

OLD QUINN'S BANK.

One morning I was walking along the shore. The tide was ebbing, being already lower than I remembered it, leaving a broad stretch of glistening sand exposed. Projecting above the surface of the water were some timbers, and where they were left high and dry, curiosity led me to inspect them. The beams were evidently very old; but being deeply embedded, I could not tell if they were part of some sunken vessel or the remains of a jetty. Poking among the pebbles that were washed between them, I came to a cavity containing something round, which could be moved, but was too large to be easily withdrawn. Setting to work with a piece of wood, I succeeded in clearing away the seaweed and stones which blocked up the hole, and at length dragged out a small barrel, strongly hooped with iron, and encrusted with limpet and mussel shells. I carried the barrel to the beach, and seating myself in a cave, proceeded to examine it. Forcing in one end with a heavy flint, I drew out an oil-skin bag—all the barrel contained. Inside was a piece of soiled paper, on which the following words were scrawled in faded ink: "We are driving on to the rocks with our rudder washed away. I, Thomas Quin, do commit this to the sea. Let whoever finds it take it to my daughter Dorothy at Shingle Bay. No time for more." On the other side of the paper was a rough drawing, of which, at first, I could make nothing.

This Thomas Quin was one of the by-gone heroes of whom the fishermen in my part of the coast were never tired of spinning yarns. Quin had been very successful in his ventures; but on his last voyage home from France with a valuable cargo, his vessel must have foundered in a terrible storm, for nothing had since been heard of him. This happened more than thirty years before. His wife, who was a cousin of my mother, had died in giving birth to Dorothy; and the little girl of whom Quin was passionately fond, was thus left alone in the world. She, however, was taken care of by some good friends in the village, who brought her up; and in course of time she was married to a young farmer, with whom things did not prosper, and who came to an early death. Dorothy Hendil was again left in an almost destitute condition, having now to support a little daughter. While in these straits, relief came in an unexpected manner. One evening, a weather-beaten old sailor trudged into the village, and making straight for the cottage, burst in on Dorothy and threw his whole stock of money into her lap. The neighbours crowded round; and it at once became known that her only brother Ben, who had long been given up as dead, had returned. After that there was no more want, for Ben was in receipt of a pension; and buying a small boat, he added to his income by fishing. My greatest delight was to visit my cousins and to go out with Ben in his little craft. I was almost as often at Shingle Bay as at home, and thus little Dorothy and I grew up together, and learnt to regard each other with more than cousinly affection. But I never mentioned the subject to my father, as I knew he would not allow me to marry a penniless girl.

These thoughts filled my mind as I sat puzzling away at the drawing in my hand, and raised the hope that perhaps Quin—who, though known to be well off, had left no account of any savings—might have hidden away his money, and the paper might contain the clue to finding it. Hiding the barrel in a crevice of the cave, I made my way to my cousin's house.

Shingle Bay, for which I was bound, was a deep inlet, shut in with high cliffs; the village consisting of one straggling street, built on the narrow strip of ground at the foot of the hill. A rough stone quay ran out into the sea for the unloading of small vessels, which occasionally put in here, and protected the outlet of a little stream that ran plashing down from a deep glen. As I went down the steep path I saw Ben Quin in his boat busy overhauling some fishing-tackle. On hearing my footsteps, he looked up and cried in a lusty voice: "Well, I'm down-right glad to see you, George! I'm going to hansen these new lines this morning. We'll go up to the Cottage and have a bit of something to eat before we start."

Ben was a short, thickest man, with a square, good-humoured face, the colour of mahogany; and although getting on in years, was pretty well as sturdy as ever. We walked up the village, and soon came to the little thatched cottage, and entering its creeper-covered porch, were warmly greeted by Mrs. Hendil and Dorothy.

I told the story of finding the paper, and they all crowded round me as I took it out; Dorothy leaning over my shoulder in her eagerness, read it aloud. Her mother was greatly affected on hearing this last message from the sea, while Ben had to clear his throat a good many times before he could recover his composure.

