In deep dejection, but with affection,
I often think of those pleasant times
In the days of Frazer, ere I touched a razor,
How I read and revelled in thy rady When in wine and wassail, we to thee were of Water-grass Hill, O renowned "F. P."
May "The Bells of Shandon"
Toll blithe and bland on
The pleasant waters of thy memory!

Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,
In this social city have I heard since then—
(With the glass before me, how the dreams
come o'er me
Of those attic suppers, and those vanished
men!)
But no song hath woken, whether sung or

spoken,
Or hath left a token of such joy in me,
As the "The Bells of Shandon"
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

The songs melodious, which-a new Harmodius—
Young Ireland wreathed round its rebel
sword,
With their deep vibrations and aspirations,
Filing a giorious madness o'er the festive
board:

Filing a glorious madness o'er the festive board; But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre O'the simple lyric that we owe to thee— Of "The Hells of Shandon" That sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a grave that rises on thy sward Devises,
Where Moore lies sleeping from his land
afar;
And a white stone flashes over Goldsmith's

ashes
In the quiet cloister of Temple Bar;
So where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest, Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and

thee,
While "The Bells of Shandon"
Shall sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.
D. F. McCarthy.

TALBOT,

THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER XV. The next day was a dark day for Ireland. Ah, many a dark day has poor Ireland had since that unhappy hour when she became subject to a foreign despot. The newspapers were filled with accounts of the removal of Fenian arms from hayricks and old sheds. Thousands of brave young men were rudely torn from the heart of their families and thrown into

filthy dungeons.

It was rumored in Carrick that forty leading Fenians were to be arrested during the course of the day. It was no wonder, then, many of the young men abscon-ded. The tears even now fill my eyes as I think of that unhappy morning when many of my dearest, truest, best companions became doomed men.

The friends of the O'Connell family

hastened to the cottage to tell Richard to fly to some place of safety. This was not necessary, for early that morning Richard had fled from his childhood's home,

never again to return.

About six o'clock in the morning, by the chime of the old town clock-the ever dear old town clock—young O'Con-nell, as he knelt in humble and fervent prayer, heard something like a pebble strike his window. This being repeated several times, attracted his attention. He arose from his knees, blessed himself, went over to the window and looked out. To his surprise he saw Captain Slasher making signs to him to hurry down. He descended in haste and passed the cottage threshold. The moment he came near Slasher, that individual whispered in a

deep, husky voice:
"Fly from this place at once. You have been basely betrayed. The police will be here in a short time to put you in irons like a felon, and drag you off to pris-

"Impossible !" cried O'Connell. "Lose no time, Richard, I warn you,' said Slasher in a grave, low tone.
"Where shall I go?"

"Follow me instantly. Your liberty is in danger and my life at stake."

Richard followed him without another ord. They crossed the bridge in haste. Both thought as they glided along that the voice of the Suir and the music of its weir were far more melancholy than usual. A few long-winged swallows sped by, as if giving them a hint to haste away from the town. Many and sad were the thoughts that filled Richard's mind. He thought of the cottage, of his father and mother, and of Maurice and Ellie. But, his sadness increased a hundred-fold when he thought of the tears and sorrows that would soon be the inheritance of Katie O'Donohue. He thought, too of a dear and noble friend, Mr. Kelley. He must also be in danger; perhaps he was must also be in danger; perhaps he was already in a gloomy dungeon. In the gene-

"I will go back and warn my friend Mr. Kelley of his danger. It would be base not to do so. Who told you of his danger?" asked

and said:

the Captain fiercely.

'No one told me of it; but if any one in Carrick is in danger he certainly must

"Think not of him," said Slasher. "He is in no great danger at present. His time will come, though," and the speaker knit his brows, and fire flashed from his

deep set eyes.

Richard understood not the meaning of Slasher. He saw not the thoughts that burned in the brain of his companion.

A long silence ensued.

When they had advanced some distance into the Coolnamuck woods, Captain Slasher halted and drew a large brass-headed pistol from one of his deep

"Do you see this, Richard," he exclaimed in a tone of wild excitement.
"What do you mean, Captain Slasher?"

asked Richard indignantly.
"Do you see this pretty little darling?"
"Yes, I see it."

