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took three bottles and it did me much a
took three bottles and is did me much a
took three bottles and is did me much to light
and had no appetite. I had not been able to do
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He remembered, however, that it was only to last three days longer, and took heart, lighted a cigar, and went out for a ride. M. de Beaucrillon was the only person at Yrakow who repeated in the prospect of the approaching departure. To Narka it was a CHATHAM, ONT.

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NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER IX.

M. de Beaucrillon wanted to be off next morning. Sibyl had some diffi-culty in making him see that this was impossible. There was a multitude of things to be done, she urged—things that she alone could do. All the fes-tivities and hospitalities had been countermanded and put off; but pre-parations for these had been made on the grandest scale, and this involved a large settling of accounts that no one else could attend to. Besides these reasons. Basil had enclosed to her in his own short note a letter for Father Christopher, which he desired she would hand him herself. Sibyl could not leave this commission unfulfilled; and, moreover, it was out of the question her going away without seeing Father Christopher, quite independ ently of other impediments. Mayor, in answer to her inquiry whether they were to expect the father that day, sent word that no message had been received from X, but that it was not likely he would be set free

having to be gone through before a prisoner was released, even after the "What confounded humbug!" said
M. de Beaucrillon. "The brutes are
just doing it in order to make me spend another Sunday in this place. Well, look here, Sibyl: I'll wait till Monday, but on Tuesday morning we start. There is a limit to what man

before Monday, certain formalities

can bear."
"My dear Gaston, the limit is very soon reached with you," said Sibyl.
"Just look at her!" Gaston said, appealing to Narka. "Look at the state her eyes are in! The lids are so red and swollen that it is frightful to behold, and she looks about thirty! Your head is aching fit to split," he

added, looking defiantly at his wife;

"I know it is. You did not sleep an hour last night. Just look at yourself in the glass, and see what a complex ion you have !"

There was something grotesque to Narka in the spectacle of M. de Beaucrillon standing before his wife, bewailing her swollen eyes and her damaged complexion, when such grievous anxiety was absorbing them

If Father Christopher did not arrive to-morrow, Saturday, it was likely enough they would retain him to keep the Sabbath day at X, and not let him free until Monday, as the Stanovoi suggested. M. de Beaucrillon made up his mind to the worst, and heroically faced the fact that he had three whole days to bear up under the deadly pall of the place. He was anxious, unselfishly anxious, on Marguerite's account, to be off. He could not but see that she was looking wretched.

"This place doesn't suit you, petite perle," he said, taking her chin between his fingers and thumb and imprinting a brotherly kiss on her fore-head. "I wish we were back in France; if we had to spend another month here, you and Sibyl would be in your coffins. I should probably be in mine. This atmosphere of dramatic emotions, sudden arrests, and hairbreadth escapes, of cruelty and agon-ized despair, is enough to suffocate any man not to the manner born. feel as if I were playing a subordinate and rather contemptible part in a tragedy. It is intolerable."

joiced in the prospect of the approach ing departure. To Narka it was a prospect of bitter pain. Parting with Sibyl was to her like parting with fire Sloyi was to her like parting with fire in midwinter. When Sibyl went away, the glory of the land departed with her. Eldorado was a place where all the women were like Sibyl, and—if this were possible even in Eldorado—all the men like Basil. Narka had, it is true, a supreme consolation to sustain her under the present parting but even this had its drop of bitterness she felt guilty of a kind of treachery in not telling Sibyl of her engagement. She longed and she dreaded to tell her How would Sibyl take it? Would she open her arms and welcome her as Basil's wife? or would that pride of birth which ran through her veins as naturally, and almost as unceasingly, as her blood, rise up like a snake and turn against the old sisterly love and

▼ATARRH Mrs. Dobell, of London, Ont., Cured for 25 Cents

Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure-Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as Ever-She Says it is a Great Remedy

"Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell," said a comely,

pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day, "and I will very gladly tell you what you want to know. About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the druggist. In my hurry I often neglected to properly clothe myself, and contracted several heavy colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once to help, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh." The blower included is a great help to sufferers.

sting it to death? Narka had been asking herself this question ever since Basil had slipped the ring upon her finger last night. But there were many other things she longed to talk over with Sibyl: Basil's personal con-cerns; his chances of being forgiven and permitted to return to Russia; the possibility of indefinite exile; all that this involved—the ruin of his career, the utter blight of his prospects; but she dared not trust herself to enter on these things, lest involuntarily she might betray the secret which Basil enjoined on her to keep strictly; seemed as if the very tone in which she now pronounced his name must tell a tale, it sounded to herself so full of

