

After Baptism.

By MARY FRANCIS EGAN.

Innocence to innocence, with no words... Speaks its own message...

Maw Turner's Presentiment

It was a dark, dreary day in November. All Nature seemed mourning the departed summer.

Against this sombre background of field and sky a few straggling trees stood out in startling distinctness...

At one of the windows of an old wooden, weather-beaten farmhouse overlooking this dreary expanse, a woman sat knitting.

She was just a simple, old country woman, tall, worn and common place; but there was a strange, wistful expression in her faded eyes...

"Someway I feel kinder queer, Liza; jest's though aint'n goin' to happen," she said suddenly, dropping her knitting into her lap...

"Oh, nothin', Liza, only I feel so kind of lonesom' an' queer—jest's though som'body had died. In course, it's just a kind of a foolish nothin'—but som'way I can't get shot of it."

"Don't laugh, Liza, I can't help thinkin' that come change's comin'—that aint'n goin' to happen."

"Well, somin' that you're kinder expectin' aint'n, I might's well tell you now as anytime," she said.

I just told John that we'd never git a new barn 't this rate, an' that the country kin afford to pay your doctor bills better 'n we kin.

"At the words Mrs. Turner sat for a moment like one turned to stone, her hands clenched tightly over the sock in her lap and her eyes wide with horror and fright."

"I ain't jokin', I'm in dead earnest," returned Liza, in a hard, disagreeable tone. She was a sharp-featured, sharp-tongued woman...

"'Taint no use to cry over spilt milk," she added sardoniously, setting the pan of potatoes down upon the kitchen table with a jerk.

"John's seen the d'rectors, an' tuk out the papers an' all, an' you're to go to mornin' mornin', so you might jest's well make up your mind to go easy, an' quiet like, 'thout no fuss."

"Staggering suddenly to her feet and staring wildly about the big, bare kitchen, Mrs. Turner uttered a wild, piercing scream and fell forward in a dead faint."

"Well, I swan! I whod'd a thought she was goin' to take on so. I'm glad John ain't here," muttered Liza, taking the poor unconscious creature up in her arms and placing her upon the bed in the adjoining room.

"Yes, it's true; but I didn't know that you was agoin' to take on like this or I wouldn't a told you. We didn't calkilate to tell you till the County wagon druv up for you—an' I wish now that I hadn't told you."

"Oh, my God! my God! to think of it—that I'll hev to die in the poorhouse!" cried the poor old creature, wildly wringing her hands and sobbing aloud.

"Don't be a fool, Maw Turner!" cried Liza roughly, taking her by the arm and shaking her.

the dear curly-headed boy of whom she had been so proud, the only person in all the wide world who had to love or care for—was about to cast her out of his life, to rid himself of her presence as he would that of a favorite horse that had outlived its usefulness.

Mrs. Turner started up as soon as she found herself alone, a strange feverish light glittering in her dim old eyes, and, tottering over to the unused outside door that opened on to a little side porch, strove with trembling fingers to undo the bolt.

Without a single backward glance and grasping up a crook she staggered out into the gathering night, intent only upon one thought—to get away anywhere so that she could not find her.

John Turner was returning home across the fields after a hard day of husking corn. He had the hired man home of an early hour to do the chores, and had worked on unmindful of the growing lateness of the hour.

Starting up with an impatient exclamation, he tried to shake off the miserable haunting thoughts that had held him captive so long. But it was useless. Look where he would he seemed to see his mother's faded old eyes gazing reproachfully at him.

"He was not a hard man; he was only weak, and allowed his wife to rule him with a rod of iron. He hat old fusses and scenes of all kinds so much so that he would rather yield the point of than have any dispute about it."

So it was that to avoid a fuss he had at last yielded to his wife's wishes and consented to send his mother to the poorhouse. But he had not known one minute's peace of mind since he had given his consent to the awful proposition.

With his conscience troubled he had remained away from the house as much as possible—for he could not bear to meet his mother's eyes, knowing in the treachery he contemplated toward her.

Liza had been busy performing, the many tasks a farmer's wife always finds to do. The eggs had been gathered, and the chickens cooped for the night, the bucket of brought-in milk which the hired man brought in, had been strained and set away; and the evening meal had been prepared, but still the master of the house had not returned.

No woman likes to have a meal kept waiting, and Liza was no exception. Her temper—not naturally one of the sweetest—was getting pretty well soured.

"Sam, go out to the gate an' see if you kin see John comin'. I don't see what he means stayin' out to this hour, jest's though a body didn't hev enough to do durin' the day 'thout cookin' an' washin' dishes all night!" exclaimed Liza at last losing her patience, and at the same time all control of her tongue.

"The old lady aint at home is she? I see that east door in her room is standin' wide open."

"Open! why the door hain't bin open for over a month!" exclaimed Liza, a sudden fear seizing her and cooling her temper in an instant.

