## ANCIENT CITY OF DUBLIN.

ITS SURROUNDINGS, STREETS AND BUILDINGS.

The Olden Houses, Cathedrals and other public edifices-Anecdotes connected with Ireland's Capital.

Returning once more citywards, one passes many haunts of the fine gentlemen of the last century, the Mohocks, the duellists and swashbucklers, for whom noblesse oblige bore strange meaning. On Cork Hill was Luca's coffee-house, their famous resort, where they met and emulated their London brethren in the wildest excesses. They were individual, indeed, in their love of duelling. On the crest of one of the mild and gracious hills which ring Dublin about stand, naked and forlorn, the ruins of the Hell-fire club-house, whereto, the choice spirits who composed the club were wont to resort from time to time. Strange stories are told about this place. Paces were measured for many a pair of fine gentle-men here; the constant killing-off of the members saved the club from congestion. no doubt. But the great duelling-ground was the Fifteen Arces out in Phoenix Park, that lovely wildwood, with its green glades and winding roads, its pleas-ant pastures, and thorn bushes all white

Coming back to College Green, one may see, if one will, the House of Lords, which the governors of the Bank of Ireland have kept intact. The House of Commons, with its memories of Grattan, is the cash-office of the bank, and all the rest, the speaker's robing-room and other chambers devoted of old to the legislat-ors, are now the various offices of the bank. The House of Lords is a stately chamber, panelled all in oak and with oak pillars, and arched sedilia at either end, and finely carved mantel-pieces. The walls are hung with gigantic tapestries in fine preservation, representing the battle of the Boyne and the seige of Derry. Down the centre of the room goes a long, polished table, whereat my lords were wont to sit deliberating on those solid and massive chairs which now are only used by the governors of the bank at their half-yearly meetings. An obliging porter will point out all this to you, elucidating dark points. Of course, the Commons' chamber is altogether despoiled to its belongings. In St. Andrew's Church, at the head of Suffolk Street, is the great chandelier which lighted it; at Leinster House, in the board-room of the Royal Dublin Society, stands the speaker's chair; Lord Massareene and Ferrard, the grandson of John Foster, the last speaker of the Irish House of Commons, holds in trust the speaker's mace, which his grandfather refused to surrender to any body save that which had entrusted it to his keeping. Sir Joshua Barrington gives one a coup d'ail of the famous and less famous personages who thronged those long corridors, and lounged on the benches of this chamber, now consecrated to the money-changers. He has a delightful chapter on the lesser parliamentary lights. What brilliant days those were! The shadows of '98 had not yet gathered, and the United Irish Society was in just so much favor that the ladies dancing at the balls in the Rotunda wore their sacques of white brocade, powdered with silver shamrocks, or of tabinet of silver with the green worked in. The Rotunda was the Irish Barratan The Rotunda was the Irish Ranelagh, and the fine folks promenaded here in the morning and danced here at night. Dublin City was very splendid during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Rutland. His beautiful duchess, Isabella, "as beautiful as any woman in Ireland, and more beautiful than any other in Christendom " (says a pro- In this silence dun. Irish chronicler of the day), led all the mad gaiety. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her in her great hat and powdered curls, her sacque and petticoat, and dainty, high-heeled shoes. Some such dress she wore at a Rotunda ball: a pink silk with a stomacher and sleeve-knots of diamonds; a large brown velvet hat, with knots of pink ribbon, and a great profusion of diamonds—so some Belle Assemblee of the time tells us. Once she went clattering down in her grand equipage to mean Francis Street, to see a Mrs. Dillon, the wife of a woolen-draper, whom rumor had declared to be a more beautiful woman than herself. The frank duchess was delighted with her rival's dignity and sweetness, and taking her by the two hands and kissing her white forehead, "My dear," she says, "you are the most beautiful woman in the three kingdoms." In the twenty years, following the Volunteer movement and preceding the

Union, Dublin throve incredibly. In Rutland Square lived ten earls, to say nothing of other peers, spiritual and temporal, with a host of nobles and right honorables.

