

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.
Life.
There's a stream that is flowing fast and far,
To a deep and boundless sea;
Its source is a cradle, its goal a grave,
And it flows to eternity.
For some it glides like a smooth refrain,
Sweet, harmonious tone;
For some it dashes o'er rock and reef,
For some it waits in a mirror key,
And ends in a weary woe.
For some it runs a long, long course,
For others a single day;
Anon it dashes o'er rock and reef,
Or flows through a gloomy cave.
Full many are born on the highest crest,
And they laugh in derisive glee
As others receive but their dashing spray,
In the trough of the angry sea.
We call it life, that swift flowing stream,
Where we float from our earliest breath;
And, smooth or stormy the onward way,
It flows through the portal death.
It rushes on, nor stays its course
Till it reaches the boundless sea;
That breaks on the shores of the great here,
The endless eternity.
—A. San Jose.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER II.

GLASGOW.

"God gave a gift to earth—a child
Weak, innocent, and undefiled—
Opened his ignorant eyes and smiled.
Earth gave him first a tarnished name,
For heritage a tainted fame.
Then cradled him in want and shame.
All influence of good or right,
All ray of God's most holy light,
She curtailed closely from his sight."
—Legends and Lyrics.

A raw December afternoon, the streets looking as if they never could be clean any more; a bitter north wind driving the freezing sleet into the faces of those whom compulsory duties had driven forth from comfortable residences to face the inclemency of the weather.
Geordie Grame could not be said to rank in this category. It behooved him through no duty to be abroad on such a miserable afternoon; but the fact was he knew that, as he was leaving Glasgow next day, he should not have another chance of executing Mabel's commission. Partly, therefore, through good-nature, but also actuated by the wish to open a correspondence with the interesting child who had chosen him for her confidant in this matter, he had made up his mind, on the afternoon in question, to sally forth in search of little Katie. So about half-past four o'clock he wrapped himself in his Inverness, slouched his Gleangray bonnet down over his eyes, and set out, prepared for anything in the shape of an adventure.

Rain, sleet, mud, or cold never seem to diminish traffic in the busy town of Glasgow. Argyle street swarmed as usual. The "Toll Cross" presented the appearance of hustings on an election day. High street fell little short of Argyle street in the number of those who thronged the crowded thoroughfare; but whereas in the latter many well-dressed and well-to-do persons were to be met with, in the former none but the most abject were visible. Rough, half-drunken men, coarse, and, for the most part, depraved-looking women, children degraded and shockingly dirty, wrangled together in every sea of mud. Such were the objects that met the eye, wherever it turned, of the wayfarer through High street.

Geordie Grame was well insured to the repulsive features of his native city, so that he went along his way scarcely noticing the bold glances that leered out after him from the doors and windows of the miserable dwellings; but even he, accustomed as he was to scenes of wickedness, paused irresolute ere he turned down the dark, narrow alley leading out of the High street into that part of the town which is known in Glasgow as The Old Vennel.

A group of saucy girls stood at the entrance of the court, talking together in loud, harsh tones, their evil countenances and the dirty carelessness of their attire looking strangely repulsive in the glaring light thrown upon them from a neighboring whiskey-shop.

While Geordie Grame stood looking up the dark street, into which it would be impossible for him to penetrate without requesting some of the group to stand aside, as they completely blocked the passage, the child for whom he was seeking came out of the whiskey-shop, followed by another girl, some years her senior, to the skirt of whose dress little Katie was tightly holding.

"Awa ye gang hame the noo, Katie! I canna be fashed wi' ye, bairn—gang awa hame, or I'll gie ye a guid hidin'." And the elder girl raised her hand, and hit the child a sharp slap across the face.

An oath burst from the almost baby lips, then the little girl ground her teeth together and spat out viciously at her sister, who, enraged by the roar of laughter with which this insult was greeted by the bystanders, pushed the child violently from her, exclaiming indignantly,
"Jist for that, noo, ye'll hae nae supper the nicht, ye throughgaun hussy that ye are!"
"It's not frae ye I'll come seeking it," was the saucy response, as Katie turned her back upon the Vennel and slunk up the High street, with a look of hatred lowering black upon her small hungry face.

