uiet, and gains knowmillionaires of discretion We are not driven; y our desires. There are atisfactions in profusion us. But we are under n to seek them. He who onfesses that the coms, never so freely given not satisfy.

rusts and combinations, nd indifferent, there is tion, rivalry in manufacle, in finance, which emen when the prizes are one is under compulsion race or play the these things, most of pon this continent are ched by them in any vi-The unrest under the of the commercial worlh

jority unreal, and would no heed were given to the noise of those who the people how He who is content to on the same income that lived a hundred years e for the same money better clothing, better evel, and access to books amusements which his could have enjoyed only ng journeys at great evten cents, a person !ivozen miles out of Foston ction may go into urn, and, while there, ted times, free of exures of art and literahundred years ago no ave compassed. Of other me thing is true.

gs cost more than they ears ago, but those who em are getting better em. The consumers who the enhanced cost of livhe most part getter betr that which they pror by labor of brain or k. From wide observabors and friends and felwe are convinced that r forebodings are with nd the things we suffer y. It may be that the y companies make more they ought to; but, an who boards an elecpays five cents for a says that his blood dignation every time he use of the rapacity of

ion which accommodates

th seems to us fictitious,

unt he suffers because of

ts he begrudges to the

is more than balanced

ment he gets in "kickt defending trusts and We do not know their nature and metiounce judgment for or aand we know very few do. What we do say is chooses to pay the price ife, and for the best which his fathers paid, better bargain with naiety than it was ever nake in any century or ry. And, if we judged tages by that which we and not by what we e people" are suffering, e almost unconscious of reaking scramble for fame and popularity

o on out of earshot and observation if we will Christian Register.

THE REVENTION

OF NSUMPTION.

nternational conference aberculosis in Berlin, awaited er 22-26, is the keenest interest. It ped that discussion of of Governments in reprevention of consumpd the way to more orrts. At the Sanitary Manchester recently, it

ed that through one England spends \$5,rly on consumption. the 42,000 who die an-the disease, the great between twenty and forof age, and their deaths conomic loss to The mere loss in wages h wage-earning classes option is estimated at fifty-five million dollars is urged as a national also a measure of na y, to increase the num-oria, and also to pre-ction of homes which

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Story of Real Life in Colonial Days.

light of an April morning shown on you never would. old Haverhill, embosomed in the rimeval forests, near the tranquil Merrimac. It was a compact little Besides, I would have known you hamlet consisting, at this time, of were here." about thirty cottages and log cabstood a meeting house, the pride of On the few acres of the village. open land the plow had just turned furrows among the charred in another moment a score of musstumps of trees, and on the north and west it bordered on the unbrokwilderness which stretched to the White mountains, and by its extent seemed a bulwark against invasion.

SATURDAY, SEPT 20, 1902.

In one of the best of these cabins, only a few rods from the little church, lived Simeon Keyser, his wife, Rachel, and their son, Ebenezer, a boy of 14 years. The cottage was very rude, for it had been hastily thrown up, and the trees of which was built were green and growing but a few months before; and as there was no time to burn lime the cracks between the logs were with sticks and stiff clay. The mortar used in making the chimney was clay also, and the floor was laid of logs split in half, roughly matched with a broad-axe and laid together with the flat sides upwards.

The door was a wide, thick plank, split or hewn and hung on stout walnut hinges. The latch and catch were of wood, too, and the latch was raised from the outside by means of a leathern string, which passed under it and through the door. When the latch-string was drawn in the door was securely fastened. This method of fastening gave rise to the hospitable saying: "My latch-string is always out."

Just as the Keyser family were rising from their breakfast on this sunny spring morning a light knock on the door was heard.

"Come in." called Mr. Keyser, in the familiar fashion of the time.

The latch rose with a snap and a

"Mother said I might come and play with Eben awhile," said Prudence Hartshorn, the only child of the minister of the parish.

"Eben's got to pile some logs and boards that I drew from the mill yesterday," said Mr. Keyser, "but you can stay by and see him do it only be careful and not get hurt. After that, if you want to play, I have nothing against it."

"Won't you have a bit to eat?" asked motherly Mrs. Keyser.

"No, thank you, ma'am, we have just eaten breakfast at home. Pa started for Amesbury, and mother was so busy that I thought I would come over. Shall I be in the way?"

'Not a bit. Prudy." said ruddyfaced Eben, taking his hat from its peg and rolling up his sleeves pre-paratory to going out to the task that his father had laid out for him in the back yard.