Sackville street, a shaky boulevard then with overhanging lime trees, held the town residences of four earls, six viscounts, two barons and fifteen members of Parliament. Gardiner's Row, Great Denmark street, North George street and Malborough street had their full quota, and this northern part of the city had its birth in those prosperous years. Now dark and the drapery light. it is decaying, or decayed, most of it, to The most remarkable s tenement houses, except Rutland Square

and Sackville street.

The old houses of Dublin would take a long article all to themselves, with their memories and their dreams. Here in Ireland we have not yet sold our old lamps for new. One delights to furbish it all up again; to hang Leinster house once more with white damask and gold, and people it with the semi-royal Geraldines; to bring back the Beresfords to Tyrone House; to fill Charlemont House once again with such figures as Mr. Grattan, in his modest suit of brown laced with

ists and poets, he whose rare beauty of character and face and demeanor had made him a loved and honored guest at every court in Europe.

Moira House is now, perhaps, the saddest of all; half workhouse and half jail, it looks docked of its upper story, and stained grey black with the north wind and the rain. Where is now the splendor that John Wesley saw in 1775?—the octagon room sheeted in mother of-pearl, where Charles James Fox and Henry Grattan met, whither came Flood and Wolf Tone and many another. "Alas!" said the great Dissenter, who loved his noble friends, the Earl and Countess of Moira, well—" Alas that all this splendor should pass away like a dream."

Dublin is a city of the past, and we hope a city of the future. Nay, certainly it is a city of the future, as our country with all her sealed wealth of minerals, her undeveloped richness of natural resources, awaits her future when the richer lands of to-day shall come seeking what they themselves have exhaused. And her people, with their great and widespread talent, all fallow for want of education, with their cleaving to the old lamps of faith and religion which less fortunate lands have bartered for worth-less will-o'-the-wisps—shall not her people have their future? Surely; and, keeping still to the allegory of the Eastern tale, it may be that by the magic of their unbartered lamps they shall work marvels, and reap riches, before which the Sultan's orchard, with its fruit trees beaving rubies for apples and diamonds. bearing rubies for apples and diamonds for dewdrops, and emeralds as large as a man's hand for leafage, shall pale its uneffectual fires.—Katherine Tynan in Catholic World.

#### THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

BY JAMES RILEY.

Standing with uncovered head, France with all her mighty dead, France lifts the arm to shield Him who first on glory's field Smote the nations till they reeled From her martial tread.

Well for France this honored grave For the bravest of the brave.
Quarried from the mountain's breast Neath the Engle's flaming crest-Grave where even Mars might rest-Grand in arch and nave.

Round about his marble tomb Wait the Victories in the gloom; Captured flags that Lodi knew, Those that over Wagram flew (All but fatal Waterloo), His proud dust illume.

Glories of a fallen throne Sleep their last eleep 'neath this stone.

France o'er kings made this man king-France to him her life did bring, That his name with hers might ring Peerless and alone.

Nations, come! do honor here Where e'en Death has found his peer. You, who felt his storm-browed glance When he flamed the sword of France Over all your vast expanse and you shook with fear!

Warriors of the shade and flame, Age on age shall know the name Of him who soured with eagle flight Over Ancient Kingly Right Till the stars that shine at night

Rang with his proud fame. Regal Rome, come, in this bound Hear your lordly footsteps sound!

A King is here in shadow deep Whom Tiber's wave and Alpine steep In their memory shall keep While the earth turns round.

Flash your bright swords one by one, Chiefs of earth, in your own sun. Then when you your deeds have told Trump and plume and star of gold, War's grand panoply behold

Camp and cannon, lives of steel, Europe pledged in commonweal Fronts no more his eagle crest With its talons at her breast. Conqueror and conquered rest,-Angels hold the seal.

-Boston Pilot Mattapan, Mass.

