e en la contra la contra de la co TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. THE

A TRIBUTE 出来了你们这个个 TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN J. MUEPHY, DIED JANUABY, 1890.

When I babeld thee in thy dreamless rest, Lying so peaceful with cold, bloodless hands, Grossed on thy lifeless and poor tortured breast, 7In the strange sleep that breaks in other lands : 7I the strange dod that thy heart was free from

phia ; That moral wees could not assail thee now-"With thee is peace," I cried, "with us remain.

The trials that wound and furrow-o'er the brow.

And as I gazed, oh Friend 1 my memory went Back to those colden days of generous youth, When a wild joy, dream-like existence lent To human needs that were not like the truth, Even as the breach of summer stealing o'er The trozen verdure of a former spring, Recalls to life the blocm that was before, And clothes the fields with vernal covering, So came the breath of memory to my soul, Thawing the frozen channel of past years ; No partial thaw, but a delicious whole That silenced sighs and hid the gathering

tears. Why weep for shee removed from human ills, And dead to all the pangs the living feel ? The void that's left my very being fills With grief for him whose wound can never

heal; Thy father mourns the first born of his flock, And what can ease the pain a parent bear, When to his ear there comes Death's woeful

knock That opes the fold and from it some lamb tears ?

Farewell, poor friend, rest to thy soul in peace, And on thy grave les earth's fair flowers be Lung,

From mortal pangs thou hast a glad release ; Though sad the thought that thou didst die so young.

B. F. D. DUNN.

KILDARE LADY

Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER XVII, Continued.

Battantyne hired a carriage, of which there «were several in waiting at the station, to convey them the remainder of their journey, and the travelers were soon hurrying out of the seaport town toward the interior of the yours. Everything is as you ordered, country.

They ascended and descended the steep and rugged roads, through a sparsely settled region, passing now and then the stately villa of some rich landowner, set in noble grounds and approached by a grand avenue, but more often coming upon the miserable oabin of a peasant, whose pigs and whose children wandered in and out of the low doorways, and whose heavy, and faced wives looked out of their small, misarable, broken windows in sorrowfal envy of "the quality" going by.

Bissantyne's spirits arow as they approached the mouataine. He believed he would be buried here beyond all possibility of discovory. And as his spirits rose the Lidy Kithleen's fell. Her blue eyse, blue as her own soft Irish sky, held in their doothe the shadow of a great desp dr. Her pa'e face, pure as snow in its delicacy of complexion, was wan and woeful beyond description.

Little need these humble passant women, staggering under the curve that rests so heavily on Ireland-the curse of unrewarded | manding a fine view of the mountains and toll, of unnitigated novorty, of unrelieved oppression at the hands of the soll ownerslitile need they have uvied pror Lady K sthleen, for a neart even more despairing than theirs boat under her silken bodice, and a life even more miserable than theirs seemed to stretch out before her in the limitles: future.

Something like this thought the Lady Kathleen, as an oucounteroi the gize of one pair of hopeless-looking eyes belonging to a woman who was walking to market and

surrounding country people on their visits to | ly joined couple adjourned to the drawingthe valley, but now these sheps were de- room.

gerted. the news of her coming had been industriously circulated by her steward, and shopkeep-ers and villagers were on the look-out for the tember. "lady of the hall," whose presence at Bally-conpor premiesd them pecuniary good, and in curiously interested.

superb drive to the mansion.

As they drew up before the latter, and the Lidy Kithleen was assisted to the porch by piness." Researching the servants flocked out without | "And what is that?" asked the Lidy Kath-Basaantyne, the servants flocked out without ceremony to welcome home their long absent leen indifferently. wistress. ""That is a revival of your old affect

steward.

He was an elderly man, with the port of a royal duke. Many a nobleman of ancient lineage might have envied the humbly-born sceward his aristocratic sir and the quist | digalty of manner which sprang from an innate poblity which neither rank nor wealth can supply.

The Lady Kathleen's face warmed with a sudden glow at the sight of him, and she held out her hand to him in hearty kindness.

