

THE FAMOUS
SAGUENAY DISTRICT.The Terrible Devastation Caused By
Forest Fires.

Some of the Principal Points—A Visit to His Lordship Bishop Labrecque—Chicoutimi and Its Religious Institutions.

From Chambord Junction, where the train branches off to Roberval, the main line to Chicoutimi is counted about 50 miles, and part of the route is right along the shores of Lake St. John, whose sparkling waters refresh the vision of the overburdened traveller as he speeds along. After passing the point opposite the Grand Discharge where the great lake pours its waters into the Saguenay, the nearer shore of the inland sea is kept in view for a long stretch, and where it ceases the famous Saguenay river is offered as the substitute.

Along its borders many stretches of fairly good land are visible, and clearances are being made and farm houses built, some of them, no doubt, very humble in construction, as becomes modest pioneer toilers, but the locality offers many advantages, and great progress may be expected hereabouts in the future. Once stripped of its encumbrances the soil is rich enough to guarantee the raising of crops, enough at least to support an industrious man and his family until wider spaces are cleared and profitable returns secured.

Shortly after leaving Chambord the railway crosses a splendid iron bridge over the mouth of the Metabetchouan river, which has beautiful falls a few miles further up, presenting very inviting scenery as well as excellent fishing facilities. Looking towards the east bank of the river the eye detects a curious looking structure which turns out to be the old fort of the Hudson Bay Company.

Some short distance further on the train stops at St. Jerome, a village of some importance, for it has its fine Catholic Church and many apparently comfortable dwellings. This state of evident prosperity is accounted for by the richness of the soil hereabouts, where good rolling land is seen in abundance and 25 or 30 butter and cheese factories are in operation, although 27 or 28 years ago this was the scene of great forest fires, traces of which can yet be seen. It seems it was a perfect torrent of raging flames which swept everything in its way, and compelled the inhabitants to flee and plunge themselves into the lake. Some of the unfortunate were caught in the woods and some in their cellars, these were burned to cinders. To-day a large wooden cross along the roadside indicates the spot where these ashes rest.

The records say that in seven hours the fire had spread 120 miles, and so terrific were its ravages that the frightened peasants thought the day of judgment had come.

The next station and village is St. Gedeon, near which the railway crosses La Belle Riviere and traverses a district notable for its forests and large game.

The next station is Hebertville, with its fine village of, perhaps, 3,000 people, situated three or five miles away. This is the largest settlement in the whole district, having a beautiful stone church that cost \$60,000. Lying to the south of the village are lakes of much beauty that fairly teem with fish, but which have very unpronounceable Indian names. The new parishes of St. Bruno, St. Joseph d'Alma and one or two others are situated hereabouts, and form the foundation of what is destined to become a thriving Catholic community. We next dash through Dorval Pass, which is a narrow opening made in the mountains by some strange freak of nature in one of her mysterious moods. The little river Dorval runs between the cliffs, barely allowing room for the railway track. This pass is called a mile long and it gives the place a unique appearance. In this neighborhood it is said specimens of valuable iron ore have been found. We next halt at Jonquiere station, which is close to the River au Salles, which is the seat of a quaint but rather flourishing village—which in some sense resembles Hebertville as being the centre of a very respectable farming tract. The soil is good, and profitable dairying is carried on among the thrifty inhabitants, who, in their simple way of living and devout religious duties, secure far more of human happiness than do the pretentious men of the world who are consumed by the greed and ambitions of wealth and renown. Thatched-roofed barns are seen here, and, altogether, this village has a neat look about it which attracts attention.

After passing on speedily for ten miles or so we approach Chicoutimi, but the picturesque beauty of that town strikes upon your eye long before you reach its centre. No matter how keen may have been your attention to the new objects along the route, it is keener by far when the magnificent Saguenay river opens to full view. This far-famed water-course flows past in peaceful motion more than three hundred feet below, and is bounded on either side by high rocky bluffs and headlands. On the heights just across the great stream, on its northern shore, is the pretty village of Ste. Anne du Saguenay, with the rising mountains behind it. On the southern side the town of Chicoutimi scatters its houses in irregular form along the sloping heights, lending a really picturesque aspect to the place and affording a cheerful and interesting view of the surrounding country. About a mile outside the town the train passes over a high bridge that spans a deep ravine through which the Chicoutimi river runs to mix its waters with the Saguenay, making a fall of fifty feet in its passage.

