

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CINNAMON STARS.

One pound of almonds, blanched and chopped fine, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, four eggs, two ounces of cinnamon, the least amount possible the better the cake. Cut with a small tin cutter shape of a star and size of a silver dollar, roll out a little and make thick.

BOILED OYSTERS.

For boiling, choose large, fat oysters, and wipe each one with a soft cloth. Sprinkle salt and cayenne pepper upon them, and dip in melted butter. Roll each one in cracker dust. Butter with a fine wire double broiler, and lay on it the oysters. Let the fire be hot and clear. Serve on round pieces of toast, buttered.

STEWED EGG-PLANT.

Peel, cut in pieces and brown in about a tablespoonful of good drippings. Season well with salt and pepper. Stir at times, so that it does not burn. Cover tightly and let it stew from one and a half to two hours, according to fire and size of vegetable. When done, the egg-plant is quite soft and looks like a hash.

BAKED OYSTERS.

To bake oysters in the shells, open the shells, keeping the deepest one for use. Melt some butter and season with finely chopped parsley and pepper. When slightly cool roll each oyster in it, using care that it drips as little as possible. Lay the oysters in the shells, and add to each a little lemon juice. Cover with bread crumbs, and place the shells in a dripping pan and bake in a quick oven. Serve in the shells.

CORN OYSTERS.

Corn oysters are good to serve with the meat course at breakfast. To make them take one-half pint of grated green corn, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one gill of flour, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a tablespoonful of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix the flour, seasoning and corn together. Add the butter melted, and beat well. Beat the egg till light and add to the mixture. Fry on a griddle in cakes a little larger than a silver dollar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A new way to fold a napkin is as follows: Fold in three parts lengthwise, then turn down the two sides toward you, so that they will appear like two ends of a scarf with a triangle top, then roll the right-hand side to the lower point of the triangle, and fold the roll to the upper point, make the side of the roll even with the central line; repeat the same on the other side, and turn the whole over.

Every inexperienced cook, who is uncertain as to how to bake pastry, cakes, etc., should write out these rules clearly and paste them on the wall near the kitchen range. Have a piece of white paper and place it in the oven. If too hot, the paper will speedily blacken and burn up; if it is a delicate brown the oven is right for pastry; should the paper turn dark yellow, cakes may be baked; and if only light yellow, sponge cakes and biscuits may be set in the oven at once.

After a new wooden vessel is purchased, whether it is to be used for a chopping bowl, a butter-bowl or for any other purpose about the food, it will generally give a disagreeable taste at first to anything that is put to it. To prevent this inconvenience first scald the vessel with boiling water, letting the water remain in it until cold. Then dissolve some pearl ash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. After this scald it again with plain hot water and rinse thoroughly with cold water. After it is dry and ready for use, there will be no further difficulty about the taste of the new wood.

FASHION AND FANCY.

[From the Boston Republic.]

Women are vexed by many questions in these days. There is the matter of sleeves. Are they to remain large and full, or will they be smaller and drooping or altogether tight-fitting? Then there is the skirt. Shall it be perfectly plain or draped? No certain answer to these questions is vouchsafed yet. It seems clear that large sleeves have received their conge, but they may be months in accepting it. At present the leg-of-mutton and Queen Anne shape are cut much tighter from elbow to wrist than formerly, and many of them are buttoned up so as to increase the close fit. Waists continue to have the broad shoulder effect, which is increased by the full sleeves, the broad collar and the little full shoulder capes. These last are merely shoulder coverings, reaching only to the middle of the back. They are made of velvet, cut very full, so that they lie in graceful folds about the shoulders, and give a stylish appearance to tall, slender figures.

There is a movement toward skirt draping, not a revival, however, of the detached loopings and ungraceful draperies of the last reign of double skirts. The new fashion is a slashed overdress, opening enough to show the contrasting petticoat underneath. The many styles of bodice and jackets show that any kind of figure can be suited this fall. The smart little basques are becoming in their crisp fulness to figures possessing height and slimmness. The zouave jackets worn are many varieties of blouses, but great discretion must be used to have it of the right length. It should terminate some inches above the belt, in which case it adds slimmness to the figure. If cut to reach the belt edge it gives a very short-waisted appearance. One gown with a zouave bodice was of flax-flower blue silk. The skirt opened twice at each side over a petticoat of chine glaze silk with flowers of blue, pink and mauve strewn over the tinted surface. The jacket was of the blue silk and the blouse of the flounced glaze. The large puffed blue sleeves had turned-back cuffs faced with flounced silk. On each side of the jacket and fastening the cuffs at the

hands were medallion buttons. The belt was fastened with an enamelled buckle. New handkerchiefs have the edges embroidered in deep points.

