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INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

A MUNIFICENT GIFT. Mrs. John Preston, of our city, says the Louisville Catholic Advocate, whose munificence in the cause of Catholicity is proverbial, has given the Right Rev. Camillus Mess. Bishop of Covington, the sum of \$24 000 to be employed in the interestr of the Church as he thinks most advisable. Mrs. Preston, some years since, gave Bishop Mass an extensive tract of land on the Mass an extensive tract of land on the Bryant station pike, Lafayette county, for church purposes. The Right Rev. Prelate announces that he will found, erect and endow, an institution for missionary priests, to aid the progress of religion in his diocese, whose labors will be largely directed amongst our separated brethren, and who will by lectures and explanation and who will by lectures and explanated place the true teachings of the Courch before many whose path to her fold is blocked by prejudice founded on ignorance of her doctrines.

AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION.

One Sunday during High Mass, in the chapel of the little village at Glengariff, three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from one of those obliged to take snetter from one of those heavy summer showers which so frequently occur in the south of Ireland. The officiating priest, knowing who they were, and wishing to appear respectful to them, stooped down to his attendant or clerk, who was on his knees, and whispered "Three chairs for the Protestant

The clerk being an ignorant man, mistook the words, and shouted to the congregation :

Three cheers for the Protestan ladies!" which the congregation immediately took up and gave three hearty cheers, while the clergyman actually stood dumfounded.—Irish Times.

TO THE SUFFERING.

In one of the German galleries there is a peculiar painting. At the first view, it is like our Lord to the dull gazs of unbelief—there is no beauty that one should desire it. But as you approach near to it, it unfolds into wondrous beauty. It is a mass of sweet, wincome, cherub faces. The more you look, the greater the number, until it seems that Heaven has loaned many of its angels to the artist.

So with trial. At first, the picture in most unsightly. It is nothing but a mass of blasted hopes, the paint mixed with our own tears. But when we draw nearer, cease to look by sight, and begin to look by faith, how the picture begins to glow! It becomes cherubic, the angels to glow! It becomes cheruble, the angels speak. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," "I will be with thee." "Come, I will give thee rest." "In my Father's house are many mansions."
"Peace I give unto you."

THE BRADY BROTHERS.

The death of Judge Brady reminds me that he was the last of a pair of re-markable brothers — both lawyers and members of the New York bar, which memoers of the New York bar, which never before had been graced by such fraternal genius. Gifted, however, as they were, there was a wide difference in their points of excellence. James T. Brady was the superior in eloquence deeply imbued with sarcasm, but he was hardly adapted to the bench—a service in which John R Brady excelled. Both were fine looking men, but James T. Brady had a peculiar fascination which gave him great power over an audience and rendered him almost irresistable before a jury. I still carry in my memory a scene witnessed may years memory a scene witnessed may years ago when happening in at a political meeting one evening during an exciting canvass. I saw and heard a fine looking man addressing the crowd. I at once felt his fascination and asking the name learned that he was James T. Brady. After that I never wondered at his success at the bar, which however was fully equalled by his brother John on the bench, and now that both are gone the like again .- Macauley and Rochester Deme

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

It is undoubtedly true that occasionally "one touch of nature makes the whole world akin." The New York World gives an instance that illustrates the truth of the old proverb. A news hove took the Sixth avenue elevated cars at Park Place, and, siiling into one of the cross seats, fell ssleep. At Grand street two young women entered the car, and took the seats opposite the lad.

The boy's feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her must under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat, who had seen the kind act, smiled and without saying anything, held out a quarter, with a nod

toward to boy.

The glil understood what he meant, hesitated a moment, blushed a little and

then reached for it. The next man, who had seen the act and enjoyed it, just as silently offered the girl a dime, to be used for the same pur-pose. A moment later a woman across the alsle held out some pennies, and before she knew it, the girl, with flaming cheeks,

she knew it, the girl, with flaming cheeks, was offered money from every passenger in that end of the car, each smiling and erjoying the little episode.

