

THE REVOLT OF JOEL

"There, you've set that pail on the dress' shelf again, right where I've told you not to more than a thousand times! Put it on the floor, where it belongs. Not there; over by the wood-box, so you'll have room to spread a newspaper down first. Now, just look behind you! Where did you get all that mud? I don't see unless you went and hunted for it, so that you could trapes through it and bring it in here to make me more work wiping it up after you!"

The woman paused for breath, and the man—patient Joel Bramhall—went obediently over to the spot designated, and placed the pail as directed.

He said no word until he saw his wife put on her glasses, and with a damp cloth in her hand gog peering carefully along the way he had come. "Hadm't you better get the magnifying glass," he said, jocosely, "for fear you may miss a grain of it, Nancy? Dirt that has to be hunted for at such close range, and with specs on, too, is hardly worth making such a fuss about, is it?"

His wife looked at him reproachfully. "It doesn't make any difference whether it is much or little," she retorted. "You're bound to bring in just so much anyway, and there's more than a dozen pieces of straw on the back of your coat now."

The husband reached behind him and brushed away the offending bits of straw. His irate spouse broke forth afresh:

"I do declare, Joel Bramhall! Why on earth couldn't you go outdoors and brush off your dirt? Now I've got that to clean up after you. You ought to go live in the hog-pen; you'd be happy there."

"I'm not so sure but I should, Nancy. I get kind of tired hearing you fret so much. Sometimes I'm almost sorry I had the kitchen floor painted. You weren't quite so particular before that, seems to me. Anyway, the dirt didn't show so plain."

"There now! Isn't that just like a man! Perhaps it didn't show so plain, but 'twas there all the same, and that's just what you like, I suppose."

Mrs. Bramhall looked at Joel for an instant, then turned and walked into the pantry, where she rattled the pans in what seemed to him a very unnecessary way.

She was not an ill-tempered woman, and Joel knew that she would have taken up the cudgels in his defence most vigorously had anyone else ventured a word of fault with him; but his easy ways jarred upon her so that she had gradually fallen into the habit of berating him for every offence against her wax-like neatness.

They were middle-aged people now, and somehow her sharp words seemed to hurt the husband more than in the days when he was young and he could turn them off with a laugh and a caress.

One day there arrived a summons from their married daughter, twenty miles away, for "mother" to come and take charge of the household and the new baby for a few weeks.

Mrs. Bramhall packed her grip and departed at once.

"Now, Joel," she said, as she saw the stage appearing in the distance, "don't forget to put a newspaper down on the floor when you feed the cat, and here's the new mop behind the door. I don't expect you'll ever think to use it, though. The pies are on the hanging shelf down cellar, and you'll find the doughnuts in a stone jar in the cellarway. Such a mess of dishes as I'll have to wash when I get back! You'll be happy for at least a week, and maybe longer, Joel, for you can have all the dirt you want, and I expect you'll take all advantage of your privileges."

She climbed into the stage, which was now at the door, and as it rolled out of the yard she thrust her head from the window with the parting injunction, "Now, don't come in out of the plowed ground on to my clean bedroom carpet."

As the stage disappeared over the hill Joel Bramhall gave vent to a low chuckle.

"It's the first time I ever was glad to see you go," he said, "and it'll probably be the last, but I'm going to work this very minute, and Nancy, you shall see something that'll delight your blessed old heart—perhaps," he added with a peculiar intonation on the last word.

During the next few days he hammered and planned and sawed diligently, until at last one night he drew a long breath of delight, and said, gleefully, "There, now, she can come back any time she's a mind to, and I'll be mighty glad to see her, too."

When the stage once more rolled up to the door, and Nancy Bramhall alighted, there were no signs of life about the house.

She pushed open the door, and stood there in open-mouthed wonder at the sight which met her view.

The kitchen floor was as spotless as it had been on the day of her departure. Not a dish awaited the cleaning process; not a speck of ashes marred the surface of the kitchen stove. She opened the bedroom door, and was still farther bewildered

at finding the bed had not been disturbed. "Is it possible he got lonesome and went to some of the neighbors to board?" she muttered, as she went down the cellar stairs.

But an examination of the doughnut jar and the cellar shelf proved beyond a doubt that Joel had not boarded with the neighbors, neither had her absence and his consequent loneliness materially affected his appetite, for the doughnut jar was empty, and only half a pie remained from the seven which she had left for his consumption.

