There is to-day a crying need of a reformation in the treatment of the body. The basis of this reformation is to be found in the thesis of Dr. R. V. Pierce: "Diseases which originate in the stomach must be cured through the stomach."

In the thirty odd years of Dr. Pierce's consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. V., he has treated more than half a million people, with a record of ninety-eight cures in every hundred. The theory held by Dr. Pierce that the stomach is the chief breeding place of disease, is abundantly borne out by the success of his treatment

place of disease, abundantly borne out by the success of his treatment which is addressed primarily to the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition.

No other medicine acts so powerfully and as perfectly on the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Medical Discovery. Men and women afficted with shortness of breath, heart disease, suffocation, dizziness, spots before the case, suffocation, dizziness, spots before the micrea with shortness, spots before the ease, suffocation, dizziness, spots before the eyes, "liver pains," and similar ailment have been promptly and perfectly cured by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

have been promptly and perfectly cured by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

Thomas A. Swarts, of Sub-Station C., Columbus, Ohio, Box 103, writes: "I was taken very sick with severe headache, then cramps in the stomach, and my food would not digest, then kidney and liver trouble, and my back got so weak I could scarcely get around. At last I had all these at once, and I gave money to the doctors whenever I thought they would do me any good, but the more I doctored the worse I got, until six years passed. I had become so poorly I could only walk in the house by the aid of a chair, and I got so thin I had given up to die, thinking that I could not be cured. Then I saw one of my neighbors, who said. 'Take my advice, and use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and make a new man out of yourself.' The first bottle helped me and after I had taken eight I was weighed and found I had gained a pounds. I have done more hard work in the past eleven months than I did in two years before, and I am healthy to-day and do not feel anything like dying. I cannot give Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery too much praise."

# Preserve Your + Teeth

And teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S

#### CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER 6d., 1/-, 1/6, & 1 lb. 5/- Tins, or

CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1/-, and 1/6 Pots.

They have the largest sale of any Dentifrices

AVOID IMITATIONS, which are NUMEROUS & UNRELIABLE. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

### SCHOOLS

During the coming School Term of 1898-9 we aspectfully solicit the favor of your orders for he supplying of Catholic Educational and ther Text books, both in English and French; loo, school stationery and school requisites. SADLIER'S DOMINION SERIES

SADLIER'S DOMINION SERIES
Saditer's Dominion Reading Charts, 26 Reading Charts and one Chart of colors, mounted or
14 boards, size 23 to 32 inches.
Saditer's Dominion Speller, complete,
Saditer's Dominion First Reader, Part I.
Saditer's Dominion First Reader, Part II.
Saditer's Dominion Second Reader,
Saditer's Dominion Third Reader,
Saditer's Dominion Fourth Reader,
Saditer's Outlines of Canadian History,
Saditer's Grandes Lignes de l'Histoire du
Canadia.

Sadlier's Outlines of English History. Sadlier's School History of England, with

Sadiler's School History of England, with colored maps.
Sadiler's Apreient and Modern History, with filustrations and 23 colored maps.
Sadiler's Edition of Butler's Catechism.
Sadiler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, Old Testament, Part I.
Sadiler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, New Testament, Part II.
Sadiler's Catechism of Sacred History, New Testament, Part II.

dition. Badlier's Bible History (Schuster) Illus trated. Sadier's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard cines. llier's Edition of Grammaire Elementaire

par E. Robert.
Sadlier's Edition of Nugent's French and
English, English and French Dictionary with
pronunciation.

pronunciation.
Sadlier's (P. D. & S.) Copy Books, A. and B with tracing.

## D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS. TORONTO, ONT. | 1669 Notre Dame St.

#### The D. & L. **EMULSION** The D. & L. EMULSION

the best and most palatable preparation Cod Liver Oil, agreeing, with the most delica

The D. & L. EMULSION

s prescribed by the leading physicians of The D. & L. EMULSION

Is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. 50c. & 51 per Bottle. Be sure you get the genuine DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Montreal

### O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt



Is not a patent medi-cine, nor is it beer, as some imagine, but it is a strong extract of Malt and Hops, recommended by leading medical men all over Canada, for the weak and convalescent, If you are run down

bottles will do you good. Price, 25c. per bottle.

