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Are most competent to appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CURTURA...

1900. SOUVENIR OF THE HOLY YEAR The Catholic Almanac of Ontario and Clergy List...

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CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. An unequalled remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Chills, Cuts, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands...

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O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. For nursing mothers O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is unsurpassed...

The D. & L. EMULSION. The D. & L. EMULSION is prescribed by the leading physicians of this continent...

THE NEW TESTAMENT—25c. WE HAVE JUST PURCHASED A LARGE supply of The New Testament...

O'CONNOR'S HERO.

John J. A. Becket, in American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

O'Connor let his hoar drop as the sun went down behind the Virginia mountains. The great luminary's work was over for the day and so was his.

But he was not thinking of the lonely being he was as he stood wrapped in thought in the sweet dusk, his sparkling eyes, a film of abstraction over their brightness, peering into the golden West.

He had read of him: had grown slowly connoisseur of his speech; had heard proudly with the indomitable manliness of him; had approved the sweetness of his heart and pictured with content the succeeding phases of his home life.

The cow and the patch of land with the cabin were the sum total of his earthly possessions, except the huge Saint Bernard dog which he had found one bleak morning, barking beside the frozen form of his master, a young Englishman gone astray in the mountains.

Mr. Dominic O'Connor. Dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure to respond to your modest request by sending you a good supply of garden seed...

Nobody would have pictured the old man for his barren lot could he have seen into his gladsome soul as he trudged vigorously back to his cabin.

Check that Cough with BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. For Small Children on every Signature of A. B. Brown on every box.

McCarthy, who lay down over Kathleen's feet as if in chivalrous devotion to the sex.

"To town, is it?" she cried, gazing her reluctant team to more heated exertion. "Shure, you wasn't meaning to walk it, Domie! You'd be frozen before you got there."

"Kathleen, my brother, Mike, in Callitry, is dead—God rest his soul!—and his lawyer man has sent me a check for \$100."

"A hundred dollars! Whatever will you be after doing with it?" "I'm going to Washington to see Edward McCarthy," he replied with quiet exultation.

"Kathleen gasped at the audacity and expense of it." "Yes," said the old man, raising his head. "It's a long night that has no sunrise, acushla. My sun is rising and will shine on the head of one of the Almighty's finest make for me to see his blessed face."

"Drive me to the Capitol as fast as you can get there," he said to the first cabman he met, and clambered in, the Saint Bernard crowding jealously in after him.

"The Capitol loomed grander than he had ever fancied it. Its imposing mass of pillared height and soaring dome seemed as if it had sprung into the upper blue, born of the white earth. A crowd of muffled men and women were decorously making their way up the long steps."

"Can I do anything for you, my good man?" he asked considerately. "You can, Your Lordship," he answered with blunt trustfulness. "I want to see Senator McCarthy. Edward McCarthy, Your Lordship. I've brought the dog for him. I've never seen him, but it's long that I've desired to. He'll know me, Your Lordship, if you'll only tell him Dominic O'Connor is here to see him and shake his hand."

"Then it's meself you can take with you, my girl," he replied briskly. His foot was already on the wheel and as soon as he was settled, he helped in

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

In Perth.

St. Patrick's Day, 1900, was richly celebrated in Perth. A great royal celebration in Perth, Canada, was given by the public buildings, the streets were brightly decorated and everyone seemed to be wearing his Shamrock.

The Bishop put his hand on the hard arm and guided him into the Senate Chamber where the young Senator lay in state. Under his guidance, O'Connor drew near the casket, bent forward and saw McCarthy. He had dreamed that he would behold him in some flight of burning oratory, his soul flashing through look, word and gesture, as the exuberant passion of his sincerity swept his auditors on to the goal he set before them.

"Oh, the boyish look of him! And the folded hands after the good work!" She spoke the words aloud, in a smothered voice, forgetful of all but McCarthy and himself. He stretched forth his calloused hand and gave a fatherly stroke to the fine, brown hair that overhung the broad brow.

"This is a bunch of violets I took from those they had piled around his coffin, thinking you might like them, Mr. O'Connor," he said. "Yes, I do. Thank Your Lordship," he replied haltingly. "I would, indeed."

Before he left it all, he wheeled slowly about and looked up. High in the air, from the top of the Capitol, taut in the strong wind but with ripples as if flow through its red and white and blue, flew the Stars and Stripes—Flag of the Nation, for which and beneath which McCarthy had worked out his destiny.

"Ian Maclaren" is the pen name of Rev. Dr. Watson, a Presbyterian minister of Liverpool. In the Potter's Wheel he writes: "When one enters the dimness of a foreign cathedral he sees nothing clearly for a while, save that there is a light from the eastern window and it is shining over a Figure raised high above the choir."

In Toronto. HOS. F. B. LAFLORE, AVIATOR IN TORONTO. In the Pavilion, Toronto, on the 17th, a concert was given by the I. C. B. O. on which was delivered a most interesting address by Rev. Dr. Watson.

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