Neglige jackets are made of Dresden tulle, with elaborate trimmings of embroidered lace.

Parasols of Dresden silk are made perfectly plain and have wood sticks, some of them painted white.

HOME MATTERS.

A lovely dinner decoration, used last week at a Newport dinner, consisted of poppies rising out of an undergrowth of silver thistles and the most delicate of gray-green grasses. Only the daintiest shades of pink and rose-colored flowers were used. The receptacles were silver cornucopias, out of which the clusters of pink and green seemed to be launching themselves into space.

The baskets were placed on the table in "careless order," those in the centre being somewhat higher than the others. No slips were used, but over the white cloth, from basket to basket, coils of pale pink ribbon were curiously woven, crossed at intervals by light sprays of silvery leaves and grasses. The sweet-meats on this fairy-like table were all in pale pink, rose and green.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

A LIGHT BATTERY IN ACTION. Meeting An Attack by the Enemy—A Gallant Defence—Retreat.

[BY WILLIAM W. CARRUTH.]

CAN YOU see anything?" said the captain of the battery, standing up in his stirrups and peering into the thick fog.

He spoke to one of his lieutenants who had ridden up to him at that instant. They gazed and listened together between the guns, in the very centre of the line of six pieces of artillery—for the young captain's battery was unlimbered, loaded with canister, and in position for instant firing.

So thick was the fog that they could see neither the extreme right nor left of their own guns, around each one of which its detachment of men stood at strained attention.

From the front came the sound of an occasional musket-shot, and now and then a bullet hissed far above their heads. This firing increased in volume, but was still irregular and scattering. It crackled ominously, now to their right and now to their left, but always deep in the fog to their front.

Suddenly the musket-firing developed not a hundred yards from their faces, and a volley of bullets sang around them. This volley was evidently replied to by a rattling picket-fire, and just then both officers exclaimed:

"A very thin line of Union infantry, so shrouded in the fog that the men seemed like ghosts, came drifting along the retreat towards the guns. Now and then one of these men would turn and discharge his rifle into the thick mist, and then hurry to keep 'dressed' on the line with his comrades, most of whom seemed to understand that their fighting was, for the moment, at an end. The captain of the battery rode forward to meet them.

"Where are the enemy?" he demanded.

"Right behind us!" replied the panting lieutenant of the picket line, with a cheerful laugh. "We held them to the very last and drove back their skirmishers, but their main line of battle is moving forward now."

As he spoke a heavy musket fire blazed furiously from the enemy's line; the leaden missiles flew harmlessly above the battery and the density of the fog seemed doubled.

"We won't make that mistake, Allyn, whatever we do," said the captain, coolly, referring to the enemy's high firing. Then, riding to the rear of the line of guns, he shouted:

"Run up your screws! Depress the muzzles well!"

"They're right on to us, sir!" exclaimed Allyn, dashing up to his captain; "see, sir, see!"

The combined fog and smoke had thinned for an instant, shifted by a breath of the morning air. And now, not fifty yards before the guns, checked for an instant by a Virginia fence over which they were swarming, came the dauntless infantry of the Southern Confederacy.

"Yes, I see," said the captain.

This was the instant for which he had waited. It seemed to him then as if his whole life had been a preparation for that crisis. The gunner at each piece had adjusted the screw to give the gun the necessary depression, and had brought its muzzle to bear on the line of the fence.

"Commence firing!" shouted the captain.

Crash! crash! crash! responded the guns, one after another. Crash! crash! crash! There was an interval between the discharges, but so brief that the roar blended in one sublime peal.

Now thick, white clouds of smoke so mingled with the fog and enveloped guns, men and horses that it was impossible to distinguish anything. Vaguely indeed, as if they were flitting shadows, the captain saw his men working at the pieces under whose blasts the earth rocked. Now and then a team of horses reared and plunged, excited to frenzy by the thunder of the artillery.