When they had got over the excitement, I asked them if they could make anything of the rough drawing on the back of the paper; but after carefully examining it, they came to the conclusion it was some old chart which had been used in the hurry of the moment. It represented an irregular oval, with the cardinal points marked, in the south-east part of which was a curious arrangement of five circles, the middle one being larger than the others. We sat discussing the discovery speculating on the strange event so long that the fishing expedition was

quite put on one side. "I well remember," said Mr. Hendil, "that on the night on which father went on his last voyage, he promised me he would give up the sea when he came back. 'I'm getting too old for the work, Dolly,' he said, as I sat on his knee before going to bed; 'and besides, it's a risky business. If this run is successful, I've made up my mind to retire from the trade altogether. Any way, I've laid by a snug nest for you, my pretty. It's in a bank.' I remember he added with a laugh, 'Dorothy and I have searched over his papers again and again, but have found nothing relating to any savings, so I never could quite make out what he meant.'"

Dorothy's mother sat looking sadly into the fire for a long time, during which none of us ventured to break the silence. As I did not wish to be late in getting home, I was soon obliged to say "good-night"; and on my way out came across a hulking young fellow, who seemed to be hanging about the cottage. He stunk off on seeing me, but not before I recognized him to be Will Jackson, the son of a coast-guardman stationed at the lower end of our village. He was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, who had been on voyage, but finding the work too hard at sea, preferred idling about at home.

That night I dreamed that Old Quin visited me and caused me to accompany him over the hills; but what his subject was, I could not make out, for I awoke just as she seemed to be on the eve of disclosing something that was weighing heavily on his spirits. Though I courted sleep again in the hope of taking up the broken thread of my dream, I was doomed to disappointment. After this, I employed my leisure in rambling along the cliffs with a copy of the chart in my hand, trying to find anything at all resembling it in which to search. Two or three years, however, passed away without any discovery being made, and I had come to regard the whole thing as almost hopeless.

One afternoon Ben Quin and I had roved inshore after a successful day's fishing, and hauled the boat up the beach of a little unfrequented bay called Flint Gap. As we had been hard at work in the sun and were tired and hot, we seated ourselves on a flat rock in the shadow of the cliffs, and while refreshing ourselves, sat talking at our ease. Of late, I had relaxed my inquiries; but some remark of Ben's made me take out my copy of the chart, and the sight of this called to mind the barrel which I had hidden away. The cave was not far off. Telling Ben I would not be long, I started up and with the barrel, I took out the oil-skin bag, and on carefully examining it, was surprised to find that it contained a parchment which had escaped my notice before. To my great joy, it proved to be a more elaborate drawing of the chart or plan scrawled on the papyrus. Ben sat looking on in wonder, when I shouted: "It's all right, Ben! We'll find your father's treasure; it's all rich now."

"Whist!" said Ben at that instant, putting his finger to his lips. "I believe there's some one listening in the gap up above. It'll be uncommon awkward if you're overheard."

To be Continued.

SOMETHING FOR IRELAND.

Scheme for Public Works that Elicits Expressions of Nationalist Gratitude.

In the British House of Commons on Friday, in the course of a discussion on the Irish estimates, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, after a fierce attack by Mr. Timothy Healy on the Irish Board of Works, made a statement as to the manner in which the Government proposed to expend the half million pounds voted by Parliament last year for the development of the resources of Ireland. "The scheme," said the Chief Secretary, "proposes the construction of light railways through the congested districts of North Donegal and to open up by means of steamboats and coaches a new tourist route right across the West of Ireland. A steam service a hundred miles up the Shannon will begin on the first of August, while other lines of steamers and coaches will connect Killarney district with Connemara."

