MOONDYNE.

BOOK SECOND.

THE SANDALWOOD TRADE.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

VII.

MILLBANK.

Arrived in London, he proceeded at once to the Colonial Office, and left his letters for the Secretary, and with them his address in the metropolis. He went through the same routine with the despatches for the Prison directors. Then, though his heart craved instant action, he was forced to exercise his patience, to wait until these high and perhaps heedless officials were pleased to recognize his presence.

The great city was a wonder to him; but in his intense preoccupation he passed through it as if it had been familiar from childhood. On the day after his arrival, not expecting an answer from the officials, one of whom, the Colonial Secretary, was a Cabinet Minister, he tried to interest himself in the myriad strangenesses of Londor. He visited Westminster Abbey and the British Museum. But, everywhere, his heart beat the same dolorous key; he saw the white face, the slight, crouching figure in the dock, the brown hair bowed in agony and disgrace. On the walls of the great picture-gallery the gilded frames held only this pitiful scene. Among the tombs of the kings in Westminster, he thought of her ruined life and shattered hope, and envied, for her sake, the peace of the sleeping marble knights and ladies.

All day, without rest or food, he wandered aimlessly and wretchedly through the sculptured magnificence of the galleries. When the nigh closed, he found himself, almost unconscious of how he had come to the place, or who had directed him thither, walking with bared and feverish brow beneath a high and gloomy wall—the massive outer guard of Millbank Prison.

Hour sped after hour, yet round and round the shadowy, silent precipice of wall the afflicted heart wandered with tireless feet. It was woeful to think how near she was, and to touch the sullen granite—yet it was a thousand times more endurable than the torture and fear that were born of absence.

Surely, if there be any remote truth in the theory of psychic magnetism, the afflicted soul within those walls must have felt the presence of the loving and suffering heart without, which sent forth unceasing silent cries of sympathy and comfort. Surely, if communion of living spirits be possible, the dream of the lonely prisoner within must have thrilled with tenderness when his fevered lips were pressed as lovingly to the icy stone of the prison wall as once they were pressed to her forehead in affectionate farewell.

Back to his hotel, when morning was beginning to break, the lonely watcher went, spiritless and almost despairing. The reaction had begun of his extreme excitement for the past few days. He passed along the lonesome river, that hurried through the city like a thief in the night, flashing under the yellow quay-lights, then diving suddenly beneath dark arches or among slimy keels, like a hunted murderer escaping to the sea. Wild and incoherent fancies flashed through Will's feverish mind. Again and again he was forced to steady himself, by placing his hand on the parapet, or he should have fallen in the street, like a drunken man.

At last he reached his hotel, and flung himself on his bed, prayerless, friendless, and only saved from despair by the thought of an affliction that was deeper than his, which he, as a man and a faithful friend, should be strong to relieve and comfort.

It was past noon when he awoke. The fever had passed, and much of the dejection. While dressing, he was surprised to find his mind actively at work forming plans and surmises for the day's enterprise.

At breakfast, a large official letter was brought him. It was a brief but unofficially-cordial message from the Colonial Secretary, Lord George Somers, appointing an hour—two o'clock on that day—when he should be happy to receive Mr. Sheridan at the Colonial Office.

Under other circumstances such an appointment would have thrown off his balance a man so unused to social or formal ways as this stranger from Australia, whose only previous training had been on a merchant ship. But now, Will Sheridan prepared for the visit without thinking of its details. His mind was fastened on a point beyond this meeting.

Even the formal solemnity of the powdered servant who received him had no disturbing effect. Will Sheridan quite forgot the surroundings, and at length, when ushered into the presence of the Colonial Secretary, his native dignity and intelligence were in full sway, and the impression he made on the observant nobleman was instantaneous and deep.

He was received with more than courtesy. Those letters, Lord Somers said, from Australia, had filled him with interest and desire to see a man who had achieved so much, and who had so rapidly and solidly enriched and benefited the Colony.

