ation has been tried successfully,

but is as yet hardly practical for

poultry keepers. Something may be done in the way of prevention.

It is suspected that the disease is

by such birds as sparrows, and possibly, also, by insects. Hence

in diseased neighborhoods anything

pread in such ways is a protection.

Care should be taken that it is not

onveyed from one yard to another

on the shoes of attendants. Cleanli-

ness and use of disinfectants is al-

ways a preventive of all such dis-

that amounts to much in a practical

sick birds and kill them or keep them

mises, disinfect with sulphate of cop-

per in water. It is a filth disease,

same in this respect as human cho-

Jera, and will probably disappear if

the time ever comes when all poultry

keepers are forced by law or public

opinion to keep their fowls in a de-

TESTING THE FRESHNESS OF

The National Rural gives directions

for testing the freshness of eggs.

Take a deep dish and partly fill with

water, then place the eggs in the wa

ter a few at a time, giving them

room enough to turn. If they are fresh they will lie quietly on their

side. If they are a week old they will

turn to stand on the small end, and

the older they are the higher they

will stand up, because the air space

in the large end grows larger as it

grows older, by the evaporation of

the moisture in it. This may prove

cooking, and also for setting, if they

have not been chilled at any time.

CLEANING UP THE GARDEN.

Many people leave their cleaning up

time in the garden, as well as house

cleaning time, to the spring; but Eve

believes in cleaning up the garden in

the fall, so that it will be ready

when the spring rush comes, and also

so that she can look out upon a

during the winter.

those few potatoes.

light wheelbarrow.

meat space unstrewn with rubbish

The potatoes should be dug as soon

as possible after the tops are all

killed by frost, and stored in a dry,

cool place. I have heard of many

losses of potatoes through careless-

ness in this matter in the fall. One

man had his whole crop frozen in the

ground; another . had an occasional

potato frosted, and not knowing

which was which, they were all

thrown into a bin, and a large loss

It takes but little extra time when

gathering in the crop to clean up the

rubbish. Turnip tops and extra

cabbage leaves, etc., are carted to

the stables; the animals appreciate

time of the year when their fodder

very handy thing for such work, or a

By and bye the flowering plants

will all be dead. Don't leave their dry twigs to remind you dismally of

off, spade up the beds, clean up the

When the other things are pretty

generally cleaned up, move the frame

of the hothed to one side—the heat-

ing material will be of no use for

that another year-and rake the soil

back on to the garden; then scatter

bushes. It will act as a winter pro-

tection, but should not be put there

till nearly time for the ground to

Then, before the ground freezes, or

he "gude mon" puts away his plow or the season, it will not take him

long to plow that part of the gar-

den in which a plow can turn, and

you will be ready with the first

warm days of spring to sow your

A good housekeeper keeps her

buse always in order for the chance

lest, but how often the approach

to the house is anything but invit-

ing! How many a flowerbed, and dried weeds in the fence corners! No

wonder that we feel that nature is

weeds in the fence corners ! No

manure around those berry

such tastes from the garden at

esulted from the rotting caused by

of assistance in selecting eggs

* * *

+ + +

EGGS.

cent condition.

the

for

In case of an outbreak, about

way is to instantly separate

out of the way, clean up the

that reduces the opportunities

ometimes carried from yard to yard

BER 5, 1904,

rectory.

TETY -Estab 1866 incorpose in Meets in 92 St. Alexandonday of the meets last Wed Rev. Director. P.P.; President J. Doherty 1 B.C.L.; Treas

en; correspond-Kahala; Re-C. P. Tansay. A. AND B. SO. in St. Patrick's in St. Patrick's at the of Manage hall on the Rev. Jas. Kil. P. Doyle; Rese elly, 18 Valles

-Rev. Director l; President, D4 J. F. Quina e street; M. J. St. Augustin the second Sunh, in St. App's g and Ottaws MEN'S SOCIE 5.-Meets in its street, on the ach month, Adviser, Re

.R.; President

B. SOCIETY.

, Robt. J. Hart DA, BRANCE 8th November meets at St. St, Alexander aday of each ar meetings few business are nd 4th Mondays p.m. Spiritual Callaghan; Chamy; President, Wa Secretary, P. C. distation street; 7, Jas. J. Cose aln street; Tread Medical Adviser n, E. J. O'Cope

BELLS.

S BELLS

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LCOMPANY and.

W YORK CILY. EHURCH BELLS IOITORS.

NTS SECURED

New York Life Bidg 1, D.C., U.S.A.

