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#### GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN CHAPTER IV.

INSULA SACRA.

The prospect of further intercourse on the morrow with the strange companion whose reticeace had at first repelled me, and by whose confidence I had afterwards felt so much flattered, sent me to sleep with pleasant anticipations that mingled agreeably with my dreams. When I awoke in the morning, as soon as I remembered where I was and had recalled the incidents of the night before, I raised myself on my cloow to see if the occupant of the other bed was also awake; but the bed was empty. Hearing some movement in the kitchen, I called out to know what o'clock it was. The door in the low partition was immediately opened, and mine host appeared.

"Tis a quarier past eight, sir. The other gentleman? Sure he left this two hours since. The boy came round with the car at six—none too soon for the gentleman, who was ready for him, up, dressed and all, before any of us were stirring; and got on the car, and druv cff without so much as a bit or a sup, though the breakfast was cooking before his eyes,

and all, before any of us were stirring; and got on the car, and druy off without so much as a bit or a sup, though the breakfast was cooking before his eyes, and the missis laying the cloth down in the parlor below, not but what he was mindful of her trouble. I hope you've slept well, sir," he went on. "The wetr and the soap an' all is ready set out for you down in the parlor below, and your breakfast 'll be done be the time you're ready for it. So now I'll lave you." So disappointed was I by the stranger's departure, and so chegrine lat the failure of my plane, that I know I was not properly appreciative of the arrangements contrived for my comfort by the worthy tenants of the cabin, and hardly noticed that the basin set for me "down in the parlor below" was a roomy milking-can, or that a new scrubbing-brush, a huge lump of mottled soap, and a stiff new towel had likewise been provide!. Mike himself stood in the doorway of the parlor wa'ching my ablutions with interest and pride, dashed with a shade of uncertainty as to whether there might not be something he had forgotten. and pride, dashed with a shade of uncer-tainty as to whether there might not be something he had forgotten.

"If there's anything else you want, sir, only say the word, and I'll get it for you

beyant at the store."

I looked across, and saw a diminutive

op.
"Tis the wonderfullest place ever yo saw. There's nothing you can think of that they haven't got in that shop. They'd bring you anything you might care to call for."

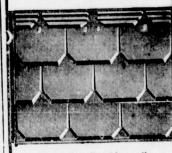
Pre-occupied with my vexation, I hard-ly noticed at the time these and other manifestations of Mike's originality and simplicity. Several hours later, however, when some miles away along the road, they recurred to me, as well as the anxiety with which both he and his wife sought at my departure to excuse them selves for any shortcomings in their entertainment on the plea that they had only recently taken up that line of business; adding, in reply to my re-assurances, that when I came that way again they would have settled down, and would be able to make me even more comfortable. By this time the brisk walking, the cheerful sunshine, and the pleasant breeze implicity. Several hours later, however, By this time the brisk walking, the cheerful sunshine, and the pleasant breeze which had succeeded the storm of the previous night, had restored me to my usual frame of mind. The interest which the stranger had in so short a time awakened in me began as rapidly to diminish, and was soon quite obscured by the newer incidents which every day—nay, every hour, brought forth.

Three days more brought me within

Three days more brought me within sight of the mountains, in winding my way through which I spent my last week way through which I spent my last week afoot. How wild were the scenes through which I passed! How few and far between the events in those last days! How solitary the routs! now twisting tortuously through a pass, narrow and long, between frowning heights; now striking upwards, over the mountain top and down again; now clinging to the bosom of a hill, and making a long detection in her consequence of the road you're asking upwards, over the mountain top and down again; now clinging to the bosom of a hill, and making a long detection of the hill, talking to the young man you as fa of a hill, and making a long derout; now running straight across some dreary tract of brown moorland stretching for miles ahead, with mountains distant or near always bounding the horizon. For miles always bounding the horizon. For miles and miles hardly the green sign of homestead; for miles and miles no sound of human voice. In the primeval days, when these wastes were forests, they were hardly more desolate than now. Yet in the interval human life has played its part here, and left behind dignified tokens of its presence. The road itself is one of them. In many places it has become disused and grass-grown; but it cannot be long a to since the gas swhere cannot be long ago since the gags where noisy torrents now rush across were spanned by the bridges, of which the

