

URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Dranz).

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued

First came Baruchiel, "the Helper," with the fields of his mantle filled with white roses; then Jehudiel, "the Remunerator," holding in one hand a crown, and in the other a scourge; next to him St. Gabriel, with his fly, while St. Michael stood conspicuous as a warrior, with sword and armor, and red cross banner displayed. On his left hand was St. Raphael, with kind and friendly countenance leading the young Tobias by the hand. There was a homely, human character in this figure, which distinguished it from the rest, which made the contrast all the greater as the eyes turned to the next outcast, and was almost startled at the flaming, burning radiance which surrounded St. Uriel, "the Strong Companion," "the Light and Fire of God," with a sword in his right hand, and living flames in his left. Last of all came Seraphiel, "the Angel of Prayer," with clasped hands, and his whole attitude that of humble petition, like a final key-note in the glorious chord, reminding the beholders that by the hands of the holy angels the prayers of all saints are offered before the throne of God.

A hush fell on the assembled party, as they passed from one to another of the angelic figures thus displayed. They hardly seemed a subject for criticism, for in the presence of the spiritual power which Julian had thrown into his work, the proportion of limb and feature, and the mingling of colors seemed to fade away out of mind. The piece too, had its own solemnity, and the wind which sighed through the old gallery and waved the tapestry on the walls seemed just then more fitting music than the sound of human voice. Imogen was the first to speak. "Your judges are very silent, Monsieur Jules," she said; "do you not tremble what their sentence may be?"

He made no answer, but looked at Aurelia, who gave a sigh of relief, as one who had held her breath under some absorbing emotion. "Do not ask me, Mr. Wyrvern," she said; "I have forgotten all about the cartoons, and was thinking of the angels." "That is the most flattering criticism you could deliver, said Father Adrian; "an artist who makes his judges feel in presence of the realities he has tried to represent, so that they forget both him and his representations, has achieved his end."

"He has, indeed," said Julian. "If that proves to be the effect of my pictures when they are finished I shall be well content." "Baruchiel is charming," said Imogen; "but I have been trying in vain to find a meaning in his roses." "He is the 'Helper,'" said Father Adrian; "but his name really means 'he who blesses God.'"

"Ah, I see," said Imogen; "then the roses are the symbols of joy and cheerfulness, which are the real helpers through life. I shall choose him for my angel, Jehudiel, with his crown and scourge, will better suit you, Mademoiselle Aurelia; he seems to say as he holds them out, 'Consent to suffer, and be crowned.'"

"That," said Gertrude, "is too high a flight for me; and St. Gabriel, with his fly and the Ave on his lips, looks like an old friend." "And you, Miss Houghton," said Julian to Mary, "have you no preference among my angels, or are they just pictures to you and nothing more?"

She smiled, and putting her arm within her brother's, led him to the fifth cartoon. "Geoffrey and I have the same attractions in most things," she said, "and St. Raphael, the blind, human-hearted angel, shall be our patron, shall not he, Geoffrey? But I wonder, Mr. Wyrvern," she continued, "what reason you had for placing him between the splendor of St. Michael and the dazzling blaze of St. Uriel. It makes him look very rustic in comparison; but that is just what suits us best."

"I believe," replied Julian, "that I meant to give a lesson to my critics. Nine out of ten of them will care nothing for poor St. Raphael, in his russet cloak and pilgrim's staff; but it is so like to think of the faithful guide of them that have lost their way, 'Angels are not entirely made up of gold and jewels.'"

At that moment an exclamation from Imogen made them turn their heads. In company with Gertrude she had found her way to the picture of St. Uriel, and at once recognized its resemblance to the "grand homme bleu" of the shipwreck. "It was his very look; M. Jules must have drawn it from memory, she was sure; perhaps," she added, "he meant it as a memorial of that event, and a thank-offering for their deliverance."

But as he walked home he heard little of his companion's talk, and his head was swimming. CHAPTER XIV. NEWS OF JULIAN. Julian was gone, and the countess and her daughter also had departed for Brittany. Life both at Merylla and Laventor was returning into the old channels, the same, yet how unlike the same! In vain to say when some great wave has passed over us, that we will be as in days gone by, and that all shall go on with us as it did before. That wave will have left its fertilizing or its desolating work behind it, and the fields over which its waters have flowed can never be quite the same again.

