Catholic paper published in London, and is more Catholic than political, but having long been warmly and quickly supporting *The Dublin Freeman's Journal*, daily and weekly, circulates largely among the Irish in London, as does also *United Ireland*, the organ of the National League, founded by the late T. D. Sullivan, the present Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the *Irish Tribune*, published in Newcastle-on-Tyne. This is a large, newswy and important journal, warmly supporting State ownership or nationalization of the land, against any form of private ownership, whether aristocratic landlordism or peasant proprietorship. It is a journal of the most absolute property in what was created by God for the good of all. The *Irish Tribune* is thoroughly in favor of Irish Nationality, and also.

SUPPORTS THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

The *Standard Times* is published in Liverpool and is the property of the Rev. Father Nugent, the well-known temperance advocate and philanthropist. It is ably edited, has a large circulation, few enemies, and is warmly in favor of temperance, mildly national, and colorless in politics. The profits arising from this paper are, I believe, devoted to works of charity, such as sending helpless children to Canada, apprenticeship, &c. In Liverpool, besides the *Standard Times*, London there are four papers devoted to the grocery trade, and to the man engaged in that business one of those journals is as necessary as to the blacksmith. Music and the stage have in London thirty special journals, besides the attention these arts receive from the general papers. The society and ladies' journals number thirty, and the papers devoted to the legal and intellectual portion of our press. The building and contracting trades have no less than ten organs, and to the people engaged in the several branches of domestic and foreign trade, and to the agriculturist, an absolute necessity. To the architect

artist and the antiquarian they are also interested, because in their columns he can discuss or learn something of ancient architecture and sculpture, and the antiquary can find much information on designs, monuments, concrete terra-cotta, artificial stone, paving material, road construction and other such matters, that knowledge of from day to day is necessary for the artist. The antiquary, however, is better represented by nineteen papers, and as ordinary reading they are to many people exceedingly instructive and, I may add, useful, for the young fellow of to-day pretending to be educated without a fair knowledge of some of the natural sciences is like

A MARINER AT SEA WITHOUT A COMPASS.

He has knowledge, but cannot apply it, except to a limited extent, and so with the sailor who has lost his compass. The young fellow may have spent the growing years of his life in the study of the sayings and doings of very much of the same kind of men, and of the same kind of doings, thousands of years ago, and did not with all their hair-splitting philosophy know of the existence of a universal God, yet that God in whom the young man believes has written His laws in the hearts of men, and the young man, therefore, though he may know little or nothing of Cicero, Pliny, Socrates, and Demosthenes were, no doubt, in their day and under the conditions in which they lived, very much wiser than the young man of to-day, among their sayings, doings, and thoughts into the minds of the young men of this nineteenth century of the Christian era is to me really so comprehensible, while geology, mineralogy, agriculture, and the arts, among which the sciences of many of our pleasant and useful studies, are neglected. John Bright never learned the classics, and he is one of the greatest English orators. Michael Davitt received only an ordinary education, and yet he is one of our greatest thinkers and clearest reasoners of our time, and Henry George in early life paid no attention to the fables of two thousand years ago, and yet the man of our day has caused more people to ponder the question of Social Right, or can it be improved than Henry George.

Edison has drawn from the treasury chest of Nature forces that have connected peoples and continents, and thus

BENEFITED MILLIONS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

This remark applies to multitudes of other clever men, who in early manhood were without the advantages of the schools. Some men call the Greek and Latin classics, spend much

valuable time in hairsplitting over the etymology of certain words, while the wonders and truths of nature are as a rule almost entirely forgotten in the coffin. The scientific papers are therefore devoted to a great deal of good in making me think, and investigate the causes of the many natural wonders we are acquainted with. The *Edinburgh Review* is a primary law, coming straight from the will of the Omnipotent. Education has fifteen papers in London, which the journals circulate all over the country. The *Edinburgh Review* is a weekly journal, advocating temperance seven or eight, while nearly all the religious papers also support the cause of sobriety. Besides these I have named, there is a large number of other journals, and of journals of one kind or another; the whole giving employment to a vast number of people, and diffusing mountains of information on various subjects. The result of this is, that the people are the result that men engaged in the pursuits of science, art, commerce and the professions can now acquire much of technical knowledge, and that the people are the result of the press. The English Liberals who are working for Home Rule in Ireland have their organ, and an able, well-written paper, and the *Edinburgh Review* is a real wonder, indeed, a real wonder—an English paper sug-

They had painted the house, and barn and pens, at
henery, and stables—in fact, there was hardly a spot
on the premises that had not been painted a jubila-
rous red.

AN AUCTIONEER'S WIT.

"I have the recollection of John Reese," wrote late
Evert A. Duyckinck, "as the witliest book au-
ctioneer of his day in New York, and it may be said
in any day, for there is no tradition of any predecessor
such powers, and he certainly left no successor in the
peculiar vein."