T ddressed to the un-dorsed "Tender for be received at this dovember 12, 1904, truction of the Mint

ns can be seen and ed at this Departnotified that tend-ed unless made on ed, and signed with

accompanied by an artered bank, made the Henorable the the Henorable the is, equal to ten per ount of the tender, if the party tender, or a contract when if he fail to com-d for. If the tender heque will be re-

not bind itself to tender. D GELINAS,

Vorks, 9, 1904. this advertisement the Department

orinted and published Montreal, Canada by & P. Co., Patrick F. prictor,

dead, instead of only sleeping, to awake in new beauty with spring's Let us cremate the dead things,

AGRICULTURAL. turn the seeds and the worms under with the plow, mulch the small trees and give to everything the ef-MANAGEMENT OF CHOLERA. fect of being tucked into its winter's bed, and the garden will not The fatal disease of fowls, known have half so depressing an effect for cholera, is still about as speedy half the year .- "Alar," in Far. to kill and as hard to cure as ever-The process of curing or making Adv. proof against the disease by inocu-

+ + +

AVOIDING POSSIBLE ACCIDENTS Quite often we hear of some buttermaker being hurt by getting his clothing caught on a set-screw on the shafting. It is a very easy matter to guard against such accidents, and all buttermakers should look their creameries over to see if there are any projecting pins or set screws upon which they might get caught. If any are found, just cover them with a piece of old belting something of the kind, so that they cannot catch the clothing.

Sometimes the engine is so situated that it is necessary to walk past it close to the fly wheel, and there is a long key sticking out, a constant menace to every person passing it. This is easily rendered safe by curing a tin can just large enough to fit the hub of the wheel, and slipping it over, thus covering the key so there is no danger of anybody getting caught.

These are little things, but their neglect may cause somebody's life. -Dairy Record.

WILD ANIMALS.

Different Methods by Which They Are

Captured. The different methods by which various wild animals are captured in their native state are interesting. Lions are generally caught by being tempted to thrust their heads through nooses of strong cords composed of twisted hides. Pieces of meat are used for bait, but frequently the hunters have many days of hard chasing before the lion can be persuaded to try the noose. When he does, the cords are pulled quickly around his throat, stifling him, and other stout cords are bound around his legs. Tigers are more savage than lions, and can rarely be captured when full grown. Recruiting is accordingly carried on among the cubs, the parent tigers being killed and the young, left without protectors, being easily caught. The cubs readily accustom themselves to captivity. Perhaps the most difficult of all wild animals to capture is the giraffe. In addition to being very rare, giraffes are very timid and swift footed. There is no special way to capture a giraffe. Many different ways have been tried, and al have been equally unsuccessful. The method which has occasionally resulted in a capture is that of using a long cord, at each end of which is a round weight. The cord is thrown by the hunter in such a manner as to wind around the animal's legs, eithe bringing it to the ground or rendering it incapable of escaping before it is made a prisoner. Most of the giraffes in captivity have been caught by chance when young.

A NICE THING.

Editing a newspaper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't, we are fossils. If we publish original is getting dry. A good strong cart, matter they say we don't give them such as the small boy likes, is a enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens. If we do go we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office we ought to be out looking st year's flowers, but gather them for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. If path, and let it all remind you of we wear old clothes they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes they say we have a pull. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say that we stole this from an exchange. So we did. It's from the Wyoming Derrick.-Dillon (Wyo.) Doublejack.

IMPERIALISM A POLITICAL BUG-

If you disagree with high-flying Imperialists you are disloyal. Timid people have learned to cower before this vague and dreadful imputation. It is time that the bugbear should be faced. Loyalty is a term of the feudal era, denoting devotion to a person, who repaid it by protecting the devotee. It is now in free comnunities replaced politically by devotion to the public good. . . cry of disloyalty is an appeal to our fears, which we must learn to face if we would be true to the common weal .- Goldwin Smith, in The Week-

The way to heaven may be long and weary, but God has promised rest at last.

MAIL COACHES IN ITALY.