It was not the same to Geoffrey, to whom Julian's visit had brought new experiences and a deeper insight into his own heart. Into his tranquil life of quiet home interests there had intruded some sharp pang and bitter struggle. Neither could it ever again be the same to Mary, though she was angry with herself for finding that the intercourse which for two months had shed such a charm over her daily life, had, by its withdrawal, left behind a painful blank. Geoffrey saw and understood something of what she was feeling; and though there was no further talk of eagles and sparrows, they felt that there was another tie of unspoken sympathy between them, and it drew them closer together than before.

Meanwhile Geoffrey's own mind was busy developing schemes after scheme for investigating the evidence concerning Uriel's guilt, and obtaining further light on the subject. The point on which he had fixed as affording the only likelihood of opening a new view of the case was the mention which had been made by the chaplain of a soldier in Uriel's regiment, whose height was as remarkable as his own, and who was said to have borne a grudge against the youth. On reference to a report of the trial he found that the man in question was a certain Joe Morton, the son of one Sir Michael's former tenants, who considered himself aggrieved when his landlord refused to renew his lease, and had vowed revenge. Joe, a wild slip of the family, had enlisted in the regiment in which Uriel soon after obtained his commission, and having on more than one occasion got himself into trouble, through misconduct, he admitted his frequent visits to a punishment den, the ill-will of the young man who, as he supposed, had prejudiced his commanding officer against him. Geoffrey further ascertained that since the affair of the robbery Morton had got his discharge; and a long and weary course of inquiry enabled him to track the man through many an alias and many a conviction of crimes and misdemeanors, and to establish the probability of his having returned to his native country about a year previous to the present date. All this information was not obtained without expenditure of time, trouble, and patience. Good Mrs. Houghton wondered not a little at the frequent journeys undertaken by her son, now to Exeter, now to Bristol, and now to Plymouth. The explanations he gave of agricultural meetings, or exhibitions of machinery appeared to her highly satisfactory, and she did not conceal from her daughters her conviction that Geoffrey had been thoroughly upset by Mr. Wyrvern's visit.

"You know, my dear," she said one evening, when the subject of her anxieties had pleaded "business" as an excuse for a sudden departure for Truro, where the sisters were being held, "Mr. Wyrvern is a man of genius, and I have never denied it. It's all in character for him to be going about the world restoring chapels and getting life-boats. But I wish he had not infected Geoffrey with those restless ways. He has never been the same since that day when they first went to the castle together. I saw it at the time. Geoffrey is not made for that sort of thing. It doesn't suit him."

"Do you know, mamma," said Gertrude, "I think in some ways Geoffrey is so much improved since he has been shaken about a little. Rodolph says he never saw a man so come out as he is; declares that Lady Annabel talks now of his 'distinguished air,' and that she marked him for Eugenia's."

Mrs. Houghton sighed. "I don't know that I care for his coming out, poor boy," she said; "I should like him to make a sensible marriage, certainly, but not with any of those Abbots. You don't think there is anything in it, do you, Gertrude? You really make me anxious." "I don't know," said Gertrude, "Lady Annabel has certainly been extraordinarily civil of late. I suppose 'Constance Julian,' as she calls him, having taken up his quarters here, together with Mr. Paxton's visit, has made her think we are not quite barbarians. The last time she called she was full of Geoffrey's perfections, and talked about his zeal for exterminating smugglers and poachers as worthy of all praise."

"I wish he would leave the smugglers and poachers alone," said Mrs. Houghton; "I'm so afraid of his getting himself shot some day. He never used to concern himself about these people formerly; I can't think why he should now."

"But mamma," said Mary, "it is time some one was concerned about them, they are getting so bold. Aurelia has actually been threatening letters warning her not to be so partial to the gang, and she has been visiting a poor girl, Clara Egan, in typhoid fever. She showed it to Geoffrey, and he thinks that it must be from one of the Penmore gang, who are afraid of her being a spy on them."

"How dreadful!" said Gertrude, "and has she been there since?" "I believe she went the next day," said Mary; "you know Aurelia does not understand what fear means; but Geoffrey says she must not go again, and must send her relief to the girl some other way."