Sibyl, on her side, had a multitude

of interests that she wanted to talk over with Narka; but she made up her mind to wait until the tiresome neces sary things were done, and then to devote the remaining short time to undisturbed enjoyment of her friend. One thing she did enter on at once that afternoon. It was to ask Narka to come with Tante Nathalie and spend the winter at the castle, instead of living in their cottage in the village. But Narka refused. She loved the lordly old fortress, with its towers and stately rooms and echoing galleries, and pictures and works of art; these surroundings were as pleasant and congenial to her as space and the free air of nature to the denizens of the forest; but she could not stay in pos-session of them now that they were prospectively her own; there would be a sort of hypocrisy in accepting Sibyl's offer, it seemed to her; so she declined it on the plea that they, two one women, would feel less lonely in their snug little cottage, with humble neighbors all round them, than in the

splendid solitude of the castle. Next morning, Saturday, M. de Beaucrillon proposed, the moment he came down-stairs, that if Father Christopher was not back by 12 o'clock, or if there was no assurance of the exact time of his return, Sibyl should drive in to X. after lunch and see the gov ernor of the prison, and ask what the delay meant. Sibyl began to protest at the utter foolishness of such a step, which would advance nothing, beside wasting one of the last precious days at Yrakow; but her husband was reso lute, so she yielded.

"We shall have a quiet time to gether on the road, anyhow; that will something," she said to Narka.

Narka was glad; glad above all to eel that Sibyl held to a quiet time with her; that she was sighing for one of those heart to heart talks that they had been used to in old times, and had scarcely enjoyed with real satisfaction during these three weeks when Siby had been taken up with hospitable cares and activities.

Marguerite was to drive down in the ony-carriage with Narka to see Tante Nathalie after lunch.

To think that I have not been to see your mother all this time!" she said, regretfully; "and now I am only going to say good by.

At eleven o'clock it began to raina heavy, slanting rain that drove against the window-panes and washed them; the rain stopped, and it began to snow, first in a sleety shower, then in thick flakes that made a white fog, and quickly spread a white layer on the wet ground. The drive to X. was a dreary outlook. There was just the ovor said.

The snow continued to fall with increasing volume; the wind rose, and blew steadily from the north, driving the flakes furiously before it. Twelve o'clock came. There was no message, and no arrival. The carriage was to be ready at one, and take Narka and Marguerite down to Tante Nathalie for half an hour, and then return to take Sibyl and Narka in to X.

Sibyl was in the library, writing off he last notes. She was so busy that she did not hear the luncheon bell. Marguerite came and fetched her. They had scarcely entered the dining room when a servant rushed in with the news that a carriage, which had been coming at full speed along the X. road, had just entered the park.
"It is Father Christopher!" cried

Sibyl; and with a chorus of glad ex-clamations they all hurried into the where a large bowwindow commanded the drive almost

The carriage came on through the blinding snow. Sibyl was laughing and crying with joy; Marguerite was in a flutter of excitement; Narka, outwardly calm, but with a beating heart, watched the carriage drawing

"Let us meet him in the hall." said M. de Beaucrillon, as the horses swept round to the terrace.

They ran out, ready with a joyous The door was open; but it was not Father Christopher who stood on the threshold. It was an officer in uni-

"The Countess de Beaucrillon?" he nquired, looking from one to another of the three ladies.

stepped forward, and he handed her a letter. She tore it open, and ran her eye down the page. Then, with a piercing scream, "My God! they have sent him to Siberia!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

To make your business pay, good health is a prime factor. To secure good health, the blood should be kept

BEAUTIFUL KILLARNEY.

ddress Delivered by Mr. E. J. Hear Before the St. Mary's Catholic Truth Society, Toronto.