Geordie was curious to see what she would do next. Unwilling, however, to attract attention to himself in the place where he then stood, he determined to follow at a distance, in order to seize upon the first favorable opportunity for speaking to the child. He found it necessary to quicken his pace considerably, that he might keep up with her, for she ran on at a smart speed, in the direction exactly opposite

to her home. She was evidently making for some definite point, which turned out to be the City Prison. Arrived before the gloomy entrance gate, the child stood for a minute irresolute; then, raising herself on tiptoe, she timidly rang the great bell. The wicket was sharply drawn back, and a rough voice inquired what was wanted.
"If ye please, sir," said the child, in a trembling voice, "will I rin intil mither the nicht?"
"This is neither the day nor the hour for visiting the prisoners," was the curt reply; and the wicket closed again immediately.
"Eh, mither! mither!" wailed the little girl, in a tone that went to Geordie's heart, "I wish I war deed!—I do!—I do!"
"Alas! poor child? What a sad face for her young eight years of life; how thin the blue lips; how full of misery the eyes that should have laughed so joyously; how shivering the poor little half-clothed body, in many places exposed, through its miserable rags, to the bitter Winter cold! No wonder she had attracted happy Mabel's compassion.

Geordie Grame hesitated no longer. He crossed the street, came close up to the weeping child, and addressed her kindly.
"Well, Katie, why don't you go home this cold night, eh?"
She looked up in utter astonishment, staring blankly at him, but said nothing.
"Where is your home? Whom do you live with?" asked Geordie, encouragingly.
"Whiles I bide wi' Maggie, whiles wi' mither. Mither's gaun awa' these two months an' mair. I maun awa' bide along wi' Maggie noo."
"And who is Maggie? Was that she whom I saw along with you in High street just now?"
"Ay, it was jist Maggie hersel'; wha tel ye that?"
"Never mind. You see I know all about you. Maggie is not good to you. Is she your sister?"
"Ay, she's my sister, and she's jist awfu' bad to me. I hate her, I do!"
"And your mother, is she in prison here?"
"Ay, she's o' the Lord's—for the Lords—she'll be gettin' liky seven years," said Katie, beginning to weep afresh.
"Poor child!" sighed Geordie, compassionately. "Are you hungry?"
"Ou ay—I's awfu' hungry!" sobbed the little girl.
"Come, then, suppose I take you into a cook-shop and give you a good supper; and while we are going to town, I'll buy you a new bonnet and a pair of shoes. What do you say, Maggie?"
Katie glanced furtively from under her long wet eyelashes, and Geordie thought he saw something like a cunning smile hovering about her lips; he repeated his question more sharply.
"What do you and she live upon?"
"Whiles she works in the mills," replied Katie cautiously; "whiles she jist goes out an' gets what she can get."
"In other words, she's a thief," soliloquized Geordie, aloud he added, "And what do you do, Katie?"
"Nought."
"Nought! what's the meaning of that? do you ever pick pockets?"
"Na!" responded Katie, briefly.
"Do you go to school, Katie?" inquired Geordie, changing his tactics.
Katie screwed up her face with an air of disgust.
"Na, na, I dinna ken oucht about the schuil."
"What a perfectly hopeless savage it is," thought Geordie to himself.
"I wonder if it has any religion?"
"Katie," he asked gravely, pausing upon the threshold of a cook-shop, more popularly called in Glasgow an "eating-house," where he meant to feed the child—"Katie, listen, and give me a sensible answer: did you ever hear of God?"
"I dinna ken," said Katie, gazing greedily on some steaming pork-pies which were just then being carried on a tray past the door; then she added vaguely, "Whaur wull He bide?"
"Well! well! go in now and eat your supper," answered Geordie, feeling both hopeless and helpless in face of such utter ignorance. So stepping into the shop behind her, he ordered a basin of hot pea soup, with one of the identical savory pork-pies, to be set before the child; having paid for which, he reflected that his mission might possibly be ended.