The captain rode up and down the line between the guns and their limbers. His face was turned towards the enemy from whom no shots came now.

Alas for them! Their brave advance was at an end. The captain could not see it, but from the fact that he heard no more bullets whizzing about him he knew as well as if he had been able to see that on both sides of the rail fence and, indeed, on it and amongst its broken and splintered timbers, dead and wounded men lay thick.

Neither hearing nor feeling shots from his front the young artilleryman knew

his fire had been effective; but what about his flanks? Since, just before sunrise, he had been ordered to take up that position, no communication had reached him from anyone in authority.

He supposed he was provided with an infantry support both on his right and on his left, but he was not certain. So dark had been the morning, although it was in the month of August, so thick had been the fog and so occupied had he been with watching for the onslaught of the enemy, that he knew nothing of what had gone on elsewhere than within his own command.

But he gave the command, "Cease firing!" The din of the cannon was diminishing, although the smoke had not lifted, when suddenly, with a terrible shriek, a heavy shot cut the air over his head. Another bird of the same flock struck the sod in front of him, and then soared away to take rest within the Union lines.

He could discern, as if they were flashes of electricity, the flame of the enemy's cannon. The had brought up their guns to crush the battery which had so cruelly repulsed their infantry.

"Load with shell!" ordered the captain, riding down the line; "load with shell and fire at the flashes of their guns!"

His guns were rifled and carried a percussion shell.

So far not a man or horse of his command had been injured. Every shot of the enemy's had been thrown away. But even as he was wondering at his good fortune, a spherical case burst between the two guns where he at the instant had pulled up his horse. He saw the number one man drop the sponge-staff and roll over on the sod, and was conscious that the horse on which he himself sat was sinking under him.

"Give me your horse, Kelly!" he cried to a boyish-looking soldier who had followed him like his shadow.

The captain sprang into the saddle vacated by his follower, who ran to the rear and threw himself face downwards under a caisson.

In the roar and tumult the young captain wondered more than ever as to what was taking place on his right and on his left. Now from both these localities the sound of firing came sharp and heavy, and seemed to move in and to close to the rear.

It was as he had feared. On both sides of him the line had been forced back, and the enemy was pushing hard on the retreating line.

One regimental commander had given no thought to the battery he had been ordered to support, and had left it to take care of itself; the other colonel had sent his adjutant with a warning; but this messenger lay dead on the field—shot down as he rode on his errand.

"Am I out of it?" thought the captain. "Get the guns off the field into the road, one at a time," he said to Allyn, who was his efficient first officer, "and fall back then on our line, which is away to the rear by this time. Be quick about it, too! I will bring up the rear."

He rode to the right flank, and encouraged the men at these guns to increase the rapidity of their fire. He could not see his left, but was conscious that the guns there had ceased their fire and were moving away. In a moment more Allyn reported to him:

"All the guns are in the road but these two."

"Take one of these with you," was the reply, "and don't come back."

Through the smoke he saw his obedient officer disappear with the piece. And now, with the cessation of the fire of five out of six of the guns, the air began to clear.

Still the hostile battery in his front kept up its angry demonstration. This was music to his ears, for it indicated that the enemy had not discovered that he was "limbered up" and moving off. At such a time a battery is perfectly defenceless. Now—could he get away with the last gun? That was the question.

"Cease firing!" he called to the sergeant of the piece. "Limber to the rear! Forward now, for your lives!"

The gallant teams of the caisson and the limber threw their shoulders against the collars with a dash; horses as well as men seemed to comprehend the extremity of the crisis.

The road at the point where the five guns had escaped was already occupied by the enemy's infantry. As the smoke lifted and they saw the remaining gun, they yelled in triumph and fired their rifles at it. One of the three men on the limber chest fell back, with a bullet through his brain.

"Pitch him off!" said the captain, sharply. He held his cocked revolver in his hand. "Oblique to the left. Forward—forward!"

As the teams dashed furiously on, the enemy, who were being every instant reinforced, fired and moved along the road to intercept them. When the artillery reached the shallow and narrow ditch which separated the field from the road, the two hostile bodies met for an instant in a wild mêlée.

The captain does not know to this day how the gun was saved, any more than he knows just when the rifle-ball pierced his leg; but as his trousers were burned by the flash of the rifle, it must have been at very close quarters.

