out of the storm into peaceful waters

With the first rays of morning the

landed, and in fulfilment of their prom-

ise built a little chapel. Long years have passed sincethen. The old wooden chapet became small, so a stone church

was erected on the hill-side, where it

still stands, having been rebuilt two or

three times of the same material.

The devotion to St. Anne grew with

the years, and so many wonderful cures occurred at (her little Canadian

home) Beaupre's shrine that pilgrims

came from far and near in such num-bers that soon the church could not hold them all. So it was decided to

have a large one built on the spot

where the ruins of the first one were.

In 1876 the Basilica was opened; then

it was not much more than a roof and

nished that to day in place of the little

wooden chapel built by the mariners

centuries ago, stands a temple of ex-

steeples and a colossal statue of St.

Anne which from afar up the river is

appropriate the lines of Mrs. Hemans

Couldst thou but speak of all the tears, The conflicts and the pangs of years Which at thy sacred shrine revealed Have gushed from buman hearts unsealed."

Husbed is the anthem, closed the vow, The votive garland withered now Yet holy still to me thou art. Thou that has soothed so many a heart.

imparted to them a secret power to cultivate plants, for adorning her altars

are numbers of tall flowers which can

be grown nowhere else on the contin-

ent. In formation the flower re-semble the lily of the valley, though

cover from top to root the stalk, which

Beyond the church on the opposite

side, beautifully situated on the hill, is the convent. I have two pictures from

there-one I call "An Idea of Heaven,"

the other "An Idea of Earth." Perhaps

you will ask what they are like? So I

will try to tell you how they look to me.

It is Benediction hour and in the

quaint little chapel, the sparkling mon-

strance on the altar is surrounded by

many lights which shine out clear

and bright amid the flowers, and there

"Angels group in awe around Him, Round the throne whereon He stands."

At the foot of the altar a priest is

kneeling, and on both sides of the chapel, dressed in white, with snowy

veils around them, are the nuns

The last rays of sunshine are bid-

streets of the village wind in and out,

far away amid the hills, but the centre

coming, and down the long pier

vehicles are going in numbers to meet

it. Round a curve of the river, Mount

St. Anne rises its blue peak and the

clouds have crowned her "Queen of

Far away on the other side the sun

has given a halo of glory to the spires in the dim distant city of Quebec.

Which picture do you like best? I

vonder. Perhaps you will condemn

Sayings of Christ.

Speaking of papyri recently discov

ered which contain sayings of Christ,

London correspondent writes:
"These papyri are strange looking

a couple of inches broad, looking

something like a huge old cigar, dry,

sume at once a most interesting appearance. Brushed, cleaned and

pressed they look like pieces of fine yellow matting—not a bright yellow, but a dark brownish hue. But what strickes one most strongly is the ink.

There are these leaves dug out of the

soil where they have been lying ut-

terly unprotected for 1,800 years, and

yet, where the surface of the papyrus is

uninjured, the ink shows up as black

as though it had flowed from the pen

Comfort Sometimes.

only a week ago. The writing, is beautifully clear, especially in the ecclesiastical manuscripts, which are

the work of educated men.

"Let mercy season justice," for the

Winnifred.

One or another they

And also :

much larger.

Anne's.

we know

the Vesper Hymn.

night.

the Hills."

both.

artist is only

take our view of rural life.

four walls, but gradually it has been so magnificently finished and fur-

ST 28, 1897

XX.

uerite," she said. sed herself in the ater's morning.

ng for La Villette,

at the door. She sibyl's brougham.

sibyl's brougham.

to consider how
new ordeal, it was
yl was not in the
man jumped down
l, and disappeared
b. Presently there
or. Eudoxie had
out open," Narka
outh asking me to
o'. I wan't re."

o; I won't go."
ee times, and then
gham drove away,

ing a few minutes eing at a distance,

ne concierge came

note. "The foot-selle's door, but no id the woman.