The Colonial Secretary was a young man for his high position—certainly not over forty, while he might be still younger. He had a keen eye, a mobile face, that could turn to stony rigidity, but withal a genial and even frank countenance when conversing cordially with this stranger, whom he knew to be influential, and who certainly was highly entertaining.

Will Sheridan was soon talking fluently and well. He knew all about the Penal Colony, the working of the old penal system and the need of a new one, the value of land, the resources of the country, the capabilities for commerce; and all this the Secretary was most anxious to learn.

After a long interview, Sheridan rose to take leave, and the Secretary said he hoped to see a great deal of him before his return to Australia, and told him plainly that the opinions of a settler of wealth and intelligence on colonial matters in Western Australia were just then of special importance to the Government. He also wished it were in his power to give Mr Sheridan pleasure while he remained in England.

There was only one thought in Sheridan's mind all this time, and now was the moment to let it work. He said he desired very much to visit the convict prisons in England, and compare the home system with that of the Penal Colony.

The minister was gratified by the request, and, smiling, asked which prison he would visit first. Will mentioned Millbank; and the minister with his own hand wrote a few lines to the governor, and handed the paper to his visitor.

Will Sheridan took his departure, with a tremulous hope at his heart, and drove straight to Millbank Prison.

There is something strange, almost unaccountable, and yet terrible, in the change that appears in half a century in the building of prisons. Few people have thought of this, perhaps; but it contains a suggestion of a hardening of hearts and a lessening of sentiment. The old prisons were dark and horrible, even in aspect; while the new ones are light and airy. In the latter, the bar takes the place of a wall—and the bar is often ornamented with cast-iron flowers and other sightly but sardonic mockery. Better the old dungeon, with all its gloom; better for the sake of humanity. The new prison is a cage—a hideous hive of order and commonplace severity, where the flooding sunlight is a derision, and the barred door only a securer means of confinement. For the sake of sentiment, at least, let us have the dismal old keep, that proclaims its mission on its dreadful brow, rather than the grinning bar gate that covers its teeth-like rails with vulgar metal efflorescence.

The great penitentiary of Millbank is, or rather was, an old-fashioned prison, its vast arched gateway sombre and awful as a tomb. It has disappeared now, having been pulled down in 1875; but those who visited it once, or who even passed it, will never forget the oppression caused by its grated and frowning portal. In the early part of this century, the Government of Great Britain determined to build an immense penitentiary, on the plan laid down by Jeremy Bentham in his celebrated "Panopticon, or the Inspection House." Bentham's scheme proposed a colossal prison which should contain all England's convicts and dispense entirely with transportation. The Government, acting on his plan, purchased a large and unhealthy tract of flat land, lying beside the Thames, and on this the unique structure was raised. The workmen were ten years in completing it; but, when it was finished, Englishmen said that it was the model prison of the world.

And it certainly was a great improvement on the older prisons, where those confined were often herded, many in a room, like cattle—the innocent with the guilty, the young and pure with the aged and the foul. In Millbank, every prisoner had his or her own cell—a room of stone, walls, ceiling and floor, with a large and heavily barred window. Each cell was eight feet square. The prison was built in six vast pentagons, radiating from a central hexagon, from which every cell was visible.

The entrance to the prison, from the street, was a wonder of architectural gloom. First, there was a dark archway of solid masonry, from the roof of which, about six feet from the portal, sprang a heavy grate or portcullis, with spear points apparently ready to fall and cut the unfortunate off forever from the world. Far within the arch appeared a mighty iron gate, ponderously barred, with an iron wicket, through which an armed warder could be seen on sentry within the yard.

These details were not noticed by Will Sheridan as he entered the echoing archway; but he was chilled, nevertheless, by the cold shadow of the surroundings. The warder within came to the wicket, and took the letter, leaving Will outside. In a few minutes, he found that his introduction was an "open sesame." The governor of Millbank himself, an important gentleman in a black uniform with heavy gold facings, came speedily to the wicket, the pondrous bars were flung back, the awful door rolled aside, and Will Sheridan entered.

