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### GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER VII. -CONTINUED.

"You must remember, my dear," continued Mrs. Fleming, "we never knew much about her, and from the outset she has been very reserved even with us. She is a loss certainly. She must be a woman more than ordinarily gifted. Coming, Heaven knows whence, she dropped down here a complete stranger, and has every one of these unruly people at her beck and call. Mrs. Eanis told me before this miserable event hapat her beck and call. Mrs. Eanis told me before this miserable event happened, that she was highly pleased with her book-keeper, and that she herself in her best days had never had affairs more completely in hand. I am sorry to say, Mrs. Eanis continues to countenance her still, not with standing that I have expressed my opinion very seriously on the subject. The servants at the inn are controlled without expension; and expressed my opinion very seriously on the subject. The servants at the inn are now Catholics without exception; and Miss Johnson having in consequence of her perversion gained greater influence over the rest than ever, I have told Mrs. over the rest than ever, I have told Mrs. Ennis that for her own safety she ought to get rid of the book-keeper at once."
"As I have frequently remarked," interposed the rector, "I don't think I would have gone quite so far as that, my

dear,"
"You are too cautious, Templeton," re"You are too cautious, the way with "You are too cautious, Tempiston," returned his lady. "It is the way with all our clergy now-a-days. With their timidity, their considerateness, and their fear of offending and of inflicting injury, our Church is losingground, and aggressive men like your rival younder are carrying everything before them. It would be a mercy to that misguided young woman herself, to get her anywhere out of reach of the influence of that man. I am very much mistaken if that man. I am very much mistaken it she is not already beginning bitterly to repent of what she has done. I was takrepent of what she has done. I was taking the air yesterday among those quiet
pathways behind the inn which they
have lately made—such an improvement, Mr. Shipley—when, being unperceived myself, I saw Miss Johnson at some distance pacing to and fro under the trees in a singularly agitated man the trees in a singularly agitated man-ner. She seemed like one struggling with herself; and if she is not unhappy, I am no true judge of the expression of a face. She is justly punished for her sin, and she is a warning to all who run into the path of danger." This with a look at me.

"Nay," said the rector, whose wife ruled him when she kept cool, but who habitually grew moderate when she waxed indiscreet, "let us not harden our waxed indirections that little incident hearts. I say again, that little incident which you have described, my dear, fills me with hope; let us not triumph, in the signed the signed that the signed the signed that the sign

fills me with hope; let us not triumph, but be prepared to receive the sinner back with open arms so soon as she shall desire reconciliation, having perceived the error of her way."

More interested in what had occurred than in the forecastings of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, I asked what could have led to Miss Johnson's change of religion. But it was a foolish question. I might have known the book-keeper was not likely to have confided in either the rector or his wife, and that I should only be flooded with unfavorable surmises. Mrs. Flem. wife, and that I should only be induced with unfavorable surmises. Mrs. Fleming by her sarcastic remark, that no doubt the priest could tell me all about it, if he would only speak the truth, brought me nearer to the right track.

Yes, naturally. Of course Father John Yes, naturally. C knew all about it.

### CHAPTER VIII.

SOUGHT AND FOUND. But not a word had Father John ever aid to me of this achievement of his, said to me of this achievement of his, though I had seen him more than once for a few minutes of a Sunday since my arrival, and though, too, he was the most open and communicative of men. Sunday to be sure was a busy day with him; he was tired out with his long ride from over the mountain to say Mass, and with his prolonged fast which he did not break much before 2 o'clock in the afternoon. much before 2 o'clock in the afternoon; and there were baptisms and a number of other calls to fill up the interval before

he must start homewards.

"Sure on Sundays I can't call a minute
my own," he would say. "Can't ye
come over to me some day in the week

and we'll have a long talk. and we'll have a long talk.