Refuse all substitutes

said to be just as good

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist General Agent, TORONTO

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be Seen at our Wareroo DUNDAS STREET. SMITH BROTHERS

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, ONTARIO. Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters Telephone 538.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE,
BERLIN, ONT.
Complete Classical, Philosophical and
Commercial Courses, Shorthand
and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to—
REV. THEO. SPETZ, President

### GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

CHAPTER XII.

NEXT SUNDAY.

Though I can hardly call myself a stranger in Glencoonoge, yet the Sunday in that remote region continues to strike upon me freshly, so unlike is it to what I am accustomed in Liverpool. All through the week quiet broods over mountain and valley; you may ramble for many hours in almost unbroken solitude. But once a week, about mid-day, the hills are alive with cheerful bustle. There are not many signs of human habitations; but wherever the people come from, they trickle like mountain springs adown the hill-sides to swell the throng that pours along the roads making for the chapel in the glen. Like rushing waters, too, the hill sides to swell the throng that pours along the roads making for the chapel in the glen. Like rushing waters, too, the crowd sparkles with a pleasant excitement. Difficulties, sadness, and penury, are for the nonce forgotten. Whatever there may be of brightness or of comfort shows itself to-day. The farmer is on horseback with his wife, his daughter, or his sister behind him holding on to his coat, or more timidly with both hands clasping his sides, or sitting in easy security with no support. The labourer has on his clean shirt and his waistcoat with linen sleeves. The country woman is magnificent in her hereditary cloak, under which she carries the good stockings knitted by her own two hands, and the stout pair of boots that have lasted her for many a long year; in which, glory be to God! when close to the chapel she will encase her graceful feet in honor of the place she's going to; little suspecting and little caring how brightly her feet glance in their bareness as she walks, and not knowing how much she is indebted for her own and her children's shapely limbs and graceful carriage to the custom of her class o going unshod.

Every road near tilencoonege chapel has its traditional spot where you may

the custom of her class o going unshod.

Every road near Glencoonoge chapel has its traditional spot where you may see the women bathing their feet at some stream, and putting on their shoes and stockings. Then they continue on their way and with but few greetings enter the chapel at once, or pass into the church-yard behind to visit the graves of their kindred. At Glencoonoge it is not the custom for women to gossip outside the chapel tefore Mass. I forget who told me and only remember that the information was conveyed in a portentous manner and with bated breath, that Father John does not at all approve of the habit tion was conveyed in a portentous manner and with bated breath, that Father John does not at all approve of the habit the men persist in of loitering about outside and talking together while waiting for his arrival. But all his lecturing does not break them of the habit; or perhaps, thinking the practice a harmless one, he does not insist on being obeyed to the letter in this respect. At any rate, here they are this blessed Sunday morning, filling as they arrive the three-cornered green in front of the tumble-down chapel. Soon Father John will be seen small in the dim perspective of the long road, over which the meeting branches of the trees on either side form an archway. So far off is he when first descried and so diminished, that guesses are rife, and there are bets not a few as to whether he rides or drives. For much hangs on this, apart from the fact itself, which is important too. If he is on horseback, it is certain he came over the mountain; and if he is on his car-why that shows he portant too. If he is no horsestant is and if he is on his car—why that shows he came by the road, d'ye see? And when the priest is near enough to leave no room for doubts or further contradiction, and all year cape shain as daylight that it is all may see as plain as daylight that it is on horseback he is ("and see the poor baste how he hangs his head and walks wearily, scarcely able to drag his legs along because of the weight that's on him; and his riverence is getting a great size to be sure, long life to him!") or that Father John has done the journey on his jaunting-car, which he drives himself weighing it down in a lop-sided manner then it will be quite time enough to begin to troop into the chapel. But until then most of Father John's male parishioners will sit or lounge, or lean, or stand about in will sit or lounge, or lean, or stand about in groups in every variety of picturesque attitude, discussing their affairs or commenting on what is passing before their eyes—the turn-out that has just driven up from the inn, amongst other things, and the alacrity with which Conn Hoolaban imming from the driver's age.

and the alacrity with which Conn Hoolahan, jumping from the driver's seat, assists the book-keeper to alight.

