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GLENCOONOGE

By RICHARD BRINSLEY

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Feeling your way?" he said, in a sub-dued tone. "Found out anything?" "Was getting towards it, I think, when that confounded woman in the bar called that confounded woman in the bar called him away. I don't fancy we shall get much out of the, nor out of that lanky fellow that is always dancing about her; but this chap seems a decent, well-conducted young man. From what he was saying just now, I shoulan't be surprised to find that our friend at Lisheen has been throwing us off the scent. He is not to be to find that our friend at Lisheen has been throwing us off the scent. He is not to be relied on. None of them are. Why didn't be answer our letter, eh? Got his eye on the place himself, you bet. However, we'll keep our eyes open, and our ears too."

too."
"Anything been seen of Mrs. Ennis?"
"No, she's hidden away somewhere.
I must have some more talk with this
lad; 'Dan,' his name seems to be; I called I must have some more talk with this lad; 'Dan,' his name seems to be; I called him, 'Pat.' And, by-the-way, partner, a hint in your ear, my boy. Your manner is capital, as I've often told you, when it comes to dunning, you understand me. But hang it all, old man, you want variety. Vary it a bit, I tell you. Smile and joke a little, just for a change. You can do it when you like. Don't tell me! There's a certain little girl—you know who I mean—she told my wife the other day that you've the loveliest smile she ever gaw; and I've no doubt your late lamented missis herself said the same before she married you. It don't do. as I say, always to look black and talk sharp. That's all very well when you've got swindling creditors to deal with; people who want to eat their cake and have it; people who borrow like lords, beguile our trusting dispositions with the most solemn pledges, and then—leave us in the lurch, don't you know. trusting dispositions with the most solemn pledges, and then—leave us in the lurch, don't you know. Bu; we've not come to that yet here, and I don't think I'd bully these people too much; 'cause if you co they'll tell us nothing. Try and soft-solder 'em a bit, Henry, my boy."

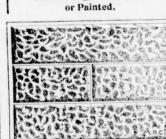
"Treat 'em as if they were women—is that what you mean? You're half an old woman yourself, Charley, so it comes easy to you; but it ain't my lire. That style don't suit me, not with men that is.

easy to you; but it aint my ine. Intat style don't suit me, not with men that is, and certainly not with Irishmen. My experience of Irishmen—let 'em be high or let 'em be low, it's all the same—is that they're the most contradictory and difficult records in the world unless non. that they're the most contradictory and difficult people in the world unless you understand them, which I flatter myself I do. Tell 'em the troth and they'll suspect you; tell 'em lies and they'll swallow what you say—if its false enough Bully an Irishman and he'll come to love you; be civil to him and he'll think you're afraid of him and treat you worse than a dog. That's my theory of an Irishman's dog. That's my theory of an Irishman's character. What I say is, you require a firm hand in dealing with an Irishman firm hand in dealing with an Irishman; that's what I find. But still let each man keep to his own line. You stick to your wneedling, and I'll stick to my bounce. They both pay, don't you know, when they're properly done. Come, let's join the ladies."

Everbody in the inn, the book-keeper borself to less than the yest soon fell into

Everbody in the inn, the book-keeper herself no less than the rest, soon fell into the way of talking of these people by their Christian names; it was, in fact, the only thing to be done, their surnames being unknown. "Charley," "Arthur," "Hearry," "Mrs. Charles," and "Maud," were household words before the end of twenty-four hours. Mrs. Charles, it was soon known, was acting as chaperon to her companion, Maud, who was assumed to be an heiress, and to whom Henry, lately become a widower, was paying atwenty-four monous monou polite assurances that she (the book keeper) had been particularly enjoined to attend to anything that the ladies might require. Mrs. Charles was apparantly then anxious to get into friendly conversation with the book-keeper herself; but the latter kept rigidly to business. The prices of boats by the hour, the rate of car-charges per mile including drivers fees, the hour of the arrival of the mail-cars and of the setting out of the same—on these and such-like topics the book-keeper would talk most freely; but to kindly interest in the internal arrange-

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ments of the inn she opposed monosylla-bic answers or an unexpected density of intelligence, or a barrier of ignorance that

intelligence, or a barrier of ignorance that was insuperable.