She bustled about the kitchen, got out the bread-board, and prepared supper, wondering meanwhile at the unexpected state of affairs. Then she waited.

The clock struck six before she decided to blow the horn with which she had been accustomed to summon her husband from the field.

She blew a long, shrill blast, and was rewarded a few moments thereafter by hearing his step at the back door—then silence. After a few moments of impatient waiting she opened the door with a jerk, and found him confronting her with his usual cheerful smile.

"I'm glad you've come, Nancy," he said, cordially. "It's been powerful lonesome since you've been gone."

"Well, I'm glad to get back again, too. Your supper's all ready."

But he made no movement toward coming in. Instead, he held out a tin pan, which hung by his side.

"You can put my supper 'n here, Nancy," he said.

"Joel Bramhall, are you crazy?" exclaimed his wife. "I shan't do any such thing. Why don't you come in and eat, and not stand there like a tramp?"

"Nancy, I've made an awful sight of work and trouble with my careless ways, and I've thought it out for a good while; so while you were gone I've fixed things so you won't have to wait on me so much. You just give me my supper here, and you won't have any dirt or mud or straws to clean up after me if I don't come in."

Mrs. Bramhall sat weakly down and fanned herself with her apron.

"Won't hurt me now any more than it ever did to clean up after you," she said in a subdued kind of way.

Reluctantly she took the pan which he held out, and stepping to the table, filled it generously with the best of everything. Then without another word she handed it to him, and watched him as he walked away with it, through the yard, across the lane, and into the orchard, where he finally disappeared from view.

She sat down to the table and tried to eat, but her appetite was gone. Almost thirty years her husband had sat opposite to her at the little table and now—where was he? She could not eat alone; she must know how Joel was faring. So, snatching her sunbonnet from its accustomed nail, she was soon following in his wake.

As she reached the orchard the gleam of new shingles attracted her attention, and turning her steps thither, she saw that a small building had been erected, while just inside the open door sat her husband serenely eating his supper from the pan.

Some sudden movement of hers drew his notice.

"Why, Nancy," he said, genially, "you finished your supper quick, didn't you? Come in and see how cosy and comfortable I am. I don't believe you've had half enough."

He drew up a chair opposite the one he had just vacated.

Mechanically she sank into it and gazed about her with dismay. Suddenly her eyes fell on a sack of straw.

As he noticed the start she gave, he said, complacently:

"Looking at my bed? You've no idea what a comfortable bed that is."

"She listened to him quietly while he set forth the advantages of his new place of abode, but when he raised the sack and disclosed the frame which supported it, she rose, and coming closer to the corner where it stood, peering into it curiously.

Then, starting back with a horrified expression, she exclaimed, in shocked tones:

"Why, Joel Bramhall. It's—it's a trough!"

His face beamed with delight. "That's it, Nancy," he said, jubilantly. "You've hit it, and it's the most comfortable thing I ever slept in, too."

"You know I began this for a hog-pen," he went on, "and it looked so cozy that I used to bring the potatoes out here to sprout 'em, and do lots of other little chores that always made a litter in the house for you to clean up. And then I began to think of staying here all the time, and all of a sudden I happened to think what you'd always said about my being happy if I could erly go and live in a hog-pen, and I burst right out laughing. I made up my mind that I'd do it, and I built that big trough so's to make it seem like a real hog-pen, long's I'd begun it for that; and you can't think how much comfort I take."

"Now only yesterday I spilt some water on the floor, and before I thought, that guilty feeling came over me, and I jumped for the mop to wipe it up. Nancy," and here his voice took on an earnest tone that struck to her heart, "you can't ever know what a relief it was when I came to my senses and remembered that there wasn't any mop or dust-pan or anything else to worry me every minute. I guess you're right."

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Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "It's only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life has been saved by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

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It is a pleasant, safe and effectual remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

See Stephen E. Strong, Barwick, N.B. writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

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Nancy. I guess I'm happier here than anywhere else. It's comfort such as I never dreamed of taking. Now you come back here and sit down, or your supper'll be stone cold."

Obediently she sat down and mechanically she swallowed her tea, but she could not eat, and she soon rose from the table.

"I guess I'll go now, Joel," she faltered. "I want to do some planning," she added, as she moved toward the door.

"Now don't go to do anything that belongs to me to do!" he called after her. "I'll be up pretty soon and do everything as I always have, and if you need me for anything in particular just blow the horn and I'll come."