### Famous Sapphires.

One famous sapphire was found in Bengal by a poor man who sold wooden spoons. It was taken to Europe and was bought by the house of Rampoli at Rome. Later it became the property of a German Prince, who sold it to Perret, a Parisian jeweller, for \$31,620. It was absolutely without a blemish and weighted 176 carats. This stone eventually found its way into the Museum of Natural History at Paris.

A beautiful star sapphire is owned in New York, and two magnificent specimens of this jewel in possession of Burdett-Couts are valued at \$139,560.

Another in the collection of Mr. Hope is called the "marvellous sapphire," being blue by daylight and amethystine

Among the crown jewels of Russia is a magnificent sapphire representing a female figure enveloped in drapery. The stone represents two tints, a circumstance of which the artist has skillfully taken advantage, to make the woman

The most remarkable stone of this kind is an engraved sapphire representing a profile of a young Hercules, executed by Chelus. It is in the Strozzi Cabinet at Rome.

All disorders caused by a billous state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

There's often true poetic fire in the

again with such figures as Mr. Grattan, in his modest suit of brown laced with gold; the Bishop of Derry and Earl of Bristol, in purple velvet, with diamond clasps at the knee and diamond shoebuckles; my Lord Gormanston, in pale blue and silver; Lord Taafe, in dove-colored silk; the Earl of Belmont, in white silk, with scarlet heels to his white shoes. And amid all this brilliant group should move Lord Charlemont himself, the friend of Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, gentle and read and dignified, the Mecenas of artistics.

Hollowat's Ointment and Pills need only a single trial to make known their capabilities. No outside sore or inward inflammation can long withstand the cooling, purifying, and healing influences exerted by these twin Medicaments. He the mischief recent or chronic, greator slight, painful or simply anolying, it will succumb before the curative virtues of those noble remedies, which can be rightly applied by any person who will attentively read their accompanying directions, which are propounded in the plainest language, void of technical terms, and printed in the most legible characters. To the man of businessed by engagements, these Pills are invaluable; for the man of pleasure, addicted to free living, they are peerless.

## HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

A " Perfect" Lady.

No lady who is rude to her servants. who gets into rages and abuses them, will ever win the mysterious and difficult title. Again, no lady who is hail-fellow- cal laughter of children, the sweet smile well-met with her servants, who chafts of a loving wife, the perfume of flowers, them, or who makes friends with them and the companionship of good books, too obviously, can obtain it. That sort of lady may be liked, may be loved, indeed, but she will not be called perfect. A very pleasant-spoken lady, good-tempered a lady as ever lived," or possibly "a very familiar lady" a somewhat malaproprian expression in occa-sional use—but not "a perfect lady."

A perfect lady means, then, a lady who keeps to her own place—or what is considered to be her place by those who use the words. She is a lady who lets it clearly be seen that she is incapable of doing anything for herself that a servant can possibly do for her, whether it be doing anything for herself that a servant can possibly do for her, whether it be putting on coals or tidying a room, who s always somewhat extensively dressed, who keeps perfectly calm and self-pos-sessed whatever accidents happen, who is coldly polite to her inferiors, and yet never rude, and who, in fact, treats her household as if they were made of a different clay. This is the perfect lady. Truly a not very interesting or amiable figure.

#### A Novena for a Husband.

THE girls had been reading "La Neuvaine de Colette" (Colette's Novena), which has been within the year translated into English and published in New-York, under the colorless title of "The Story of Colette." Colette is a good and pretty girl-affectionate, romantic, a builder of air-castles and a dreamer of dreams, as all girls are-but as the girls in permissible French stories are rarely admitted to be. She comes out of her beloved convent school, into the custody off a sour-natured maiden aunt who is bitterly aggrieved that her niece has not developed a religious vocation. She does her best to make up for it by forcing the bright and warm heated girl into a life of conventual seclusion and self denial. without the compensations which the real convent offers to those who are

really called to it.

Poor Colette, with a girl's vague and innocent visions of a lover, and a romantic courtship and a dear home where one will "live happy forever after," as the fairy stories say, becomes desperate. Is there no way out? Being a French girl, well brought up it doesn't occur to her

to make her way out.