One afternoon, soon after my visit to the rectory, I rode over to Geelagh, where Father Moriarty lives, choosing the disused mountain road which, notwithstanding the steepness of the ascent on the south side and of the descent on the northern, is a great saving of time com-pared with the winding coach road. As I neared the hillock on which the priest's house stands, I caught sight of Father John's burly figure moving with slow swinging strides along the road in the direction away from that in which I was coming, and I knew by his gait that he was saying his Office. I had seen him on like occasions before. Not to interwas saying his Office. I had seen him on like occasions before. Not to interrupt him, I pulled up my horse, and keaping my seat, looked around at the bleak hills and the long prospect ahead; at the curtainless dusty windows of the priest's long one-storied whitewashed dwelling-house and its cheerless slate roof, to which the thatch of former days had given place; at Biddy, the slatternly roof, to which the thaten of former days had given place; at Biddy, the slatternly servant, as she made her round gathering in dry clothes from off the grass and the straggling bushes; at Donal, the boy-of-all-work, passing to the stable with a truss of straw upon his back, and finally once more at Father John's broad shoulder, made to look Herenlean by the once more at Father John's broad shoulders made to look Herculean by the short clerical cape he wore. He paced along with his cassock-skirt flying in the breeze, and his biretta stuck crooked on his head, in a way that the rector's wife would have called "rollicking." Presently he reached the end of the span of level road and halted at the spot where it begins again to descend, and looked down upon the valley which stretches away for miles, beyond Kilmeedy and away to where the hills begin to rise again, and to form with long and gra lual ascent the distant line of the horizon. He looked out on the wild scene, on rocky ridges and long slopes covered with yellow herbage, with here and there a clump of whitewashed buildings in the middle of a green patch of cultivaten land. The air was clear that day, the view unusually long, and the clouds and the state of the strength agent. the view unusually long, and the clouds sended across the sky. It was not a beautiful outlook, but it seeme i to hold

for little, much of it mere rock, but it pastures the cow and the horse. Yee," he went on, following my look as I turned to survey the back of his dwelling-house, "tis a rambling, tumbledown old place. When my new church at Glencoonoge is built, I'll begin to think about building a proper priest's house. But this does well enough for the present. Won't you come in?" he had just been saying. What saint's day was it? Of one who lived a thousand years since, or only a century ago? It matters not. On this day in every year that saint's undying star glimmers to the upward-looking eyes of Christendom. Whether cast in later or in the early Christian times, it was a life, we may be sure natiently endured wherein

dom. Whether case in later of the searly Christian times, it was a life, we may be sure, patiently endured, wherein good works were done and falls retrieved; a life in which self was conquered, and victory, whether by martyrdom or other happy death, finally achieved over the evil one. Generations of Christian priests long dead sent the Church's daily pæan heavenwards because of the human fruits of the Christian faith; praying the while that they too might be made worthy of the promises of Christ. To-day it is the turn of those now living on the earth to do the same: a little while and their time shall have passed, and other throats shall raise the song. Time and life are so short! "A thousand years are a day in Thy sight." "Work while it is day, for the night comes when no man can work."

when no man can work."

These thoughts and words came back to me while I stood watching Father John at a distance, because he quoted them one day when in a moment of rare solemnity he took me to task for my idle life; dwelt on the good fortune which was mine in being free from the necessity of devoting my days to procuring the means of subsistence: spoke of many means devoting my days to procuring the means of subsistence; spoke of many uses to which I might turn my leisure, and succeeded with a wonderful ease in enlarging my mental vision for a luminous interval, and in making me feel not altogether comfortable. And now as he turned, and with his hands behind his turned, and with his breviary, and eyes bent on the ground, wended his way thoughtfully homewards, I began to feel that I deserved another lecture and almost to wish that I might get it; for though not of Father John's creed, I have the firmest belief in his sincerity and disinterest dness. No such luck! Father John is the ness. No such luck! Father John is the most cheerful, not to say boisterous of hosts. Lifting his head as he drew near (his biretta had still the rollicking perch), he saw me dismounting, and hurrying up, almost shook my hand off, bellowing at the same time for Donal to come and put up the horse. I must be tired after my ride. Would I come in and rest? No? Perhaps I'd like to have a look at the demesne while Biddy was getting tea

"And how are all the good people at Glencoonoge?" asked Father John, as we strolled across the heathy ground of his unfenced holding. "It was only last Sunday that I was there; but I come so late and have to leave so early to get hack over the mountain before dark, that I have hardly enough time for my duties, and none at all for civilities. All well? I'm glad to hear of it."