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broken arches still spring upwards and the straggling remains form steppingstones across the stream. Massive fragments of masonry here, or there the nearments of masonry here, or there has to the days when chieftains kept court among these hills, and ruled and led their clans. One day let mind for the transport of the court among these hills, and ruled and led their clans. One day I met along procession of counts, or the court among these that was always speaking; the present, or the grown, and windows from which the transport of the court and the passes of the saint who lived a hermit there in the saint who lived a hermit there in the ground, the origin and use of which are so remote that they have become legendary. In those regions it was the past that was always speaking; the present, elsewhere blatant, had there no tongue. One day I met a long procession of counts, and some afoot. They were a good legit of the procession of counts, and some afoot. They were a good legit of the procession of counts, and some afoot. They were a good legit of the procession of counts, and some afoot. They were a good legit of the procession of counts, and some afoot. They were a good legit of the procession of counts, and some afoot. They were a good legit of the procession of counts, and some afoot. They were a good legit of the procession of counts, and some afoot. They had dome from many miles away, and were the dead by a coffin. They had dome from many miles away, and were going a mile or two further on to lay th

lages I passed at long intervals consisted of crazy, half-tottering houses that must

tion of bygone things, that I was ripe for contact at Glencoonoge with the warm living human interests which I knew well enough must also exist in the cabins of the desolate tracts through which I was passing, though as a bird of passage I had no chance of becoming acquainted with them. Happy in the certainty that at Glencoonoge I should meet old friends, I was in no hurry to be there while still at a distance. But when only a few miles remained I became too impatient to be able to keep to the road which follows the indentations of the mountains, making

able to keep to the road whitentows the indentations of the mountains, making backward and forward curves, now for a mile, now for two or three, and reaches Glencoonoge at last descending by an easy gradient. So I left it, and clambering down the mountain-side, struck a across country. I had to pick my way, for the hill was steep in places, and there is were rabbit-holes to be steered clear of, and soft bulgy mounds of earth not to be trusted, and many a spot where there was danger of sinking ankie-deep in slush. The descent of the hill brought me at length in view of the haysacks and cattle-sheds of a farm; and as I presently made my way through them, I heard a voice from one of the sheds cry out, "Run, Jenny, run, and get the gentleman a glass of milk."

a glass of milk."

Jenny, a girl of seven or eight, understood her business well. Many a time in the summer, as often indeed as ever a stranger came in view, Jenny had run on a similar errand, and the revenue produced by such glasses of milk had no doubt something to do with the thriving look of the farm. As I was drinking the look of the farm. As I was drinking the milk, Jenny staring at me the while with all her might, Jenny's mother joined us; and I recognized in her the girl who, some years ago, had married Jeb Donovan, a young man, half farmer, half fisherman, in whose boat I had more than once spenta night at sea. Her extreme youthfulness of those days had given place to an incipient matronliness which for a moment disguised her to my eyes. As for me, she did not know me a bit, though I stood talking to her for five minutes, I stood talking to her for five minutes, and asked how I was to get to the coast

"You are going to Glencoonoge," said

"You are going to Glencoonoge," said she, in answer as it would seem to a question in her own mind. "You'd have done better to keep to the road you're left. The cross-path is difficult for a stranger to find, and you'll likely be lost before you reach the road you're asking me for. But if you've a mind to try, there's himself below, just on the brow of the hill, talking to the young man you see, and if any one can give you safe directions, 'its he."

