SEPTEMBER 2

Memory's Picture.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

I see her now, the fairest thing That ever mocked man's picturing. I picture her as one that drew Aside life's curtain and looked through The mists of all life's mystery, As one looks on the open sea,

The soft wide eyes of wonderment
That trasting looked you through and
through;
The sweet arened mouth, a bow not bent,
That sent Love's arrows swift and true.

That sweet arched mouth! The Orient Hath not such pearls in all her store Not all her storied, spice-set shores Hath fragrance such as it hath spent.

I picture her as one who knew How rare is truth to be untrue; As one who knew the awful sign of death, of life, of the divine Sweet pity of all loves, all hates Beneath the fron-footed fates

I picture her as seeking peace, And oil ve leaves and vine-set land; While strife stood by on either hand, And wrung the tears like rosaries, I picture her in pussing rhyme, as of, yet not a part of these, A woman born above her time, A woman waiting in her place, With patient pity on her face,

Her face, her earnest, youthful face, Her young face so uncommon wise Tae tender love light in her eyes, Two stars of heaven out of place.

Two stars that sang as stars of gold Their stient eloquence of song, In skies of glory and of gold, Where God on purple passed along; That patient, youthful face of hers That won a thousand worshipers!

That silent, pleading face, among
Ten thousand faces just the one
That I shall love when all is done,
And life lies by, harp unstrung,
—Boston Transcript.

PIQUETTE.

AN IDYL OF THE COAST.

BY J, K. P.

Far down in southeastern Louisiana is a stretch of land extending from Lake Borgue to the sea. For leagues around the eye gazes upon vistas of swaying pines, rising from a gleaming sea of sand. Some, perhaps, might say there is no beauty in the scene because they see not nature's usual glorious suffusion of color there. Yet the vivid, life fraught green of the trees and the dazzling white waste below, are to me grander, in their solemn isolation and stillness, than the happy murmur of leafy forests throbbing with the echo of bird and insect life. Here, by day, only the note of the cicada falls upon the still air. The sun's rays pour down all their fervid heat upon the land until the very sand seems on fire.

But at midnight a calm like that of the dead rests upon the motionless forest. Strange seem the soft, cool beams of the moon, sleeping on the sand, when we think of the glowing fire of the day Ever and anon one hears the plaintive call of the whippoorwill as it echoes through the pines in answer to its mate The waves, crested with light, which break so restlessly on the beach, have the sound of a never-ending sigh, with which now and again the voices of the pines blend in soft swelling cadence.

Not very far from the lake, in a space cleared of trees, tive architecture. It is built or reag-tive architecture. It is built or reag-pine logs, the interstices filled with stucco. Within it is rather small, yet cleared of trees, stands a house of primi something of home comfort is there, for the place is tidy, and the occupants of the room are seated, in a contented fashion, at their work.
One is a woman whom, to look on, you

would call old, but whose movements are youthful in their quickness. There is nothing remarkable in her face but the deep passion of her eyes. She is seated in a rush bottomed chair mending a seine. Back and forth she works her shuttle through the meshes of the net, the while she sings a hymn to the Blessed Virgin of which the refrain, "Soyez notre secours dans lorage" lingers on the vibrant air.

By a wooden table is seated Jacques, her son, about thirty, we should say, from his strong, determined face. He is busy making floats for his fishing tackle. Though the adept might smile at his clumsy contrivances, which are only pieces of cork with feathers from the yet they will do better service for him than all the supply of patent flies and hoats which the gentleman angler brings

from the city.

One might think that there was some shadow between the heart of mother and son, for no word is uttered by either. It is a strange coincidence that these dwellers in the solitude learn silence from the forest, and refrain from speech if they judged it a profanation of the

A ladder in one corner leads to a room above, under the sloping roof, where you can stand erect only in the centre. Most of the available space is occupied by a bed in which a child lies sleeping. A little thing who had played on the beach for ten long, happy summers; in a bright nursery, among dainty and refined children, nurtured in home comfort, this little one would have been unhappy, for she was wild and shy, loving forest and sea, but most of all Our Lady. Beside her on the pillow lay a statue of the Blessed Mother; a little, sun burnt hand had stolen forth to touch the treasure, and rested there in sweet consciousness