Although this section is filled with falls and rapines and objects of note the main feature is the Saguenay itself, with

its enormous flood of dark steadily flowing waters of unfathomable depth in some places, and its stupendous Capes Trinity and Eternity, rising so abruptly out of the waters some 35 miles below Chicoutimi. This wonderful formation of gigantic rock and mysterious-like volume of water seems to puzzle scientific men and philosophers. They don't know how it ever came into existence in such shape and form, and for want of a better explanation, perhaps, they attribute it to some terrible convulsion of nature which rent the mountain rock asunder to make way for the flow of the waters between. Some historic individual has called the Saguenay the "River of Death," without offering either grounds or reason for the dread title.

Of the town of Chicoutimi itself nothing could be more beautifully situated or healthful. It has the vigorous breezes from the great river and lakes and mountains and a clean stand in its own rocky foundations, and its municipal affairs seem to prosper in the hands of its able head, Mr. Guay. The pulp factory is an institution of recent growth which bids fair to become a prosperous industry. And of course the lumber interests, so interwoven with the history of the place, have been to a great extent the prime impetus has been given it by the running of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway into it. That has imparted full commercial life to the thriving place, in as much as it links it with Quebec City and the outside world in all seasons of the year, and puts new vigor and hope into its mercantile efforts. The steamers plying on the St. Lawrence only led it during the season of navigation.

I strove to get a good idea of the religious, educational and charitable condition of the place, and had an opportunity to visit the handsome Cathedral of Mgr. Labrecque, the learned and eloquent bishop of the diocese, with whom I had a very interesting and instructive conversation.

When called upon to speak in the English tongue, the learned prelate utters his words with care and deliberation, but with the strength and clearness of the ripe scholar. It will be remembered that he it was who delivered the powerful oration over the dead body of the late illustrious Cardinal Taschereau. Bishop Labrecque's cathedral seems to be in right keeping with its airy and free situation, for it is light, graceful, lofty and dignified in appearance, not overcrowded with decorations, but simple and grand. Then there is the Seminary, the Hotel Dieu Hospital, the fine convent and the palace, all grouped on the top of the hill, and making an array of institutions that must cause just pride to the episcopal heart, as well as to the individual members of his clergy and nuns and professors, and to the diocese at large.

The fine monument raised to the deceased members of the firm of Messrs. Price Brothers testifies to the love and respect of the French-Canadian inhabitants for the honorable men of the great lumber concern. It seems that the relations of the employers and employees were always cordial and agreeable; I think a strike was a thing totally unknown among the men working for the Price firm.

I saw a very improving sign of the town in the making over and enlarging of the former hotel. The new house is called the Chateau Saguenay, and will compare with anything in town or city as regards extent and elegance and comfort. M. E. X. Tardivel, an old Quebecer, has the painting contract, and is doing his work well.

WM. ELLISON.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

The Agriculturalist, of P. E. I., refers to a visit made by His Honor Lieutenant Governor Howland, recently, to Tignish. It says:—

His Honor left Charlottetown and visited New London, Stanley, Sea View, Kensington, and other places on the route, and made a short visit to Summerside, when we had a pleasant call from His Honor. It is forty-five years, he says, since he first went west, over a good deal of the same road, only then there were no such towns as Summerside, Kensington and others on the route now as are, and he is making particular observations regarding the changes and improvements that have been made during the last forty-five years, which are very great indeed. His Honor, who takes a deep and practical interest in everything pertaining to agriculture and fruit growing, dairying and stock raising, says that in all his experience he never saw such abundant crops in this province as are ripening this season, nor did he ever observe so large an acreage under cultivation.

From the Prince Edward Island Agriculturalist we learn that on Tuesday, the 26th inst., the sixtieth anniversary of St. Augustine's Church, Rustico, was celebrated, at which there was a large attendance of the faithful. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Halifax, with Rev. F. X. Gallant, Bloomfield, as Arch Priest; Rev. D. B. Reid, Kelly's Cross, Deacon of Honor; Rev. J. T. Macnally, Ottawa, Sub Deacon of Honor; Rev. P. C. Gauthier, St. Dunstan's College, Deacon of Office; Rev. P. D. McGuigan, Sturgeon, Sub Deacon of Office; Rev. I. R. A. MacDonald, Charlottetown, First Master of Ceremonies; Rev. J. J. MacDonald, Kinkora, Second Master of Ceremonies; Rev. Mgr. Gillis, Indian River, and Rev. Dr. Murphy, Halifax, Assistants. His Lordship Bishop MacDonald and several of the clergy occupied seats in the sanctuary. The musical part of the service, with Mr. S. Blanchard, Charlottetown, presiding at the organ, was fine. The French sermon was delivered by the Rev. F. X. Gallant, and the English sermon by Rev. P. D. McGuigan, and both were able and eloquent efforts.