Many a time that morning I wished I was an artist. I would have liked to have sketched the front gable of the chapel with rich berry-ivy hanging halfway down over its face and creeping abundantly along the roof; and the wood in which the chapel sits, in the shadow of which loom the wings of the T-shaped building like a cross without a top; and building like a cross without a top; and the low semi-circular wall of loose moss-covered stones shutting off the precincts of the woody churchyard from the green. Within the wall, on ground as high as itself, horses here and there tethered to the trees were browsing among the grave nounds; in dangerous proximity to their poss, but trustfully indifferent to the



Nestle's Food is a complete and entire diet for Babies, and closely resembles mothers' milk. Over all the world Nestle's Food has been recognized for more than thirty years as prossessing great value. Your physician will confirm the statement.

Nestle's Food is safe. It requires only the addition of water to prepare it for use. The great danger attendant on the use of cows milk is thus avoided.
Consult your doctor about Nestle's Food and send to us for a large sample can and our book, "The Baby," both of which will be sent free on application. Also ask for "Baby Birthday Jewel Book." Leeming, Miles & Co., 53 St, Sulpice Street, Montreal.

danger, was lying more than one-devotee tired with his walk, who had thrown himself at random on the ground to rest luxuriously at full length.

Inxuriously at full length.

I should have liked to have been able to put down in black and white those talking lounging groups I have spoken of, and the new arrivals on cars and horseback, and the stowing away of cars and horses, and the fresh flocking in of new-comers on foct, and the schoolmaster at the chapel door rattling the pence in his wooden box as pende entered, crying out: the chapel door rattling the pence in his wooden box as people entered, crying out: "For the new church! remember the new church!" and old Murt O'Brien's cart of new blankets and clothes in the middle of the green; blankets and clothes which nobody is ever seen to buy, which nobody thinks it at all strange should be exposed for sale in that fashion, and which Murt O'Brien himself will desert presently when Maes begins, as if the possibility of any one's walking away with his goods while he is in chapel is a thing altogether too far-fetched and unreal for even an Irishman's imagination to entertain for one single instant of time.

I would have found subjects in the

Irishman's imagination to entertain for one single instant of time.

I would have found subjects in the churchyard too — that curious churchyard, which is sometimes in the wood and sometimes in the open. It begins to descend immediately behind the chapel, sloping to where the river, suddenly becoming deep, no longer rushes boisterously over rocks and stones, but glides reverently by. Between the trees were men and women kneeling at the graves or moving about; and here and there red cloaks stashing between the trunks. Some were decking their mounds with slowers brought from home or gathered by the wayside; others kneeling, with silent tears that glistened as they fell in the sunlight renewed their remembrance of the departed. And in the middle of it all, the word goes round that Mass is going to begin; for burly Father John has come, and tossing the reins to some one near at hand, has entered the chapel hurriedly, closed round upon and borne in by those who have watched his nearing approach.

What is the my stational subjects in the middle of it. ing approach.

