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It is something besides bad air that makes a woman faint in a close theatre. A

well woman wouldn't faint. The woman who easily grows faint and dizzy—who has palpitation of the heart—a "stuffy" feeling—hot flushes—nervous troubles, better look for the cause in her dissinctly feminine organism—maybe in both.

Women who are not quite

women who are not quite well and don't know just what is the matter, and women who are really sick and don't know exactly what is the matter should write at once to Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N.Y., stating their symptoms in de-

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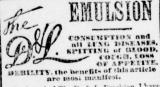
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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XI. -CONTINUED.

"Perhaps not. No, Conn, I can't be angry with you to-day. So we will put it off; but remember, when you are well I shall ask you again what you mean when you say you have nothing to live for. It is such a dreadful feeling for a man to have."

Some impulse hurried him on. "It's a poor return for all your kindness, miss, to say things unpleasing to you. But 'tis your own wish. Sure I told it you all before. But I'll tell you again, though I'd rather do anything than grieve you. What is there in the wide world for me that's worth the having but your own self? And why I say there's nothing for me to live for, is that I see plainly it isn't I, but some other man that you'll have for a husband. And why I say I'd rather have died in your defence is, that in place of a few cold passing words of thanks, I might have had for ever a kind place in your thoughts. So there, now Some impulse hurried him on. "It's place in your thoughts. So there, now you've asked my reason and I've given

on ve asked my reason and I ve given it."

The book-keeper stood silent still with her eyes cast down she had drunk in every word, but her attitude was so motionless, there was so little expression in her face, that a doubt fell like an icy touch on Conn whether she had heard one word that he had said. Thus did they stand silent for a whole minute; till the book-keeper broke the spell by lifting her head and looking at him. Tears were still in her eyes and a brilliant light shone out of them for a brief instant on her lover, ere she withdrew them, and with a sigh dropped them to the ground again.

again.
"Is it possible?" was the idea that flashed across Conn's mind. "My God! if I only thought she could care for me, it would be too much; I could not hear it."
And yet the fellow hurried on: "You do would be too much; I could not hear it."
And yet the fellow hurriel on: "You do not speak. Ah! if you only knew how I'm beside myself on account of you. I think of nothing else morning, noon, and night. I hardly know what I'm doing at all. What does it matter if you don't care for me now? How should you, when I done nothing to deserve it? But when I done nothing to deserve it? But if once we were married and you'd see how hard I'd work for you, how eager I would be to guard and care for you, how my one thought from morning till night, day after day would be to make the molecular to the second of the second my one thought from morning till night, day after day, would be to make you happy, sure then you might change your mind."

The book keeper did not answer, and Conn, with surging hopes that almost choked him, said: "Say, at any rate, you are not vexed? Now, sooner than offend you I'd leave my home and country and never see my friends any more. And if I've said anything to hurt you, only say the word and with the greatest pleasure a life I'll just throw myself out of the window, or go and pitch myself into the sea beyond, and put an end to al my

"Ah, say if I have done wrong," he went on, finding the book-keeper did not answer him. "Say if I can never be for-given for asking you to bind yourself to a given for asking you to bind yourself to a poor countryman, who, for all he's poor, would faithfully love and defend you while there's breath left in his body," and in a pleading way he held out both his hands.

To his amazement the book-keeper with a swift impulse placed here in his-small white hands they were lying in Conn's rough palms—and looking him full in the face, said earnestly: "On, Conn what is it you propose? You say fall in the face, said earnestly: "Oh, Conn, what is it you propote? You say that you are poor. I know it well enough. But do you forget that I am as poor as you? more poor in fact, for you have father and brothers, while I have not a friend in the world, nor any means but what I have as book-keeper of this inn."

"But how!" exclaimed Conn, not sure whether he had heard her words aright hardly able to believe his eyes and iges not that make it more easy

ears, "uoes not that make it more easy for us to marry?"

"What! when we are both so poor?" most of those about us!

" But if Mrs. Eunis should refuse to keep us in her service? She is always giving out that she will have nothing to do with her servants when they get mar-

What then? There are a dozen ways. We could take a little farm—as soon as there'd be one to be had; or the inn in the village—when Feeney gives it up, which he must do shortly, for he's always which he must do shortly, for he's al ways drinking, and its going to rack and ruin. Or we could even wait! There are the mines in Wales, where wages are good. I'd leave you here, and go and work there g aliy for a couple of years, if need be, till I had saved money. Oh, we can talk of all that hereafter. Sure I can wait patiently. Patiently! Gladly. There is nothing I can't do, if only I know all the time that you are willing to be my wife. time that you are willing to be my wife.