"That never m ssed its aim but once, and that was when pointed at the greatest tyrant in Ireland. What an unlucky shot tyrant in Ireland. Though I love my little darling, I can never forgive it for missing so fine

a mark."
"Slasher," said O'Connell, growing
horrified at the fellow's manner, "I cannot

A Dead Shot

may be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Mild yet certain in eration; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

understand such strange and wicked con-

"Richard, I was once like you ful, honorable, virtuous. My "Richard, I was once like you—peaceful, honorable, virtuous. My youth was spent in a happy home. I loved but my books, my dogs and my rod. I had a hatred of blood-shedding. But now—but now I am a changed man. Thanks to some bad companions who led me into secret societies, I can now drink the blood of tyrants and traitors. I find more pleasure in shooting an oppressing landlord than in shooting a snipe or a wild duck. Give me permission to shoot him who basely sold you, and your will shall be obeyed before the sun sets to-day. My little darling is ready and promises not to miss its game this time."

miss its game this time."
"Ruffian, what do you mean? Was it to witness this diabolical conduct of yours that you brought me here?"
"O'Connell, do you call me a ruffian

I am as good a man as you are and have far better blood in my veins than you. Retract that opprobrious word, or I'll give you the ball I put in this for your enemy," and he leveled the pistol at O'Connell's

temple.
"Ruffian," exclaimed O'Connell, "you may fire if you will, but I'll never retract

my word."
"You are a bold and fearless fellow Richard. I cannot but admire your cour age. I have not the nerve to shoot you here unarmed and under my protection. I would regret it during the remainder of my days if I should have your innocent blood upon my head. Let us be friends and keep cool. Do you know who has betrayed you?"

"I have no idea who the wretch is. May God forgive him."

May God forgive him."
"Guess who it is." "Guess who it is."
"I cannot; that would be against char-

"Guess, man."
"If it be not Hall," said Richard, "I

cannot imagine who it is."
"It is not Hall. It is one who has wormed himself into your family and into your friendship. It is one who showed you a fair and noble exterior, but carefully hid from you his Judas heart."
"Who is it?"
"It is one who led you into plots and

treasons only to betray you. It is one who is as dear to you as the apple of your eye, though he has cruelly deceived you and sold you to the tyrannical Government of England for a few paltry pieces of silver. Do you not yet divine who the wretch is?"

"No, I cannot. I know of no such "Give me permission to bring you his traitor-heart black with his foul blood and

trained with every crime against honor, friendship, and hospitality."

"Ruffian, why do you thus torment me. I abhor your thirst for blood. If you de-

"Away from here, foul-minded man! You are a blood-thirsty slanderer. I would not believe you on oath that he is guilty of such perfidy. The sun above us looks not down upon a truer, braver man

than Kelley, my dear and faithful friend."
"I knew full well that you would not credit me, Richard. Still I speak the truth and nothing but the truth. I know well his wiles and ability for concealin

equate manner with such crimes as he has been guilty of."

Richard shuddered and grew deadly pale. He would have fallen to the earth, had he not caught hold of a branch of a confiding, generous, noble Richard O'-

"Talk not of tears 'till thou hast seen tears of warlike men."

"I am a wretched man," thought the captain, as he seated Richard on a patch of soft green moss that grew at the foot of an aged oak that stood hard by. "Ac-cursed be the man that first allured me from the path of innocence and peace!
Accursed be the societies that made me what I am! I was once as noble and good as this generous youth. Now I am a demon, resolved on the destruction of order. But I must not weep and complain like a woman, the fault is all my own. Why did I not take the advice that was rosity of his soul he turned to his guide combinations and plotting men. I have now gone too far to dream of turning back. My existence must continue to be a curse and burden to myself, a reproach our nature, and a terror to lo peace and virtue. I am an outlaw, an outcast, and both I will remain to the

After a few minutes Richard fully re-

"Lead me on," he said to Slasher, as he sprang to his feet. They had to walk a considerable distance through the dense brush-wood and high ferns; they had to tear their way through many a wild berryoush before they arrived at the place of

their destination.
"All right now," said Slasher, as they approached a group of huge rocks that lay half concealed amid bushes and leaves, "this is our resting place. You will be safer here than in the strongest castle in

Ireland ' "Where ?" asked Richard with sur

"Here," answered his guide with a smile, as he drew a curiously-shaped silver whistle from his pocket. The captain put the whistle to his mouth, and, in an instant the woods resounded with a sound as sweet and clear as the song of a blackbird. As Slasher returned the whistle to his pocket, Richard fancied that he perceived the ground move between two of the largest rocks. It seemed as if the

Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high seasoned food, rich pies, cake &c., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleeples nights, sickness, pain, and perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the

earth was about to open wide and swallow

earth was about to open wide and swallow himself and his companion.