The young girl quietly slid the amount into the sleeping boys pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without arousing him, and soon after rose to leave the car at Twenty-third street. As she did this she included all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head in a pretty little inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks, and the pos session of a common secret. It was a pretty little incident, and will not soon te forgotten by those who saw it.

THE TURNING POINT IN THE LIFE OF A MISGUIDED GIRL.

Baltimore, March 8-A correspondent

of the Baltimore Mirror tell this touching story of Christian forgiveness:
When Father (now Bishop) Foley was

stationed in Baltimore, he recommended one of his colored penitents to a Protestant lady as a faithful worker and honest girl. The recommendation proved satisfactory.
The lady sent the servant with money to buy provisions for three days. The girl, falling to return, was traced by a detective, arrested, and sent to jail. The lady went minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

to Father Foley, and said: "Your honest girl proves to be a thief." Father Foley expressed great surprise, but quickly promised to right the matter, much to the lady's wondering curiosity.

Next day the priest went to the jail, took the girl out and took her to her employer, and said: "Good morning, madame. Now, girl, tell the lady what you have to say to her, and then I will nave something to say to you." Where upon the girl restored the money and said she was very sorry she had stolen it, and, if forgiven and retained in service, would never steal again. After the lady accorded pardon, and agreed to hire her once more, Father Foley addressed the girl thus: "Now, be honest and faithful, as I recommend you, and at Ouristmas, I will make you a handsome present."

Many years passed. The girl is now a

handsome present."

Many years passed. The girl is now a mature woman. She still clings to the services of the same lady, who values her as a faithful friend. The money, restored to its rightful owner, came from the good priest's pocket book. By wisdom, tact and charity he save that poor girl's soul. How many others would have been rescued from perdition if they had been treated in the same fashion! Perchance the mere recital of this humane act may the mere recital of this humane act may touch other hearts, and be the means of securing a second trial for sinners who only need a little encourgement for lasting repentance and reformation.

TRUSTED IN SC. JOSEPH.

TRUSTED IN St. JOSEPH.

Father O'Hare, of Ashbourne, England, recently told the following thrilling story at a church festival:

"During several of the twelve years I spent in Africa I had under my pastoral care the sole charge of a district as large as England. Periodically I made a visitation of the section of the sec of my scattered flock. On one of these of my scattered flick. Oh one of these wast excursions I lost my way, and found myself wandering without the slightest idea of the locality. I could see no one. It was a season of drouth; no rain had fallen, and my horses were scarcely able to drag along my cart for want of water. At length I came to a Boer farm in this to me, unknown valley. The whole country was scorched. There was, how-ever, a water dam near the house, and this was all drought. Approaching the Dutch farmer I told him my story, and asked him if he would allow my horses to drink. Permission was granted. I told the farmer was a Catholic priest; he was a Protes-

"'Oh, then,' said he, 'if you go into

"'Oh, then,' said he, 'if you go into the outhouse you will find a laborer who is dying—he is a Catholic.'

"I entered there and found the poor fellow, a client of St. Joseph, near death. When I told him I was the Catholic priest of the district of 'Cudtshoorn,' one hundred and fifty miles away, he lifted his wasted body and exclaimed in account of deeper gravitude.' of deepest gravitude:
"'Ab, St. Joseph, I knew you would

send me a priest, so as to give me comfort

What has St. Joseph to do with the matter?' I asked him, and here is his

story:
"When a boy in dear old Ireland my "When a boy in dear old Ireland my mother, a good Catholic, taught me to eap every day, 'St. Joseph, prav for me, that I may die a happy death.' I have never for one dey neglected that prayer. I made my first Communion at ten, and served Mass till I was fifteen. I enlisted in the army at twenty-one, and came out to the K-file way.

to the Kaffie war. "Before leaving Ireland I went in my uniform and bid my poor old mother good bye, and as she kissed me tenderly, she sobbed, 'Don't forget your prayer to St. Joseph.' I came to the Kaffir war. bench, and now that both are gone the going to confession and Communion. Arrived at your house weary, I was told you were away on the visitation and might not be back for many months. After a week I returned, and here I landed yesterday nearly dying, and here is the priest to-day sent by St. Joseph.'

