t up his dear aged ne, and I felt won ough he knew not

Y 14, 1894.

nand in hand, and I y, I never thinking orah, but looking for use I should not fear hen he was with me. eave the house, and a coach, into which boxes were placed, ting in, the coach

ions, and as I sat by

ny husband and the e garden. I flew to ld see if we wanted

pain, my husband

y dear father.

HET LIFE.

ple would call me a h. I have health, e best of friends tched: for my life is ing ever happens.

single voice only, it by in silence; but it m town and country, hing ever happens. pirit of this verywhere filling the and making nervous not even have linger more. Old fashioned s extinct as the spin heart-failure and apome in with the limited e long-distance tele

gainst the quiet life it is universal. ped of a brook should reck-strewn bottom of if its limpid waters their gentle flow, and d by storms and in eating monsters; as ould have a desire to the trailing arbutus l with an ambition to okin at a country fair dow-lark should changed into a bird

er happens." Believe this, you are blessed ou have then been d the agony of torturbetrayed trust; the peloved straying into d to death ; the pangs tions disappointed, the comes shold; "plague, pestil-ine;" the malice of in short, which is cornucopia of disaster are in the thick of this

ver happens." Does it the sun rise in regal purple dawn? Do the birds ever fail to come g? Do not the clouds thirsting earth? Do ever forgot to bloom? he trees do not put on along the way of curs strewn thick as jewels rown? Can you not your bidding the smile gratitude of the poor, little child you have or thanksgiving?

writes Louisa Mary py as nations in like in the life of a country and tumult, and the arments of war. Perpicuous careers usually have, you say, health, a modest competence. every good thing may s happen, and you will ut some day, if your d, you will believe for the old learn content. They never existence is stagna-band the fleeting days, nd waiting : content to ay yet a little while peace before the long e day you, too, will sit ning shadows; and then that the happiest life which "nothing ever

nes have held their ring the past fifty years he most popular of all ad the demand for it toer than ever before. and sure to cure.

at trifling cold, but neglect en its fangs in your lungs, be carried to an untimely country we have sudden st expect to have coughs cannot avoid them, but we e by using Bickle's Anti-rup, the medicine that has in to fail in curing coughs, and all affections of the chest.

"Sanlight" Picture.
htt Soap wrappers (wrappers
"Why Does a Woman Look
1 a Man" to LEVER Bros.,
set, Toronto, and you will reetty picture, free from adverworth framing. This is an
atte your home. The soap is
arket, and it will only cost ic
n the wrappers, if you leave
'rite your address carefully.
and Freeful Baby.
omite unnecessary! Like

quite unnecessary! Like n may have your baby fat, ppy, if you give it Scott's es take it like cream.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD.

Though our Soggarth has attained divil's batin'. and surroundings do not proclaim the fact. It is a very little house, yet it seems to have the power of expansion, so many receive within its walls a warm welcome and the most generous hospitality. There has been found space in it, too, for an oratory, where Mass is said almost daily, and happy are they who teel sure of being remembered there.

The house is very plainly, almost meagrely furnished, and the pictures and ornaments are mostly of a sacred

places, there are illuminated addresses from different people among whom the Soggarth has labored, and who have evidently given him unstinted reverence and affection. He can measure his grounds with a very few strides, but beyond the boundary wall stretches his real domain, where his gentle sway prevails, and where he is loved, as surely no lord of a manor ever was. That he loves his people, goes without saying: and that he is proud of his place the reason is evident. See the hill, on the summit of which his house See the is built, sweeping on either side. The trees with which it is wooded are tinged with autumn's gorgeous colors, and its slope arounds with ferns, touched now with the gold and brown which tell they are soon to die. Beyond the road which skirts the hill flows a broad, winding river, sparkling in the sunlight, moving solemnly in the shade. And there, not far distant, set like a pearl in the green landscape, is the white village, in the heart of which stands the chapel, the pulse of

the whole place. In the gloaming of an autumn evening, the Soggarth speaks, as we sit in the parlor of his "little house atop of