The "peculiar vein" mentioned was an illuminat-
ing wit that played electrically upon every subject
touched, flashed light into nooks and corners, turned
dull commonplace with a hue of glory, and, turn-
ing unmeaning or ambiguous title-pages into sudden
and felicitous revelations. Add to this a wide knowledge
of books and authors, an exceptional memory, a keen per-
ception of every vantage-ground, and, above all,
celerity in report that was surprising—and you had in
intellectual equipment rarely found in the posses-
sion of any other man.

Selling a black-letter volume "Concerning this
panel of Ministers," he supposed it referred probably
to their purpur ornaments, and he assured his audien-
ce that the poems of the Rev. Mr. Logan were "the Bani
and Braes o' Bonnie Doon—at all events the brags."

"There was no quarter at the battle of Waterloo
my dear sir," he said to a bidder of twenty-five cen-
ts for a narrative of that conflict. "Really, this is too
much pork for a killing," was his patriotic remark at
the sacrifice of a copy of Bacon's essays for twelve cen-
ts. A bid of fifty cents for a copy of *Myself* by
Caroline Fyfe—"why, it isn't the price of a stew."

A volume by Rev. Dr. Hawks was accompan-
ied by the quiet observation: "A bird of prey, gentle-
men." He knocked down Darley's "Deaths of Gen-
erals" for seventy-five cents "to a denuded apothecary"
with the consolatory comment of "smallest fev-
er gratefully received," and introduced a volume of im-
possible verse with, "This is a book (glancing at the
biographical sketch) by a poor and pious girl—who
wrote poor and pious poetry."—From *John Reese
His Wit and Literature, a Biographical Memoir.*

HE HAD PASSED HIS ENDS.—An intelligent young
Italian priest was advised by Father Curedi to devote his
leisure time to reading. "Why," replied the young

A very modern young gentleman of the County of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last resolved to see what could be done by the help of music, and, therefore, entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servant to drive him thence by throwing stones at his head.

"Ah! my friend," said one of his companions, "your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones against you."

THE BARON WENT.—"Why is it," an ex-Governor once said to an acquaintance, "that when I am out of office you never speak to me?" "Because," the acquaintance replied, "when you are in office you never speak to me."

THE FRENCHMAN ANSWERS TO THE ENGLISH COURTIER. A neat compliment a little while back to a peeress was had been talking to him for an hour. The lady said:—"You must think I am very fond of the sound of my own voice." The Frenchman replied: "I knew y—

—Illustrated London News.

CHARACTER FROM CHIROGRAPHY!

I showed a letter one day to a lady who was thought to be a great authority on such matters. She looked at the handwriting with every species of abuse. It was the writing of a bad-tempered man, of a stupid man, of an ignorant man; there could be no revealing him whatever in such handwriting as that. "And no madman," I said, "will you look at the signature?" It was the signature of Macaulay.—*Nineteenth Century*

THE JAY AND THE GOLDFINCH.

"Whither are those influential-looking men going?"

"They are a committee going out to meet J. G. Gould, to assure him of their high regard for him."

"Yes, but are they not his enemies? Did they not some time ago, declare that he was a heartless monopolist?"

"Yes."

"Then why are they now going out to throw themselves at his feet?"

"Because he has just captured one of the rallo-

"CAN YOU TELL ME, sir," asked a young lady at breakfast, "in what order Thackeray wrote his books?"

"No, lady," replied the salesman, "but I suppose was in order to make money."

THE AGREEMENT NOT SUITABLE.

Bank President.—"Now, it is understood, is it, that you are to act as cashier; are to have \$2,500 a year salary, and neither of us can farminate an arrangement without giving the other at least a month's notice of such desire?"

Cashier.—"Excuse me, but such an agreement was not in the least agreeable to me."

President.—"Is not the salary large enough to satisfy you? Because if it is not, we will try and make the satisfactory."

Cashier.—"O, the salary is about right."

President.—"What is the trouble?"

Cashier.—"You don't know the idea of giving you my notice of my intended departure. I might want to go at a moment's notice, and I do not want to bid myself to acquaint you with the fact a month before hand."

FASHIONABLE ETIQUETTE.

SENATOR COKE OF THE THREE GENTLEMEN OF TEXAS.

"A new story, an American journal says, 'I' been started about Senator Coke, of Texas. Since has been in the capital city he has become quite a snifter for fashionable etiquette. He lives in a fine house, and, according to the custom of the hot-weather season, the front door has been left open, considerable of late to let fresh air into the house. Senator Coke sits on the second floor, and generally in the morning he is there in his slippers and morning wrap and reads the papers and his correspondence. On other day three of his constituents, happening to be in the city, thought they would call on him in relation to a little matter in the *Louisiana State*. They were courteous, but Senator Coke from the march and plaid and not studied fashionable etiquette. They arrived at Senator Coke's house, and finding the door open, concluded to walk right in and up to the study, where they knew the senator was. So in they went, and upstairs they marched, right into the presence of the statesman. When he heard the footsteps on the stairs, and saw the three Texans enter he dropped his feet from his

and looked at them with an angry scowl. "Don't you know," he exclaimed, "that it is the custom in this city for gentlemen to call on their friends by the front door bell and send up his card?" "But the deuce of it was!" exclaimed one of the visiting trio. "The bell makes no matter. You must go downstairs again and knock on the bell, and when the servant comes, you can send up your cards." The three Texans turned and marched downstairs again. Soon the senator heard the bell again. The servant came and the three visitors sent up a piece of paper with three names written on it. They waited a few minutes for an answer, and soon it came as follows—"The senator is not at home."