The sergeant was shot through the left arm; two of the men on the chests were killed. Neither the captain nor sergeant had any shot left in his revolver when they compared notes a few moments later.

With a wild rush, a lashing and spurring of horses, a rapid volley of rifles and crackling of pistols, rumbling of wheels and clanking of chains, the last gun of the battery made its retreat from the position it had defended with such consummate gallantry.—Irish Catholic.

A smart man put arsenic in a bottle of wine, hoping that a burglar would drink it, and his wife placed it among a hundred other bottles. The smart man is now wondering which is the bottle.

Conductor: How old are you, little girl? Little Girl: If the company doesn't object I prefer to pay my fare and keep my own statistics.

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes people laugh in their sleeve." "Well, my son, what makes them?" "Cause that's where their funny-bone is."

For October Reading.

THE REAM OF THE ANGELS.

The collect for the seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost prays that Almighty God will grant that his people may avoid all contagion of the devil. The gradual sings: "By the word of the Lord, and the breath of his mouth, were the heavens formed, and the whole host thereof." This year, the seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost falls on the 29th day of September, which is always a feast of St. Michael the Archangel, leader of the whole host of heaven, and conqueror of the devil.

Theologians tell us that the great and glorious angel Lucifer—light-bearer, as the word once meant, though few men now remember it, would not tolerate the thought of a man-God before whom he must bow; and, on account of his rebellion, he and all the angels who were misled by him were driven out of their heavenly home. St. Michael was the great commander of the loyal armies, and it was he who flung the rebel leader down the interminable abyss. St. John distinctly tells us that there was a great battle in heaven; Michael and his angels fought with the dragon.

We all believe, and, in fact, many Protestants like to think, that each of us has his guardian angel who watches him night and day. But have we sufficiently made clear to ourselves the intense reality of their existence? What are they? Where are they? What are they doing? Is it possible to behold them, and if so, what appearance have they to the eyes of mortal men?

A strong word of Holy Scripture tells us that God maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire. Have you ever thought attentively how wondrously beautiful, how magnificently mighty, and yet how intangible and subtle and mysterious, flame is? Study the clear, lucid, exquisite coloring of its light; think how fast it goes in its onward way; think of its awful might, its terrific opportunities. Touch it, and it burns you; and yet, what and where is that you touched? Your hand passed through, as it goes through air. What was that nothing that was something, and had such power? He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire.

Why should we find difficulty in realizing spiritual yet forceful presences; spiritual beauty and love? Fire warms, comforts, heals us. That very fire, so supreme in its strength, so fearful in its possibilities of destruction, is the daily happiness of our quiet homes. How spirit-like, and yet how ordinary, how at home with us, it is! And He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire.

The collect for St. Michael's day says that God has regulated the employments of the angels "by a wonderful order." The introit describes them as mighty in strength, executing God's command, and hearkening to the voice of his orders. Can this be poetry only? a beautiful imagination? Or shall we not rather think, to-day if never before, that the unfallen, glorious, angel hosts of the eternal heavens can do much more than sinful man, however wise or mighty he may be?

In his profound work on the Blessed Sacrament, Father Faber represents the teaching of Catholic tradition to be that the material creation is ruled and administered by the spiritual substances called angels; he says that great saints like Jerome, Austin, Hilary, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Cyril, Gregory, and John Damascene, unite in witnessing to this; and that they are followed by later theologians. And he says a view once prevailed to this effect: "That all the material universe is permeated by a subtle stream of immaterial, intellectual, personal, angelic life: ruling, moving, managing, administering material laws to all things." As great an authority as St. Thomas even went so far as to consider that there was reason for thinking that all these angels belonged to a choir called the Virtues.

Shall we carp at this? Or shall we say humbly with the introit: "Fless the

organism. It may be due to ignorance fostered by mistaken parents on the plea of preserving modesty.

It may result from improper treatment of some minor trouble. Whatever sickness a woman has, it seems always to affect the organs which make her a woman and these in turn work upon all the rest. There is much insanity among women. It is really surprising that there is not more.

