

BLACKROCK CASTLE.

(CORK EXAMINER.)

There are not many low extent who remember the old castle of Blackrock, near Cork; and few doubtless who do so with the same tender and pleasant associations as myself—the home of early days being within a stone's throw of the edifice. A curious-looking building it was, standing on the site of the present Blackrock Castle, its modern successor; the rocky promontory on which it was built jutted out where the Lee—that loveliest of rivers—makes a bend in its course; looking up towards Cork on the one side, and on the other commanding a view down the river and around, the like of which for beauty of scenery it would be hard to match.

long as "one of their own" was its inhabitant, the "good people" protected the place; but they could not suffer it to become, after her, the dwelling of an ordinary mortal, and so destroyed the castle to prevent its being thus desecrated.

Every man at his post along the yard. Little George—always ready to help—jumped into the fore-rigging to get aloft and stow the fore-mast. Bruce was after him like a shot. Too late! Whether the child missed his footing or got giddy, none could know; down he fell, on to the deck. There wasn't stir or sound—his neck was broken!

Struggle With a Wildcat.

(A STORY FOR BOYS IN THE YOUTH COMPANIES.)

One of my very first experiences in the West was a midnight tussle with a fifty-four pound wildcat in a lonely cabin in the Greenhorn Mountains of Colorado. I shall never forget my horror at the sight of that huge puss on a beam over my head; for I had had a serious experience with the wildcat of the Northwest, and supposed that this fellow, who was twice as big, was likewise twice as much to be dreaded as that creature.

On the dark side of the tree behind the stump of a huge limb, flat and motionless as you could press your hand upon the table, lay almost the last thing in the world I desired to see there—a wildcat.



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Once, too, I struck high, and the cat caught my right wrist between his savage teeth and tore out a piece. Was he invulnerable? I began actually to believe so—no fancy whatsoever!

And then, on a sudden, a great wave of joy swept over me, and I yelled madly. The curving claws, set deep in my back and breast, relaxed. It was only the least bit in the world, but I could feel the exquisite pain of that slight withdrawal; and in another instant they came out altogether, and my foe fell limp upon the rocks beside me, where he never moved again.

I looked at him once, my eyes grew dim, and I fell across him. When I recovered consciousness we were lying in heap, wet with our common blood. I crawled a couple of feet to the brook, and the icy water revived me so that at last I could rise and limp about the field of our strange battle.

The cat was a mass of wounds; and as I counted the eleven fatal thrusts, I marvelled at his vitality and pluck—and very heartily respected them. Any one of ten of them would have finally killed him, but he had kept his hold to the very last, which had sunk deep into his heart.

But such a small beast to attack the lord of creation! I do not think he weighed over thirty pounds, but what a model of compact strength and agility! His skin was so slashed as to be absolutely unusable; but I kept his scalp a long time, till the moths destroyed it.

As for myself, I was in little more attractive shape than he. Of my stout duck coat and trousers only the right half remained. My duck vest and heavy flannel shirt boasted little but a few shreds two-thirds of the way around my body. I was half-naked, and my breast, back, left side and left thigh were laced with deep, bleeding gashes.

There is only one thing about that day which I do not remember; and that is, how I got back that ten miles to camp. But somehow I got there; for when I awoke next morning, very weak and stiff—for all my wounds I knew of none so painful as those inflicted by a cat—I was under my roof of birch bark, and a spotted sculp lay on the sand beside me.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

HAMILTON BAPTIST PREACHER.

John With Leading Members of the Faculty of McMaster Hall in Præce of Dr. Agnew's Cathedral Powder.

Everyone who uses Dr. Agnew's Cathedral Powder has a good word to say for it. In this column a short time since was quoted the favourable opinion of three members of the faculty of McMaster Hall, the great Baptist university. Of the same denomination it is to be added to day the hearty endorsement of this remedy by the Rev. G. Anderson, the indefatigable and successful pastor of the Westwinds Baptist Church, Hamilton. He has used the medicine, and does not hesitate to proclaim its good properties. Just at this particular time of the year this remedy is doing a grand work in removing that dreaded trouble to many—Hay Fever.

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There is no more sentiment in the saying of Sir Walter Raleigh to his executioner, "What matters it about the head if the heart is right?" The trouble is that in this black pressure on the heart is seldom kept right. By careful estimate it is calculated that one person out of every four or five has a weak or diseased heart. Think for a moment to be ignorant as to how the heart has to perform, and it is not difficult to realize what a deplorable error it is to suppose that remedies that are given out as panaceas for all the ills that flesh is heir to, are effectively curing heart disease. Within 15 minutes after taking the first dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relief is secured, and eventually complete restoration is effected.