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On a Picture of St. Agues.

It is but a simple picture, just above my table resting,
Childlike face upturned in longing to the
promise of the skies,

children ace upturned in longing to the promise of the skies.

With a something near to sadness the sweet lips and forehead cresting.

And a look of Heaven dwelling in the beautiful dark eyes;

It is but a simple picture, yet it tells a hallowed story,

Brighter, purer for the record sin's revolving cycles show,

Speaking to my thoughts—all human—with its own unshadowed glory

of a heart that loved and suffered fifteen hundred years ago.

Not as we love, blindly stretching forth our hands in weak endeavor To hold fast what God has branded with the brittle stamp of clay; Not as we, unwilling, suffer, moaning child-ishly forces.

ishly forever The defeat of an ambition born and buried The defeat of an ambition born and buried in a day;
But as they love whom His brightness has encompassed with its shining.
Who have waited through the noontide in the shadow of the Cross.
Sharing in His crucifixion, with prophetic gift divining
In earth's short-lived compensations Heaven's irreparable loss.

Daughter of a race of heroes, stranger to the

Touch of sorrow,

Free as snowflakes in their fa'ling from
the sponse of to-morrow,
If the golden gates of Heaven had not
yeared to take her in.
If the dove had not descended where the
haughty eagle flaunted
the black wings above the threshold of her
proud, patrician home.
These nale line had never spoken, clear, de-

proud, patrician home.
Those pale lips had never spoken, clear, defant, and undaunted,
Their own doom of death and torture in
the halls of pagan Rome.

the halls of pagan Rome.

"Tear that white robe from her shoulders!"
Tyrant mandates know not pity;
She droops, clothed in her own blushes—
could there garments be more fair!
Lo' downfallen from its fastenings, before
all that mighty city.
She stands mantled and enshrouded in
the glory of her hair;
Then, as swift beneath the sword-flash
streams the life-blood hotty gushing,
The red current overflowing bathes her
whiteness in its sea—
Maidens, cease your tender weeping, all
your anguished sobs be hushing.
Pain is but a dream forever, and the martyr's soul is free!

tyr's soul is free!

Fifteen hundred years have followed one by one in sad procession

Since the sun set over Tiber on that barbarous holiday;

Fifteen hundred waves of passage in the tide of retrogression

Flowing to the shore eternal from the world it wears away!

Creatures of our own poor moulding, seeking ever an ideal,

Weaving all a soul's best promise into dull and senseless rhymes,

Could our thoughts but seek the treasure, might our hands but clasp the real,

What were death, or pain, or torture, fifteen hundred thousand times?

O thou beautiful St. Agnes! when my heart grows sick and weary,
Tiring of the toil and struggle, throbbing at the touch of pain,
There is never hour so hopeless, there is never day so dreary,
But the face upturned to Heaven can enliven it again.

But the face upturned to Heaven can enliven it again;

For mine eyes are not so blinded that they cannot see the shining

Of illimitable brightness in the pathway of the Cross,

And my soul is not so narrow that its faith is past divining.

In earth's short-lived compensations Heaven's irreparable loss.

—MARY E. MANNIX, in Gleanings.

ONLY A FLOWER.

Since leaving the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Miss Marie L—and her mother, who had become a widow, lived in an old mansion on the borders of the Loire. Near by there was a sanctuary dedicated to the Virgin Most Pure. From the gar-land of fresh flowers that always adorned the beautiful white statue, it was easy to see that there was at least one heart in the district tenderly devoted to Mary. The young girl, in fact, passed her time be-tween her home and the chapel, where from time to time a priest came to say Mass, and where she always found it sweet to be. Her happiness would have been complete in the midst of those whom she loved, were it not that there was one heart dear to her, a heart full of affection for her, but into which the poisonous breath of infidelity had made its way, a heart that brother on whose account Marie often wept, was, in many respects, an excellent young man; he took a pleasure in doing all that she asked of him; could she not prevail upon him to take some steps that would reconcile him to God? This was the question that she asked herself one evening just before the opening of the Month of May, as she knelt in her favorite sanctuary' which she had been decorating. All at once her countenance lighted up with hope; she blessed herself and came out. She soon found her brother and, taking him aside, said: "Henry, you often complain of my sadness; do you want to see me always cheerful? You love me, I know; now, I want you to give me

me, I know; now, I want you to give me a proof of your love."
"All right, Marie: whatever you ask you shall have, unless you talk of confession or things of that kind."

rwant you to promise me, and to promise seriously, that every day during the coming month you will bring a flower, just one flower, to the altar of the Blessed Virgin."