What is the mysterious influence which what is the mysterious innuctes whether pervades the tumbledown chapel filled with rustic worshippers? It is not the effect of magnificence or of antiquity. The structure is but seven or eight decades old and is half-ruinous. The rafters just uphold the roof; the ivy from outside has forced its way in between the slates, and hangs down in many places a read or more or greens along the whiteslates, and hangs down in many places a yard or more, or creeps along the whitewashed walls. The "stations" are small, cheap, and discolored with damp; the altar platform is rickety, and the altarlinen and furniture of the plainest. Yet services in cathedrals built of marble and decorated with masterpieces of art are not often so thrilling as that which now begins, as Father John, having vested himself behind the altar, comes forward, and kneeling at the foot, repeats in Irish and with the high sad cadence of the voice peculiar to these parts, the avowals, familiar yet ever powerful with his hearers, of belief in the Almighty and His revelation, of hope in the life to come, and of love of of hope in the life to come, and of love of God and the neighbor. The high trees without darken the church. The early winter wind whistles among their branches and moans along the roof, joining its wail to the sad tones within rising from the foot of the altar, speaking to Heaven through the medium of those Heaven through the medium of thos same Irish sounds the fathers of thes through receding generations to pre-Christian times; times so old that their life and color cannot be called up with any certainty, days quite lost in the awful mists of time.

The priest now rising up, in a newer tongue begins the Latin Mass, offering from this corner of the world that Sacrifica which—as section. from this corner of the world that Sacrifice which—as ancient prophecy foretold—is every day being celebrated somewhere on the earth from the rising to the setting of the sun. There was no music to elevate the thoughts; no incense symbolized the rising up of prayer; but the awful hush upon all present, the silence that made their breathing audible, spoke of a knowledge of what was happening there before them at the altar, and witnessed to the people's vivid faith. Is it—it must be the unseen spirit of faith which fills this primitive country church with a spell which even strangers feel, making some run cold and others weep, because of a subtle overpowering sense of some undefined Presence. The bell rings
—the moment of Consecration is at hand;
there is a noisy movement as all go on
their knees, and then a deeper stillness.
The bell rings again. The priest according to the order of Melchisedech has
spoken: the Word is made Flesh; the
priest bends his knee in adoration, and
rising, lifts aloft in his hands the Host
for the worship of the people, from whom
swells out of the silence a subduel, inarticulate murmur of welcome, dying
away almost at once. Does any purer,
more child-like homage rise to Heaven
every Sunday in the year than that which
goes warm from the hearts of this peasantry?

But Father John has no idea of spoil-

But Father John has no idea of spoiling the fresh piety of his people by reminding them of their virtues. To-day, towards the end of the Mass, when only the final prayers remained to be said, he put off his chasuble according to his wont, and turning round to address his parishioners, informed them first at what farmhouse he would hold a station during the ensuing week, and then proceeded to bring certain charges against some of the members of his flock. Passing last week, he said, where he was not expected, near some men belonging to his parish while they were at work, he heard more than one of them utter language they would not have used had they known he was close by. He was sorty to say he was led to believe from this that there was more cursing and swearing among them than came to his knowledge. But they should bear in mind what they knew very well, that though he wasn't by on all occasions to take them to task, their words nevertheless were not unheard nor unremembered. It might be Protestants words nevertheless were not unheard nor unremembered. It might be Protestants who heard them, and who thought poorly of their religion in consequence. He of their religion in consequence. He would not, indeed, have them pay too much heed to the opinions of Protestants in all things. It was often necessary for them to pay no regard to that opinion; but that was when they were doing what was right, not when they were doing wrong. Nevertheless, they should not wrong. Nevertheless, they should not avoid what was wrong only because it shocked Protestant opinion—that would

they were offending, and Whom it was dangerous to mock.

Here Father John made a long pause, during which his words saak into the hearts of his hearers, who waited breathlessly and with much interest for what might come next.

