

OBITUARY

LIBTY—Estab- 1856; incorp- 1840. Meets in 2 St. Alexan- day of the eets last Wed- lev. Director. P.P. President. at Vice-Pres- 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack; ary, W. J. ecretary, T. P.

. & B. SO- second Sun- St. Patrick's street, at 8.30 Management on the first month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil- P. Gunning; onnell, 412 St.

, Branch 26 November, 1888. New Hall, (In- St. Catherine's regular meetings of business are 4th Wednes- ath, at eight s: Spiritual Killoran; Chan- dy; President, Vice-President, Recording Se- polan, 16 Over- c. Sec., E. J. Secretary, J. t. Urban st; elly; Marshal, rd, J. A. Har- W. A. Hodg- D. J. McGills, Jas. Cahill; H. J. Harri-

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COCOA MOST ECONOMICAL Arthur Content, areal, give notice to the legislature next session, for w authorizing the of the Associe- of the Province of ing the said As- me amongst its I cause my name the secretary and and arrears pay

R INSTITUTIONS SIGNS. SPS DONE APPLY TO- COO DEPT. ILLUSTRATIONS THE TRUE WITNESS

A Broken Bramble

(By Seumas O'Kelly, in Donahoe's.) Even the blackbird that perched on a swaying bramble looked with round eyes on her without the thought of fear. And seeing that none else was near he shook out his wings, wiped his yellow beak smartly on the bramble, now on one side and then on the other, stood as straight as a soldier at attention, filled out his throat, much as a piper might fill his bag, and poured out an evening melody. It fell and rose with the breeze and the swaying bramble and throbbled its echoes away over the purple hill lightly tipped with the first crimson glow of the sun going down in the west.

She looked up and smiled. That melody had come in on the peace of the evening without breaking it. It was an accompaniment to the glory of the close of the day and to her thoughts. So she dropped the stocking she was knitting in her lap, for a minute, looked over to the hedge, and smiled at the black-coated, red-beaked songster, swaying on the bramble. Yes, it was a very peaceful day and a very, very, beautiful evening.

The song stopped suddenly, and the blackbird, with a cry of fright, flew away over the hill clothed in the crimsoning veil of the evening light. A footstep was breaking the silence in the field the other side of the hedge. The breeze brought over the hedge to the ears a deep, heavy sigh—the longing of some weary heart. And her own bosom heaved in response a deep sigh—the longing of some weary heart awakened from the drowse of a great peace.

Then a man came out the gap in the hedge and broke the bramble on which the blackbird had swayed and sung.

He was a very tall young man, with a rugged face, red hair, and great broad shoulders and chest. His eyes were large and fearless, and ever a puzzle. One never knew whether they were a dark blue or a deep grey; and they were ever reflecting the thoughts of a busy mind. He stood still and took in that scene—the thatched house with the wealth of rose leaves and roses trailing over the white of the walls, the big stone seat near the door, and the woman with the round sweet face, the auburn hair, and the sensitive lips, knitting a stocking. She looked up, saw the man, and with a start rose from her seat.

"God bless the work, Honor," he said, walking over and taking her hand in a grip like a vise. "The same to you," she said, smiling a bright smile of welcome. She was conscious of a strained, unusual manner about Con McDermot. "Were you at the fair?" she asked. "I was," he said. "'Twas a good fair, and we sold early. So did your father—I was speaking to him, and your mother told me she left you at the home to mind the house."

"She did; 'twas easy to mind it, and I have everything ready for them when they come home. I know it's tired they'll be after the hardships of the day and night. Did they sell?"

"They did. He got thirty-five shillings for the hoggets and thirteen pound for the milcher."

"Thank God! It was as much as the was saying he'd get. What's delaying them?"

"I don't know. I was about the first home."

"Won't you come in," said Honor, brightly, "and have a cup of tea? The kettle is singing this quarter of an hour on the fire, and I have a cake the height of your knee in the oven. You must be hungry."

"I'm not then. I couldn't eat a bit if you were to pay me."

"Oh, nonsense! You must be starved. And besides I want to hear all the news. Sure you must be full of it after the day. The whole countryside is talking of marriages."

A cloud passed over Con McDermot's face, leaving a drawn line on his lips, and his eyes glowed like coals in the dark.

"I heard no news," Con said rather shortly. "And what's more, I don't believe in match-making at all."

Just the very thing she had been thinking that very evening! But she was not going to give her thoughts away, and especially to Con McDermot.

"Well, and don't you? That's queer. Sure it's not going to be an

old bachelor you are, Con?" she asked archly, putting her beautiful head a little to one side.