His Italian Majesty's mail-coaches are of the fearful and wonderful order of vehicles. In some parts, the mail is carried in a single-harness affair. It then is emphatically a 'one-horse business." In other places, a sorry pair of jades,-broken-kneed and broken-hearted,-lear forlornly against the pole or against one another. Two shadowy beasts with staring ribs and dirty coats blunder along, hauling after them a dilapidated post-chaise, with six or eight passengers inside, and six outside, besides a small mountain heterogeneous luggage. There is no paint worth speaking of on the body of the coach. The blinkers flap below the horses' ears, and the leather in the harness is guiltless of polish The traces are of rope, and a good deal of twine is used in keeping straps and things together. There was a recent attempt in England to reintroduce mail-coaches. The team and the "chaise" were as unlike their Italian congeners as the smart British "whip" was unlike the dreamy southron, sitting on his top-coat upon an overturned bucket, in the Piazza Colombo, snatching forty winks before his departure for Tag-

One of the crazy carriages starting from the same Piazza, in San Remo. bears a name, as a steam engine or a motor car bears a name. It is called: "Dite pure;" which in Engish means: "Say what you like!" or "Well, after all, we get there!" But what with the rickety coach, extemporized harness, and miserable horse it is a standing miracle that that particular diligence makes the double journey daily .- E. M. Lynch, in Donahoe's.

WEDDING BELLS.

The marriage took place on Tuesday morning, October 4th, at St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, of Miss K. Agnes (Dolly) Cherry, only daughter of the late Robert Cherry, to Captain David S. Tamblyn, D.V. S., of Potchefstroom, S.A.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Robt. J. Cherry, of Vancouver, B.C., wore a gown of white ivory satin, over white taffeta with trimmings of Maltese lace and chiffon, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and orange blossoms Her hat was of white panne velvet, and ostrich plumes. Mr. P. W. J. O'Farrell, of Courtrai, Belgium, acted as groomsman.

During the Mass solos were sung by Mr. Lamoureux, the blind tenor, and by Mr. J. O'Neil Farrell, Prof. J. A. Fowler presided at the organ, playing Mendelsshon's Wedding March as the bridal party entered. The altar and sanctuary were beautifully decorated with palms, flowers, and electric lights.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, 38 Union Avenue, where breakfast was served.

Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tamblyn, Wellington College, Berks, England; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cherry, Sir W. and Lady Codrington, of Potchefstroom, S.A., and many others.

Capt. Tamblyn returned to Canada in August last from South Africa, having served on the staff of General Lord Kitchener during the Boer war. Since the close of the war Capt. Tamblyn has practiced his profession, Veterinary Science, in Potchefstroom and Pretoria. He is a McGill graduate, and expects to take up prac-

tice in Canada. Capt. and Mrs. Tamblyn were the recipients of many very handsome

presents. The happy couple left on their honeymoon trip on Tuesday morning. They expect to spend a month tra velling through the Eastern States. visiting Saratoga Springs. York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washing ton and Baltimore.

FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES.

You may enter the Catacombs of the Mammoth Cave Rome, or Kentucky, or some great labyrinth of ancient or modern times, where an infinite number of roads branch in every direction, and occasionally cross each other again. You may possibly trace your way in the dark and without a guide over these devious ways, and emerge safely into the light and open ground. pains will ever make it possible to trace out the course through all its ramifications and to all its conclusions, of a single deed or word or thought, good or evil. And yet how thoughtlessly many of us live, each action were final in itself. Every incident of life is, if we knew it, eternal in its consequences for west or wee.-Pittsburg Observer.

(Told by F. Gonin, of Bretanieres, France, and set down in English by the Viscount De Soissons

Had anybody told me, not long since, that I would be nearly done to death by a creature of the air I would have called him mad. Nevertheless, it has been fully proved to me that strange things may happen to a poor carter, without his leaving his village in the Jura and going to distant countries.

To set it down as briefly as possi

ble, this is how it happened. For many months vague stories had been circulating to the effect that the road from Besancon to Dole, in Department of Doubs, France, was haunted by a great bird-like creature, terrible to look upon and fierce beyond belief. Men called it the "Winged Death," and made one another's hair rise by their tales concerning it. Nightly it was dis cussed in the cabarets, so that men went to their homes fearfully, not liking to be abroad when darkness fell.

One man, a carter like myself, told me that he had been attacked by the awful thing, which had rushed on him with open beak, shrieking horribly.

"Pierre Jacquelin," I said, "you are mad, raving mad! How big was this bird that attacked you?" "Seven feet from wing to wing!" "Nonsense! What did it look

like ?" "Like a great buzzard, brown all over."

I began to laugh.

"Jacquelin, my boy," said I, "tell that yarn to the old women. Your tale is improbable. For one thing, the buzzard is a dastard bird and easily beaten, not only by the raven but also by the carrion crow; a buzzard is as likely to attack a man as the moon. For another thing, the biggest buzzard ever seen in these parts was three feet from wing to wing, not seven."