"Perhaps I ought not to say 'all;' there's

I'm glad to hear of it."

"Perhaps I ought not to say 'all;' there's one important exception who doesn't appear to be at all in a happy frame of mind." Father John looked concerned and curious at the same time. "The rector," I continued, "you don't ask after him."

"Oh the poor man!" laughed Father John. "What's the matter with him?"

"Well, he is put out with things in general."

Father John roared with laughter. "Sure, when did you ever know him to be anything else? I'll engage he's been talking about me again? You needn't tell me, I see he has. And I'll undertake to say he told you no good of me. Will you believe it that though we've been here neighbors together, as you may say, for the last nine years, not so much as a word or even a nod ever passed between us, notwithstanding that we freas a word or even a nod ever passed between us, notwithstanding that we frequently meet; and I declare 'tis no fatl' of mine. I was friendly enough with the man in his place before him, and had every intention to be so with him; but he held me at arm's length from the beginning. And so—oh dear, oh dear!" and Father John held his sides while he doubled himself up with langhter, "he's been talking about me again. Now I'd give anything in the wide world to know what he said," and Father John's dancing eyes looked at me full of inquiry.

"He is very sore about you're having stolen one of his sheep; that is to say—"
"Ahl" said Father John quickly, with

"Ah!" said Father John quickly, with bated breath; "he means Miss Johnson at the inn. But—stole her! If a poor sheep comes to you torn and bleeding and sheep comes to you torn and bleeding and all astray, bleating for hunger, are you to give her no shelter or food? If he is her shepherd she will know his voice and hear his call. But the book-keeper refuses to have anything to say to the Reverend Mr. Fleming; apparently considers herself at home in her present fold, and intends to remain in it. Ah, look there now! Do you know that man has been saying right and left that in this matter I have been led by a spirit of vinmatter I have been led by a spirit of vin-dictiveness, and that be has for years fore-seen that some day I would take my re-venge on account of his refusal to recog-What a life he must lead brooding over such trifles! But what else has he to do? Egad, I wish he had a taste of my life for a month. Two Masses of a Sanday in two churches nine miles apart, and a steep mountain between them and all fasting: stations to be held four times a year at Glencoonoge and at other outlying points of the parish, to say nothing of weekly confessions at my own church below there, and to go to sick calls anywhere at any time in a widely extended and mountainous parish, sometimes to be called up out of his bed to do it. Let his parishioners likewise be, in the majority of cases, too poor to pay their dues, and let him have to eke out his living with his own hands after the manner of St his own hauds after the manner of St. Paul himself. Lethim get what profit he can out of some acres of rocky ground, and have the care of a cow and a few pigs and poultry on his hands, with none but a poor lad like Donal yonder to look after them, and I'll engage he won't have much time to make himself miserable about tribes or about anything else for about trifles, or about anything else for the matter of that. Bear malice! nurse revenge! I haven't the time for it even if it were lawful."

if it were lawful."

"But I'm told," he continued, "that the rector is at loggerheads with every one down there with his own parishioners, and even with the great landowners of his neighborhood, and they of his own religion! Now with me they are handinglove, 'Where's that jolly parish priest?' Lord Lisheen always asks when he comes to the cottage. There's nothhe comes to the cottage. There's nothing I'd ask for myself that he wouldn't give me. He's my landlord and I couldn't desire a better. From where Father John. Perhaps its sublime desolation suited the frame of mind with which he closed his Breviary. In so unconfined a space his thoughts might freely soar loosened from the present hour, chasing the mental echoes of the Office

Father John's sitting-room was a rough and ready place. A big crucifix was on the chimney-piece, where, too, were the rarely used pen and ink, and sundry letrarely used pen and ink, and sundry let-ters and stray papers. A small book-case, a table, some wooden chairs, and one, his favorite, with a high back all round it and ledges for the arms, in which, secure from draughts, Father John was wont to doze over his nation, completed the furni-ture of the room.