"Be not alarmed, Mr. O'Connell; this is our trap-door. Is it not a beauty, such a one as you would read of in romantic tales? Now you will see for the first time the abode and men of Captain Slasher. Be assured that here you will find a kind, though strange, asylum. This is the welcome home of all who are forced to fly from tyranny and injustice. Here you

though strange, asylum. This is the welcome home of all who are forced to fly
from tyranny and injustice. Here you
will find some poor boys who shot a bad
landlord for sport. Here, too, you will
find a few who had the pleasure of wounding a policeman, or taking a little trifle
from the rich to give it to the poor."
Black were O'Connell's thoughts, and
sad was his heart. "I have given myself
into the hands of the leader of banditti,"
he said within himself. "I am seeking
for a home and protection from a band of
wild outlaws, robbers an i murderers by
profession. How miserable is my lott 0,
my Lord and master, O sweet Mary, my
Mother, help me and save me in this hour
of trial and misfortune!"

Captain Slasher and Richard having entered the mysterious cave, the entrance
was immediately closed as before.

Those who have ever visited a coal-mine
can easily form a picture of the place into
which the two companions descended.
From the door it sloped downward until
you came to what we may name the floor.

you came to what we may name the floor.

A few logs of wood fixed in the earth formed a kind of stairs, and saved those who wished to enter the cave from slipping down or tumbling headlong to the bottom.

Several rows of trunks of young trees, like Several rows of trunks of young trees, like pillars in a church, helped to support the earth overhead. The principal part of the cave was a long and wide room or hall, the sides of which were deeply indented. In these excavations the miserable outlaws had their hard beds of leaves and dried grass. The cave was ventilated by means of the trunk of a hollow tree. What a home for human beings! Ye tyrants and statesmen, beware of driving good men to desperation by bad, cruel and oppressive laws! Beware of forcing men to enter into dark ways! Beware of crushing good, honest men until you make them commit some hideous crime that banishes them from the pale of respectable society! If we wrote merely to please and flatter, we would not describe life in this cave; we would pass in silence over the cave; we would pass in silence over the character and actions of its unfortunate inmates. But we write in the interests of truth, virtue and society, and there-fore we will neither hide nor extenuate

o'Connell was astonished and saddened by the spectacle that met his sight. He could clearly see by the light that flowed from a few candles that burned in stone candlesticks, the entire place. What struck him most was the sight of a con-"Human, why do you thus torment me.
I abhor your thirst for blood. If you desire tell me his name."

"His name," said Slasher, tightly grasping his pistol and looking into its muzzle,
"is Kelley. He will never again sell innocent and generous blood. He will drink the fiery contents of this little darling.
Oh, the accursed scoundrel, the dog of a traitor."

"Away from here, foul-minded man!"

"Away from here, foul-minded man!"

siderable group of men who sat around the fier, gloomy ard silent. The moment these perceived their Captain, they rose up and gave him a cheer. As O'Connell had long been known to them by reputation, though few of them had ever seen him, the announcement by their Captain that he had brought them young O'Connell was received with evident signs of its constitution." joy. Every man there rushed over to him to grasp his hand with mingled feelings of respect, love, and admiration. His undoubted patriotism, courage, and generosity had long before won for him a place in the heart of these poor, aban-doned outlaws. But he was doubly dear to them since he became a hunted man—since he had to go on his keeping. He

was now one of themselves.
"You are safe here, Master O'Connell," his treachery. For three long nights I have hid in a hedge-row waiting for a chance to send his hateful soul before the Living God, who alone can deal in an adhim. "No power on earth can now harm you. This is one spot in Ireland where English rule, English tyranny, is unknown and unfelt. We have formed a little re-public of our own, and owe no allegiance to either king or queen. We are a war-like tribe, and never feel happy unless when making attacks on exacting agents, tree which stood within his reach. Captain Slasher was moved to pity, and caught the youth in his arms. Hot tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheeks of Slasher as he gazed upon the pale face of s need never starve so long as his good neighbors have not eaten up all his beef and mutton, considering them as common property, or, more correctly speaking, as theirs. Though we seemed rather sad when you first came in, we are a jolly and when you first came in, we are a joint and rollicking crowd. We hope to renew, reorganize, society; which in our day sadly needs reformation. When our principles rule the world, the sun will shine brighter,

the flowers will give forth a sweeter per-fume, men will be stronger and happier women will be brighter and fairer." Here they all broke into a song, lately omposed by the poet laureate of