The young man knitted his brow; he was on the point of refusing, but when he looked into his sister's face and saw her pleading look, he answered :

pleading look, he answered;
"Very well, I will do it for your sake;
but it is a mere childishness, a foolish caprice. Don't say anything about it, at
least;" and with these words he walked

Two weeks had passed, and every evening the young man, faithful to his promise, came with his little flower. One evening Marie, urged by pious curiosity, hid her-self in a corner of the chapel about the self in a corner of the chapter about the time for her brother's visit. The girl's heart beat almost audibly. "He thinks himself alone," she thought to herself as he entered. "How is he going to act?" he entered. "How is he going to act?" He took off his hat, placed a fresh rose-bud on the altar, bowed, and went out.
"Something is already gained," thought
Marie. "O Blessed Mother, finish thy
work!"

Days succeeded days, and still nothing unusual occurred; but Henry, in his turn, had grown sad, and whilst the girl's countenance beamed with hope, her brother's had become thoughtful and downcast. The last evening of the Month of Mary had come. Miss L.—, in a corner of the sanctuary, was offering up fervent prayers to the Blessed Virgin. The door opened. "My brother!" she said, below her breath. "How pale he looks! What a beautiful bouquet he has! O Mary! speak to him! May he know thee, may he love thee! He kneels." The young man had thrown himself with his face to

the ground, and sobbed aloud. He remained long prostrated, his sighs from time to time breaking the silence that reigned in the chapel. Marie rose at last, and passed near her brother, who was startled, and followed her out. "You were there!" he cried, throwing

his arms around her neck. "You know all then! O blessed be the flower that you persuaded me to bring every day.

How well you know this divine Mother!

I am conquered, Marie. You may tell

every one that I believe, that I love."

It was a touching spectacle that was witnessed a month afterwards in the little

hessed a month afterwards in the inter-sanctuary where this miracle of grace had been performed. Marie knelt at the altar to receive the Bread of Angels, and beside her a young man whose face was bathed in tears. And when the family met in the evening in the shadow of the ancient hedge that bordered the park, the young man came and knelt at his mother's feet; his sister knelt beside him; they both bent down their heads to receive their mother's blessing. She blessed them and pressed them to her heart, whilst her noble ountenance was bathed in tears, and, raising her eyes to heaven to ask of God strength for the sacrifice: "Go, my child-ren," she said, "since it is the will of God; but pray to Him to support and console those you leave behind."

Next day a carriage rolled out through pointing toward heaven, he disappeared through the entrance door. The carriage before the Convent of Carmel. The young lady stepped down, held her mother in a long embrace, and, pale with emotion, pulled the door-bell. The door opened, and then closed behind her. The carriage moved slowly away. The work of grace was done.

FAILURE OF FREE THOUGHT.

Free Thought Very Brave Until Really Thinks of Death.

From the New Zealand Tablet.

