A Tap at the Door. A hand tapped as my door, low down, low down;
I opened it and saw two ayes of brown,
Two lips of cherry red,
A little curly head,
A bonny, fairy aprile in drass of white,
Who said, with litted face, "Papa, goodright!"

She climbed upon my knee, and kneeling

there, there, solemnly, her little prayer;
Lisped softly, solemnly, her little prayer;
Her meeting finger-tips,
Her pure, sweet baby lips,
Carried my sonl with hers, half unaware,
Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the snotle casin;
So smail, so small,
My learning all;
Though I could call each star, and tell its

My calid's " Our Father " bridged the gulf of I sat with folded hands, at rest, at rest, Turning this solemn thought within my

breast;
How fighth would fade
It God had made
No children in this world—no baby age—
Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage; Only the women wise; no little arms

No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisping song, no pattering fee!,
No infant heart sgainst our heart to beat.

Then, if a tiny hand, low down, low down,
Tap at thy heart or door, an! do not frown,
Bend low to meet
The little feet;
To class the clinging hand; the child will be
Nearer to heaven than thee—nearer than

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF THE CHARTREUSE.

Brother Anselm, night porter at the Grande Chartreuse Monastery, has just died. It was under this humble name that M de Brecourt, who once played such a brilliant part in the bighest Paris-ian society, finished his days. M. de Brecourt was married three times, and by his third wife he had a daughter. One day, on coming home from shooting, he dis charged his gun into a thicket behind which his deporter has a charged his deporter has a second to the common time. th his daughter happened to be stand
She fell, shot dead. In his sorrow ing. She fell, shot dead. In his sorrow M. de Brecourt entered as a simple friar the monastery of Grande Chartreuse in the most humble and trying of functions.

DESERVES THE PRAISE OF EVERY

Dr. Leech of the San Francisco Methodist Episcopal Church, said re-cently: "Same of the newspaper have severely criticised Father Saerman for officiating at General Sherman's funeral, he being the General's son. Did not the Rev. John Wesley deliver the dis-course at the burial of his illustrious mother, Susanna Wesley? I think Father Suerman's filial devotion in uppressing his natural emotions of rief and tenderly reciting the ritual for the dead at the funeral and grave of his distinguished father is worthy of the highest commendation. Further, if he became a priest over the protest of his father, from intense convictions of duty, his self-sacrifice and heroism should win for him the praise rather than the sure of every manly Protestant in the Republic.

IS A MAN OR WOMAN THE BRAVER The editor of a Belgian paper, the Patriote, of Brussels, conceived the curious idea of appealing to his resders for answers to the question: Whether men in full possession of their senses, and certain that death is at hand, reign themselves to their fate more courageously

than women placed in the same circumstances? The editor received numerous replies from priests, doctors, and others qualified to offer an opinion. Only one correspondent cast his vote in favor of the men; a considerable number gave the palm to the ladies; but the mej rity held that on the whole there is no difference between the sexes as to the dispositions in which they face death. One thing was made perfectly clear by the testimony of priests and medical men—that is, that they who die with the greatest resignation are those who are possessed of the strong est Ohristian faith. It was strong faith that fortified the martyrs in their suffer-

ORIGIN OF VESPERS.

The word "Vespers" is from the Latin Vespera, which signifies the evening star.
The Church commands Catholics to attend
Mass, but attendance at Vespers is voluntary. It is by its nature an expression of gratitude to God.

gratitude to God.

It is a recognition of the command of God to Moss to "praise Him in the evening," and to Solomon to "offer sacrifices in the evening." In the evening the Lord called His disciples together. In the evening He was taken from the cross and buried. These are the research These are the reasons for, and the origin of, the service of Vespers.
There are five divisions of Pealms sung, commemorative of the five wounds of Our Saviour, also in realization of the five senses of man which should all unite in ration God. St. Augustine, as Bishop of Hippo, while explaining to his people what was the nature and character of this service, said: "He who reads the Psalms and finds not Jeeus Christ, reads not

At the beginning of the service the priest comes to the front of the altar and recites the words of Jesus wherein He taught His disciples how to pray, and follows with the prayer known as the Hall Mary. He then utters the prayer, "Oh Lord, come to my assistance," and the choir for the people responds "Oh Lord make haste to help us." The first Psalm recites how "The Lord said unto my Lord sit thou upon my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." Christ refers to this when surrounded by the Pharisees as told in the 22nd coapter of St. Matthew, wherein He silenced His enemies and proved His own divinity. This Paslm comes to the front of the altar and recites wherein He shenced His enemies and proved His own divinity. This Pealm closes with the prayer to the Blessed Trinity, "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost." The second Psalm of the service tells why God should be glarified. The third calls upon
"All ye children" to unite in Iralsing
Him. While the service of the Church is in the Latin each worshipper has, or should have, his prayer book before him where he may follow the service word for word in his own native language. The fourth Pealm speaks of the mercies of God, while the fifth is a Palm of personal thanksglying.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S TRIAL

THE OLD SOLDIER'S TRIAL.