But at last she bethinks her of kindhearted St. Joseph, and she makes a Novena to him that he will send her a

How St. Joseph answers his dear little client's prayer, we'll leave our readers to find out for themselves. Enough to say that he does answer it in the most amiable and satisfactory fashion.

And the gir's were talking it over.
"Well, I should hope that nowadays, and in America a girl wouldn't have to pray for a husband," said Mildred, tossing her head. Mildred was the pretriest girl in the group and was strongly sugar girl in the group, and was strongly sus-

pected of being an heiress besides.

"Do you think it was quite a delicate thing to do?" timidly queried pallid little Emma Gray.

But she was quite drowned out by the chorus-"Why nobody knew of it, of course! You don't suppose she'd ever tell she did it!"

"But it doesn't seem quite right to pray for that kind of a ... temporal ... blessing"—hesitated Martha Alden—a little Catholic descendant of the Puritans, who had a strong disposition to believe that most right things were also and

pist—that is, if there are any Trappist Nuns. For my part, I'm going to start Joseph doesn't take an interest in my to keep on drawing.
case, I'll be an old maid, sure."

As they were both of them persistent,

Nora O'Neil had red hair and pug nose, but her lovely gray eyes and her decidedly striking quality, they triumph-sunny temper atoned for them. "See ed and the world gained an artist of here, girls," put in a quiet girl from the corner, "I don't think it's exactly a question of getting a husband. You're all pretty sure of that," she added with a comprehensive glance, and a concliating smile which was followed by a little purr of general assent. "But it seems to me that one ought to pray for the right

As the last speaker was known to be engaged, her opinion was received with marked confidence.

"You see," she continued, glancing pleasantly at Martha, "a husband can be a good deal more or less than just a temporal blessing. You want him to be in agreement with you on the more important concerns, as, for example, religion. (An impatient shrug of Mildred's pretty shoulders). You want to know that he isn't dissipated or extravagant, or dishonest, or bad-tempered. Even if our parents took as active a hand in fixing our marriages as they do in the Old World, still some risks would have to be taken, and a girl can't judge a man once she's in love with him. So I believe in praying that one won't fall in love till the right man comes."

"And that he'll come soon!" interject

ed Nora.

"As to the question of delicacy," she went on, not noticing the interrupition, "we pray right along for our daily bread -why not for the right kind of a bread winner?"

"But, Lucy," queried the irrepressible Nora anxiously, "did you ever know any one, outside a story-book who got the right man that way?"

"Nora, I ought to know"—very de-murely—"I made the Novena."

## Pleasant Homes.

Squire Jones, who was a very plainspoken old gentleman, used to go into the public loaling resorts about nine o'clock every evening, and, look-ing around inquiringly, would say: "Well, gentlemen, what are you doing here? Are your homes not pleasant? The squire inferred that a man who

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as HOOD'S Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rhoum, and other blood diseases. loved to loaf around bar-rooms and billiard-rooms at night could not have a pleasant home, and the squire was right. A man who prefers the smell of to-bacco smoke and stale beer, and the miscellaneous society which is usually found in places of this sort, to the musi

and the companionship of good books, must have a very depraved taste.

To be sure there are homes that are not pleasant, and it is no marvel that men fly from them as from a den or lair where crouch and crawl the poisoncus serpent and savage beast. The wife growls and whines and snaps and snarls; the children fight and the baby squalls

There is a continued bedlam, an everlasting hubbub. It may not be pleasant for the woman, who cannot fice from it, but she has made her own bed, and it is will seek it as a place of rest and peace and joy, and the children will not become night prowlers and street scaven-

### YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

BALMY SPRING.

Get my chest protector out, my velvet ear muffs, too,
My thick chinchilla ulster, my porous plaster true, Give me a quinine capsule, my drooping heart to cheer, And don't forget my rubber boots, for balmy spring is here.