The governor was very gracious to his distinguished visitor. On learning his desire to see the arrangements of the prison he himself became the guide.

An hour was spent in the male side of the establishment, which was an age to Will Sheridan. While the governor thought his attention was engaged in observing the features or motions of some caged malefactor, the mind and fancy of the visitor were far otherwise employed. He did not see the wretched, crime stained countenances in the cells he passed; but in every one he saw the white face, the brown hair and the crouching figure that filled his mind.

At last the governor asked him to visit the female prison, in which the discipline was necessarily different. They passed through a long passage built in the wall, and entered the corridors of the female prison.

Sheridan's heart beat, and the blood fled from his face, leaving him ghastly pale, as he passed the first iron door. He feared that the governor might notice his agitation; and he wondered how he should learn whether Alice were there or not.

As he walked down the corridor he noticed that on every door was hung a white card, and, approaching, he read the name, crime, and sentence of the prisoner printed thereon. This was a relief to him: as he walked he read the name on every card, on and on they went, up stairs and down, and round and round the pentagons, until he thought she surely was not in the prison, and the governor concluded that his visitor evidently meant to see all that was to be seen.

When the last corridor on the ground floor was entered, Will read every name on the doors with a despairing persistence, and his heart sank within him as he came to the last.

The governor opened the door at the end of the passage, and they entered a light, short corridor, with large and pleasantly lighted cells. Here, the governor said, were confined those prisoners, who, by extreme good conduct, had merited less severe treatment than the others.

Will Sheridan's heart leaped within him, for he knew that this was the place he should see her.

On the doors were simply printed the names and sentences of the occupants; and at the fourth door Will stopped, and read the card:—

ALICE WALMSLEY.

LIFE.

Seeing him pause, and intently examine the card, the governor beckoned to the female warder, who was in the passage, to come and open the door.

The woman approached, the key in her hand, and stood aside until the gentlemen withdrew from the door. Will turned and read her intention, and with a shudder he put her back with his hand.

"No, no, not her," he said hurriedly; then recollecting himself: "No, no, the prisoners do not like to be stared at."

Next moment, before he could think of the consequences, he turned again, and speaking rapidly, said:

"I am wrong. I should like to see—I should like to see the interior of this cell."

The lock clicked back, the heavy iron door swung open, and William Sheridan saw Alice Walmsley before him.

She had been sewing on something coarse and white, and a heap of the articles lay at her feet. As the door opened, she stood up from the low seat on which she had sat in the centre of the stone-floored cell, and, with her eyes on the ground, awaited the scrutiny of the visitors, according to prison discipline.

Will Sheridan took in the whole cell at once, although his eyes only rested on her face. She never looked on him, but stood in perfect calmness, with her eyes cast down.

She was greatly changed, but so differently changed to Will's expectations that he stood amazed, stunned. He had pictured her fragile, broken, spiritless, wretched. There she stood before him, grown stronger than when he had known her, quiet as a statue, with a face not of happiness, but of intensified peace, and with all that was beautiful in her as a girl increased a thousand fold, but subdued by suffering. Her rich brown hair had formerly been cut close, but now it had grown so long that it fell to her shoulders. Her face was colorless for want of open air and sunshine. A casual observer would have said she was happy.

Something of her peace fell upon William Sheridan as he looked upon her. Suddenly he was recalled to consciousness by a simple movement of hers as if averse to inspection. His heart quickened with fear and sorrow for his impulsive action in entering the cell, for now he would give all he possessed that she should not look upon his face. He turned from her quickly and walked out of the cell, and he did not look round until he heard the heavy door swing into its place.

When he had walked so far from the cell that she could not hear his voice, he asked the governor what work these privileged prisoners were engaged in, and was almost startled into an exclamation of astonishment when the governor answered:

"They are just now engaged on a pleasant task for themselves. They are making their outfit for the Penal Colony."

"Is she—is that prisoner going to the Penal Colony?" asked Will Sheridan, scarcely able to control his emotion.