During an expedition of the French into Kebylis, a desperate charge of the Arabian cavalry forced a company of Z naves into a narrow defile, where they held out sgainst the enemy until reinforced from the main body. It was a fierce encounter, and was attended with great loss on the help tides. The Fanch warks were both sides. The French ranks were thinned at the first attack. In their re-treat they had left on the battlefield, among others, an old sergeant, seriously

wounded.

Exposed to the danger of becoming the victim of the Arabs, the Z maye bethought him of a medal of the B eased Virgin which he were about his neck; taking it in his hat d', he exclaimed: "Holy Virgin,

in his bat d', he exclaimed: "Holy Virgin, if, through your Divine Son, you save me from my enemies, I promise you, as soon as I am discharged from the service, to consecrate the remainder of my life to religion in the Monastery of Ls Trappe."

The Arabian cavalry passed near him twice: once in charging the French, and again in beating a retreat; but he escaped observation. After the battle he was taken to the hos, ital of Algiers, and tenderly nursed, but he was declared unfit for farther service. The old soldier now thought ther service. The old soldier now thought of nothing, but the accomplishment of his promise, and was soon on his way to Sta oneli. Arrived at the monastery, he asked to see the Father Abbot, and said to him: "I have come to beg of you to allow me to fulfil a vow I made during the year. I promised the Blessed Virgin, in gratification in the state of the s for her paternal protection, that I would become a Tappist when discharged from

the army."
The Abbot explained to him all the dif-The Abbot explained to him all the dif-ficulties that lay in the way. "The life of a Tapplst," he said, "is very different from the life of a soldier. I fear you will become discouraged by the isolation and austerities. Here you will have to humble yourself to the dust."

"Father," answered the sergeant, "you forget that the French soldier is capable of the greatest acciding in serving his

of the greatest sacrifices in serving his country; could I be less generous in the service of God?"

After a retreat of eight days, during which he followed the exercises with mit itary exactness, the Z mare was admitted to the novitlate, receiving the name of Bother Martial. The regularity of his conduct had for some time given great edification to all, when one day the Abbot gave him humiliation in presence of the entire

community.
"The Brother whom you see b you," he said, "is still remembered by the military authorities for his conduct during the last expedition in Kebylia. I will say no more, only I beg you to pray tor him" The soldier monk changed color; his

eyes kindled with anger and resentm he was about to demand an explanation, but he looked upon the crucifix and remained silent.

For several days he bore his humiliation the rule of silence forbidding him to speak one word. He imagined that all his brethren regarded him with suspicion and reproach, still he tried to be patient, and reproach, still the Abbot had once said, in the words of St. Bernard: "Taere is no humility without mortification," and that in order to be a good Trappist, he must be content if considered the lowest of men. Very soon a sweet peace stole into his heart, and he saw that his soldierly pride had make him exaggerate the humilation to which he had been subjected. At the end of the week the Abbat sum

At the end of the week the Abdy summoned him before the assembled chapter.
"My brethren," he said, "bless God, who has given grace to Brother Martial. Now that the time of trial is past, I will say that this brother was one of the bravest soldiers of Kebylia. You have all wit research his resignation and humility: with nessed his resignation and humility; wit-pess now his glorification, S) it will be in the better world. 'He that humbleth

himself shall be exalted." S) saying, the Abbat produced a decora-tion which had been sent to the old ser-geant for his gallant conduct during the exhibition.