So, having carefully noted down in his pocket-book Katie's name and address, with a vague view to making further inquiries, he nodded kindly to the girl and departed.
Just outside the door of the eating-house a policeman accosted him.
"Ye'll excuse me, sir, but I would counsel ye to gie a bit squint to yer pooch afore ye quit the place."
"All right," said Geordie, clapping his hands upon his pockets. "Did you think she would steal?"
"Deed, sir, I wadna say but she might; she belongs to an unco bad lot, and I jist thought it wad be as well to gie ye a bit word o' warning."
"Sad case! very ignorant, I fear; she ought to be sent to school. Can nothing be done about it?"
The policeman shook his head.
"I dinna think it, sir; the mother is aye in prison, and ye may depend on't there's naebdy belonging to her that will fash theirsels concerning the bairn. The best thing that wad befall her would be to get hersel' ta'en for some trifling depredation, and then she'd be getting five years in a reformatory schuil."
"That's one way of getting rid of a

difficulty, to be sure," thought Geordie, as he went along; "I wonder how that idea would please the little lady?"
In the meantime Katie, having finished her supper, wandered forth again into the cold, dark streets.
She had not proceeded far on her way back to the Vennel, when she was overtaken by a handsome girl some three or four years older than herself, and very much better dressed than was Katie.
"Bad cess to ye, Jeanie Kerr!" ejaculated Katie, frowning. "I's nae wantin' ye," and she made an effort to pass on.
"Och, lassie! dinna be in sic a hurry. Whaur hae ye been? whaur was ye? I've been seekin' ye till I'm jist wearied!"
"Mair's the pity! I wadna needin' ye, Jeanie Kerr. Gang awa' hame, an' leave me to mesel'!"
"Ow ay Katie! but ye hae na' a tell what keep it ye sa lang?"
"Nae ill ye ga," responded Katie sullenly.
"I dinna ken sae muckle about that. I doot ye hae been in ill company!" said Jeanie slyly. "D'ye ken whaur's Maggie?"
"I's ne'er heedin' oucht concernin' Maggie—min' yersel', Jeanie Kerr!"
"Weel, Katie Mackay, ye dinna need to be sae loutie. Maggie's awa' to prison! Whaur wull ye bide noo? Ye needna think for to gang awa' back to the Auld Vennel; the hoose is a shut up."
"An' whaur wull I gang, then?" inquired Katie, beginning to cry.
"Hand yer tongue, noo, Katie Mackay. That's what brought me oot seekin' ye—ye ungratefu' lassie! What way in a' the world hae ye cast oot wi' yer frien's? I wad hae tel ye afore, if ye hadna been sae ill-temperit. Ye can come awa' hame along wi' me—my mither 'll gie ye a lodgin'."
"I dinna like ye, Jeanie! Yer mither's an awfu' bad woman, I ken it fine!" sobbed Katie, hesitatingly.
Jeanie flushed scarlet. Tossing her head proudly, she replied,
"It'll becomes ye, maist o'ny ither body, to mak' sic impidint remarks, my certie; but my mither wad be gay muckle obleeged for yer guid opinion o' her! Gang yer ain gaes, then. I'll nae fash yersel' ane mair about ye!"
"Eh, but, Jeanie, I didna mean to vex ye; but I'm awfu' mither aw' prison, an' I ance heard my mither say a thief o' a' the bairns in Glaskie, gin she had the chance."
"Och! ye full that ye are, Katie!—an' whaur's the hairm? Stealin's awfu' fun, ye maun tak' my word for it. I ken fine ye wad be that clever—I aye tel Maggie sae."