"We are glad to see you at home again, Lady Kathleen," said Delaney. "And we congratulate the new master, and hope you will both live at the old hall always ! It's sorry times we have had longing to see your sweet eyes, my lady, and we were afraid you'd forgotten us all up at the grand castle in Antrim ! But it's in the old home the hearts are warmest, my lady !"

The Lady Kathleen returned an answer that made the old man's heart happy, and then greeted Mrs. Dalaney, the housekeeper, and the various family servants, each by name.

By the time this ceremony had been gone through with, and Bassantyne introduced as " the master," the Lady Kathleen found herself in the central hall of the mansion.

suppose, Mrs. Delaney ?" she asked.

mild-faced, pleasant-eyed, lady-like old it is !" and she sighed wearily. womau, dressed in gray. "The master's "Yes; it is better as it is," echoed Basrooms are on the same floor, and opposite santyne. "You and I can be happy here, yours. Everything is as you ordered." Kathleen. We can make up our differences, "I will go up to my rooms at once i" said her Isdyship. "I will have my lunch served in my own sitting-room. Mr. Bassantyne will probably prefer the dining-room, and he can be served there. And after lunch, fancied myself so low and degraded that I

comp up to see me."

gallery hung with pictures.

From either side of this hall several doors opened into the best private apartments of the mansion. The Lady Kathleen, preceeded to near

the front end of the gallery, opened a door at her right, and advanced into a sunny room looking to the south and the west.

This was in her private sisting-room, and with lice and dima-k, one licking out upon she mountaics and fields and a pertion of the village toward the south, and the other comthe larger share of the village toward the

We 55. Tae air of the valley was already chilly, although the month was Outober, and the room wore its winter dress, the velvet carpet and plush covored chairs being all of the most vivid coimson hue. There was a coal fire burning in the grate, giving out a genial heat, and dissipating the dampaess of the stone walls.

"This looks like home," mused the Lady

This was a long and wide low-celled apart-The progress of the Lady Kathleen up the ment, furnished in modern style. A fire long street was in some sort an evation, for | was burning here also, for the old half was wont to be damp, and fires were neually kindled within its walls early in Sap-

I am well pleased with my new home," observed Bassantyne pompously, looking out of whose recent marriage they were greatly and the window upon the lawn with quite a grand curiously interested. At the end of the village the carriage en- treat me with the most flattering respect. tered between two great open gates into the The fact that I am the husband of the Lady Gannor grounds, and proceeded along a Kathleen Connor seems a passport to their hearts. I shall be safe here and happy, At least but one thing is wanting to my hap-

At their head appeared Delaney, the tion for me, said Bassantyne. " To be be-teward. loved by you, in addition to being master here, would be a joy almost too great to bear. Oh, Kathleen, cannot the past

be revived t" "An indignant flush arose to the Lady Kathlhen's cheeks.

"We have done with the past-you and I," she said. "Do not speak to me of love."

"But you loved me madly once, Kathleen.¹

"Why taunt me with a folly that is long past ?" she demanded bitterly. "Suppose I taunt you with your errors and orimes. I assure you I judge myself more harshly for that girlish folly and madness than I judge you for your crimes. And heaven knows I have suffered enough for it all, without this most terrible punishment of all.

Basantyne frowned. "Do you know, Kathleen," he said, drumming on the window-pane, "that I half expected you would contest this Scottish

marriage !" The Lsdy Kathleen smiled bitterly. "And if I had," she said, "you would have made a fine scandal. And Lord Tresham,

hearing the story linked to the name of Kathleen Connor, would have turned his back upon me. And Nora would have been "The rooms are all ready as I ordered, I taken from me, as she has been, and I should pose, Mrs. Delaney ?" she asked. Yes, my lady," replied Mrs. Delaney, a where my name is unknown. It is better as

Mrs. Delaney, I shall be glad to have you could ever love you, I would shut mynelf up in a convent. Do not dare speak of love to She mounted the broad staircase, followed me again. You are here a fugitive in hiding. by her multi loaded with parcels, and came | I accord you shelter and food, but we are out upon the upper hall, a wide, well-lighted and can be nothing to each other than we are now. Do not speak to me of love again, if you would not drive me to keep to my own rooms."