'And our principles shall prevail, boys, And our doctrines shall prevail;

or call a cow his own, When our grand principles shall prevail. And our principles shall prevail, boys,

"And our principles shall prevail, boys, And our principles shall prevail, And no bailiff shall come near, Nor landlord dare appear, When our grand principles shall appear.

Richard O'Connell was so astounded and mystified by what he saw that he could hardly realize his position. He muttered some words of thanks for the welcome he had received, and made something like an apology for his intrusion upon this sacred ground. Before that hour he little dreamed that in the middle hour he little dreamed that in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, and in a country like Ireland, overburdened with soldiers, police, detectives and spies, such a body of men could exist, and dwell within a few miles of a large town in freedom and security. But truth is, especially in Ireland, often stranger than fiction. The whole history of Ireland reads like a romance of strange, deep, and nction. The whole history of Ireland reads like a romance of strange, deep, and thrilling interest. After the song, Richard and his new acquaintances seated themselves around the fire.

"Captain," began an old man who sat near Slasher, "who has betrayed Mr. O'Connell ?"

"Never mind now," said the Captain, "Tell me captain," continued the old

"Woman and her Diseases" is the title of an interesting treatise (96 pages) sent, postpaid, for three stamps, Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL

Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

man, "for I am very anxious to learn his name. The man who insults me, I knew Master Richard's grandfather, and good kind people they were. Many a fine turn they did me in the foolish days of my youth. And sure, a finer or better man than his father never crossed the Carrick bridge. Please tell me, whisper to me, the traitor's name, that I may go and lie in wait for him. Perhaps, Captain dear, it is the last chance I'll have of doing my duty. My pistol has been long loaded waiting for some worthy mark, let me go and discharge it now. My limbs are growing weaker and weaker every day, and my hands are becoming more unsteady. My old eyes are fast growing dim. Ah, Captain, you never before refused me anything I asked; you always for your trust in me when a good job was to be done surely, quickly, and well. Did I ever yet miss a woodcock, an agent's head, or a landlord's heart? Trust me yet, though I am growing feeble and old. Do not deny an old man's last request. Tell me the traitor's name, for I cannot die easy unless I have the honor request. Tell me the traitor's name, for I cannot die easy unless I have the honor of sending him to a traitor's grave."

"I must refuse you, old man," said the Captain, with much determination. "I

Captain, with much determination. "I was the true impression of Jesus, Because, am sorry for you, but I have reserved him for myself. Three nights ago I primed my little darling for him; this instant I go to find him; if you should happen to hear the voice of my darling, be sure that he has gone to his last account and say in your heart, thus perish all cowards and traitors."

The Captain immediately arose from his seat.

THE DRINK DEMON.

The Captain immediately arose from his seat.

"Boys," said he, as he prepared to leave his den, "I place Mr. O'Connell under your protection. Treat him as you would treat me. If his enemies should by any chance find out that he is here, die to the last man before you allow him to be taken by them. Good-bye, Mr. O'Connell; good-bye, my faithful boys."

The Captain was soon in the woods, more anxious to meet his game than ever a hunter was to meet a wolf or a wild deer. A thirst for vengeance is a terrible

deer. A thirst for vengeance is a terrible

passion.

We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of Mr. O'Connell in his new home.

The reader can easily fancy what the feelings of a virtuous and noble youth would be in such a place.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HANDKERCHIEF OF VERON-ICA.

THE FACE OF OUR LORD ON THE VEIL .-A TOUCHING CATHOLIC LEGEND DIS-PUTED BY PROTESTANTS.—TESTIMONY OF A MOSLEM WRITER.