'You imagine, I dare say, that I am going to tell you the sayings and doings of a little toddler three years old. No such things! My 'three year old' was a stalwart fellow, fully six feet high, with a powerful frame, and to the last an upright bearing. He was one of a faction called the 'Three-year-old.' I have heard that the name originated in this way. Very many years ago, two men at a fair quarrelled about the age of cattle they were buying or selling; one main-tained they were three and the other that they were four year olds. Angry words were followed by blows, the friends of each joined in the fight, blood was shed on both sides. The feud begun that day raged for years, so that at every fair and market in the district the cry of a 'a three-year-old, or 'a four-year-old,' was a signal for battle. The hostility descended through several genera-

"Some of you may remember, for it was an event much spoken of at the time when peace was made between these factions. A mission, conducted by the Oblate Fathers, was held in Ethe very centre of the strife, and the Fathers efforts to make peace were crowned by a great reward. The crowned by a great reward. Archbishop was present at the close of the mission, when men, some of them very old, who had been foes all their hives, met at the foot of the altar and grasped each other's hands — hands often raised to deal deadly blows to deal deadly blows to one another -- while big tears coursed down their rugged cheeks. I scarcely

ever heard of a faction fight since.
"My 'three-year old,' Pat Kiely, was from his youth a famous fighter. Whenever he 'wheeled' for a 'threeyear-old, as if by magic, he was surrounded by a fierce faction and a 'Ye knew my little boy, Patsy, sir. Well; he was the height of my knee, he course he inspired the respect and awe he was somewhat subdued in spirit, me everywhere. Let me be in the hagyet he always spoke with the utmost contempt of 'boycotting,' 'passive

resistance," etc.
"Boycotting, he exclaimed disdainfully. 'Boycotting! I tell ye what it is, your reverence, to give them the divil of a batin' is the only boycottin'. Look at my own case. When ould B——thought to turn me out and take my spot of land from me! He had increased the rent to that pitch, I couldn't meet it by hook or All the same, I knew there was a grabber ready to snap at it, an' give the ould lad the increased rent an' a fine into the bargain.
There was no boycottin' in them times,
but meself an' a couple more made up a plan to settle the matter.

"It was one day a fair was held in Cappa, an' we went there, an' as usual, there was plenty of peelers in my tail. There's a risin' ground near the fair green, an' I strolled up there fair and aisy for myself. The other boys stayed below, convanient to where Paddy Myers, the grabber was standin' with a few yearlings he was sellin'. 'Twasn't long till I wheeled for a 'three year-Up rushed a crowd, an' before say 'trap-sticks,' there was as ye'd say purity a fight as ye'd wish to see, an' the peelers whackin' right and left with their batons. In the thick of it, myself slipped away an' down with me to the other boys. To give them their due an' tell nothin' but the truth, they done their business well, an' Myers never got a finer dressin' in his a few finishin' touches meself, an'my han' to ye, but he let me an' my farm alone from that day forward. Well! the next rent day, I went up to the landlord with the other tenants as usual, an'when I was called, I handed him my rent, the ould rent of coorse. 'Thank ye, Mr. Kiely,' says he, as polite as ye plaze, 'Mr. Kiely,' mind ye! an' 'twas either 'Keily' or nothing ye! an' 'twas either 'Keily' or nothing before. There was civility for ye! gettin' cooler by that time, an' after walkin' a few miles more I thought better of it an' turned back."

'A few years ago, "continues the Soggarth, "poor Pat was on his death bed and I visited him frequently bed and I visited him frequently will do wonders in restoring health and is a thing I do be turnin' over in my farm walkin' a few miles more I thought better of it an' turned back."

Fayged Out.—None but those who have better of it an' turned back."

Fayged Out.—None but those who have better of it an' turned back."

Fayged Out.—None but those who have better of it an' turned back."

Fayged Out.—None but those who have better of it an' turned back."

Fayged Out.—None but those who have better of it an' turned back."

Fayged Out.—None but those who have better of it an' turned back."

Fayged Out.—None but those who have better of the out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is pone, and despondency has taken hold of the southerns. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a bothing to live for. There, however, is a bothing to live for. There, however, is a bothing to live for. There, however, is a builders.