The facts were much as Mary stated them, but neither she nor Aurelia were aware that Geoffrey's special interest in the smugglers of Penmore arose from the circumstance that he had succeeded in taking Martin to that neighborhood, and had every reason for believing that he was a member of the gang. Assuredly he had been for some time engaged in watching their haunts and preparing to take them by surprise, and the letter received by Aurelia confirmed him in his suspicion that the house to which she had paid her charitable visits was the resort of some of their leaders.

own doing and whereabouts, made the most of these despatches when speaking to Aurelia; but in the secret of their hearts they both felt that there was something that called for explanation. One morning, however, the postbag brought Geoffrey a letter from no other than Lady Annabel Abbot. Opening it over the breakfast-table with a certain growl of annoyance, he found it to contain certain commissions connected with some of Lady Annabel's multifarious undertakings, in which she wished to engage Mr. Houghton's kind interest and co-operation. The growl was renewed at intervals as he waded through the effusive feminine composition; but as he turned the page and read the postscript it was changed for an exclamation of surprise. "What is it, Gert?" said Gertrude; "is there any news of Mr. Wyrvern?" "Why—yes," replied Geoffrey. "He's in Brittany," he said, "has been there three weeks."

"In Brittany?" exclaimed Gertrude, "with the St. Briens people, no doubt." "Exactly so," replied Geoffrey. "I wonder—I don't wonder in the least," said Gertrude. "You know, they invited him the day before last. Rodolph always said that would be the end of it." "Ridiculous gossip," said Geoffrey; "I don't believe a word of it. Now don't go and put that about, Gert; he's no more thinking of it than I am."

"Very well," replied Gertrude; "not that I see why he should not think of it, if it so pleases him; and if you won't be angry at my saying so, he never was the same after that affair of the wreck; from that day he had the air, to my mind, of one *operumt* *epus*."

"What does Lady Annabel say?" inquired Mary, very calmly; "is it private, or might one see it?" Geoffrey pushed the note towards her and went on with his breakfast, with a certain awareness of demeanor. Gertrude looked over her sister's shoulder, and read aloud the momentous postscript: "P. S.—We have not heard from dear Julian since he went to Brittany, three weeks ago. His prospects of happiness at St. Briens seem to have put everything and everybody else out of his head. He has written to Paxton; only two lines, but quite in transports. She is of good family, I am told; but I should have preferred an English alliance."

"Not very clear," said Mary, composedly, but for some reason or other feeling as if every eye was looking at her, and wondering what she thought of it; "I daresay, he will tell us more about it himself."

"I tell you, I don't believe a word of it," said Geoffrey, rising from the table, and thrusting the letter into his pocket, as though he owed it a grudge. "He's gone to Brittany to shoot, or to fish, or to sketch, or something. It's not that." And so saying, he left the apartment. A few minutes later a great bang of the hall-door seemed to indicate that he had gone out; and no one sang but a chorister about it. One betokened a rolled mood in the outgoing party.

"How savage our dear Gert can be when he tries," said Gertrude; "and he tries so seldom that it has a certain charm of novelty about it. Why should not Mr. Wyrvern end his romance in the most natural of all ways? Rodolph declares that after such an adventure as that of the 'Speranza' the thing was inevitable."

Meanwhile, Geoffrey was endeavoring to work off his irritation in the open air; and after turning the matter over in his mind he thought of applying to Mr. Giles, to ascertain if there were any truth in the main fact stated by Lady Annabel of Julian's visit to Brittany. Three weeks ago he had been the precise date of his last letter to Geoffrey, in which not the smallest allusion was made to any such plan, and this of itself seemed unaccountable. He took the road, therefore, to Merylla Chapel, where the works were being actively carried on, and where, as he expected, he found him in attendance. "Yes, Giles had heard from Mr. Wyrvern, a week or a fortnight ago; he was in Brittany, certainly, at the Chateau St. Briens; and seemed much pre-occupied. 'I shall not be able to write again for some little time,' he wrote, 'having an affair on my hands which engages all my attention.'"

"These are his words," said Giles, "he doesn't say more; but there are rumors, perhaps you have heard them, of his approaching marriage."

"Aburd!" said Geoffrey. "I should not like that story to get abroad. There is not a shadow of truth in it. Mr. Wyrvern's business in Brittany is of another kind, altogether, you may rely on it."

WAS HIS SOUL IN PURGATORY?

What Followed a Spiritual Offering Made For a Nominal Protestant.