The remainder of the day, says our contemporary, was devoted to a picnic on the Church grounds. This was a very pleasant affair, greatly enjoyed by the large number present, amongst whom were many of Charlottetown, Tignish and intervening points.

OUR CONDUCTORS
AND MOTORMEN.Some of the Trials They Undergo With
the Public.

The Qualifications Required to Discharge the Duties—Men and Women Who tax Their Brains to Secure a Free Ride.

"Yes," said the conductor with the flowing blonde mustache, "our hours are pretty long and there is no snap about the work, except the 'cold snap,' which strikes us every now and then; but, just the same, the boys don't grumble any more than people in other lines. I have often heard it said that old rail-roads find a great fascination about their work, and I think the same thing applies to motormen and conductors on street railways."

"I have seen motormen with as much affection for a favorite car as some men have for a thoroughbred horse, and there are conductors on this very line who have grown fat, healthy and happy shouting out street names and being polite to the ladies, and who, I honestly believe, would go into a decline if they were taken off the cars."

"What special qualifications do we require? Well, I think the Superintendent could answer that question better than I can. However, first of all, we must be sober men. If we can't keep sober, we can't keep our job either. Motormen must be cool and prudent, without being 'scarey,' and no man is ever put in charge of the front end of a car if his eyesight is at all affected."

"How about the conductors?" I asked. "A conductor," he answered, twisting his mustache with pardonable pride, "is supposed to have more style about him than a motorman."

"Something of a society man," I suggested. "Exactly," he agreed. "He must also have a fair knowledge of both languages, and be polite under all circumstances. To be a successful conductor in this town you must be a D. of J. If you're not, you might as well quit the business."

I tried to figure out what a D. of J. was, but pretty soon gave it up and asked for light in the subject.

No, a D. of J. is not a member of a secret society or a labor union, nor anything like that. He is simply a Disciple of J. B., who carries around more patience to the square inch than the old man ever had an opportunity to display on his dunghill."

The great majority of the public have little consideration for other people, and none at all for street railway men. The women are the worst offenders, by long odds. When some women go for a car ride they leave their common sense at home. The other day just as my car had passed the Post Office a lady on the third seat signalled me. I pulled the bell strap, and the motorman brought the car to a standstill opposite the St. Lawrence Hall. The woman gave no signs of getting off, but instead beckoned me towards her. When I had reached her seat she said in her sweetest tones: "Would you please tell me the right time? The Post Office clock shows five o'clock while it is ten minutes past five by the clock on the corner."

"I had a revenge on the bell strap, and the motorman smiled. When I remarked to the lady that she shouldn't have stopped the car to ask the time she grew indignant, saying that she didn't stop the car, nor did she want the car stopped—which was very true from her point of view. She also threatened to have her husband report me at the office for my impertinence, but, of course, the husband didn't do anything of the kind."

Conductors are not mind-readers, as some people seem to think. It is no unusual thing for passengers to get carried beyond the street they want to get off at. Not long ago an old lady gave me a setting out at the corner of St. Lawrence and St. Catherine streets for not letting her off at Dorchester. She was agreeable enough to admit that she hadn't asked to get out at Dorchester street, but added, "If you had an ounce of brains in your stupid red head you'd have known I was going to head daughter Katie, poor child, who's a lyin' sick in the hospital."

There is also the type of man and woman who blame the conductor for everything that goes wrong on the line or in the power house, the busybody who pulls the strap whenever anyone looks around, the clumps who stand on the wrong corner and shake their fists after us or almost break their necks in an effort to board the moving car, and many other specimens of humanity with whom we come into daily contact and who seem to think that conductors are made to abuse and annoy. However, we get used to them after a while, and are really lonesome when we strike a whole car load of sensible people."

"Of course, you find the Montreal public strictly honest," I ventured to say. He laughed.