This statue had been given to her by Pere Marignier, the circuit rider, who had knocked at their door and asked shelter for the night about two years before. Willingly these humble folk had received their guest, thanking God in their hearts for leading him to their

In the early morning light Piquette came to tell the priest that "Grandmere Susanne wanted to know if he liked shrimp, because Jacques was going to catch some for his breakfast." Pere Marignier in a kindly voice bade

the child come in.
Half afraid, Piquette entered the room Her childish eyes dilated with wonder as she beheld on the top of the dresser, in which Jacques kept his treasures, a statue of our Blessed Mother fashioned of purest marble. For a few moments she stood motionless, overpowered by its beauty; then clasping her hands, she

Surprised by the question Pere Marig-nier did not answer for a moment. See ing the grieved and anxious look on the

little face, he said:

"No, little one; the Blessed Mother loves to have little children like you kiss her robe; but, better still she loves to have you call her Mother."

Soon Jacques came to tell the Pere that his breakfast was waiting. Left alone with the statue, Piquette reached up a timid little hand to touch the flowing telds of the mand to touch the flowfolds of the marble robe. She spoke to Our Lady with trusting faith, never doubting that she would be heard. That she might be the better able to see the statue she mounted a low bench, and resting her arms on the top of the dresser, looked with her heart in her eyes into the sweet face of the Virgin Mother. When the morning meal was con-

cluded Pere Marignier commenced his preparations for the journey. His breviary, crucifix and rosary were, one by one, safely stowed away in his valise. Piquette watched his every movement, her little heart agitated at the thought that the precious statue was about to disappear forever from her gaze. But as the good priest bent over the child to bless her he took the image in his hand, and extending it towards her he said with a heavy ing it towards her he said, with a benevo

ent smile:
"I leave the Blessed Mother with thee little one, for thou knowest how to love her better than I; cherish her always as tenderly as now, and she will watch over thee in life and death."

thee in life and death."

Tears shone in the dark, solemn eyes of the child, instead of the bright and happy smile one would have looked for, One word, "Merci!" she uttered in an almost inaudible tone, as she clasped the reasure to her heart.

Piquette little suspected the greatness of the sacrifice that Pere Marigaier had just made. During all the years of his priesthood this image had been his companion in his lowers are proportion. panion in his journeys among the dwel lers of the forest. Before the eyes of the dying, imploring Mary's help, it had shone as a sweet vision. Near by the altar it had rested when he offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass beneath the waving pines. Again, when he had joined these simple folks in marriage, the betrothed had knelt before the statue and prayed in unison to Our

After he had left the fisherman's home a doubt occurred to him-perhaps the child would tire of the precious gift; she was so young and simple she could not appreciate its beauty and its value; and it had been so dear to him! But then, the love and devotion expressed in that the love and devotion expressed in that pure, child face as she had pressed the image to her heart—that tearful "Merci!" No; he could not have been mistaken; so he put away the distrustful thought.

Down to the beach Piquette wandered, clasping her statue, and now and then murmuring:

murmuring:

"I love you so much, Blessed Mother!"

She fashioned a shrine with patient care, by heaping up the sand and moistening it with sea-water. In a short time the sun had rendered the little grotto as hard as if built of rock. As the waves dashed on the beach she ran down to meet the rippling water and described. meet the rippling water and despoil it of its burden of sea-weed. With the choice of nature she laid sprsys of red and yellow upon the white sand, with here and there a fragment of brown sea-

After several hours of busy toil she lay down on the beach beside the little altar to rest her tired limbs, and gazed in sweet contentment upon the placid face above her, fancying that it smiled upon her the approval of her Mother in eaven. In imitation of old Susanne she softly entoned: "Soyez notre secours dans l'orage" When the sweet words dans l'orage" When the sweet words had died away on her lips, she said:

"That is for Jacques, Mother, when it is stormy on the lake, Grandmere told

me to sing it every day."

During all the summer day, with its urning heat did the child lie there on the sands, the waves often dashing the spray over the graceful little form and kissing the brown, soulful face, with its dreamy eyes and heavy hair.