See the undertaker and obtain a special rate, Ask the railroad agent if he'll let me go as freight, Buy a rosewood casket and have the person near,
For I must walk abroad to-day—and balmy spring is here.

Then go to the marble yard and choose a handsome stone, Hire an elecutionist to teach you how to

moan; Have six horses to the hearse, ten coaches in the rear,
For I must go down town to-day-and balmy
spring is here.

Lay me on a sunny slope, where birds sing in

Mother and Son.

One evening the Dore family were sitting in the common room, and Gustave was at a little table drawing quaint forms and figures in his copy-book. Something prompted the mother to look

over her boy's shoulder.

"Do come and look!" she exclaimed, catching up his copy-book. "See what Gustave has done! How funny! Here s the postman, here is Francoise (the old family nurse and servant) and a lot of people I don't even know. Where did ou see them, Gustave?"

"Everywhere," he answered, with a

loud laugh. "Yes, but how have you been able to make them so life like? Did they sit to you?" persisted the delighted mother. "Sit to me! Never!" said the little boy, scornfully. "They are all here," touching his forchead significantly. "Why should I not draw them like?"

"My son is a genius!" exclained the mother. "Don't fill his head with nonsense," inswered the father, who was a civil en-

gineer. "It is not nonsense," retorted his

mother. "My son is a great genius; he must study painting. He will be one of the first artists in the world." "Our son will be nothing of the sort,

and he shall not study painting," re-proved the father. "He shall go to a polytechnic school with his brother, and we shall see what he can do; but he "Oh, nonsense! you'll never be quite comfortable, Martha, till you are a Trappist—that is, if there are any Trappist."

Novena for a husband right off. If St. for sympathy, and she encouraged him

and as the boy's talents were really of a great merit as well as with many de-

### A Kindergarten Song.

I stood in a large room full of happy children. They were all neat and clean, and their sweet baby faces brimmed over with happiness. First they formed in large circles going through the following exercise song:

While taking a walk one sunny day,
I peop in the window just over the way;
And putting his needles through and through
There sat a cobbler making a shoe.

Rag-a-tap-tap and tic-a-tac-too-This is the way to make a shoe. With his nice little awl he maketh a hole Right through the upper and then through the

Me puts in a peg or he puts in two, And, ha, ha, ha, ha! he hammers them through. So the cobbler works through wind and weat-

With his hammer and awl and bits of leather, And what in the world would you and I do If there were no cobbler to make us a shoe?

### Good Temper Needed,

Good temper Sected,
Good temper is one of the first requisites of success. Nobody can get on without it. Others go down through sheer want of gumption. Want of pluck and perseverance seems to be a prime cause of failure, too. Many who have failed through bad business judgment or otherwise appear to give up and believe otherwise appear to give up and believe there is nothing more for them in life. There is no more fatal mistake. There is a good living in the world for every human being if only he has the dauntless spirit that can never be downed. Having that he can always succeed at last, no matter how old he is or how often he has failed.

Nearly every one needs a good spring medi-cine, and Hood's Sarsaparitia is undoubtedly the best. Try it this season.

#### The Drunkard's Family. Demme studied ten families of drinkers,

and ten families of sober persons. The direct posterity of the ten families of drinkers included fifty-seven children. Of these twenty-five died in the first weeks or months of their life, six were idiots, in five children a striking back-wardness of their longitudinal growth was observed, five were affected with epilepsy, five with inborn diseases, one boy was taken with corea and became they will certainly please you.

## ALWAYS TRUE.



RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE.
Brockville, Ont., says:
"I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles.
Could not stand; rubbed them with

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALCIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.

idiotic. Thus of the fifty seven children of drinkers only ten or 17.5 per cent. showed a normal constitution and deve-

lopment.
The ten sober families had sixty-one children, five only dying in the first weeks; four were affected with incurable diseases of the nervous system, two only presented inborn defects. The remaining fifty, 81.9 per cent. were normal in their constitution and development. From this series of investigations we derive the sad truth that among the children of drinkers the prevailing mortality is fearful, that the survivors represent a pitiful crowd afflicted with unsoundness of mind, idiocy, epilepsy, and other dis-turbances of their nervous system, and that only a very small proportion of the descendants grow up as useful members of society.