"I don't know," he said gloomily. As he spoke the light in his eyes went deep and dark and a cloud seemed to settle on his brow.

If Honor could only know the news that had driven him home from the fair like a bird fleeing before a hawk! "Tess McFadden was telling me she expected a great match of it; some man near Athenry with a new two-story slate house and up to forty acres stocked with the best."

"Yes, but I heard 'tis broken," he said.

"There! I knew you had news. But that's the way with the men—they never tell a body anything."

"I had forgotten it. I was thinking of something else."

"I knew that, too. It's easy for a body to see you are troubled. What's on your mind, Con?" She asked the question with a softening voice, a tender appeal in the clear eyes, and a delicate color mounting the sweet round face that made hope beat in Con McDermot's breast like a clap of thunder this very day.

"Did you ever see the dark, forbidding-looking hill that frowns down on Killmeen? Well, I felt just as that hill looks on the world, when it came upon me. I thought the clouds should be thick and black on Slieve Dubh, but there was the sky as clear as the water above on Loughbellshragh!"

"The Lord be praised! but what happened you?" Honor ejaculated.

Con McDermot took one of her hands in his, and his hand was as hot as fire.

The blackbird had come back again to the hedge. He had found another swaying bramble to sing on—but, oh! where's the heart to sing to when it is broken? Where is the music of a shattered lute or the swelling chords of a harp with its strings torn asunder?"

The hill above was now entirely clothed in a great spreading cloak of crimson and the sky behind it one broad wealth of shining gold. The blackbird poured out a melody from his flexible throat and a whispering breeze that went by had in it the delicate perfume of blossoms newly-opened to the soft dew.

"Honor," said Con, and that one softly spoken word—that ejaculation with the suppressed emotion—that name enshrined in a human heart as a sacred treasure, coming from the warm lips of the generous, overmastering love—that whispered exclamation that blended with the deep melody of the liquid song of the blackbird and floated on the perfumed breeze that played around freshly opened blossoms—how much did it say! Con was conscious that his love, his heart, his joy, the one great secret of his life, had gone out in the world. Honor knew it. It went straight to her heart, wakening up a thousand answering emotions, the blood suffused her face and set the sensitive lips twitching in tender sympathy. Two lives that had gone on beckoning to each other

invisibly—two loves instinctively drawn together, two longings gushing to meet and mingle and become dissolved in each other had reached the threshold of bliss and unity. Then? The blackbird ceased his song, gave a cry of fright and fluttered away from the swaying bramble, over the hill; the light that glorified the heaven and the earth paled and grew grey; the breeze sharpened and lost the delicate perfume of the freshly-opened blossoms; the silence was broken. A car came rumbling up the road with grinding wheels, and a man's strong, rough, jerky, half-drunken voice was roaring—

"So fill up my cup and fill up my can, There are good things in store, I'm a fortunate man, For Gladstone is back, and I still an M.P., By the laws of the land, for the town of Tralee."

Con let Honor's trembling hand go quickly, and without a word he was striding over the hill which the sun had left desolate. The car turned in at the gate and Honor's father jumped off.

"A curle," he said, "are you tired waitin'? But don't be uneasy. We brought something home that will make you the proudest girl in the parish—aye or in the country if it went to that."

"Father," said Honor reproachfully, "I asked you not to take drink, and you broke your promise."

"Musha, what did I take? A thimbleful! Maybe it's to insult the man that bought the hoggets I'd do."

Honor's mother came over and kissed the girl on the now pale cheeks. "Oh, it's the news we have this day!" she said. "We made the best match of the year for you. Mr. Tom Moloney, no less. He broke with Tess McFadden and we have all settled for you."

"Mother!"

A big, sturdy man, with a very black whisker, who had also got off the car, came over.

"Is this Honor?" he asked.

"'Tis, in troth. A better girl does not stand in the country. This is to be your husband—Mr. Moloney—Honor."

Honor shook hands mechanically with the stranger.

"Come on in," said her mother, "until we see what she has for us; we are all starved."

Honor wakened up and led the way in, and gave a supper to the hungry people that pleased them beyond measure.

"Indeed I see I made no mistake," said Tom Moloney, looking proudly at Honor.

"Too good she is for you," said her father, roughly.

"Now, father!" said Honor, severely.

"Oh! You needn't be afraid I'll frighten him; the bargain is made and he must stick to it!"

Tom Moloney laughed the words over as a joke, and they all drew down to the big, roaring fire on the hearth, the men smoking. And Honor went about the house, tidying up after the meal, silent and grave.