"Is that Donal holding your horse?" cried Father John, springing to the win-

"Is that Donal holding your horse?"
cried Father John, springing to the window. "The young jackass, why doean't he take him round to the stable?" and throwing up the window, he called out to Donal in no very measured terms, who hurriedly disappeared round to the back, leading the horse.

"A willing boy," says Father John approvingly, as he shuts down the window, "and a hard working: looks after the stables and the cow, washes down the car and catches the horse when he's wanted;

stables and the cow, washes down the car and catches the horse when he's wanted; and that same's no joke; for 'Dreamer'—that's the name I've given him, he's such a sleepy horse—has a bad habit of straying out of bounds, as we used to call it at coll-ge," and off he launched while Biddy was laving the cloth, into some story of his collegedays twenty years ago, told with as much zest and eageness as if it had happened yesterday.

told with as much zest and eagerness as if it had happened yesterday.

Father John was eminently good company, and I did not wonder that old Lord Lisheen, whose wealth is enormous, and who has exhausted nearly every pleasure in life, should have found Father John's society refreshing. He had a thousand good stories to tell, sometimes witty, sometimes pathetic, not seldom old—to sometimes pathetic, not seldom old—to tell the truth; and the slightest sugges-tion sufficel to set his eyes sparkling with a new set of recollections. With great tion suffice I to set his eyes sparkling with a new set of recollections. With great gusto he related how, by a simple question put with the most artless air in the world, he had got the better of the Bishop's chaplain—" and he sitting in state in the Bishop's carriage beside his Lordship, so trim and dignified, you'd almost have thought that he was the Bishop himself." That story had often been rehearsed, and Father John would repeat the points a second and a third time, and laugh on each occasion with undiminlaugh on each occasion with undiminished relish. Then there was the witty answer of Tim Mahoney to the agent-"think of that now for a poor, low born peasant, a man that if he can read and write can do little more. On, the wealth of genius that is locked up in these moun-tains and glens and valleys! The ready of genius that is locked up in these mountains and glens and valleys! The ready wit, the natural fertility of the intelligence of these people continues to astonish me, though I know them now so well. I'm told you've nothing like it in England. I'm told your peasantry there are poor, neglected, dull clods, a little better off in a material sense, but not much; and that as for their intellectual and moral condition, that it is deplorable; and altogether that they are but a little raised above the brute beasts of the field—you shake your head? you of the field—you shake your head? you won't admit it?—well, well! 'tis but natural! I'm not pleased myself when I ural! I'm not pleased myself when I hear my own people criticized, and even such faults as they possess referred to by strangers, or for the matter of that, by any one but myself. And mind, I only say what I've been told; and your own countrymen have told it me. For myself, I've never yet been in your country, though some day I hope to have that pleasure. But, without presuming to say anything further in depreciation of England, I will say this of my own people: that though education may improve that though education may improve their manners, extend their knowledge and cause them to make a better figure in the world, it can hardly make then more honest than they are, more pure in their lives, more fall of a generous warmth of feeling, ready to well up in a moment to those who know where its springs are: nor can it give them more than they have of that instinctive deli-cacy of feeling which, in my opinion, it is

the highest achievement of education to bestow, and which is to be found here growing wild in some of those who have ever had a particle of what is commonly calle I education in their lives.' With this Father John proceeded to give an account of the loss by a widow, lately, of her only son, and of the circumstances preceding and following that event—a heart-rending story, which, though its precise bearing on his remarks was not obvious. though its precise bearing on his remarks was not obvious, "perhaps it was not intended to have any such bearing," showed at least Father John's sympathy with the sufferings of his parishioners, explained one of the secrets of his influence over his people, and illustrated by comparison with his previous high explaints his many-sidedness and his nower spirits, his many-sidedness and his powe both the lights and the uered little world to which he minis

He was still speaking, when Biddy opened the door, and putting in her head, said that Miss Johnson wished for a few minutes' conversation with him.