She arose and quitted the room.

Bassantyne looked after her darkly. " Let her wear her grand airs now !" he muttered. " My time is coming. I intend to bo master of her in truth as in name. I intend to intrench myself in the seat of the might well have served, in ancient times, for doad and gone Connore, to haudle their a "lady's bower." It had two immonsely revenues as my own, and to become in resl-wide wiedows of clear plate glave, curcained ity lord of the manor. And if Kathleen ity lord of the manor. And if Kathleen stands in my way," he added huskily. "I must push her avide. I am in hasto for Murple to come. I may nood his brutal hand and unscrupulous brain. With him to help me, I can defy Rathleen and her supermusted eld servante, I can quistly depose her and reign in her stead."

The days of her imprisonment in the smail, toba. dark upper room in the cottage at Clendalkin dragged wearily enough to the poor young



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BREAK CRACK AND ADDREAM AND A POST AND ADDREAM A VENERABLE SCHOOL BOY. Mr. Gladstone Rejoices in His Son's Happi-

ness. LONDON Jan. 30 -The Marriage of Mr.

Hy. Neville Gladstone to Mirs Maud Rendel, which took place to-day, was an unexpectedly His is the only line to Great Falls, the future manufact-Hy. Neville Gladstone to Mirs Maud Rendel, brilliant affair, in view of the previous announcement that the ceremony would be characterized by almost severe fimplicity. The bride was attended by seven bridesmalds, each at! Ired in a costume of Irish poplie, and the wedding decorations were extention and superb. The number of netable persons present was very large. Foremost among them, in respect of the stantion bestowed upon him by everybody fortueate enough to upon him by everybody fortucato enough to get uear him, was the venerable expremier, the father of the bridgroom, who was in high spirits and joined in the singing with the vigor and earnestness of a school boy. The record of the marriage was signed by Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourz, Earl Roseberry and Earl Grant and the school to a bridge was signed by Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourz, Earl Roseberry and Extl Granville.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

joizs the other parts of the Dominian in Its prefaces of the wonderfol virian of Nucel printed of the wonderial vrines of Nuevel Balm. Mr. Wm. H. Sharp, Trib ng, Min., says: --I am delighted to be in a position to say that Nasal Balm is helping me wonder-fally, sithough I have been using it but a very short time. It enables deated out on the mode, very short time. It enables deated out on the mode. very short time. It spandily cleared out guides If you the head and stopped the disagree able drop- wanta free farm pings into the threat. For some time I had in a cordyland suffered severely from cattern's bead ache, write for the Nasal Balm has removed every trues of it. I Great Renave overy confidence in its completely curing ma. It is deserving of all you claft, for readinand it:-""A Positive Care for Catarrh. E isy and Piessant to use." I hope it will soon to a coept b for sale to compare the for the soon to b be for sale in every town and village in Maul-

Around the House.

"Besteure for cold., cough, consumption is the old Vegetable Physicanary Balsam." Curtes ston, 2028) a large ogtile sent prøpade

MIRACULOUS MEDAL.

A FRENCH INCIDENT IN THE DAY OF GREAT FAITH.

How the Blested Virgin Appeared to a French Sister of Charity-Giving Eise to the Miraculous Medal.

It has always been to the meek, the humble, and those of great faith that God has been pleased to manifest Himself in those miracles which live forever in the history of the Church, and are the scale, stamped by the Almighty hand, of its truth and divine origin. To the sweet virtue and simple faith of a Sister of Charity the Church is indebted for the "Miraculous Medal" so extensively used throughout it, and the marvelous powers of which have again and again been attested.