About as honest as other people, I suppose. The average man or woman thinks no more of beating the Street Railway out of a fare than Richard the Third did of killing off a prince or two. Why, there are business men down town who lay low for a chance to get on a car when the conductors are being changed, that they may save their fare by bluffing the relief! There are scores of people who present transfers twenty minutes or half an hour late and want us to believe that they took the first car; the truth is they have been shopping or having a drink in the interval. This class make an awful howl before they pay up or get off."

The rising generation is being brought up to think nothing of cheating the Street Railway. A mother makes a row if four or five children are not carried for nothing, and a girl of twenty or twenty-one, who would be insulted if she were not considered a 'young lady'

at home, actually pulls up her skirts on the cars that she may travel on a child's ticket."

The person who pays his fare when he has an opportunity of travelling free doesn't reside permanently in this town. In a big rush it is difficult for a conductor to be sure of all his fares, and the man who goes out of his way to put a ticket in a nickle in the box is a *rara avis*, indeed. Perhaps, if people were all honest we conductors might lose our jobs. So, you see, everything is mixed with mercy—thank the Lord this is my last trip to night, for I'm dead tired."

I got off at next corner.

OBITUARY.

Mr. John Redmond.

The death of Mr. John Redmond, the well known stationer and bookseller of Notre Dame street, which occurred on Wednesday last, removes from the circle of Irish Catholics of this city one of its staunchest and most enthusiastic supporters. Mr. Redmond at the time of his death had only crossed the threshold of the prime of life, and for nearly two years had been suffering from lung disease, from the effects of which he succumbed. Deceased was tireless in promoting the good work of Irish national societies, and was also a pioneer worker in advancing the cause of the workingman. During the stormy days of the formation of branches of the Land League in Montreal he was a prominent figure, occupying the office of secretary in one of the organizations. In 1877, when the Irish Catholic Union was formed, during the troublous period when the Orangemen were striving for ascendancy in this city, Mr. Redmond was in the front rank of the earnest and patriotic members of the Union. He was a charter member and laborer in the first Knights of Labor Assembly founded in this district, and known as the Dominion Assembly 2436. Mr. Redmond was a young man of much executive ability, and his efforts in behalf of labor organizations were so much appreciated that he was requested to accept a nomination as labor candidate, at different intervals, for both the local and federal parliaments. He however declined the honor, as he preferred to be a humble worker in the ranks. He was a citizen of high integrity and unflinching courage, ever ready to help the good cause of the land of his parents and to extend a helping hand to the deserving. He was highly respected amongst all classes, and the announcement of his death was received with feelings of profound regret.

The funeral, which was held yesterday, was attended by a large gathering of all classes of citizens.

To Mrs. Redmond, the bereaved widow and family, the WEEKLY WITNESS offers its sincere condolence in this hour of their great loss.—R.I.P.

The Late Mrs. Thomas Chambers.

It is with profound regret we have the melancholy duty cast upon us of announcing the death of Mrs. Thomas Chambers, which occurred at her residence, No. 32 Gain street, Thursday evening, the 4th of August, after an illness that was borne with Christian piety and resignation.

Mrs. Chambers was a devout and practical Catholic, a member of the Union of Prayer and of the Sacred Heart League, and also of the Holy Rosary Sodality of St. Mary's. There are few among the poor people of the district in which she lived that did not experience practical kindness from her in time of need and they are many who deplore her unexpected demise. In every relation of life she was highly esteemed. The deceased leaves seven children, three married and three unmarried daughters, and Sister St. Agnes of the Angels, who is at present at Waterbury, Conn., is also a daughter of the deceased lady.

To her sorrowing family we tender our respect and condolence in this hour of their deep affliction. The funeral will take place at 8 a.m. Monday, to St. Mary's Church, and interment will be at Cote des Neiges, R. I. P.—St. Mary's Calendar.

OUR REVIEWER.

THE VIRGIN is the title of a pretty little volume of 86 pages (Montreal, Canada), lately published, and already becoming extensively circulated throughout our cities. The following is a translation from the Nouvelle Revue Theologique (published in Paris and Leipzig), referring to the above work.