To the Editor of The Catholic Review : The legend of St. Veronica is simple enough as it stands in the traditions of the Church. Catholics believe, and have the warrant of reason and of faith for believing, that Veronica, among other women, met our Lord on his way to Cal-vary; that, as He was sinking from exhaustion, blinded by sweat and blood, she offered Him her handkerchief or veiland (wondrous miracle!), when the Sacred Face was withdrawn from it, an exact picture of the lineaments remained. It was exhibited in Rome in the year 700, and is at present preserved in Milan. It has been frequently reproduced in paintings and engravings, the most celebrated of the former by Morales, the great Spanish painter, surnamed "the divine," on

account of his favorite subject, the countenance of our Blessed Lord, in the "Ecce Homo" and similar studies, including the one under notice.

While most Catholic writers maintain Mabilion and Papelrook, urge minor objections. One point is agreed on by these two authors, viz.: that the name of Veronica was hardly the name of the woman in question, since it was probably derived from vezaivon (Gr. vikon) signifying the "true image"—that is, of Christ. But the "true image"—that is, of Christ. But there are many analagous instances, in Scripture and tradition, wherein the in of this vice. The evil spirit seems to have miracle, type, or office of a person becomes his name. Thus it was with Peter. It s only natural to suppose, then, that eronica was similarly named, after the Veronica was similarly named, after the wonderful and awful event which manifested our Lord's favor to her. However this point is determined, the legend stands, nevertheless, intact and unshaken.

It is otherwise with unscrupulous adversaries, who, relying on the ignorance of their audience, boldly deny the whole legend, on the ground of its absurdity. As if it were more absurd than a list o other miracles recorded in Scripture! Is other miracles recorded in Scripture! Is it not more touching, more ennobling, more heart-subduing, than the miracle of the demons and the swine ? Protestants should be chary of making this charge else they may find the whole scaffolding of Scripture miracles tumbling about their

But this sweet, grand, and holy legend of the saints does not depend wholly upon Catholic tradition or Catholic testimony. Catholic tradition or Catholic testimony. I am about to quote a confirmatory passage from Elvia Effendi, a Moslem writer of an early period. Elvia was a great traveller in his day, and the volumes he has left are full of curious lore, and throw light on many an obscure historical problem. (Elvia was his true name, Effendi heing a title of hoor something like our being a title of honor, something like our modern university degrees, when bestowed upon distinguished men.) At all events he seems very careful and accurate in his statements. Not only is what he says here carefully and clearly stated in simple language, but there is a kind of natural unconscious eloquence in the way he discovers his knowledge, which renders any further comment useless. I may remark that perhaps the handkerchief was brought, after the time Elvia wrote, from Orfa to Milan, by the Crusaders.

"Near the Convent of Abraham (at Orfa the church with bells, where the handker chief is preserved with which the Messias wiped His face. They guard it with the greatest care, fearing lest some king, eager to enrich himself with such a treasure, should carry it away, and accordingly they refuse to show it. Myself, having much mingled in my travels with Greeks much mingled in my travels with Greeks I begged of the monks the favor to l shown that handkerchief, but they assured me that there was no such thing in their

convent. Having taken my oath on the Evange-

lists, and on the doctrine of Jesus, that I would discover to nobody the existence of their handkerchief, I was led to an obscure cave, on the outside of which I left my servants. The cave was illuminated with twelve candles. They produced from a cupboard a small chest, and from the chest a hox studded with precious stones which the least doubt this is the true impression of Jesus' face. Having had many conversations with learned and well informed men, and having seen in my travels thousands of marvelous things produced by the ingenuity of art, I examined it a long time, whether it might not be, like so many other pictures in Christian churches, the masterpiece of some skilful painter; but I convinced myself, by the evidences of sense and reason, that this awful portrait was the true impression of Jesus, because, even such men as myself, who behold it, begin to tremble, overawed by the effect of so great a miracle. I took it with reverence, and put it to my face, and bade it

A Plain Talk to St. Paul's Guild by Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P.