Katie hesitated. She had no aversion to thieving; but, young as she was, her perceptions were wonderfully keen. She knew that her mother had gone to prison from Mrs. Kerr's house, and had evidently shared the same fate. Katie therefore had an instinctive dread lest, following in her footsteps, she should be punished likewise. Prison was associated in her mind with loss of liberty, the most terrible of all evils, hence her unwillingness to give herself up to Jeanie's guidance. Nettled by the child's indecision, Jeanie exclaimed, impatiently,
"Jist please yersel', I'm no gaun to bide a' nicht here, wasting my time along wi' ye; sae guid nicht to ye, lassie."
"Whaur wull I gang?" reflected Katie, as she stood watching Jeanie's retreating figure down the street.
"Och! I canna help it. I suppose I war jist born t'it. I suppose I canna be the begin to call loudly."
"Weel, what's this ye're wantin'?" said the other coldly, as Katie came up breathless alongside of her.
"I'll gang wi' ye, Jeanie Kerr. Dinna heed what I war sayin' the noo."
"Na, na," answered the elder girl, with rough good-nature. "It's a' richt, Katie, and I wadna gang to reit it to my mither. Awa' ye reit it, ye awfu' cauld, an' ye are, but puely clad. My mither 'll gie ye a brae new shoon zoon an' petticoat."
So saying, Jeanie linked Katie's arm within her own, and walked on rapidly down the High street, away towards the Gallowgate. They were jist about to turn down into the Gallowgate, when they were joined by another girl, apparently about Jeanie Kerr's own age.
"Ye are gay late, Jeanie," she said. "It's jist nigh on seven; we'll be gettin' nae places awa' the nicht."
"Nigh on seven! hoot, lassie, the toon clock has jist chappit sax. I maun gang hame to get some decent claes for the bairn."
"Wha's your bairn?" asked the new-comer, in a loud whisper. "Let her gang till her bed. We canna be fashed wi' her. She'll spile a' the fun."
"Haud yer tongue, Ellen. It's Maggie Mackay's wee sister. Ye ken puir Maggie's in quod."
"Eh, never! puir Maggie! Och! bad cess to them a'!" was the angry response. "Whaur was she ta'en?"
"Jist forenent our ain hoose. She wadna stich, ye ken; she didna rin in to hide."
"Did ye get speakin' till her?"
"Ay! I ca'd her to her to cheer up, an' I tel her we wad min' the bairn. Come on, Ellen—I maun tak' her hame."
The three girls proceeded for some little distance till they came to a house, standing back from the greatest part of the bottom of a long, narrow street. Here Jeanie halted, and, a few words having been exchanged in an undertone between herself and Ellen—which resulted in Ellen's remaining

outside,—she (Jeanie) ran briskly up the steep wooden steps, beckoning to Katie to follow.
A long, dark passage at the end of which there was a door, led up to Mrs. Kerr's abode. The door was closed, but Jeanie having rapped upon it twice sharply with her knuckles, it opened, apparently of her own accord, so that when Jeanie herself, turning off into a side chamber, bade her "go on into the kitchen," Katie was at no loss how to find the way there.
The kitchen was empty. A large fire burned cheerily in a deep, old-fashioned grate, and before it the child squatted herself down on the hearth, spreading out her benumbed fingers to catch the delicious warmth from the roddy blaze. In this position she was found by Mrs. Kerr, who, with Jeanie, came into the kitchen presently, prepared with a rough but kindly welcome.
"Eh, lassie!" she began, clapping Katie over the shoulder, "I'm that vex't about puir Maggie, but ye maun awa' ye keep us yer heart. Ye can bide wi' us, ye ken gin ye'll promise to haud yer tongue, an' nae snitch about a' ye see."
"Ay!" responded Katie briefly, and staring with all her might into Mrs. Kerr's face.
"Jeanie," pursued Mrs. Kerr, cheerily,—"Jeanie, we maun get her riggit oot here heid to it. Awa' ye gang, an' fetch her frae your scarlit strippit petticoat—ye ken whaur ye'll get it—an' the wee blue shoon."
In a very short time Katie found herself completely metamorphosed. Her fair, matted hair, well washed and combed, had been then tied back with a piece of blue ribbon, which almost matched the color of her wild, brilliant eyes, and her skin, freed from its usual coating of dirt, had begun to glow feebly.
"Noo, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Kerr, in a satisfied tone, the toilet being completed, and Katie standing before her scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry in her astonished delight, "ye're that bonnie I wadna ken ye for the same bairn. Awa' ye gang to the theatre wi' Jeanie, an' min' what I said to ye—gie yersel' nae gran' airs, an' dinna meddle openly wi' ither folk's affairs, but aye keep yersel' open to hear what ye can. Jeanie therell larn ye hoo to conduct yersel'."
"Whisht, mither! d'ye hear?" interrupted Jeanie suddenly, as a sharp, quick whistle sounded just below the windows. "Whaur's Agnes?"
"It's hersel'!" Open the door till her, Jeanie. I trust she maun hae gotten hersel' into trouble!" spoke Mrs. Kerr, somewhat anxiously eyeing Katie meanwhile, as though calculating the possibilities of turning her presence into practical account.
"Come awa', bairn," she said, after a pause of a few seconds, during which the house-door had been opened and closed again, and the voice of a new comer could be distinguished talking in a low tone to Jeanie in the passage.
"D'ye see you auld napery-press ahint the door?"
Katie nodded sagaciously.
"Weel, then, slip ye in canny on yer hands and knees—ye'll push oot saftly the big basket,—an' ahint it ye'll get keekin' atwixt a sma' wandy. Aff ye gang, noo!"
"Ay, ay!" responded Katie, without asking for any further explanation, as she quickly obeyed Mrs. Kerr's directions.
"D'ye see the wandy?" asked Mrs. Kerr.
"Ay, an' what will I do the noo?"
"Cud ye win' thru it, think ye?"
"Ay! I cud so—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

