

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

In a previous issue we gave several paragraphs from an important article, by Rev. Father McPolin, in the "Irish Rosary," on the "Landmarks of Ireland." Since then, on again perusing that historical contribution, we came to the conclusion that many of our readers would be glad to learn the story of the principal Round Towers of the country, and we decided to reproduce the portions of that article—omitted last week—descriptive of the Towers of Antrim, Monasterboice, Swords, Lough Erne, Inniscattery, Ardmore, Clondalkin and Rattoo. It is thus the text runs:

"The round tower of Antrim, is one of the most perfect in Ireland. It is perfectly cylindrical in form, stands on a solid rock, is built of mahoev one and mortar, is ninety-five feet high and forty-nine feet in circumference at the base, and its summit terminates in a cone twelve feet high. The door on the north side is seven feet nine inches from the ground, and the walls are two feet nine inches thick. It contains four storeys, the ascent to which appears to have been by a spiral staircase; each of the three lower storeys is lighted by a square window, and the upper storey by four square perforations, corresponding with the four cardinal points. Immediately above the doorway is an inscribed cross, sculptured in relief on a block of freestone placed over the lintel of the doorway, which confirms the view that the Tower was considered an ecclesiastical building. This cross is similar to those over the doorways of St. Fechin's Church at Fore in Westmeath, and of St. Fechin's Church on Ardallan or High Island, off the coast of Connemara, County Galway.

"The Round Tower of Monasterboice stands near the western extremity of the ruins of one of the chapels of the ancient monastery. The base of the tower is eighteen feet in diameter, and its circumference gradually diminishes from the base to the summit, which has an elevation of 110 feet. It is divided by circular projecting abutments for the support of floors into five storeys; the internal diameter is nine feet and the doorway is about six feet from the ground.

"The Round Tower of Swords, County Dublin, though of rude construction, is in a good state of preservation. It has a small cross on its conical roof. Its height is ninety-five feet, with a circumference of fifty-five feet; the walls are four feet eight inches thick. Near the summit are four round-headed windows, opening to the four cardinal points, and at different heights are four other small square windows, an opening about four feet high serving as a doorway, rises about four feet from the ground. The tower stands close by the site of an ancient monastery founded by St. Columba, in 512; and it was in this monastery that the remains of King Brian and his son, Murrough, who fell at the battle of Clontarf, were deposited for one night on their way to their final resting-place in Armagh Cathedral.

"Devenish Island, on Lough Erne, County Fermanagh, contains many monastic ruins. One of the towers of the Abbey, on the summit of the hill, is an ancient round tower in an excellent state of preservation. It is eighty-two feet high and forty-nine in circumference; it is built of stones accurately hewn to the external and internal curve, and cemented with mortar in small quantities that the joints of the stones are scarcely perceptible; it is covered with a conical roof of heva stones in diminishing series; under the cornice which encircles it at the top, and which is divided into four equal compartments, each containing a sculptured subject, are four windows facing the four cardinal points, above each of which is carved a human head. There are other windows below at different distances, and about seven feet from the base is the entrance doorway about four feet high. This beautiful monument of antiquity, which was showing signs of dilapidation, was thoroughly repaired in 1835.

"One of the highest round towers in Ireland is on Inniscattery Island, now known as Scatterly Island, near

the mouth of the Shannon, in the parish of Kiltrush. It was here St. Senan built his monastery, at the same time rigidly excluding all females from the island. This tradition furnished Moore with the subject of the well-known melody, commencing thus—

"Oh, haste and leave this sacred isle, Holy bark, ere morning smile, For on the deck though dark it be, A female form I see, And I have sworn this island sod, Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

"This island, too, suffered greatly from the ravages of the Danes, who were repulsed often by the Irish under King Brian, who, in his address to his soldiers, immediately before the battle of Clontarf, reminded them of this—

"You remember Inniscattery, how we bounded on the foë, As a female form from the mountain bursts upon the plain below."

"This tower is 120 feet high, and the base twenty-two feet in circumference. Although rent by lightning, and having a considerable breach on the north side, it still stands erect, forming a venerable feature of antiquity, and serving to this day a useful landmark for the navigation of the Shannon.