As the sun sank, quenching its fire in the gently swelling tide, she saw Jacques sailing homeward, his boat laden with fish. High above her head she raised the status that he might sent it. the statue that he might see it and thank the Virgin Mother for watching over him all the day. A surprised look was on the fisherman's face as his eye rested on the little figure holding aloft rested on the little ngure notding alout the shining image, the strong sea breeze tossing her long, dark hair about her face, and the last, lingering beams of day casting a glimmer of gold over land and sea. His freight of fish gleamed in the case with the difference of the strong heavy from sea. His reign to his greather in the dying light like the glittering hoard from a goblin's den. He was loath to may the stillness and stood there by his moored boat, drinking in the rare picture with

all its glowing beauty.

Soon Piquette turned to him and said: "I am going to bring my Blessed Lady here every day, Jacques, so that she can watch over you when your boat is far out on the lake."

Then they walked homeward through the broad aisles of pines. They met Susanne coming down the path. Fol-lowing her gaze, they turned their faces towards the glowing west, where the sun was just setting beneath the waters. As their eyes mirrored the last faint beams shooting upward from their ocean tomb, they sank upon their knees. Here in the wilderness, far from chapel and convent, the dawn and twilight were the signals for prayer. The beautiful words of the Angelus fell softly on the evening air, and their echo lingered long after the prayer was ended.

The three turned and entered the low-

roofed cabin. An expression was on the faces of the cld woman, the little child and the strong man, as if an angel's wing overshadowed them.

Awhile they lingered over their even.

ing meal; then the sombre eyes of the child grew weary and she climbed the ladder to the room above. Kueeling beexclaimed:

"Oh, I know! it is the beautiful Blessed
Mother that Grandmere has told me

fore her statue, Piquette poured out the simple longings of her heart. She only asked of Our Lady to take care of Grand-

Poor little one! Susanne was very kind, but she was old and could not sympathize with her in all her hopes and pleasures. Isolated from all childish friendship. friendships, she turned to the Blessed Virgin and made of her a friend as real as if she lived and walked beside her. To her she told all her sorrow for dying birds and withering pines, forgetting her grief almost as soon as uttered, in the thought that "Blessed Mother would be sorry,

II.

Two years of calm, sweet existence came and went, flowing into the past as gently as the ebbing tide. Except when the ain poured down into the seething, tosing lake, and the breakers lashed the shore, Piquette was generally found on the beach lying beside the altar of sand which she fashioned anew each morning. Sometimes Jacques would take Pi-quette with him in his firling boat. In the early morning the child would run-

eagerly along the beach to see what the 'sand fiddlers were doing." If she could find a tiny musician gaily scraping one claw over the other, she would call out to

Jacques:
"It's fair weather, for the fildlers are

playing"
But if she found them busily digging holes in the sand, she knew that they were burying themselves to avoid being washed away by the storm that would be surto come before night. Then she would return to Jacques with a grave countenance and beg him not to go out on the water that day.

When the pine and pelmetto lifted their

dewy heads to greet the rising sun they would embark; the child draggleg the would embars; the child dragging the tawney yellow seine down to the water's edge, and laughing with glee because she was helping. For four or five hours Jacques busied himself about his craft; then as the sun seemed to stay his course in the very zenith, he would lower the course rath path the schoolers was entirely in the very zenith, he would lower the queer sa'l until the schooner was entirely over shadowed by it. Lying there in the shade upon a pile of nets, his face lost something of its weary expression while he listened with restful antisfaction to the

he listened with restful satisfaction to the happy prattle of the little girl.

As he lay there one day idly dreaming, he heard Piquette talking, as she so often did, to her statue:

"Why is Jacques always so sal?" she said. "He never smiles as you do, Mother; and sometimes he takes me in his arms and looks at me so that his eyes harn my face. I am afriad of him then, Mother, and run away."

The innocent words brought back the one great sorrow of his life, which he had

one great sorrow of his life, which he had tried so hard to forget. A sob of agony shook the gigantic frame of the man, and one hand fiercely locked itself in the meshes of the seine. Piquette jumped up to show him a star fish of faint, pink ue, which she had found in his crabnet. Seeing the intense suffering in his face, but half bidden by his weather beaten hat, the child crept back to her playthings, has aver full of

her eyes full of terror.