Sister Catherine Laboure, & French Sister of Charity, of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, had a great love for the Blessed Virgin, and was possessed by an ardent desive to look upon the face of God's Mother and Heaven's Queen. So simple and child-like was her faith, that she used to pray that this desire might be grauted. On the night of the 18 h of July, 1830, the eve of the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, before retiring the prayed with more than usual fervency that the great been she craved might be vouchsafed to her. She then retired and, with the longing still throbbing in her heart, fell asleep. About midnight she was awakened by hearing her name called three times. Putting aside the curtains of her bed, she beheld a dazz'log light, and, in the midet of it, a little child of rare and exquisite loveli-

"Come," he said in a voice of infinite sweetness, "come to the chapel where the Blessed Virgin will meet you."

Trembling with jey and awo, the Sister proceeded to dress herself. When she was ready, the Child took her hand and led her from the dormitory toward the chapel, the light which encircled Him illuminating the whole corrider. Upon reaching the chupel, she found the sitar all lighted, and the Child motioned for her to kneel before it while He stood a few feet behind her. There, for about a quarter of an hour, she knelt in ailent awe and costasy. Then, suddenly, the Child exclaimed : "Bohold ! the Blessed Wirgin cometh !"

The Slater heard a rustling as of soft silk, and then saw a lady of gen le and exquisite loveliness enter the sanctuary and seat hersolf in the chair to the right of the altar, usually occupied by the director of the community. No words can desoribe the sweet, as she mot the gaze of the beautiful, gentle, e static emotion which filled the Sist r's heart loving eyes. All awe and fear seemed to die, and, like a child to its mother, she went and knelt down at the Bleweed Virgin's feet, and looked up, lovingly and true ingly, into the sweet, gentio face. And the Blessed Virgin opoke to her I ke a mother to her child, telling her to come in all her trials to the foot of the tabernacle, for there could be found consolations for all of life's sarrows. She also forstold, very sadiy, the great calamities which were about to fall upon France, the overthrow of the throne, the csrnege of the Commune, and the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, again repeating her injunction to come in all wee and series to the fact of the altar where all graces were to be obtained by those who asked for them with faith and fervor. The Sister could not calculate the time the Bleezed Virgin remained with her; but all at once she faded away like the vanishing of a shadow.

When she arose from her knees, the Sister found the Child awaiting her. "She has gene," He said ; and then He led Sister Cithorine back to the dormitory. As she returned to bed she heard the elecks strike two ; but she slept no more that alght.

On Saturday the 27th of November, the eve of the first Sauday in Advent, the Blersed Virgin again appeared to Seter Catherine. The latter was making her meditation in

chapel when she again heard the soit rustling

were raised to Heaven, and there was a won-

derful radiance on her beautiful countenance

as she seemed offering to God that symbol of

CHAPTER XVIII. UNDERSTOOD AT LAST.

carrying a huge burder. "Every back has its hurden," the girl thought sorrowfally. " Neither the rich nor the poor monopol 23 the griefs and corrows. They are given to all humanity alike, although some bear their purion openly and others shronds theirs from common view in gay trappings ! And so, having all burdens, there is a common the between the rich and the poor. Toank Goi ! we shall all reach the same heaven some day, where all burdens are forgetten. And there will be notther rich nor poor there.'

Arriving in the shadow of the tall Wicklow mountains, the roads bacame more rugged, at | trimmed with real lace, and the coverlet was times being almost presipitous. The scenery became picturesque, in places oven to wildness. The horses, of some stout Irish breed. srotted and gallopod by turns up hilland down, and Bassantyns began to have serious doubts as to the sobriety of the driver.

At length, the road, growing parrower, wound itself like a dusky serpent through a wild mountain pass, making perilous curves. elimbing bare limestone rocks, and winding along by rude ravines and steep guilles, and crossing, by rustic bridges, half-dried mountain torrents.

Suddenly the travelers came out upon the crest of a hill.

"That is Ballyconner lying below us," said the Ludy Kathleen, arousing herself from her shoughtful trance.

Bassantyne stared eagerly at the home of his bride.

Below them, shut in by the gray, tall Wicklow mountains, like a jewel in a rough setting, iay a lovely green valley, as beauti-ful as the charmed Vale of Avoca, which was not many miles alitant.