Then came a curious scene. The Nationalists, who had previously been touting the Government for its want of regard for Ireland, arose one by one and effusively thanked Mr. Gerald Balfour for the broad and generous manner in which he had dealt with the problem, all admitting that he had done the best possible with the funds at his command. Never in the House of Commons on Friday, in response to appeals by Irish members that the Government should make some provision for a Catholic university in Ireland, Mr. Balfour, the First Lord of the Treasury, in a very sympathetic speech, admitted that the absence of a university was a hardship on the part of the people of such an institution; but he said he was not in a position to make a definite promise.

THE POPULAR NINE.

Mr. Shortpurse—I noticed in the paper this morning an announcement of bargains in the milliner trade—good bargains, etc.

Mr. Ribbon, briskly—Yes, sir, we've done it—greatest bargains you ever saw; biggest stock of ladies' hats and Paris bonnets in the city too. Make your eyes stick right out of your head when you see our prices. Just look at this Paris beauty. You can't buy that bonnet anywhere under thirty dollars.

Mr. Shortpurse—Indeed! And what is your price?

Mr. Ribbon—Only \$29.99, sir.

Walnuts and butternuts are being successfully cultivated in Whatcom county, Wash. They are not native to the region.

MANY RELICS OF CHRIST.

WHERE THEY ARE ENSHRINED AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Objects Touched by Our Saviour Treasured by Churches—Mementos of Calvary—Where and What They Are.

The forthcoming exhibition of Christ's sandals has renewed interest in the various holy relics connected with the name of Christ, and has given rise to a number of enquiries as to the nature and number of these relics now in existence. To these enquiries M. de Mely furnishes a satisfactory answer in a report which he made the other day to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres in Paris. The most famous relics he shows us are those which were discovered about the year 330 by the Empress Helena. It was the custom of the Hebrews to bury all the implements of torture with the bodies of those condemned to death, and in this way Saint Helena found not only the cross on which Christ was crucified, but also the crown of thorns, the nails, the sponge, the spear, which pierced his side, etc. She found two other crosses at the same time, and, wishing to ascertain which was Christ's cross, she caused a corpse to be brought and touched it successively with each of the three crosses. Nothing happened when the first two crosses were touched, but when it came in contact with the third the corpse suddenly became alive!

THE FOUR NAILS.

Saint Helena took the four nails of the Passion to Constantinople. Constantine thereupon placed one on his helmet as an ornament, and made horses bits out of two others, and Saint Helena, the story goes, threw the fourth into the Adriatic Sea in order to prevent storms. That this story is legendary seems to be generally admitted. The other great relics remained in Jerusalem until 614, in which year the city was taken by Sharbaraz. Hoping to save the relics the high priest placed them in a golden box, which he hid in a field of vegetables. A traitor, however, unearthed the box and took it to Sharbaraz, who forthwith sent it to his master, Chosroes.

First, however, he opened it, and, taking the point of the spear, he made it a present to Nicedas, who sent it with the sponge to Constantinople. The golden box was subsequently given to Herodius by Siroe, Chosroes' successor. So, gradually, all the relics found their way to Constantinople, and there they remained until the tenth century, when many of them were brought to the west after the fourth crusade.

TWO KINDS OF RELICS.

The relics are divided into two classes, one comprising parts of Christ's body and the other comprising objects which belonged to him, or which had touched his person. Of Christ's body all that remains are the hair and the blood. The former is preserved at Corbie, Namur and Saint Denis, and the latter at Albstadt, Lieines, Paris, Romeins, London, Saint Quentin and Bruges. Saint Athanasius tells us how this blood was obtained. According to him, certain Hebrews were crucifying an image of Christ, and, when one of them pierced the side of the Crucified, One with a spear, blood began to flow, whereupon all the Hebrews gathered around the cross became Christians. Every drop of blood was piously collected, and in time the vessels containing it were spread throughout Christendom.