There never was a worse choice made than that of the bridge for a place to read in. The voice of the stream rushing under increased as the minutes passed; and what was at first little more than a purling, grew presently into a roar. It was impossible to fix my thoughts upon my book. I faced about and looked downward at the torrent to see if it were swollen; but then it dropped its voice and changed its fascination and I could not draw away my eyes from the deep pools slowly eddying, from its frothy shallows, or its coursings around boulders, or its tumblings from ledge to ledge in its gradual descent. Not many yards away the brushwood that grows along the banks covers it up; but far back, high the test of the store of the s up the sloping ground, it glances out from time to time alluringly. "Follow me, come up the hill," it sparkles, "find out my source high up in the mountains; or stay where you are and watch me or stay where you are and watch me dancing, gliding, jumping; or hear me laugh and laugh with me; but I am a jealous companion, and in my presence you shall not read."

Shutting the book at last in despair, I turned back, intending to make for a quiet seat in one of the alcoves in the upland grounds healing the in. Before I

quiet seat in one of the alcoves in the up-land grounds behind the inn. Before I had taken many steps forward, I saw the book-keeper come out of the inn-door. She crossed the road and disappeared down the steps leading to the embank-ment. I had scarcely time to wonder whether Conn had carried out his resolution of breaking bounds, or whether his heart had failed him at the last moment, when my attention was distracted by signs of commotion in the neighborhood of the stables. That surely was Father John whom old Matt Dwyer was addressing with so much gesture and excitement, to the intense interest of several lookers to the intense interest of several abosens on, one of whom hal stopped in the act of leading away the priest's horse. Father John, suddenly turning round, caught sight of me and beckoned with his stick; but he continued to listen to Matt Dayer and to question him until I was near, when he turned and came towards me.

What's this I heard," said he, "about

"What's this I heard," said he, "about a fight the day before yesterday? and Conn dying they tell me?"
"Dying! Not as bad as that, He got a nasty complicated cut in the foreheat, and there were a first some fears of its and there were at first some fears of its becoming serious; but the danger I be has passed, or nearly so."

"God bless me! This is a terrible business! Have the kindness to tell me all about it, if you please. 'Tis hard to get at the truth when people contradict each other."

So I told Father John as much as I knew about the tourists, and how they had made themselves generally offensive of the insult to the book-keeper and of of the insult to the book-keeper and of Conn's pluck, who deserved a better fate than to have got badly hurt himself, poor

fellow.
"I'm glad for the credit of my parish," said Father Moriarity, "that the fault lay with the strangers and with none of my people. And Miss Johnson, what of her?" "She is taking agents."

She is taking exercise yonder alone the sea wall. She can tell you more on the sea wall. about the scrimmage and what le to it than I, for she saw it all."
"I'll go to her," said Father Moriarty

"I'll see you again by and bye."

I was passing the front of the inn on my way uphill when, hearing a tapping at one of the ground windows, I turned round and saw Conn eagerly motioning me to join him. He was holding the door open when I had made my way round to the bar parlor; and as soon as I had entered, he shut it behind me. Then,

"On, eir, give me joy."
"What! Do you mean to say—"
"I do indeed then, and I can hardly believe it myself. Am I awake at all we went straightway towards Mrs. Ennis' of a winter's afternoon? Whether Miss Johnson passed out across the road awhile ago? Whether that was Father John I saw just now gone after her? Do you understand, sir, what I say? Am I talk-

ing sensibly at a'1?"

"There's no question, I should think, but that you have all your wits about

"Then 'tis all true! And what I had given up hoping for has come to pass!
"What has come to pass?" I ask

losing patience.
"Listen, sir"—and then he recounted the interview which he will surely bear in his memory for ever.
We were still talking when we heard

voices and footsteps approaching, and presently the book-keeper entered, fol-lowed by Father John. "Well, Conn Hoolahan," said Father Moriarty, shaking him warmly by the hand, "I've heard all about everything, and for once I find myself able to con-

done the breaking of a few heads. done the breaking of a few needs. I in sorry for your hurt, but am glad to hear how you have acted and," looking round at me, "and how you are going to act. I see Mr. Shipley knows all about it, so I may speak freely."