The Keysers were going to build a more substantial cottage the coming autumn, and the pile of lumber drawn for that purpose was to be flaid up in regular order "to sea-It was pretty hard work for a boy of Eben's age, but he was stout and accustomed to labor and he worked very busily for an hour. playing keeping house, making cakes and pies of mud and using broken

bits of earthenware for crockery. "Well, I'm tired," gasped Eben, as tion from his forehead with a cotton

trather have a drink of cold water, frying those doughnuts.'

Bring me some, too, to make my 'tea with," piped the amateur house-

In a few minutes Eben returned bearing a great wooden dipper half full of the cool liquid drawn from the "northwest corner of the well,"

Prudy - Prudy Hartshorn, where were the experiences of that genera-ville, Ont. are you?" he shouted.

among the piles of logs and boards. her white frock, "here you are, you ing down where she sat crouched be-little mischief!"

Two hundred years ago the sun-cape. "If I hadn't shouted I believe

"Yes, I should, though, for I should have seen your white frock.

"Well, you just shut your eyes and In the centre of the settlement let me hide again," cried the child

darting away. At that instant a shrill yell arose on the other side of the village, and

kets rung out. "Indians! Indians!" cried the voices of the panic-stricken settlers.

Ebenezer Keyser's face grew denly pale and his heart almost seemed to stop beating. His little companion rushed to his side as if for protection.

men scalp us as they did poor Mrs. Hutchinson?" she asked innocently, for that cruel story of the frontie was familiar to all the young folks of that period.

"Kill us! Yes, if they find us." whispered Eben, "but I intend that they shall not find you. Here, Prudy, let me hide you behind this pile of boards and I'll tuck you in so that your white frock shan't betray you this time."

Trembling, half with fear and half with excitement, the young g,rl let the brave boy lift her up and let her down into a crevice between two piles of boards.

"Aren't you coming, too?" she added, as he hastened to place board over her hiding place.

"No, I've got to hide elsewhere But don't worry, Prudy. The Indians can't find you and I'll come for you as soon as they are gone. Be good and keep quiet."

"Yes, Eben, I'll be good, and quiet, too."

"Well, goodby," and he hastened away with an axious face, for the war-whoops of the savages were

growing nearer and fiercer. There were about two score in the attacking party. They had lain in shy little miss of about 10 years en- | wait during the morning hours until a suitable moment was offered for surprise, when they rushed forward in groups, simultaneously attacking nearly every one of the dwellings. Most of the men were shot down and scalped in their own dooryards or in the fields, where they were at labor. The cabins were ransacked, and the women and children either killed or taken prisoners.

One of the pioneers, William Dus ton, escaped on horseback with seven of his children; his wife youngest child, a baby, were taken prisoners. The latter was subsequently tomahawked. Mrs. Duston succeeded in effecting her escape—an adventure that forms one of the most exciting narratives of the fron-

Farmer Keyser was killed in his field, where he was sowing grain. His wife attempting to escape, was also murdered by one of the savages. The party then scattered, some going into the cellar to feast on the milk and provisions, the others going out through the garden, hunting after more victims.

Two of the warriors approached the place where Prudy lay concealed, stumbling over the very pile under which she lay, scarcely daring to breathe. One of them struck the Prudy amused herself meanwhile by board over her head with his hatchet, at the same time uttering a

cry that startled the very echoes. The girl came very near crying out in her agony of terror. She was sure the sat down and wiped the perspira- they had discovered Eben; but she was trained to habits of obedience handkerchief. "Seem's to me it's and endurance, and by a great effort restrained herself.

"Shan't I pour you some tea and She heard them for a long time won't you have a piece of ginger-bread?" select Particle of their stepping about, and heard their stepping about, and heard their stepping about the stepping bread?" asked Prudy, with the soli- deep, guttural voices in debate. It seemed as, if they would never go a-No, thank you, Miss Prudy, I'd way. All the prayers her mother had taught her came to her mind and I'll run and get it while you are while she lay trembling there, and

she repeated them over and over. ing ruin and desolation behind them. ed secure; a few hours later in the seeing that the full name, "Dr. Wildry on the willows by the river-side, the smoke rose from smouldermorning, while the mist was hardly as he expressed it. He looked a- ing ruins, and the sword was red round for Prudy, but did not see with the blood of brave men, of wo-

Whoop! Whoop!" came her clear, Prudy, listening with all her might young voice, hidden away somewhere in her hiding place, after a time among the piles of logs and boards. heard a smothered voice calling: "I'll find you in a minute," cried "Prudy, are you safe? They have Eben, as he stumbled over the lum-gone." And soon afterward she saw "Ah!" as he spied a piece of the face of her brave playmate look-

was afraid they would fine you." The boy laughed.