"The Tower of Ardmore, County Waterford, has some unusually interesting features. Near the top, inside, are three pieces of oak, evidently intended for hanging a bell, whilst there are two channels cut in the sill of the door where the rope may be supposed to have come out, the ringers standing outside. Between the floors of each storey rough corbel stones project from the wall about the middle of its height, and are sculptured with human heads and other ornaments. These corbel stones were most probably intended as supports for shelves, on which were placed the sacred and precious articles deposited in the tower. This tower was erected in the ninth or thirteenth century, as indicated by the hewn stone of which it is carefully built.

"The two towers of Clondalkin and Rattoo, which remain to be noticed, are both towers of high antiquity and possessing many interesting features. The tower of Clondalkin has a singularly projecting base, nearly thirteen feet high, and composed of great part of cold masonry. Above the base the tower measures forty-five feet in circumference, and, with the exception of the chiselled stones round the doorway, it is entirely constructed of common rubble masonry of the calp limestone of the district. The apertures are all quadrangular, the jambs of the doorway inclining as in those of the oldest churches. Of the original ecclesiastical buildings founded by St. Mochna at Clondalkin early in the 7th century the round tower alone remains.

"The Tower of Rattoo, County Kerry, which, like that of Clondalkin, is still perfect, is remarkable for being placed on a terrace or platform connected with a causeway which extends in a line opposite its doorway. It is formed of roughly-squared, hewn sandstone, the entrance doorway alone being chiselled. It measures seven feet nine inches in circumference, and ninety-two feet in height, the wall being three feet ten inches thick at the doorway. The head of the doorway is semi-circular, the arch being formed of three stones and is ornamented with a flat band nine inches in breadth. It is five feet four inches in height, one foot eight inches wide, and two feet one inch at the sill. The tower is divided into six storeys, the one at the top containing, as usual, four large apertures having sloping jambs, and the heads of them are angular on the outside, but quadrangular on the inside. The intermediate storeys between the uppermost and the second or doorway storey, are each lighted by a single aperture. The lowest storey is filled up to the level of the doorway. This tower, like many others, has corbel stones projecting from the wall about the middle of its height, intended, as already remarked, as supports for shelves containing the sacred things deposited in the towers."

ABOUT THE PARIS SEWERAGE SYSTEM.

According to a New York newspaper Dr. Dominick G. Bodkin, of Brooklyn, who was a delegate to the medical congress which met at Paris, and who took the occasion to observe the methods in use in that city in regard to the question of sewerage, gives the following description of the sewers of Paris. The doctor says: "Paris, even without its Exposition, must always be a source of great interest to the intelligent tourist, and among its innumerable places worthy of a passing study comes its system of sewerage, devised originally by the great Belgrand, and since improved by his successors, who have been selected for their engineering skill in this particular line of work.

"The length of this entire underground network is over 800 miles, and burrows through five basins, so called, dividing the city, three of which are situated on the right bank of the Seine and two on the left.

"To the visitor unacquainted with the topography of Paris it would be useless to name the sections of the city drained by these sewers, as they are important only to the officials under whose supervision they come. These immense canals are divided into galleries, equal in number on both

sides of the river, extending along the quays to a distance on the right side of 4,500 yards and on the left side to about one-half that distance.

"These galleries have their subdivisions, into which countless tributaries convey their contents.

"Impressed with the current reports of their vastness, I resolved to see for myself what these underground tunnels disclosed, and to what extent and perfection they were to be verified by my own experience.

"On August 22, 1900, while the thermometer was registering its flights among the nineties on shaded boulevards, I ventured upon a subterranean visit to avoid the heat that glowed from the asphalt pavement of the streets.

"A ticket for this privilege was secured in advance from the Prefecture of the Seine, from whom I learned that the number issued for each admission is limited, and that no person is admitted without one. The visiting days are the second and fourth Wednesdays of every month, and never at any other time.

"The place of descent is facing the Louvre Colonnade, and near the Church of St. Germain d'Auxerois. The time for the descent was mentioned on my ticket for 2.90 p. m.,

and upon my arrival I found a large number of persons already waiting on the stairs leading down by the side of the Seine, many of whom being unprovided with tickets were compelled to retire, after waiting some hours in the sun and causing evident disappointment.