"Miss Johnson!" cried the priest, astonished. "Do you mean the book-keeper from Glencoonoge? Why how in the world did she gat here?" astonished. "Do you mean keeper from Glencoonoge? Very the world did she get here?"

"Sure, on her legs, I suppose."
"But she can't have walked all that

way. Isn't there a car, or a horse, or something with her?"

"Divil a-ne'er a one of either, your Reverence," replied Biddy, with difficulty suppressing a short cough. "May be she got a lift on the road—anyway, she's here waiting to see your Reverence."

"Well, show her into my study. I'll be with her directly, and be quick and get ready some fresh tea. You'll excuse me, I know." he added, turning to me as Biddy shut the door. "I won't be long, and if I an, you'll find mayhap a book among toose beyond to keep you company." company.

"Don't hurry on my account, Father John. I'll take another stroll about your demesne; or let me say good-bye now. I'll saddle my horse and get home before dusts." before dusk.

"What! Is it desert a lone mountain priest so early? Besides, how do you know you may not have to act as escort? Egad, I'd not take my cath but 'twas

"Oh dear!" cried the latter. "I had no idea it was so far, or I would never have

come."
"You did quite right to come, Miss
Johnson," answered the priest.
"At least, my mind is easier," the
book-keeper rejoined.
"That's well," replied Father John.

"That's well," replied Father John.
Don't worry yourself now; there is no reason whatever why you should. Mr.
Shipley, you'll have to leave 'Captain' here to night, and drive my car for this lady. I'd send Donal, but you can do very well without him. Has that boy found the horse yet?"

"It may be an hour before he'd find him," was Biddy's disheartening reply.

"It may be an hour before he'd find him," was Biddy's disheartening reply. But Biddy was given to looking at the worst side of things. Donal had already caught 'Dreamer,' harnessed and put him to the car, and presently appeared, leading both to the front. Fatner John was most anxious we should start at once, and came out to speed us on our way.

"Perhaps you'll have the kindness," he said when we were ready, "to ask Mrs. Ennis to have the horse and car sent back to me some time to morrow.

sent back to me some time to-morrow Whoever brings the car can ride 'Cap tain' home. Start off now; you have only an hour's daylight. It won't be enough, but get as far on the way as you can, and

God speed ye."

The evening was mild and still. Small white clouds were high up in the air with a pale blue sky for a background. The hills waved around and before us, so bare of trees on this northern side of the mountain, that there were no leafless branches here to proclaim that the year had reached the early stage of winter. You do not often have such stretches

of dry weather as we have had these last few weeks?" said I, after we had drivensome way in silence.

"It is generally like this," she answered, "till after Christmas. Some of the young men would like it to be colder. want skating, but I don't know

where they expect to get it; the rivers are too rapid to freeze."

"There are small lakes up in the moun

"Indeed?"
"Yes. I will show you one when we get up higher." Are you sure you are taking the right

turn? "Oh yes! That one leads to the old

disused road over the mountain, by which, I suppose, you came?"
"No, I took the coach road."