"My husband; my husband; my match made; Con gone over the hill with the truth unspoken!" These words danced before her eyes and throbbled through her brain. She stole quietly into her little bedroom, knelt down, and thought it all out. And while she knelt there her heart was silently broken. The bramble on the hedge on which the blackbird had swayed and sung snapped and cracked when it broke, but no sound came from Honor when the love in her heart was crushed and broken while it was yet opening up in beauty, sweetness, and tenderness to the soft love-dew falling from heaven like the blossom that filled the whispering breeze with delicate perfume.

It is hard to do housework with a sobbing heart. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause, Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

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LITERARY REVIEW

NEW MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Youths' Magazine, an illustrated monthly, printed on fine coated paper, has just been issued from The Rosary Press, Somerset, O.

The Youths' Magazine is published in the interests of the Catholic Boys and Girls of America, and comes as a response to a demand for good, safe and wholesome juvenile literature for the family and Sunday-school.

The first issue of the Youths' Magazine was intended to be a 5000 edition. Before the edition was finished it had to be increased to 12,000, and a second edition brought the issue up to 25,000 copies. The fact that the Youths' Magazine costs only 50 cents a year, one-quarter of which amount goes to the orphan poor, has given the new periodical a widespread and favorable reception, and, as the first number has more than met the demands of readers in the matter of excellence of contents and artistic merit, a very wide popularity is predicted for the magazine. Free samples on request.

THE YOUTHS' MAGAZINE, Somerset, Ohio.

"IRISH YESTERDAYS."

(Ross and Somerville. Longmans, Green & Co.

On skimming through the pages of this book, the impression is not apt to be favorable to the average Irish sympathizer. Many may not finish the first sketch, which has an extra share of the objectionable features which diminish gradually towards the end till the last chapter, "Children of Captivity," invites a sincere recommendation of the volume.

The illustrations add nothing to the attractiveness of the pages; most of them are merely commonplace and not a few are decidedly vulgar. But perhaps the Galway man who carries his "Irish Yesterdays" to an easy chair and gives them an undivided attention will be willing to overlook the flaws while enjoying the better pages, and it will while away a pleasant hour or two for anyone who enjoys a concise, well-turned descriptive phrase, a dash of flippancy here and a touch of feeling there; with a layer of sarcasm between, inviting a query as to its exact nature.

The pen-pictures are very clear to the reader's eye, whether of people or places, and the little etchings of "Spring time in the County of Galway" hang hauntingly in the memory. Nonetheless they would pass for the beauties of a climate far less regorous than that of Western Ireland.

A few random quotations may help in giving an idea of the style and subjects:

"I beheld the Aran steamer leisurely padding upon a sea of satin smoothness to the unknown islands, and in my ear sang the phrase, 'a way of their own and a sense of their own like the Indians,'" an allusion to the natives of that isle.

"The chief windows of the lodge faced north-east framing a splendid outlook across a plain of sea to where the Connemara mountains have pitched their tents in a jagged line, pale in the torpid heat of morning, dark at evening against some lengthening creek of sunset. . . . At some ten of the clock, the wild and noble outline of Connemara was still sharp, the gleam behind it still a harbourage for the daylight."

"Below the lodge, to the south-east, the restless sand has smothered many a landmark, obliterated many a grave. Lie down in it, it is a soft bed; let it slip through your fingers, dry and fine and delicate, while the sea line is high and blue above you, and the light breaker strikes the slow moments in rhythm. Saint and oratory, cloghaun and cromlech, lie deep in its oblivion, their memory living faintly and more faintly from lip to lip through the years; around the saints their halos still linger, pale in this age's noon-day, and the fishermen still strike sail at the corner of the island to the little crumbling tower that is supposed to mark the grave of Saint Gregory."

The ridge of the Island runs in table lands of rock, dropping in cliffs to the sea along its south-western face. These heights are level deserts of stone, streaked with soft grass where the yellow vetch blazes and a myriad wild roses lay their petals against the boulders: Yet even these handmaids of the rock are not the tenderest of its surprises. Look down the slits and fissures as you step across them on a May day, and you will see fronds of maiden hair climbing out of the darkness and warm mud below. A month later they will be strong and

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tall above the surface; the clots of foam may often strike them when below their platform, the piled-up Atlantic rolls its vastness to the attack, with the cruel green of the up-drawn wave, with the hurl of the pent tons against crag and cliff. But for us, on that May morning, land and sea lay in rapt accord, and the breast of the brimming tide was laid to the breast of the cliff, with a low and broken voice of joy."