Jacquelin was not convinced. He did not actually state that the thing was a buzzard, he said; it might be an evil spirit in the shape of one.

I was now reassured as to the strange tales of the winged monster which was supposed to haunt the road. Previously they had worried me somewhat, for they were vague and awe-inspiring, but if the "mons ter" was only a buzzard there was nothing to be afraid of. Knowing the cowardly nature of the bird. could not believe for a moment Jacquelin's extraordinary story, and his suggestion that the thing was an evil spirit I put down to his simple mind.

I went on my way light-heartedly It is a long and slow journey with an ox-cart from Besancon to Dole, but I got along pretty well, and was within ten miles of the latter place, which I intended to reach the same night, when dusk came on. I hurried up my slow-footed oxen, for I wanted to get into the town early.

Suddenly from the left, over the river, I heard a shrill, melancholy, whistle-like cry that sounded distinctly in the evening stillness. As I listened it sounded again, loud and piercing. My blood seemed to run cold; it was the cry that Jacquelin had imitated in the cabaret as being made by the creature that attacked him.

"Francois," I said to myself, 'don't stand there like a gaping dolt. Do you believe that evil spirits go about in the shape of birds? No, of course you don't."

So I went on, though, in spite of all my attempts to keep my spirits up, I found myself glancing anxiousby to right and left of the during the next two miles. I heard the whistling twice in that time, but as nothing happened my terror work off and I pressed on with a light heart. After another mile had been passed the rain began to fall heavi ly, so, seeing a convenient shelter under some trees I drew up, my beasts, sat on the cart, and began to smoke my pipe.

Dark clouds were now chasing each other over the heavens, and it grew very dark. The rain came dow faster and faster until it was pouring in torrents.

Suddenly I heard that melancholy hooting again, now ringing clearer than ever in my cars, and the terror I had previously felt began to take hold of me again. I don't think I am a coward, but on a dark night, alone on a deserted road, to hear a sound that is associated with terrible stories of unknown terrors is surely enough to make the bravest man shudder. Remembering I had my aves and paters to say for the penance imposed on me by Father John, our priest, I took out

my beads and began to run them the ground, still struggling feebly through my fingers, but I could not concentrate my attention on them, and found myself straining my ears to hear that strange hooting again.

The storm had now increased in fury; pale flashes of lightning lit up the ink-black sky, and the dull rumbling of distant thunder was to be heard. Presently, above the noise of the wind and rain, the sound I listened for rang out again—this tied its formidable talons together time quite close to me. The lightning flashed repeatedly, and by the glare of one of those flashes I saw not far off a great bird darting through the air towards me. A scream of terror burst from my

lips, for I recognized the "huge brown bird" of Jacquelin's story. Then I took up my whip, and, holding it with the butt extended ready to strike, I waited. I heard the whirr of great wings circling round me without being able to see anything, for the play of the lightning had ceased for a moment. May none who read my story ever be in such a position as I was then-face to face with some awful creature which l could hear and yet not see. Then I felt a rush of air, and as the lightning burst forth again I saw the buzzard-for a buzzard it was-fly me. I waited until it swooped near er, and then hit at it as hard as I could. The blow reached its mark, as I knew by the soft thud.

Another shriek, this time of rage, rent the air, and then the great bird disappeared into the blackness again. In the brief glimpse I had caught of it I could see that, although of great size, it was not seven feet across, as Jacquelin had said. I waited ex pectantly for some time but buzzard did not reappear, and when the storm passed over and the stars peeped out I recommenced my tramp to Dole, thinking myself well out of a tight corner. Evidently there had been some truth in my friend's story after all, although he had exagger ated the size of his assailant.

Before I had gone another mile heard the whistling again. As quickly as possible I made for my whip, but before I could reach it I felt pain in my shoulder as if red-hot irons had pierced it, while great wings flapped wildly in my face. Des perately I struggled to reach the whip, but the pain and continual peating confused me. At last I hit out twice with my fist, reaching my enemy each time, and the claws re laxed their hold.

I got hold of the whip just in time to evade another attack, more furious than the last. My blood was now up and all the fighting instincts which we people of the Jura have in is were roused.

Five times the great bird swooped at me, but I did not hit out, for it vas just beyond my reach, and I knew that it was only waiting for me to make a false stroke in order to get another grip of me. Then it gave up these tactics and came for me boldly unexpectedly, so that at first I was taken by surprise, but managed to leap aside and strike hard, again and again. The horrible creature's object was accomplished, however; it had hold of me, but only by the blouse, and not by the flesh. Bending down, therefore, I slipped out of the garment, but I could not free my left arm, from the button at the

The great buzzard pulled and shook at the cloth savagely, nearly wrenching my shoulder from its socket, while I dealt repeated blows at it with my whip. Some of them told and others lost themselves in the folds of the blouse.