"Also I have to complain," continued Father John, "that there are several persons who have not been to Mass now for some Sundays. And they have no excuse—or insufficient ones. They say their clothes are not good enough. Well, if a man's clothes or a woman's clothes are in such a state as to be an admiration, let them by all means stop at home. But neither man nor woman has any excuse at all if they stay away only because their clothes are not as good assomebody else's. Also I wish to say that if it's true, as I'm told, that certain young men whom I see before me, but who were not at Mass last Sunday, were absent because they were some miles off looking for seagul's eggs—if that's true, all I can say is, that those young men have a great deal to answer for. They cannot plead ignorance. They have been taught from their gull's eggs—if that's true, all I can say is, that those young men have a great deal to answer for. They cannot plead ignorance. They have been taught from their childhood of the obligation that is on them to hear Mass on Sundays under pain of mortal sin. And that being so, how would it have been with any one of them, let me ask, if in those dangerous places his foot had slipped or he had lost his hold; or the rope by which he had been let down from the cliff had broken? How if he had been precipitated those heen let down from the cliff had broken? How if he had been precipitated those thousands of feet and found his grave in the seething waters below with a mortal sin upon his soul? Have they forgotten that such a thing has happened, and at that very spot? There are those alive among you who remember Connor O'Rourke, who met such a fate when he was so employed during Mass-time on a Sanday morning. And let those who are too young to recollect it, let them, I say, listen to the warnings of their elders who can tell them that terrible story. Let them not be rash; nor slow to believe

too young to recollect it, let them, I say, listen to the warnings of their elders who can tell them that terrible story. Let them not be rash; nor slow to believe because it did not happen to themselves. Tis a kind of experience, I should think, that no one but a fool would care to run risk of encountering in his own person."

Father John then proceeded to read out the Epistle and Gospel of the day, which he followed up with a shortsermon, more formal in character than his previous remarks. I was disappointed, having more than half expected that the bans of marriage between Conn Hoolahan and Miss Johnson would have been proclaimed; but this practice, as I learned afterwards, is as yet unknown in these parts where, until comparatively a recent date, the keeping of so much even as a marriage register was not customary. date, the keeping of so much even as a marriage register was not customary. For the matter of that, any such announcement by Father Moriarty would have been altogether superfluous. Conn's softness for the book keeper had been an open secret and a standing joke against him for a considerable time back—being generally regarded as a piece of hopeless

soluness for the DOOK-keeper had been an open secret and a standing joke against him for a considerable time back—being generally regarded as a piece of hopeless folly on his part; and his success and the circumstances at ending it were items of news far too surprising not to have travelled fast. Even those who lived farthest off had heard everything, with additions, that morning before Mass; and Conn had had to run the gauntlet of congratulations, questionings, and badinage while he was stowing away the car and tethering the horse, in which operations he had had no lack of assistance. I was a witness to the renewal of his ordeal presently as the worshippers were pouring out of the chapel. Conn, as he emerged, was mobbed with outstretched hands. "Long life to ye, Conn," "Good luck to ye." "So 'its come to you at last like the rest of us; bedad 'twas high time'—were some of the greetings from amongst a host of others less intelligible, as his friends shook hands with Conn, wishing him happiness. By-and-bye the book-keeper came out. She had delayed so long that many of the people had started homewards, and Conn had had time to put the horse in the car, on which Tessie Kearney and Mary Maloney had already taken their seats. Miss Johnson's appearance did not give rise to anything like the boisterous cordiality which had greeted Conn; but it was respect for the most part, and not dislike, that made conversation less exuberant at her approach. Some of the men touched their hats, and one or two countrywomen drew near and gave her good wishes. The book-keeper shook hands as she thanked them and looked wistfally at these with a spell which even strangers feel, making some run cold and others weep, because of a subtle overpowering sense of some undefined Presence. The bell rings—the moment of Consecration is athand; there is a noisy movement as all go on their knees, and then a deeper stillness. The bell rings again. The priest according to the order of Melchisedech has Con was waiting to help her to mount, with a proud smile on his face which made her forget that others were cold. In a twinkling Conn had sprung up into the driver's seat, and the car was rolling

away towards the inn.

I was not the only on-looker that took no part in this little scene. Near me were two women, one of whom, as soon as the car was out of earshot, became

Sure what did he want with marry-

with her covering up in the corner belike.

A fine young man, too, as ever I seen, to
be ashamed of! Look at the height and
the breadth on him, and as straight! He'd better have married some one who'd have owned and stood by him. There's the last of them! Come away home the last of them! Come away home He's made his bed; he must lie on it, l

Suppose."