We find another illustration of the in-

We find another illustration of the insufficiency of Freethought in a sketch of Theophile Gautier, the poet and writer, giver by M. Maxime du Camp in a recent number of the Revue des Mondes:—
"Theophile Gautier," he says, "felt miserable in the extreme at all times when duving the night he was alone or too far during the night he was alone or too far off to be heard at the first call. The darkness was painful to him. It seemed to him that death dogged him through the shadows, and was ready to seize hold of him. The notion of death did not leave him in tranquility; what we might find after death disquieted him. He made light of no religion; at all the promlight of no religion; at all the promises of hell and paradise, at the threat of dolorous transmigration, at the great prairie of the Red Skins, at the gehenna of the Jews, at the tortures inflicted by Ebis, he shook his head and answered: 'Perhaps it is true.' On a certain solemn occasion I heard him say, 'I am an old Christian.' These impressions often heapted him and made him sad. He often haunted him and made him sad. He often haunted him and made him sad. He told me that when he was one day lying down at Granada in one of the halls of the Alhambra, he awoke and said to himself, 'The hour will come when you will be stretched as you now are, and when you will never get up again.' He added, From that moment I no longer amused myself.' With Gothe, he had a hatred of ugliness, and death appeared to him ugliness itself; with Gothe again he had for his motto: Memento xivere. And he liked to repeat the inscription which, on his journey in Spain, he had noticed on the dial of the Church of Urugua: Vul-nerant omnes, ultima uecat! We are frenerant omnes, ultima uecat! We are frequently informed, nevertheless, that the mind freed from the chains with which the Christian creed fetters it is at ease, with no fear of what is to be found beyond the tomb, and with ridicule and pity only the tomb, and with rideule and pity only for all imaginations of the "scare-crow" order. But here we have, on the contrary, the mind of one who held his place well among the brilliant writers of modern France, and who was foremost in all enlighterment of his day, dayleyed here. lightenment of his day, darkened by su-perstition, and a prey to constant terrors of the future beyond life. Freethought boasts great things, but its boasting is vain. It is in the nature of man to fear the future into which death must intro-duce him, and unless he can do this under the guidance of Christianity and with its certain hope to counterbalance his fear, wretchedness, superstition, and the horror of thick darkness must, for the most part, haunt his graver hours—of this moreover we find abundant additional proofs in the frequent instances we see of men who lives have been passed in loud mouthed free-thought, but who at the hour of death are anxious in availing themselves of the succor of the Church.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Sold by all druggists.

Make no unnecessary promises: they are yokes hard to bear. Never promise to conceal anything from your parents or guardians. The person who asks you to do so is your enemy, no matter how sweetly he may persuade you. Generally speak-ing, promises are only useful as helping you to keep a good resolution. Your parents or guardians have a right to exact omises, but your companions have no

Who has not seen the fair, fresh, young girl transformed in a few months into pale, haggard, dispirited woman? sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorder of the system, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo,

THE SECRET OF UNBELIEF.

BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW OF INFIDELITY -ATHEISTS ARE MEN WHO DO NOT WANT TO REFORM THEIR LIVES.

[From the Journal of [Commerce.] We do not think it wise to attack infidels who denv the existence of a personal God, with labored argument. Nothing gratifics such men as Ingersoll more than the replies to their blasphemies made by Dr. Talmage and other well-meaning elergymen. We notice that Professor clergymen. We notice that Professor Mitchel, of Brooklyn, has challenged In-gersoll to a discussion of the questions concerning the Divine existence, the creation of the world, the inspiration of the Scriptures, &c., the meeting to take place in Washington. We are glad that Ingersoll declined the debate, and we think the cause of truth has gained by the failure of the two champions to meet

in wordy combat.

It is fashionable to laugh at Tupper, but he uttered in his "Proverbial Philosophy" many things well worth remember-ing, and not the least of these is the line we have often quoted: "Some errors never would have thriven, had it not been for learned refutation." Heresies in religion for the most part are born of the heart and not in the brain. Atheists deny the existence of God because such a Presdrew up towards noon at the novitiate of a religious order. A young man stepped out, extended his hand to an aged and a young lady who accompanied him, and, pointing toward heaven, he disappeared through the entrance. THE DIVINE EXISTENCE IS NOT QUESTIONED because it is unreasonable, but because it is disquieting, an ever present protest against whatever the conscience disapproves. This is why no man is ever reasoned out of his infidelity. Atheism, like prejudice, never came through the reason, and therefore cannot be affected. by logic. Paul had a deep insight into human nature, and saw that men re-belled against the true Divinity not because His eternal power and Godhead were not everywhere manifest, but be-cause they were unwilling to admit His claim upon their heart and life. "They did not like to retain God in their knowledge," and embraced idolatry or blank Atheism to escape the upbraiding of a hidden monitor that