The troubles peculiar to their sex work strongly on the nerves. They drag upon the most delicate nerves in the body and treatise examinations and local treatment. Ten cents sent to World's Dispensary Medical Association, will bring a book of 168 pages, sealed in a plain envelope.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has brought comfort and health to thousands of suffering women. For many years, Dr. Pierce has been Chief Consulting Physician at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. He has used the "Favorite Prescription" all the time with uniform success. With it, there is no need of the commonly insisted upon dieting, examinations and local treatment. Ten cents sent to World's Dispensary Medical Association, will bring a book of 168 pages, sealed in a plain envelope.

Central Millinery Parlor, 178 BLEURY STREET.

Grand Millinery Opening on 10 September and following days. Hats and Bonnets of the newest and latest designs from Paris and New York. Speciality—Old bonnets and hats done over, and made like new at low prices.

Lord, all ye his angels: you that are mighty in strength, and execute his word, hearkening to the voice of his orders!"

In any case, we shall be none the worse men and women, surely, if we believe that angel presences are all about us, wherever we go; guarding our quiet slumber, watching in our lonely rooms, hearing each word we say, mindful of all we do. St. Francis of Rome saw her guardian angel. Bible students know that the coming of angel visitants to earth is plainly written in the sacred pages.

I can understand how Protestants may need explanation about the intercession of the saints, so long as they think their dead to be in some far distant place, unable to see us or hear us any more. But how can they help speaking to the angels? Oh, the simple faith of a Catholic child!

"Angel of God, my guardian dear, To whom his love commits me here! Ever this day be at my side, To light and guard, to rule and guide."

What possible harm is there in saying that, any more than in speaking to one's mother in the dark, who is there, though we can not see her?

You want to know if there are mountains and rivers and cities in the sun; if the moon will ever be reached by balloon or telegraph or telephone; if the planets are inhabited; and if, some day in a near and possible future, a new Columbus shall cleave a pathway through the starry ocean of cloud and sunshine to a new world in the skies above us. These dreams, these experiments, these hopes, offer fame, wealth, honors to the student. Shall any one be blamed who turns for a while from all this to think of the inhabitants of a kingdom that is eternal, our "elder brothers" in God's great family; and talks to them, and asks the help of their tireless strength, their unearthly wisdom; and believes that they care for us, and finally lead us far beyond planets and moons and suns and starry skies to a land that needs no lights like these, for the Lamb is the Light thereof!—Sacred Heart Review.

Do you ever wash your hair brush? This is the best way:—Put one tea-spoonful of Pearline into a basin of warm water; wash the brush thoroughly in it; rinse in clean water, and set it aside, bristles down, to dry. This is only one—a small one—of the numberless uses to which you can put Pearline. Once you have it in the house, you will find something new for it to do, every day. It does your washing and cleaning better than soap. Try it on anything for which you've been using soap, and see.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is good as" or "of the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back. 507 JAMES FYLE, New York.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

An outbreak of typhus fever is reported from one of the divisions of Athlone Union. Two members of the same family died before being removed to hospital some short time ago.

A signed appeal from 3,000 Nationalists of Belfast has been forwarded to Mr. Sexton, urging him to reconsider his decision to retire from public life. The signatures to the memorial represent all creeds and classes of inhabitants in the city.

The Most Rev. Dr. Flood, Archbishop of Trinidad, recently visited the house of the Dominican Fathers, St. Catherine's, Newry, of which, previous to his elevation to the episcopate, he was prior. He preached at one of the Sunday evening services, during his stay.

The tenants on the Granard estate in and around Newtonforbes have not as yet heard of the execution of the threat of Lady Granard to evict in the event of their refusal to pay arrears of rent on a certain date. Neither have they paid, and they are confident of an early settlement.

A special meeting of the Armagh Board of Guardians was recently held in the boardroom of the workhouse to consider the advisability of sending to Paris for treatment to M. Pasteur, the little boy named McArdle, who was bitten here recently by a rabid dog. The board decided to send the boy to Paris.

Cardinal Logue dedicated the fine new Church of the Sacred Heart, Clones, on September 8. A sum of £10,000 has already been expended on the Church, but a large debt still remains due. Canon O'Neill and his people have been working with the utmost energy and zeal for the last four years to bring the project to a successful conclusion.

The Very Rev. Canon Hanly, P.P., V. F., has just made an appeal to all the parishes in the Diocese of Elphin for funds to assist him in the building of his new church at Castlereagh. He has met with a most generous response. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Clancy, the Bishop of Elphin, has given him much encouragement.