Meanwhile, Conn, quite happy and supremely satisfied with his lot, urged the little horse into a brisk trot that caused people in front to look back and to start the satisfied with his caused people in front to look back and to start the satisfied with his lot, urged the satisfied with his lot, urg avoid what was wrong only because it shocked Protestant opinion—that would be avery poor and cowardly motive. But they must remember there were others who heard them. Every bad word that came out of a man's mouth was heard by his guardian angel, who would be made sorrowful, and by God Himself Whom

buttermilk.

At the inn, too, the events of the morning had to be rehearsed for the benefit of Mrs. Ennis, who was eager to hear what had been said by everybody.

"Asked whether there was to be a ball at 'The Harp' did they? Aye, that there shall," said the old lady emphatically. "Don't say no," holding up her hand to stop the objection which it was evident from the expression of her face the book-keeper was about to make, "I say there shall be. It'll be the first since my own wedding, and that's nigh on twenty years ago. We'll have up the carpet in the coffee-room. The coffee-room will hold most people. We'll have a tea first, and then a dance."

"Twill be too grand entirely," broke in Conn, turning with something of uneasiness to the book-keeper, whose face relaxed at his seriousness, and broke at last into the rare smile that was very agreeable and showed how perfect her teeth were.

"Leave it to me both of yez," cried Mrs. Ennis, "the entertainment's my part of the affair."

CHAPTER XIII.

BILLING AND COOING.

It was settled that the wedding was to take place immediately after the Christmas holidays, and to the lovers the intervening weeks were a bright and happy space of time. Nature smiled upon the preparations. The sun shone as undimmed by mists and the air was ab almy if it had not been mid-winter; the flowers in the sheltered garden bloomed gaily just as if there was no touch of frost ready in the near future to nip their blossom. In the afternoons the betrothed, forgetting it was December, would sometimes lose themselves in the mazy intersecting walks that climbed the hilly wood behind the inn. Through what a paradise those pathways, planned by the hard-headed London engineer; led this youthful man and woman with joy in their hearts, as they passed leisurely up gradual sacents, under the bare trees making fretwork of the sky. The space of level ground where cows were pasturing, the wired-in yard where Michael was feeding chickens, everything they passed was transfigured to thair hanny aves. Michael reyard where Michael was feeding thick-ens, everything they passed was trans-figured to their happy eyes. Michael re-sponds sturdily to some question of Conn's, then turning and seeing that the book-keeper is there too, in a softer voice wishes "Miss," "Good evening kindly;" and forgetting the chickens, stands adwishes "Miss," "Good evening kindly;" and forgetting the chickens, stands admiringly looking after the lovers as they pass upwards out of his sight into the wood again. They are a long way off and not to-be seen by Michael when they again emerge on the topmost ridge of the hill making slowly for the rock-sheltered seat, from which high up above the inn and with nothing but the sky over them, they look upon the tree-tops of the forest through which they have come, and out at the dim hills bounding the horizon, at the intervening bay and islands and the blue mountain-sides close by. The north wind is still; the sun shnes warmly down on the sheltered seat where they sit for hours in happy converse, telling whether readdward like for them beforesther sit for hours in happy converse, telling what the world was like to them before they crossed each other's paths; listening as only those can listen who are enamoured only those can lister who ther's voices; now blissful in dreamy silence, watching now blissful in dreamy silence, watching now the sun approach and touch and sink behind the western mountain; and presently, the high white clouds as they change to gold and red and purple, glowing like love and deepening as they change. Then, as these airy colors fale and darkness falls on the valley at their feet, the two rise and with lingering steps fondly descend, regretfully approaching the hour and place at which their dual solitude must, for this time, cease.