darling. I am in by has the small-

said Narka, with a at this crisis was a

n as it would keep orb her, and draw man she wished to

norning. The rain

ly all night. Every turned into a pool

n was still falling

and freely enough, Paris, but the stern h had suddenly set

omnibuses were a eyance; she asked t station, but when

crowded that she

counter for a num-ner way out again. ing up; as it slack-ooped after it with ad, looking like a boird in the wake of intensely ridiculous

intensely ridiculous

rka did not care to the show; besides, iting an hour for a ter to take a cab at a balancing the a gentleman close to

to La Villette?" said the conductor. here, with a corres-

entleman hurried than inarticulate ex-lness for her escape, er him to where the unding, empty; they than took seats op-The stranger was a a sallow complexion

a sallow complexion distinction. Narka ht his eyes fastened

appened that they place; the stranger her to alight, touched

middle of the street, the stream of carts

er. As she glanced she descried, a little

are in the costume of aiting like herself to ughfare. There are n which even Mel-k dignified; for in-the puddles with lited on a wet day;

watched Marguerite

ying performance it re lacking in dignity ps of a little child. ned Marguerite, in

they met on the foot-i get here? Did you

ne omnibus. Where

the Rue du Bac. I

ne Madeleine, with a

when I got out there aw I should have to ace. So I started off

o short to be spent ibus. Oh, that hor-claimed, casting a ing as near hatred as

express at some one o. "I should like to alive."

the direction of the surprise saw that the

erous desire was the been her vis-a-vis in

?" she asked, as the

h; his name is Dr.
way our dear old dog
m to death. Nobody
we could not attack
doubt he did it. His

little boys-our boys

he tries experiments lown, and cuts them em alive. He is a

ring on almost every

ce have been deep-

by departure from

g is the surest way

no wrong deed ever

palpable pain are

ged, even in this

ge our capacity of

our relish for inno-

They spoil us of

e conscience, and of

out which we are

f foes, and are vul-

he change of life.

g is to inflict the

qual harm with what enever and however

moral or religious

al, Que., Jan. 2, 1896.

Co.,
1 St., Toronto, Can.
uufacturers,—I tried a
eed and Turpentine for
It cured me in two
able preparation.

Those sins which

ONTINUED.

s Suffering.

is way.

Sibyl."

ibyl.

of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

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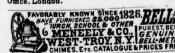
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Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD

# Father Damen, S.J.

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(For the CATHOLIC RECORD.) Another day was dead-was way to eternity! Truly an ideal day it had been, and was followed by a clear bright evening. Reluctantly we left it to go to the arms of Morpheus, for it is the custom in St. Anne's "early to bed and early to rise." When I reached my little room, before retiring I could not resist one parting glance at St. Anne and her beautiful church. Then away from it, out to the river, my eyes went. Perhaps it was the tide that bore my thoughts so far away to other places, other things and other people.

turned from the window with a sigh, all sleep had left my eyes. How I wished for a book, one of the dear old things which have so often soothed a tired mind. As that pleasure could not be had the next best thing was to think of one, so I threw myself on the lounge to do so. Why did Longfellow come first? I could not appreciate him that night, as I could not forget that though his legends and sonnets are beautful and in imagery very Catholic, as is also his translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia," yet he remained out-wardly an unbeliever. Ah! why will men forfeit the best gift God has given, so rashly. Next came Goldsmith. What truthfulness and sincerity characterize his works! There is nothing superficial about them. They are as pictures taken from nature and life by a master-mind and painted by beautiful thoughts. Many of them are illustrations of incidents and adventures in his early "The Vicar of Wakefield" is very life. good, but his "Deserted Village" is perfect. It would take too long to write my review of it. In his "Traveller," how nicely he shrouds each place in a certain beauty of its own. His large heart could appreciate and admire each on , though it is not hard to see that "His first best country ever was his own." It has been said of him, and is very true that, "he was one of those who regard books as the only, or even the principal, source of knowledge. He recognized and delighted to study the unwritten love so richly spread over the volume of nature and shadowed forth so variously from the cenesof every day life and the teaching of individual experiences." Moore came next with his sweet "Lalla Rookh." Again I listened with her to the lovely songs of the Poet of Cashmere. "The Veiled Prophet" we will pass over. I wonder "Lalla Rookh" let him sing it. 'Paradise and the Peri " is short but very sweet. Sad and weeping was the Peri, for the gates of heaven were closed. A beautiful Angel came to