"Oh yes, sir," was Conn's reply, "there's nothing to conceal."

Limpediately turned to congratulate

I immediately turned to congratulate

the book-keeper and offer my best wishes the book keeper and one my ober whites that happiness, heaith, and prosperity might attend them both all their days.

"Come," said Father John, "don't lose time, for I must be going shortly. I came across, Conn, hearing you were so bal. But though that was a mistake, it seems I didn't come for nothing after all. Still I must be back again directly, so be

must be back again directly, 80 be seated al. I beg."
"Now," continued Father John, "as I understand, the position of affairs is this," turning alternately to Conn Hoolahan and the book-keeper, "you two young people want to become man and wife; and as a praliminary van'd like to fact out. as a preliminary you'd like to find out how that will affect your present posi-tions, and whether Mrs. Eanis will care to keep you in her service."

keep you in her service."
"Gad," interrupted Conn, "I've not given much thought to that part of the Then you're lucky to get a helpmate

"Then you're lucky to get a helpmate who looks farther ahead than you do."
"I'm lucky to get her, Father John, whether or no, tha's certain," said Conn. "Yes," continued Father Moriarty, "a thought for the future is a very necessary thing. Not that I should recommend young people to concern themselves too young people to concern themselves too young people to concern themselves too have indeed a matrimonial affair on hand, young people to concern themselves too have indeed a matrimonial affair on hand, young people to concern themselves too have indeed a matrimonial affair on hand, young people to concern themselves too have indeed a matrimonial affair on hand, have indeed a matrimonial affair who looks farther ahead than you do."

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Tell me, my darling, my colleen, tell me that you are."

His arm was round her waist, and he drew her close to him as he spoke, and stooping, kissed her lips.

"Oh, Conn," she said—the delighted lover could hardly catch her words, she had hidden her face upon his shoulder—"how stupid you are! and how foolish I am to be so fond of you!"

There never was a worse choice made than that of the bridge for a place to read in. The voice of the stream rushing under increased as the minutes passed; and what was at first little more than a sent summer of they suit each other because their way is not mapped out clearly and strongling bravels not mapped out clearly and strongling bravels not mapped out clearly and strongling bravels than poverty. I had rather see a boy and girlhonestly married at strongling bravely with difficulties, than see the purity of the one or the other way is not mapped out clearly and strongling bravels than poverty. I had rather see a boy and girlhonestly married at struggling bravely with difficulties, than see the purity of the one or the other ultimately lost, because through an over-regard for what materialists call prudence, they have refrained from entering the married state. Remember that sir," said the priest turning round upon me, "the next time you hear people talk disparagingly, or speak so yourself, regarding the encouragement I and my order give to "Yes."
"And Miss Johnson?" long about it.

encouragement I and my order give to young people to marry young. How-ever, said Father Moriarty, suddenly pulling himself up, "there's no call now for a sermon. I quite agree with you," turning to the book-keeper, "that Mrs. Ennis should be told at once, so that you John.
"The news! is it teach a woman of m

Ennis should be told at once, so that you may know how you stand."
"She'll never consent, Father." said Conn. "I mind what she said when William was going to be married, 'I can manage a man,' she said, but a man and his wife is too much for me."

"Just so," said Father Moriarty. "If I remember right, William was your predecessor. Conn?"

decessor, Conn?"
"He was, sir; it was a good thing for
me the day he went."
"So some one clse will say about you

"So some one else will say about you if he gets into your shoes."

"So he may, whoever he is, and welcome. But sure your Reverence, won't you plead our cause with Mrs. Ennis?"

"You'd better do it yourselves."

"Och! Murder! How should I ever tell her? No, Father John, we'll leave all that to you."

"Mies Johnson has also asked me the same favor," said Father John, "but I heeitate; I hesitate. Mrs. Ennis is not of my flock, d'ye see, and I have no claim to influence her. Indeed my advocacy might perhaps damage your cause. But I have an idea that Mr. Shipley might win where I would fail. En! what do you say, Mr. Shipley!"

"Was, indeed, sir," criel Conn, "Mrs.