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that one of the foremost of the dozen Canadian gentlemen who reside in Montreal, long and favorably known among the lumber merchants of the city, was born on the ninth day of the ninth month of the nineteenth year of the nineteenth century. One of his most intimate friends, also hailing from the land of tall-tale cats and salt in the pocket, saw the lights of the ninth day of the ninth month in the nineteenth century, but three years later than the first named.

A THOUGHTFUL OLD GENTLEMAN sat down, the other

fulful, on the spur of the moment. His screams are faithful.

—

SWEETLY EXPLAINED.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," said, dreamingly. His heart beat tumultuously. "And why?" he asked, tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. "Why?" he repeated, imperiously. "Oh," said she, with a brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like bare feet on a cold sidewalk, "because when you come round only once every 1,500 years."

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EVERY READER of the *Witness* should also be a subscriber to the *Northern Messenger*, which is the best and cheapest illustrated paper on this Continent. Send \$2 to this office, and receive a copy of the *Messenger* for a year.

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A NEW GAS.

"The car is full of alumni," whispered Miss Deedee to her friend from the west, as they both joyfully Cambridgeward in the horse car.

"Yes," said the Chicago girl; "and how it chokes you up, don't it? I wonder they don't open the ventilators."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—

AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

A countryman, who was camping with his wagon and team in the suburbs of Austin, missed one of his horses.

"Why don't you apply to the police?" suggested a city friend.

"Do you think they stole him?" was the innocent response.—*Texas Siftings.*

—

THE YOUNG POET HAS TURNED INTO A POLICE AGENT.

His first poem was on "Dead Roses." When it came out, he eagerly seized the newspaper and prepared to read the beloved effusion. Horrors upon horrors!—the first line was: "Dead Roses!" Ah, no! a finished hand of the intelligent compositor has done its cruel work, and there, staring in the hideous by-lines, the sensitive youth found the words: "Dead Ladies!" With a piteous moan he flung the burning aside, and stealing his heart against the mirror he gave up poetry forever and went into politics.

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A SAMPLE COPY of the *Northern Messenger* will sent to any address in Canada or the United States upon receipt of a request to that effect addressed to this office.

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A CONSIDERATION of a street-car calls it "True Love," as it never runs smooth. —

THEN AND NOW.

A Story of two Christmas Days.

BY ROBERT E. J. EMMERSON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEVOTED ENGLISHMAN.

Within a radius of many miles there was no more popular inn than this "Cochon d'Or," or "Leveillé," this Christmas morning. It looked particularly snug and inviting, in spite of its marked peculiarities of architecture. Originally a diminutive wayside tavern it had been made larger by joining to it the contiguous houses and so, by slow accretions, it had attained a somewhat straggling and uncouth maturity. Inside there were no few cosy passages, disappointing in *ad des* and similar surprises, and the best to one's first journey within its walls a strong spice of adventure and uncertainty; for without a guide it was almost impossible for a stranger to find some of the rooms. In all other respects mine host, Jean Derome, provided good entertainment for man and beast, none better indeed, and he had always ready to say a good word for its "Golden Egg."

The cheerful rays of the morning sun streamed through the snow-clogged windows of the public room, and lit up the rubicund fringe and snowy apron of good man Jean himself, as he industriously rubbed away at the large central table. This was an old family heirloom of Jean's, as massive as it was ugly, and which had been given a place of honor in the reception room. He loved the old mahogany and spent much labor in keeping it in a perfectly shiny condition. This morning, as he rubbed and rubbed, and rubbed, he hummed softly to himself a merry lilt of Old France which took his thoughts back to his sunny fields and "vine-clad" hills; to the village church and good Father Lator, and the boys and girls with whom he used to play on the village green. That was a long time ago, but time had passed easily with Jean and he had prospered to the full extent of his ambition.

There was one other occupant of the room, a young man who sat before the fire and followed with looks of quiet amusement the movements of the inn-keeper's cheerful figure. He was apparently a traveller and a Frenchman, for he spoke with a French accent, and he seemed to be interested in the inn-keeper's cheerful figure. He was apparently a traveller and a Frenchman, for he spoke with a French accent, and he seemed to be interested in the inn-keeper's cheerful figure.