Rather would I see you dead than see you become a Catholic. "But, aunt, if I think it the right religion?" "Oh! don't talk to me. I don't care to listen to such nonsense." The speakers were residents of a New Orleans suburb. The elder lady, Mrs. Davis, had herself been a Catholic, but a rather indifferent one. She married a Protestant, and after a few years had abandoned her religion and reared all her children and her niece Alina as Protestants. Her husband a very good, charitable man, died a few years ago, and since then, the family being in straits, Alina had to earn her living as a sewing girl.

In 1888 a grand mission was held in her parish. As many of the sewing girls among whom Alina worked, were Catholics, she heard much of their religion, and was induced by them to attend some of their mission sermons. Becoming deeply interested in what she heard, she, in her turn, endeavored to interest her aunt, but with rather poor success. At last, however, one night when a particularly striking sermon was expected, Alina succeeded in persuading her aunt to attend.

"I'm sure you'll like it, dear aunt," she said anxiously. "Father C. is a fine speaker, and everything he says seems to have the ring of truth." And as they set off to church, Alina was full of pleasant anticipation that the sermon would be an impressive one and convert her aunt.

It did prove to be an impressive one, but with a result the exact opposite of what Alina had hoped. Unfortunately—or fortunately—no Salvation Outside the Catholic Church. No sooner had they left the Church, than Mrs. Davis began to pour out a torrent of abuse upon her unhappy niece.

"So, that is the kind of religion you want to belong to, is it? That's the kind of a sermon you like to listen to! That's the kind of attitude you show your poor uncle! What's he the kindest and best man in the world? Didn't he take you when you were a little child, left an orphan, and adopt you and treat you as one of his own children? And now you go to that church and sit down and listen to the priest talk about how all Protestants go to hell."

At this point Alina tried to make a protest, and explain the sermon which her aunt was so unhappily misinterpreting. But all in vain. Mrs. Davis' anger, grief and indignation were so great that she could neither hear nor understand her niece's frightened explanations.

"On! yes," she went on, "it's a great satisfaction to know that your uncle's soul is lost, just because he was a Protestant. It's a great thing to say that nobody can be saved out Catholic. It shows how ungrateful you are, and how little love you have for your poor uncle who was just like a father to you. Little did he dream what a meritorious girl you would become; joining a religion which says his soul is in hell."

"But, aunt, the priest didn't say anything of the kind. He only said that those who willfully remained outside the True Church were lost, and added that the Catholic Church does not teach that all who are Protestants in name are to be lost, since some of them may, he said, preserve the grace of their baptism or may sincerely repent if they sin, and may follow the light and the grace given them. In that case, as you remember, aunt, he said that they belong to the soul of the Church, even although they are not visible members of it."

Mrs. Davis, however, continued upbraiding Alina unmercifully for her ingratitude, until the poor girl burst into a passion of tears, and cried so violently that Mrs. Davis herself became alarmed. She discontinued her tirade, and called in a neighbor whose friendly offices succeeded in calming the weeping girl. After this, religion was never mentioned between them.

learned from her Protestant aunt the Catholic way of saying the Litany. After this incident, Alina prayed with renewed fervor for her aunt's conversion; hoping that the little spark of interest about that night might kindle into an earnest desire for possessing the whole Faith.

Another bright while kneeling beside the bed as before, repeating the litany half aloud, she was overjoyed to hear her aunt whispering "Pray for us," "Pray for us," after every invocation.

All this happened about one year ago, and as far as I have been able to hear, Alina still has the happiness of seeing her aunt a practical Catholic. And she believes it mainly owing to the prayers she said for her departed uncle on that Palm Sunday. Because it was from that day Mrs. Davis' bitterness towards the Church began to lessen.

Alina herself is no longer a sewing girl, having been married a few months since to a worthy gentleman, a good, staunch Catholic. But that this happy event is attributable to the intercession of some pious advocate, I am not able to say.—M. T. Elder in the Poor Soul's Advocate.

OUR SOCIAL RELATIONS. Catholics Have No Bond Other Than the Tie of Faith. Non-Catholics have some strange fancies of the social relations of Catholics among Catholics. They think that there are bonds between us like unto those which exist in secret societies. They cannot understand the bond of Faith. Every tie that binds people outside of the Church is influenced by a *quid pro quo*. The accumulation of wealth and property in the world are not first points. Religion is the first point. The dollar, position, influence in the world and things which to the worldly minded are above all things, have no influence before God unless the stewardship of them is just, therefore, no influence with the Church of God unless under the same conditions. The children of the Church are poor. Well what of it? The Catholic Church is not a human institution giving means and opportunities to her children for the accumulation of worldly goods. Our Lord says: "The poor you have always with you."