"They would not have done that so easy," he answered. "There is a pit dug just beyond that pile of logs, and it's right under boards. I thought of it the last minute, and crawling in pulled the boards over it again. Two or three times they stood right over me and jabbered, but they never once once thought of looking for any one un der the timber. It was a regular game of hide and seek, and we beat them this time, sure. But, Prudy it must be terrible over there. I am afraid no one escaped."

When Mr. Hartshorn returned the next day he found a sorry spectacle awaiting him. He took Eben, now an orphan, to his own home, and treated him as he would his own son. Eben lived to grow up and went into New Hampshire to live. Near one of the towns of that State there is a beautiful sheet of water, which bears the name of Key "Will they kill us? Will the red hid his playmate at the Haverhill ser Lake, in honor of the boy that massacre and thereby saved her life, -Fred. M. Colby, in the Catholic Columbian

PAINS. NEURALGIC

ARE A CRY OF THE NERVES FOR BETTER BLOOD

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich Red Blood, and Drive These Pains from the System-Read the Proof.

A high medical authority has de-

fined neuralgia as "a cry of the nerves for better blood," and to ef-Yectually drive it from the system the blood must be made rich, red and pure. For this purpose there is no other medicine so prompt and sure in result as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood with every dose, and impart new life and new vigor to the person using them. Mr. John Mc-Dermott, Bond Head, Ont., offers strong proof of the certain results obtained from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. He says: "A few years ago while working as a carpenter in Buffalo I got wet. I did not think it worth while changing my clothes at the time, but I soon began to suffer for my neglect. I awoke next morning with cramps and pains throughout my body. I was unable to go to work and called in a doctor, who left me some medicine. I used it faithfully for some time, but it did not help me. In fact I was growing steadily worse and had become reduced in flesh that I weighed only 138 pounds. As I was not able to work I returned to my home at Bond Head. Here I placed myself under the care of a local doctor who said the trouble was neuralgia, which had taken a thorough hold upentire system. Misfortun seemed to follow me for the doctor's treatment did not help me, and I think my neighbors at least did not believe I was going to get better I had often read and heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in emergency I determined to try them I had not used more than three boxes before I felt that the pills were helping me. From that on I gained day by day, and after I had sages to each other—the last in this instead of his letters furnishing an and have since been able to work at my trade as a carpenter without any trouble. I have no pains or aches, and I now weigh 156 pounds I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an invaluable medicine and shall ways have a good word to say for them. When the nerves are unstrung,

when the blood is poor or watery or when the system is out of order Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the medicine to take. They cure all troubles arising from these causes, and At last the red men retired, leavmen bright, active and strong. Protect yourself against imitations liams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is Sold by all medicine dealers or mailed post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing to men and of mangled babes. Such Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

> The man who thinks his sins will never find him out has deceived himself.

A certain Bishop was once asked : ittle mischief!"

"I thought you could never find as," said Prudy, struggling to es
Eben as she clung to his hands. "I the right and go straight on." HEROINE OF

TO-DAY.

99994449999999999

HE Great Bird Rock lies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is one of two bare rocks of red sanstone. of red sanstone. As the name indicates, the Great Bird Rock is the home of countless sea birds-gannets, puffins, gulls and auks-and on the summit stands lighthouse, its light being visible twenty-one miles away.

During the winter of 1896-97 the keeper in charge of the light was Angus Campbell, who kept vigil with his wife and two male assistants. The island itself is harborless, and its great frowning cliffs rise so precipitously from the sea that men and provisions have to be raised to the station, one hundred and forty feet high, by means of a steam' heist and then only when it is calm enough for a small boat to approach the cliffs from the supply teamer anchored in the open.

On the 5th of May, 1897, the Canadian Government steamer Aberdeen reached the Bird Rock on its spring supply trip. For three long months at a time the inhabitants lonely lighthouse have no intercourse with the outside world, and there fore await the arrival of the steam er with the greatest eagerness. When the Aberdeen neared the inhospital le island, the captain scanned the edge of the cliff with his telescope, was surprised to see a gray-haired woman alone where he had left a comparatively young wife and three men a few months before. In due time the officer reached the windswept summit and asked for the

"Angus is dead!" came the brief reply, in heart-broken tones. Jim Duncan, and so is George Bryson, and I'm all alone.