"Dull work this, sir," he said in French, "but I shall have to do it." The landlord was for an instant startled out of his equanimity. The man was undoubtedly English, but the French was good. Jean was used to hear his beloved tongue cruelly misinterpreted by the English element in Isleveille.

"The landlord was for an instant startled out of his equanimity. The man was undoubtedly English, but the French was good. Jean was used to hear his beloved tongue cruelly misinterpreted by the English element in Isleveille."

"Possibly," was the laconic response. The young man did seem interested in the inn-keeper's cheerful figure. He was apparently a traveller and a Frenchman, for he spoke with a French accent, and he seemed to be interested in the inn-keeper's cheerful figure. He was apparently a traveller and a Frenchman, for he spoke with a French accent, and he seemed to be interested in the inn-keeper's cheerful figure.

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CHAPTER V.

AT THE COCHON D'OR.

Meanwhile the "poor young man" was working back in his tracks to the hotel. The service in which he had taken part had soothed him, and seemed a link between him and far off England. As a matter of fact, however, his attention had largely been taken up with the bright eyes of a young lady who sat not far from him. The text had escaped him altogether, and in its place his mind was filled with a pair of dark brown eyes, a pretty mouth and a dimpled chin, deep set in the collar of a sea-skin sash. "The most bewitching chin I've seen for a month of Sundays," he soliloquized. "But come, old boy," he said, as he pulled up suddenly and kicked viciously at the unoffending snow. "This isn't the way. You mustn't lose your heart to *la belle Canadienne*." Had he known

his rheumatism as I am of mine. So we shall have plenty of time."

"Unfortunately, the charge is only too well founded," was the response, "but I will be as expeditious as possible." And with these words he left the room.

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REUNITED.

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was necessarily slow, and on the road Jack told them the story of his life during the long years that had passed since his disappearance. He had been in the Malay village for nearly two years when a Chinese trader

boarded and hid among the cargo. Before they reached their destination, however, and while they were sailing along the Chinese coast, hunger drove him on deck. Instead of confining him until he could be returned to his former masters, as Jack feared, the

superior captain ordered him to be thrown overboard as a summary means of saving himself any further trouble in the matter. Fortunately, they were not very far from the shore, and Jack being a perfect swimmer

reached it in safety, but so exhausted that for some time he lay helpless on the sand. Some fish which a kind sailor had given him

partially restored his strength, however, and he reached a small village, where he was kindly treated and given shelter by an old man. Here he remained a year, helping his

benefactor in the care of his silkworms, and learning many useful things about the silk industry. Finally, he scraped together sufficient means to take him to the nearest free port, which was many miles from there. Here he interested a German captain in his story

and was allowed to work his passage as far as Singapore.

There a great disappointment awaited him, for he found that his father had disappeared two years before. All that could be learned was that he had sold his share of the business and had gone no one knew exactly where, but it was supposed to England. For a time he was in despair, but he subsequently found a useful friend in Mr. Marvin, the

chaplain who had buried his mother. Under his guidance Jack acquired a fair education, and after serving an apprenticeship in a

Madras firm, to which his guardian had procured him valuable letters of recommendation, he went to London. Here he obtained

employment with James & Lynn, at first in a junior capacity, and his practical experience in silk manufacture soon turned to valuable account and he was promoted to the position of buyer for the firm. In performance of his duty he was almost continually

travelling in England and the continent, and had opportunities of prosecuting in every direction the search for his missing father.

"I see now what a great mistake I made in not leaving any trace of my destination behind me," said Mr. Raymond. "But tell me, in your eagerness to escape from the scene of my grief and despair, I forgot many things which have since troubled me greatly."

"Do not worry on that account, father," said Jack, dwelling fondly on the word, "you know that I'll tell you all that ends

with me."

"I need scarcely say," he continued, "that my determination to find you has been the great motive of my life. It has given me ambition, energy, industry, has made me strong to endure hardship, patient to suffer failure. In short, it has made a man of me—I thank God now, a very happy and contented man."

"God bless you, my boy," murmured the old man lovingly.

"I had known the Chelseys for some time before I heard of you," Jack went on. "One day I was prompted to tell him my story. He at once spoke me of you. He did not know you yet, but he said that you were in Canada and engaged in business. My first care on returning to London was to hunt up the list of our Canadian correspondents. To my great joy I found Raymond & Co. among them. The rest you know."

"But what of the other boy?" asked Mr. Raymond.

ONTARIO.

(Special Correspondence of the Witness.)

TORONTO, Jan. 15, 1886.

THE NEW CITY COUNCIL has been, during the past week, an object of great interest to the people of Toronto. Whether the Mayor and Council will be able to work harmoniously or not throughout the year depends largely on the Council's organization, and especially on the constitution of its executive committee. That committee passes upon the reports of all other standing committees before they are submitted to the Council, and after it has rejected any proposed action or appropriation it requires a two-thirds majority of the Council to carry it. It is in the power of fact a veto power of a very effective kind, and may easily, if opposed to the Mayor, prevent him and a bare majority of the Council from carrying out important schemes for the benefit of the city.