"Yes, indeed, sir," cried Conn, "Mrs Ennis is very pleased to think how con-stant you are to this place. She says sh thinks you look upon it as a home. She herself looks on the inn as if it was a child (and sure 'tis her own making entirely) so there's a bond in common like between

you anyhow."
"I'd rather any one told her than I," said the book-keeper, in answer to an in

said the book-keeper, in answer to an inquiring look from me.

"But do you think that in such a matter what I might say would have the slightest weight with Mrs. Ennis?"

"Think, is it?" said Conn emphatically.

"Why every evening it is, 'Has Mr. Snipley's fire been lighted in his room?" or 'Has Mr. Snipley come in yet? Hurry on then with the dinner, for he must be nearly famished after being out all day.' nearly famished after being out all day.'
Sure haven't you noticed yourself how
pleased she is that you should go round
the garden with her and admire her
flowers. Oh, then! she thinks a great
deal of what you say."
"Very well; if you are willing to run
the risk, I will go—"
"Success to you!" saidFather Moriarty,
rising with a slight shade of disappointment in his face and tone.
"But Father Moriarty must come with
me: that's the condition of my going, and

me; that's the condition of my going, and

I won't go otherwise.' 'Come along then," said Father

"Come along then," said Father Moriarty, cutting short further argument (I don't think he would have been at all pleased to have had no hand in the arrangement of this matter), "let us waste no more time in talking, but let First of all," said I, "I should like to

know exactly how we're going to put the

"Ha, ha!" cried Father Moriarty. triumphantly, "that's the calculating Saxon all over. Believe me, my friend, in this kind of thing 'tis best to throw for thought to the winds, and let your-self be carried away by the happy in-spiration of the moment. I trust to it always, and I never found it fail meyet." "I wish," said I, "that my sudden in-spirations had ever given me any reason to trust to them."

o trust to them But Father Moriarty would not consent

pa-lor together.

Mrs. Ennis was dozing in her capacious at her door, each time with increasing loudness, before we were told to come in She was very much pleased to see us, however, and rang the bell for more cups. saying we must have tea with her, and that it only wanted making; indeed the that it only wanted making; indeed the brown tea-pot stood ready, and the kettle seat out a faint line of steam from its spout, and sang wearily, as if it had been boiling till it was tired waiting for its sleepy mistress. While the cups were boiling till it was treet watting for its sleepy mistress. While the cups were coming, Father Moriarty kept up the conversation, and when they came I hastened to propitiate the old lady by pouring her out a cup of good strong tea well sugared, taking particular care not to mills her by forgetting to put the cream ruffle her by forgetting to put the cream

sugared, taking particular care not to ruffle her by forgetting to put the cream in First.

"You make an excellent cup of tea, Mr. Shipley," said she, laying down her cup and saucer, "and I must trouble you for another, as like that as you can."

"It's a very strange thing," said I, "(Father Moriarty you will take another cup?) that I always was a good hand at making tea. I don't know how it is, I do it quite unconsciously. I suppose it must be a natural gift."

"Do you tell me so!" cried Father Moriarty, with an appearance of great interest and astonishment. "Then I wish you'd come and live with me and make my tea for me; for 'tis a drink I'm very fond of, and I can't find a soul that knows how to make it properly. But seriously, Mr. Shipley I'm thinking that same may be a bad sign for you. As you are so independent of the highest attraction a wife can offer, may be you were born to live and die a bachelor."

tion a wife can offer, may be you were born to live and die a bachelor." born to live and die a bachelor."

"Oh, you're too cruel, Mr. Moriarty," cried Mrs. Eanis. "Poor Mr. Shipley! what will he do when he gets old, without a wife to look after him or any one to care about him? I tell him he ought to go in for one of the Castle girls—fine, handsome girls they are, and some money, I suppose; and they'll soon be quite old enough to be married."

"He's got something on his hands in the shape of matrimony nearer home, I

the shape of matrimony nearer home, suspect," said Father Moriarty, winking at me and urging me forward with a

Indeed, for that matter, it affects you, Mr. Ennis, more than it does me."

"Affects me!" cried Mrs. Ennis. For just an instant a shade of perplexity passe 1 across her face, but in a twinking disappeared, and gave place to a collectedness of feature and of tone as she answered quietly: "Is it Conn?"

"Yes."