The mission of the Catholic Church is the continuation of the mission of our Lord on earth and therefore the continuation of the life of our Lord. Our Lord did not go among the rich and proud, but the poor and humble. He gave to the poor the inheritance of heaven and the rich He made poor in spirit. The Church does the same. She has the best and most handsome of the things of this world in the adornment of her temples for the great and only true sacrifice and for her services and offices of religion. She has a right to them. They are in union with and are most just for her Worship of God. These things tell of the faith which turns to the Catholic heart. In the "Old Law" God commanded the first and the best of man's riches in the fruits of the earth and the flocks of the fields to be offered to Him. But these sacrifices were typical, yet the very vessels and offices were as God ordered them. His temple in Jerusalem was the pride of His chosen people. But it, too, was only typical of the Church which should be and is the tabernacle of the living God.

The beauty of Catholic churches may not harmonize with the poverty of Catholic people, as the world says, but for a truth their churches harmonize with the faith of their Catholic hearts. The wealth and pride of a Catholic heart is in the tabernacle of God. The home of a Catholic is his church. If you ask where is the church of his home, he will answer: Every Catholic Church is the church of my home. From the altar in the wilderness with the blue sky for its roof to the grandest Cathedral, St. Peter's at Rome, I may kneel and say: "A home with Thee, O my God! at home with Thee!" The Catholic Church, the spouse of Christ and the edifice is the first in the heart of a Catholic. In it is his whole spiritual refreshment. From it comes his every consolation. By it he begins to live. Through it he continues to live. Without it he cannot live. What it did for him, it does for his children. He lives within the fold of the Church and he dies in her arms.

He knows the Church better than his earthly mother. She may get tired of him, she may leave him, but the Church never. What superhuman men God makes of his priests! They have as great love for life as other men. It is not human to walk into the jaws of death and breath its pestilence to succor the dying. Yet there and when did the Catholic priest refuse to do it? When the sick call him, he answers in person. Now know this better than Catholic people. They have a right to the life and death of the priest and priest and people know it. All may fly in horror from some disease but the Catholic priest never. The Church is God's dwelling place on earth and the Catholic priest is guardian of it. The priest does not act the tyrant with his flock. It is love which binds the priest and his people together. Now all this is breathed into the life of a Catholic with every breath he breathes. It is a part of his life and the sweetest part of it. It is a wonder then that Catholic people testify to the world by their churches and schools the faith that is in them!

Catholic people stand together in the profession and practice of their faith and there is no "I do not believe" in them. With all this for a truth it does not affect their intercourse with others. Their faith is their own and no one can take it from them. Yet there is no consolidation among them for worldly interest to the exclusion of others not of their faith. They buy and sell just like other people. Indeed their business relations give the best of evidence that their Catholic faith and the practice of it leaves them the greatest diversity of freedom. In learning her children have every ranked highest among the first that the world can boast of. The Church always encourages her children and lends them her mighty aid by throwing open to them, and to the whole world, too, the doors of her store-house of wisdom. Knowledge would yet be in its fancy were it not for the Catholic Church, the mother of science. She made the very barbarians who came to root up knowledge children of her own fold and students of science. S. S. M.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 1444. DAME MARIE LOUISE BOUTILLIER, of the City of Montreal, wife of the late CYRIL E. LAPOSTOLLE, of the same place, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted. Montreal, 8th August, 1889. ETHIER & PELLETIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. DAME MARIE L. DECARRY, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of the late DANIEL PROVENCER, painter, of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said DANIEL PROVENCER, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted. Montreal, 17th July, 1889. ETHIER & PELLETIER, Att. av. for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 527. DAME ADELE MARIE PEREE, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of the late JULES PEREE, of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said JULES PEREE, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this cause on the 5th July, 1889. A. ANCHAMBAULT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 1784. DAME ODELIE ST. MATHIE, wife of PROSPER ST. JOHN, of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. her husband. An action in separation as to property has been instituted. CROLETTE & GATHIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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