We arrived at Killarnev from Dublin on Tuesday noon, 13th day of August, 1895. After dinner we en-August, 1895 gaged a jaunting car to take us to the lakes, and such a glorious piece of seenery I believe can only be had at beautiful Killarney's lakes and braes. The Trossach's in Scotland, made famous by Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake "and through which we drove on the preceding Friday, are "not in it as the Yankee would say with the beautiful Lakes of Killarney. The scenery around them possesses a peculiar richness and variety and vegetation a wild luxuriance, which cannot be properly understood or thoroughly appreciated until they are

Apart from their beauty these lakes are of great interest on account of the Druidical remains found around them and of the ruins of the celebrated monasteries of Innisfallen, Muckross, and Aghadoe, where, in days of old, learned monks resided; two of whom, at Innisfallen, compiled an ancient and curious manuscript "History of the World and of Ireland," known as the celebrated "Annals of Innisfal-The original manuscript, containing fifty-seven quarto leaves, is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, but it was preserved for several centuries in the Abbey of Innistallen. It contains a history of the world down to the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland, in the year A. D. 432, and from that period it is a History of Ireland down to 1320.

These Lakes, situated in the County of Kerry on the south-west coast of Ireland are three in number—the Lower Lake, or Lough Leane; the Muckross or Tore, or Middle Lake; and the Upper Lake. The Lower and the Middle Lakes lie close together and are joined to the Upper by a river 4 miles in length, winding pictur-esquely through the mountains and called the Long Range; the entire length of the three, from the end of the Lower to the extremity of the Upper Lake, is about 12 miles and the readth of the largest, the Lower Lake, s about 4 miles.

The Lakes are situated in the midst of majestic and lofty mountains, whose sides and steeps are covered with the nost luxuriant verdure and in many places with splendid forest trees. The nighest mountains are Carran Tual and Mangerton; the former about ,414, the latter about 2,756 feet in neight. The Lakes are dotted with islands, some of which are connected by oridges with each other and with the shores. The Lower and largest lake spreads out in one direction towards a omparatively level country, while the Upper and smallest lake lies embedded n dark, wild magnificent mountains and all around are cataracts and waterfalls of every size and form. There are various legends in regard to the origin of the lakes, all of which, however, much as they may differ in some respects, I believe agree in this, that in former days the valley over which they spread was really cultivated and thickly peopled; and that the an cient inhabitants, with their chief, the great O'Donohue, are still living under the water in the enjoyment of health and happiness.

possibility, however, that it might be avoided. Father Christopher might return before they set out. If he came, he would come early, the Standard Now, with your permission, I will go once was a olid rock broken in two, back to the town of Killarney, and and one end upheaved like the roots Lakes. The town is the property of the Earl of Kenmare, and is compara-tively of recent date. In 1747, when the fourth Lord of Kenmare came of age, the town consisted only of a dozen or two thatched cottages or cabins, in the midst of which stood his Lordship's residence and a few slated houses. the beauties of the neighboring Lakes became more popular the town gradually improved, until it attained its present condition; at the best, however, it is but a poor place and commands no view of the Lakes, owing to its own depressed position and the intervention of the thick woods of Lord Kenmare's estate. The new Catholic Cathedral is about the only building worthy of special notice. I never saw such beautifully carved altars and statues as it contains.
The longer I gazed upon them the more I wondered at the skill and ingenousness of the sculptor and the patience he must have exercised in forming out of solid marble such life ike figures and such praise-worthy etchings and ornamental finishings The Bishop's Palace, the Friary, the Convents and the poor-house are all handsome buildings, but the buildwhich caught my eye most ings were the thatched roofed one storey houses, which there are a great number. The eaves of the roofs are so near the ground that I could easily touch them with my hand. On exam ining some of the roofs I found them with thatched straw and about a foot thick, the upper layers having a newer appearance than the lower, thus showing that as the first and succeed ing layers became defective from wear and rot, instead of removing them a fresh layer was thatched on top, so that now they would seem entirely water-proof. To me another pecuhouses and of even many slate-roofed ones was that the only flooring in many cases consisted of the simple earth trodden hard and slippery looking

Leaving the town we proceed in a westerly direction along the northern shore of the Lower Lake, and about six | Red Trout, and along the bottom of the miles on our journey we come to Beau pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. When the vital fluid is impure and suggish, there can be River Laune. At this point we have to visit the Logan stone, which is a neither health, strength, nor ambition. a fine view from the bridge, and if one large rock curiously balanced on an-

desires he can turn on a by path to the Preceeding on Castle of Dunlos. about a mile further over a wild country we reach the entrance to the famous Gap of Dunloe ; here we turn aside to examine the Cave of Dunloe. curious relic of antiquity was discovered in a field adjoining the road by some laborers in 1838. While consome laborers in 1838. While con-structing a fence they broke into the subterranean cave, which was found to contain several skuils and bones On the stones of the roof were found written characters similar to the kind that are called the Ognam writing—a style of writing said to have been practised by the Druids before the intro-duction of Christianity. A short dis-tance from this stands the cottage of Kate Kearney, in regard to whom the poet asks,

Oh, did ye ne'er hear of Kate Kearney? She lives by the Lakes of Killarney.