Nothing tends to affect one's personal appearance more than a few straggling gray hairs. Now, Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, employed but a few times as an ordinary hair dressing, will restore them to their natural color, and is a most delightful article for the toilet table. It can be had at all druggists, in large-sized bottles, only 50 cents each.

#### A RELIGIOUS TEST.

Interrogator (to the Catholic):

What do you believe? I believe everything contained in the entire Word of God. I believe in the the trees:
Don't put shells around my grave, they're not
the proper cheese;
Give my fond farewell to all my friends and
comrades dear.
And tell them to remain indoors when balmy
spring is here.

Three Divine Persons, coequal and coeternal in One Godhead. I believe that
the Second Divine Person became man;
that He was then, and is now, both God
and man. I believe in the Holy Cathoand man. I believe in the Holy Catho lic Church, founded by our Lord Jesus Christ; concerning which the Lord said: "I found My Church. . . . the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." believe in all the Sacraments; in the Sacred Priesthood, and all that it implies. I believe that the Earth is man's temporal home; that Heaven or Hell

> nal abode. Interrogator, (to the Protestant): Do you believe everything contained in the Word of God?

> according to his merits, will be his eter-

No! Do you believe in the Three Divine Persons, co-equal and co-eternal in One Godhead?

Do you believe that the Second Divine Person became man; that He was then, and is now, both God and man; and that every word He said of Himself is true?

Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church, founded by Our Lord Jesus Christ?

Do you believe in all the Sacraments. and that some of them are necessary to salvation?

Do you believe in the Sacred Priestnood ?

Do you believe that, according as man merits, he will go to Heaven or Hell for all eternity?

No! What do you believe then?

I believe in the mutilated Bible that The boy made no reply save to brush away a tear. He turned to his mother was given to us by the Reformers. I believe in the Church that was instituted by man. I believe that ministers of the Gospel have only the powers of ordinary mortals; and that they should be governed roce populi.

Interrogator: God help your man-made and mandirected institutions, then! I must be a Catholic.

A CONVERT.

FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. MARY, OUR QUEEN .- (May Hymn.)

Hail to our gracious Queen, Hail to our glorious Queen, Mary, our Queen; Lily of Palestine, Princess of David's line, Foretoid by Word Divine, Virgin and Queen!

Mary was named of old,
Ere the bright planets roll'd,
Ere prophet-burds foretold,
Predestined Queen;
She is the glorious Eve
Who brought the world reprieve,
Whom Satan ne'er deceived,
Victorious Queen!

She in the lowly cave
Birth to the Saviour gave,
Mother and Queen;
Then by His Cross she stood
While His Most Precious Blood
Streamed o'er the saving food,
Martyr and Queen;

She heard His dying sighs,
She saw His blessed eyes
Beaming, with love,
As He bequeath'd her John,
The well-beloved one,
"Mother, behold thy son,
Whom I approve."

She saw her dear Son die, She heard His parting cry: "Father, 'ils done!" Then, when the Lord was dead, Laid in His narrow bed, Mary, with heart that bled, Wept for her Son.

She by His cradle smiled, Watching her blessed Child, Mother serene; Now by His tomb she wept, Serrowing vigit kept Where the Redeemer slept, Serrowful Queen;

Soon her most blossed soul Flew to its native goal, Heaven's bright Queen; Jesus did crown her then, With brightest diadem, Of angels, saints and men, Most glorious Queen!

Ne'er shall her sceptro fall, Ne'er shall her fees prevail, Christ erowned her Queen; Ne'er shall her throne decay, None dare dispute her sway, Realms of eternal day Own her as Queen! MICHAEL WILLIAM. Renous River, N.B., May, 1892.

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FOUNDERS' MASS has already commenced.

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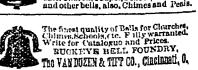
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