In a few moments he rose and began hoisting the sail. The quiet and rest were now intolerable. He must do something. Perceiving Piquette's anxious expression he called her to him. She obeyed with pparent reluctance.

In his usual tender tone, he said . "What did you want to show me, little one? You are afraid of me sometimes, you say. Well, I promise Blessed Mother you shall never have reason to fear me again."

Reassured by Our Lady's name, she took hold of his great, strong hand, and answered :

wont run away any more Jacques, "I wont run away any more Jacques, for I know you wont hurt me."

At eventide, when they were sailing homeward, the white caps breaking in delicate foam over the boat's side, Jacques, with his hand on the tiller-rope, asked:

"Did Grandwage over tell reserved."

"Did Grandmere ever tell you of your

"No, Jacques," she responded; "I asked her one day, but she only wiped her eyes with her apron."

with her apron."
"I will tell you about him, then,"
resumed Jacques. "He was my only
brother, and the fishermen said they could never tell whether it was Raoul or myself they had bargained with for the day's catch, we were so much alike. One catch, we were so much alike. One morning as we were baiting our hooks before setting sail, he asked what I had done with the silver which I had received the night before for my fish. I refused to tell, for I had given it to old Louis, who tell, for I had given it to old Louis, who lived farther up the coast and was only able to earn a few sous a day by basket weaving. I was afraid he would laugh at me for being so soft hearted. Finding I would not speak, he accused me of losing it all, gambling with Claude D'Arnay. It roused my passion to think that he believed I would break my oath to the mere to main a false pleavune. I struck mere to gain a false pleayune. I struck him a blow in the face, and then walked off towards the cabin."

A look of agony swept over his countenance. He paused a moment and then controlling himself with an effort, he con-

"Raoul sailed alone that morning. About noonday a fearful squall sprang up on the lake. I watched for the schoonersail until darkness feil. As the night wore on the storm grew worse, but at day break it lulled. As I wandered along the shore, strewn with timbers from foundered vessels, I saw a piece of our own little craft, with the tiller-rope still attached. Then I knew that my brother, who had helped me to all the good of my wayward life, was lost to me on earth forever. ittle one, may you never know the grie that came over me when I rem that my last act towards him had been a

Jacques' eyes were wet with tears that five years of bitter suffering had never drawn from him. Putting her arms around him Piquette tried to comfort him.

After a while she said : "I will ask Blessed Mother to be good to you as she is to me. Tell her you will

As the child said this she lifted the statue for him to kiss. In a spirit of simple faith, 'his lips reverently touched the garment of Our Lady, the Mother of Sorrows, while in the depths of his heart he begged her to ease his grief.

The wind was blowing in fitful gusts the weakened system valuable assistance in the weakene

about so often." And the child walked slowly toward the image, her little heart overflowing with love.

Turning to the priest, she asked:

"Will the Blessed Mother mind it I while one! Susanne was very kind, but she was old and could not sympathic with her in all her home and most to half the home."

While with her in all her home and most to half the home and most to half the home and most to half the home.

ments to haul the boat high on the beach beyond the reach of the waves. His car-go of fish was soon sold. Taen they started toward the cabin, Piquette lader with shells and sea weed which had been

with shells and sea weed which had been entangled in the selne. After their frugal supper was fini had she crept off to bed like a tired bird seeking its nest.

One day Piquette was on the beach weaving baskets of the faint green Qatanier strips from the piny woods near by. Suddenly the great mass of black clouds which covered the western horizon surged upward, obscuring the entire heavens as if upward, obscuring the entire heavens as if envious of the day itself. Susanne, who was far up the beach gathering drift-wood, called out to her :

"Make haste, Piquette, or the storm will break before you reach the house. Don't wait for me, for I shall come through the what for ms, for I shall come through the wood."

The white, foam-crested waves, dashing on the shore, reminded the child of Jacques far out on the lake, so she stopped to

say to Our Lady:
"Dear Mother, I will leave you here to
take care of Jacques; I know you will
guard him and 'ring him home safe."
Then she sped toward the log-house,

Then she sped toward the log-house, the angry raindrops falling faster at every step. Despite her lottering she reached the cabin before Grandmere Susanne.