"That night I instructed him and heard his confession. The next morning I said Mess and gave him Holy Communion, and soon after I gave him Extreme Unction and the last blessing. He then died, saying with his last breath, 'St. Joseph, pray for me that I may die a happy death.'"

AN IRISH WASHINGTON.

In one respect Ireland receives her highest recognition in Chili. The newest ironclad is the Captain Prat, another being the O'Higgins and another the Amirante Lynch. The O'Higgins is named after Berando O'Higgins, whose father, born in a laborer's cottage in the county Westmeath, emigrated to South America in the early part of the last cen tury. The father, Ambrose, was one of the last Spanish Viceroys of Peru, and the son Bernardo was the first Director of the Republic of Chill. Bernardo O'Higgius is the Washington of his country, He it was who was mainly instruments in winning the independence of Chill at the beginning of this century, and the

The Little Girl's Trouble. The Little Girl's Trouble.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl feil and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally, St. Jacobs Oil was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

Directly and Indirectly. Kidney complaint, dropsy and similar troubles depend directly on wrong action of the kidneys and indirectly on bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the action of the kidneys and cleanses the blood from all impurities, in this way curing kidney complaint, dropsy, etc.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns. " TIME ENOUGH."

"Oh! time enough for that," said Mike.

"Oh i time enough for that," said hike.
"I can't quite settle it now."
"Time enough!" answered his young
wife, "you'll be saying 'time enough'
once too often. A thing done is done,
Mike, and can't be undone, and if it is a
good thing, the sooner it's done the
better."
"And that's just what I am after thinking about that bit of beef. Maggie, it looks

"And that's just what I am after thinking about that bit of beef, Maggie, it looks
a good thing, and the sooner it's done the
the better, or it's small taste I shall have
of it before I go back to work,"

"Well! Mike, and you see what comes
of saying "time enough;" I put it down a
trifle late. But don't you get turning me
off like that; it's confession I'm talking

about, not beef."
"And I love to hear your pretty lips talking, whether it's about beef or con-fession, Maggie. But sure you ought to have been born a priest; it's you that can talk with the best of them."

talk with the best of them."

"There!" said Mrggle, giving a last twirl to the little joint, "now it's done to a turn; but never a bit shall you have until you promise me to go to Father O'Finnigan this very week."

"Then it's a mighty long fast I shall be keeping," said poor Mike, looking hurgrily at the meat. "And it's against the Pope you're acting, for he's given leave to us poor creatures for the meat. Come, now,

poor creatures for the meat. Come, now, the agony; and to hear the questions Maggle, don't be cros; I'll go to the Father before we are much older, but as o nalling me down to the day and the hour, it's agin reason."
'I mind the time, Mike, when you

were in a mighty hurry to go to Father O Finnigan for another sacrament."

"Oh! j:wel," eald Mike, "that was not for getting rid of my eins, but for buckl-ing a timtation to me. And that same time, Meggie, it was you that kept saying time enough

"Time enough for buckling temptations to us, Make—right you are; but never time enough for getting rid of our sins. Come, Mike," said she, giving him a kits which he didn't refuse, as he put on his working coat, 'you'll go this evening to Father O'Finnigan."
"Ah! we'll see," said Mike.

"And why shouldn't I go?" thought Mike to himself. "I'm not such a bad fellow; Heaven help us all for the matter of that, we're poor creatures; but I've not so much to say; still there's plenty of Lent left vet, and it's much nicer, sometow, o go about Easter time."

o go about Later time."
"Well! Mr. O'Leary," said Father O Finnigan, "it's too bad of you to be dragging a poor old priest all this way to be look. ing after the likes of you. Trudging through the bitter east winds, when I ought to be snug and cozy by the fireside; and a strong, tough fellow like you, whom all the winds in the world couldn't cut to pieces, too lazy to come up to confession."