"Do you know you have walked at least twelve miles?"
"I did not walk all the way, but I won-dered at its being so long. I had heard it was but nine miles to Father Mori-

arty's."
"By the mountain roal, yes. Conn
Hoolahan ought to have told you. The
short: cut by the old road is a wrinkle I
had from him. I think the old road
when you get near the top of the mountain, is the steepest I ever saw. Imagine
its having been the coach road once. I
have read somewhere that travellers had
to get out when they got near the top, and to get out when they got near the top, and assist the efforts of the horses tugging in front by pushing the vehicle from behind; and then in descending, the horses had to be led step by step, and the difficulty was to put on drag enough. That must have been a haphazard reckless old time. Old Matt Dwyer remembers it well. Hav

you ever heard him speak of it?"
"Never."
"It is worth while to get the old fellow on his experiences. Talking about that very road he has said to me more than once, 'Many's the time, sir, I've helped to push the coach, and that I've hung on behind and it going down, whea I was a lad. Them were times worth livin' in, just after Emancipation. Between that and Repale it was that the new road was made. I worked on it myself and 'tis a good road. But 'tis a tame way o' travellin' entirely. You might go from one end of it to the other and come to no grief' no variation, no alventure about it. on his experiences. Talking about that grief; no variation, no adventure about it, not a bit in the world. 'Gad, then, if I were a young man I'd keep to th' old

"Father Moriarty?s horse finds even this ascent difficult enough. Look how he is straining!" To lighten the car I got down, and walked by the side till we reached the summit, where we halted for a few moments to rest the horse, and look around at the endless vista of mountain-tops and

"How lovely the fading of the sunse

"How lovely the fading of the sunset is!" remarked the book-keeper.

"I wish we could have been here earlier," I said. "I like to watch the sun approach the edge of those hills, then touch and gradually sink behind them, and to see the golden light that flames along the summitts, and the blue shade that comes out upon their rocky sides."

"Ah. you have been up here before.

"Ah. you have been up here before. Conn Hoolahan is always talking just in that way; and watching the sunset one night from the high ground behind the inn, I saw for the first time what he meant. He says he learnt from you to see these things."

"Conn is a very teachable fellow, and

knows more things than I can tell him of.' We had started again and were now going along the level road at a spanking going along the fever out as a spanning rate. "I often wonder how Conn came by his knowledge." I went on, "and his various tastes. He has a passion for bot-any, and an acquaintance with it that is surprising under the circumstances. And these stones and rocks are not things with no significance to him. He is a whole-some happy-minded youth to whom nothing comes amiss-neither games, nor feats of strength or agility, not even the mild excitement of a country walk which to him is full of pleasure hidden to most eyes. We have been companions on many such."

"Lately?"

"No, confound him! I don't know what has come over the fellow. I never

by slamming the door to after his last words, had missed my stupid seriousness.

Drawing Father John's big chair nearer the fire I enconsed myself therein. Its soothing effects almost immediately began to work. By imperceptible stages I fell into a doze, and from a doze into a sound sleep; out of which I was startled all of a sudden by a vigorous shake from Father John. At the door-way of the room stood the book-keeper in her familiar hat and cloak.

"Wake up, wake up," cried the priest in stentorian tones; you have a duty to perform, sir, a fair young lady to see back over the mountain. I'm loth to let ye go, but you must depart at once or the night will overtake you, and you may not be able to find your way. Has Donal got the horse yet?" he called to Biddy, who was bringing in a cup of tea for Miss Johnson."

"Oh dear!" cried the latter. "I had no idea it was so far, or I would never have have a where they skate. It is neighborhood? You know little of this neighborhood? You know little of this neighborhood? You won por commence to learn its

It is worth being well acquainted with.
And when you be commence to learn its
variety, let me recommend an afternoon's
ride to Ballyford Hill. It is a height variety, let me recommend an atternoon's ride to Ballyford Hill. It is a height some miles beyond that ridge. We can't see it from here, but from its top you will see the sun go down into the Atlantic. I know of no grandeur sight on a night like twilight; while here, these mountains with their shadows make the valleys dark too suddenly. Look down there to

dark too suddenly. Look down there to-wards Glencoonoge. It is quite black."
"Please press on. Oh dear, oh dear!
what an escapaie! How could I run my-self into such a difficulty!"
"We are a good way from the village
yet. We shall not get there till long after
dark, and yet I don't know; perhaps it
will not be dark to-night. The sky is
clear, and look at that light yonder in clear, and look at that light yonder in in the east.