The other relics comprise, first, the clothes worn by Christ, the sandals, the tunic, the swaddling clothes, the Lord's Supper, such as the bread, the communion cup, the cloth, the dish, the table, the basin for washing the feet, and the lintum; and, third, the relics of the passion, which include the stone on which Christ slept in the Garden of Olives, Herod's staircase, the pillar, at which the scourging took place, the whip, the rope, the purple vestment, the cross, the inscription, the spear, the sponge, the nails, and the crown of thorns.

RELICS IN MANY PLACES.

The sandals are at Corbie, Treves and Albstadt; the swaddling clothes are at the Sainte Chapelle, in Paris, Clermont, Courtrai, Namur, Toledo and Vizille; the tunic is at Arles, Treves and Aix-la-Chapelle, and there are also fragments of them at Corbie and Toledo, and a portion of the manger is at Saint Denis. The relics of the Lord's Supper are more widely scattered. The cup is in Genoa.

Though popularly supposed to be of emerald, it is said to be simply fashioned of superb green coloured glass. The table is at Prague, and the basin and dish which were preserved at Troyes, have disappeared since the time of the revolution. The bread crumbled away at Constantinople and has also disappeared. Of the lintum there are fragments at Soissons, Clermont, Namur and Vizille.

A small portion of Herod's staircase is at the Escurial, and the remainder is at Rome. The column at which the scourging took place is also at Rome, in the Church of Saint Praxede, which is the exception of some fragments, which are at Venice. The present whereabouts of the rope, whips and sceptre are quite clear. All we learn is that the whip was at Carlestein in 1515, that the whip was treasured at Constance, and that Soissons, Courtrai and the Sainte Chapelle of Paris held the sceptre for a long time. The crown of thorns, which was given to Saint Louis by the Emperor of Constantinople, is now in Notre Dame at Paris. Thorns of veneration in many places. Of the purple vestments, some are in the Church of Bucoleon at Constantinople,

and others are at the Sainte Chapelle in Paris.

THE CROSS AT ROME.

The largest portion of the true cross is at Rome. Very many small pieces have been taken from it, and are distributed throughout the world. The inscription on the cross has disappeared. The spear is at the Church of Saint Maurice, in Vienna, and there, too, is one of the four nails. The sponge which was discovered in the year 330, disappeared from Constantinople in 614. The pincers were still at Jerusalem in 1190, and finally of the four nails one, as has been mentioned, is at Vienna, another is at Milan, a third part of an iron crown at Monza. M. de Mely has been studying this subject for many years, and consequently his paper on the holy relics, from which these facts are taken, has aroused widespread interest.

WON HUSBAND AND \$10,000.

How a Shrewd Widow Captured a Husband and a Little Fortune.

Kansas produces shrewd women as well as queer politicians. One of these shrewd women was Mrs. Anna B. Zimmerman, a widow, who formerly lived in Hutchinson. This was in 1893. She was charming as all good-looking widows are, and she was wise, too. Judge Almerin Gillett, of Kansas City, Kan., knew how to woo a widow, and he won her. But the widow knew a thing or two herself, and when she said "yes," it was not an unqualified drop-in-the-arms "yes," but a conditional "yes." The condition was that the judge should insure his life in her favor for \$10,000. The widow did not intend to take any chances in the matter, either. If she was to become Mrs. Gillett the policy must be taken out before the marriage, so that an would be sure about it.


Judge Gillett did what any man would have done. He hunted up an insurance agent and took out the policy, and three days later the widow Zimmerman became Mrs. Gillett. She took charge of the policy, and that policy was kept paid up. Last year Judge Gillett died insolvent. One of his creditors was the American National Bank of Kansas City. The bank sued the estate and promptly sought an injunction against the Northwestern Life Insurance Company to prevent payment of the insurance policy which had bought Judge Gillett a wife. The widow Gillett took the stand and told the story of her business venture when she was the Widow Zimmerman. She said that she had married Judge Gillett for the consideration of a \$1,000 insurance policy and she told how the policy had been written before the marriage so that there might not be the proverbial slip. The trial judge listened to the evidence, and as it appeared that had it not been for the policy the name of Zimmerman wouldn't have been changed for that of Gillett, he decided that the money called for by the policy was never the property of Judge Gillett; that he paid that in advance for a wife in point of fact, and he decided in favor of Mrs. Gillett. The insurance company promptly paid over the money to Judge Horton, Mrs. Gillett's attorney.