TWO PARTIES IN THE COUNCIL.

Liberals and Conservatives, but this year the old line of cleavage has been crossed and partly obliterated by a new one—the line between those who are in favor of greatly reducing the number of licenses and those who want to leave the liquor traffic alone. The present mixed and unbalanced condition of things is the result of the crossing of these lines of demarcation. Some Liberals are in favor of temperance, and some Conservatives are not. If the Liberals were at all solid on the question there would be no doubt as to the character of the next executive committee, and there would be just as little doubt if a majority of the Council were Liberal or Conservative, were thoroughgoing temperance men. There is good ground for hoping that the temperance sentiment of the city will make the Council, in the majority, with the Mayor, but at present the nature of the first step it has to take on Monday next is somewhat doubtful. One thing, however, is certain—the ground gained this year will not be lost next year. If this Council really were the greatest of the issue before it, the next one will not.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION

It is likely to affect materially the choice of candidates in this city for the approaching Dominion election. It is practically settled that the Liberals will, in the Eastern and Western divisions, nominate no candidates of their own, but support the Labor candidates who are already in the field, and who are both warmly supported by Mayor Howland. It is also practically settled that the Liberal candidate for the Centre division will be a temperance man—in fact, all those spoken of as available are so. No other kind of candidate would at this time have a chance. Much the same remark applies to the Conservative prospect in Centre Toronto. One of the names mentioned is that of Edward Gurney who has for the past two elections been Mr. Howland's most prominent supporter, and who is also an active Methodist and temperance worker. The certainty of the Conservative nominees in East and West Toronto being temperance men is not so sure, but if they are, the non-temperance element of the temperance movement will find it up-hill work to secure election.

THE TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION

has been called to meet on the tenth of February, and it is not likely that the session will last beyond the end of March. The Government bill of late months has been a great deal of talk, but there has been little time since the election to go into the work of reform legislation, and all men's minds are more or less taken up with the thought of the great impending conflict. The most important measure to be dealt with will, without doubt, be one amending the University Act so as to give effect to the well known federation scheme. This scheme will make a great change in the relations of the Provincial University and all its affiliated colleges, and will arouse the pronounced opposition of Queen's College and its denominational and geographical supporters. Already the latter are organizing a movement looking to the establishment of a science school supported by the Province at Kingston. This, it is claimed, would be fair to Eastern Ontario if more liberal provision is made for the practical teaching of science in Toronto. In fact the demand is that if the Government virtually subsidizes Victoria College, giving its students science teaching free in Toronto, it should virtually subsidize Queen's College, by relieving it of the necessity of maintaining science chairs of its own. Put in this point blank form the issue is clearly defined and can be easily understood. Whether the movement is successful just now or not, it will, undoubtedly, be a great deal of energy and persistence, as all Principal Grant's schemes are prosecuted. How soon he is to be successful, and whether he is to be successful, depends largely on the amount of support he can secure from the Presbyterian Church at large, and he will need to act with great skill if he is to get much of it.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION

will, as usual, be part of the session's work. The Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance will be called together to discuss proposed amendments to the Criminal Code, and to discuss also the question of Scott Act enforcement. What the new Assembly will do with respect to the latter remains to be seen, but it would be unwise to overlook the fact that some of the members elect, who are temperance workers, are very doubtful of the expediency of asking the Ontario Government to spend provincial funds to the extent necessary to make the Scott Act a permanent law. No permanent law can be made for the Ontario Government, and the result was by no means generally satisfactory to the temperance people.

THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.

THE REICHTAG BILL BY BISMARCK AND VON MOLTKE—IT REFUSES TO ACCORD TO THE BILL AND IS DISSOLVED.

The debate on the second reading of the German Army Bill was begun last week by the veteran Von Moltke. Peace, he asserted, could only be preserved by a strong Government not to be influenced by public opinion, and as Germany is better able to preserve a peace than any other state, therefore she should be strong and prepared for war. If the bill was rejected he prophesied war. After an unimportant speaker had addressed the House Prince Bismarck rose, and began one of his characteristic speeches. He said that the relations of Germany with all the foreign powers were of the best. Bulgaria was nothing to Germany, and there would not quarrel with Russia on that matter. There could be no question about Germany's attacking France, but they must always stand ready to defend themselves against a French attack. He had perfect confidence in the desire of the French people for peace, but they could not count upon peace with France being a permanent one. If France were to be again victorious in a struggle which would they have to expect? Would not effort be made by the united Germany and weaken them so that for thirty years they would be paralyzed. He had chosen these seven years and he would not give it up to a hair's breadth. Did they wish to make the German Army a permanent army, dependent on the majority of the Reichstag? He threatened the Reichstag with immediate dissolution, if it persisted in refusing to pass the bill for seven years. The Reichstag did refuse, and it was immediately dissolved. The Prussian Landtag is to be asked to affirm the principle of the bill, and a similar appeal has been made to the executive of all the German states, and the Reichstag is the old one that caused the English rebellion of 1642, whether the army shall be controlled by the Crown or by the Commons. The electors promise to cause a very bitter contest.