Mr. Daniel Burns, Clonoulty, near Cashel, was recently reinstated after a lapse of fourteen years on Earl de Montalt's estate. His former rent was £25 a year and it is now reduced to £1 1s. The greatest excitement prevails in the neighborhood, as it came by surprise on the evicted tenant. There are still a few



Well justified. 11. After using a bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, I confess that it is the best medicine I ever used.

SISTER VICTORIA. The medicine for Sleeplessness. I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for sleeplessness, from which I was suffering thirteen years. The Tonic had the desired effect. It is the only medicine which gives me sleep.

St. Vitas Dance Cured. Denver, Colo., Nov., 1892. Rev. L. P. Carrigan writes: I ordered five bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for a St. Vitas dance, who was suffering from St. Vitas dance, and was perfectly cured by the same.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle for any ailment. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill., 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

more evicted tenants in the same town-land.

On September 4, at the meeting of the Drogheda Corporation, the Mayor, Mr. B. Nulty, T. C., presiding, Mr. Valentine Kilbride was from a number of candidates appointed solicitor to carry out the legal work in connection with a bill for a loan of £100,000 to advance the interests of the county of the town of Drogheda in relation to the erection of artisans' dwellings, the purchase of the water-works, etc.

Much regret has been occasioned in Clonmel by the death of the Rev. J. O'Callaghan, C. C., Mullinahone, which occurred lately after a long and severe illness contracted in the discharge of his sacred duties. He had attained his forty-sixth year, twenty of which he had spent in the priesthood.

The Arts and Crafts Societies of Ireland lately offered a prize of five pounds for the best design of a "poster" to announce their forthcoming exhibition in November. A large number of competitors submitted work, and in the result, Mr. Walter Armstrong, director of the National Gallery of Ireland, and Mr. Walter Osborne, R. H. A., selected the design submitted by Mr. F. A. Hall, The Needles, Howth.

The Winter Fat Cattle Show in Dublin is to be held. The details have yet to be arranged. It is to be hoped, says the Dublin Freeman, that the Royal Dublin Society will co-operate heartily with the promoters, and spend some of the big profits it derived from the Horse Show, in helping their best clients to develop another side of the agricultural industry successfully. The winter show, whether it pays or not as a show, will be most useful, and will certainly have good results in improving cattle industry.

At the September meeting of the Omagh Town Commissioners it was moved by Mr. McAleer, seconded by Mr. Donegan, "That we urge on the Government the importance of promptly conceding the just claims of the Christian Brothers for a reasonable share of State aid for their schools, and that this resolution be sent to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Justin McCarthy, M.P.; J. E. Redmond, M.P., and the four members for County Tyrone." The resolution was passed after discussion, there being only one dissenter.

At the September meeting of the Newry Town Commissioners, a deputation of flax growers, residing in the neighborhood, appeared before the board to ask them to protect farmers selling flax in the Newry market, against the interference of "jobbers" as middlemen between the flax buyer and the seller. The deputation stated that the farmers of the district had recently decided to cease selling flax at the mills, and in future to bring all the fibre, fine and coarse alike, into the open market. They requested the board, therefore, to reduce the tolls in the Newry market, and also to send a deputation to Belfast, to meet the agents of the large flax spinners, and ask them to visit Newry market. The board promised assistance.

During the first two days of September three very sudden deaths took place within a few miles of Abbeyfeale. The first was that of a farmer named Michael Curtin, who had only recently returned from America for the purpose of resuming possession of a farm from which he had been evicted. The deceased, it appears, walked a little distance from the house of his brother, and some time afterwards was found dead in one of the adjoining fields. Murty Donohue, also a respectable farmer, residing about two miles from Abbeyfeale, died rather suddenly September 1. He had performed his ordinary work on the previous day, and being suddenly taken ill, died a few minutes afterwards. Both deaths are attributed to heart disease. At Ballycommane, an adjoining district, a young girl named Miss Curtin, while engaged in making a wynd of hay some three days ago, jumped from the top of the wynd, and, unfortunately, alighted on a hay fork which had been placed carelessly underneath, prongs upwards. The young girl suffered much pain from the frightful wounds she sustained, and succumbed to their effects on Monday morning.

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