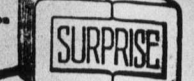


Little Water Soap

ed with
se Soap
ld the clothes. It isn't
clothes come out of the
perfectly washed. The
not rubbed in.
ay of Wash Day.
he ordinary way if you



Woman's Milk Chocolate

colate confection
a milk chocolate
fresh shelled
ts. Simply ex-
In 1/4 and 1/2
cakes.

Woman Co. Limited, Toronto.

her shrine the dear Ma-
gazed,
lying warm against her
she see?" he whispered,
the guess
theatres to those soft
s pressed?"
she said, "she shuts him
om harms,
love-locked harbor of her
coming fate could make
ht I held my little lad."
d choose," he said, "a
oon.
girl dancing yonder for
om all her kingdom
you bid
Fortune in her hand to
her robes, the glittering
hall
mist of tears along the
she said, "nor riches
light,
kiss my little lad to-
unting-on Miller.

USE WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Williams' Pink Pills were ori-
description used in the
rate practice and their
mankind has been in-
ny thousand fold by their
on general sale through-
ld with doctor's own dis-
use. They are entirely
tain no opiate or habit-
gms' Pink Pills are a rum-
when the blood is thin
or, or impure, as in
or when the nerves are
neuralgia: or if there is
or when the body as a
nourished, as in general
they build up the blood,
the nerves and cure the
rom and growing girls
rns of weakness. That
people have tried this
with good results is
the constantly increasing
ures reported.
Charbonneau, a young
own in the town of St.
is one of the best
testimony to the value
ams' Pink Pills. He
n I left school I became
in an important office.
e to the confinement I
fer from indigestion and
gth. I became pale and
oodless and was often
palpitation of the heart
headaches. I tried se-
s, but they did not do
good. I was advised
Williams' Pink Pills and
the use of eight boxes
back to perfect health.
I have since enjoyed
health and cannot say
praise of this valuable

get Dr. Williams' Pink
my medicine dealer or
0 cents a box or six
0 from the Dr. Wil-
me Co., Brockville, Ont.

You can't afford to rest
thing without Oshawa's
vanized Steel Shingles.
Good for a hundred years.
Send for the free booklet.

People of Oshawa
St. John, Winnipeg, Canada

MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors.
10th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers,
97 ST. JAMES STREET.
Main 3174.

KAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, Etc.
7 PLACE D'ARMES
KAVANAGH, K.C. PAUL LACOSTE, LL.B.
LAJOIE, K.C. JOHN LACOSTE, LL.B.

CROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY
Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors
160 ST. JAMES ST.
Guardian Bldg.
Main 1491

BARNARD & DESSAUNES
ADVOCATES
Savings Bank Building, 160 St. James
Bell Telephone Main 1079.

Conroy Bros.
135 CENTRE STREET
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters.
Estimates Given.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Lawrence Riley
PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1860.
All kinds of Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of
Plaster promptly attended to.
15 Pain Street, Point St. Charles.

D. H. WELSH & CO
Caterers and Confectioners
14-16 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL

Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W.
Biscuits, Crackers and Biscuits. Personal
Banquets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal
attention. PHONE MAIN 5301

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
lished March 6th, 1856; incorporated
1868; Meets in St. Patrick's
Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first
Monday of the month. Committee
meets last Wednesday. Officers:
Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald Mc-
Shane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J.
Shane, K.C.; 1st Vice-Presi-
dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-
President, W. G. Kennedy;
Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Cor-
responding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-
ningham; Recording Secretary, Mr.
T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Sec-
retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Sec-
retary, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Connolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

AN Ever-numbered motion of Dom-
inion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26,
not reserved, may be homesteaded by
any person who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-
tion of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
holder, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of an intending home-
steader.

The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected there-
with under one of the following
plans:

(1) At least six months' residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the home-
steader resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
modified by such person residing
with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his perma-
nent residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
this advertisement will not be paid
for.



Pimples are invariably due to bad or
imperfect blood and while not at-
tended with fatal results, are neverthe-
less peculiarly distressing to the average
person.

Miss E. L. Lang, Esterhazy, Sask.,
writes:—"My face and neck were covered
with pimples. I tried all kinds of reme-
dies, but they did me no good. I went
to many doctors but they could not cure
me. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters,
and I must say it is a wonderful remedy
for the cure of pimples."