> One hope is thine 'Tis written in the book of Fate The peri yet may be forgiven Who brings to this Eternal Gate The gift that is most dear to Heaven.

Happy in hope away she flew determined to get the key that would pen the gate. Alas! she knew not where to find it. Long and persever-ingly she sought. At length she brought the tear of repentance. The gates are passed-

And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven The triumph of a soul forgiven."

May such be our fate when we have passed the portal of death! Yet there are some for whom even the tears of repentance cannot open Heaven, because baptism has never washed original sin away. Evidently they do not realize the loss. If they could only understand that

From world to luminous world, as far As the universe spreads its flaming wall. Take all the pleasures of all the spheres And multiply each through eudless years. One minute of heaven is worth them all."

The" Feast of the Roses ":-This song is, as the critic (Fadladeen) says, "rather nonsensical," still we must admit such things will happen sometimes in real life.

"The Fire-Worshippers" is a very romantic little song. How sad the fate, how true the 'ove of the Araby maid a d her warrior lover! Very beautiful and sorrowful is Hinda's prayer to God to accept her sacrifice and save Interesting is the story of how the King of Cashmer won the heart of his intended bride, Lalla Rookh. Some of Moore's other poems and sweet melodies passed through my mind-but mough, I thought, of romance for tonight. Dickens, perhaps, would suit my nood better, for he can suit any mood Go to him when you will you will al-ways find comfort. He seemed to understand poor human nature so well, and in his warm heart found sympathy and kindness for all. Be-fore I knew him I disliked him very much, for it seemed to me that there was a certain rather ridiculous humor verging on his most serious passages which was tiresome. However on reading more of his works I saw how wrong I had been. There is an innocent humorous strain in most of his writings, but it is as necessary to them as a ray of sunshine is in some pic-tures. His English is simple and harmless, and he pictures some beauti-ful characters. "Little Dorrit" (The Child of the Marshalsea), amid all kinds of danger, grew to womanhood pure and beautiful. It seems almost as impossible for one to do so as for a flower to live among weeds. In "Old Curiosity Shop" little Nell was Curiosity Shop"

another such character. What a little (I might say ) angel child she was, gifted with wisdom far beyond her years. How very sad is the description of her death! How peautifully the author speaks of death in this and many of his other works.

He says of little Nell : She was dead, no sleep so beautiful

REMEMBRANCE OF ST. ANNE'S. or need of it. We will not wake her.

In "Tale of Two Cities." "Even when the golden hair lay in a halo on the pillow round the lorn face of the little boy he said with a radiant smile, Dear papa and mamma, am very sorry to leave you both and pheus, for it is to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go. Thus the rustling of an angel's wing got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of heaven. In "Nicholas Nickleby.

"The dying boy made answer I shall soon be there. He spoke of the beautiful gardens stretched out before him with figures of men, women and many children, all with light upon their faces, and he whispered that it was Eden, and