"The reason for the limited number of admissions at one time I found to be due to the limited number of seats in the boats which were to convey the party along the water-way at the foot of the stairs, which were reached by two flights of stone steps down from the door through which I entered. Here was found one of the main canals—a long sewer, in the form of a prolonged Roman arch, about twelve feet in height from the surface of the water and about the same in width, lighted for the most part by electricity, and extending into a distant perspective, weird and wonderful in these hidden recesses. On this canal three boats, with a comfortable carrying capacity for thirty persons each, awaited our arrival. Each boat is drawn by four uniformed employees who walk along by its side, holding a line by which it is towed. These men wear rubber boots extending up to their knees, as they are compelled to walk through the water that rises above the sidewalks on either side of the canal. The depth of this water above the legitimate channel varies according to the weather, heavy rains causing an overflow that empties itself into the Seine.

"This is, however, I am informed, a rare occurrence, securing to that river its immunity from pollution. The uniform of the men consists of white linen jackets, white trousers and blue caps, and, strange to say, they neither expect nor receive 'tips.'"

"The water of this canal is the drainings from the streets and public lavatories, and is contaminated only by the street washings and excretions from the stables that enter it through the various cross streets that act along the entire line as tributaries, having the names of the streets from which these streams come painted at their outlets so that visitors may be continually informed as to their whereabouts under the great city.

"In these main sewers, or 'égouts,' as the French name them, are to be found numerous pipes, the similar ones containing compressed air for postal conveyances, lines of telegraph wires, gas pipes, telephone tubes, etc., while a large one, such in diameter as we see at home used as water mains, supported by iron props about twelve feet apart, conveys the sewage from the houses and hotels, each one of which throughout the city is connected by a pipe leading to one of these great arteries, hermetically sealed at the joints and carefully painted along its entire length with a substance resembling pitch.

"Our boat excursion extended about a mile, when we stopped to take a train propelled by electricity. The cars are operated over the sewer upon rails laid along its border, and here the services of the boatmen are rendered by rail roads for another mile, disclosing many windings in this strange system of drainage, overwhelming the lay mind with the reflection that under the bustle, life and burden of a great metropolis such colossal perforations of no insignificant architecture could ever be accomplished.

"Contrary to expectation, the odor in these sewers was scarcely perceptible, owing to two causes: one because the tributaries are closed during the visiting hours (2.30 to 6 p. m.); the other, that only the refuse of the streets enters—none whatever from the private residences or hotels. This sewer empties, together with the sewage in the large main, beyond the limits of the city at Cliechy into the Marne, and is distributed miles away to irrigate and fertilize the fields for farming purposes. Not one drop gains access to the sea.

"The siphons connecting both sides of the city cross under the Seine fourteen metres below its bed.

THE GALVESTON STORM.

SAVED IN A CONVENT.—According to American newspapers, which are still discussing the terrible storm which occurred at Galveston, Texas, recently, the following story of the remarkable escape of nearly one thousand people from death in the flood is told:—

St. Angela's Ursuline Convent and academy proved their haven of refuge.

"The convent, with its many buildings, colleges, etc., occupies four blocks, extending from Avenue N to Avenue O and Rosenberg avenue to Twenty-seventh street. The grounds were surrounded by a ten-foot brick wall, that had withstood the severest storms in Galveston's history up to the hurricane of the fatal Saturday. This wall, now a crumbled mass of brick, saved the lives of the panic-stricken unfortunates.

"No one was refused admittance to the convent on the night of the storm. The sisters went among the sufferers whispering words of cheer and offering what scant clothing could be found in the place.

"When refugees began to reach the convent and ask for protection an attempt was made to keep a register of their names. This register reached nearly a hundred names, and then the storm-driven citizens began to arrive in crowds of twenty and thirty, and there was no time to ask their names. Some were taken in through windows and some were dragged through five feet of water into the basement, which had been abandoned on account of the invasion of the flood. Others were rescued by ropes from treetops or snatched from roofs and other wreckage as it was hurled in the rushing torrent through the convent grounds.