Published anonymously, this little work exhibits great sense of observation and contains solid doctrine. Why does not a greater number of Protestants return to the true Church of Christ? Because they keep away from Mary, the Spiritual Mother of the faithful. Why do they remain so remote from the Holy Worship of Mary? Because of prejudice on the part of some, and ignorance on that of others. 1. They condemn the invocation of the Virgin Mary as being unlawful, opposed to Scripture, even idolatrous. 2. They claim to be able to dispense with her assistance. 3. They are afraid of placing the Virgin too high in their esteem. The author aims at doing away with those objections.

"It may also be a great help to Catholic preachers by which they may treat, not only piously but with solidity, the worship due to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The whole work breathes out the fragrance of a convinced faith while exhaling at the same time the great devotion of a true child of Mary. This double sentiment is of a nature calculated to produce the most favorable impressions upon the mind of the reader."

"We must sincerely hope that the work in question will be productive of much good where Catholics and Protestants live side by side, and that by the efforts of the many pious persons devoted to the Virgin Mary it will be soon known throughout the entire country."

If all the tobacco smoked in the British Empire last year were powdered into snuff, it would supply a sufficient quantity to bury a good sized town as completely as Pompeii was buried.

ECHOES FROM THE OLD LAND.

The Local Government Bill Now Sent
to the Lords.

Bishop McHenry on Religion in Schools—The Demonstration in Honor of the Brothers Sheares at Cork—His Lordship Judge O'Brien's Remarks at the Opening of the Cork Assizes—A New Church—Notes on News.

DUBLIN July, 23.

The passing of the third reading of the Local Government Bill through the House of Commons was expected, and there is no doubt but it will go through the Lords without much opposition. A considerable portion of the English legislators seem to believe that the bill will do away with the Irish claims for home rule. How they arrive at this conclusion is hard to say. The Local Government Bill is a step in the right direction, but any one who thinks that a taste of a good thing will make the Irish desire for a full meal less keen is making a very big mistake. We will take what little is given to us and ask for more until we are satisfied.

The Rev. Dr. Henry, Bishop of Down and Connor, in speaking at the distribution of prizes at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Lisburn, on Monday, the 18th, made the following reference to Catholic education:—

"Education is essentially religious. Without religion there may be instruction, but such instruction is not education for a Christian. Apart from motives of religion the authority of teachers is not recognized with due submission even by the taught, and without obedience to lawful authority there can be no real education nor even success in life, and because nuns by their profession vow obedience to a superior in every act of their lives they are best able to appreciate its importance, and therefore, teach it in season and out of season to their youthful and confiding pupils. Education should make people not only clever, but good. This can never be effected but by religion, and the motives it supplies. Hence it is the duty of Catholic parents to see that their children are sent to Catholic schools where the principles enunciated are put into practice. We do not say that even if trained in Catholic schools all will turn out to be good practical Catholics and virtuous members of society, for the Church does not take away free will nor eradicate all the evil propensities we inherit; but it is certain they cannot be made such in schools from which the religion of the parents is either excluded, or in which it is reviled or belittled. The Catholic Church can never sanction any system of education in which knowledge is divorced from religion. I have taken this opportunity of making these remarks owing to the fact that some uneducated Catholics with worldly means are yet to be found who are so blind to the eternal interests of their children as to send them to schools and colleges where their faith and morals are exposed to the greatest dangers."

The demonstration to commemorate the centenary of the death of the Sheares, held in Cork on Sunday last, was one of the most imposing ever held since the great Parnell demonstration. Of course it must be remembered that in connection with the immense parades in honor of Parnell all the surrounding towns and villages, without a single exception, sent big contingents to swell the mighty throngs that welcomed the great leader. The procession, which moved rapidly and orderly, took half an hour to pass a given point, and it was strikingly well marshalled.

The death of a centenarian is announced in the person of Timothy Sweeney, at Grimsontown. This remarkable old man had crossed the century stage and attained the great age of 100 years. He had his senses nearly up to the last, and was able to move about with the assistance of a stick until recently. He was a well known figure around his native district. He had a good many stories to tell of stirring events which occurred at the beginning of this century, and he had a hazy recollection of his parents having sheltered fugitives concerned in the great rebellion of '02, who escaped from other parts of Ireland to the lonely spot in which he lived and died. He was a great admirer of O'Connell, and a staunch old Nationalist to the last.