BISHOP KEANE ON TEMPERANCE.

ANCE.

We print portions of a recent powerful address by Bishop Keane on Temperance:
My friends—I thank you heartily for the compliment you have in your kindness paid me this evening. Temperance and intemperance are the great and perplexing questions which agitate the minds of all who take an active interest in the welfare of mankind. Not alone in our land is this true, but in every portion of the world. The governments of continental Europe have been invoked to display their interferences, and to check, if possible, this growing evil. But I find that it is our grand old Church that must, after all, combat and deal with this alarming question. And what may be done to stay this curse, this blight of the honor and glory of God, I say here this evening there are none that know their people better than do the Bishops of our Holy Church. Yes, the Bishops of our Holy Church, who love their people with that same tenderness as does a mother love her child. Bishops who have been elevated from the priesthood for their piety, for their devotion, and for their humility, combating every difficulty, surmounting every obstacle in moments of sickness, disaster and death for their people.

At the Plenary Council held in the United States in the year 1866, the great question which was brought to the attention of that body was What is the chief source of the greatest misery that exists in the United States to-day? And their unanimous answer was the baneful influence of intemperance. Such, my dear friends, is the verdict of the assembled Bishops of our Holy Church in this land. And dare you dispute it?

In the year 1884—just eighteen years afterwards—another Council of our Bishops was held in the United States,

when again the same perplexing question was discussed by that learned body, and the same verdict was announced. Priests in charge of parishes were instructed by letters from their Bishops to use their utmost endeavors to encourage among the laymen a spirit of total abstinence by the fostering and organizing temperance societies. They even went a step farther, and that was to deny the sacraments of our Holy Church especially to those who were engaged in the liquor traffic, and cared not what misery and scandal they brought upon families and our religion, merely for the sake of gain.

I do not say that it is absolutely necessary for salvation that all must be total abstainers. I do say that all should avoid the terrible temptations which surround such a course as intemperance produced by the liquor traffic.

The speaker then in a beautiful and impressive manner portrayed the revelations of national characters embraced in mythologies of the North, making hard drinking one of the fascinations of the Valhalla. Here is the Anglo-Saxon tendency, and much as the Celt and Saxon may differ from each other in other matters, those of us who are of Celtic blood cannot but confess that on this point at least the Celt can take the Saxon by the hand. Therefore it is an indisputable fact that the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants among our people is the greatest and most dangerous evil that our Church has to encounter in this age.

And why is engaged in this accused and dangerous something I cannot understand. Yet, nevertheless, such are the unchanging facts.

Some time ago a French priest arrived in this country intending to make it his future home. A Catholic Club of Boston tendered the good priest a reception, and while out driving he noticed numerous names upon various houses as they passed along, and taking them to be of Catholic origin said that he was pleased to note in this country that so many of our people were apparently so prosperous in business. When the unassuming priest was told that those signs which attracted his attention were saloon-keepers, the good man was considerably crest-fallen at his discovery.