"A NUN WHITES.—John J. Magowan, vice-president of the Ferris Bros. Manufacturing Company, of Newark, received a letter from one of the Newark nuns who escaped death in the Galveston disaster. She is Sister De Pozzi, and at one time was employed by the Ferris Company when she was Miss Isabella Aughey. Writing of the coming of the storm, Sister De Pozzi says: "Mother sent us word to go to the chapel and pray that the storm should cease. We had just knelt down before the statue of St. Anthony when the ceiling fell right where we were, but, thank God, we escaped injury. We moved back a little toward the door, when the windows came crashing in, and, strange to say, notwithstanding the flying of glass and plaster, there was not one of our sisters seriously hurt, and they stood up like rocks through the storm. After we left the chapel we went into the next room and shortly after the back part of the house gave way and another gust of wind came, sending the windows in pieces all around us and blowing the panels off the doors."

Sister De Pozzi is a Dominican nun in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, which has proved a haven of refuge to the distressed survivors of the storm.

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"He pretends a belief in the finality of the revolutionary conquest. His position obliges him to pretend he has that hope and to persuade himself that he so believes."

"The Italian revolution has many far-reaching tendencies. Mazzini's admirers have said that at Milan, in the midst of a retreat, he hummed the comic air, so well known in the South, 'Ora poi Cosa si fa?....Cosa si fa!'"

Sad, with heart and mind in mourning, filled with presentiments, hurried by the dull murmurings that presaged approaching troubles, Victor Emmanuel III. has not escaped that strange destiny. In his very first proclamation, in that wherein he speaks grandly of his father, a word has slipped in which shocks and which, later on, will sound false. Rome—the city of the Popes, yet taken from the Pope, and called 'intangible,'—is like a sad mockery."

The idea of the writer is a summary of Italian history from the days of the Porta Pia down to the death of Humbert. "Rome Intangible"—means the sovereign power and authority of the Pope. The very one who infringes upon that intangibility is the one to adopt the adjective as a motto. It is the robber assuming the legal rights of the one he has robbed.

MR. THOMAS SEXTON.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in his London paper, M. A. P., contributes this sketch of Mr. Sexton:—

I am often asked by old Parliamentary hands who has become of Mr. Sexton, who for so many years was so striking and dominant a figure in the House of Commons. It will be remembered that even in the Parliament of '86 and '92, in which Mr. Balfour was leader of the House, and had a majority of up to 100 he was a member of Parliament used to play so important a part that he came to be called the vice-leader of the House. When the general election of 1895 came, the world heard in rapid succession that Mr. Sexton had been elected unanimously chairman of the Irish Party, and that he had retired from Parliament altogether. Five years have elapsed since that date, and, in spite of many appeals, Mr. Sexton has remained in retirement, with apparently no desire or intention of ever again leaving it.

I suppose the assumption would be that he had retired from a provincial capital after being one of the great forces in the very heart of the world. Mr. Sexton would have become a soured, disappointed, prematurely aged man. The very contrary has happened. I saw him the other day, and I could scarcely recognize him, he had so changed for the better. Dressed in a short breezy coat of blue, he looked like a boy in figure as well as in years, and his face looked at least ten years younger than when last I saw him. The hollow cheeks were no longer there, but a fine, full, fresh-colored face—the face of a man who was not pursued by the demons of political hatred and political worries. He is now the chairman of the "Freeman's Journal," the chief paper of Ireland on the Nationalist side; found in a condition of bankruptcy, and by sheer business genius and energy has once more made it a splendid property, and in return gets a salary of over £200 a year from the grateful shareholders.

All his life Mr. Sexton was a solitary man; and so he, to a large extent remains. The man or woman has yet to be found who has induced him to take a meal at his hospitable home, and the walk he takes daily he takes always alone. The hours he spends in his office are the only ones during which he comes in contact with his fellow-beings. Recently I have heard that he is occasionally got to pay a visit to a hotel at a spa just outside Dublin; and he has been even induced to spend a few hours in the smoke room. That his marvellous conversation assembles a crowd of enchanted listeners. It is a different audience from the House of Commons, but it listens as eagerly to this man of the golden mouth.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE POPE.