Fayged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a bothing to live for. There, howeve life. But sure! I should give him

tenant cannot pay his rent, he should, I think, give up the land to its owner. "Circumstances alter cases," re-

plies the Soggarth. "Let me tell you of one. There is, on the side of this very hill which we overlook, a farm of many acres. It came into the possession of the present tenant's grandfather in a romantic way-he got it literally for a song.' He was a wandering musician, and a welcome guest wherever he went, and he happened sometimes, to stay at this farmhouse, where there was a daughter, an only child. girl fell in love with him, and in spite

of every obstacle married him, and in time of course the farm came to him, through her. The land was then almost a barren waste, over which grazed some sheep and goats. Only a few acres near the house were cultivated, and the rent was merely nominal. It remained so till their son got possession, and he, when his boys were grown and able to help him, began to till the ground up the hillside, nearly to the top. To give an idea of the labor that entailed, I must tell you that, though there was a lime-kiln on the farm, the limestones had to be brought a distance of twelve miles, and the river had to be crossed on the way. This last was a difficult feat, for half the load of stones had to be left on one side of the river till the other half was deposited on the op-posite bank. Horse and men had then to return, and bring over the first half, reload the cart and resume the weary journey. When the foot of the hill was reached, the same process had to be repeated, for the horse could not climb the hill, as he could not ford the river with the full load of stones. You may imagine what the place was then, and I shall show you what it is

now. By almost imperceptible de-grees, the rent was being raised. At first the advance seemed too small to make a disturbance about, they were working so eagerly and hopefully, they said they could bear it But it went on increasing, till they were forced to face the fact that the fruit of their labor was going into the land-lord's pocket. Within the last few years, the failure in crops, and the low price of cattle, made it impossible

to pay the rent demanded."
"Oh! that is shameful," cries the former speaker. former speaker.

"Yes! shameful," says the Soggarth. "You say that evil has arisen

out of this land movement, but on whose shoulders should you throw the blame? These people joined the Land League, refused to pay an unjust rent, were evicted, and lived for months in a Land League hut. At last, thank God! we were able to bring about a settlement, and they are now reinstated on fair terms.

"Well, I admit there was a neces sity for amendment in the land laws, but could it not have been affected

which, truth to tell, he had never taken much pains to control, and to the last year of his life he was subject to the most ungovernable fits of anger. I had the following from his own lips:

Ye knew my little boy, Patsy, sir Well, he was the height of my knee, he used to be ever an all aways about me she'd catch me by the coat-tail an follow me everywhere. Let me be in the hast per the state of the area still other resorts to these gard or the barn, sowin' or reapilified. The Church resorts to these the gard or the barn, sowin' or reapilified. The Church resorts to these denderates bit grown, I thought I'd like him to be a priest, for he wasn't that strong, and in a manner. When he was a bit grown, I thought I'd like him to be a priest, for he wasn't that strong, and in the deadner of the cost, and help me with the cost of the subsequent damning the me to the cost, and help me with the cost of the cost, and help me with the cost of the cost, and help me with the cost of the cost, and help me with the cost of the cost, and help me with the cost of the cost, and help me with the cost of the cost, and help me with the cost of the cost of the cost, and help me with the cost of the cost o a priest, for he wasn't that strong, an' I didn't like puttin' him to the hardship. An' sure! he'd make up to me for the cost, and help me with the rest of the family hereafter. I consult ed Father P—— (our parish priest at the time) an' he advised me to send him to the monk's school in C——.
Well I did so. He used to come home for a start in the summer, an' he seemed to get holier every day, an' I was quite aisy in my mind, till one mornin' I got a letter from the head monk of 'em, saying that Patsy had made up his mind to join their own order an' stay where he was. Think of that, after all my outlay an' expectation! An' as for them monasteries, ye could'nt get the value of a paytie peelin' out of wan of them. I'm that kind that it takes a while to have the anger rise in me rightly, an' I went about that whole day sayin' nothin', but listenin', to all the divil had to say inside of me. But begor! in the middle of the night the rale fury caught howld of me. I got up an' dressed myself an' took a stick in my fist, as stout a wan as ever I carried to nst, as stout a wan as ever I carried to
a fair, an I started to walk to the
monastery in C—— to bate every
monk in it. I took the road to the
village where Father P——lived, for I
wanted to give him a bit of my mind,
but as luck would have it he was away from home when I got there. I was gettin' cooler by that time, an' after

Take my word, Father, there's nothin' like the ould plan of givin' them the divil's batin'."