"Yes, sir; she and all those in this pentagon will sail for Western Australia in the next convict ship," said the governor. "We shall send three hundred men and fifty women in this lot."

"When does the ship sail?" asked the visitor, still apparently examining the door-cards.

"On the 10th of April—just three months hence," answered the governor.

With his eyes fixed on a ponderous door, which he did not see, Will Sheridan made a sudden and imperative resolution.

"I shall return to Australia on that convict ship," were the words that no one heard but his own soul.

"I think you, sir, for your courtesy and attention," he said, next moment, to the governor; "and as I wish to examine more closely the working of your system, I shall probably trouble you again."

The governor assured him that his visits to the prison would be at all times considered as complimentary; and Will Sheridan walked from Millbank with a firmer step and a more restful spirit than he had known for ten years.

VIII.

SIR JOSHUA HOBB'S CONVICT MILL.

Lord Somers, the Colonial Secretary, had evidently conceived a high opinion of Mr. Sheridan from his first brief visit. He soon renewed the acquaintance by requesting another interview. In the course of a few weeks their relations had become almost friendly.

Their conversion was usually about the Australian colonies, on which subject the Secretary found Sheridan to be a perfect encyclopædia. It seemed that every possibility of their condition, latent as well as operative, had come into his practical mind, and had been keenly considered and laid aside.

But Sheridan was a child in London. He was supremely ignorant of everything that this nobleman considered necessary to existence. He knew nothing of British or European politics—did not even know who was Prime Minister. It gratified the genial and intelligent Englishman, on their frequent rides through the city, to impart information and pleasure to his Australian friend.

One day Mr Sheridan received another large official letter, this time from the Chief Director of Convict Prisons, Sir Joshua Hobb, who, without apologizing for the delayed acknowledgment of Mr. Sheridan's letter, asked him to meet the Board of Directors on the next day at noon, at the Department in Parliament Street.

Sheridan kept the appointment, and became acquainted with the half dozen men to whose hands Great Britain had intrusted the vast burden of punishing and reforming the criminal class.

Half an hour's conversation, though of a general nature, astonished Will Sheridan, by convincing him of the stupendous conceit and incompetence of these men. They talked glibly about the weight of a prisoner's loaf, and the best hour to light the cells in the morning; they had statistics at their finger-ends to show how much work a convict could perform on a given number of ounces of meat; but they knew nothing whatever of the large philosophy of penal government.

The Chief Director, Sir Joshua Hobb, however, was an exception, in so far as he had ideas. He was a tall, gaunt man, of fifty, with an offensive *hauteur*, which was obviously from habit rather than from nature. His face said plainly: "I know all—these gentlemen know nothing—it is not necessary that they should—*I* am the Convict System." He reminded Sheridan of a country pedagogue promoted to high position for some narrow piece of special knowledge. He looked superciliously at Sheridan, as if to ask—"Do you mean to pretend, before me, that you know anything about prisons?"

"Confound this fellow!" said Sheridan to himself, five minutes after meeting him; "he deliberately delayed acknowledging my my letters, to show his importance."

But Sir Joshua Hobb was an "expert" in penal systems. He had graduated from a police court, where he had begun as an attorney; and he was intimately acquainted with the criminal life of England in its details. But he had no soul for the awful thought of whence the dark stream came, nor whither it was going. He was merely a dried mudbank to keep it within bounds for a little way.

The admiration of his colleagues was almost reverential. Mr. Sheridan was informed by several of the Board—in subdued voice, of course, so that the great reformer should not be put to the blush—of his wonderful successes in the treatment of criminals.

"They all hate him," said Mr. Pettegrew, one of the Board,—"I give you my word, sir, that every criminal in England hates the name of Sir Joshua Hobb. He has made them feel his power, sir, and they know him."

"He was knighted by the Queen for his Separate System," said another Director.

"Is that your present system?" asked Sheridan.

"No," said the Director. "At present we are on the other tack."

"The Separate System was a failure, then?" inquired Mr. Sheridan.