Mrs. Charles, 2s they were being rowed upon the lake, remarked that she had never met such a block of a woman in all her life, and she should say that with things left in such hands there could be very little management. very little management.
"I don't think she's stupid," said

"I don't think she's stupid," said Arthur, with a significant smile, as if he would imply that he had not found her insensible to his attractions.

"What do you think, Henry?" asked Mrs. Charles. She did not appeal to her husband, for his opinion on the point in question she considered as of very little moment.

'No, no, she's not stupid," was Henry's

"No, no, she's not stupid." was Henry's answer from between his clenched teeth; "there's too much fire in her eye. That girl wants taming. Now, then, blockhead! look out for that rock. Do you see where you're running us to?"

The words were addressed to Jan Harrington, who besides being the best boatman on the lake, was perhaps the strongest, and could be one of the roughest men in the district. His slow and stubborn temper did not permit of his retorting at once; but the irritation caused by the pretensions of these strangers to put him on his guard, and to teach him his way about those waters, of which he knew about those waters, of which he knew every depth and shallow, and in a tone o every depth and shallow, and in a tone of authority too, was certain to rankle with-in him, and to lead to an explosion before long. In fact, an outbreak occurred be-fore the ead of the excursion. At my open window I heard high words from the lake as the party was returning. the lake as the party was returning. All the men's voices were mixed up in it, and it was impossible to distinguish what they said. The two women were frightened, and Mrs. Charles only recovered her tongue when she set foot on dry ground.

"The boatmen are drunk, my dear," she then said to her companion. "No

she then said to her companion. "No one shall catch me trusting my life again to such savages."

But none of the male strangers seemed

is none of the male strangers seemed disposed to continue the controversy, and when they had landed they walked away very quietly, without looking back at Jan, who stood astride in his beat surveying their retreating figures from head to foot with indignant contempt.

But the contretemps with Jan had only a momentary effect upon the visitors. In fact, their disposition to hector and alien-ate every one they came across became even more marked after this, and caused them to be much discussed among th hangers-on of the inn (the hatred which Conn had conceived for the visitors from the first was intensified when he heard from Jan how they had spoken of the book-keeper), and a spirit of resistance began to grow up against them; not without reason I am disposed to think; for I too, though I avoided them as much as I could, was not able altogether to escape annoyance at their hands.

That same afternoon I had been walk-

ing up and down the embankment, which as I have said before, is hidden from sight of the road by a high hedge. While sight of the road by a high hedge. While I was doing so some lucky chance caused me to stand still, and the next instant a leaded arrow descending swiftly and straight from a great height, dropped a foot in front of me, and stood bolt upright firmly fixed in the hard ground.; "Better there than sticking in my head," thought I, "which it would have been had I taken another step forward"—and turning round I saw the tall figure of the

turning round I saw the tall figure of the turning round I saw the tail ngure of the whiskered Henry running airily down from the roadway, bow in hand, in search of the arrow. Seeing it at my feet, he came with unconcerned lightness towards

season of the year; it had a very shady look.

"It's a good p'ace if you want to dodge your creditors," said Charley.

"You hold your tongue," said his wife.
"I saw two men loitering about this afternoon," observed Henry. "They looked uncommenly like bailiffs."
"Hush, you naughty boy," whispered Maud; "he'll hear you."

"L'steners never hear well of themselves," said Arthur. "He won't hear anything that isn't true."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," interrupted Mrs. Charles, "manners, if you please! Remember there are ladies present."

Furious as I was, I nevertheless determined to avoid a row as long as I could; so I remained deaf to their remarks—did not even look in their direction; and

not even look in their direction; and flattered myself that I betrayed in my flattered myssif that I betrayed in my face none of the annoyance I felt. Leaving the table as soon as I could, I went outlinto the coel air and darkness to think the matter over; feeling sure that before very long an encounter would be forced upon me. In anticipation of this I threw upon me. In anticipation of this I threw myself into an attitude of defence, hit out vigor-usly straight from the shoulder with my left arm, guarded with my right—in a word, put myself through a variety of evolutions; and, having satisfied myself that I had not forgotten my boxing, breathed more freely, and sauntered carelessly back into the inn, reckless of what might bapman.

might happen.