Mrs. Bramhall rose in the morning more weary than she had gone to bed, and she set about getting breakfast in a half-hearted way. Then she said energetically:

"I'll do it! I could see last night that he doesn't really enjoy eating alone, however he may enjoy the rest of it, trough and all." Getting down the old-fashioned wicker, she piled it with dishes and breakfast for two, and started out with a somewhat lighter heart.

Joel met her at the orchard bars and took the waiter from her, saying, "I don't want you to do this, Nancy. I'm trying to save you work instead of making you more. You just fix up the victuals, and I'll come up after 'em as regular as the cat and the hens do, and I won't—" But she stopped him.

"I'm not going to eat my meals alone, Joel Bramhall, whatever you do. You may live in a hogpen if you want to, and sleep in a trough, but you shan't eat in one, and that's what it'll come to sooner or later if I don't come and eat with you. You needn't look so anxious; I haven't any dust-pan with me. And I shan't interfere with anything but your eating. I guess you'll be glad enough to have me do that, if you'd own up to the truth."

They trudged along together, and at last sat down to a bare pine table, where they both made a comfortable meal.

Two weeks passed. Joel plowed and planted, brought wood and kindlings, and did his usual chores just as he had always done, appearing at meal-time with unfailing regularity; and with regularity equally unfailing Nancy accompanied him back and remained to share the meal with him.

As she sat by the open window one afternoon she was startled by the apparition of a hatless and much disheveled boy, who ran panting up the walk, and without any preliminaries cried:

"You'd better get a lounge or something ready, Mis' Bramhall! The boss got scared and hove Mr. Bramhall out, and he's all stove up. They're bringing him home up the road a piece."

For a moment everything seemed blurred and unsteady; then the thought came, "I've got to bear it. There's nobody but me to do for him, and I mustn't give out!" and she went to work with a will.

For many days Joel lay in a half-unconscious state, but at last he began to rally, and a great weight seemed to be taken from his wife's heart.

She had suffered great agony from the thought that he might die and never know how bitterly she repented her past harshness, for she had thought to some purpose during all these long, lonely weeks.

Once, as his trembling hand refused to do his bidding, and a spoonful of medicine was spilled on the white spread, he glanced up quickly with the old, guilty, apologetic look upon his face, but she took no notice, and went on wiping up the stain without a word. Another time, after he could sit up in bed, a sudden movement overturned a bottle of liniment, and it went crashing to the floor.

Not a word said his wife. After carrying out the pieces of glass in the dust-pan, she returned with her face still as placid as if nothing had happened.

It was a wonderful change, and as he lay there, gazing through the open window, it seemed to him that he could ask nothing more. Life was full—complete—if only Nancy would continue in this pleasant mood.

Two weeks passed, and Joel, delighted as a little child at his returning strength, took a stout can, and started on his first walk about the place since his accident.

"I don't know," he muttered, "as I ought to have been quite so set about staying there, but—" But what was this? He had reached the door of the "cozy" building in the orchard, and he rubbed his eyes in bewilderment. Then he stepped inside and looked once more. Then he leaned weakly against the door-frame and laughed

Two new half-partitions had been erected, and in one division rolled and grunted his brood sow with her brand-new litter of young porkers—thirteen in all—while in the other were the three hogs which had hitherto been kept in the old pen.

He sat down on the steps of the new building and ruminated, while the pigs behind him grunted and squealed their contentment in his unheeding ears.

At last he rose and took a comprehensive look around him.

"Well, Nancy," he said, slowly, "you've got the best of me, after all, and—" he hesitated an instant, and then burst forth boyishly—"I'm glad of it! Yes, I am!"

To the waiting woman behind the pantry blinds it seemed as if he were gone a long, long time, and her hand trembled with some strong emotion as she held aside the curtain at one corner, but when he stepped inside the door she was stirring up cookies at the kitchen dresser, and her face was serene as if no conflicting emotions had ever found lodgment in her heart.

He looked about the cheerful kitchen a moment. Then, in a matter-of-fact tone which under the circumstances would have been amusing, had there been anyone besides themselves to hear it, he said, "Seems to me the pigs are a little the best looking we've ever had."

