Letters to the Editor.

"I see you have an article that's bound to make a hit."
"Then send them that a joke or two to spice your page with wit."
"I send a little poem which will please beyond a doubt;
Please mail me twenty copies of the paper when it's out."
"I liked your editorial on 'Times Are Growing Bitter.'
And so I have indorsed it in a fifteen column letter."
"My wife's been dead a month, and though my paper's going on
You've never said a word, and folks can't tell which way she's gone."
"I've been in business for a year (your due bills I return to you),
And yet you've never wrote me up—so a copy paper, darn you!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Silent Warriors.

By C. M.

The sun shone in at the window,
On the printer's case and type,
And the heaps of mystic letters
Were bathed in its golden light;
And I thought of the truths there hidden,
Of the mighty power there laid,
In these piles of dusky metal,
When in marshaled ranks arrayed.

For by them our souls find voices
For truths the ages have taught;
In volumes the dead have treasured,
In words in immortal thought;
And they have tongues for our sorrows,
And songs of our joys or woe,
And in them life's records are written,
Of all that we mortals know.

As the knights who, clad in armour,
Went forth in the olden days
To war 'mid the downtrod nations,
With wrongs that stood in their ways;
Thus our thoughts in this dusky metal
Are clad in their coats of mail,
To conquer the wrongs that oppressed us,
Or evils our follies entail.

The sun in its golden glory
Went down 'neath the ruin of night,
And each leaden shape was gleaming
In the flames of its dying light;
Then stars in their hosts came marching,
As their silver lamps fell
And flashed on the dull, cold metal,
Where the truths we know not dwell.

A Child in his feeble wisdom
Might place them with tiny hand,
But a king with his steel-armed legions
In vain would their force withstand;
For they are silent warriors,
Whose tents are folded away,
Whose footprints go down through the ages;
Whose mandates the world shall obey.

And a thought in my soul seemed striving,
As our own good angel strives,
To warm the clay that infolds us
And wake from us our sluggish lives;
That we, too, are symbols waiting
The touch of the Master's hand,
When the truths that sleep within us
May light up each darkened land;
And each soul in its earthly journey
May toll with hope sublime,
To leave for the unborn nations
Great thoughts on the scroll of life.

MOY O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss Skeffington ("Melusine.")

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

'A fair conclusion,' said he; 'what one is, why may not millions be? But I want you seriously to believe what I feel is the truth, that there is growing up in this country a very kindly feeling for Ireland; and many warm English hearts are longing to do your country good. The English often go wrong in their treatment, not only of Ireland, but of other nations; still, it is not from an innate badness or wish to be disagreeable; it is very often from an utter want of tact or lack of sympathy; but when an Englishman has his eyes opened, and sees that he has done wrong, he can feel remorse.'

'Well,' said Moy, 'I feel inclined to say, like the little American boy when he was told that Franklin walked to Philadelphia when bare feet, and two cents in his pockets, 'I can do that;' but let them do more—let them prove that they are sorry for what they did to Ireland in the past by redressing every wrong in the present.'

Her companion looked very thoughtful as he said: 'The English are not an imaginative people. The great want in them is a sense of the ridiculous, a love of fun, a tender sort of half-amused glance now and then at man in his struggles to understand himself and nature. There is plenty of this in you Irish; it is just what makes you sympathetic, what makes an Irishman the best ruler over people of different nationalities; he can throw himself into their position, and look at events from their point of view.'

'Yes,' said Moy, smiling, 'your words remind me of what my grandfather says, 'that an unimaginative person cannot even draw a cork properly; he cannot throw himself into the position of the cork and ease it out, but with main force draws it sideways and, of course, breaks it off short.'

'Exactly,' said he, laughing. 'Well, you must throw yourself into the position of the English, and at least give them credit for a wish to be friendly.'

'I will try,' said Moy, humbly; 'but you owe us a good deal, and must not be surprised if it takes years to make us believe in the reality of your good intentions. Oh!' she continued, passionately, 'when I think how the iron has entered into our very souls, I do not wonder that forgiveness is long in coming! But, perhaps, when every wrong is righted, we shall be two friendly nations, hand in hand against the world; and then, if some gifted Irishman, some modern Homer, takes up the story of his country's wrongs and his country's triumphs, he will sing the grandest, the most tragic, and the truest epic that the world has ever listened to.'