At last I was so shaken by the bird's tugging that I put my whip in my teeth and took out a claspknife. I opened it against the sleeve of my shirt-cutting myself twice in the operation-then severed the arm of the blouse from the body, thus liberating myself from the garment, Then I took the knife in my left hand and the whip in the other preparatory to facing this winged fury again.

Once more it flew at me, and I de fended myself as best I could, dealing heavy blows all round me with the whip. Then an idea came Not far off lay the blouse. where the bird had dropped it. tried to reach this, but this terrible bird seemed to understand my object and pressed me towards waggon, where my oxen stood motionless, apparently paralyzed with Overcome by the creature's terror. onslaught. I was driven back against the vehicle, when by chance I felt a blanket behind me. That would be even better for my purpose than the

Seizing it, I waited for my chance; then, springing forward, in spite of the hail of blows from claws, beak, and wings, I threw the blanket over the bird's head and struck hard with the whip. The blow apparently stunned the creature, for it sank to

under the enveloping blanket. Picking my knife up from where I had dropped it in the road, I was about tokill my assailant when the idea came into my head that as this was an altogether extraordinary bird, both in size and characteristics, I might be able to sell it to some menagerie.

Muffling the half-stunned creature still more securely in the blanket. I with a piece of rope from the waggon, then lashed the bird to the back of the vehicle. This done, I removed the blanket, for my enemy had no more wish to struggle; my blows had effectually disabled it and all its frenzied fury was gone.

I reached Dole safely and stopped outside my usual cabaret, where I told the story of the capture to my friends there. I showed them the torn blouse and the marks of the talons on my face and shoulder, yet they would not believe me. Then I took them down to my cart, held up the captive bird, and laughed in their faces. We found that the creature measured five feet two inches across from tip to tip of its extended wings -truly enormous for a buzzard.

Such is the tale of my fight with the "Winged death," of which I had heard so much talk in the cabarets. f.fter all, you see, it had nothing to do with evil spirits, but was only an over-grown and unnaturally ferocious buzzard. What inspired the creature to attack human beings so savagely I do not know; that point I must leave to the men who study such things.

' FATHER O'FLYNN " AS A SCHOOL INSPECTOR.

The London Tablet says: "The pessimist is so much with us at the present time on the condition of our Catholic schools that it may be useful to quote the words of one of his Majesty's Inspectors in their regard. On being transferred from the Southwark division to another part of London, Mr. A. P. Graves was presented with an illuminated address by the managers and teachers of the Catholic schools of the division as a mark of their gratitude for the uniform kindness which he had always extended towards them in the performance of his duties. In thanking them for the gift, Mr. Graves said that, though not a Catholic, his experience as an Inspector soon made him appreciate the great efforts that were being made in the Catholic schools. He was glad to say that, despite the competition of public elementary schools, Catholic schools had held their own. With regard to the future, his work brought frequently into contact with the London County Council Inspectors, all of whom so far had declared themselves agreeably surprised with the efficiency of Catholic schools. One of his colleagues had ventured to ask a Council Inspector why they were surprised. Was it because they doubted the formal reports of the Board of Education Inspectors who had always said that these schools were efficient? However, he had found honest admiration for the work of the schools amongst the Council's Inspectors, and this he knew would mean honest support."

KUROPATKIN!

There are talkative commanders, Jap and Russian, brown and white; There are blithe Chefoo-lish liars that in fiction take delight

ran whose teeth are soldered tight,

And his name is Whiskeroffski Kuropatkin.

If he opened out and hollered, he might have lots to say. There is no man better posted-in his

line he's quite au fait; He might talk an arm off us and

we'd listen night and day, But that doesn't seem the build of Kuropatkin.

He's a gaunt and grum old grizzly and his gruffness gives us pause! the He's a being half inhuman, slights the world's applause! Not Czar or Jap or Saxon can un-

clamp his iron jaws, Where he crouches facing danger -Kuropatkin.

Impassive and inscrutable, yet Rus-

sia leans on him, With rising hope she gazes on his

visage harsh and grim, Anon his "red artillery" will make the heavens swim With the only talk you'll hear from

Kuropatkin.

James B. Dollard, in Boston Pilo