"A teaspoonful of soda and half a nut-meg," repeated Nancy, abstractedly. "The pigs? Oh, yes, they do look pretty well. Two eggs and—" "There," broke in her husband, rather nervously. "I've tracked in a whole lot of mud from somewhere. I don't see where I get it, though. Where's the dust-pan? I'll—"

"Never mind about getting the dust-pan, Joel," said Nancy, placidly. "I've got to wash the floor this afternoon, anyhow, and a little dirt more or less on it doesn't matter. One cup milk—m—m—" and Joel Bramhall knew that there was no longer any question of their future happiness.—Adela Veazie in the Youth's Companion.

SENATOR BULFIN ON DOOLEY

"Dunne," "Finley Peter," "Finley Peter Dunne," "Dooley" and "Mr. Dooley" are the names he is called in New York. No one ever thinks of calling him "Mr. Dunne." If they did he would scarcely recognize himself.

This man who has made so many millions of people laugh for the past seven or eight years is very quiet in his manner. He is one of the best listeners I have ever met. He will place the points of the fingers of each hand together, lean his elbows on his knees and listen with down-bent eyes to people talking until the intensity of his concentration of thought draws his face into an expression of melancholy.

It is a fine face, clear-cut, clean-shaven, an intellectual, refined, high-bred face. His father was an Irish emigrant from Leix in the county of Rory O'Moore, and his mother was also Irish. But the very poorest of the Irish people are often the purest in race, and under the coarse homespun of the peasant on the hillside there flows some of the bluest blood in the Western world. In Ireland this is not known, alas! to many of the people. They have been schooled through centuries to regard themselves as an inferior class of humanity, and never of the unfree soil of the motherland do the people of the ancient Irish race show so legibly the stamp of the thoroughbred as when the children are brought forth and nurtured in a free land. Thus it is that when you see an Irish-Argentine gathering or when you look around on the faces at an Irish-American reunion in New York you see the signs and tokens of old and uncorrupted lineage enhanced by liberty, a wide education, and a more helpful self-knowledge. At a feast of the countryside where Admiral Brown was born, in Mayo, I saw sixteen little girls known as the Foxford choir. They were peasant children from the fields beside the Moy, yet they were little princesses in all things but one—they lacked the radiant, self-reliant mein of children nurtured under a free flag. And the other day, at the Irish Orphanage in Cahillito, I saw a choir of little girls that might have been chosen from the oldest palaces where dwell the nobles of the Aryan race. They were little princesses, too. But there was a difference between them and their little thoroughbred cousins from the hamlet in Lar Connach. They were not more beautiful or dainty, no. But they were singing "Oid Mortales"—the anthem of the sovereign and glorious land that gave them birth, and their little heads were in the air, uplifted by the wondrous, although unconscious human pride in the birthright of the free.

Dr. Dooley's delicately chiselled lips parted in a pleasant smile as we were introduced and two kindly eyes of Irish gray sparkled good fellowship at me through a pair of glasses, perched lightly on a slightly aquiline nose under a high, bony forehead. Medium size, straight, dapper, handsome—age something over thirty, and apparently well satisfied to be in this queer old world.

By the time we had got to the end of a New York lunch the four of us—all men who had wasted our share of ink—agreed unanimously that journalists are the salt of the world. And it was Dunne who said that we salt

the world accordingly. Then he asked me how was South America. I told him it was fairly abreast of the times. "So I understand," he said. And then he asked:

"Buenos Aires is quite a modern city, no?"

"Yes. There are men there who parody 'Mr. Dooley.'"

"Oh, heavens!" he laughed. "I wish you could take a commission from me to kill them off."

"How?" I asked. "Electrocution?"

"Why, yes—in fact any way you please so long as the patients are disposed of good and safe."

"But," remarked Brother Wall, "isn't imitation said to be quite the nicest kind of flattery?"

"Depends," replied Dooley, "upon what is being imitated. When I read sometimes the things labelled imitations of my friend Dooley I wonder he does not die of sadness. Because there is a misgiving, you know, that if the imitation is so horribly silly," the original may have been silly, too."

"For my part," said Wall, "I'd chance making a fool of myself if I got, as you do, 25,000 shining dollars a year for a weekly article."

"Oh," and the author of "Dooley" broke into the sunniest of smiles, that end of the proposition is all right."