WOULD NOT LET THEM REST IN SELFISH

When a man chooses the darkness be cause he is afraid of the light that would reveal his just condemnation he is impervious to assault, and all outside pressure only intensifies the shadow in which he hides. All the aggressive forces of the universe cannot drive the gloom from an unlighted cell. A brigade of from an unlighted cell. A brigade of servitors with brooms will fail to sweep it thence. An army with sword and spea may seek in vain to expel it. An ocean An army with sword and spear tide cannot drown it, and its sombre mantle would be proof against a rushing whirl-wind. But bring in a little taper; lo! the massive blackness that seemed so like a wall of adamant proves to be only a cowardly shadow, and it flees before the unborn ray to hide in hole and crevice out of the reach of searching eyes. This is the way to deal with theological errors, and especially with

THAT BLACKEST OF FALSEHOODS WHICH THAT BLACKEST OF TAXEBOODS WHICH
THE FOOL UTTERS IN HIS HEART,
saying, "There is no God," because he
loves not the thought of such a Presence.
Let the atheist frame his cavils and utter his jibes unanswered from press or pulpit. Light the torch of truth and let it be the light the toren of truth and let it be the only answer to the blasphemies of the infidel. In plain terms, let us preach up the Gospel instead of trying to reason down the error. When the unbeliever assails all religious truth as incomprehen-sible, leave him with the answer that such revelations must forever remain mys-teries to the hearts that reject them. Many years ago a bold blasphemer spent an hour in a little company gathered for another purpose, in denouncing and ridi-culing all that religious men hold sacred. There was one simple, earnest Christian man present, but he made no reply. At man present, but he made no reply. At last the infidel, who was disconcerted by his silence, turned upon him and de-manded what he had to say to all this. "Simply this," replied the believer, "that religion is a matter of experience. Those who have enjoyed it, know that it is true; those who have not, know nothing about it. You are only speaking in ignorance of a subject with which you are wholly unacquainted."

THE DEVIL IS FOND OF A CONTROVERSY, and litigation is his element. We would not please him or his retainers and servitors so much as to bandy words with them, much less to bandy words with them, much less to have open discussions in which they can trample into the mire they love, the pearls which are the precious treasure of believing souls. Even good men, when over zealous for the truth, lose their vantage ground and carry the war over the wrong side of the line.

"Wait Till I Get Sober."

One Testaman is a well-to-do farmer, who lives fourteen miles from Asheville N. C. On the 31st ult. he went off in the neighborhood on a spree, accompanied by his daughter Ruth, eight years old. While the father was lying down in the shade sleeping off the effects of his libations, the child crept up to him, secured the bottle of whiskey, which he had near him, and emptied the contents down her mouth. The child made her way home where her father found her beastly drunk. He swore that he would kill her. He roused her up, and told her of his intention. The little thing begged piteously for her life, saying:—"Pa, don't kill me now; I am drunk; wait till I get sober." These appeals were of no avail. The infuriated man dragged his child out of the bed and beat her to death.

Useless Fright.

To worry about any Liver, Kidney Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

Do not take such vile trash as cheap Whisky Bitters and stimulants that only whise Bitters and summants that only pander to a depraved appetite. Burdock Blood Bitters is a pure vegetable medicine, not a drink. It cleanses the blood and builds up the system. Sample bottles 10

The Reason He Wrote It.

"I write this," says Mr. Nelson de Pew, of Napiersville, Quebec, Canada, " to say that, after suffering six years with rheumatism—accompanied with the most intense pain with which any one could be afflicted —I have been completely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. I thus write because use of St. Jacobs Oil. I thus write because I consider it my duty so to do and because I wish to publish to suffering humanity the wonderful efficacy of the Great German Remedy. When I remember that during the six years in which I was bedridden with this awful disease, I tried all kinds of remedies, and expended a very large ground of money with doctors of large amount of money with doctors of all schools, and underwent all kinds of treatment, the feeling of gratitude at my marvellous recovery impresses me to give the widest publicity to my case."