Soon the earth was shrouded in blackened night. The lake was stirred to its profoundest depths and the waters beat with sullen roar upon the shingles. Crash upon crash of thunder, echoed by the noise of falling pines, followed close upon forked gleams of lighting.

Piquette, not afraid but awed by the tempest, knelt obediently beside Susanne and told her beads that Jacques might be saved. She was anxious and restless, wish.

saved. She was anxious and restless, wishing she had not left her statue on the beach, for she knew "Blessed Lady would be lonely out there in the storm with no

The tempest lulled for awhile, but the ominous stillness was like the quietude of a tiger concentrating all his strength before he springs upon his prey.

Piquette thought that the storm had

Piquette thought that the storm had spent itself and stole out into the dark epent itself and stole out into the dark ness feating lest Susanne would call her back. The thought never entered her mind that the waves might wash her treasure out to set. She believed her Bleesed Mother was waiting for her, so she bestered enward.

hastened onward.

The corflict of the elements was again renewed with tenfold fury. Blinded by the rain and beaten back by the hurricane, she was about to rein quish her search, when a flash of blazing light rendered the devasted coast visible for an instant. Just before her she saw the statue lying in a taugle of sea weed, the grotto swept away by the invading waters; it was only the weight of the marble which had prevented it from being washed out to sea.

Joyfully she seized her treasure and with renewed courage battled with the tempest. The crashing of the thunder was not so terrible now that she had her dear Mother to protect her. She made her way slowly, guided by the light from the cabin window. She strove to keep near the tall pines, imagining they would shelter her from the storm; but her greatest peril was in these forest monarchs. After a long struggle she grew weary, and despair filled her frightened heart. In pleading accents she begged for Mary: "Mother, dear Blessed Mother, please

take me home! Like the wondrous words of the saints, her prayer was answered in an instant. A train of scathing lightning leapt out of the dense, impenetrable blackness of the heavens, rending the darkness in twain with its flashing fire.

Like an arrow sped from the bow, it darted from heaven to earth, striking, in accordance with the aim of an unerling providence, a monarch pine that in sylvan pride had raised its lofty head above its prethren. A prayer broke from the child's heart

"O Mother ! save Jacques !" As this stricken king of the forest fell, it crushed out the life of the little human flower beneath it. She who had been to Piquette truly a "Mother of love and of knowledge and of holy hope" had taken her child home forever.

her child home forever.

The same forked lightning which had felled the tree and set free the pure soul of the child had saved Jacques. It defined the outline of the familiar cost to him in his sinking schooner. Knowing he was near the shore he plunged fearlessly into the angry waters and by the mighty strokes of his powerful arms he gained the beach. The Virgin Mother had, besides taken Piquette home, answered her last prayer and saved Jacques.

"The Naked Truth."

Whilst Truth was one day bathing in a limpid river, Falsehood happened to pass, and noticing the garments of Truth on the bank of the stream, conceived the idea of exchanging his clothing for that of the bather, who came from the bath and mourned the loss sustained, but disdaining Falsehood's garb, has since gone naked through the world. Whether the origin of the expression— "the naked truth"—is mythical or other wise, it is universally known to be the "naked truth" that Dr. Pierce's Golden "naked truth" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as a curstive agent for consumption (lung-scrofula), bronchitis, chronic nasal catarrh, asthma, and kindred diseases of the throat and lungs.

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A Helping Hand "I will ask Blessed Mother to be good to you as she is to me. Tell her you will love her, Jacques; then she will take care of you."

As the child said this she lifted the

A PRETITY KETTLE OF FISH.