For do not imagine that the wedding was a matter which concerned the prin-

For do not imagine that the weading was a matter which concerned the principals in it only; or that Conn and the book-keeper were going to be allowed to have an unbroken tete-a tete. Mrs. Ennis, refreshed by her afternoon dozs, became her usual bright self of an evening and called for minute particulars as Ennis, refreshed by her afternoon dozz, became her usual bright self of an evening, and called for minute particulars as to the extent to which the preparations for the wedding had advanced during the dav. Abroad, expectation was on tip-toe; it was perfectly well understood that the event was to be altogether "off the common." It wouldn't be to a room in the village public-house that the company would be adjourning after leaving the chapel on the marriage night for the fiddling and the singing and the dancing, as in poor weddings; nor yet to the sized rooms which were all that even a well-to-do farmer about here when he got mar-

in poor weddings; nor yet to the shard rooms which were all that even a well-to-do farmer about here when he got married could welcome his friends to. The great room at "The Harp" would hold "a power of people." There was to be open house; every one would see what was going on and hear every word that was going or and hear every word that was said, and there would be a grand row entirely. Sure the bride was going to have a dress made expressly on purpose. That would tell you the scale on which things were to be. It would be a wedding fit for "the quality" themselves, and might serve as a model to them should any such ever condescend to get married in their own neighborhood. Old Murt O'Brien—he at whose blanket cart so little business was done on Sundays—was impressed with a great sense of the grandeur there was to be; so that when the book-keeper and Conn s sister entered grandeur there was to be; so that when the book-keeper and Conn s sister entered his shop in the yillage one day, and asked to be shown some stuffs for dresses, Murt, divining their meaning before the word was well out, declared that he had nothing in his shop good enough and not a single "speciment" would he unfold. "And I needn't tell you, miss," he said, "that if I can't do it theres' not another store in the village that can, for there's not another that can with mine compare. 'Tis to Lisheen town you must go to be fitted out to your heart's contint, not an inch nearer."

inch nearer."

Mrs. Ennis cried, "Stuff and nonsense!" when she heard this; but Conn Mrs. Ennis cried, "Stuff and nonsense!" when she heard this; but Conn
said very seriously that Mr. O'Brien only
spoke the truth as he always did even
when it went against himself; that he
was very honorable and upright man for
so doing; that as there was no time to
lose, wouldn't it he as well if he drove the
two over to Lisheen to-morrow.

"Why to-morrow?" says Mrs. Ennis,
"won't the next day do as well?"

"There are the horses in the stables
eating their heads off," is Conn's rejoinder, "they've had no exercise to speak of
these two days, and may be the day after

drive Miss Johnson and your sister over to Lisheed to-morrow and let them get what they want."

"I wonder," said the book-keeper to Norah Hoolahan, when they were nearing Lisheen the next morning, "I wonder where all the people are going to. I never saw the road so full before except on a Sunday or a fair-eay."

Conn's sister, too loyal to her brother's interests to reveal what she could see from the book-keeper's inquiry he had purposely kept in the dark, yet ready too for a bit of mischief, called out to Conn, saying, "Where is it all the people are going ing, "Where is it all the people are going to?"

Conn, who had heard every word, Conn, who had heard every word, didn't turn his head, hut answered, "I see Tim Doolan on before, I'll ask him."

The horse was walking, for it was near the top of a hill, and Conn sang out a salutation to Tim, who was driving a couple of bullocks.

"Good morning, Conn, is that yourself," answered Tim, turning round.
"How are you this fine morning?"

"Where are you off to?" inquired Conn.

Conn.
"Where else would I be going but to

the fair?"
"Do you tell me this is fair-day?"
"Do you tell me this is fair-day?"

"Do you tell me this is fair-day?"

The other looked up as if about to express astonishment at Conn's ignorance, but detecting something in the expression on Conn's face, he answered coolly, "No, Conn, I don't tell you so, for you know it very well already."

"Look at this now!" whispers Norah Hoolahan to the book-keeper, "he knew it all along and That was why he wanted to come to-day. We'll have to pay twice as much for our things with him and his fair."

fair."
"What matter!" cries Conn from the

"What matter!" cries Conn from the box, and flipping his whip and crying out, "I'll see you at the fair, Tim," urges the horse once more into a trot.