"Not a failure, sir, but it was abandoned out of regard to the sentimental reformers. It increased insanity from 12 to 31 per 1000. Sir Joshua himself was the first to find it out."

"And then you adopted the Public-Works System, did you not" asked Sheridan.

"No, not so soon. When his Separate System failed, Sir Joshua introduced the mask—a cloth skull cap coming down over the face, with eyelet-holes—to promote a salutary shame in the prisoners. He was made a Knight Commander of the Bath for that wonderful invention."

"Then that system gave beneficial results?" inquired Mr. Sheridan.

"Well, there was no doubt of its moral excellence; but it increased the insanity from 31 to 39½ per 1000. Sir Joshua himself was the first to discover this, also."

"He certainly deserves the name of a discoverer," thought Sheridan. Then aloud,—

"And your present system is his invention, also?"

"Yes, our present system is wholly his. We are just now examining results. We discover one peculiarity, which Sir Joshua hardly knows how to class, but he says it certainly is a proof of progress."

"May I ask what is this peculiarity?" inquired Mr. Sheridan.

"That within three years insanity has decreased 2 per cent.," answered the Director, "while suicide has increased 17 per 1,000."

"Sir Joshua inclines to the opinion," said another Director, who was listening, "that this fact proves that we are at last getting to bear closely on the criminal principle. The law is touching it—there is no escape—and in despair the baffled criminals give up the fight, and kill themselves."

There was something fearfully repugnant to Sheridan's broad and humane view in all this, and he would gladly have escaped from the place. But the Directors meant to impress him with their ability to manage the entire Penal System, both in Australia and England. To secure this general management, Sir Joshua Hobb had recently introduced a bill to Parliament.

"Have you heard, sir," said Sir Joshua, addressing Sheridan with a patronizing kindness, "of the proposals made to the Government as to penal reform, by Mr. Wyville, of Western Australia?"

"No," answered Sheridan, smiling at his own ignorance. "I have never even heard of Mr. Wyville."

"Indeed!" said Sir Joshua, with a stare of rude surprise. "He is the most influential man in the West Australian Penal Colony."

"I never heard his name before," simply answered Will.

"He, perhaps, resides in a district far from yours, Mr. Sheridan," said one of the Directors. "Mr. Wyville is a wealthy settler from the Vasse District."

"From the Vasse?" repeated Sheridan, quite surprised; "I thought I knew every man, rich and poor, bond and free, in that district. I have lived there for many years."

Sheridan saw that his importance was lessened to the Board, but, strange to say, increased to the Chief Director, by his confession of ignorance of Mr. Wyville. However, Sir Joshua continued to speak,

"Mr. Wyville wants to introduce the sentimental idea into our penal system,—an absurdity that has never been attempted. There is only one way to blend punishment with reform, sir,—by rigid rules, constant work, low diet, impersonal treatment,—and all this kept up with unflagging regularity for all the years of a prisoner's sentence."

"With educational and religious influences added, of course," suggested Mr. Sheridan.

"No, sir, not of course," said Sir Joshua, in a tone of severe correction; "a chapter of the Bible read by a warder every morning, in a regular way, may do some good; but these influences have been overrated—they are of the sentimental school. The quality that is absent in the criminal class is *order*, sir, *order*; and this can best be supplied by persistent and impersonal regularity of work, meals, exercise, and sleep."

"You subject all prisoners to the same course of treatment?" asked Sheridan.

"Precisely," answered Sir Joshua. "Our system is the measure of normality, sir. We make the entire criminal or abnormal class pass through the same process of elevation, and try to reach one standard."

Mr. Sheridan would have asked what the standard was, and how many had reached it, and what had become of those who had failed to reach it, who had sunk under the Draconian yoke; but he thought it prudent to keep the questions back.

"Suppose a youth commit a first offence," he said, "or a man hitherto respectable and industrious commit a crime in a moment of passion,—will you treat him as if he were a professional criminal?"

"Precisely," repeated the eminent reformer; "our system regards criminality as a mass, and ignores its grades. This is our leading idea, sir—uniformity and justice. The criminal body is diseased—our system is the cure, sir; physician and cure in one."