The door of the room off the hall, which was called the library, and in which there was a piano, was closed; and a sheet of paper pinned on the outside with "Private" acrawled upon it.

the strangers, notwithstanding the out-rageousness of their general behaviour. I knew that nobody liked them, and that knew that nobody liked them, and that the book-keeper more than any one else would be pleased the day they started again on their journey. Yet I was not sure but that even in her, dislike might not be mixel with respect and even admiration, arising probably from the idea that people who made so much of themselves must be persons of importance. One of the party had struck up "Kathleen Mayourneen," and was beginning to sing Mayourneen," and was beginning to sing it, very badly. I watched the effect on the book-keeper; but her face as usual

was impassive.

"Lovely music, is it not?" said I.

"And a lovely voice"

"Mr. Shipley," said the book-keeper with a slight relaxation offeature which was so agreeable on the rare occasions when it occurred, "if you talk like that to me, I will admire the uniform bass in the accompaniment." we listened for a few minutes to be song without speaking. Then said: "What astonishes me and that is rather ludicrous though it is vex-

ing too, is the self-satisfaction which is evident in every tone, however flat of that woman's voice. You can hear that is perfectly happy, and thinks that is she is inferior to Patti it is in training only, not in TIMBRE."
"That is always the case with ignorant

"That is always the case with ignorant people, at least in our country. Mr. Shipley. Indeed, I think the quality of perfect self-satisfaction is very prevalent amongst us there in all classes. It is that which causes us not to know when we are beaten. The young woman in there doesn't know that she is flat, and if she could by any chance find herself in the best society, she would sing as false and best society, she would sing as false and as unabashed as she is singing now." The lady in question had started on the

econd verse.
"I wonder," said I, "why we are not ontent with decimating the Irish people.
Why do we insist on murdering their songs? Listen to that! 'Kathleen

'Oh, yes. And did you hear 'the 'orn of the unter is 'eard on the 'ill.' What is it that Irish people see in us to admire so much? For so far from being hostile to the English they appear to me only too anxious to be allowed to admire and imi-

"Us! You, perhaps; but that is not because you are either self-satisfied or vulgar; and after all we must not take these people as typical of English people generally. They are at least unfavorable

ypes."
"Hardly," said the book-keeper, "in one sense. I have seen people in this inn, persons or education and good standing, and the patronizing air with which they have carried themselves was something to marvel at. They don't wear such airs in England I can tell you."

It was on the tip of my tongue to say,

It was on the up of my tonghe to say,
"You have met such people in England?"
but I felt as if it would be a prying question and likely to be resented. Otherwise I should have liked to have known in what capacity the book-keeper had acquired her experience concerning the ways of persons of "education and good

ways of persons of actuation and good standing" in England.
"It makes me boil sometimes," continued Miss Johnson quite calmly, "for they don't know that I am English, and they don't know that I am Indian, and they try to come their high-and-mightiness over me, who am as it were to the manner born and can see through preteatiousness of that kind. The people here are completely taken in by it. They believe that things are really what they imagine them to te, and that visitors are all we important as they make them.

Just at this moment the close of the

sound—a familiar one—broke upon our ears. Conn was at his violin again in the "There always seems to me," said I,

"There always seems to the,"
"something conical and at the same time
something pathetic in the idea of that big
fellow struggling untaught night after
wight over the simplest of tunes. I wonder whether he is satisfied with his performance.' "I suppose," answered the book keeper,

"I suppose," answered the book-keeper,
"it gives him pleasure, or he wouldn't do
it. At the same time I believe it is a
secret sorrow with Conn that he is makiog so little way. He has been learning
the fiddle three years now," she said,
looking at me with some surprise, "and
doesn't know it yet!"