Her companion had drawn nearer to her as she spoke, and something of her own enthusiasm seemed to kindle in his dark eyes and flash back into hers as he watched her radiant face. When at last she paused, and with parted lips and heaving breast looked onward, as though she saw afar off the day of her country's glory, he caught the little hand nearest to him, and, kissing it respectfully, said:

'May that good day come, my child, and everything that will make you happier.'

'Thank you,' said Moy, simply, not even blushing as she slowly withdrew her hand from him. The action seemed to unless with the high strung feelings of the moment—a sort of solemn and tender 'Amen' to her earnest speech. 'And when I feel inclined to be angry with England,' she added, 'I will think of you and Sir Ralph.'

'What would you say if I told you I was Irish?' he said, suddenly.

'If you said it I would believe you because I like you; but,' she added, as a flush rose over his very brow, 'I am always speaking on the impulse of the moment, and of course that is wrong; I don't know you well enough,' she continued, shyly, 'to tell you that I like you; but, oh, it was such a relief to meet some one I could not honestly detest!'

Her companion threw back his handsome head and laughed heartily.

'Well, you have certainly taken all the conceit out of me that your first remark might have nourished a bit; but let me give you a little advice Miss O'Brien. Always say exactly what you are thinking about; it must be right. Good women like the angels, should act from impulse alone; for motives, the reasoning powers, as Coleridge said, imply the existence of evil, and'—but here their confidential little chat was interrupted by Gertrude's cold voice. 'We are going now, Miss O'Brien,' she said. There was something in her look and manner which made Moy conscious of having transgressed some of the laws of that conventional society in which the Windsors moved.

Moy and her companion rose together, and he offered her his arm, but Moy, in the confusion of feeling that agitated her at the moment, declined it. However, she gave him her hand, which he pressed and bowed over in his grand manner, which she liked, for it reminded her of the courtier-like greeting her grandfather always gave Lady Catherine or the Countess when they came to see him; to all women he was courteous, but there was with them the remembrance of and gratitude for the past.

As Gertrude followed Moy into the carriage, she said: "It's a pity you stayed the whole evening in the conservatory; it's bad style.' Then she drew her wraps round her, closed her eyes, and remained silent for the rest of the time.

Sir Ralph chatted away a little with Moy about the music, and then he, too, grew silent, and Moy was left to her own thoughts. She was angry with herself for the abrupt way in which she had declined the offered arm of her new friend, for she knew he was one now; one, too, whom she might never see again! for, as he himself had said, 'Everything in this world is broken off'

CHAPTER VIII.

"By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world."—*Merchant of Venice.*

The next morning Moy had a sad letter from her grandfather, telling her of the sudden death of their dear friend, Mr. Davorer, the father of 'Maurice,' the Home Ruler, and of Moy's lost 'Dermot.'

Mr. Davoren was not an old man, so that his death was quite unexpected, though he had not been in good health for some time. Little, however, had Moy dreamed, when she sat beside him the day before she left Ireland (telling him of his son's speech), that never more in this world would she see his kind smile or hear his words of love and sympathy. She had been like a daughter to him ever since Dermot's death, and now she felt that as a daughter she would mourn for him. So, though many kind invitations came for her, now that the Windsors' friends had seen her, she would not go to any more parties. She was almost ashamed to find how much she secretly regretted not seeing the 'English stranger' again. Before the week was over Moy had arranged to pay a visit, before returning to Ireland, to an aunt of Father Fitzgerald's, an old friend of hers, who was now in England staying at a seaside place in Lancashire.

Before she left London, Sir Ralph one night took his young friend to the House of Commons, and there through the close bars of the 'Ladies' Cage,' Moy not only saw many of her countrymen, but heard two of the most eloquent members of the Home Rule Party make two of their most memorable speeches. Moy thought of Baron Bunsen's words when he found himself under the same roof—'If I were an Englishman, I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them!' and, she thought, would not Baron Bunsen have said—'If I were an Irishman, I would rather be dead than not endeavor to bring back to the old Parliament House in College Green the voices of the men of Erin making their own laws.'

The very day before Moy left London, Mr. Finch came into five o'clock tea. He had hardly taken a seat, when he announced a fact, which was evidently a source of great joy to him, in connection with Moy—

'We shall meet again,' said he, with an affectionate and poetic glance, which nearly upset her gavity (sad though she was), 'for I am going—guess, now guess, where I am going.'