From time to time we meet, with glowing articles, short and disconnected though they be, which leave an impress upon the mind that is not easily effaced. In a recent issue of a French contemporary we find an admirable example of this class of contributions. It is from the pen of Eugene Tavernier. We translate a few striking extracts:—

"The adjective used by the unfortunate King Humbert had to find a place in the proclamation of the new sovereign. It had to be so, in accord with that inevitable logic which governs false as well as true situations.

"As soon as he was invested with power, Victor Emmanuel III. had to accept the legacy of a policy which had spoiled the life of his father and from which his grandfather would gladly have been delivered. The King of Piedmont entered Rome under the constraint and the threats of the revolutionists. * * * Instead of the wall 'Roma e fatale,' the world was destined thenceforth to hear, on all solemn occasions, the exclamation, 'Roma intangible.'"

"But this was yet not, and less than ever a cry of hope and joy. A vulgar stubbornness had dictated the new formula, which came too late, and came where confidence had vanished."

"Napoleon wore an iron crown, bearing the motto, 'God gives it to me; beware who touches it.' God, who had not given it to him, forced him quickly to give it up. Can the thirty years of habitation in Rome constitute that astonishing prescription that the house of Savoy would need to possess, if not legally, at least tranquilly, a domain that had been invaded by means of trickery, treason and serfage? Victor Emmanuel III. cannot expect it. Whatever

may be his desires, he feels that resisting power that has remained, still lay on increasing. That is what is 'intangible.'"

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CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

I assisted at a very interesting religious service the other day. It was the annual meeting of the "Archeo-fraternity of Our Lady of the Divine Compassion," a society existing here in Paris with headquarters at the Church of St. Sulpice and having for its object the "conversion of Great Britain." Knowing the strong feeling of hostility that exists throughout France against England, and that the time I was curious to know just how sincere and ardent were the people's desires for the practical blessing God could confer on that people. The church was filled. A ladies' choir supplied the music, and the singing was good. They sang the Vespers of the Blessed Virgin, all the congregation joining. Then the Rosary was said, and when it came to the last decade the intention was read from the pulpit; "the conversion of England to the Faith." At once the whole congregation arose and recited the Our Father and then Hall Mary's standing. Then the director of the Archeo-fraternity delivered a very beautiful and exceedingly interesting lecture on Catholic England and the efforts heretofore made to bring her back to the Church. There were no politics in that sermon. It was Catholic and breathed the true spirit of Catholic charity.

It seems there is in France a convert of "Ganonesse of St. Augustine" which dates far back before Reformation times. Driven out of England it sought a home in Dewey, and afterwards in Paris, and was for a hundred years situated on the hill of St. Genevieve beside the English, Scottish and Irish colleges. The French Revolution drove them from that spot and they have been leading a very precarious existence ever since. When these nuns were received in France a royal decree signed by Louis XIII. gave them certain lands and privileges upon three express conditions: 1st, that they should raise him above the common level of England; 2nd, that they should pray for France and the royal family; and 3rd, that they should devote themselves to the education of the daughters of Catholic families in England impoverished by their devotion to the Faith. They have lived up to every day of their contract, and have succeeded in interesting the French people in their special work. Some years ago an association was formed in Paris to procure by prayer and good works the conversion of England. Leo XIII. has blessed it and raised it to the dignity of an arch-confraternity. The director gave a rapid sketch of the history of England during the ages that preceded her lapse from the Faith and dwelt lovingly and at length on the services rendered by Catholic England to the Faith. He said the English were destined to exercise vast influence in the material and moral development of the next century, and it was of the first importance that it would not be hostile to the Church. He claimed that the act of Catholic emancipation had been granted to the prayers of France for the conversion of her great political adversary.

It was a grand sight; those thousands of French Catholics in Paris humbly and devoutly praying for their wayward brothers and sisters across the Channel; and expressing the profound hope that some day would see them all kneeling before the one holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman faith. These Canonesses of St. Augustine are a very interesting relic of old English Catholic times. Their customs and traditions come down from the days when England was "Our Lady's Dowry." They are vowed to the rule of St. Augustine. Our readers have often heard of this "Rule of St. Augustine." They have also heard of the "Rule of St. Benedict." This "Rule" of St. Augustine has been formulated on the basis of a letter the great Bishop of Hippo wrote to a community of female religious established by him in Africa, in which he laid down in a general way the manner of life he wished them to lead.