Would Jeb Donovan know me, thought I, as I left his wife and made towards where he stood a quarter of a mile ahead, at the brink of a further descent. A tail well-dressed gentleman, to whom, doubtless, Jeb Donovan had been showing the way, was leaving his guide and beginning to descend. I was not overjoyed at the sight of him, for it confirmed my forebodings that the winter charms of Glencoonoge tween becoming known, and that I should not have them all to myself. Neither was I flattered to ree Jeb Donovan as be cane towards me on his way back to the farm, casting at me glances that had no recognition in them whatever. I determined for my part not to make myself known, and repeated the question I had askel his wife. He laughed, and shook hishead.

"Is rangers are queer things entirely. There's not a year comes nor goes that they get the good of the well of the work of them don't be lessing themself entire where she come from. Anyhow she's after refusin' him—"

"I he bound. "And who is the obdurate party that requires such ardent wishing for? I proposed to try to make myself to make myself wouldn't they? A young man like that, wouldn't they? A young man lik

minutes before in conversation with Jeb Donovan. He was standing with his back to us and his face towards the set, which I now first saw from where I stood and over which the setting sun was

of crazy, half-tottering houses that must have seen better days. The cadence in the people's voices was sad, like regret; and they spoke the tongue in which St. Columba preached and Ossian sang in the misty far-off ages.

So persistently and exclusively did everything along the routs in this latter part of my journey suggest the consideration of bygone things, that I was ripe for contact at Glencoonoge with the warm

"I have; unless in very much taken, Mr. Donovan."

The mention of his own name puzzled my questioner still more, and he pushed his hat awry and scratched his head, trying to make out who I could be. The effort was eventually successful, for a gleam of recognition came into his face, and able t with some trace of indecision, he

ronounced my name.
"I must have changed very much, for no one knows me.

"And do you mean to tell me, Mr. Shipley, that the old woman didn't know you? Well, that's a comfort, anyhow, for she won't have the laugh of me. Sare if that's he can be shown.

ior she won't have the laugh of me. Sure if that's the case, you want no guide; so come back with me and rest awhile."

"Not to-day, but I'll come soon. I must overtake Conn. Why, what is keeping him rooted to that spot?"

At this Jeb Donovan began to laugh again. "It isn't fair to laugh," said he, "for I know what it is, and I'd ha' been mad with any one who'd have chaffed me when I was courting my old woman up yonder. And it isn't fair to tell of a boy when he's just after putting the question yonder. And it isn't fair to tell of a boy when he's just after putting the question without getting the answer he wants; not but what you're an old friend an' he'll be telling you himself before you've reached home, most like. Don't you see where 'tis he's standing?''

"Of course! to be sure! he is on the wishing-stone," and the meaning of the position which had so amused Jeb Donovan flashed upon me, and we both laughed outright together.

outright together.

"Do you see now how the wind blows"

The people about here when they stand on that stone wish for Heaven mostly; but it isn't for that HE's asking THIS time,

"And who is the obdurate party that

askel his wife. He laughed, and shook his head.

"Strangers are queer things entirely. There's not a year comes nor goes that some of them don't be losing themselves heresbouts. Tis so tempting, you see, for 'tis a good three miles saved if you find the coast-road. But more often 'tis that much and more they lose. This the hillocks, you see, bothers them, and the mounds, and streams, and ditches, and waterfalls they meet by the way, to say nothing of the chance of having to be fished out of the bog where 'tis soft. But I'll tell you what you can do. You're for Glencoonoge, I'll be bound. Yes! I'd have taken my oath of it. And yet where else could ye be goin'; unless' he added, doubtfully, "to the Rectory, might be, or to the castle, mayhap, or who knows but perhaps they're expecting you at the cottage?—however, that's none of my affairs. What I was going to say was there's a young man you might have seen me talking to just now, but he's going there too, and you can't miss the way with him, for he knows every inch of it—unless he's out o' sight by this time," and Jeb good-naturedly began to walk back with me to the point from where the next descent began.