The worst Scrofulous Sores, the most indolent Tumor, and the most foul Ulcer known, may be cured by the combined use of Burdock Blood Bitters and Burdock Healing Ointment. Ask your druggist for these infallible remedies.

*** "Do boldly what you do at all."
Boldly do we affirm that Kidney-wort is the great remedy for liver, bowels and kid-ney diseases, rheumatism and piles vanish before it. The tonic effect of Kidneywort is produced by its cleansing and pur-ifying action on the blood. Where there gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it always cures.

The Diamoud Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over the old dress. It will look like new. Only 10 cents.

If you would have a clear conplexion, a freedom from Blotches, Boils and all foul humors, purify and regulate the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels with Burdock Blood Bitters. Trial bottles 10 cents.

Blood Bitters. Trial bottles 10 cents.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

The best preventive and cure for Piles and all diseases caused by Constipation, is Burdock Blood Bitters. Purifying, Regulating, and Tonic in its action. Sample bottles 10 cents. Large bottles one dol-

GIVE HEED TO A COUGH.-If we except those tremendous epidemics which some-times often half depopulate the regions of country where they prevail, no diseases are so destructive as those which affect the breathing organs. Unfortunately also, there are few maladies which at the outset are so are tew maladies which at the outset are so frequently disregarded as trivial. No warn-ing is fraught with graver meaning than this—Give heed to a cough! To neglect it, is simple madness. So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few short weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption, that terrible enin tubercular consumption, that terrible en-

emy to human life. The best pulmonary remedy which medi-cal science has developed, and which seems peculiarly adapted to the suppression of a cough or cold, Asthma. Spitting of blood, Bronchitis, or other throat or lung com-plaint, is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Experience has shown that the oil obtained from the Cod's liver exercises a oil obtained from the Cod's liver exercises a powerful control over pulmonary diseases. In the above preparation, not only is this main ingredient specially pare, but its efficacy is greatly increased by addition to it of these hypophosphites which are among the most powerful invigorating and blood fertilizers known to matria medica. While the lungs are soothed and healed by the Cod the lungs are soothed and healed by the Cod Liver Oil, the rapid physical decay attend-ing lung disease is stayed and the system Liver Oil, the rapid physical and the system built up and fortified by the hypophosphites. Ample evidence proves this. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and

Many suffer from supposed Organic diseases of the heart, when the trouble is only an irregularity in the circulation of the vital fluids, which Burdock Blood Bitters will promptly remedy.

WELLAND CANAL

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on TUESDAY the eleventh day of July next, for certain alterations to be made to, and the lengthening of Lock No. 2 on the line of the old Welland Canal,

A map of the locality together with plan and specifications of the works to be done can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Thoroid, on and after TUESDAY the twenty-seventh day of June next, where printed forms of tender can be ob-tained.

tained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted Bank Cheque for the sum of \$1,500 must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the execution of the work at the rates and prices submitted, and subject to the conditions and terms stated in the specifications.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not however bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Cottawa, 22nd May, 1882.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Post office, St. Thomas, Ont." will be received at this office until WEDNESDAY, the 5th day of July next, inclusively, for the erection 6

POST OFFICE, &C.,

ST. THOMAS, ONT. ST. THUMAS, UNI.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at
the Post Office, St. Thomas, on and after
Thursday the 15th day of June.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order.

F. H. ENNIS,

Department of Public Works, ?

Department of Public Works, Cottawa, 24th May, 1882

CHEAP BOOKS.

250

15c

Alba's Dream and other stories Crucifix of Baden and other stories ... Fleurange, by Madam Craven......
The Trowel or the Cross and other

stories..... Dion and the Sibyls, a classic Christian novel... Flaminia and other stories. Perico, the Sad, and other stories... The Blakes and Flanagans... The Collegians, or the Colleen Bawn

St. Thomas a' Becket, by E. M. A history of the Protestant Reforma-tion in England and Ireland, by William Cobbett.