NO DANGER OF A REBELLION.

British East Indians say that There will be no Revolution in India.

A London cable says: There has been something like a scare about India, but without apparent reason. Journalists have been writing as though another mutiny was imminent because two British officers were murdered in Poonah and the police were compelled to fire upon the rioters in a suburb of Calcutta. No Sepoys have been concerned in these affairs, and there is no ground for apprehending an outbreak of a military nature. Since 1857 India has been a military monarchy too strong to be overthrown. It is evident that the people of India are discouraged rather than irritated or resentful. The native races are temporarily disheartened by plague and famine, but their unrest is not considered dangerous by British veterans in London, who have spent their lives in India.

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The Wooing of Alphonse

"As you will," answered drawing in his wrists and expanding his palms, with the shoulders—"as you will, part, I am happy to serve you. Then, if you will take me at twelve o'clock on Saturday, I will give you all particular Madame Mesnilodot."
"So soon, Alphonse?"
"Ah, Jules, do not surprise me! Will your conversation call upon Madame Mesnilodot Saturday?"
M. Bernier had by no means been shocked of hearing George Thevet was unacquainted with his own affairs; but of his decision that Alphonse's responsibility would fall upon him by accepting the post of friend at mid-day on Saturday that he would call upon Mesnilodot afterwards.

M. Alphonse embraced his friend, paid for his refreshment, left the cafe to wait home. M. Jules Bernier was a word, and punctually at the appointed day he arrived in a dress in readiness to present call on Madame Mesnilodot after breakfast.
Little passed between them, together, M. Bernier with his knife and fork, and home at springing, his hum silent. No qualms of the precipitancy of the about to take—by deputation. His faith in his faith and generosity was too to be disturbed by his un-But at times he was consoling himself to follow the custom he had been told, among the people of Gre-go in person to Madame Mesnilodot's mother, and flung his knees at her feet, to give him her daughter's of course such an proceeding was quite out of modesty, dictated that should sit quietly at the trusted family friend's weighty petition to the subject's mother. Alphonse heard that there are children in which a young Englishman upon him to address choice herself without consulting the parents on either side if he had, he would not it, even of Britons. The such a thing never crossed his mind.
"You have, I hope, breakfast?" he said to friend drew the napkin with a sigh of content. "Excellent; I thank you, Bernier. With your light a cigarette, and me regarding your pet that I may explain it to you."

Keeping carefully in mind had taken his father's granted, Alphonse insisted to say that his allowance would be twelve francs per annum, and that inherit not less than a francs at his parent's death; nothing else to say, except devotion would be M. Bernier's, and he should learn whether her do one hundred and fifty francs and the furnished her wardrobe Cauchouse.
M. Jules Bernier elevated eyebrows as he heard hundred and fifty francs that beautiful household!—on the Boulevard expect Alphonse, my friend. "Nevertheless, you please," replied Alphonse, "a matter of business; no child."
"As you wish," answered with a shrug, as he read and adjusted his cravat. "It is now half-past of go to Madame Mesnilodot direct to you here, at twelve o'clock."
"I will await you at Alphonse with dignified friend to me."
We need not dwell on the eagerness with which ambassador when he hours later.
"You were long gone, less." "But do not of Madame Mesnilodot's reply. "Her reply," answered with the smile of one good news. "Yes, that Madame Mesnilodot and that her dot—that one hundred the Alphonse."
"Madame said not answered M. Bernier done this kind of knew better than of the first interview. A cloud gathered Alphonse. He had that M. and Madame have promised all