That was all, and yet what depths of tragedy the few words held; what heights of herosim on the part of Maggie Campbell. This was her

sad story:-Two months before her husband and his two helpers started out on a seal-hunting expedition. It was a bitterly cold day, but the floating ice from the great Northland had surrounded the Bird Rock for a distance of five or six miles, and on the shining floes could be seen hundreds of the little animals whose fur the men sought. There was apparently no danger, unless the should suddenly change; yet that is

what happened. A few hours after the men had set forth on their journey, the dreaded south wind set in unexpectedly. Mrs. Campbell at once hoisted a danger signal, whereupon the hunters hurried toward their refuge. But was too late. The ice cracked in every direction, and the unfortunate ellows found themselves drifting helplessly on a cake of ice toward the open sea and to a certain cruel death. In an agony of suffering the wife watched the little group of doomed men as they were relentlessly swept farther and farther aand when the sun had set on the dreary scene Mrs. Campbell returned

to her home a widow But what of the light- a vitally ecessary beacon to the sailor 'How did you manage to get along alone?" inquired the captain.

"I hardly know, myself," was her reply. "Sleep almost deserted me. hardly slept two hours together for the two months, and I ate but one meal a day. For hours during the daytime I swept the face of th waters with my glass in the hope of seeing the lost party-but I took care of the light all the time.

Seven Daughters and Une Son.

persistency till the magic number seven could be counted over their seven could be counted over their unlucky heads. The neighbors had grown used to saying 'another burden' when an thing happened over the way; but one morning the wonderful news went forth that a manchild had been born, and then they ister of the Interior, Martin du very infectious disease.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ nodded their heads in a satisfied way and remarked, complacently: "They had a long run of bad luck, poor things, but now they'll have help in their old ages.' Well, the years went by. The 'burdens' grew apace and proved to be industrious maidens. Two of them worked themselves up from going out sewing by the day into a firm of fashionable dressmakers, two more became teachers, one is a trained nurse, another is a bookkeeper and the youngest remains at home to take care of the old people. By their combined efforts the seven 'burdens' freed the farm from debt, bought a snig home for themselves in the city, and -most herculean task of all - they educated the 'help.' Nature had been rather niggardly with him in the way of brains, but the girls ambitious and he was their only brother, so they paid his way through college, and by dint of scolding and much advice, to say nothing of the waste of money, they forced through 'the law' till he came out a full-fledged lawyer. And then — be-fore he had secured a brief — the 'help' brought home his bride, was a little hard on the 'burdens. They had counted so on being taken out and made much of on account of their distinguished brother. They had been cherished secret intentions of shifting a little of their responsi bility to his broad shoulders; but after shedding a few bitter tears, they generously buried their own hopes set up the family idol in a brand new office. There he may be found to-day, with nothing nobler in the vista of the future than the advancement of his own bumptious, sel-

Montalembert's Letters

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The Paris correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," has a lengthy contribution in that organ upon the subject of Montalembert and his early advocacy in France of the liberty of teaching and the se aration of Church and State. The entire argument is based upon some extracts of letters written by Montalembert to the Abbe Delor, in 1839, and upon the fact that Lacordaire and Lammenais, in 1830, helped Montalembert to found the subse quently condemned organ "Avenir." Out of this material, as far as we can see, it is sought to extract an argument in favor of the Law of Associations, or rather of the attitude of the present French Government in regard to teaching communities. Nothing could be more far-fetched and illogical. Conditions are vastly different to-day, and so are issued, and no comparison could be fairly instituted between the two periods. Montalembert was a monarchist prior to the Revolution of 1848; a Republican after the fall of the monarchy; and a Bonapartist; supporting Prince Louis Napoleon, when the latter aspired to Imperial power. He placed religion above politics, and he submitted to the condemnation of his organ by Pius IX. Veuillot proved him to be misguided, if honest, in some of his cherished views. That he advocated the liberty of teaching in France is very true; but were he alive to-day he would be stung to the quick to think that his theory of liberty of education could find application in the methods of the Combes' administration. It is exactly that liberty, for which Montalembert and Lacordaire contended that is ignored, and one against such a course.