The Cork Summer Assizes opened a few days ago, and his Lordship Judge O'Brien, in addressing the Grand Jury after referring to the fact that there were but few cases to occupy their attention, made the following observations:—

"Indeed, of late years the records of crime in this and other localities have ceased to possess much of their relative importance. People's minds are occupied by other things, and, above all, in a community like that of the city of Cork, comprising a population usually eager for novelty and to discern and discuss for novelty and to discern and discuss for novelty or public interest. Indeed, it has happened to me to observe of late that people's minds are occupied by other subjects besides merely crime or the distinctions of crime. Tramways and railways and schemes and projects of general and local communication, and the ups and downs of the Stock and Share Market, and all the interests of active commercial life, appear to engross people's attention. The state of public feeling which I have collected in this circuit and in this city has brought to my mind the conclusion, extending perhaps to the whole country, that the difficulties and necessities of ordinary life, the competition, trade topics of various public interest affect

ing a person's own views, and all the aggregate and moving tendencies of civilized life, have tended largely to push out of view subjects which the violence and animosities of controversy could not succeed in itself in displacing from the public mind.

The corner stone of a new church at Clonakenny, near Roscrea, was laid on Sunday by the Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond. The Very Rev. Dr. Kane, O. P. (Cork), who took his text from the 64th Psalm, 'We shall be filled O Lord, with the good things of Thy House,' preached an eloquent sermon, which deeply impressed the large congregation. Addressing those present at the conclusion of the sermon, Dr. McRedmond thanked the rev. preacher for his able sermon and said: "It is 37 or 38 years ago, as a curate of the parish, I had the inexpressible happiness of offering up to the Almighty God the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass within the walls of the church that has lately been demolished, and need I say that I feel stirred to my very soul when I consider that after the lapse of so many years I have come here to bless the foundation stone of a church which will be far finer and far more suitable for the celebration of the mysteries of our holy religion than the one that has disappeared so lately amongst us, and therefore it is, my dear brethren, that I think it my duty to express my grateful thanks, not merely to the preacher who has uttered such wise and moving words to us, but to the zealous priest who has put his hands generously and unflinchingly to this work of God, and to the people, poor though you may be, and not possessed of very much of this world's goods, you have nobly responded to his appeal, and who, I am sure, will help and assist him by every means in their power until that noble work they have undertaken has been brought to a successful issue."

The Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, has appointed Rev. John O'Halloran, P.P., Portree, to be P.P. Burgess; Rev. W. Marman, C.C., Castlemore, to be P.P. Portree; Rev. M. McNamara, C.C., Courageen, to be C.C. Castlemore; Rev. James McDonnell, Glasgow, to be C.C. Courageen. The Most Rev. Dr. McHenry, Bishop of Down and Connor, has appointed Rev. George McCorry, C.C., Annacorney, to the vacant curacy in Lurgan parish, which has remained unfilled from the month of August last, in which month Rev. M. B. McConville, a curate in the parish, was appointed to succeed the late Very Rev. James O'Hare, P.P., V.P., in the charge of this parish. Father McCorry will be replaced in Annacorney by Rev. John Lupton, of Newry, who was raised to the priesthood at the recent ordinations in Maynooth.

NOTES.

The name of Brandy Lane, Cork, has been changed to St. Finbarr's Road.

At the Antrim Assizes the Lord Chief Baron, commenting upon the number of cases of house-breaking in Belfast, said that they were a disgrace to that city.

A number of convictions were obtained in Orange Riot trials at the County Antrim Assizes. In the swearing in of the jury eighty on the panel did not answer to their names and were fined £10 each.

A young Scotch medical student named Gilman was killed recently by a fall from the "Lion's Paw" of the Giant's Causeway. The wind carried his hat off, and in his efforts to catch it he went to his death.

The report of the directors of the Dublin United Tramways Company has been submitted to the shareholders and received with satisfaction. The outlay for the electrical equipment of the road exceeds £100,000 to date.

At the fourth annual international athletic contest between Scotland and Ireland, the Irishmen were easy winners with a score of nine out of eleven events. In the long jump W. J. M. Newburn, Ireland, established a new World's record of 21 feet 6½ in. The only events won by the Scots were the mile and half mile races.

Wise Father—No, my son, never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. Remember that, and the path which leads to success will lie open before you. Little Freddie—All right, I'm a quacker to go to the ball game this afternoon. It might rain to-morrow. —Chicago News.

Mistress—Where have you served before?

Servant—Just give me a city directory and I'll mark the place, where I have not served.—Flanagan & Bailett.

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