So they've made up their minds at ! I never in my life saw two people Father John and I looked at each othe

amazed, and then burst out laughing.
"We needn't have hedged about so
much to break the news," said Father

age to suck eggs? Haven't I sean it coming this time back. And they have sent the both of you to tell me? Well to be sure! Why didn't they come and tell me themselves?" me themselves

me themselves?"
"Tney're afraid of you, Mrs. Ennis, that's the truth," said Father John, "and more shame to them for it! They won't be persuaded that it doesn't mean a sentence of banishment to both of them, or that they won't have to seek their liveli-hood otherwise than in their present

situations."

"How could they think so?" said the kind old lady. "They should have come themselves and told me all about it."

"Conn has on his mind the example of William, who had to go when he married."

William, who had to go when he married."

"William was only a bird of passage, and he married an outsider. But Conn was born in this village, has lived here all his life, and in fact he's like a son of the house. As for Miss Johnson, I don't know at all how I could get on without her. I'm getting old, sir," shaking her head at Father Moriarty. "I can't run up and down stairs and look after everything as I used to once; and it's a great comfort to have some one I can trust to see to things. No, sir, I've not a word to say against their marrying Perhaps it will bind them all the closer to the house and to me; and I'm so well satisfied with and to me; and I'm so well satisfied with both of them that I would be sorry now

to part with either.' Your decision on this point, ma'am is on a par with that fine judgment you have displayed throughout life, and which has made your position what it is."
"Not," continued the wary cld lady,

"Not," continued the wary cid lady,
"that I would have them think I'm
pleased. In what I've said to yez both,
I've spoken in the purest confidence, and
may be now you'd be kind enough to send
the young people to me. I'll warn them may be now you'd bekind enough to send of the dangers and trials of the course they're entering on. Sure, I know well enough they won't pay the smallest attention to what I say; but an any rate they won't be able to turn round on me afterwards, and say that I buoyed them up with fa'se expectations.

We found Conn and the book-keeper where we had left them.
"Mrs. Ennis wishes to see you directly—both of you," said Father Moriarty, with a seriousness in his look which

boded failure.
Conn glanced from Father John to me

"Oh, sir," he said, laughing, "I'm not to be taken in. I see by Mr. Shipley's face 'tis all right." "What did she say?" inquired the book-keeper.
"Go and hear it from her own lips.

The ice is broken: the rest remains with yourselves. I must leave you all now; so good-bye and good luck."

We watched them down the passage

We watched them down the passage and saw them disappear into Mrs. Ennis's room. Then we left the inn and walked slowly towards the stables.

"There's an end," said Father John, after some moments' silence, "to many doubts, hesitations, and scruples, that I have at last succeeded in smoothing doubts, hesitations, and scrupies, that I have at last succeeded in smoothing away. Some people find it so hard to make up their minds, though the path of duty lies straight before them. I don't think our friend yonder will regret what she is doing. She is getting the finest and bravest young man for a husband that is to be found in either of my two distributions. So for so good, I wonder parishes. So far so good. I wonder where that boy is I gave my horse to?"

COLONEL - NOT GENERAL - OTIS THE CONVERT.

The following dispatch appeared last week in the secular press:

"New York, September 21 -Apro pos of the charges of vandalism in Catholic churches in the Pailippines by American soldiers, a corresponden of the times calls attention to the fact that in a recently published book, published by a Paulist Father, a list is given of American converts from Protestantism, which includes the name of Colonel E. S. O.is, army."

The Paulist Father was quite correc in giving the name of the late Colonel Elmer S. O:is as a convert to the Church. The Times correspondent errs in confounding him with Genera Elwell S. O.is, now commanding in the Phillipines. Colonel Elmer O.is was for several years commandant of the military post in this city, while colonel of the Eighth Cavalry, and, as nearly everybody in San Antonio knows, was a most devout and exemplary Catholic. He died in San Diego, Cal., about two years ago. - San Antonio Southern

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SCHLIANOPHER TRUMMEL—Mr. Thomas

in this form and do their work thoroughly.

SILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH—Mr. Thomas
S. Ballen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and
fore years ago I was cured by using Dr.
THOMAS ECLECTRIC OIL. I have also
been subject to Qunsy for over forty years,
but Electric O.I. cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the
Piles nor Qainsy have troubled me since."