"By the way,' said I, as we went along, "are there not some—what they along are there not some—what they call 'stations' near here?"

"You'll pass them on your way. You can't miss them."

"You'll pass them on your way. You can't miss them."

"You'll pass them on your way. You can't miss them."

"Aye, many and many's the year ago. St. Kieran was his name. "Tis after him this part is called Kierankil. Did you never hear tell of St. Kieran, son of the brightness, on during his grown mountaineer, as hardy as his name in the hill, from his part is called Kierankil. Did you never hear tell of St. Kieran, son of the brightness, on during his grown mountaineer, as hardy as his name in the hill is provided to have been first set up by some old hermit?"

"Aye, many and many's the year ago. St. Kieran was his name. "Tis after him his part is called Kierankil. Did you nev

blew upon our faces. Recollections of past tramps, when over moor or fen we had walked together as we were walking now, flooded my mind as Conn, roused for the moment by a pleasant and unexpected meeting, prattled on with all his old boyish vivacity, and with light and shade sparkling all over his face, which, if not handsome in the strictness of the word, had an infinite variety of expression.

sion. "It seems then," I said at length, "that there are no changes at Gleencoonoge. Everything goes on just the same." "Just the same as ever they did. One year after another 'tis all the same." I looked up at his face as he said this:

I looked up at his face as he said this: why there at the first glance, thought I, I can see one change. You had not that moustache when I last saw you, my fine fellow—then I looked down his whole length—nor that blue pilot suit which is so well made and fits you to such a nicety, that it is no wonder I made the mistake I did just now, in taking you for a rival visitor. Nor, I continued inwardly, was this story I have just heard dreamed of when I was here last. But why should I expect you, poor youth, to show your hurt; and for the rest are we not all more or less unconscious of the changes that take place in ourselves and round about us every day?

"Well it must be pleasant to live in a place where life goes smoothly and tranquilly?"

"Indeed, sir, it goes hardly apongly."

place where life goes smoothly and tranquilly?"

"Indeed, sir, it goes hardly enough with some. There's a terriblelot of poverty about, and little else. Not that you'd think it to see the life and merriment there is when a lot of the boys gets together. What with the singing and what with the dancing and the jokes and the laughter, they seem to have no care, and they could hardly be more bright or gay if they had a thousand pounds. But what's this I'm telling you about no change? Was the hill behind 'The Harp' laid out in walks and shubberies change? Was the hill behind 'The Harp' laid out in walks and shubberies when you were last here, sir, and the Harp' laid out in walks and shuopenes when you were last here, sir, and the great patch turned into a vegetable gar-den? No? Then you haven't seen the fowl-yard that's been moved away up the hill entirely, and the fowl-house that built myself? Och! sir, ye've a grea

deal to see."
"Did you lay out the paths, too?"
"No sir, ah no! it was an engeneer from London planned THEM. There's seven miles of them in all—a cliver man he was to be sure! Said he wished HE had the place and HE'D make money out of it. Said it wasn't half advertised, and as for the soil it was the finest in the as for the soil it was the finest in the world, if only treated properly. 'Twas he rated Mrs. Eanis soundly for letting so

much land lie waste."

"Pish! I wish he'd keep his vulgar commercial notions to himself. There is nothing more irritating than to hear the talk of these men who look at everything from the point of view of money. They would make every place like Liverpool, or London, or Birmingham, or Manchester, if they could. Don't tell me there are any more alterations, Conn; I hate all change. Don't say they've put the any more alterations, Conn; I hate all change. Don't say they've put the crumbling old castle into repair."
"Troth then," cried Conn Hoolahan, laughing, "you should have heard Mr. Swift on the subject of The O'Doherty and

the castle.".
" Mr. Swift?"

"Mr. Swift?"