An enthusiastic temperance meeting was held on Sunday evening, August 12, in Manhattan Hall, Eighth avenue. After reading the resolutions of the recent Con-vention of the Camblic Total Abstinence

vention of the Carriote lotal Assistence Union of America, Father Elliot addressed the meeting as follows: "These resolutions proclaim war on the vice of drunkenness; and that is the ob-ject of the Union. The vice of drunkenject of the Union. The vice of drunken-ness is one whose malice is so mingled with weakness that pity for its victim has often palliated its guilt, and its occasions are often subjects of delusions. Not all that the Church can do is able to persuade that the Church can do is able to persuade many of her members that their foolish hospitality in lavishly serving drink to visitors sets a bad example to the children, sets up a false standard of enjoyment, leads the children as they grow up to deem beer or punch essential for the en-tertainment of friends, and fosters the delusion that the absence of intoxicating drink at social entertainments is a mark of stinginess. Gentlemen, such practices are based on false maxims. For it is clear as day that drinking to entertain friends is very apt to become a convivial habit which is the fruitful source of intoxication. Some men, rather than be called stingy, by those whose praise or blame is of no account anyway, run the risk of teaching their children at their own hearth the charms of a vice the most destructive of all to human welfare. Then, too, wh does not know that young men should confront the allurements of the saloon confront the allurements of the saloon and the beer garden armed with a certain wise distrust of the use of drink in any quantity? But, if drink is a common thing at home, where's the harm—the boy will say—of spending an evening with some friends, playing cards, singing songs, or chanting, in the back room of the liquor store? Gentlemen, no doubt moderate drinking is in itself no sin and to many may be no occasion of sin. But, the young man who fancies that he can drink moderately when, where, and how he pleases, is pretty sure to become a drunkard. Even the very best example of totol abstinence at home, the kindest and totol abstinence at home, the kindest and most persuasive explanation of devout parents of the evils of excessive drink, the most dreadful results of the vice

spent his greatest cunning in disguising the horrors of intemperance. The poet's genius is enlisted to write drinking songs, the wit of the neighborhood is often a frequenter of the saloon, the most grotes-que and laughable incidents are connected

with intoxication or partial intoxication, orators are told of whose eloquence was only displayed in drink, such showy vir-

vice of intoxication

time, to celebrate an occasion, to

tues as generosity, physical bravery, at-tachment to old friends, are sought to be almost identified with the free use of drink. Yet all the time drunkenness is a most hateful and loathsome vice. No heart so hard as the man's who robs his heart so hard as the man's who robs his child to enrich his enemy. No man so frightfully cruel as the one who turns himself from a loving husband into a wol-fish brute. No murders so cruel as those done upon friends, and sometimes upon kindred, by half drunken men. No music Hindoo sinners. so sad as the heart-rending meriment of the saloon. No irony so devilish as that which calls joy the death dance of immortal souls about the liquor-dealer's

more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawcounter.
"That is the first object of our National berry—the infallible remedy for all forms of Summer Complaint. Temperance Union: to tell the truth, plainly and publicly, if calmly, about the

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes: "I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me." Beware of similarly named articles; they are imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil tations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

Pleasant to the Taste.

vice of intoxication.

"Another object is to point out the causes of the vice. What I have already said touches that point too. Careless drinking, leads to excessive drinking almost inevitably. Drinking just for fun is never pleasing in the sight of God. And drinking just for fun is what we call convivial drinking. When men become accustomed to drink to pass away the time, to celebrate an occasion, to express Children and persons with weak consti-Children and persons with weak consti-tutions have always found great difficulty in taking Cod Liver Oil, and from this fact it has not been universally used, but with Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, this prejudice is removed. It is so thoroughly disguised that you cannot detect the Cod Liver Oil. One physician writes us that it is used almost time, to celebrate an occasion, to express sympathy, to show good nature, they are pretty sure, sooner or later, to become at least occasional drunkards. The step from convivial drinking to hard drinking is not a long one and is greated. is not a long one and is generally taken imperceptibly.
"Now, pretty nearly all convivial drink cannot detect the Cod Liver Oil. One physician writes us that it is used almost as a beverage in his family; another person informs us that he had to hide the bottle from his children. For Coughs and Colds, broken down constitutions, and all Lung Diseases, it has no equal irg is done in saloons. It goes by the name of treating. Treating at home is confined mostly to tippling females, and though in some localities a dreadful evil, still on the whole, is not to be named in comparison with the evils of saloon drink-Lung Diseases, it has no equal, comparison with the evils of saloon drinking. The enormous, almost countless, revenues drawn from the people by the liquor business is for the most part the tax that foolish good nature pays for other people's drink. That is why the drunkenness of men is almost inseparably associated with saloon-going: because the prac-

and wasting away by sickness, dissipation, too great nervous taxation, or suffering from any chronic disease, do not abandon hope until you have tried Burdock Blood Bitters. What it is doing daily towards restoring others, it might do for you.