Here is a field and glorious opportunity for every one, it matters not what his station of life may be, to assist by example or by influence in checking this monstrous evil of intemperance. Yet, however, I am pleased to state that in the United States to-day there are over one hundred thousand Catholics belonging to the Total Abstinence societies, fostered and cared for by the Bishops and priests of our Holy Church, and their ranks are increasing in numbers every year. And here permit me to state that it was through the endorsement of the Catholic University of Washington that the cause of temperance received its greatest endorsement.

I remember when Archbishop Ireland and myself paid a visit to Rome, and while there we had an audience of the Pope. His Holiness, in giving encouragement to the promoters and founders of a Catholic university in the United States, said in an emphatic manner to Archbishop Ireland, touching that venerable prelate on the shoulder, that "America ought to lead the world, and that the Church of Christ ought to lead America." But to secure such a blessing it must have a formidable array of earnest and moral people behind the intellectual development desired by every one, or else it could never come; and it could only do so by our people leading in the vanguard of thought. To this end His Holiness addressed a letter to Archbishop Ireland, cheerfully endorsing the good work of temperance. But there are some who will say: "Well, I don't care much for those really good people who talk so much about temperance. I have no doubt there are people, as well as anything else in life. Now, the fact is, I have no more regard for a temperance crank than I would have for any other kind of a crank."

INTEMPERANCE NEVER DISAPPEARS.
But intemperance does not disappear. It leaves its evil trace upon all generations, and I need not tell of the woes that it causes, the widows and the orphans, and the misery and disgrace and the evil deaths that it produces. They who take up this cause, as you intend to do, strive as far as they can to put an end to it. It will most likely never be utterly abolished in the world, but certainly it can be lessened, and in places and localities it can be made, perhaps, to disappear. To effect this, to try as far as you can to lessen this great, monstrous evil is what brings you together here to-day. You attempt a great work. You attempt it in the name of religion, under the inspiration and guidance of religion; you hope to carry it through with the aids and the grace and the strength of religion. We can easily understand that when you teach men to aspire to something more than the ordinary things of life, and as you try to teach a man that he must be a temperate man in the ordinary sense of the word, you show him that he must be a total abstemious man, that he must abstain altogether.

This is the highest virtue; and men do not, of themselves, naturally try to practice virtue in this sense. To do this requires something better, higher, stronger than man is himself to keep him and guide him in the way of this great virtue. I congratulate the congress upon its assemblage. We

will all look forward to wise and practical measures to come from the deliberations of this congress. I feel assured that in everything you do you will work with the higher light that enlightens the world, and ask God to aid and bless you in the work; that all your deliberations and your acts may be guided by prudence, wisdom and charity. And when you go back to your dear homes you will bear with you, I hope, pleasant memories of the congress; you will go back strengthened and encouraged to continue this great work, and each one will become, as it were, the centre in his own place, among his friends, his kindred and people, from which to propagate and increase this great virtue of total abstinence.

AN AWAKENING.

A very intelligent gentleman, the son of a Presbyterian divine, visiting this city during the past Lenten season, accepted the invitation of a Catholic gentleman to attend the evening services at the cathedral. He came away, to say the least, surprised. In fact he was intensely aroused. He saw the spacious church packed with people; he witnessed their outward manifestations of devotion at the Benediction. Here were the masses, rich and poor, diamonds and silks jostling calico, all on a level, all children of a common Father, kneeling around the united altar. The sermon preached was a practical one. There was nothing sensational, highly spiced about it. It was a plain talk to the people, telling them of their faults and urging the remedy. In the morning he had attended his own church. There was a string of carriages at its door awaiting their comfortable, well-to-do inmates. Not more than a dozen of pews were filled. The principal attraction was some fine singing, and the worshippers showed their approval by united smiles to one another. The reverend minister spoke with a highly intellectual subject, with a very fastidious title. Our gentleman could not help but express his views. This thing was a revelation to him. He had almost made up his mind from his past observations that religion was merely a mutual-society recognition affair to be gone through on a Sunday, if time and inclination tempted one to go to church.