United Ireland, Sept. 8th. The Coercionists are crying out for a war with the United States to vindicate the reputation of Mr. Chamberlain as a diplomatist and the wisdom of the Government that sent him to America as the accredited apostle of Irish Coercion. The Standard, the official organ of the Salis-bury-cum-Balfour Government, treats its readers to a prose version of the Great M'Dermott's war song :

We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've get the money, too." we've get the money, too."
and threatens with Enjand's self-sinking
iron clads the audacious Yankees who
have dared to flout the heaven sent diplomatist, Mr. Chamberlain. Of course, this
it all bunkum. The Coercion Government has quite enough on its hands to coerce Ireland without attempting to conquer America. The British Army is not likely for some time to be engaged in any more hazardous enterprise than besieging the thatched cabins of Clanricade's tenants. The aristocratic Caerglonisks may be are The aristocratic Coercionists may be anx. ious enough for a slap at the Republic, be

the notion that the English people would tolerate such a war for such a purpose is too fantastically absurd. The Yankees are not by any means the people to be terrified by tall talk or to tolerate the attempt. or even the threat to run Mr. Chamber lain's Fishery Treaty down their throats with cannon balls When the Chercionists cool down a bit they will back out of the bally constitutions. hete cool down a bit they will back out of the ludicrous position they have assumed. Their irritation is natural They had bragged so much of Mr. Coambeilain's diplomatic triumph as conclusive evidence that Irish in-fluence was non existent in the States that they share to the fullest in the humiliathey share to the fullest in the humina-tion of his failure. The treaty was flour-ished in our faces as a Coercion trophy, and behold it is torn in pieces and tram-pled on by Irish feet. We were very willing to assume that the Treaty was but

a botched piece of business at best, and that its rejection was the happiest thing for all parties concerned. But this is not Mr. Chamberlain's notion nor his he not are common and a notion nor me friends, notion. They maintain some-what illogically (but when was anger logical?) that its rejection was solely due to that frish influence which for the last six months he was never done declaring was non-existent in America. It was the Irish-American whose strong foot kicked over his pretty kettle of fish and scaided him with the bot water. So be it. The rjection of Mr. Chamberlain's treaty then, if they will have it so, was the Irish-American answer to the operation for Ire-

American answer to the coercion for Ireland. How does England like the answer? Is the hatred of the Irish race at home and abroad worth the big price they are asked to pay for it, when their friendship can be had so cheaply? Can the paw of the British lion be put to no better purpose than plucking the rackrents of Irish landlords out of the fire and getting sorely scorched in the process? In every man the Coercion policy drives In every man the Coercion policy drives out of Ireland a foe to England and Eng land's policy lands in America or Austra lia hungering for reverge. Is that noble animal, the Irish landlord, worth the sacrifices we make for him ?-the sacrifice, not merely of Ireland's freedom and happiness, but the sacrifice of England's treasure, of England's public business, of Eogland's tranquillity, of Eogland's fair fame, and it may well be of England's safety in the hour of danger? The other day there was a meeting in London to do honour to fighting Pail. Sheridan, the Irish American General, by whom, more than ony other man, the American Constitution was preserved. The "Forger," in its ostrich like wisdom, suppressed all

allusion to his Irish origin in its reports of the speeches. But the world did not need the "Forger" to tell it that Irish blood ran in Phil Sheridan's Irish blood ran in Phil Sheridan's veins.
Lord Wolseley declared that he was as
proud of the Irish American General as if
he had held the Queen's Commission. We
may beg leave to doubt the pride would
be reciprocal. The Marshal Ney of the be reciprocal. The Marchal Ney of the American army, who evoked victory so often from the very jaws of defeat, was an Irishman to his heart's core. "American by birth," he was won't to exclaim, "I love liberty. Irish by descent, I hate oppression. In Ireland I would be a Fenian." For England the words are worth pendering on She reads distributed.

worth pondering on. She needs friends outside her own shores. The friendship of Ireland and of Irishmen in America is to be had for the asking. It is not from the United States only or chiefly that danger threatens. Europe is one vast powder magazine. A spark may produce an explosion in which England will be involved. Now is the time to deedde whether the sympathy and help of Irish men the wide world over, but most of all of Irishmen at her own door, should be with her or against her in the supreme hour when her fate hangs in the balance Now is the time to stamp out that fatal policy which would have made the Irish general who in America fought for the to be had for the asking. It is not from

When all Europe bristles with bayonets the friendship of a warm-hearted and warlike race is surely worth having. Baldness may be prevented, and a thick growth of hair stimulated, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation also restore the natural color to hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and

general who in America fought for the Constitution a rebel in his own land.

glossy. Highly Valued. "Last summer our children were ver "Last summer our children were very bad with summer complaint and the only remady that did them any good was Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. We used 12 bottles during the warm weather and would not be without it at five times the cost, considering it to have no superior for diarrhea." Mrs. James Healy, New Edinburgh, Ont.