'To Colney Hatch,' suggested Gertrude, in an undertone. 'I never before saw you so excited, Mr. Finch,' she added aloud.

'And no wonder I am excited. I am going to settle down to hard, but congenial work. I am going towards the setting sun. I am going to live, in fact, among the people Miss Moy O'Brien loves. I am going to be Mr. Gilmartin's agent.'

This was news, indeed. Moy did not know whether she felt glad or sorry; for with poor Mr. Finch protessing the most unbounded admiration for her, with Mr. Finch living in Ballyvorna (as she supposed he would), and to all intents and purposes lord and master at Gilmartin, farewell to her old, lonely walks in the dear ruins she loved so intensely. At the same time, Mr. Finch was a gentlemanlike, agreeable, and kind-hearted man, who would be an acquisition to the landlord deserted neighborhood, and a friend, perhaps, to the Gilmartin tenantry.

'Have you nothing to say?' he said at last, looking rather crestfallen.

'Yes,' said Moy, smiling, and trying to speak in a really friendly manner, 'of course I am surprised; you make no allowance for that. Before I congratulate you I will give you a bit of advice. Take care how you treat the tenants; though their landlord has been an absentee, he has not been hard to them, and his agent was their kindest friend.' Here her voice trembled. 'As a proof, I may tell you that, though he was a Protestant, and the tenantry are all Catholics, they would have done anything for him.'

Mr. Davoren had married a Catholic lady, and their children had been brought up in her faith.

When the day and the hour came for Moy to leave the Windsors, and she had thanked them all for her pleasant visit to London,' Lady Ann fired her last shot.

'I do feel sorry for you going back to that poverty-stricken Ireland,' she said. 'It is miserably poor, isn't it?'

'Yes,' said Moy, 'but money is not everything, Lady Ann. Besides,' she added, 'Ireland is an undeveloped country; we may yet be richer than England.'

Lady Ann laughed incredulously.

'I feel so sorry, too, for poor Harry Finch,' she said. 'He, accustomed to all the refinements of civilized life!'

Moy laughed.

'Well, Lady Ann, when he has civilized us enough to be bearable, perhaps we may tempt you over to judge for yourself. I can promise you and Sir Ralph a hearty welcome; and Miss Windsor, too.'

Gertrude and her father were talking together in the inner drawing-room.

'Perhaps Mr. Finch will try to persuade my daughter to go over to Ireland,' said Lady Ann, in a mysterious whisper, which was intended to convey to Moy the idea that Mr. Finch was a very ardent admirer of Gertrude, which fact she doubted, and her expressive face said so.

'Perhaps you are not aware,' said Lady Ann, rather haughtily, 'that it is only his unfortunate uncle holding out so long which has prevented Mr Finch and Gertrude from becoming engaged to one another?'

'Indeed!' said Moy.

'Yes,' continued her ladyship, 'he has long admired her, and she is not indifferent to him, but of course I would not hear of any engagement till it was quite certain Harry would have the property. For you know the old gentleman might marry his nurse or his housekeeper.'

'He might, indeed,' said Moy, like one in a dream. These people seemed made of different materials from any she had hitherto been accustomed to.

Sir Ralph and Moy took an affectionate farewell of one another, and he promised to 'run over to Ireland' before long, and try the fishing near Ballyvorna.

Moy met with a real Irish welcome from Father Fitzgerald's aunt, who had come over from Dublin on business, and was in lodgings by the sea-side, in the huge house overlooking the sands, for Moy sought in vain for any traces of rocks, like those on the grand coast near Ballyvorna. But Mrs. Fitzgerald was such a charming old lady, and had everything so nice for her rather tired visitor, that Moy gladly turned her attention from the sea to home comforts.

Indeed, outside it was anything but pleasant. The tide was out, and, being Saturday night, the place was swarming with rough Lancashire operatives, many of them quite tipsy.

'Poor creatures,' said kind Mrs Fitzgerald, 'they rather interfere with one's comfort; but then it is so nice to see them enjoying themselves away from their mines and furnaces. They crowd into this town to spend Sunday, and if they would only keep sober, I would be glad to see them—though one of them killed the pet cat in this house last week, but the wretched man was tipsy when he did it.'

Moy shuddered as a regular procession of coarse, heavy-looking young men and vulgarly-dressed young women passed the windows singing loudly, without ony regard to time or tune.