Accustomed to say the word he meant, Will Sheridan could hardly restrain an indignant comment. "Confound the man," he thought, "he would take a hundred men, with as many diseases and treat them all for cholera." He concluded that Sir Joshua would have earned distinction as a torturer as well as a reformer, but he did not say so. As soon as possible he ended the conversation, and withdrew from the presence of the Directors of the Prisons.

"Lord help the convicts!" he thought, on his way to the hotel. "No wonder they are eager to be sent to the Penal Colony."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Listed," as the brokers say, at "100 Doses One Dollar," Hood's Sarsaparilla is always a fair equivalent for the price.

DONN PIATT IN THE ARENA.

THE AGNOSTIC THE DUDE OF THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD—"HE DOESN'T KNOW."

Your agnostic of to day is the infidel of yesterday, somewhat refined in manner, but not improved at all in matter. He has added nothing to our limited stock of knowledge, nor gained a particle of superior information—a state he confesses in the name assumed. He is the dude in science, and seeks to hide under an air of indifference the coarse bigotry of his predecessor, the infidel. The old style sceptic was loud in his denunciation of a believer in divine truth as a fool—your agnostic contents himself with pity for the idiot.

It is a popular delusion that a betterment of our condition on earth is to be attained in an enlargement of our intellect. Yet, why a boy taught to spell "baker" will be less liable, when half starved, to steal a loaf of bread, is a problem not yet solved. The orthography is excellent, but the hunger remains.

This holds good in the man brought up on books that contain the wisdom of ages. The evil impulses implanted in our nature are not lessened by such knowledge. On the contrary it stimulates, and renders more uncontrollable, the evil, selfish nature in us, for imagination enters to make the beastly passions more attractive. Our first parents were eating of the tree of knowledge when they fell. It is on this account that the more refined a people become the more dissolute they are, unless restrained by religion.

In no instance is the oft quoted line of "A little learning is a dangerous thing" as applicable as in this. And it is the more fatal because of our inability to have greater learning. To look at man, we may pride ourselves upon his intellect, so much above the lower animals, but as compared to the endless universe, of which he is less than an atom, pride disappears, and the humility, spoken of by our Saviour, takes possession.

We know nothing of creation about us, we know nothing about ourselves. We gaze in on that part of us that thinks, wills, and remembers, called mind by scientists and soul by theologians, and are amazed to find that we know as little of that as of the material world about us, that we look on and study.

The thought of endless space, or of eternity, threaten insanity, and if we turn from these to more familiar things about us, even the blade of grass beneath our feet is a puzzling mystery. We have stumbled blindly upon the effects of certain laws and proudly claim to know them. And these are all material. The spiritual life that we feel and recognize, indeed know as well as the natural, and laws of the material is in fact a sealed book. All human knowledge can be summed up in a sentence. When a thing happens once, we call it phenomenon; when it occurs twice we term it a coincidence; when it comes a third time we entitle it a law, and give it a name. That is all. The familiarity that breeds contempt also breeds confidence. Thus run a man too near the phonograph but once, without a supposed explanation, that does not explain, he would go to his grave believing it to have been a supernatural event, and is it not? The shrewd inventor cannot assure us through any information that he possesses that every sound caught up and held for reproduction a century hence is not a special manifestation of God. He will sadly shake his head and say. "I only make the instrument, I cannot tell you what it is."

The man who ordered a consignment of soap and candles, through the telegraph, would consider one a crank who would stop him in his busy little life, to say that he had witnessed in his order for soap and candles, a work of God as wonderful as the creation of a world. Yet one is as great a mystery as the other.

Hence it is that all the great inventions, that have so benefited the human family, and upon which we so pride ourselves, were made by ignorant men. Poor little creatures; we, in our brief space of existence, are as ridiculous as the monkeys Darwin told us we came from, and the most ridiculous is the old scientific ape, who solemnly seeks so measure God's universe with a pack thread. We paddle about in the shallow waters of reason, until we suddenly plunge into fathomless depths to perish.