Edinburgh, Ont. Mr. G W. Macully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, etc."

Is Cholera Coming? When symptoms of cholera appear, prompt remedies should be resorted to. Miss Mary E. Davis, of Luskville, Ont., says—"My brother was bad with cholera morbus and after using one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, it cured him entirely."

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References: Rev. Father Bayard, Sarnia Lennon, Brantford, Molphy, Ingersoli; Corcoran, Parkhill, Twoky, Kingston; and Rev. The Compt.

THE IRISH

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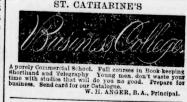
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Written for CATH CATHOLICS OF

Bishop Challener, not application that had be

kindly interested hims

the Uist Catholics. He

the memorial that had

BY THE REV. MNEAS M LL. D., F. B

PART

fully stating their case, of it, had it printed at l and presented to the E as well as to his own friends. All sympathis secuted people of the tions were made at the Catholic ambassadors in considerable sum of mo which facilitated the sc tion. Hearing of this g Grant wrote in reply December 16th, 1771: with Bishop Challone, haviour. I pray God to all his charity. You'll a him about the beginn him about the complying year. I beg complimen most respectful and at ner." Bishop Hay also Abate Grant of Rome to thanks addressed to B for his great zeal in Glensladale had purcha in St John's (Prince E to which he proposed to ous colony of Highland furtherance of his plan Island of Uist along wi MacDonald. Matters w factory there as he exp the families were so poo able to contribute as mu for toward the expenses Glenaladale was not to repaired to Edinburgh, a senting the state of thin £500 of the memorial m sum required being £150 enabled to proceed; and sailed in the ship he ha St. John's Island, 100 fro from the mainland. Th panied by the Reveren donald, a missionary p faculties from Rome until them renewed by the Bi Clan Ranald now interpo that his cousin, Boisdale religious toleration to t remained. The Abate (translation of the memor Father, who brought it u of the young Duke of Gi time resident in Rome, secure his interference in persecuted Highlanders, for them liberty of c Prince generously promi most vigorous endeavors to Boisdales's cruelty. charged the Nuncio at F attention of the British

religious persecution was in the Highlands, by me; ceedings above related.

To Bishop Hay, September 2

"Since our) persecution, Bossdale is and is himself, to all appearson who repents the former doings. He grant most unlimited toleration teachers, welcomes our cl his family, uses them wit civility and with the defe entitled to. His condesc times so great, that we perform some of our fur perform some of our fur the precincts of his pale serious, he has built su house as I never expected Long Island (Uist) The that God oftentimes per order to draw good from i

the same subject.
It was now manifest

landlords, and by proofs Boisdale could not shut h

Catholics bad powerful fi tance, and that it would it

to drive them to extrem

and persecuting measure MacDonald, the Priest

witness, in a letter to Ris

is well worth quoting, h

ous manner verified with dale's former unaccount for, his anti- Christian at insuccessful, notwithsta interest and riches, has terred others, actuated b scrupulous principles, from ing the like undertaking, general live now in good us, and upon better term fore. They no longer loo set of execrable wretches friends and the abomin and Government; so the quences of Boisdale's for had, in the end, proved beneficial to religion, and continue to do so." The emigrants arrived

John's after a fine pass weeks. It was not long us to prosper in their new ho Hay, writing to Mr. George Uist people are doing extra John's Island, coming fas-ing already much better to Such accounts were enc-were followed, in 1773, b Hay, writing to Mr. Gedde emigration from Glengari grants were 300 in number all Catholics, including th of the country gentlemen minded Glenaladale sold Scotland and went to shar of his fellow countrymen so generously and succes in their emigration to St. His departure from Scotl regretted by Bishop Hay friends, "He is sacrifici Bishop, "fortune and pe good of those poor suffere

a loss to us that he should It has just been remark often permitted in order t result. This indeed, approvay of Providence: "From

oft educing good, and better still, in infinite prog The scheme of emigrati by a few benevolent inc only put an end to a crue