The previous remarks of the book-keeper had been so sensible that I was not
prepared for this observation. The violin
to be learned in three years! Without
tuition, too! But certainly in three years
Conn might have made more progress, for

Conn might have made more progress, for I couldn't imagine any one playing

"It's hardly likely," I said, "that he's breaking his heart about THAT. But I be-lieve something is making him less cheer-ful than he used to be. He's not at all the sprightly fellow he was two years

whisky too. They're getting very noisy. I wish they'd go to bed."
About half au hour afterwards I was startled in my room by hearing a sudden and extraordinary commotion downstairs. First there was a sound like the smashing of crockery. Then a scrambling of feet First there was a sound like the smashing of crockery. Then a scrambling of feet followed by a succession of dull thuds, then a crash as of thunder that shook the house, and immediately after, the screams and cries of women. I tore open my door and rushed downstairs in time to see a number of men from the kitchen running in single file and with regular tramp towards the hall. They too were in ignorance and in search of the cause of the noise, as I found from such answers as I was able to gather, as we all travelled the length of the passage together. In the eagth of the passage together. hall a fearful spectacle met our sight. On the floor sitting with his back against the the floor sitting with his back against the wall in a fainting condition was "Herry," supported by "Charley," who was moping the top of his friend's heal wheace blood was welling up and pouring down the stunned man's cheeks and neck; supported too by "Mand," who in helpless agony was trying in vain to stem with her handkerchief the flood rushing from his nose. There had been a fight evideatly. Nay, more, there was a fight actually in nose. There had been a fight evideally. Nay, more, there was a fight actually in progress, but so silently that we did not at first notice the compact mass of indistinguishable figures swaying to and from the middle of the half. Leen garged or the state middle of the half. Leen garged or the state of the state of the same of the the middle of the hall. I can scarcely in the middle of the hall. I can scarcely tell you what a shock it was to me to discover presently that the book-keeper was one of these, her face paler than ever, and now quite distorted, her lips compressed, her jaws clenched, her brows knit, and her eyes starting as she fariously pulled towards her the bent-down head of some one in whose hair her hands were twined. Mrs. Charles was similarly occupied in reyard to the other party to occupied in regard to the other party t the contest: while the doubled-up attitu of both the men engaged was accounted for by the fact that each in some way or another was holding or pulling down his adversary's head. The efforts of the two ladies were quite ineffectual to separate the combatants. It was clearly impossible to do anything towards restoring pages and the combatants.

until the two women were go away. Believing that no one was so capable as Conn Hoolahan of bringing capable as Conn Hoolanan of bringing this about in regard to one of them—the book-keeper to wit—I looked round but could see him nowhere; and all of a sudden the horrible idea struck me that Conn

was a party to the fray.

"Who is it?" I said hurriedly to the book-keeper. "Is Conn one of them?"

"Yes," she answered with white lips and relinquishing her grasp. "For God's sake separate them."

"Oh, do!" said Mrs. Charles, with purch exitation, and falling back as the

"Oh, do!" said Mrs. Charles, with much agitation, and falling back as the book-keeper had already done.
Immediately Dan and I were between the combatants struggling to unlock their mutual grip; which we at length suceeed ed in doing.
"In here," said the book-keeper, lead

"In nere," said the book-keeper, leading the way into the little room beyond the bar. It was only by forcing Conn along, however, that his brother and I managed to drag him away; for out of breath and bleeding as he was, he was still "game," and frenziedly eager to inflict more punishment. But we got him flict more punishment. But we got him into the office at last, and shut the door. He was bleeding profusely from a cut in the forehead. What with the fetching of water, and tearing up of linen for band-ages, there was a good deal of hurrycurry; and there was much ado to get Conn to lie down upon the sofa. Every now and again he would try to star up, and with angry expressions vent his fesi-ings concerning those "ruffians and ings concerning those "ruffians and scoundrels." To Dan's and my exhortascoundrels." To Dan's and my exhorta-tions to keep himself quiet, he only re-sponded with angry questions as to why we had interposed, and why we were preventing him now from giving those villains what they deserved. The book-keeper by this time had recovered her mental readiness; her promit directions mental readiness, her prompt directions and collected tones controlled us all, and gradually quieted Conn himself as his eyes and thoughts followed her about. Was not her solicitude for HM? Were Was not her solicitude for HM? Were not—oh happiness!—were not her hands touching his face, could he not feel her breath upon his forehead? When she softly bade him be sileat, Conn spoke no more, but closed his eyes and lay quiet, while with deft hands the book-keeper bathed and dressed his wound.