As an evidence of how changed are conditions, we need but take one extract from the body of the corresoondence above mentioned:-

In 1841, M. Villemain, who was then Minister of Public Instruction, presented to the Chambers an Education Bill. It authorized the opening of free schools, independent of the University, under certain guarantees of culture and morality. The masters were to have diplomas, conferred after examination. The law applied to the seminaries where the young priests were educated and were so far usder the control solely of the bishops. This last clause provoked the opposition of the episcopate, and, after long discussions, the The neighbors may sometimes be took a prominent part in the discusparable told by a contemporary:— lor bear traces of it. We also find "Once upon a time there was a allusions to an affair which made allusions to an affair which made household where girls were not want- much noise in 1844. A certain toes from the stafks ed or welcomed, but they came and came with the most absurd fen in he tered a Carmelite convent against uninjured. The potato is alright unthe will of her parents. cipal council asked the Government soon as the disease makes headway

Nord: "You have the power to do so; but the doors will themselves-you will have to break them in, and you will find me behind them in my sacerdotal robes."

There were educational difficulties sixty years ago in France, even as there are to-day. But the Villemain Bill of 1841 was withdrawn when it was found to meet with the disapproval of the Bishops; not so the "Law of Associations." In the case of the troubles concerning the Carmelite monastery in 1844, we see the attitude of Mgr. Berteaud, and how it quelled the attempts at violence. Montalembert was ready to stand beside the Bishop in defense of the religious, and in the proper as-sertion of that liberty which seems to have become a phantom to-day in France. We repeat, there is absolutely no similarity in the situations and the conclusions are wrong.

Notes for Farmers.

POTATO ROT .- It is learned that

in some localities farmers are suffer-

ing from potato rot. Dr. Fletcher says this loss may be avoided taken in time. Most farmers helieve there is no way of ascertaining whether the potatoes will be sound or not until the tuber is wholly formed and is past treatment. Dr Fletcher points out that the potato rot is a fungus disease and may be successfully treated by Bordeaux mixture. The disease appears about the first of August, particularly in low-lying districts. It shows itself ish self."-Home Journal and News. as rust on leaves and you can tell at once by the must smell from the fields. The potato rust appears at that time, and the rust on the leaves is exactly the same disease in another form as that which later in the year develops into the potato rot of the tubers. It appears first on the leaves, and the odor of the disease is easily detected when passing a diseased crop, particularly early in the morning or late at night, in muggy damp weather; that is the time when this disease is developed quickest, and spreads. Its first appearance is as a downy mildew beneath the leaves. Here the spores. minute bodies analogous with seeds, are borne, and from these subsequent infestation comes; these are blown on to other plants located near the njured plant, where they produce more rust. At the same time many of these spores fall to the ground, and by the first rain are washed down into the ground, where they reach the tubers, and the rot sets in. Like many other fungus diseases, conditions favorable for development may not be present: the spores may simply fall on the outside of the potato, and if we have clear dry weather, they may go into the root-house with the potatoes and never develop at all. In such cases we may have a good deal of rust, but no rot; but at the same they may develop, and generally do. When you find rot developing, late in the autumn after the potatoes are put into the root-house, then it is simply because the conditions are favorable for the growth of the parhouse there is less danger than in one where the ventilators are closed, and it becomes hot and muggy There is no way in which you can prevent this loss better than by spraying the potato foliage about the first of August with Bordeaux mixture, which is a mixture of bluestone, lime, and water, and is very destructive to all fungus growths used some ten or twelve boxes, I had world; each kneeled in prayer for fully recovered my old-time strength, deliverance, but no deliverance came, the Orders, they supply a powerful its spread to other plants in the field. We have found at the Central Experimental Farm, where we have carried on experiments for years, as object lessons, that where potatoes had been sprayed on a strip right through the middle of a field, potatoes which are sprayed will hold their leaves five or six weeks longer than those close to them, which were not sprayed. By the first of September many potato fields are brown, and all the leaves are dead. This is not because the leaves are ripened, but because they have killed by the disease. The potatoes or sprayed plants in the same field are twice the size of those of the plants of which the leaves have been destroyed by the rust. This is because the leaves are preserved so bill was withdrawn. Montalembert much longer in a green condition, took a prominent part in the discus- and continue all the time doing their mistaken, as is shown by a little sion, and his letters to the Abbe De- work of manufacturing starch and storing it up in the tubers.

Even if the spores get on the pota-The muni- til the disease works into it.