For sale at all dealers. Manufactured
only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

MY ROSARY.

(Brooklyn Tablet.)

It is a very beautiful one, com-
posed of smooth pearl beads, orna-
mented with silver trimmings. It
never has been out of my possession
save for a few months, and "thereby
hangs a tale."

Before becoming mine, my Rosary
had belonged to my dear mother.
Have I forgotten the joy and plea-
sure with which she received it from
the hands of a priestly relative upon
his return from a foreign land? How
many times I have seen it pass
through her slender white fingers?
During her last illness it lay con-
stantly within her reach, and she
always said that after her death it
should belong to me. In my bitter
grief it escaped my memory until I
saw her lying in her casket arrayed
for the tomb. Some one had twin-
ed the Rosary around her hand, and
the crucifix lay on her quiet breast.
Remembering her wish, I gently re-
moved it, and put it carefully away.

My mother's death left me alone
in the world. For a long time she
had been an invalid, and I left
school to become her helpmate, and
later her nurse. My girlish aspira-
tions for knowledge were never real-
ized. At the age of twenty-five, in-
stead of posing before an admiring
world as "a woman versed in erudi-
tion," I, Helen Wilson, was earn-
ing a livelihood by plying my needle
in the homes of those people who,
by means of wealth and high posi-
tion, were supposed to be much more
fortunate than I. Yet I was not un-
happy. My home was only a
room in a quiet house on a side
street, but it was cozy and almost
elegant in some of its appointments.

There were dainty silken hangings,
a table of polished wood, a delicate
china tea service, some pretty etch-
ings, and a beautiful picture of my
mother. I felt the restraint of city
life after the freedom of the country
and being by nature somewhat re-
served, I did not make friends easily.
But if I was sometimes lonely,
I was, on the whole, as contented
as it is given most mortals to be.

I considered myself fortunate
when I secured employment in the
family of Mrs. Cameron, whose
daughter was soon to be married.
The Camerons were wealthy and in-
fluential, and the tenuous of the
bride-elect was very elaborate. Mrs.
Cameron was a proud woman whose
word was a command. Besides her
daughter, and a son who was not
at home, there were two children
still in the nursery. Their governess,
Edith Crane, was the most beautiful
girl I had ever seen. When I learned
she was from the country I became
interested in her, and my interest
grew when I heard that she was al-
so a Catholic.

One day I heard Mrs. Cameron
speak to her daughter of the expect-
ed return of her son. From the soft-
ened tone and the tender light that
shone in her eyes it could readily be
seen that the son was the idol of
his mother.

"Roland is so sensible," said she,
"and despite the fact that he is so
handsome, he never has foolishly com-
mitted himself. I am certain."
"I am sure his boyish admiration
for Katherine will return," said Miss
Cameron. "She has improved since
she went abroad, and now she is a
great heiress."

"Katherine" I had heard spoken
of frequently; she was Miss Norton
and was to be the maid of honor at
the wedding.

The next afternoon I went down
town to match some silks for Miss
Cameron. As I passed by the park,
I saw Edith Crane standing on the
rustic bridge that spanned a crystal
streamlet. She was alone, and as
she turned and met my eyes I fan-
cied she looked embarrassed. After
we had exchanged pleasant greetings
I hurried on. A little later, on my
return, I saw her again, this time
accompanied by a gentleman. They
were engaged in earnest conversa-
tion. I had been in the house but a
short time when Mrs. Cameron and
her daughter, at the sound of a fa-
miliar voice in the hall just below
our sewing-room, hurried down to
welcome home the returned son and
brother. With an impulse of curiosi-
ty I looked at him as they passed
up stairs. It was the same young
man I had seen that afternoon walk-
ing with Edith Crane.

The next day I sat busily sewing
by the window overlooking the gar-
den. While Miss Crane and the child-
ren were walking below, young Mr.
Cameron sauntered into sight, paused
a moment and said something to
his little sisters. They ran off to
gather bouquets while he sat their
governess conversed. When he left
she stood perfectly still, with clasped
hands and a look of deep distress
on her face. At that moment she
raised her eyes and encountered mine
fixed upon her. A crimson hue covered
her cheeks and brow, and then she
turned and walked out of my sight.