tice of treating belongs to the saloon. Hence our Temperance Union is firmly set against the salcon. Against all salcons, you ask. Well, there is what Bishop Ireland calls an ideal salcon; and he calls for Diogenes with his lantern to find it in actual life. Show me a salcon where treating is not allowed, and it will be then in order to discuss whether there is no langer in resorting there. No. Stay treating is not allowed, and it will be then in order to discuss whether there is no danger in resorting there. No. Stay away from saloons. Stay at home. Attend an innocent amusement. Read an entertaining book. Subscribe for and read a good Catholic newspaper. Spend the evening with some respectable family. Join a debating or literary society, or a gymnasium. But keep away from the saloon. Is not that good advice? I should like to see any man, old or young, German, Irish or American, Catholic or non-Catholic, who will have the face to say that 'Keep away from the saloon' is not good advice. It is that advice that the National Union of the Temperance Societies of the Catholic Church in America insists on making public, ringing it out from the public platform, spreading it out before the reading public in the newspapers, whispering it in the ear of the friend and relative: 'Keep away from the saloon.'—Catholic Review.

## England's Home Heathen The average tourist is quite content

The average tourist is quite content with a few weeks' sight-seeing in any foreign land. After having visited places of public interest, inspected old churches, towers and ruins, mingled to some degree with the society of his class, and perhaps having been presented at court, he is quite satisfied that he knows all about the country and can expect intelligently and and can expect expect expect expect expects and can expect expect expect expect expects and can expect expect expects and can expect expect expects expect expects and can expect expect expects expec country and can speak intelligently on the subject. There are those, however, whose thirst for knowledge impels them to search deeper than the strata of the society of which they are a component part for enlightenment concerning the inhabitants of a strange land. One of these, Mr. Sam S. Baldwin, an enthusiastic American, has spent six months in England, endeavoring, he says, to solve the mystery why emigrants are so anxious to get away from a country of which they draw such glowing pictures. As a result, he has come to wonder why some parts of the mother country are not entirely depopulated. From an article written by him we glean some interesting information of the female iron-workers of the "Black Country," the district lying around Birmingham. Here it is, "at the very doors of England's wealth and respectability." they thousand of females. spectability," that thousands of females, old and young, mothers and daughters, with little children by their side, toil by day and by night at nail-making. The day and by night at nail-making. The female nail-workers in the district toil during the day with all the restless ardor of industrious men, and often labor on during the late hours of the night, and almost to the break of day, only too glad to earn food that an American farmer

would fling to his swine.

Nearly twenty-five thousand people in this district are engaged in nail and rivet-making, although the wages are the lowest paid in any part of the country. The worst of it is that nearly 17,000 females work night and day at this severe manual labor. They are not all mature women either daughters work all mature women, either daughters work by the side of their mothers—wee daugh-ters who ought to be at home (if they had one) and in bed, instead of working their weary little arms in shaping molten iron into pails. The average armount carned weary little arms in shaping molten iron into nails. The average amount earned by a family of three or four persons working fourteen or fifteen hours a day is about \$5 a week. From this amount a deduction is made for transporting the nails to the purchasing agent and for fuel and repairs, reducing the net earnings of three or four people, who work all day and until the small hours of night, to about \$4.30 per week. The hovels in which these wretched creatures live, Mr. Baldwin says, more nearly resemble the lairs of wild beasts than human habitations. They are devoid of all ordinary conveniences seen in houses occupied by conveniences seen in houses occupied by shelter—that is all—the toilers who for a few weary hours rest within their rickety walls. Generally there are two rooms -one above, one below-vet they are almost universally occupied by large families. How they exist—they cannot be said to live—is difficult to understand. Yet Mr. Baldwin asserts that the picture of work and the said to live—is difficult to understand. of want, degradation and woe is not

overdrawn.
With these ragged, unkempt and ill-fed children; young women with all the gay-iety and freshness of youth crushed out of them; middle-aged, wretched, starving, yet hard-working creatures, whom he de-nominates "England's home heathen," lying on their very door-sills, he yet sarcas-tically remarks that the Board of "For-eign Missions" sends yearly thousands of dollars away to African heathen and

There is no preparation before the peo-ple to-day that commands their confidence

If you are broken down in constitution

BY WILLI. [For Redpa

AUG. 31, 186

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