Some bonfire on the hill-top, I should think." No, it is the moon getting up. There

will be light 'enough."
"Still, hurry on. Mrs. Eanis will be

This idea gained more strongly on the This idea gained more strongly on the book-keeper the nearer we reached home. At length we had completed the descent, and were in the level road that runs straight as far as the chapel, and thence bending at right angles continues its course through the village to the inn. But before we reached the chapel we became aware of a distant hum somewhere far off in the air; and it grew louder and nearer as if it were approaching us, or we nearer as if it were approaching us, or we to it. It was soon evident that the noise was advancing, for as we got nearer it became distinctly a roar of many human voices, not cheering, not shouting, but volubly talking all at the same time. A volubly talking all at the same time. A body of people was evidently coming in our direction and might at any moment be upon us.

What should we do? Retreat, stand

aside, or go forward? Cariosity harried us on until we came to where the chapel stands, and where, as I have said, the road making a sudden bend runs straight road making a sudden bend rins straight into Giencoonoge. Our view becoming suddenly enlarged, revealed some alarming appearances. Nearly all in the crowd were carrying torches, the light from which showed up many an excited face with rapidly moving mouth and eager centure.

gesture. "What does all this mean?" exclaimed

Miss Johnson, startled,
I did not answer at once, otherwise
than by turning the horse off the road to
the far corner of the triangular bit of green which fronted the chapel. To attempt to proceed would be useless — might be dangerous. But the long branches of the beech under which I now reined up the traphling horse would throw us in deepstumbling horse would throw us in deeper shade, nearly leafless though the branches were, and make us invisible as the rioters passed by, blinded, as they would be, by the light of their own tarshes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### DEATH AND INFIDELITY.

Death is always a refutation of infidelity. It is a refutation because death is not only a mystery beyond all merely human explanation, cause the fact of death without the solution, which Faith alone gives to it, becomes a cruel, horrible and dreadful discord in the universe.

repairs the breach in nature which sin has wrought, by the supernatural power of grace, is to accept, as the ogical alternative, that view of the universe which makes evil and wrong and sorrow and death the fatal conditions imposed by a diabolical power not only without mercy but with the intention of torture. son, seeking for an explanation of the mystery of life, which focuses always in the mystery of death, there can be but one logical, harmonious and sufficient account, viz., the account which Christianity gives, of death as the result of the sin of the rebellious creature happily remedied and rectified by the superior and supernatural wisdom of the Creator in the divine scheme of Christ's redemption. In the light of that doctrine death is robbed of its horrors and its sting. Without that doctrine death is the brutal and crue! fiat of blind Fate or a malignant devi! -Church Progress.

### Strictly true

Strictly true
In every respect and attested by the testmony of thousands that Putnam's Painles
Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cur
for corns. The claim that it is just as gomade by those endeavoring to paim off imitions for the genuine only proves the superority of "Putnam's." Use only Putnan
Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, pailess.

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Ca eron, states: "I was confided to my bad winflammation of the lungs, and was given to inflammation of the lungs, and was given to by the physicians. A neighbor advised m to try Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, stang that his wife nad used it for a throutrouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and les than a half bottle cured me; I certainly be lieve it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good. power of any remedy to do me any go

SEPTEME (CONTINUE THE CAT

Australa

In 1895, a Fraser, pub notes on her On entering the most pron visitor's eye i the native ca the trees on t gleamed the college, cha ble, and con view. of the celebra tival (Kisili it):-Day) the hor

and we rode o'clock Mass

on the beac

morning. ly dissolved. overhead to the sun blaz and blade of palms on th ing like p nearer span nonds; and higher and orilliant-hue crossed our ing at the met groups spectacle pr ing, and corner wit beautiful de Christmas i ly covered colored hibi jessamine a were suspe executed in bark, pink clad in nat polished by velveteens -purple, And then eidoscopic the surrou white Thank H

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> > Samoa. 8

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