MINISTER'S SERMON.—A country minister, after a sermon of seventeen heads, remarked, "Brethren, we cannot avoid the conclusion!"

"Thank heaven for that!" remarked the rich man of the parish. "I've been afraid for the past hour you were going to."

There is nothing in the world so profoundly interesting as a truly great man. There is an impulse in every individual which endeavors to raise him above the common level, and force him on to greatness. Considering, however, the vast number of beings that every nation contains and the practical equality of human gifts, it is astonishing how any man can lift himself and appear pre-eminent above its surface. Those, however, who succeed in rising to such positions deserve our special study.

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THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS

On all sides, and in all quarters of the world the Church celebrates in a most solemn and impressive manner the great event of the canonization of St. Jean Baptiste De La Salle, founder of the Order of Christian Brothers. In this city, where the Brothers have performed untold good and have educated the greater portion of the leading men of the day, the tridium of last week amply demonstrated the sentiments of all classes and all races. On Friday afternoon, at four o'clock, ten thousand children, belonging to the various schools of the city, that are under the direction of the Christian Brothers, assembled in the great Church of Notre Dame. His Grace, Mgr. Bruchesi, presided at the ceremonies, and the Rev. Mr. LaPlacur pronounced an admirable sermon for the occasion. The next day—Saturday—the tridium was continued in St. Patrick's Church for the benefit of the English-speaking pupils of the Christian Brothers. The sermon, which was a masterly effort, was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Laha Callaghan, English secretary to His Grace the Archbishop. On Sunday at the Cathedral, His Grace presided and the High Mass was one of special solemnity. His Lordship, Mgr. Decelles, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, delivered the sermon, in the course of which he stated some marvellous facts in connection with the progress and expansion of the Order founded by the humble and holy Saint Jean Baptiste de la Salle.

It may be of interest to know how many schools the Brothers teach, and how many pupils frequent those schools, all over the world. The following list is authentic:—

Table with 2 columns: Schools and Pupils. Lists data for various countries including France, England, Ireland, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Algeria, Tunisia, Madagascar, La Reunion, St. Maurice, Egypt, Turkey, Asia Minor, Armenia, Syria, Tonkin, Cochinchina, China, India, Canada, United States, Equador, Colombia, Argentine Rep., Chili, Monaco, and Luxemburg.

If you don't feel quite well, fry a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a wonderful tonic and invigorator. It will help you.

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THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS

On all sides, and in all quarters of the world the Church celebrates in a most solemn and impressive manner the great event of the canonization of St. Jean Baptiste De La Salle, founder of the Order of Christian Brothers. In this city, where the Brothers have performed untold good and have educated the greater portion of the leading men of the day, the tridium of last week amply demonstrated the sentiments of all classes and all races. On Friday afternoon, at four o'clock, ten thousand children, belonging to the various schools of the city, that are under the direction of the Christian Brothers, assembled in the great Church of Notre Dame. His Grace, Mgr. Bruchesi, presided at the ceremonies, and the Rev. Mr. LaPlacur pronounced an admirable sermon for the occasion. The next day—Saturday—the tridium was continued in St. Patrick's Church for the benefit of the English-speaking pupils of the Christian Brothers. The sermon, which was a masterly effort, was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Laha Callaghan, English secretary to His Grace the Archbishop. On Sunday at the Cathedral, His Grace presided and the High Mass was one of special solemnity. His Lordship, Mgr. Decelles, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, delivered the sermon, in the course of which he stated some marvellous facts in connection with the progress and expansion of the Order founded by the humble and holy Saint Jean Baptiste de la Salle.

It may be of interest to know how many schools the Brothers teach, and how many pupils frequent those schools, all over the world. The following list is authentic:—

Table with 2 columns: Schools and Pupils. Lists data for various countries including France, England, Ireland, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Algeria, Tunisia, Madagascar, La Reunion, St. Maurice, Egypt, Turkey, Asia Minor, Armenia, Syria, Tonkin, Cochinchina, China, India, Canada, United States, Equador, Colombia, Argentine Rep., Chili, Monaco, and Luxemburg.

If you don't feel quite well, fry a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a wonderful tonic and invigorator. It will help you.

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