THOUSANDS OF CANADIANS can youch

(For the CATHOLIC RECORD A TALE OF THE ROSARY.

The crimson clouds shed a rosy glow over the landscape, tinging hills and fields, stately mansions and humble peasant abodes alike with radiant pink; the birds sang their evening song, and put their little heads be-neath their wings; the bright glow faded, and the golden sun sank slowly out of sight; the twilight shadows veiled the earth and the glittering sea; one by one the amethystine stars peeped out from night's dark robe, and looked down from their calm heights upon the throbbing, surging waves of human life.

Down on the dusty country road,

far from the roar and bustle of the great city, the heavenly orbs shone on the figure of an old man who staggered, rather than walked, his feeble lin tottering under him. At last, he sank exhausted by the roadside, and, drawing a Rosary from his pocket, he be-gan to pray to Her who is the Comfor-tress of all afflicted souls. Before many minutes had passed, he was sleeping the heavy sleep which weari-ness summons to body and mind alike, and the beads dropped from his nerveless hand to the earth.

About midnight, a great country-waggon rolled by. The moon shone full on the sleeper, and the occupant of the vehicle, seeing the still form there, stopped his horses, got down from his lofty perch, and bent over

"Hullo, old man," said his rough, kindly voice "what's happened you?" But the sleeper neither woke nor stirred.

After several unavailing efforts, the countryman took from his pocket a small flask and applied it to the lips of the unconscious man, who at last came to himself and looked about him stupi-

fied with amazement.
"Where am I?" he asked. "You fell asleep by the roadside," replied the man.

"Where are you going?" "To B-

"Where have you come from?" "Thomsonville.

"Why that's a good hundred mile! Did you walk all the way?"
"Yes, I was starving, and I thought

I might find my son in B——."

But at this period of the conversation, the old man fell back white and unconscious, and the countryman, lifting him tenderly from the ground, placed him in his big wagon, arranged him comfortably, and covered him with some great woolly sheep-skins, and mounting his team, drove on briskly to the city.

Morning was just breaking over the almost deserted streets. Here and there, the smoke had commenced to issue from the tall chimney tops; now and then a party of men in twos and threes would emerge from the doorway of a gambling-house where the refreshing hours of the night had een given up to feverish excitement; the watchmen paced up and down the streets, or ever and anon carried a senseless burden to the police station or the morgue: all these and many other sights, which are hidden from the eyes of those city inhabitants, who turn night into day, and arise only when the fatigue of their midnight orgies is slept off, were witnessed by our country friend, as he entered -, the unconscious burden still in

On and on he drove, until he came to the door of a great stone building. There his loud "Whoa!" brought the horses to a stand-still, and, descending from the lumbering vehicle, he gave a loud rap on the door with the butt of his whip. The portal was soon opened by a Sister of Charity.
"Be this a hospital for the poor?"

his wagon.

"Yes. Do you want admittance for anyone?"

Wal, this mornin' not much arter midnight, I found this 'ere poor old creetur by the side o' the road. He eems weak-like, and sez he's walked all the ways from Thomsonville, a good hundred mile. He seems a re-spectable old chap. He fainted off like a sick girl w'ile he wuz talkin' to me, an' he don't know nothin' sence.

"Bring him in at once," said the Sister. "May God reward you for your charity!" The old man was out into a comfortable bed, and tenderly cared for, and the good hearted countryman drove

filled the part of the Good Samaritan? Meanwhile the Rosary lay among the grass by the wayside where it had fallen from the hands of the uncon-Two children coming along the road sat down to arrange the

flowers they had plucked in the "Look, Gertie, at the necklace," said the boy, holding up the string of

beads. "It's not pretty," said Gertie," the beads are ugly, dark wooden ones. Little clover-leaves are carved all over them. But the chain is only steel. would not have a necklace unless the beads were pearls or diamonds or sparkling rubles or emeralds, and the

hair made his appearance. The chil-"Harry," said Gertie, "that's the tramp that frightened mamma so the They threw down the necklace and ran

ing their flowers too in their fright.

The tramp threw himself down in

off with a light heart, for had he not scious man.

chain of gold." Just then a rough looking man, with tattered garments, and a dingy, bat-tered hat resting on his long uncombed

dren saw him. other day. Let's run home !" away as fast as they could go, dropp-

Raised on it