"The engineer from London, sir, that planned the walks and the kitchen garden in the grounds. He said it was a sin and a shame to see a gentleman of property allowing his house to fall to pieces like that, when there are hundreds of people with families in the district wanting the chance of work." "Oh the virtue and benevolence of

these business men! Do you know what he wanted? He wanted a commission to repair the place, to pull down and build up according to his fancy, and regardless of expense; he wanted to lay out walks and plan kitchen gardens. He was thinking more of himself, depend upon it, than of idle hands and starving families whose earnings would be a very small

than of idle hands and starving families whose earnings would be a very small percentage of the profits that would go into his own pocket, rest assured."

"And he said," continued Conn, "The O'Doherty didn't live in the style of a gentleman; that everything was better done at 'The Harp' than at the castle; and he knew, for he stayed there a week, and he said he'd sooner be at the inn."

"Poor old O'Doherty! poor simple old man! relic of a less luxurious age! What a pity it is that nature didn't give him a larger share of perception of character, so

a pity it is that nature didn't give him a larger share of perception of character, so that he might know a vulgerian when he saw one, and before offering him hospital-ity! How is he Conn? He is at the castle of course "No, sir, he has gone abroad."
"Abroad!"
"Yes, sir, to learn the young ladies

French."
"So The O'Doherty has been tempted abroad, he that never could be induced to sleep out of his own house for one night! But that's always the way of it. A man determine to French But that's always the way of it. A man may shut himself up and determine to pine away when his wife dies and swear he will never go into the world again; but if he has a family of daughters the

he will never go into the world again; but if he has a family of daughters the young people as they grow up will put new life into him. Isn't that so? Isn't this the girls' doing?"
"Faith, I don't know, sir. May be. But I'm not so sure. It's mighly queer indeed to see the old gentleman that's been stuck in one spot for ever so long, taking a thought after all these years and skipping from Glenconoge to Publin, and from Leamington to London and Paris. Small blame then to him for wishing to finish the young ladies. But they say he's enjoying it more than any of tnem."
"Well, and why shouldn't ne?"
"Tis good times for the new governess, too, having so much diversion," said Conn, with an air of great unconcern and looking very far ahead.
"The new governess! Another change What has become of Miss."

"The new governess! Another change. What has become of Miss "Didn't you hear of that, sir? The old months. "Didn't you hear of that, sir? The old lady's dead these eighteen months. There's been a new governess for more than a year—and she's not old neither," added Conn, with a laugh, "nor ugly." The O'Donerty re-animated—enjoying

The O'Donerty re-animated—enjoying it more than—the new governess!

"Conn, what are you beating about the bush for? Why don't you speak out? Why don't you say at once that there's a chance of a wedding at Glencoonoge?"

"A wedding, sir?" said Conn, a glow suffusing his face, "who told—what wed—I—I don't understand you, sir."

"What? is it a secret then? Is The O'Doherty really going to marry the governess?"

a good deal lately, saying that more unlikely things have happened before now; no one would be a bit surprised to

unities things have happened before now; no one would be a bit surprised to hear of it any day."

"Nor sorry, I suppose?"

"Gad, then, I'm not so sure about that. They say she's very 'cute. Old Mrs. Mackenzie, the housekeeper, for one, won't be pleased."

"I suppose not."

"She saya." continued Conn, laughing.

"Isuppose not."
"She says," continued Conn, laughing,
"there was a time when the old gentleman was as nice as any man could be,
left all the accounts to her, and never

man was as nice as any man count of left all the accounts to her, and never asked a question; but that of late he's quite changed and unmanageable by any one except the governess, and she can turn him round her little finger."

"The children won't like it."

"You'd think not; but she can do what she likes with them, too, sir, for she can get them whatever they want. Sure they haven't the least but of influence in the world over their fa'her, and when they want anything, they go to her, and she can make him do anything. That's how it is they're all gone abroad."

"So!" I exclaimed, and with the word the prospect of a renewal of the pleasant evenings which I had formerly enjoyed at the castle vanished into thin air.

"They're growing very fine girls, those with a the castle "said Conn.

at the castle vanished into thin air.