In the midet of the emerald valley, upon which the early afternoon can was shining, the village of Billycounor, its neat houses set in gardens, was plainly exhibited. The long village street, the continuation of the mountain road, the tail church with its her cozy bathing-room, the Ludy Kathicen square tower, the rustic chapel with its steep attired herself in a rich blue silk with a long roof and gables, were all plainly seen from | train, with trimmings of point lace and ornathe hill which our travelers had begun to descend.

" There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,' murmured the Lady Kathleen, with tender, drooping eyes and with a soft, gweet smile breaking through her sadness.

"Ah, yes!" said Bassaniyne, continuing to scan the valley. "It looks secluded and hidden from the world, and that's the main Where is your home, Kathleen ?" thing.

The Lady Kathleen pointed at the further and of the long village street.

There were presented all the fastnres of a beautiful estate, fields, woods, parks, and cestors. gardens, and in the midst of all these stood a stately old mansion, built of the gay limestone of the neighboring mountains,

The sunlight falling on this dwelling showed its beautiful, wide windows, its great aquare beli-tower, its slender turrets, and the great colonnade along its southern side, which, supported by stone pillars and arches, seemed a reminiscence of Italy. Bassantyne studied the old hall intently,

while the carriage rolled on and entered the | ter over the estate, and already felt himself a sleepy little village.

There were a few quaint shops, in the doors of which the shopkeepers were loung | was in accordance with these that he began ing. There was a quaint old inn, which displayed the sign of "The Connor Arms," There were two or three small all shops, where liquors stronger than ale were dispans. | bride, ad to the humbler of the villagers and to the

suite. The large dressing room, ilned with plate-glass mirrors, was furnished in crimson, and had also a bright coal fire which was reflacted on every side.

The bad-chamber had been newly furnished. The carpet was of white velvet,

sprickled with occasional golden stars. The bodstead, of carved resewood, richly gilded, was canopled with white satin, which fell to the floor in sumptaous folds. The square, huge pillows were inclosed in daintiest linen, of white satia, and in its center was embroidered in gold thread a glittering star. The room was in fact a sumptuous bridal chamber, its low, satin-draped couch and single white easy chair corresponding in richness with the

features we have enumerated, and the only dash of vivid color the room contained being found in the red glow of the fire. The Lady Kathleen's lip carled in bitter

mockery of all this display.

"It seems that I was not explicit enough in my directions," she said. "Mrs. Delaney has arranged this room for a happy bride. It is a heart-sick and disappointed woman who has come to occupy it alone. Ob, this is all so hard to bear, when I remember what might have been ! Ah, that ' might have

been.'" She knelt on the hearth rug of white and gold, and crossed her arms on a chair, pillow-

ing her head upon them. And the desolate look in her blue eyes deepened, and the full red mouth quivered, and after a little the tears came, seeming to well up from her very soul.

A long time she knelt there but at last remembering that it was necessary to "keep up appearances," she arese, dried hor eyes, and went into her dressing room.

Here a change of garments had been laid out for her by her maid, and, after a bath in ments of turquoise, and went out into her

sitting room. Here her luncheon was already spread upon a round table before the fire.

Delicate trout from some mountain pond, game birds on toast, and a few of the finer vegetables, made up a repast that tempted even the Lady Kathleen's capricious appetite.

She sipped her chocolate and ate her meal leleurely, feeling a sense of relief in having reached the end of her journeying and settled down at last in the home of her an

In the course of the alternoon, not deeming it wise to give herself up to vain regrets and useless imaginings, she tied on her hat, drew about her the warm folds of an Indian shawl, gathered up her train, and set out on a stroll through the house and grounds, Delaney, the steward, accompanying her

She did not again see Bassantyne until they

met at dinner. He was then in fine spirits. He had a canland proprietor and a Connor of Ballyconnor. He had formed some new schemes too, and it to exhibit toward Kathleen a marked courtesy and leverlike devotion that pleased her household almost as much as it disgusted his

Alter dinner, the Ill-assorted and strange-

Sate wont into the adjoining rooms of the population of the door, and her meager supplies of fresh air came to her through the same aperture.

An imprisonment more gloomy, more tervible, more barbarous, could not have been devised.