"For God's sake bring her to! She aint dead—she can't be dead!" he cried wildly, when they had placed her upon the bed and she lay white and limp, with no sign of life about her.

"Mother! mother! mother!" cried John throwing himself upon his knees beside the bed in a perfect frenzy of grief and despair.

"Mother! mother! forgiv' me! say that you forgiv' me!" John cried, in an agony of grief and remorse.

The doctor, to whom Sam had been dispatched, arrived too late—over though his skill had been sufficient to heal a broken heart.

"Mrs. Turner, mother of John Turner, a wealthy farmer, during a slight aberration of her mind, escaping from her room where her daughter, a slip supposed her, quietly sleeping, and wandered about in the cold and rain until she sank down unconscious, in which condition her son found her as he was returning from the field late in the evening. The cold and exposure proved too much for her. She died a few hours later."

"Maw Turner seem'd to hev a presentiment that she was agoin' to die. She said she felt all day jest's though aint'n goin' to happen."

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Death again invaded the house of the late Mrs. James Keough, Goo-rook, on Thursday, when the youngest son, Thomas, aged 17 years, succumbed. For the past eight years he had been a constant sufferer from sciatic rheumatism...

St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Ottawa, closed another year of work on Sunday last, when the annual meeting was held in the Asylum parlors. Among those present were F. R. Latchford, president; Wm. Finley, vice president; J. A. J. McKenna, secretary; J. C. Enright, treasurer; Dr. MacCabe, Chas. Heney, ex-Ald. J. O'Connor, Messrs. Joseph Kawangh, Wm. Mackoy, Francis Latchford, P. Stanton, H. J. Harris, M. Ryan, A. Pezz, R. Slattery, R. J. Sims, S. E. O'Brien, A. T. Gow, Henry Higerty, J. P. Dunno, J. J. Heney, H. E. Sims, J. Gorman, R. Gorman, Wm. Kearney, O. Farrell, Martin Battlo, M. O. MacCormac, Thomas Smith, Thos. McStrail, E. A. Mara, Richard Tobin, Patrick Brankin, Jas. Mundy, John Casoy, W. E. Mulvhill, J. Moran.

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ONCE A YEAR ONLY JUST OUT. The Dodds' Kidney Pills Calendar for the Year 1897. SUPPORTED THE WORLD. On His Heralo Shoulders—Atlas Must Have Healthy Kidneys. As the first to be laid on our table for the year 1897, we welcome the reappearance of the Dodds' Kidney Pills Calendar, published by The Dodds Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto. Prepossessing, beyond anything of its class hitherto published in America, though its purpose is at once obvious it has been made exceedingly pleasing by the fortunate choice of a design for the cover, which has been charmingly worked out by the artist in red and blue lithograph, the classic subject being—Atlas supporting the world. It seems that these clever and persistent advertisers, not content with decorating the gray and gold cover, have also mounted sides with their mammoth letterings, seek also adroitly to seize upon the imagination and assist it to account for the supernatural strength of the heroic Atlas, suggesting the secret of his power by representing him as being himself supported and relying upon a box of Dodds' Kidney Pills. On the back of cover, in a few pithy words those previously convinced of the urgent need of kidney treatment are warned against substitutes. Initiations and counterfeits of the genuine Dodds' Kidney Pills. "Thus much as to the cover; of the book itself, we have to say—The arguments all seem unanswerable, the proofs ample and undeniable, the whole unique, admirable and useful, not only for the coming year, but for always. We are assured by the publishers that sufficient are being printed to go around, that in due time every family in Canada will get one to their present and lifelong advantage. And as usual, adding: "Dodds' Kidney Pills Always Cure."

The board of committee for the coming term is as follows: St. Patrick's parish, Mr. King and Miss McEvoy. St. Bridget's parish, Mesdames Mundy and Walsh. St. Mary's parish, Mesdames Martin and Baxter. St. Joseph's parish, Mrs. O'Rielly and Miss Shields. Archbishop Duhamel left Ottawa on Monday for Lowell, Mass., to be present at the ceremony of the unveiling of the statue of Rev. Father Gavin, who labored for many years in the city of Lowell as parish priest. The superiors of the different houses of the Oblate Order accompany his Grace:—Rev. Father McCaughy, rector of Ottawa University; Rev. Father Harrois of Ottawa University; Rev. Father Durr, rector of the Scholasticate; Rev. Father Leopold of Hull; Rev. Father LeFebvre of Montreal, Provincial of the Oblate Order. "The ceremony will take place this week. A great many Bishops and Superiors of the American Universities will be present to celebrate the occasion. May Fever and Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 20 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Fair and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. A well-judging man will upon his trunk line of study in such a direction that, while habitually adhering to it, he may enjoy a ready access to such other fields of knowledge as are most nearly related to it.—Sir James Stephens.