Fabiola, or the church of the Cata-

combs.

Bessy Conway, by Mrs. James Sadlier
Peter's Journey and other Tales, by
Lady Herbert...
Nelly Netterville, a tale by the author of Wild Times...
Fate of Father Sheehy, by Mrs. Jas.
Sadlier

Francis Clare......

The school boys..... Truth and Trust
The Hermit of Mount Atlas......

THOS. COFFEY,
Catholic Record Office,
London, Ont.



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS,
Toronto, 27th April, 1882.

NOTICE is hereby given that certain lots in the town of Sault Ste Marie, and lots in block of land adjacent thereto, in the township of Korah, and lots in the City of Toronto, will be sold by public auction on Thursday, the 29th day of June next, at twelve o'clock noon, at the Department of Crown Lands.

CONDITIONS—Cash on day of sale.
Lists of the lots can be had on application to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto.

189-6w Commissioner of Crown Lands.



TO BUILD RS.

DEPARTMENT OF MMIGRATION, ONTARIO.

Contractors. Farmers, and others in need of Laborers are requested to apply to the following Immigration Agents:— John A. Donaldson, Toronto; John Smith, Hamilton; A. G. Smyth, London, or to the undersigned.

Farm Laborers are arriving in larger numbers since the opening of navigation

DAVID SPENCE

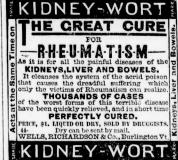
65 Simcoe street, Toronto, May 19, 1882.

Various Causes-

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR YIGOR WIII restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses th scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not de-stroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy. weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone

it imparts.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is colorless; ontains neither oil nor dye; and will not soil or color white cambric; yet lasts long on the hair, and keeps fresh and vigorous, imparting an agreeable perfume For sale by all druggists.



\$200.00 REWARD

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person selling or dealing in any bogus, counterfeit or imitation Hop BITTERS, especially Bitters or prepara-tions with the word Hop or Hops in their name or connection therewith, that is intended to mislead and cheat the public, or for any preparation put in any form, pre-tending to be the same as Hor BITTERS. tending to be the same as Hop Bitters. The genuine have cluster of Green Hops (notice this) printed on the white label. and are the purest and best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all others and of all pretended formulas of recipes of Hor Bittens published in papers or for sale, as they are frauds and swindles. Whoeverdeals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

LOCAL NOTICES.

R. S. Murray & Co. are prepared to fit up churches, public buildings, hotels and private residences with Brussels, Whiltan, velvet, tapestry, three-ply Kidderminster and Dutch carpets, India and China matting, English oil cloth, cut to fit rooms: American and Canadian oil cloth. French, Fnglish and German lace curtains always on hand. Largest stock of house furnishings in America. Carpets made and laid at very small charges, cut, matthed and tacked free, 124 Dundas street, and 125 Carling street. 250

street, and 125 Carling street.

THE SADDEST OF SAD SIGHTS.—The THE SADDEST OF SAD SIGHTS.—The grey hairs of age being brought with sortow to the grave is now, we are glad to think, becoming rarer every year as the use of Cingalese Hair Restorer becomes more general. By its use the scanty locks of age once more resume their former color and the hair become thick and luxuriant and the hair become thick and luxuriant as ever; with its aid we can now defy the change of years, resting assured that no Grey Hair at any rate will come to sadden Sold at 50 cents per bottle. For sale

by all druggists.

For the best photos made in the city go to Fpy Bros., 280 Dundas street. Call and examine our stock of frames and paspartonts, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city. Children's pictures

aspecialty.

Special Notice.—J. McKenzie has removed to the city hall building. This is the Sewing Machine repair part and attachment emporium of the city. Better facilities for reparing and cheaper rates than ever. Raymond's celebrated machines on sale.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!

Are you disturbed at night and broken o. your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the exeruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS, WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately-depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the aste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest 47.5 dest female physicans and nurses in the United States. Soid everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!

in the United States. Soid everywhere at scents a bottle.

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