Kate has long since disappeared from this earthly scene, but her grand-daughter is in her place, and supplies

us with good cakes and goats' milk We now enter the Gap of Dunloe, the road to which runs south to the head of the Upper Lake. This Gap is a wild, deep pass running north and south between the Macgillicuddy Reeks and the Tomies Mountain. It is a singularly wild gorge about four or five miles in extent from the northern entrance to the Black Valley, which I shall speak of later, and is more like a gigantic split in the moun tains than an ordinary glen. Its and the abrupt steepness of its lofty boundaries. The rocks that have fall boundaries. The rocks that have fall-en from the sides of the precipices are scattered all over the bottom of the pass, and are occasionally being added to by fresh ones falling. There is a popular tradition that this Gap was produced by one stroke of the

sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains and left them apart forever. To describe this won der in greater detail is a rather diffi cult task. As one passes through it, however, one notices either hand the craggy composed of huge masses of projecting rocks suspended fearfully over a nar row pathway, and at every step threatening us with destruction. In the in tersection on these immense fragment a few shrubs and trees shoot out in fantastic shapes, which, with the dark ivy andheather, contribute to the pictur esque effect of the landscape. A small but rapid stream called the Loe tra-verses the whole length of the glen, expanding itself at different points in five small lakes, which in the aggregate are known as the Cummeen Thomeen Lakes. The road, which is a mere

rugged footpath, constructed on the frequent brink of precipices, follows the course of the stream, and in two places crosses it by means of bridges. One of these stands at the head of beautiful rapid, where the water rushes in whitening foam over the rocky bed of the torrent. The part of the glen which attracts most admiration is that where the valley becomes so contracted as scarcely to leave room between the precipitous sides for the scanty pathway. After passing the lakes we reach a curious mass of rocks called the Turnpike; beyond this our cars cannot advance; we therefore alight and proceed on foot, or on ponies. The Turnpike is a prominent object among the grotesque rocks that crowd the glen. It is a cut through what was the wildest part of the Gap. As we approach we hear the murmur of the ater passing through a subterranean channel. It was here, says tradition. that St. Patrick destroyed the last of the serpents : hence the name of the Lake, which lies deep and dark in its gloomy bed overshadowed by the frowning mountains, without a ripple to disturb the death like stillness of its black bosom. All along the pass our ears are filled with the rude music of the brawling stream, which bounds. gambols, dashes, glides and warbles, varying its mood according to the nature of the ground.

Beyond this the valley gradually widens until it attains its highest elevation near the southern extremity of the glen. Here we are accosted by a man in charge of a small cannon, for a dime discharges his gun. The shot in itself is insignificant, but the effect is sublime. Shots, peals of sound and thunder bolts leap, burst, crash from the surrounding hills. Dells, cliffs, rocks and peaks pour forth a torrent of rolling rage, as if the signal had let loose the angry spirits of the mountains. Gradually the sounds decrease and die in fitful mutterings. After leaving Cushvalley Lough the

road rises upwards of 400 feet in the course of 2 miles and passes over the shoulder of the Purple Mountain. which is 2,740 feet high. On emerging from the glen at the southern extremity a turning in the path suddenly reveals the Black Valley, which is also called Coom a Dhur, and the wild, savage grandeur of its gloomy depths is very impressive. Within its dark shades we observe a pure white cascade, which somewhat relieves its gloom. The whole scene is surpassingly grand, which we appreciate more highly after our recent toilsome liar feature of these thatched roofed march through the barren Gap of Dun-