"They're growing very fine girls, those girls at the castle," said Conn.

"It is a world of disappointment and mortification," thought I, pursuing my reverie. "I might have known better than to reckon without my host. What a fool am I to come here expecting a scioum in to reckon without my host. What a fool am I to come here expecting a sojourn in Paradise, and to find it all it was, or all that my recollection has since painted it. But so it is. Time, which I would have here stand still, has been pacing on in spite of me, changing everything."

"Especially Miss Alicia," chimed Conn.

"What's that about Miss Alicia?"

"I was saying, sir, that they're all growing up very fine girls, especially Miss Alicia. She's the handsomest of them all to my thinking."

all to my thinking."

I saw then what the fellow was driving at. At Glencoonoge they are quite as ready as in less primitive places to feed a ready as in less primitive places to feed a love of romance by imagining courtships where none exist, and by forecasting matches which will never come about, And in pursuance of this habit I had been assigned by general agreement to Alicia O'Doherty, a girl at my last visit of not more than lifteen summers, and the eldest

more than fifteen summers, and the eldest of the "castle" children. "Indeed," I answered, "I'm glad to Indeed, I answered, I'm giad to hear it. In that case I suppose the good people about here will be pitching on some one as a husband for her. They selected me for that honor three years ago. Whom

"People are very constant to their first choice here, sir, and faith, in this case I choice here, sir, and faith, in this case I don't think they can improve upon it."
"I'm much obliged to you, Conn. I hope the gossips who have thought of a wife for me, have done the same good

turn by you."
"And if they did, sir, and I were willing, may be the girl might have some objection."

"True enough. Even so, there are more girls than one in the world."

"But supposing she were the only girl in the world," returned Conn, "if all the rest were nothing beside her, what could a man do if she'd have nothing to say to

him?"

"In that case I think I'd try again; but I'd change my plan of campaign. A fellow's tendency perhaps is to be overagreeable. Women are very difficult. Sometimes they don't know their own minds. Sometimes they get tired and spoiled by adoration, and a little ill-treatiment for a change is good. I know a spoiled by adoration, and a little ill-treat-ment for a change is good. I know a young fellow, he's awfully in love, and he can't get so much as a smile or a word of encouragement. Now what I tell him is that he ought to cease his addresses for awhile altogether—take no notice of her; and on the other hand to be lively and pleasant to everybody class all round. It pleasant to everybody else all round. It would be worth while trying whether he

"Nonsense. One must be cruel sometimes to be kind. It isn't good for any one to have their own way in everything; and as she certainly won't always get it after marriage, it's only fair to let her see beforeha. d that she hasn't a fool to deal with—at least that's what I've told my friend. Certainly if I found things not going smoothly, I think I should be inclined to try the effect of a little wholesome indifference. If I could dance I would dance, and let her see me. If I could sing I'd sing, and take good care that she heard me. And I would laugh and be joliy; and moreover, I'd manage to let her see that I thought there were plenty of other girls quite as good as she." plenty of other girls quite as good as she."
But Conn made no rejoinder; apparently he had fallen back into the painful train of reflection which my joining him train of reflection which my joining him had interrupted. From that point our conversation flagged. Conn became less responsive and more inclined to ruminate; there were long gaps of silence, and I heartily wished we had got on any other subject. subject.

TO BE CONTINUED

For the Sake of Fun Mischief is Done." "For the Sake of Fun Mischief is Done."
A vast amount of mischief is done, too, because people neglect to keep their blood pure. The mischief appears in eruptions, dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness, kidney diseases, and other allments. This mischief, fortucately, may be undone by the faithful use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures all diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Non-irri-

tating.

