

In The Dark.

O, in the depths of midnight,
What fancies haunt the brain,
When even the dim of the deeper
Shadows like a sob of pain.

A sense of awe and of wonder
I may never well define,
For the thoughts that come in the shadows
Never come in the shine.

The old clock down in the parlor,
Like a sleepless mourner grieves,
And the second drip in silence
As the rain drips from the eaves.

And I think of the hands that signal
The hours there in the gloom,
And wonder what angel watchers
Wait in the deserted room.

And I think of the smiling faces
That used to wait and wait,
Till the clock of the clock was answered
By the click of the opening gate.

They are not there now in the evening—
Morning or noon—not there,
Yet I know that they keep their vigil
And wait for me somewhere.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

There are common ladies and there are rare ladies; the former may be common; and the latter may be rare. —*McDonald.*

Poor mother earth! What a load of disappointing women, made fit for fate, things, running all to self and show, she carries on her weary old back! From all such, good Lord deliver us!—except it be for our discipline or their awakening. —*McDonald.*

I think the best test of the civilization of an individual of a nation is usefulness, and the best test of usefulness is care for the poor and oppressed of our race. Mr. L. J. B. is a man who is defective in the spirit of sacrifice. His defect is in proportion to its forgetfulness of the teachings and spirit of Christianity, which is pre-eminently the religion of self-sacrifice. —*Archbishop Ryan.*

There are at present at Los Angeles two Benedictine Abbots. They are Indian missionaries, passing their whole time with the tribes of Western States, winning them from the state of savagery to Christianity and civilization. It is their intention of erecting a monastery and school, and they have made application to Bishop Mora for a tract of land. The schools are to be for the Indian children of the surrounding country, and these will be erected first, the building of the monastery being reserved for later on.

An enemy of the Catholic Church, says the London Universe, within the last few days set out on his journey for another world. His name was Hermann Wagner, and his character Privy Councillor of the Kingdom of Prussia. Few, if any, of our readers have ever heard of him, and yet every Catholic might have felt a certain interest in this personage. In Germany, at any rate, his name is a household word, or let us rather say, a by-word, amongst the members of the Catholic Church. For he was the true father of the Jesuit Act of July 4, 1872—that draconian law by which many of the best citizens of the German Empire were turned into outlaws, deprived of their homes, and deprived of their country.

THE FARMER'S OPINION OF BOYS.

Thus talks an old farmer about his boys: From sixteen to twenty-five they know more than I did; at twenty-five they know as much; at thirty they were willing to hear what I had to say; at thirty-five they asked my advice; and I think when they get to be forty they will acknowledge that the old man does know something.

THE JESUITS IN GERMANY.

The law promulgated at Berlin in 1872, and directed against the Society of Jesus, has so far from being prejudicial to the interests of the Society in Germany, in directly benefited the followers of St. Ignatius Loyola in that country. The status of the company in December last shows that the German provinces count at the present moment 473 professed Fathers, 212 scholars, and 327 brothers. At the time of the promulgation of the law against them, the German Jesuits numbered only 761. They have thus received an augmentation of 225. Several of the most aristocratic and ancient families of Germany are represented in the company. Of the total number of Jesuits of the German provinces, 444 members are engaged in foreign missions.

CREATE YOUR OPPORTUNITIES.

Do not wait for opportunities. You would only resemble the stolid traveler in the fable, who, having come to a river, which lay in his path, sat down on the bank till the waters had all flowed by. You would seek for a ferry or make a raft on which to cross; God gives man invention to enable him to find resources against the difficulties toward his progress. The difficulty itself is oftentimes the most golden of opportunities. At any rate, men of resolute temper seek and find, or make their opportunities, just as the industrious husbandman often makes the very soil on which he grows his crops. Have you not seen one man prosper and grow rich on land on which its former possessor grew hopelessly and hopelessly poorer year after year? Have you not seen many a stout hearted farmer and his sons with no capital but their courage, their perseverance, and the strong arms that served a resolute will, cover many a stony field with an abundant harvest, and convert an unshiny and unwholesome swamp into a rich meadow, a well-stocked pasture?