The Black Valley is a deep, dark, dreary glen, buried in the midst of and overshadowed by steep mountains. At one end of it lies a little lake called Lough an bric dearg, or the Lake of the vale are several other lakes of smaller

other rock : it is upwards of 20 ft. in circumference and many tons in weight, and yet it can be moved by a slight touch. There are many theor-ies as to the way this stone came here, but I think the most likely one is that it was carried here by a glacier in the days of old. Returning to the main road we fol-

low for some distance the course of the

Gearhameen River, which flows out of the Black Valley, and through the demesne which formerly belonged to Lord Brandon, and still retains his We enter a row boat and sweep down the stream and out upon the smooth water of the Upper Lake This lake is only two and a half miles in length, and little more than a mile in breadth at its widest part. It contains twelve small islands, one of the largest of which, the Arbutus Island, is completely covered with the beautiful Arbutus plant. Just here I might say that the beauty of the whole of the Killarney district is greatly enhanced by the arbutus unedo (or strawbarry tree), which, with its singularly bright leaves, adds rich variety to the forest trees, by which it is surrounded. We are told that in Ostober, when it was covered with scarlet berries, it was particularly beautiful. The islands on the Upper Lake are covered with vegetation. So closely do the mountains surround this lake that on look ing up at them from the water it seems as if there is no outlet. Down the sides of the hills rush numerous feeders of the lake, some of them mere streamlets, brawling impetuously down their steep courses, other wild tor rents thundering down their respective gorges.

The scenery in Upper Lake I think is much the grandest; every variety of wild scenery meets the eye with just enough of a softer character to prevent harshness. Here bold promontories and precipices crowned with herbage and seamed with rents and fissures just out into the dark water ; there the verdure slopes more gradually to the margin, and the overhanging boughs kiss the lake. In some places the scene is covered with thick, large forest trees, in others the sides of the mountains are enriched by the varied hues of green turf and purple heather, con trasting well with the cold gray spots where the bald rocks refused to receive from the kindly hand of nature covering of verdure which everywhere else is indeed abounding. In words of the

"Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink At once upon the level brink, And just the trace of silver sand Marks where the water meets the land." Strange stories are related of the lands. M'Carthy-More's Island is islands exceedingly rich and beautiful, being almost entirely covered with arbutus. Passing the long point named Coleman's Eye, at the north eastern extremity of the Upper Lake, we enter the Long Range, a rapid stream up wards of four miles in length, which conveys the waters of the Upper Lake into Muckross Lake, or Middle Lake. The rocks at the entrance to Long Range have fantastic shapes and are marked in several places with the foot prints of man, of gigantic stature. The origin of these marks, of which there are many about the lakes, is uncertain, but they are probably due to volcanic action, nevertheless our guide gives us graphic details of them, as he loes of everything in sight and many things out of sight. About midway in this channel is the

Eagle's Nest, which is a hill, conical in form and covered at its base with evergreens, but the summit is naked, and on the top, which is inaccessible the eagles have built their nests for centuries. Its height is 1,100 feet.

The echo here is said to be the best of all the echoes of Killarney. It is scarcely in the power of language to convey an idea of the extraordinary effect of the echoes under this cliff, whether they repeat the dulcet notes of music or the discordant report of a cannon. Continuing our voyage while the echoes are still ringing in our ears, we reach the Old Weir Bridge, which spans the waters of the Long Range at their most rapid part. It has two arches, one of which is navigable by boats, and here we have an opportunity of trying our nerves while the boat is running the rapid, and then we emerge into an extremely lovely scene that you have all heard about, namely, the Meeting of the Water, the Long Range being divided into two channels by Dinish Island. By the westward channel we descend to the Lower Lake by the Bay of Glena. The channel to the eastward flows into the Muckross Lake, under a rustic bridge, which connects Dinish Island with the mainland. Passing under the rustic bridge we sweep out upon the beautiful water of Muckross Lake, which is the second in size and a little larger than the Upper Lake. There are several curious and picturesque caves here, and the echoes are also remarkable. Dinish Island is the only island of any size on this lake.

The Torc Waterfall is, I think, the finest in the lake district. The path that leads to the fall is by the side of the dashing stream, which seems to hasten to throw itself into the placid lake in order to rest after the tumultuous leap it has just taken. The roar of the water is heard as we approach, but the fail is concealed from view by the trees, shrubs and bushes, until we are close upon it. Then it bursts upon us, plunging down a height of from 100 to 150 feet with a thundering roar. The rocks on either side are precipitous and covered with shrubs, ferns. The descent of the first part of the fall is in a broad sheet; the stream afterwards takes a number of broken leaps, and rushes through a deep, narrow gorge before falling into the Muck-ross Lake. A short distance from the

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

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JULY 17

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