Unequalled.—Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyendinaga. Ont., writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending DR. THOMAS ECLECTRIC OIL. for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fitteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and

"Conn, what are you beating about the bush for? Why don't you say at once that there's a chance of a wedding at Glencoonoge?"
"A wedding, sir?" said Conn, a glow suffusing his face, "who told—what wed —I—I don't understand you, sir."
"What? is it a secret thea? Is The O'Doherty really going to marry the governess?"
A new intelligence spread over Conn's features, and he answered: "Well, sir, I don't know what put it into your head, but the people about here do be talking of that

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA. The Greatest Little Thing

Syracuse Catholic Sun Some time ago Eibert Hubbard well known author and editor of crisp and snappy little magazine, Philistine, printed in the page that periodical an article to which that periodical an article to white gave the suggestive caption, "A sage to Garcia." George H. Dar who is at the head of the passed department of the New York Cerailroad, came across Mr. Hubbsermon. He is a man who keeper the proof for the compatent of the proof for the compatent.

feels the need for the competent s dinate. Mr. Hubbard's article s to Mr. Daniels that he peased to Mr. Daniels that he reprinted in a tasteful pam printed in the unique style of the croft shop, and scattered it broad The first edition of 10,000 wa hausted and the second edition of 000 has been ordered. Mr. Hu is well known to people in this ity both personally and throug writings the "Message to Garc as follows: (Copyrighted by Elbert Hubbert In all this Cuban business the one man stands out on the hori

my memory like Mars at peril When war broke out between and the United States, it was necessary to communicate q with the leader of the insur Garcia was somewhere in the tain fastnesses of Cuba-no one where. No mail nor telegraph sage could reach him. The premust secure his co operation quickly. What to do.

Some one said to the pres "There's a fellow by the na Rowan will find Garcia for you, oody can." Rowan was sent for and g

letter to deliver to Garcia. Ho fellow by the name of Rowan the letter, sealed it up in an pouch, strapped it over his he four days landed by night off th of Cuba from an open boat, dis ed into the jungle, and in thre-came out on the other side island, having traversed a hosti try on foot, and delivered his Garcia are things I have no desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make McKinley gave Rowan a lette delivered to Garcia: "Rowa the letter and did not ask, is he at?" There is a man who should be cast in deathless bro the statue placed in every co the land. It is not bookyoung men need, nor instructi this and that, but stiffening vertobrae which will cause th loval to a trust, to act promp centrate their energies : do t -" Carry a message to Garcia General Garcia is dead no there are other Garcias.

No man who has endea carry out an enterprise whe hands were needed but has be nigh appalled at times by the ity of the average man—the or unwillingness to concentr thing and do it. Shipshed as foolish inattention, dowdy inc and half-hearted work seem and no man succeeds, unless or crook, or threat, he forces men to assist him; or, may in His goodness performs a and sends him an angel of lig assistant. You. reader, matter to test : You are sitting Summon any one and mak quest: "Please look in the

gio."
Will the clerk quietly sa sir," and go do the task?
On your life, he will not look at you out of a fishy ey one or more of the following

pedia and make a brief mer

for me concerning the lite of

Which encyclopedia? Where is the encyclopedia Was I hired for that? Don't you mean Bismark What's the matter with ing it?
Is he dead? Is there any hurry? Shan't I bring you the be

you look it up yourself? What do you want to kno
And I will lay you ten
after you have answered
tions, and explained ho the information, and why y the clerk will go off and ge other clerks to help him Garcia — and then come b you there is no such man. I may lose my bet, but a the law of average, I will r Now, if you are wise, y bother to explain to your that Correggio is indexed u not in the K's, but you sweetly and say, "Never go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for i action, this moral stupidi firmity of the will, this un to cheerfully catch hold a the things that put pure far into the future. If n act for themselves, what when the benefit of their all? A first mate with seems necessary; and t

getting "the bounce" Sa holds many a worker to hi Advertise for a stenog nine out of ten who apply spell nor punctuate—and it necessary to.

Can such a one write

Garcia? Garcia?
"You see that klok-k
the foreman to me it a la "Yes, what about him "Well, he's a fine acco