All day I was troubled in mind. Yet
I felt instinctively that something was
wrong. Miss Crane avoided me dur-
ing the remainder of my stay, and I
left without seeing her again.

The following Sunday I chanced to
go to the Church of the Holy Rosary.
To my surprise, Edith Crane en-
tered the same pew. She looked an-
noyed when she saw me, but it was
too late to retreat. I smiled in re-
cognition, and as she knelt beside
me I noticed that she trembled.
When Mass commenced I noticed
that she had neither prayer book
nor rosary. It happened
that I had both, so I offered her
my Sacred Heart Manual. The ser-
mon, strangely enough seemed an
echo of my own thoughts. The
speaker touched upon mixed
marriages and said: "Jesus
blessed with His pre-
sence the marriage in Cana of Gal-

ilee. He desires to be present at
every Christian marriage. When a
Catholic is wedded to an unbeliever
Jesus is not present to bless the
nuptials."

Edith Crane sat perfectly quiet
with head bowed and eyes down-
cast. She appeared to be thinking.
We left the church and walked to-
gether down the street. She thank-
ed me for the use of my prayer-
book, and said she had left home
hastily and forgotten her own.

"What a beautiful Rosary you
have," she added, admiringly.
"Yes," I answered, and told her
its history.

"I should think you would prize
it highly," said she. "I, too, am
an orphan, but I have a stepmoth-
er," and she sighed.

I longed to speak to her on the
subject that caused me anxiety, but
could not. At parting I invited her
to call—some impulse made me add—
"I should like to be your friend."

"Thank you," she said, gently. "I
have few friends, and often feel al-
together alone. Will you offer a
Rosary for me?" she added, timidly.

"Indeed I will. I will ask the
Blessed Mother of God to give you
grace to do right."

She met my gaze unflinchingly. A
sad smile flitted across her face.
"Do," she said, earnestly. "I de-
sire to do right," and then we
parted.

The following week an unexpected
occurrence caused me to change my
place of residence. As soon as pos-
sible after I was settled I called at
Mrs. Cameron's house and asked to
see Miss Crane.

The lady had greeted me pleasant-
ly, but when I mentioned the name
of her governess a look of anger
passed over her face. "Miss Crane
is no longer in my employ," she
said.

"Is it possible?" I asked. "Can
you tell me where to find her?"
"I know nothing of the young wo-
man's whereabouts, and if I were in
your place I should not cultivate her
acquaintance."

I felt myself growing cold and
faint.

"What has she done?"
"That which no young woman in
her station should do, if she wishes
to preserve her respectability."

She spoke severely. Truly there
was nothing enigmatical in her
meaning, and she evidently believed
she was doing me a kindness.

While I sat trying to regain my
composure and half unconsciously
regarding the cluster of crimson
roses in the soft carpet, perplexing
thoughts crowded upon me.

"I cannot think evil of Miss
Crane," I said at length, raising my
eyes to the haughty face before me.
"You are charitably inclined," the
lady replied, with a slight sneer.

I went away heavy-hearted.
Edith's face as I had seen it last
rose before me. "I desire to right,"
she had said, and I could not be-
lieve that she had deliberately done
wrong.

I prayed for her fervently during
the weeks that followed. Many
were the garlands that I laid at the
feet of the "Mother of fair love and
holy hope." During the autumn I
often saw Roland Cameron and Miss
Norton driving together, and in the
aristocratic homes where I sewed I
heard that their engagement had
been announced. One lovely day in
mid October I took a holiday. A
strange restlessness had come upon
me, and I thought a trip to the
country would restore my tranquil-
ity.

Where, except in the country, can
we realize how the beautiful spirit
of autumn can

From a beaker full of richest dyes
Pour new glory on the autumn
woods
And dip in warm light the pillared
clouds?

And I knew that nowhere were
colors so perfectly blended as in
the grove near the cemetery where
my parents slept.

But—how inconsistent is the
heart of man!—at almost the last
moment I decided to go to visit an
old friend, Sister Constance, a nurse
in St. Joseph's Hospital. At a

florist's I purchased a large bou-
quet of autumn flowers. They will
carry a message of comfort to some
weary sufferer, I thought.