The captive had no books, and if she had had books she would not have had light sufficient to read them. She had no employment for her hands-nothing to occupy har wearying thoughts, varied with unrefreshing slumbers.

Her jailer, Mrs. Fogarty, visited har thrice daily, bringing with her a supply of bread and water, which constituted the girl's prison fare, and at these periods the women urged her captive to yield to her guardian's demands, but she might as we'l have pleaded to marble. The young Lady Nora heard her with a haughty disdain, but did not even reply to her.

Three or four days thus passed.

At midnight on the fourth day of Nora's captivity, when the house was wrapped in darkness and silence, a low and subdued knocking was heard upon the front door of Yew Oottage.

Nora, pacing her lonely cell, sleepless and harassed, heard it.

Mrs. Fogarty, sleeping lightly in her upper chamber, also heard it, and started upright in her bad.

The knocking was repeated cantiously. Mrs. Fogarty arose, threw on her outer garments, raised her window and looked out. The night was light enough for her observations. A man, small of stature, with a shrinking, insignificant figure, was standing on the steps, with face upraised.

The man was her employer and the Lady Nora's kineman-Mr. Michael Kildare.

Mrs. Fogarty slammed her window shut, lighted a candle, and hurrled down stairs. A moment later she admitted the Dablin law-

yer, and secured the door behind him. "Well, Mrs. Fogarty," said Mr. Kildare, "what is the news? Has the Lady Nora come to her senses ?"

"Sorry a bit," replied Mrs. Fogarty. "It's a big job I've undertaken your honor. I have shut her up continual, and fed her on crusts and cold water, but it's the pride of Lucifer she has ! She wen't give in till she's dead !" The lawyer contracted his brows sharply. "I almost wish she was dead !" he mut-tered, half inaudibly. "I'am afraid I've got a Tarter to deal with !"

"What's that your honor says ?" asked Mrs. Fogarty, pricking up her ears. "Nothing. I'll have a talk with Lady Nora myself. She may display a different spirit to me. Give me the light and the key of the young lady's door, Mrs. Fogarty, and I will pay her a visit. Do you stay down here in the hall till I return."

Mrs. Fogarty withdrew the key from her pocket and gave it into the lawyer's hands. She then sat down upon the hall chair, while Michael Kildare took up the light and aspended the stairs with the tread of a cat.

Arrived at Nora's door he knocked lightly. " Are you awake, Nora ?" he saked, bend ing his ear to the key-hole.

The steady footfalls within the cell ceased to sound on the still air and the young girl, halting, answerrd quietly :

"I am awake. Are you coming ?"

For answer, the lawyer unlooked the door, swung it sjar, and west in. (Te be continued.)

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red bordered towels are to be washed, will prevent them from fadicg.

To keep the ceiling clean, put a tack on each side of the room near the ceiling, on which the flies will alight. The chandeliers and pictures frames, if rubbed occasionally with oil of lavender, will be free from them.

How many good cooks know that vegetables of disagreeably strong flavors can be improved by by ing a small piece of bread in a lit le mucha bag and boiling them together? How many have tried placing some vineg r in the stove while cooking onions to lessen the odor?

The three costntials to human happinessare something to do, something to leveland some

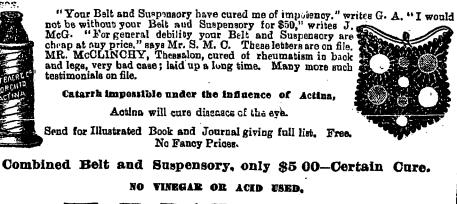
thing to hope for.