Here some one remarks gravely:
"But it seems to me a monstrous thing that a landlord may not do what he wishes with his property. If a you of usalike? An' if Tim's the right." wo of us alike? An' if Tim's the right sort what is to become of me at all, at

I hope I satisfied him on the subject. He ceased to trouble about it, however, became very peaceful and seemed quite resigned to die.

But one day I found him very restess, and, inquiring the cause, I was told that he had become possessed with the desire to see his son, Father Pat. I tried to soothe him, but could only do so by promising that I would write to the Superior and ask leave for the son to visit him. I knew it was against the rules, and I very much is a great gift of God. It elevates, feared my request would not be enobles, and spiritualizes the desire of feared my request would not be granted, but I did not impart my fear seeing his son. There was some delay in answering, but when the reply came it confirmed what I thought; the rule was one which could not be broken, and as gently as I could I told the father. I thought he took it very quietly, but alas! the anger came rightly at him a few hours later and his fury of rage was hours later, and his fury of rage was so terrible that all the good of the had to begin over again the task of

preparing him to die.

His end, thank God, was most edifying; fervent ejaculations were constantly on his lips, and I trust that though "the anger came at him" frequently during his life, and though he would "face a lion if it dared him," somewhere, in His many mansions. God has given a place to my Three-year-old. — Jessie Tulloch, in Irish Monthly.

#### REPLY TO CORRESPONDENT -NO NEW DOCTRINES.

"Were the present doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church revealed by Christ? Were her present usages established by Him?"

To the first of the above questions we answer yes. The answer to the second depends on what is meant by "usage." The Catholic Church does not claim the authority to proclaim new dogmas. Her function is not to reveal new doctrines, but to define and teach only what has been delivered to her-what Christ and His apostles left in the deposit of faith. This body of doctrine first delivered, is found partly in the Holy Scriptures and partly in tradi-tion. Hence when the Church makes a new definition it is equivalent to a declaration that what she defines ha been taught from the beginning. It is in this declaration that her infallibility is concerned. When discussion arises as to what is the truth on a given subject and appeal is made to her, she defines what is and has always been believed on the point in dispute. She is the guardian and interpreter of the deposit of faith received from Christ and His apostles. As a plant newly discovered is not therefore a new plant so a doctrine newly-defined is not therefore a new doctrine. The law of

heretics, have made no alteration in her teaching." (Evidences of Religion, teaching." (Evidences of Religion, Jouin.) Such is this Catholic position. The proof of each doctrine from Scrip ture and tradition can be given only as each doctrine passes in review. Philadelphia Catholic Times.

#### Significance of the Ring.

The ring with the Catholic Church is a symbol of authority, each rank having its own ring. Although Mgr. Satolli's canonical rank is that of Archbishop and he wears the robes of an Archbishop, the emerald of his ring is unique, for the reason that his authority as the Pope's Vicar in this country is unique. The custom of kissing the ring is a very beautiful one dating back very many years. It signifies in a spiritual sense the submission of the flock to its shepherd.

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its merits in restoring the appetite, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine.

Hood's PILLS cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headsche. 25c.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

Good Advice by a Catholic Bishop.

God has not ordained and created the wonderful union of marriage with out giving to man helps of every kind, abundantly sufficient to enable them therein to produce the fruits of peace, happiness and holiness which He intended. We will consider these both in the order of nature and in the order of grace. First, then, God so created men and women, and endowed them with such dispositions, as that from union, which is naturally the object of their desire, there should also naturally arise a most intimate, strong and tender friendship which draws them together more closely and affectionately than any kind of friend-

ship.
The mutual love of which we speak to the old man. He became quite bright and cheerful with the hope of seeing his son. There was some than any carnal bond can be it than any carnal bond can be it. makes them become one spirit, as they are one flesh. It makes them com-panions in affection of soul, as they are companions in the care of their household and of their children.