After I had chatted a while with
Sister Constance, she offered to take
me through the hospital. On the
way down the long corridor she be-
gan to tell me of a case which had
interested her greatly. The patient
was a young woman who had nar-
rowly escaped death from a danger-
ous fever. She had left the hospi-
tal after a stay of several weeks
only the day before.

"I cannot forget her," said the
Sister. "We see many sad cases,
but hers was unusually pathetic.
She was young and beautiful, but
evinced little interest in life."

"Had she no friends?" I asked.
"That is the strangest part of the
story. No one ever came near her.
When she was taken ill her land-
lady refused to care for her. She
was a music teacher, I believe, and
she was sent here. One night when
we thought her dying I began to
pray aloud, reciting the Rosary.
'Are you praying for me?' she asked.
'Yes, I am offering the Rosary to
Our Blessed Lady for you.' She
fell back on her pillow. 'There will
be two, then to say the Rosary for
me,'—I heard her murmur—'you and
the kind girl who promised to say
it on her dead mother's beads. I
wonder if she has forgotten.' Then
she moaned and grew delirious.
'Sister,' she asked, 'should not Je-
sus be present at every marriage, as
He was in Cana of Galilee?'"

I grasped the arm of Sister Con-
stance. "I know that girl!" I ex-
claimed. "I am the one she referred
to. Where did she go?"
"Are you sure?" asked Sister Con-
stance.

"Yes; her name is Edith Crane. I
tried to find her, I have never for-
gotten her, poor girl."

Sister Constance directed me, and
in a short time I found her, the
pale shadow of her former self,
seated before a feeble fire, a heavy
shawl about her shoulders. She had
said "Come in" to my knock, and
turned listlessly toward the door.
"Miss Wilson!" she gasped, trying
to rise.

"Edith!" I cried. "I have found
you at last." I clasped her in my
arms and kissed her.

Afterward, when she was cosily
enveloped in my pleasant room and
feeling stronger, she told me all
that happened. When I first met
her she had been at Mrs. Cameron's
for more than a year. For several
months an engagement of marriage
had existed between her and Roland.
Of course, his family never even sus-
pected it. After his return home
he tried to persuade her to consent
to a secret marriage, and her hesi-
tation to comply with his request
displeased him.

Subsequent developments showed
that, after again meeting Miss Nor-
ton and knowing his mother's fancy
for her and regard for her fortune,
he regretted the advances made to
Edith Crane. Though Edith knew
nothing of this, after our chance
meeting at church, her conscience al-
lowed her no peace, and she deter-
mined to break an engagement
which, by reason of the difference in
her religious views and the inequal-
ity of social position, could be pro-
ductive of nothing save unhappiness.

She wrote Roland a brief letter
asking him to meet her in the li-
brary one evening. By some mis-
chance the letter fell into Mrs. Cam-
eron's hands. The lady's anger
was great, and she would listen to
no explanation. In her distress
Edith appealed to Mr. Cameron,
who refused to say anything in her
defense.

Almost heart-broken at the con-
duct of one to whom she had given
all her affection, she left the house.
The next day she called at my
room, only to find me gone. After
some difficulty she secured employ-
ment in the family of an estimable
lady, but one day she saw Mrs. Cam-
eron's carriage at the gate, and
after that lady's departure she had
been summarily dismissed. She man-
aged to secure a few pupils, to
whom she gave music lessons, but
continually met with rebuffs. To re-
turn home was out of the question.

"I worried myself ill," she con-
cluded. "That I deserved the pun-
ishment for my vanity and presump-
tion did not make it any easier to
bear. When I was taken to the
hospital I cared little whether I
lived or died. But now I thank
God, who has tempered justice with
mercy."

I was happy to be able to share
my home with her, and during the
dark late autumn days she graced
my room like a flower. But as time
passed I could not help observing
that her face grew paler and a hack-
ling cough disturbed her rest at
night. She told me once that her
mother had died of consumption,
then I realized that she was wasting
away with the same malady. She
was so meek, so patient, so thank-
ful to me for my love and care
that I felt that God's benediction
rested on my little abode as long as
she remained in it.