A ROYAL ADVENTURE.

MADRID, Jan. 10.—A carriage containing the Infanta Isabel and three aides who were following the hunchman at the Pardo broke down and toppled over into a ditch. A lackey was sent to get assistance. In the meantime the royal family became intensely alarmed at the absence of the Infanta. The police and soldiers were ordered to scour the country, and the Infanta Isabel and her companion were found in a wretched plight beside the broken carriage at ten o'clock at night. The accident became interesting when it was remembered that the Infanta Isabel is a well known stock gambler recently convicted to steal the infant King Alfonso. The Infanta Isabel is a sister of the late King.

MONTREAL NEWS.

THE TELEPHONE CABLE which crosses the river at about Longue Pointe was carried away by the ice-brother, and a new one has been laid across on the ice-bridge.

A WOMAN has been committed on a new Canadian Pacific elevator, which is to stand alongside of the present one, and will cost when finished \$100,000.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the St. George's Society shows that during the year they lodged 843 persons at a cost of \$700, and about 1,200 persons had been provided with a Christmas dinner.

EX-ALDERMAN LARKIN, one of the oldest residents of St. Ann's Ward, has taken a civil and criminal action against Mr. Patrick Keany, his step son, whom he charges with attempting to kidnap him.

MR. R. A. RAMSAY, B.A., D.C.L., and treasurer of McGill University, died suddenly on Friday night last. He was in the prime of life, being only 41 years of age, and occupying a prominent position socially, at the bar, and in educational circles.

SIXTEEN YOUNG MEN were admitted to practice at the Christmas examination, and ten were "plucked." One of the plucked ones was caught in the act of writing an answer to the window to a confederate, in which was a list of the questions.

ALD. GRIFFITH, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, and the "father" of the City Council, positively announced that he would not seek re-election at the City Council, but he determined to contest the East Ward.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Montreal Telegraph Company, held on the 13th inst., a motion was carried authorizing the directors to take what steps they considered necessary to force the Great North-Western Company to observe its contract and pay the dividend.

A YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT named Henry Verrier, a native of Quebec, who has been studying medicine at a chemistry in this city for three years past, committed suicide a few days ago because his health had failed him and he could no longer continue his work.

THE ENGINEERS have been at work for some time past locating the line of the Canadian Pacific into the city at the West. It is expected to run along the edge of the Dorchester street ridge, and it is believed the station will be located at the corner of Osborne and Windsor streets.

THE FIRST GENERAL MEETING of the new Board of Trade of Montreal, formed by the amalgamating of the old Board of Trade and the Montreal Corn Exchange Association, was held on Tuesday last. Mr. George Drummond was elected president of the new body, and the meeting was in every way a satisfactory one.

MR. R. R. SMALLY, Collector of Customs for Vermont, who issued the order prohibiting the importation of horses from Canada because he believed glanders to be epidemic in this city, after visiting Montreal personally enquiring into the matter, withdrew the edict of non-importance, much to the satisfaction of the horse dealers.

QUEBEC POLITICS.

Further than that the Liberals, or rather Liberal Nationalists, are preparing a reception for Mr. Mercier and the Montreal contingent, when, on the 23rd inst., they arrive in Quebec to attend the opening of Parliament, there is not much that is new in the political situation. Enough evidence has been brought out in the course to show that the Ministerialists spent money freely, but the Opposition cannot claim that they have not had their party smothered by an expense of similar conduct. It is said that quite recently a deal was made by the Ministerialists on Mr. Murphy and the Hon. P. Garneau. The first gentleman was offered a seat in the Senate, and the second a seat in the Senate, then the Premiership, and lastly, an offer that the Ross Government would accept a motion denouncing the death of Riel, but all in vain.

NOTICE of births, marriages and deaths must be forwarded with the name and address of the publisher, and must be signed by the person making the statement. They cannot be inserted. Verbs and extended notices will be charged for at regular rates.

BIRTHS.

COTTELL—At 124 St. Antoine street, Jan. 12, 1887, the wife of W. F. Cottell, of a daughter.

GILLESPIE—On the 12th inst., at 45 Wellington street, the wife of J. Gillespie, of a daughter.

HAY—At Lehigh, Letter A, 5th Concession, on the 6th inst., the wife of David Hay, of a daughter.

MATTHEWS—At 79 Park avenue, on the 9th inst., the wife of J. Matthews, of a daughter.

MOORE—At Rockway Valley, Arsenal, on the 25th Dec., the wife of William C. Moore, of a son.

ODONNELL—On Sunday, Jan. 9th, at 55 Richardson street, the wife of J. O'Donnell, of a son.