so died." There was a something in this faraway view of death which reminded me of Tennyson. Have you ever thought that his poetry seemed in another world? It is so softly ethereal that one can only see it away in the distance. Some of it is like a message to me, perhaps because most of the poets have painted their poem pictures so perfect that you can see them as clearly as if you looked on some of Michael Angelo's work. However, his poetry is so delicately written that in its sweet, dreamy softness it is indeed very lovely. Tennyson has some very fervent (per haps partial) admirers. Some time agoI heard a lecturer say that if he were going on a long journey and could only take one book that one would be Tennyson. If I were in the same diffi-culty it would take me a very long time to choose. There are so many, and, liking all about equal, my conclusion might be not to take any. Perhaps I would be sorry after, as I was this night, when I could only think of them, the only visible one being "Manual of Good St. Anne." It had not occurred to me before that since it was the only one I had perhaps it was the only one should read, so I began to do so. It must have charmed me to sleep, for very oon there were a number of other books around me, large and small. One exquisite volume had a rose on the cover; another the thistle; and a third the shamrock-a well worn old green one was it, but what marvellous beauty was within. The land pictured was almost too beautiful to be of earth -more like fairy land, it seemed; but ah! the story written there was of a people unequalled all the world over

for goodness and purity ; yet for hundreds of years they have suffered the most cruel wrong and persecution. So sad was the history that I put it aside with a prayer that before it was fin ished the sun of justice and freedom might shine resplendent on that isle of saints. Next came a little book bright and clean it wa: -with a mapl

leaf on the cover. Interesting and lovely was the story within, and some very beautiful places were pictured there. The one which I will talk of just now, at a first glance seemed almost hidden amid the mountains, but the glimpse of a statue surrounded by church towers made me wish for a nearer view, which surely was a sight

that might charm not only the pil-

grim but also the poet and painter.

was the village of St. Anne de Beaupre. St. Anne is built on the shores of the St. Lawrence, about twenty one miles below Quebec. A number of mountains and the Isle of Orleans separate it from the busy world, and the soft clouds seem to have given a veil of gauze and gold to the mountains to hold over the shrine. Ah! how peaceful, how holy, it lookedsurely a fit place to rest mind, heart Truly the road to heaven bright and alluring it looks, yet wild storms are lurking round the gulf. They steal up the river, and the bright, sparkling waves become dark and fierce. They attack and often wreck the best of boats. What a likeness the picture had to religious and worldly life, I thought;—and just then awoke. The candle had burnt nearly to the socket. In its flickering light the room seemed strange. I was chilled, and thought it now quite time to go to bed, rather displeased with myself for having gone to sleep or even in a dream compared the bright, beautiful world with that dark river. Very few

says: " Into each life some rain must fall." Some days must be dark and dreary Yet if we try to brighten the darkened lives of others, the clouds in our own are forgotten.

lives are all sunshine, for as the poet

refuse. Some of them are in rolls perhaps fourteen inches in length and Have I given you an idea of St. Anne's?—a rather vague one, I am afraid ; perhaps a wide-awake description would have been better, but dusty and weevil eaten, crushed flat by a heavy weight. But those that have been dampened and opened asprobably you have read some of the many which have been written. Perhaps you have knelt at that dear holy haps you have knell at that dear holy shrine, or perhaps you are one of the incredulous people who say Our churches are all the same—we can pray to St. Anne as well in any of them. Certainly our churches are the same the world over, as our God is ever in His prison of love on the altars. Perhaps you can pray to St. Anne as well in any of them, but perhaps she wil not hear you as well. The good saint has chosen the spot where the shrine is particularly her own. Tradi-tion tells us that long ago, when Can-Tradiada was in its babyhood, some Breton sailors were coming up the St. Lawrence when a dreadful storm arose. With firm faith in their patroness, St. and so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature and promised that wherever they were to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God waiting for the breath of life, not one who lived and suffered death. She was past all help

STORY OF "ROBIN ADAIR." Written From the Heart and to a Real Robin Adair.