His visit to the cathedral was the first time he had been in a Catholic church for many years. He was younger and more observant. He acknowledged here is something like religion, something to be studied, investigated. "Why not study, investigate," he was asked. "O, what a mountain of labor it would be for me. You don't know my prejudices of you Catholics. I have been taught from childhood you are not patriotic, that you are an enemy of our schools, that you have had bad Popes, you believe in infallibility, etc., your churches are places of superstition and idolatry; the wives of your priesthood. No, I can't; I must get along as best I may, but to-night is a revelation. I must drive it out of my head or I can't sleep." Such the answer. What a deadly opiate is modern unbelief! It stifles, it blinds. Blessed are they who have the faith.

Eli Perkins' Story.

"In the rotunda of the Columbus Capitol," continued Eli, "I saw a fine portrait of old Governor Brough, one of Ohio's early Governors, and they told me this story about him. The Governor had many forensic encounters with Tom Corwin. On one of these occasions Brough accused Corwin of being a protectionist for political effect. 'Yes,' said the Governor, 'you pride yourself in public on being a protector of American labor, and I now understand that you have an English carriage made by English paper-labor. You should not preach what you do not practice.'"
"Yes," replied Corwin, "I do confess that I own an English-made carriage. It is an old one, all broken down. I inherited it from my wife's family. It is in an old stable, and my chickens have been roosting on it for twenty years."
"And you admit the charge?" said Brough with a grandiloquent gesture.
"Yes, I do humbly admit it," said Corwin, "but cannot for the life of me conceive how Governor Brough ever found it out unless he has been around some dark night trying to break into my chicken coop."

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No other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

Canada claims a large share of public attention to-day. With future the entire continent is concerned. What it may be must necessarily for years remain prospective. There is a feeling, however, that in the hands of the citizen, country will make history that never need an apologist. I never discussion which has recently opened the space of the daily press of the side of the line there have been there dropped out innumerable Canada is an undesirable place, as cause, it is claimed, it is dominated by the members at hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is true the Roman Catholic Canada stand well to-day esteem of the fellow-citizens, is only because of their acknowledged patriotism. Years ago and talent, but one Province in the entire ion in which they were not regarded as absolute aliens. If to-day fill high places in public, social, professional life it is because the sealed the barricades that their progress, and in spite of opposition sealed heights of were held by the exclusives. Every movement made in their is a monument to an ambition refused to bow to the barriers of its way.

Their triumphs were peace. Even in provinces in which they gained an ascendancy in there are no captives at their wheels, there are no heartless in the communities in which live, there is no man better fame who can point to an ocean by the Catholics which any might blush for. The right honest and the liberty to work in the faith of their fathers; all they struggled for, all that all has achieved and many have yet accomplished.

Catholicism in general is this brief sketch does not even outline. It will remain in the Maritime Province Dominion, composed of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island—three provinces of wealth of forest, mine, rugged in natural beauty, climate, provinces in which one sees men hardy in body, mind, of large heart and expression. It is a land in doctrine of the survival of to a large extent prevails in the early stages of its development and weak branches are not encouraged.

Years ago the bulk of lands of the province were peopled among the men known to United Empire Loyalists. Their aim them still to a very great rest of the province homes had to be hewn forests by the sweat of the brow were laid open to set the famine of '47 many were glad to find a home from the sad scenes of land. They were shrewd many cattle, but confident where, but confident that could be worse than the leaving. Their constant Englishmen of rank, and then to the Maritime Canada, where they maintained traditional hewing of working of water for the Loyalists.

What these immigrants the fever-laden ships into were huddled, parallel to the worst atrocities committed of the slave trade on a Down. Partridge Island, entrance to the harbor of traveller yet may see in the great deep trenches immigrant was flung in the very sight of the land. There was no choice but to accept the situation.

These immigrants for the nucleus of the Canadian people. They were not the first any means to settle the first of any considerable Poor they were in a sourceful and industrious brought with them to Connaught where it was and from Ulster where in persecution it was affirmed. It was a life and simple. It man and left its impress on their adoption. Fertile the thirty Scot, man Edward Island, but principally, the family their friends and the progress of Catholicism.

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JOHN BODEN IN DONOHUE'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

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