Tears rolled down the cheeks of the

soldier monk, and in a trembling voice he said to the Abbot : "I offer my decoration to the Biessed Virgin, who saved me from the hands of the Arabs, and who has caused me to find ings, and it was the absence of it that made Voltaire's death bed a scene of here so much peace and contentment. I

ould not ch

king on earth." A FATHER'S KISS

A father was seeing his son off on the cars for some distant point. There was a moment of quiet conversation between the two, perhaps a few words of such advice as a father should give a son, and then the train came thundering into the station. As the latter, a tall fellow well along in his "teens," stepped on the platform, he extended his hand and his lips to his father. There was a gentle kiss of farewell and the two securities. In the was no gush, no gentic kies of larewell and the two seperated. There was no gush, no nonsense, no affectation; just the expression of fatherly tenderness that had followed that son since he lay in the cradle. Is there any danger of that boy straying from the pate effectionately pointed out by his father O: is there any danger of that father ever having to excuse that on because he is "sowing wild oats?" We think not. The gentle power of a mother's kiss has been sung by poets, but is there not such a wealth of tenderness and a lasting memory for good in the kiss of a father

" Tired All the Time, So many poor men and women, who seem overworked, or are debilitated by change of season, climate or life. If you could read the hundreds of letters praising Hood's Sarsaparilla which come from people whom it has restored to health, you would whom it has restored to health, you would be convinced of its merits. As this is impossible, why not try Hood's Sarsaparilla yourself and thus realize its benefit? It will tone and buil1 up your system, give you a good appetite, overcome that tired feeling and make you feel, as one woman expressed it, "like a new creature."

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Minard's Liniment cares Garget lin

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOY CHARACTER. It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truth ful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much noble character as a man. He may so speak and live truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble, Christian boye, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense it finence for good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of loving the truth.

WHAT A BOY DOES. A boy comes out of the front door bright-faced and happy. He comes out for no particular reason, save that he wants to be moving about. He is full of wante to be moving about. He is fail of physical action and must get some of it out of him before bed time, or he deen't be fit to sleep. He doen't know this with his head, but his body knows, for, after all, the body does a great deal of its own thinking, independently of what we call consciousness. He stands on the steps and the stands of the stand consciousness. He stands on the steps and looks up and down the street. He doesn't know what he is looking for. Indeed he is not looking for anything. He just looks with a sort of undefined hope that he will see something suggestive to him of what to do. He jumps down the steps and goes to the gate, hangs on it a moment, makes a few sounds with his voice, such as nobody but a boy can make, and no-body else would make if he could. They don't mean anything. He makes them because—well, because he is a boy. As if he had suddenly thought of something to do, he bange the gate open and raches down the street yelling like a young Indian. But he has not suddenly thought of something to do. He has simply done that be cause he couldn't think of anything to do, and must do something. Then he picks up a stone and fires it at a dog and cringes and feels sorry if it hits the mark. He throws the stone because he and the dog and the stone are there, and it is handy to do so. For a few seconds he stands and looks up into a tree at—nothing. Then he breaks into a run again, and suddenly sits down on the curbstone as if he had accomplished something and was content. -Washington Capital.

LETTER FROM THACKERAY TO A BOY And now we will take a look at a charming letter, which I prize as one of the choicest gems in my whole collection. It was written to me while Mr. Thackeray was in this country—during his first visit, I believe. He subsequently wrote a line or two in a volume which I sent to him. Here is the little note. Is it not all I claim for the

New York, Sanday, Dec. 19. MY DEAR SIR—I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my boooks. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and now that I have children of my own, love young people all the better, and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have
done. But by that time you will be a
man, and I hope will prosper. As
I got into the railroad car to come
hither from Boston there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he
offered me one and called out my own
name, and I brought a book, pleased
by his kind face and friendly voice,
which seemed as it were to welcome me and my own children to this country.

And as you are the first American boy
who has written to me, I thank you and who has written to me, I thank you all shake you by the hand, and hope heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children, and pray the Father of

miles away (the Studenty light now waters they are, and they said their prayers for the unit of the question. Religion in these United States must be something, or Roman Catholic within the next fifty years."—Pitts-bid you farwell, and am

Your faithful servant,

Thin and impure blood is made rich and healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

W. M. THACKERAY In St Nicholas.

startling manner. Two others are of solid silver, with very soft, pure tones. Very valuable.

The great bell cast during the reign of Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Catherine has been consecrated as a chapel, the door being an specture six feet high by seven wide at the base, made by the piece weighing eleven tons, which broke and fell out during the fire of 1737, when water came in contact with the heated metal. This bell is twenty one feet high, twenty-one feet, six loches in dismater, twenty four inches thick, and weighs 432,000 nounds or something over 200 tons.