"On! Father, there's time enough. never count it late till after Palm Sun-

And that is next Sunday, Mike, and this is Friday. "Come! let's see you at the church to morrow, and your bit of palm will do you all the more good."
"To morrow, Father! That's mighty

"To-morrow, Father! That's mighty sudden. I can't come home to morrow, I promised to do a j.b for Squire Block that'il take me all up to 10 o'clock to-morrow night."

"Well, then, go now;" said Father O'Finnigan, "I've brought my stool with me, and the wife's out, and you can just kneel down there and tell me your sine as well as in church." well as in church."

" But I've not examined myself, and it's a long time to look over. Let's see I've not been since I married Maggie, and a good day that was for me, Your Rever ence, and God bless you for doing it for

us."
A good day! Yes! if you'll do as she
does and keep to your religion and your
duties. But a good wife is wasted on the
likes of you. Come, kneel down, and I'll examine your conscience for you."

"No! no! Your Reverence, I couldn't do things in a hurry like that."

bad boy, Mike, I know; come, don't put it off"
"No! I don't think I've done much, Your Reverence; but I'll come week; that'll be time enough, won't it?"
"Never put off in matters of the soul,
Mike. You've only got one soul to save or to lose, and only one chance of losing or saving it, and, my son, a soul is worth the saving; don't rest it upon chances—The next week, you promise."

"Next week, I promise, Father."

"And why didn't you go, Mike?" said Maggie, shaking the snow from her; for there was snow though it was March.
"Why didn't you go when his Reverence
took all the trouble after you, poor old

"Oh! I don't know, Maggla; a some-

thing come over me and I couldn't.
There's time enough, you know; it isn't
Palm Sanday yet." "Time enough!" said his wife. "Have a care, Mike; you know the old sing-

song:

"He that will not when he may, When he will, he shall have 'nay!" "Well! Mrs. O'Leary, how's this? Easter Tuesday, and your husband's not kept his word. He promised me to come

last week."
"Ah! Your Reverence mustn't be cross grateful country has given his name to a with him this time; the poor boy hurt province and a war ship and has erected is a statue in his honor in its capital.—N. Y. and he's been poorly ever since." "On! I'm sorry for that," said the priest; was it much?"

"Oh! no; not much at all, Your Reverence; but it seems to have taken a hold on him, he's not been the same ever since; doesn't eat, and he's a strange look

about him—
"Ah! Mike, my son," said the priest, as

"Ah! Mike, my son," said the priest, as the strong man came into the room with his head bound up, "what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Oh! nothing, your Reverence. I just went up to Squire Block's in my off time to do a little mending in his harness room, and all of a sudden I heard a crash, and a let of rotten timber come tumbling. and a lot of rotten timber came tumbiling about me, and one odd bit, with a great rusty nail in it, made a hole in my head. It wasn't much, but it made me feel sick-like at the time."

"Have you had the doctor?" "Doctor! no. Margle's the best doc-tor for me. There's time enough for the doctor. The head feels a bit sore, and I've a stiff feel about the neck; can't

move my head freely; and an ugly pain

in my back."
"Look here, Margaret, you run for the doctor, and while you're gone, as he wasn't able to get up to church, I'll just hear his

"No, no! Your Reverence, there's time enough for that. I coulin't get my condesign done properly, feeling no how as I do now. No, no; I shall be about agin all right in a day or two—its only a scratch—and then you'll be the first I'll come up to !"

come up to!"

Long Father O'Finnigan stopped and talked; but talked in vain; he could not get him on his knees. The old putting off spirit was in Michael O'Leary; not to-day for the world and the body, and

To morrow never came. "Please come Father, quick or you'll not overtake nim." In his cassock as he was, with everything for the dying, the priest hurried off. What he heard was what he had expected. The neglected wound was ending in the most terrible of human sufferings. He found poor Mike with the nerves of the body set stiff as iron and the jaws tightly closed. Speech was impossible; he could not bend the head nor move the tightly clenched hands in answer to questions; the mind indeed was clear to know the fulness of under the tyrauny of the stiffened body. So for a few dreadful hours he lingered; Extreme Unction could be given, but he ould not receive his Lord, and could show his sorrow only by his tears.