The famous song, which has sung tself into so many hearts, was written from the heart and to a real Robin Adair. The little tale reads like a fairy story and ends as happily. Robin, according to S. J. Adair Fitz Gerald (McClure's, February), was a native of county Wickiow, Ireland, and getting into trouble of some kind in Dublin while studying medicine, fled to London. On the way he rescued a fashionable lady whose coach had been over-turned, and from her secured entree into London society. The story proceeds as follows:

"Robin Adair was a wise and ener tage of the lucky turn in his fortunes to study assiduously, and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection of the lucky turn in his fortunes double barrelled fowling piece, which was found hidden behind the high altar, which was proved to help the lucky turn in his fortunes. quisite beauty crowned with glittering at the dances given by this lady and others, and one night at a party he the first glimpse of the shrine that greets the eye. It appears to be found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of watching for and guiding to her sancthe Earl of Albemarle. It was a case tuary the sick, the sinful, the sorrow-ful. Oh Bonne Sainte Anne, only you Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden. Her kinsfolk and those who have knelt there at your feet can know what peace, what happiness comes to one there! How were stupefied with amazement. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her of her folly, but without avail, and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health about 1750) she wrote the verses now The zealous Redemptorist priests caused her to become so dangerously ill that, upon the doctor's despairing of guard the shrine and are ever ready and willing to do what they can for the her life and seeing the disease was pilgrims. St. Anne, surely, has given more of the heart and mind than of them special power to preserve the life of many a wayward soul and many a the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to." suffering body; and I think she has also

Some Women Who Were Professors.

In view of the foundation at Wash ngton of the proposed Trinity College for the higher education of women, and because of the fact that such an institution has been spoken of in some places as " a new departure" on the part of the of most the plants is about five feet high; some are a pale mauve, some Catholic Church, it may not be amiss to recall certain matters which are proven white, all are very lovely, and it is by the pages of history. nice to think they only grow at St.

In the life of St. Teresa we find it recorded that she was made a doctor of divinity because of her great knowledge of theological questions, and it is also stated that she wore at times the doctor's cap. Norella d'Andrea, the daughter of a celebrated professor of the University of Bologna, who lived in the 14th century, was so well versed in philosophy and law that she often lectured on those subjects to the students of that institution, filling her father's chair when he was obliged to absent himself from the classroom. Four centuries later this same university had a professor of mathematics and philosophy Laura Bassi, who had previously won her doctorate by passing a brilliant examination in those studies, and in the same century, but somewhat later in it, Ciotilda Tambroni was appointed pro bowed low in adoration, while to soft fessor of Greek at Bologna, and the music low sweet voices are chanting chair of anatomy and surgery was filled by Madame Manzolina.
One might mention St. Catherine of From the convent balcony we will

Siena, the patroness of philosophers, as another example of the highly educated Catholic woman, and she is ding adieu to the busy village and beautiful church, yet they linger round its towers reluctant to go. The by no means the only one that can be ages ago the Church opened to all women who desired to enter them the there might be as smooth as the discussion of the St. Lawrence which washes Beaupre's shore, and which always is so calm that the boats appear just to glide along. How different is the river beyond Orleans. Very bright and alluring it looks vet wild Washington proves.-Catholic Colum-Away up the river we see a boat

The Congregationalist tells a story of the old and the new way of giving out church notices. An old fashioned clergyman supplying a church had been in the habit of making the announcements in his most punctilious manner, and everyone was couched in language like this: "If it be in ac-cordance with the will of Divine Providence, there will be a meeting in this house this evening. The subject will be 'Scripture Promises,' and there will be a short address by the pastor, no grave is very attractive. Open wooded unforeseen accident preventing. After this sort of thing for several weeks everybody drew a long breath when his successor remarked in a pleasant, conversational tone: haven't yet decided whether or not it's advisable to continue the evening meetings during the coming month 'tennyrate, we'll hold one to-night, and let's all try to be there."

One of Mr. Pulitzer's young men called on a New Haven minister some called on a New Haven minister some time ago and asked him to give the World a fifty-word interview on "Hell." He didn't get fifty words. He got just nineteen, but they expressed more sense and more truth than would one thousand other words. Here is the interview: "Hell in my opinion is the place where the Sunday edition of that paper should be published and circulated. — Boston Republic.

Throat Trouble Cured.

"I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for severe throat trouble," writes Mrs. Hopkins, of 254 Bathurst street, Toronto. "It proved most effective. I regard it as one of the best household remedies there is. It is easy and pleasant to take and drives out the cold with surprising celerity."