'They are rather an uncouth people, my dear; you will hardly like to meet some of them.'

* * * * * *

Sunday afternoon! Outside there are floods of blazing sunshine baking the sands, the tide is out, there is no horizon, for there is a sea-fog. On land it is clear, and inside the 'Rabbit Warren' (as Moy has named the well filled house she is in) every one has dined.

Some writer says, 'Repose is not for man.'

Moy would have denied it on this particular afternoon, for the dens of the carnivora at the 'Zoo' at half-past four are not quieter than this house was, full of well to do Birmingham tradespeople and Liverpool cotton brokers and their fat wives and children.

Through the great house there was a dying odor of roast beef, and on every sofa and in every arm-chair the true British tourist was fast asleep, eyes shut, mouth open, and snoring profoundly.

Even pretty old Mrs. Fitzgerald was sleeping, but as quiet as a baby. Moy drew a chair near the window. Out of the fog opposite, alone the edge of the hot, yellow-sands, three white gulls were floating, like spirits from the briny deep. Then there appeared (where the fog seemed lifting) a little yacht on a sea of glass, all sails set; but there was not a breath of air, and yet the boat moved forward. It looked exactly like a scene in a theatre, as if the boat was being pulled across the stage by strings.

This place is described so particularly, because here Moy spent nearly six weeks. She came for a fortnight, but a fever broke out at Ballyvorna, and her grandfather would not allow her to return home even if Mrs. Fitzgerald had been willing to let her go, which she was not.

Moy was easy about her grandfather, for old people were not attacked by the fever, and though an immense number of young people were down with it, in no case did it end fatally.

Poor Moy! Nice and kind as Mrs. Fitzgerald was, the girl was feeling lonely. The people she saw in crowds were very coarse and very rude, and she had constantly to remember her promise and think of Sir Ralph and the stranger.

She wrote to Lady Catherine about this time and complained of feeling low. She attributed this to the death of Mr. Davoren

'Farewells are trying to us poor mortals in this mysterous life down here,' she said to her friend. 'Even when we can feel almost certain that those we love have exchanged 'these outward shadows for that inner glory,' this is an ugly place; but I don't know anything to equal the sunsets here for making one think of and realize the truth of another and a better world. Whether it is that the turmoil and roughness of the crowds make one naturally turn to thoughts of the order and peace of heaven, or whether it is that the golden path of rays seems likely to lead to 'some bright isle of rest.' I don't know; but I am certain that no sermon on immortality could be more convincing to me than my own thoughts here the last few evenings, when watching these glorious sunsets. So I don't think I am right in saying I have felt low, for I have had very happy thoughts, but they have not been about this world.'

No; she was not exactly happy about this world. She found herself often repeating the stranger's words, 'Everything here is broken off.'

At last, one day, she took herself seriously to task for thinking so often of him and what he had said. 'He is one of the good Englishmen, I am sure,' she said to herself, 'and will be a very great man some day, and perhaps help Ireland to gain her rights. But there is not the least chance in the world that I shall ever see him again, so I had better not think of him any more than I do about the sunshine on the floor that comes and goes,' and then she sighed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Literary Notes.

MR HOWELLS' NEW NOVEL.

Mr. Howells has given the title of "The Coast of Bohemia" to his new novel of American girl-life which is about to be published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The novelist says of the story that 'it is about the prettiest thing I have ever done'

HOME LIFE OF DICKENS.

The series of reminiscent articles of 'My Father as I Recall Him,' by Mamie Dickens, the oldest and favorite daughter of Charles Dickens, will begin in the next issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* by an entertaining narration of Dicken's personal habits, and an inner glimpse of his home life.

THE OCTOBER CENTURY.