The decadence of farming of late years is largely due to the undertable fact that city life has effered greater attractions as well as greater profits to the young. While it is true that farming does not require so severe and unremitting totl as formerly, can it be said that young people on the farm have been encouraged to find their pleasures and relaxation at home? This is the only way to make farm life attractive to the average young man.
If on each holiday he goes to the city. it will naturally soon seem to him that city life is all a holdiay while life on the farm is one of unceasing drudg ery. It often happens that city boys kept at work in stores, and only allowed to go into the coun-try for vacation, see only the holiday side of farm life, and acquire a love for it that those brought up on the farm too often do
not share. Why do not farmers take a
hint from these facts, and make as much
holiday as possible for their sons at
home? It is time that the old rule, which made the boy hoe his row and run for water, while the men rested, was super-seded by a practice which would give boys the easiest tasks, and the little invest ments that gave largest profite, as the best means to interest them in farming and

RED WATER IN A TUNNEL. When workmen were engaged in the Daniel Webster mine at Virginia C.ty, Nev., at the depth of three hundred feet Nev., at the depth of three hundred fet beneath the surface they struck a "flow" of water of very strange character. It boiled up through the floor of the mine and in the filekering light made by the miners' lamps presented an almost blood red appearance. After flowing for a few yards down the floor of the tunnel it was yards down the floor of the tunnel it was again swallowed up by a crack or seam; not, however, until it had turned to a dark blue color and had begun to smeil like creosote Miners who tasted it said it was the most disagreeable dose they bad ever taken in their lives. On the skin it left dark brown stains; samples of it taken from the first opening, bottled and sent to the surface, had a rich, burned sienna color. Exposure to light had the same effect upon it that air had—turned it to a dark thue color—Republic

in the New York Independent:

'I am more and impressed with the conviction that no real advance towards
Christian union will be made until we all Christian union will be made until we all come to regard disunion as a sin to be repented of, and until we all have grace seriously to lay to heart the great danger we are in by our unhappy divisions. There is room for a Jonah to enter into the Nineveh of our American Protestant less at least a day's journay with his ism, at least a day's journey with his message, 'Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed — to compel us to beare bonest children, and pray the rather of all of us to enable us to see and speak the Truth. Love and Truth are the best of all; pray God that young and old we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you only a line this I thought to write you only a line this our "clergy" are wandering about in clergy " are wandering about in the least of us. Our "Churches" no longer insist on their distinctive tenets; Sunday morning; but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday night now where ears. "R:publican or Cossack" is not care.

Thin and impure blood is made rich and healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all blood

A CITY OF MANY BELL4.

Moscow apparently leads the world in the number and size of its bells. It had at one time over one thousand seven hundred large bells, and as many as five thousand of all sizes. In the Ivan tower alone there are now thirty four, one of which, in the first story above the chapel, weighs more than sixty toos; it swings freely, is easily rung, and if one smites it with the palm of the hand it responds in a wonderfully clear and startling means.

diseases, Dr. Low's Sulpher Soap prover very valuable.

immediately!

OUR BACK HURTS. YOUR CHEST PAINS. YOU DRAG ALONG WITHOUT POINT OR URPOSE--THAT'S DEBILITY. COMPOUND OXYGEN RELIEVES THAT PROMPTLY. YOUR BACK HURTS. YOUR CHEST PAINS. PURPOSE--THAT'S DEBILITY. COMPOUND OXYGEN RELIEVES THAT PROMPTLY. CREATES NEW STRENGTH--MAINTAINS IT. COMPOUND OXYGEN IS VITALIZED OZONE. IT IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY. YOU INHALE IT. AT ONCE A GENIAL GLOW PERVADES THE SYSTEM. CIRCULATION IS QUICKENED. AIR CELLS OPEN UP. THE CHEST EXPANDS. COMPOUND OXYGEN MAKES YOU TINGLE AND GLOW ALL OVER. STARTS YOU TO BREATHING FROM TOP TO BOTTOM OF BOTH LUNGS. BUT THE MAIN POINT IS THE VIGOR IT CREATES. WITH VIGOR YOU WILL NOT HAVE DISEASE. ANOTHER GOOD POINT--THIS VIGOR REMAINS WHEN YOU QUIT THE OXYGEN. YOU TAKE THE SCAFFOLDING DOWN, BUT THE BUILDING REMAINS.

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twenty four inches thick, and weighs 432, 000, pounds or something over 200 tons. S me authorities give the weight as 444 - 000 pounds or 220 tons. It has bea-reliefs of the emperor and empress, the Saviour, the Virgin Mary and the evacgelists. Another bell about half as large required twenty four men to ring it, and this was done by pulling the clapper.—Chicago Juvenile.

BOYS ON THE FARM.

make this the occupation of their lives -Am. Cultivator

A PREACHER'S CONFESSION.