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it. time ago and asked him to give the

A PRIEST'S HEROIC SACRIFICE Endured Exile Rather Than Break the Seal of the Confessional.

In the year 1853 Father Kobzlowicz, was a Catholic priest at Orator, in Ukraine, in Russian Volhymia. From the time of his ordination he was regarded as one of the most pious and zealous priests of the diocese; he had considerable reputation as a preacher, and was generally esteemed as a con fessor. He rebuilt his parish church and decorated it, and from the time he was placed in charge of the parish he seemed to redouble his zeal. All at once, to the amazement of everyone who knew anything about him, he was accused of having murdered a public official of the place. The piece of evidence against him was a the assistance of his patroness, ac altar, which was proved to belong to quired a good connection at the best end of the town. He was frequently been lately discharged. He was convicted of the murder, and the court sentenced him in penal servitude for life in Siberia. His hair was cut off, he was clad in convict's apparel, and incorporated in the chained gang of f love at first sight, mutual love, and criminals who made their long weary march to Siberia.

Years passed away, and everything about the occurrence had been forgotten, except by a few persons. Then the organist of the church of Orator, sent for the principal persons of the district, and in their presence confessed that he was the murderer of the official. He added that he was so popular and adapted them to the led to the crime by the hope of marry-melody of 'Eileen Aroon,' which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her. murder, he took the gun with which he At last the separation from Adair and had shot the unfortunate man, and the importunities of her relatives hid it where, upon his suggestion, the police found it, and he ungenerously managed to fix suspicion on the priest. But the strangest part of the story remains to be told. After the arrest of the priest, being torn with remorse, he visited him in prison and went to confession to him, disclosing that he himself was the criminal. He had then the purpose of acknowledging his guilt before the tribunal, but his courage failed him and he allowed things to proceed on their false course

Thus the poor priest, Kobzlowicz, knew well who was the real murderer, but he knew it only through the confessional. A word would have set him free from the terrible charge. But this would have broken the seal of the confessional, and he preferred to undergo penal servitude for life and lose his good name and be regarded as a shameless criminal.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Grave.

The memory of John Boyle O'Reilly still lives. The grave of the poet in Holyrood cemetery, at Brookline, constantly bears floral emblems, mute testimony of a lingering affection, says the Boston Glebe.

The ample burial lot, which is 88x 40 feet in extent, is located in the hand somest spot in Holyrcod. It is planted with Irish grass, while the real shamrock and the beautiful Irish daisy grow round it in profusion. The lot is shaded with shrubbery transplanted from the poet's native land. Among the trees are golden cedars, from Newton Ards, County Down, Irish junipers, Irish yew trees, rhododendrons and many young Irish purple beeches. The beds beneath the shrubs and trees are studded with a wealth of pansies and forget me nots. Nature herself, cited. The truth is that ages and however, has given O'Reilly his most appropriate monument in the ledge underlying his burial lot. This huge face implanted in the rock makes as complete an emblem of remembrance as could be desired.

The 100 ivies from Louth Castle, the poet's native home, planted three years ago, together with the two ivies from the grave of Martha Washington, have clambered around the rock in mingled profusion, giving the boulder the appearance of a huge green bush. The poet sleeps beneath a luxuriant floral bed a few feet in front of the bronze medallion, and at some distance from his grave two bronze vases will soon be filled with palms and flowering plants of all kinds. The scenery around the and rugged, it recalls his intense love for the beauties of nature, while the cultivated flowers in the burial lot brings to mind the poetic development which surrounded his later years

The face in the medallion is shown in profile. The shapely head, with close cut hair, is firmly and gracefully poised on the shoulders, which are more than life size, stands out from the medallion in prominent relief. It is altogether one of the most beautiful of graves.

Nervous Prostration



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French Bordeaux Clarets JAMES WILSON 398Eichmond St., London. 'Phone 650.

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