This ways gript on less harmoniously

bathed and dressed his wound.

Things were going on less harmoniously in the library. There, too, bandaging was in progress, but with less tenderness on the part of the chief operator. Mrs. Charles's hands were trembling with nervousness, and her jealousy being easily roused, she was moreover agitated with suspicious that "Charley" (who bythe way was the only person who had come scatheless out of the affair), was at the bottom of it all. "Maud," who knew the facts of the case too well, stood silently apart unable to repress her tears and sobs. It seems that Henry, who like the rest had been drinking freely and was in a state of defiant excitement—his nearest song inside was greeted with tumultuous applause in which the ratting of glasses approach to good humor—sallied forth on the table had a considerable share. When this uproar had cessed, another friends, and leaning over the counter of the state of the friends, and leaning over the counter of the bar, had asked the book-keeper whether she wouldn't like to kiss him, chucking her at the same time under the chin. Conn was present and as the book-keeper uttered a cry, he cleared the counter with a leap, and flew at the offender. The latter seized a tumbler and flung it with all his might, smashing it against Conn's forehead. But the next instant Conn had dealt him a blow between the eyes, which put him on his back in less than no time, and caused him in failing to strike and cut his head against the sharp protruding corner of the wood-work of the library doorway. Henry was immediately surrounded by his friends, one of whom, Arthur, threw himself upon Conn, and is was shortly after he proceedings had reached this point that I and Dan and the rest had appeared

upon the scene.
"Ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Charles, as she "Ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Charles, as she mercilessly cut away Henry's hair.
"Thisis what comes of taking liberues with young women as people ought to be above speaking to. Charles!"
"Yes, my love," cried her husband, with as much alertness as a soldier responds to the call of his superior officer.
"Ah!" said his wife coldly, eyeing him

over, "this will be a lesson to you, I hope. Where's the sticking-plaster?" Arthur, who was not much hurt, was

"Private" scrawled upon it.
"They wanted a room to themselves," said Miss Johnson.
"Ob, certainly! If they will only keep to themselves I shall be perfectly satisfied."

Just then the piano began to sound; Just then the piano began to sound; and the music nome had already been sing; in fact, some one had already been sing; and the music had drawn the book-keeper from her office into the hall where I found her. I did not feel in the best and he tells me the ladies are fond of

difficult to keep upright; " we'il have the difficult to keep upright; "we'll have the law of that young ruffian and bring him to justice yet. You were quite right in what you said. These Irish require a firm hand. We'll soon teach him whether an Irishman or an Englishman is the better man."

"Come, none of that," said Mrs. Charles; "thank your stars you weren't Charles; "thank your stars you weren't tempted to prove your words. That!" snapping her fingers in the air, "for your justice and your law. Take care you don't have the law agin you. We'll leave this place to-morrow. I couldn't hold up my head in it again."

One of the housemaids who was in the room hearing this, hurried off with the

room, hearing this, hurried off with the joyful intelligence to the bar-parlous where Mrs. Eanis, wrapped in her dress-

where Mrs. Eanis, wrapped in her dressing gown, had now arrived, and where Conn was still lying on the sofa.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mrs. Eanis, "for I was afraid that, thanks to Conn, some of them wouldn't be able to travel for a week or more. 'Deed I didn't know but what we mightn't be having an insert Lord eave me. Are you much hurt. but what we mightn't be having an inquest, Lord save us! Are you much hurt, Conn? What a turn you've given me! But there now, lie quiet for goodness gracious sake, and don't trouble to tell me any more about it till to-morrow. Dan, don't sleep too heavy to-night, in case your brother wants you, do you hear? Eh, Mr. Shipley! I thought it was the house about our ears. I suppose you think we're less civilized than ever we were. Well, well! We live in queer times entirely."

CHAPTER X.

A CRISIS. When I came down next morning, and When I came down next morning, and saw the anxious expression on the book-keeper's face, I feared that Mrs. Charles had not been as good as her word, and that there was danger of more warfare ahead. Miss Johnson told me, however, that the party had already gone; and having given this much information, she hurried away. Just at that moment, Dan came strolling in from the doorsteps with the comical expression natural to with the comical expression natural his face rather more developed than usual.