Her death occurred in the early
spring-time, when the first flowers
shed their fragrance and the morn-
ings were melodious with the song
of the robins. It was a calm and
peaceful passing, beautiful in its
resignation and confidence in the
mercy of God. My Rosary had
scarcely been out of her hands dur-
ing the long months of pain and
weariness. Indeed, I had offered to
relinquish my claim to it entirely,
but she shook her head and smiled
as she answered:

"Until the end, and then when you
pray for your dear mother, I know
you will sometimes think of me."
I never have forgotten her. Many
years have passed, and I have been
blessed in every way. I always
think of her when I hold in my hand
the talisman of my life—my Rosary.

AN ENGLISH TOUR-IST IN IRELAND.

INDEPENDENCE OF PEOPLE.

Goods and Foodstuffs of Own Manu-facture Abound.

(From the Dublin Leader.)

Camping out recently in the South
of Ireland, I happened to want some
commissariat necessaries. I cycled
one morning into the nearest town
for a supply.

The town was Dungarven, Co. Wa-
terford. It is a little place in which
the main street, bulged in the middle
out into a square, predominates. I
mention the matter lest it might be
supposed I had possibly got into a
hysterical, and so had missed the re-
spectable shops. As a matter of
fact, all the shops in the town seem-
ed equally respectable, and when you
failed to get what you wanted in
one, there was no use trying another.

I first wanted some tobacco. The
shop pointed out to me looked like
a publichouse, and turned out to be
one, but it sold tobacco also. I
found, a lady came to me, and I
gave her my order. She laid two or
three boxes on the counter.

"Any particular sort, sir?" she
asked. "This is Mrs. Welsh's (I
think that was the name), this is
Murray's and this Gallagher's." "I
haven't got any of Will's?" I
asked.

"No, sir; we don't keep it."
I looked at her in surprise.
"O'Brien," I enquired.
She shook her head.
"Have you got anything English?"
I asked, and I took the sharp edge
off the sarcasm with my best smile.

She went away and spoke to a
gentleman down the shop, her hus-
band, I presume. He looked in my
direction, and said something to
her. She came back to me.

NO ENGLISH GOODS.

"No, sir," she said; "we haven't
Don't you think any of these would
do?"

I took up the first box she had
named the maker of.
"Welsh's, did you say?" I said
"And pray, where is it made, might
I ask? I never heard of it before."

"It's made down the street," she
answered. "The people round here
like it all right."
"Well, then, if they do," I said,
and I hope she saw the joke; "it's
bound to be all right. I'll try it
anyway."

"Thank you, sir," she said. "I
suppose you know tis up a halfpenny
?" she added as she proceeded to
tie the packet.

"Oh, is it?" I said. "I thought—"
I added "England mightn't remem-
ber ye over here, seeing how little
ye seem to remember, or know about
her, ha, ha, ha!"—and I laughed.

The lady said "no" nothing, but pushed
the packet of tobacco towards me.
"I suppose I'd better have a box
of matches too," I said. "What sort
have you got?" (I was becoming
interested in this matter of English
manufacture).

She laid some boxes of matches
on the counter. They bore some
descriptive title, in Gaelic, I believe,
which I could not read, and the
name of the maker—"Paterson, Dub-
lin."

"Got no other sort?" I enquired,
and I joked no more, for the thing
was becoming serious.
"No, sir, we haven't," she replied.
"They strike all right, sir," she
added, and opening a box she struck
one of the matches.

I looked at her. Was she having
some of her own back? I wondered.
There was, however, no fun in her
eyes; at least I could see none. I
don't know if I blushed to find there
wasn't. I'm afraid I did. I put a
box of the matches in my pocket.

"Very close," I observed,
to change the conversation, "and I'm
thirsty. Could you let me have a
bottle of Bass?" moving toward the
bar end of the shop.

The gentleman already referred to
now came to me.
"Bass, sir?" he said. "I'm afraid"
—turning round and scanning the
shelves—"oh, yes, here we are. I
was afraid we were out of it. You
see, we're so very seldom asked for
it here, sir," he added, as he drew
the cork and poured out the ale.

"And what do you principally
stock?" I asked. "Guinness?"
"Yes, Guinness, and Cork, and
Clonmel, in the beer line, sir, as good
have some nice cider, too, as good
if not better than Devonshire. Made
in town here, sir,—and he placed a
"gold top"—certainly very taste-
fully got up, on the counter.

THEIR OWN MAKERS.