This conjugal love which by the gift of God rises so naturally and happily in the hearts of married persons, so terrible that all the good of the preceding weeks seemed undone; and will all the duties imposed upon them by God; and by a special disposition of God's kind providence, it so far differs in each partner as to urge them to delight each in the special duty which attaches to them. In both it leads to an unselfish devotion, which is often strong as that he or she who feels it would gladly suffer or die for the one who is loved; but in each it has a special tendency and outlet, according to the part which nature destines for

and in laboring for her welfare, in guiding and instructing her, and in cherishing her with a tender, protecting affection. The woman, on the other hand, delights in being dependent on her husband, on being subject to him, in watching for and supplying his every want and wish, and in soothing his cares by her loving endearments. Thus nature itself, or rather God, the Author of nature, fits and provides His creatures for the parts which

He destines them to play.

But as marriage is for this world only, but is intended by God to lead to the kingdom of Heaven; and as grace does not destroy, but completes and perfects nature, so God is pleased that husbands and wives should love one another, not with a natural love only, beautiful as that is, but also with the very love of charity, by which we love God Himself. Nay, by the right order of that same charity, they must love each other more than any other being

upon earth, next to God.

Next to God and to his own salvation, charity inclines each one to love the partner to whom God has joined him. And, last, it is the very end and object of the special grace of the sacrament of matrimony to inspire its recip-ients all through their married life

# St. Columba, the Apostle of Scot-

land, was born at Donegal, Ireland, in the year 521, and, after studying under the great St. Finnian, labored in Ireland. Finding that the people of Ireland were well provided with teachers, he went to Scotland to carry out one of his greatest desires — to bring man to the knowledge of God. He founded his monastery at Iona. After training disciples in the spirit-ual life, he began the work of con-version, and brought to the faith the King and the whole of the people of Caledonia, as Scotland was then called. That was a marvelous work to accomplish, for those he converted were those, unlike other people converted, among whom Roman civilization had among whom Roman civilization had never made headway; and that he converted such a people showed the greatness of Columba. When the King of Dalriada pointed out to Columba his successor, he went up and put the crown upon his head of the future king, and that was the first incident in local history of the coronation of a sovereign. Columba met the great Glasgow saint, Kentigern, at the Molindnian river, where they exchanged pastoral staffs. Columba, towards the close of his career, visited

that he had been the Apostle of Scotland. Columba had a zeal to spread the knowledge of God, a love of virginity, of purity, of peace, of charity.

#### AN IMITATION.

Retreat of the Associate Sisters of the Order of St. Mary of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The spring retreat of the Associate Sisters of the Order of St. Mary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, began at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the convent at Peekskill, N. Y. Trains on the Hudson River Rail-road were crowded all day with ladies

from this and other cities going to join the Rev. George M. Christian there for three days of meditation and prayer. There were many wealthy ladies i the throng and some whose name appear now and then in the society columns. The largest number came

The pilgrimage was managed and accomplished with the greatest privacy. The ladies are immuring themselves wholly from the world, and they pass the time in fasting and silence, holding no communication of any sort with the outside world.

The order of St. Mary's is one of

two American Episcopal Sisterhoods in this country, though there are several English orders here. The Sisters retire completely from the world, as they do in Roman Catholic orders, and spend their whole lives in devotion and good works.

It is not the Sisters who are now

gathered in the convent of the order at Peekskill, however, but the Associate Sisters. They are very many in number and are scattered all over the country. They are ladies in private life, many of them wealthy, who have devoted themselves to a high type of The love of a man finds its delight Christian life and pledged themselve in defending his wife from all evils, to the support of the order in every possible way. They are all high Church Episcopalians of the most marked degree.

Dr. Christian, who is the pastor of

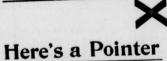
Grace Church, in Newark, N. J., is a noted High Church man.

The programme for the three days of retreat includes keeping the canonical hours together with the Sisters of the convent. They will spend the entire time in silence. Matins and Lauds will be said nightly at 10 o'clock by the Sisters alone. At 7 o'clock each morning the latter and the Associates will say Prime, followed by Mass at 7 terse at 9, sext at noon, Nones at 3. Vespers at 6 and compline at 9.

There will be a processional and re-cessional march of the Sisters and the Associates from the convent to the chapel at each service, the former taking seats in the chancel. Upon the conclusion of the services the associates will all arise and the sisters march down the main aisle and lead the return. Father Christian will give instruc

tions after each service as to what the associate Sisters are to ponder upon until the next service, and they, always in silence, will take notes of his words.

The retreat will close on Friday night.—New York Herald.



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