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REV. CHAS. HOLE, Halifax, N.S., is happy to testify to the benefits received from our Butterfly Belt and Actina. Senator A. E. BOTSFORD, Sackville, N.S., advise everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight. HENRY CONWAY, 44 Centre Street. cured of intermittent fever in tee days, one year's standlog; used Actina and Belt. MRS. S. M. WHITEHEAD, 578 Jarvis Sh., a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Electric Belt. MR. J. FULLER, 444 Centre Street, coughed eighteen months, cured in two treatments by Actina. J. McQUAIG, we have been to be induced to part with our treatments by Actina. J. McQUAIG, WERKS 445 Centre Street, coughed eigh seen months, cured in two treatments by Actina. J. McQUAIG, grain merchant, cured of rheumatism in the shoulders after all others failed. JAS. WEEKS, Parkdale, sciatica and lame back, cured in fiftcen days. WM. NELLE³, Thesalon, cured of lame back, pain in breast and dyspapsia, after being lauf up all winter. MRS. J. SWIFT, S7 Agnes Street, cured of sciatica in six weeks. D. K. GELL, 135 Sincoe Street, cured of one year's sleep-lessness in three days by wearing Lung Shield and using Actina. L. B. MoKAY, Queen Street, tobacconist, cured of headache after years of sufferings. MISS ANNIE WRAY, Manning Avenue, music teacher, finds Actina invaluable. E. RIGGS, 220 Adelaide Street West, cured of catarth by Actina. G. S. PARDE⁴⁶, 51 Bayerley Street, oured of lame back after all medicines had failed. MISS DELLA OLAYTON, Toronto, cured of paralysis after being in the hospital nine months. JOHN THOMPSON, 109 Adelaide weet, cured of a tumor in the eye in two weeks by Actina. MISS E. M. FORSYTH, 18 Brant Street, reports a lump drawn from her hand 12 years' standing. MKS, HATT, 342 St. Clarence Avenue, Toronto, cured of BLOON



DRUNKARDS on the right hand side of the sunctuary. Looking in that direction she beheld, near the picture of St. Joseph, a wonderful vision may not be aware that intemportance in drink is just at readily cured as any other disease which medicine can reach. We say cured, and we mean just what we say, and if you hap on to be a victim of this habit and wish to ril yourself of all desire or tasks for liquor, you can do so it you will take of the Blessed Virgin. She stood, clad in robes of luminous light ; a white veil ocvered her head and fell to her fust, which rested upon a hemisphere. In her slightly uplifted hands she held another globe, while her eyes

HAND

OF

FORTUNE!

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the carth. Suddenly her fingers were filed with rings of the most precious stones, the rays from which enveloped her in such dazzling light that Sister Catherine could not PFLEL & CO., see neither her foot nor rebe. 155 N. 2d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Then the beautiful loving eyes looked down into the enrapt, wondering ones of the Stater, and a voice seemed to whisper in her heart : "The plobe that you see represents the whole world, France particularly, and each person individually. The rays are the symbols of the graces I shed upon all those who ask me for them." Then there slowly formed about the figure of the Blessed Virgin a slightly opal frame, on which appeared in letters of gold these words :* "O Mary, conceived without sin pray for us, who have recourse to thee." At the same time the Sister heard a voice say distinctly: "Have a medal struck upon this model ? all those who wear it indulgenced will receive great gracer, especially if they wear it round their neck. Graces will be abundantly bestowed upon those who have confidence.

All these marvelous manifestations from Heaven Sister Oatherine confided to her confessor, Monsieur Aladel, who at first refused to believe them anything but imagination, conjured by much devout dwelling on things heavenly, and advised her to take no notice of them. As the manifestations continued, however, and Sister Catherine told him how the Blessed Virgin had complained to her that nothing had been done about the medals, M. Aladel became impressed, and then uneasy, and finally decided to consult the Archbishop of Paris on the subject. The latter listened with the deepest interest, and at once declared his ballef in the reality of the revelations. It was by his advice that M. Aladel had, on the 30th of June, 1832 two thousand medals struck off according to the description given by the Sister. Some of those were sent to the Archbishop, and tho rest distributed among the priests and Sisters of Charity of the Congregation of the Mission. Great and astonishing results soon foollowed. The most wonderful conversions and cures wore effected by the use of the medal, and the demand for which grew so great that hundreds of thousands of them had to be distributed; and so wonderful were the miracles wrought, that the medal acquired the name it has ever since retained of "The Miraculous Medal."-Emma Howard Wight in Catholic Mirror.

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