The Columbus interest culminates, as it should, in the October *Century*, contemporaneously with the celebrations at New York and Chicago, the frontispiece being the newly brought out 'Lotto' portrait of Columbus, owned by Mr. J. W. Ellsworth, of Chicago. It is accompanied by an explanatory paper by the critic John C. Van Dyke. In the same number, the Spanish statesman, Castelar, writes of Columbus's homeward voyage after the great discovery; and the architect Van Brunt describes the Fisheries Building, the exquisite Art Building, and the United States Government Building at the World's Fair. In addition to this is an editorial on the Fair, in which it is declared that Chicago, in the housing of the World's Fair, has not only equaled but has surpassed Paris. The editor adds, 'We shall have an exhibition more dignified, beautiful, and truly artistic than any the world has seen.' An article of immediate and almost sensational interest is Professor Jenk's paper on 'Money in Practical Politics,' describing the methods, shamefully common, in what are called 'practical politics' in this country. He goes into most curious details, and discusses the causes of corruption and proposed remedies. The article is editorially indorsed, with further suggestions as to means of prevention. The opening paper of the number is a very striking piece of autobiography by Archibald Forbes, the famous war-correspondent, who describes in the first of a series of two papers what he saw of the Paris Commune. Accompanying this is a reproduction of Hubert Herkomer's painting of Archibald Forbes, also some original drawings made for this article by the distinguished Paris artist, Vierge; with other illustrations, not the least interesting of which is a group showing 'types of petroleuses.' In the short stories of this number a new writer is introduced, Hayden Carruth, a New York journalist, who tells the story of 'Doggett's Last Migration,' with pictures by Kemble. The poet Aldrich has a short story called 'For Bravery on the Field of Battle,' and Miss Viola Roseboro' tells of 'The Village Alien.' The final instalments of several serials are given in this number, including the last of Mr. Stedman's notable papers on Poetry, the present paper being entitled 'The Faculty Divine.' Also the concluding chapters of Mrs. Foote's 'Chosen Valley,' Mr. Fuller's 'Chatelaine of La Trinite,' and Mr. Fox's 'Mountain Europe.' Mr. Glave, the well-known traveler, in his paper on Alaska, describes his return to the coast. This number of the *Century* rounds out its twenty-second year. With the next number begin several new and interesting magazine 'features.'

BETTER THAN GOLD.—Gentlemen,—I have used Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaint and can say there is no remedy so good.
Mrs. James Dennison,
Lake Dore, Ont

WORSE AND WEAKER.—Gentlemen,—I suffered for three days very severely from summer complaint and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was almost unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after I had taken the first dose I found much relief and it did not fail to cure me. I do not intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it.
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N. D. C. the greatest cure of the Age. Guaranteed to cure any case of DYSPEPSIA or MONEY REFUNDED

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Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: 'My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she has to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

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A Small Quantity of Liebig Company's Extract of Beef Added to any Soup, Sauce or Gravy Gives Strength & Fine Flavor. Invaluable in Improved and Economic cookery. Makes cheapest, purest & best Beef Tea.

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THE subscriber offers for sale her valuable farm of 84 Acres of Land, at South Shore, Lot 65 formerly owned by Dennis Hogan. This Farm is nearly all cleared and in a high state of cultivation. It has a good Dwelling House on it and is convenient to market and Schools, being about two miles from Rocky Point Ferry. Possession can be given at once.
Dated Sept. 13th, 1892.
MRS. JOHN E. DOYLE,
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Sept. 14, 1892—5i

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90 Acres of good land near Harmony Station, Lot 45, on west side of Souris Line Road. About 50 acres cleared, lately occupied by Lauchlan McDonald. Will sell cheap. Apply to
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Barrister, &c
Ch'town, aug 24—tf.

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BEER & GOFF always carry a large stock of it, and this year they are selling it for
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They also keep good heavy syrups of the following flavors: Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple, Cherry, Vanilla, Orange, Lime Fruit, Lemon Gingerette and Raspberry Vinegar.
RASPBERRY and LEMON SYRUPS for sale by the gallon, suitable for Retailing or for Tea Parties.
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Continue the Business at the Old Stand, Brennan's Corner,
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HARDWARE CHEAP.
We will continue the Discount Sale. Large discounts for Cash to reduce the present large stock. Call or write for prices and you are sure to buy.
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Farmers J. X. L. Feed Mills

For grinding Oats, Barley, Wheat and Flax Seed. Capacity, 20 bushels per hour with an ordinary 2 horse tread mill.
One carload of these consigned to us to be sold by auction without reserve on Exhibition grounds on Wednesday, 28th September.
Terms, six months on approved notes.
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Are receiving New Goods daily, in all Departments.

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The Largest Display of Dress Goods and Mantle cloths we have ever shown. Trimmings to match.
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Laird's Mills,	Clifton,	Dundas,	New Perth,
Rusticoville,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	Orwell,
Emerald,	Summerside,	Souris,	Vernon River Bridge,
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