"The other two islands lie gray and still, rimmed by fawning and flashing tides, lifeless save where the smoke of burning kelp creep blue by the water's edge."

"Meditating on these May days, winnowed now of their husk of culinary difficulties, they seem the most purely lonely, the most crowded with impressions that could befall. Habituated to the stillness of West Galway life, these stillnesses were vast and expressive beyond any previous experience of mine: in the shadeless brilliance, the bare grayness, I breathed a foreign and tingling air. The people's profoundly self-centered existence has 'no thoroughfare' written across it; lying on the warm rocks, they see Ireland stretched silent, enigmatic, apart from them, and are content that it is so. Their poverty is known to many, their way of thought to a few; they remain motionless on the edge of Europe, with the dust of the saints beneath their feet."

"Scarcely to be analysed is that fragrance of Irish air; the pureness of bleak mountains is in it, the tang of turf smoke is in it, and there is something more, inseparable from Ireland's green and grey landscapes, wrought in with her bowed and patient cottages, her ragged walls, and eager rivers, and intelligible only to the spirit."

"Yet I can remember long September days beside a sea of Mediterranean blue, the sea of Southern Ireland, when the perfect present asked nothing of either past or future. The long creek wound, blue-green as a peacock's breast, between deep woods. High places of rock and heather were there, where you could lie, 'ringed with the azure world,' and see the huge liners, yes, and hear them too, as they went throbbing and trampling along the sun's path westward."

"Children of Captivity" touches on the faculty of the Irish to converse with you in the true sense of the word, that is to say, with give and take, with intuition and with easy and instant sense of humor. "Were it in your power to listen to what they are saying, you would be entertained as you have seldom been, by highly seasoned gossip, narrative, both humorous and tragic, and wide and exhaustive criticism."

"They have discovered that an Irish brogue has a market value, and the songs of Zion have gone through many editions and held many audiences since the days when Tom Moore exploited his country in London drawing-rooms. The moment of bitterness is when the English become fired with the notion of singing them for themselves."

"Elusive as running water is the brogue of the Irish peasant; hardly attained even by those who have known its tune from childhood."

"The very wind that blows softly over brown acres of bog carries per-

fumes and sounds that England does not know: the women digging the potato-land are talking of things that England does not understand. The question that remains is whether England will ever understand."

"Writers of novels, and readers of novels, had better shut their eyes to the fact, the inexorable fact, that such marriages are rushed into every day—loveless, sordid marriages, such as we are taught to hold in abhorrence, and that from them springs, like a flower from a dust heap, the unsullied, uneventful home-life of Western Ireland. It is romance that holds the two-edged sword, the sharp ecstasy and the severing scythe stroke, the expectancy and the disillusioning, the trance and the clearer vision."

"We do not hear of remonstrance on her part, and thirty years afterwards, when their children were married or gone to America, it was said that this couple's hearts were within in each other." It was said with perfect perception of the ways and the depths of devotion; but the absence of it at their wedding was not worthy of remark, and in these things is the essence of the Irish nature, that keenly perceives sentiment and contentedly ignores it."

"The evening was speechless and oppressive; it held like a headache the question whether it is useful to be sorry for those who are not sorry for themselves, and, unreprising, grope out their lives in the dark house of ignorance; and whether discontent with one's lot is not the mother of good cooking and other excellent things."

"Then, and not till then, did something of the largeness, the leisure, the absurdity, the unconventionality, that should enter into all true holiday, begin for us."

"A five-year-old boy with tough tight curls of amber, and an appallingly dirty face, regarded me from the doorstep with brazen sang froid as I approached, and said in a loud and winding drawl: 'What have you on yer no-ase?' Praise is seldom perfected in the mouth of the babe and sucking. I removed my pince-nez, and passed with difficulty into a doorway filled with people, the blue smoke from the interior filling up the crevices."

"Creatures who slept under carts and in stray corners; who treated life as a lounge, and regarded their owners as suzerains merely, to whom occasional allegiance was to be rendered, or a tributary egg or two laid in an inaccessible place."

"There was once a red silk parasol of the genus known to the trade as an en tout cas, which, literally translated, meant that in sunny weather it was cumbersome and heavy, and that during showers it wept tears of indellible maroon upon its possessor. It passed through an unloved youth into an abhorred middle age, with a crooked nose, a swelled handle, and a mottled complexion, unfit for society, yet not sufficiently decayed for a jumble sale."

"Let any hasty judgment should here be formed as to the conduct of Irish households, it is well to mention that other households, not Irish, have had experiences as remarkable."

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