PICKER—At 70 Mansel street, on the 9th inst., the wife of J. P. Pickers, of a daughter (still born).

ROSE—At 54 Osborne street, on the 25th inst., the wife of John Rose, of a daughter.

ROBERT—On the 5th inst., at 2 Maple avenue, Point St. Charles, the wife of Robert Robert, of a daughter.

SHEARMAN—At Maxwell, Glenary Co., Ont., on the 11th inst., the wife of H. J. Shearmen, of a daughter.

SMITH—On the 11th inst., at 29 St. Charles Barramote street, the wife of W. Wilson Smith, of a daughter.

WALTON—At Kingston, Ont., on the 5th inst., the wife of John S. Walton, Principal of the Academy, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

BEISER-O'BRIEN—In this city, on the 11th inst., at the Bishop's Palace, by the Rev. J. M. Enard, Mr. John Beiser, of New York, to Miss M. A. O'Brien, of this city. No cards.

BRUNEAU-BELMAY—At the residence of the bride's father, Brockville, Ont., on January 12th, Preston F. Brunneau, Brockville, Ont., to Miss Maudie, daughter of J. H. Bellamy, Esq., of Brockville.

CARON-ORR—At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. C. M. Macdonald, on January 12th, Robert Caron, to Jeanne Orr, daughter of the late John Orr, all of English River, County of Chateaugay.

CAVERES-BENNETT—At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. C. M. Macdonald, on January 5th, Robert Caveres, of Montreal, to Mary Bennet, daughter of Robert Bennet, English River, all of the County of Chateaugay.

CUTTLE-TURNER—On January 12, 1887, at the residence of the bride's father, 35 St. Luke street, by the Rev. Geo. H. Wells, James C. Cuttle to Miss M. Gertrude, daughter of W. J. N. Turner.

FARMER-WATNEY—In this city, on the 12th inst., at 18 St. Charles, by the Rev. Father Monaghan, Patrick Farmer, of Cole St. Antoine, to Miss Mary Ann Watney, of this city.

HODGSON-STAFFORD—At Lancaster, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Calder, George H. Hodgson, of Lancaster, to Miss Stafford, daughter of Wm. Stafford, of Lancaster, Ontario.

JOHNSON-TAIT—On Wednesday, January 12th, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. James Bennett, Joseph Johnson, to Jessie M. Tait, fourth daughter of Alex. Tait, Esq., of St. Laurent.

MC DONALD-MCKINNON—In this city, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. A. B. McKay, of Crescent Street, George McDonald, to Miss McKinnon, both of Glasgow, Glasgow County.

MUNRO-SPOURL—At the home, Roxboro, on the 9th Dec., by the Rev. John McKinnon, James Munro, carriage maker, Moore Creek, to Agnes Spurl, second daughter of William Spurl, Esq.

RUTHERFORD-KELLY—On the 11th January, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. W. A. McKinnon, B.A., P.D., at Orono, Ont., John T. Rutherford, to Isabella Kelly, both of Hamilton Township, County Northumberland.

WESLEY-BRIGGS—On Dec. 29th, at the Methodist Parsonage, Malvern, by the Rev. W. B. Topping, Henry Wesley, fourth son of John Wesley, Esq., of Malvern, to Annie, eldest daughter of Mr. C. Briggs, of the same place.

DIED.

ADAMS—In this city, on the 18th inst., after a long and severe illness, William Adams, only son of William Adams, aged 29 years.

AIRD—Accidentally killed by a circular saw in Roxboro, on the 23rd inst., Malcomson, son of A. Aird, of Aird, aged 16 years and 7 months.

ARRETAGA—At 194 Stanley street, January 12th, James Arretaga, only son of John Arretaga, of Roxboro.

BRENNAN—In this city, on the 9th inst., after a long and painful illness, Martin Brennan, aged 58 years, a native of County Kilkenny, Ireland.

My husband died on the 18th inst.

Kilkenny papers please copy.

CAMPBELL.—In this city, on the 15th inst., after a long and painful illness, borne with Christian hope, Willie, only and beloved son of Charles Campbell, aged 17 years and 7 months.

His end was peace.

CRUICK.—In this city, on the morning of the 12th inst., after a long illness, borne with exemplary patience and Christian hope, Alice Blanche, beloved wife of the Rev. A. B. Cruick, and eldest daughter of the Rev. Theodore Lafleur.

DAVIDSON.—In this city, on the 11th inst., William Davidson, eldest son of William Davidson, Esq., Brechin, Scotland, aged 64 years.

DERICK.—In this city, on the 20th, Howard Stanley, aged 2 years and 6 months, son of C. W. Derick.

DOWDY.—In this city, on the 18th inst., Anthony Dowdy, aged 29 years. A native of the County Londonderry, Ireland.

FLOOD.—In this city, on the 9th inst., Bridget Kinnon, aged 80 years, a native of County Wexford, Ireland, widow of Martin Flood.