"Be comforted," said Father O'Finnigan to poor Margaret, "he died repentent; we may well hope. It was not the confession we could have wished, but there was enough of sign for absolution."
"Poor lad!" thought the priest, to himself, as went homeward, "he had not

TIME ENOUGH."

BE HAPPY.

What a good thing it is to be happy Of course it is a pleasant thing—every-body knows that—but I contend that it is also a good thing; that it warms our hearte, expands our minds, makes us more gentle, more tender, more full of charity to men, more full of love to God! In short, it is to human nature what the blessed sun is to the place of the earth warming, fructifying, bringing forth fair flowers and sweet fruits even from barren ground, until we are almost tempted to ack why it is that so little of such an in-fluence should be found in the world—

"Which God created very good, And very mournful we!" Oaly in this, as in many things else, it is easier to ask than to answer. In this as in many other things, faith speaks to use of the gracious intentions of a kind Father, and eight shows us the perverse were meant to be happy—everything goes to prove that—and we have to thank each other chiefly and primarily for the pangs and tears and bitter sufferings which

frustrate that intention.

Sometimes, however, we are happysupremely and wholly happy—in splte of all that can be done by friends or enemies or reduce us to our normal warfare with Fate. Sometimes the sunshine com with a rush, and oh, how we bask in it, how we drink deeply of its tropical warmth; and even when the clouds gather again, how we feel that we have enjoyed once is ours forever !- Christian Reid

FOODS FOR THE BRAIN.

There is a popular idea extant that foods which abound in phosphorus are special brain nutrients, but it has no serious foundation. There are many empirical mixtures based on this idea that with the survey of the survey quantities graduated by its effect .- Juliet Corson, in Harper's Bozar.

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Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result. Why don't you try it?

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Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-ache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nauses, general feeling of deathing, nauses, general feeling of deathing, and the sense of sindred symptoms, your have Catarrh, and should loss no time in procuring a bottle of Nasal Ballas. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, felined in head results in Catarrh, felined in head results in Catarrh, felined in the sense of the sense o AND FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

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AND STRENGTH REMAINS.
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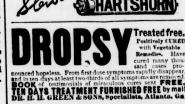


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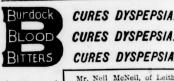
TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under signed, and endorsed "Tender for It dian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of SATURDAY, 9th May, 1891, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the facal year ending 30th June, 1892, consisting of Four, Beef, Bacon, G-oceries, Ammunition, Twine, Agricultural Implements. Tools, &c., duty peid, at various points in Maniloba and the North-West Territorier.

Forms of Tender, containing full particular relative to the Supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regima, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regima or to the Indian Commissioner and Indian Affairs, on a Canadian Kank, for at least five per ceut. of the smount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter tuto a contract based on such tender when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for 1' the tender when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for 1' the tender when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for 1' the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned, and if a contract be entered into for a partonity of the supplies tendered for an accepted cieque for five per cent. of the amount of the supplies tendered for an accepted cieque for five per cent. of the amount of the contract which secompanied the tender; the contract security cheque will be r



\$5000 'N PRIZE-to those who make from the interact in the two words 'Conadham Agricuttarian' and the two words' Conadham Agricuttarian' as prizes ranging from \$1 to \$0.0 in gold Open until May 25, 1891(15 days allowed after May 29 for letter to reach us from distant points) at the properties of the printing and the points of the printing and the printing a

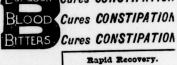


PROMOTES

CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:

Ont., writes:

DEAR SIMS.—For years and
years Isuffered from dyspepsis
in its worst forms, and aftee
trying all means in my powe
to no purpose I was persuaded
by friends to try B.B.B., which
I did, and after using 5 bottles
I was completely cured. DIGESTION. · Rurdock Cures CONSTIPATION



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DEAR SIRS.—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. R. B. B.
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swelled so I could do no work My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well and can work as well as ever. ANNIE BURGESS, Tilsonburg, Ont

BLOOD