"Yes, sir, at half-past seven they went, and no loss. It would have and no loss. It would have made you die with laughing to see the tail one as they helped him to the carriage, the bandages on his head like a turban, and his eye the size of a penny roll. Egad, 'twas a good spill Conn gave him."

"And how is Conn this morning?"

"Not at all well, sir. He has been in pain a good deal with his cut all night.

pain a good deal with his cut all night, and tossing and moaning. But Miss Johnson is going to make him a liniment."

"What!" I cried out, alarmed; "has at the desire here any for?"

not the doctor been sent for?"
"Patsy has just gone off, sir, this minute, on my father's little horse to bring him. But he can't be here these two hours yet. The dispensary is nine miles off, and 'tis a crass read.'

"You seem to have had an exciting have had been to have had been had been to have had been had been have had been had been

sort of morning of it. I wish I had been up; but I only fell asleep at dawn. The excitement of last night's affair kept me "I don't think, sir, there were many slept lest night," said Dan, gleefully, "Egad, it was an unexpected circumstance altogether, but it was too short. Sure, they had it too much to themselves entirely. Egad, there were some in the sleep if their had known Conn was in

glen, if they had known Conn was in trouble, wouldn't have let these other fel-"Upon my word, according to your showing, Dan, you mild fellows about here are more ierocious than you seem. Hadn't that blackguard been punished

enough for his impudence?"
"Blackguard' do you call him, sir! Sure, 'blackguards' too good for him en-tirely. 'Schoundhrel!' that's the name I'd give him, and he desarves it for what

The feeling outside was quite as high. Several laborers were talking the matter over near the stables, whence came presently a long chorus of laughter. Some one had been describing the fight, and how in the melee the eye-glass of one of the strangers had been knocked off and broken.

broken.
"D've te'l me so!" eagerly exclaimed old Matt Pwyer, who was rather deaf, and was latening with all his might to the account of the fray. "Knocked the eye out of his head l'—an exclamation which provoked unlimited mitth, and which provoked unlimited mirth, and quite dissipated the vexation with which was heard that the strangers had got

off without a further mauling.

Not much work was done that morning, and little else than last night's affair was and little eise than last light's attacked of until the arrival of the doctor about mid-day; and then the interest was somewhat diverted by a rumor which suddenly spread that Conn Hoolahan's suddenly spread that there

suddenly spread that Conn Homanians condition was very critical, and that there was danger of erysipelas setting in.

A sleepless night following on the excitement, and the consequent exhaustion in the morning had not been favorable to the wound, which, moreover—though the doctor did not venture to hint this to the back known bad not been dressed in book-keeper—had not been dressed in the most skilful manner. Then early in the morning Mrs. Ennis came to see Coan, accompanied by the book-keeper and was particularly cheeffol; and the book-keeper was very busy for his comfort, and very anxious that he should not fort, and very anxious that he should not rise until the doctor had been. And when these were gone, sundry of Com's feends were surreptitionsly brought up by the injuncious Dan; among them Jan Harrington, the boatman, who threw his arms round Conn's neek, and hugged him, and was ready at the same time to cry with vexation because he halo't been cry with vexation because he ha in't been by to take part in the fight. Many times that morning the battle was fought over again. Conn, in the excitement of the moment, forgetting his pain, and then bemoment, forgetting his path, and then becoming more acutely aware of it at the next interval of rest. So that taking all things together, it was no wonder that Dr. O'Leary, when he came, looked graver than was expected, and warned Conn that he must lie quiet; and directed those who had him in charge that he was not to be allowed to tak much and that not to be allowed to talk much, and that

visitors were to be excluded, and no one admitted but such as were engaged in nursing the patient. Then he sewed up the wound, administered an opiate, and promised to come again as early as he could the next day. The book-keeper followed him from the room. "What do you think, doctor?" was her

OCTOBER 7, 1899, "And the wound-will there be any

Certainly there will. I have done the heat I can, the best that any one could do for it so late in the day; but he will bear the mark of it with him to his grave. We shall have cause to be thankful if that's the worst that happens," and with this he tripped lightly downstairs, leaving the book-keeper on the landing all stunned,

with palpitating heart, and growing hot and cold by turns. TO BE CONTINUED.