The book-keeper at first thought the fair a perfect Bedlam, and Conn, who had her on one arm and his sister on the other, had enough to do to steer his way and quiet her alarm at one and the same time. But she soon detected that there was more noise than danger, and began to feel more at home when they came across Conn's father and his brother, Patrick Hoolahan, who had started from Glencoonoge at 5 that morning and walked to Lisheen, driving their beasts. Leaving his sister awhile in their conwalked to Lisheen, driving their beasts. Leaving his sister awhile in their company, Conn conveyed the book-keeper all round the fair; and soon she had so far got the better of her lears as to be able to listen to the encomiums or strictures which her lover passed upon the horses, sheep, ponies, and cattle in the market-place. Conn, so long accustomed to look up to the book-keeper as one superior to himself, felt a new and agreeable sensation as he answered her questions, and explained what points were to be regarded tion as he answered her questions, and explained what points were to be regarded in forming an opinion respecting the ments of an animal: it was a source of delight to find her depending on his knowledge and submitting her halting efforts atcriticism to his judgment. They passed several ballad-singers and stopped to listen to one who was singing a rhodomontade about the courtship, falling-out, and final happy marriage of a pair of sweethearts. Here the book keeper was more in her element; but she was not so sweethearts. Here the book keeper was more in her element; but she was not so interested a listener as Conn, who never

interested a listener as Conn, who never took his eyes off the singer until the end of the poem, and then held out a penny for the song.

"We'll read it when we get home, Jane," said he, folding it up carefully and putting it in his breast-pocket

"Is it a true story?" said the book-keeper, wondering at Conn's seriousness.

"Egad," said Conn, with a half-laugh, "if it isn't it ought to be, for 'tis a very good song, and more's the pity for them it isn't true of, that's all I can say."

Norah Hoolahan came running towards them to ask if they had forgotten that

Noran Hoolanan came running towards them to ask if they had forgotten that they had come to Lisheen to buy dresses, and that Patsy wanted to know if he mightn't come with them to the shop. Patrick's proposal was eagerly accepted, for three proposal running. As they were Patrick's proposal was eagerly accepted, for three are not company. As they were going towards the shop Conn, with some timidity, asked the book-keeper whether she would mind their giving his father and Patsy a lift home. It was a long walk, he said, eleven miles over a hilly road, and they had walked it once already that day in the early morning "Patsy can sit up on the box seat with me," added Conn, to smooth away possible objections.
"Of course let them come. But why is "Of course let them come. But why is

like to sit up there with you." TO BE CONTINUED.

### CLERICAL AMENITIES.

In a rather small country town away down in the West of England the vicar, an extremely bigoted and overbearing individual, and the Wesleyan minister both rejoiced in the possession of an exactly similar name. They were not the best of friends, and on one occasion the vicar received through the post a parcel duly ad-dressed to the "Rev. So-and-so," which should have found its way to the Nonconformist's house. He forwarded it immediately to his

rival, with a would be dignified note, saying: If you had not assumed a title to which you have no right, this mis-

take would not have occurred." Shortly after, as luck would have it, the Wesleyan minister received from London a bundle of written sermons to serve for the next few months, which should have been delivered to the

The Nonconformist seized the opportunity thus afforded him and sent them across to the vicar with the following note:

you had not assumed an office for which you are not qualified, this nistake would not have occurred '

CURE rheumatism by taking Hood's Sar-saparilla, which by neutralizing the acid in the blood permanently relieves aches and

the blood permanently relieves achies and PAINS.

Plum Puddings and Minve Pies often have bad effects upon the small boy who overindulges in them. Pain Killer as a household medicine for all such ills is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c, and 55c.

"Rob Peter to pay Paul." That is what they do who take stimulants for weak nerves. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives true nerve strength.

strength.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

The It is th

mothe God's that v maste comm

of hu

struc

sense sure virtu mak ing on h educ cont bene

thin

ress Alm

bou

ther

thei chil enc sion