

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest News from ENGLAND, IRELAND and SCOTLAND

CORK.

For the future the rails between Cork and Youghal are to be carried by motor car. On September 1st the trial trip was successfully made...

DUBLIN.

The death is announced of the Very Reverend Francis O'Carroll, the saintly and venerated parish priest of Inish. The deceased, who was a brother of the late Rev. Dr. O'Carroll, P.P., Ashford, county Wicklow, was born in Dublin on the 16th of September, 1813.

Mr. J. D. Sullivan, M.P., writes the following very interesting note in 'The Nation':

"A development very interesting to Irish nationalists is that which has taken place in the policy and principles of an old Dublin Tory Journal, the 'Daily Express'...

The Cottiers' Agricultural, Horticultural, and Poultry Show, held in the Convent grounds at Foxford, amazed many of the visitors. Foxford is the centre of one of the poorest districts in the West, but it is blessed by the fact that for the last seventeen years it has had working for its welfare the good Mother Bernard and her Sisters of Charity.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Corbett, retired Catholic Army Chaplain, died last evening at Beech Villa, Blyr, after a brief illness, paralysis being the immediate cause of death.

SILGO. Six Marxist Brothers arrived in Silgo on the charge of the boys' schools in quarry streets. They came from the monastery in Dumfries, Scotland.

minus, and extended to the Brothers a cordial welcome.

ENGLAND.

A BISHOP'S DAUGHTER CON- VICTED. It is announced that Miss Sybil Thore, youngest daughter of the late Bishop of Winchester, has quite recently been received into the Roman Catholic Church.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY. The inaugural meeting of the annual Conference under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society, was held on Aug. 29, in the Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham.

The Right Rev. Dr. Bagshaw, in his presidential address, said he had great pleasure in welcoming to Nottingham for the first time that illustrious society which was called the Catholic Truth Society, which for many years had fought its way and had done in many ways very great service, indeed.

PROTESTANT ALLIANCE ON THE LAMPADE.

The Protestant Alliance is still in existence. It has a Parliamentary Committee, and according to the London correspondent of the Birmingham Post, this Parliamentary Committee present a memorial to the Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, and the Home Secretary, drawing attention to "the persistent defiance of British law exhibited by the coadjutors of the Romish Church."

Globe Loan & Savings Co., cor. Victoria and St. John's, Toronto. E. W. Day, Manager Globe Loan & Savings Co., says: "I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable, we have thousands of testimonials from prominent business men all over the Dominion."

In summer whitewashing is especially necessary on the farm, where poultry is raised. Buildings and coops should be whitewashed inside and out, and nest boxes, roosts, and even trees and ferns should be thick coated with the cleansing material.

PATRICIA.

I could never make out why, in the name of wonder, you were christened Patricia.

"It was supposed to be feminine for Patrick, I think. But please don't waste your time in worrying over my name, Mr. Shove."

"And please always be careful, Miss O'Neill, to pronounce my name with the 'o' long and not as though I rhymed with 'love'."

"That doesn't sound kind, I don't know what you mean by it, 'Pat.'"

"I don't mind in the least." "You're a very indifferent person, Miss O'Neill."

"Do you suppose, Larry, that you are the only person who ever wanted to kneel to me?"

"I should like to suppose it, and sweep me a courtesy."

"There were several verses in this foolish song, and she went through them all. When she had finished Patricia bowed to me smiling and glistened in the room, smiling with unruffled innocence."

"Patricia," thought I, "you're the most tantalizing of creatures and the sweetest. One moment you seem to love me, and the next you're as far away as the moon."

show them to me. She looked at them and reddened.

"I can show you, know," she said. "Indeed," said I. "Perhaps you could like to show me how well you do it now."

"You don't believe me, but I tell me, 'Pat.'"

"Ah, Larry," she said, "you're a good creature, and I wouldn't deceive you for the world. Give me the gun."

"I handed it to her, and looked to see that the cartridges were all right."

"How could I forget with you standing there before me? If I live to be as old as Biddy Maguire I'll remember how you look at this moment, Patricia."

"You're talking to me," she said. "Patricia, put down that stupid gun and sit back with me as warm as a spring. We've not enough for to-day, and Willie Donnell can go back with the dogs."

"I must be going in," she said. "Nonsense," said I. "Sit down, child, and make me happy."

"I don't think I love you like that. But you may kiss me, Larry, if you like. You used to kiss me when I was a little girl, and now I'm only a little girl grown up."

"Well, I drive there," she said, "and have luncheon in the ruins."

"Beautiful," said I. "But it may be too cold."

"The air is beautiful and makes a tawdry. Let it be Cashel to-morrow, whatever happens, Patricia."

"She promised, and when I went to bed I sat up a long time, and smoked one of my new clays, thinking blissfully of Cashel and the long drive there and back."

"The morning was fine, and at 11 o'clock the car was ready, and we set out. The country through which we drove was beautiful, but all my eyes were for Patricia; only now and then did I realize how fair a land it was."

"I will, Larry, with all my heart."

"I do," she said, and drank with a very pretty inclination towards me. Then she filled again, and handed the glass to me.

"Your health, Patricia," said I, "with all my love, and you may see what a jewel I am and secure me while you have the chance."

"I don't think I love you like that. But you may kiss me, Larry, if you like. You used to kiss me when I was a little girl, and now I'm only a little girl grown up."

It. "Wait a moment, Larry," she said, as I fumbled with the lock.

"I think I love you a little, Larry."

"I believe that, but a little's no good. I want to play with me, Patricia."

"What's that at all?" asked a shuffling voice.

"There's a car waitin' at the bottom of the hill, maybe that's yours, or?"

"I'll rather see the caretaker," I said, and with that I started at the top of my voice. After a few minutes of this exercise we heard a shuffling of feet, and saw the swaying light of a lantern. A frightened gasp appeared at the other side of the grating.

"What are we doing for mother?—so is so near and so bitter."

"I'll rather see the caretaker," I said, and with that I started at the top of my voice. After a few minutes of this exercise we heard a shuffling of feet, and saw the swaying light of a lantern. A frightened gasp appeared at the other side of the grating.

"I'll rather see the caretaker," I said, and with that I started at the top of my voice. After a few minutes of this exercise we heard a shuffling of feet, and saw the swaying light of a lantern. A frightened gasp appeared at the other side of the grating.

Unquestionably—Mr. Thos. Brunt, 'Yen-ding' Co., writes: "I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear of or think of. Some of them gave 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."