More and more the desire for a Chris tian union is spreading itself among Protestants. Alas! we fear it will only prove an empty sentiment. Ray. John Vaughan L.wis, D. D., writes as follows:



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St Johnsbury Church o' Notre Dama, Vermont, U.S., Church of the Rev. Leonard Batry, V.G., Wilwauke, (Also endorzed by His Lordship the Ri., Rev. Bishop Otto Jarditte, St. Cloud. Minn. Chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal. St. Bridget's Church, Ottawa. Out

TESTIMONIAL.

Messrs: Castle & Son have put in stained g ass in all windows of our church. There windows present a magnificent sight and add greatly to the beauty of a returning to the unit of a returning to the stain which we have been by Messrs. Castle & Son. The figures piaced in the six windows in the Transcept are perfection. The best workmen in Europe could not give a batter or more perfect fluish. Messrs. Castle & Son deserve the patronage of all who intend having this kind of work done in heir churches.

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THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL.

Ruffalo Union and Times The Italian difficulty will open the eyes of some Americans to the position of the Holy Father more effectually than any number of resolutions at a Catholic Con-Hitherto Italy has been glorified in America — and Italy deserves to be glorified—but not that Italy which has produced nothing but iron clads and over taxed extles. The Italy of Humberto and Crispi has been moch lauded by our admirers of liberty. They have forgetten that Crispi's idea of librity would be the subject of the control of the be the rankest tyranny here. They begin to see that the attitude of the Catholic Church towards continental secret socie-ties has been neither bigoted nor uncalled

for. The call for a war with America does not come from the Italian people at home; they are taxed within an inch of their lives, cowed like hounds, driven into exile to earn their bread; it comes from the secret societies. The descendants of the men who plauned the assassination of Rossi are ready to plungs their unhappy States. Americans can see, now that their own ox is gored," the character of the Father, if he were to venture out of his imprisonment, and who insult priests in the streets of the Elernal City.

The Main is a local secret society, but it is stillated with all that net work of un-hallowed organizations against which Leo XIII, has so often warned his people. If Italians listened to him there would be no Mafia, no Carboneri, no Freemssonary of Main, no Carboneri, no Freemscoary of so malignant a type that the Masons of Eogland were obliged to disown. The hordble proceedings in New Odeans have their reverse side, which may be the means of manifesting to Americans who really rules the Italy of King Humberto.

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THE

Rev. Cunningham Getkie, D. D., in an article, "Reaching the Muses," says: "The monks, who, in their purity and zeal, won land after land for Christ, were as poor as the spostles or as their Lord S. Authony, their virtual archetype, had teen moved by the command to seli all he had and give it to the poor, and order after order acted on the same heavenly counsel. Severinus won Norlcum for the cross only by such self-ascrifting love and devotion. Win'red of Kirton, near Exter. become S: B iniface the apostle of the Germans, by the spell of the same enthustasm. It was in the power of a like single-hearted zeal that the Caldess gained their wide triumphs in Scotland and England. And later than they, it was to their successors, the monks from Rome, that Britain owed the seeds of her econ omical and spi itual inheritance. As long as they were poor they were zealous; when they were rich, they had lost their power and become an evil in the land To the Franciscans was due, nearly seven hundred years ago, the bringing back of the masses to Christianity, when, as a present, they had slipped out of reach of the settled clergy, with their venerable but cumbrous parish organ'z tion. The live with which these poor' brethran,' the 'Friars' or 'Freres,' were clothed, was the one secret of their reaching the masses as they did. None could be poorer than they, but they sought out the leper, the diseased, the feve - wicken, the dying, and the multi tudinous army of the wick d, to give them human sympathy and tender ministrations Silver and gold had they none, any more than the apostles, but they had better, and gave it freely. They spent, and were spent, in ceasiess (ffices of Christian love

and plety. As long as they were thus poor the multitude througed to them, and began new lives in copying their example." A CURE FOR BIGOTRY.

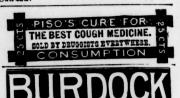
If Protestants would talk about us less, and learn about us more, they would not think such bad things of us.

No pleasure or success in life quite meets the capacity of our hearts. take in our good things with enthudem, and think ourselves happy and satisfied; but afterward, when the froth and foam have subsided, we discover that the gobler is not more than half filed with the golden liquid that was poured into it - Louise Imogen Guiney.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for a speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh. Asthma and all throat and Lung a flections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Beblity and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has fest it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering; I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in circumption of the suffering and using sent by until by mall by ortoparing and using sent by until paper W. A. NOYES, 520 Power's Block Rochester, N. Y. Consumption Cured.

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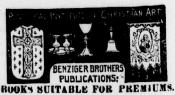
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