CHURCH MUSIC. Australasian Catholic Record.

If it is true that the question of Church music has resolved itself into a question between Gregorian music and everything else, then it is a pity. There is so much good in both that a duel to death between them must nec essarily be disastrous to a good cause. To banish figured music, or the bes examples of it, from the services of the Church, would be much the same thing as cutting down a tree because the branches prevent the roots from embellishing the landscape. The Gre-gorian must remain, of course. It would be impossible to replace the hest Gregorian by anything approaching it in essential qualities.

Take the "Pater Noster," for ex-

ample. No one could ever dream of finding the equal of that great strain for mejestic grandeur, combined with reverent tenderness of supplication. It is worthy to carry to the throne of God the prayer given to us by the Son of God.

Gounod said of this " Pater Noster." that if he could have had the honor of composing it, he would gladly have given up all he had ever written iedermayer wrote a beautiful " Pater Noster," but it is, even in the hands of such a great singer as Santly, only a pale reflex of the mighty Gregorian strain. No great master has left any attempt at an accompaniment, or chestral or otherwise. ganists who differ from the great mas ters herein. There are many things to be said on their side. I think the best reply to them is that it is useles trying to add glory to the splendous of the sun. The "Pater Noster" is perfect in its majestic simplicity, There is a pious and ancient belie

that on the night of the Nativity when the wondering shepherds on the hills round about Bethlehem heard the first "Gloria in Excessis," this old Gregorian chaunt was the strain tha all their souls in blissful rapture That belief is at all event evidence that reverence for this chaun is as old as Christianity. From the beginning of the old tradition, to the words of the greatest master of ou time, the chain is unbroken of th testimony to the sweep of its majesti

power throughout the ages.

There is a touch of the same powe in the "Lamentations;" they, too are immortal, as are the Gregoria So is the "Exultet," the grea Ambrosian chaunt, which opens th office of Holy Saturday. It is famous by the way, in Irish story as the first strain of Christian music to strik Irish ears and subdue Irish hearts proclaiming, on the Hill of Tara, th advent of a superior fire in the hand of mysterious strangers confronting the Druidic reign on its most solem

festival day in the very stronghold of its power.
The Gregorian "Requiem" als is immortal, from the solemn tones its opening prayer to the last touch its wondorful pathos, chastened b

thoughts of Paradise, and glimpses the Angels and Saints of God. Nothing like this, however, can b said about the great bulk of Gregoria music. If it is a question of the substitution of Gregorian for all music, must be remembered that much of is to most ears unsympathetic, an harsh as well as difficult to master, an that a great deal of it does not lend i

very justly pointed out in the pages

harmony, as Mr. Delany ha

this magazine.

The claim of the other side is the music has developed since the days the Gregorian into something riche stronger, and fuller as a vehicle expression; certain melodies, course, apart, which I have endeavore to treat as the immortal part of the Gregorian. The claim may be sur med up in the title of "Tone poet The title is given to the great maste of music in recognition of the fact th they compose great poems resembling the works of the great poets in a essentials, using tones either in su stitution of words, or in combination with them, in the latter case attaining the sublimest effects. Familiar e amples abound. In Handel's Messi there is a marvellous air whose then is "The Man of Sorrows and A quainted with Grief," who "Was d spised." It is the " Ecce Homo " wi which the tone-poet introduces the i finitely pathetic figure of the suff-ing Christ. At an earlier stage

brings the Baptist before us with i message of comfort and his warning of preparation, Later he presents t Apostle sonorously prophesying t judgment of the world, and makes hear, at the same time, the fulfilli sound of the trumpet. He sin host defiles before us in shining rank "Castrorum acies ordinata," terril in power. in stately motion measured tramp, acclaiming "t Lord" with enthusiasm triumpha He declares "I know that my F deemer Liveth," and there is no sisting the soft voice of the g Archangel rising on the wings of Seraphim in sight of the assemb world. Another of his messeng lifts up his voice "Thou didst leave his Soul in Hell;" we see grave face and the solemn figure ing majestic after the sacrifice,