I have never seen such a pronounced Irish twinkle as lights up his eyes when he laughs. It must have behind it all the untarnished fun of his people—a harmless fun, sweet and sparkling and warm, and ever ringing with innocent laughter. I saw such a twinkle in an eye at the chapel gate of my native parish in Ely O'Carroll on a Sunday morning years ago when a man from my old townland—God rest him—was telling the story of shaking hands with Andy Lash. Andy had been away for three weeks from the parish and had just returned in time for Mass. Prompted by the joker of the district all the boys went in troops to shake him by the hand, saying: "Arrah, sure leave it there, but you're welcome back, Mr. Lamb." They passed on and returned again, and the prompting voice of the joker whispered, "squeeze it well, boys, when you shake." And by the time the last bell rang Mr. Lamb's right hand was swollen from the stress of his popularity. It was the same twinkle that sparkled into punch glasses long ago of a Sunday evening as the old men recounted stories of their youth. It can never be mistaken. There is nothing in the world so bright and mirthful and pleasant in any beam that comes from the human eye. And "Dooley" has it in all its pristine radiance.

In American politics he is a Democrat. And as an Irish-American, he is one of the men with a new ideal. This new ideal is the solidarity and rehabilitation of the Irish people. It is a Pan-Irishism—not Pan-Celticism. It is constructive as well as sentimental. It is racial as well as national. But this is not the place to discuss it nor the time.

"You have a good deal of happiness about you," I said to "Mr. Dooley," as he beamed upon me in parting, through fragrant wreaths of Havana smoke.

"Yes," he laughingly assented, "I have my share—and a glorious share, too, as every right minded man is bound to tell his wife, and as I tell mine—but you know it is the happiness of the past that always looks brightest."

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It was when we were sailing down out of the clouds in the elevator cage that he told me of the great times he used to have in Chicago when he was a hard-working journalist.

"The wild freshness of the morning," he quoted, as we stepped out



A Fearful Case.

THORNHILL, Ont., Nov. 29, 1899. For five years I had been suffering from falling sickness and my case was a bad one. Doctors did not do me a particle of good, but Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me at once of that dreadful disease. The first bottle convinced me that it could do all you claim for it. I used to have as many as seven fits a day, would fall just where I stood and sometimes cut my face so severely that my own folk would hardly know me. I had such a headache and pains in my body that I often wished I were dead. I could not get work from anyone on account of my sickness, and I am able to do a full day's work. My comrades that used to shun me are friends again, and I am as well as I ever was, and have only Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to thank for my health. I am willing to answer all enquiries or letters concerning this great remedy, and urge those similarly afflicted to try it and receive its benefits. BERT HOFF.

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on Broadway. "Will I ever meet you again," he asked as we parted.

"Won't you come to South America," I said, "to attend some of these funerals you ordered?"

"Maybe I might," he replied with a final twinkle, "I'll try. But in any case give my love to Bolivar."

"I shall not forget it," I promised, "and to return the compliment, won't you kindly remember us to Washington and ex-President Monroe."

"Ah, don't you see," he said as he turned away towards the City Hall, "we are the salt of the earth. Don't forget to rub it in."

Irish Laborers Staying at Home

Says the New York News Dublin correspondent in a letter of recent date to his paper:

"According to a report of the Department of Agriculture, just published, there has been a great decrease in recent years in the number of Irish migratory laborers of 'harvest men.' Up to a comparatively recent period 60 per cent. of the able-bodied laborers of Ireland were compelled to leave their families in drudgery and want and to spend hay-making and harvest time in England and Scotland to earn the rack rent which their absentee landlords demanded.

"With the continual decrease of population occasioned by immigration and other causes, the number of harvest men who now go to England in summer is becoming less and less every season.

"In the year 1905, migratory laborers to the approximate number of 25,000 went to England and Scotland, 20,000 of that number going to England. The exodus is stated to be greatest in the month of June, but the number has been steadily decreasing in recent years, there being a falling off last year of 2,000 as compared with 1904.

"Roughly, three-fourths of them were natives of Connaught, and of that number two-thirds came from Mayo. The largest numbers migrate from Swinford, Westport, Castlebar, Claremorris, Ballina, and Belmullet. A considerable number came from Roscommon, and some from Galway and Sligo. Ulster is the only other province from which migratory laborers come in numbers and 80 per cent of these are said to be from Donegal.

"The report states that an estimate of the savings of migratory laborers brought or sent back to Ireland during the year would be £275,000."

Table for the month of May 1906, titled 'FIFTH MONTH 31 DAYS May THE BLESSED VIRGIN 1906'. It lists the day of the month, day of the week, color of vestment, and the corresponding feast or saint's day.

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