Admitting, however, that it is well to be wise in the knowledge offered us from the garnered storage of six thousand years of little mysteries, what is there in such information to control our passions, weaken our appetites, or make us kinder to each other? These are results, that in religion you jump on so savagely, and cry, "But your religion is superstition, a dream. It has no warrant in reason, no support in history. It is puerile, childish and ridiculous." Well, this last may be true—recognizing how absurd I am, I am prepared to believe all my belongings are of the same sort—as for the so-called reason and the dull picture of history, I do not consider them.

From whence my religion came, and how, and whether sensible or not—I only know that it is here, and that it is true. The sense of dependence, the longing for aid, the hope of something yet to come, purer and better, are born in us. The recognition of God is a part of humanity. The poor ignorant savage hears His voice in the thunder, as positively as does the bald headed old ape of an agnostic who prates about "evolution" and "the survival of the most fit." But it is the Christ that is in us which is making Christianity conquer the world, and gives my Church its immorality.

The learning of the world is naught in the way of advancement. It will not lift one hair's breadth from the evils of our life, but it is capable of harm. When one turns from the religion of Christ to be guided only by the so-called learning, one lets go of the only hold on a better life, and deteriorates rapidly.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS.

The greatest frequency with which pale, sallow and enfeebled girls are met now a-days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present generation are not the healthy, robust, rosy lassies their mothers and grandmothers were before them. Their complexion is pale and sallow or waxy in appearance, and they are the victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and other distressing symptoms. All these betoken chlorisis or anæmia—or in other words a watery or impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform its normal functions, and unless speedily enriched with those natural remedies which give richness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave is the inevitable result. Is not this prospect sufficient to cause the gravest alarm? Mothers are your daughters suffering from any of the symptoms indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in their lives? If they are, as you value their lives do not delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Delays in such cases are not only dangerous, but positively criminal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a remedy compounded especially to meet such cases. These pills are not a patent medicine, but a remedy prepared with the greatest care from the formula of an experienced physician, who has used it for years in his daily practice with unvarying success. These pills are especially rich in those constituents which stimulate the blood and give it that rich color necessary to preserve health and life. They are in all cases a never failing blood-builder and nerve tonic, acting upon the system in a natural manner and restoring health and strength to all who suffer from a watery or depraved condition of the blood or from any of those weaknesses peculiar to females. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Cardinal Lavigerie in a noble letter demolishes the argument of those who pretend that Catholics cannot conscientiously uphold a Republican form of government. "It is a fact," he says, "that in consequence of the attitude of many of its advocates, people have grown to look upon the Republic as an impious and sectarian government; but in itself the Republican form of government is not necessarily connected with anything of the kind. The only government now existing in the world, which has a truly and completely Catholic character, is a Republic—the Republic of Equador. The only government where the liberty of the Church is not assailed is also a Republic—the Republic of the United States."

An English paper says: William Cayley Henry Cleveland, Esq., and Mrs. Cleveland (his wife), were received into the Catholic Church, at Whitby, Yorkshire, by Father McLaughlin, author of "Is One Religion as Good as Another?" The gentleman is the son of a Church of England clergyman, and will be the inheritor of considerable property.

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed and Dr. R. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

CORYVILLE, Clinton Co., N. Y., Dec. 24, 1890.

Dearest and best friend:

Benefactors of the human race:

With joy and pleasure I testify to the wonderful cure and virtue of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic. A poor sick boy in my parish was for years the victim of falling sickness and fits. Given up by physicians as incurable he is now, (*mirabile dictu*,) strong and healthy. No mistake but a few bottles of Koenig's Nerve Tonic saved his life. May God bless you, the noble benefactors of humanity; you have the prayers of the boy, of his parents, of myself and of all the parishioners. Words fail to express my thanks to you. Ever truly your cordial friend,

FATHER J. McGOWAN, Rector.

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 Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt 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 German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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