"H-m!" I remarked, and I drank
off my Bass. "Ye seem to manufac-
ture a good deal of your own stuff
here in Ireland," I added. "I thought
we were a poor, distressed nation,
ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh! we're beginning to get on
fairly well, sir," and he vigorously
wiped the counter.
"So I see. Good day!"
"Good day, sir! Good day!" and
both himself and his good lady
bowed me graciously out.

I wanted some groceries, butter,
and so on, next, and I turned into
the first shop selling the like I met.
It was a small shop, with but one
young lady in charge. She was
chatting merrily to a cyclist over
the counter in a language (Gaelic, I
presume), which I did not under-
stand. My previous experience, as
I have already remarked, had put
me on edge, or the English manufac-
ture question, so I opened fire at
once.

"Got any English manufactured
biscuits?" I asked.
"No, sir."
"Jam?"
"No, sir. All jam's made in
town here."

"Blacking?"—(I saw that she
stocked some blacking, and I re-
membered that I wanted some).
"No, sir; it's Irish, too."
"Nor have you no foreign butter,
of course?"

"Oh! no sir"—and she smiled at
both me and the cyclist.
"Well, your tea, I suppose, is not
Irish made?" and I laughed.
She didn't answer at once. She
saw my joke, presently, however,
and laughed, too.

"Well," she said, "I get it from
Cork," and her arch look at me
made me feel that I had come off
second best about the tea.

"You've got no such thing as cof-
fee essence, I suppose?" I asked, de-
termined to have some satisfaction.
"Oh, yes, I have, sir," producing
a bottle. "Not English, though, sir;
made in town here, sir"—and the
fun in her eyes was by this time
irrepressible.

"Well," said I, "have you any-
thing at all in the shop English?"—
and as I laughed at my own dis-
comfiture, they joined me. Not bois-
terously enough, however, I must
say, to seem in any way rude.

"Well, sir," she replied, answering
my question after a time. "I was
going to say—'Except yourself!' Out
of all jokes, though"—and she be-
came charmingly serious and busi-
ness-like—"I believe I haven't any-
thing English." "Starch?" "No, Sir-
verspring." "Salt?" "No, Car-
rolls." "Soap?" "No, Limerick."
"Tinned meat?" "No, Limerick."

"Well," I said, "I suppose there's
no help for it, though it seems
queer. Could you send me some
things out to where I'm staying?"
(giving her the address of the
field).

Oh, yes, she could; there would be
donkeys in town from that direction
and it would be all right. To make
a long story short, I gave her my
order and bade herself and her friend
good-day.

IRISH MADE HATS.

By this time I had got used to
my longitude, and so, when I looked
into the first straw hat I fancied
in the shop over the way, I wasn't
surprised to see the word "Wexford"
inside. The hat fitted me, however,
and I took it. In the same shop
were great piles of cloth. I didn't
want any, but I noticed, judging
from the cards attached, that most
if not all of it was made in Blar-
ney, a village, I understand, in the
next county, Cork. As I was go-
ing out the door I remembered that
I wanted a necktie. I turned back.
The man in charge was engaged sel-
ling to a customer in the same lan-
guage (as I judged) I had heard the
young lady and the cyclist speak. I
passed him by to where I saw what
I wanted in a case. A card was at-
tached to the case—"Irish Poplin,
Elliott, Dublin!"

I shan't weary the reader with fur-
ther adventure. Suffice it to say
that, as I cycled out from town that
evening, I felt as though King Henry II
of ours had never landed in this is-
land of Ireland. And, later on, as I
sat on the ditch of my green field,
smoking my Irish tobacco out of
my Irish pipe, pensively scratching
the specks of Irish limestone mud
out of my Donegal tweed breeches
with the stump of one of my Irish-
made matches, after my supper of
Irish coffee and biscuits and butter,
I had now and then to mutter to
myself that I was still myself and
not somebody else. In fact, not till
I fell asleep was I quite free of a
sense of loneliness in my new-found
isolation.

Let me not be misunderstood. I
have no fault to find with Ireland
as far as I know it, for it is all
right. Nor with the Irish manufac-
tured articles. Least of all with the
Irish people from whom, let me ad-
mit it here, I have received civility
and consideration that would have
done credit to a people more favor-
ably circumstanced with respect to
the ways and usages of civilized so-
ciety.

ENGLISH MERCHANTS INERT.