FEARER.—Near the Methodist Presbyterian Church, Alexander Co. Neph., of diphtheria, Robert T. youngest son of David and Charlotte Fraser, age 6 years, 1 month, 15 days.

GILL.—At his residence, Gillville, East Tremont, Dec. 31st, 1886, George S. Gill, aged 36.

His end was peace.

GORDON.—In this city, on the 11th inst., Isabella Gordon, widow of the late Alex. Gordon, aged 31 years and 7 months.

GREEN.—In this city, on the 12th inst., Benjamin Green, aged 62 years and 6 months, brother of William Green, G.T.E.

HARWOOD.—In this city, on Thursday, the 13th inst., Ann Smith, widow of Andrew Harwood, and beloved wife of Thomas Harwood, aged 56 years.

JARVIS.—At North York, N.Y., on the 5th inst., Mary Jarvis, widow of John Jarvis, age 5 years and 2 months.

There is a little dead in heaven. There was not quite complete. And God called the little Maid To fill the vacant seat.

JELLYMAN.—In this city, on the 12th inst., Mary Jellyman, beloved wife of Richard Jellyman, aged 56 years.

JOHNSON.—In this city, on the 12th inst., William P. Johnson, in his 62nd year.

KIRBY.—At Cape St. Antoine, on Sunday, the 9th inst., Mary, widow of the late Robert Kirby, aged 84 years.

MACDONALD.—At Lake Malaga, on the 11th inst., after a lingering illness, borne with Christian fortitude, Frances, third daughter of Mr. T. Macdonald.

MCWHITT.—At Winton, Minn., on January 4th, Henry McWhitt, formerly of this city, aged 25 years.

MCWILLIAMS.—In this city, on Jan. 12th, Rachel Janet, daughter of Robert McWilliam, aged 2 years and 2 months.

MILNE.—At Bowmanville, Ont., on the 25th December, James, eldest son of John Milne, Esq., and brother of Mrs. David T. Milne.

REINISON.—At Toronto, Dec. 25th, Isabella Reinison, aged 29 years, widow of John Reinison, and cousin of the Rev. T. Fenwick, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland.

ROGERS.—At Strong's private hospital, on the night of the 12th inst., John Henry Rogers, advocate, aged 27 years, eldest son of the Rev. George Rogers, of Farmville, Ont.

SALTER.—On Wednesday, Jan. 12, of tubercular meningitis, Gilbert A., only son of A. F. Salter, aged 4 years and 7 months.

SHARPE.—Of pneumonia, at South Hurley Falls, Mass., on 20th December, Francis George, youngest son of George Sharpe, of this city.

SIMPSON.—At Alexandria, suddenly, of heart disease, Mrs. Susan, widow of the late Dr. James Simpson, aged 75 years.

Edinburgh, Scotland, papers please copy.

WARREN.—On January 12th, at No. 5 Grosvenor Park, Chicago, Gordon Jay, youngest son of Robert Warren, aged 15 years.

WILKES.—At No. 3 Montpelier street, on the 10th inst., Charles Alexander, infant son of E. T. Wilkes, age 1 month and 9 days.

Toronto papers please copy.

In purchasing articles advertised in the "Witness" please mention in what paper you saw the advertisement. Advertisers always wish to know which advertisements are most effective.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil with hypophosphorus is a remedy for consumption, Dr. H. J. Pratt, Montreal, Wisconsin, says: "After a thorough test of over two years, I voluntarily recommend Scott's Emulsion to those afflicted with consumption."

A DEEP MYSTERY.—Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upward daily. Make have over \$50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. Edible sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address, and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.

THE PRICES given this year to canvassers for the Northern Messenger seem to give much satisfaction, and many of that capital little paper's friends are working to get one. Send to this office for a sample copy.

SEVERAL COUGHS are easily cured by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by the people who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

FITTING BOOTS and shoes custom made. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

JOS. BRADWIN, M.D., Hull, P.Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas Electric Oil commands a large and increasing sale which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of rheumatism, as well as fractures. It is acknowledged by the people who have used it as being the best medicine sold for the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved of the pain."

GILBERT LAIRD, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: "I am requested by several friends to endorse the value of Dr. Thomas Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The electric qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

McShane Bell Foundry.

Finest Grade of Bells.

Chimes and Pells for Churches, Colleges, Towns, Clocks, etc.

Send for our catalogue and price list.

McShane Bell Foundry, Ltd., Montreal, P.Q.

REGULATES the Bowels, Bile and Blood. Cures Constipation, Biliousness, all Blood Humors, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Scrofula, and all Broken Down Conditions of the System.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

NEAR STARVATION'S DOOR.

My Nelson W. Whitehead, of Nixon, was a chronic sufferer from indigestion and was nearly starved to death. He was cured by a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. He writes: "I feel a new man, and I can eat and sleep as well as I ever did. This medicine, I recommend to all sufferers."

My husband died on the 18th inst.

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