Intelligence, industry and perseverance can convert what appears a hopeless dead and barren nature into life and beauty and perpetual joy. Opportunities! Life is one grand continuous opportunity from infancy to our latest day. The conscientious, the resolute and the thrifty turn each hour into golden treasures; the listless, the stolid, the sensual, like our Western Indians, allow their time to slip away to idle at their feet, with countless resources unknown, unappreciated, undeveloped. —*Rev. Bernard O'Reilly.*

THE LAWS OF THE MEDS AND PERSIANS were not more immutable than those of nature. If we transgress them we suffer. Sometimes, however, we break them inadvertently. Damages frequently take the form of Dyspepsia, Constipation and biliousness, which can be easily repaired with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier and renovator of the system.

FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

Reverence the highest, have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the sacred duty be thy religion. Are the stars too distant? Pick up the pebble that lies at thy feet, and from it learn all.

Wordsworth, watching the landscape coming out with beautiful clearness after a storm, said: "It is like the human heart emerging from sorrow shone on by the grace of God."

Pain and pleasure are so intimately interwoven in our human life that either alone seems to be incomplete. It is for us to accept them both; not for their own sake, but for something higher than either, that we have at heart, and that will make all sacrifice easy and all burdens light.

What a noble weapon is silence! It turns aside the tempter of anger. Before it hatred and malice are abashed, if not defeated, and destruction and destruction are hushed in its presence; the babble of idle gossip soon grows tired in the face of its rebuke. It would keep silence the world would be rid of half its evils.

Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You notice how it freezes one drop at a time, until it is a foot long or more. If the water was clear, the icicle would be clear, and sparkling brightly in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle would be foul, and its beauty would be spoiled. Just as our characters are forming: one little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

A merry heart doeth good like medicine, and a kind eye becometh like sunshine though the day be cloudy. A woman may do a world of good, unknown to herself by sweet civility in her own house—not kept like a conservatory, for the refreshment of occasional guests; but, like bread and butter, for every day consumption, for her children, her family, her servants, and those who are dependent upon her.

Oh! I remember those whom I have known in other days, to whom my heart was led as by a magnet, and who are not dead. But absent, and their memories overgrown with other thoughts and troubles of my own life.

As graves with grasses are, and at their head the stone with moss and lichens so o'er-spread.

Nothing is legible but the name alone, and the name is the only thing that remains. Do they remember me in the same way, and is the memory pleasant as to me? I fear to ask; yet wherefore are my fears? Pleasure, like flowers, may wither and decay, and yet the root perennial may be.

You torment yourself, poor heart, that among the persons who surround you, there are one or two even more, who cause you weariness. They do not like you, they find fault with all you do, they always meet you with a severe expression or an almost disdainful smile, they injure you, you say; they are at least an obstacle, you think, to the good you could do. And your life flows sad and discolored, and discouragement gradually penetrates your soul. Courage! Instead of being troubled, thank God, God, whose glance penetrates beyond the present hour, sees that too much affliction would gradually enervate you. . . . God sees that too much joy, and too much of that comfort for which you yearn, would make you slothful in prayer, and He cuts you off from even what seems to you well merited. God sees that too much flattery would intoxicate you, and make you less kind to others, and He causes you to feel a few humiliations. Then leave these persons to do their will; unconsciously to themselves, they are doing God's work in you. —*Golden Sands.*

There are no worse evils than sadness and melancholy, because they reject the cure of every other evil. Sadness is a malady that unbends the spirit, contracts the heart and brings down the powers of the soul into the caverns of self-love, where their light is obscured and their virtues are buried in sensuous slumber. A dark shadow hangs over the mind, and in that shadow self-love paints melancholy images of herself, that sister her as if she were the victim of a great wrong. The will is chained a captive to this self-love, and the soul is unnerved by illusions that exhalate from the malignant humors thrown up from the oppressed and saddened spirit of wounded and defeated pride. —*Bishop Ullathorne.*

ONCE "MERRIE" AND CATHOLIC ENGLAND.

Are we within a measurable distance of the day when a Catholic shall become "the keeper of the Queen's conscience"? Mr. John Morley, speaking at Newcastle, said: "I wonder whether it occurred to any of you—it occurred to me, as Sir Charles Russell's speech was going on in the House of Commons, that the illustration of the unworldly wisdom with which we have governed Ireland—that though Ireland is, in greater part, a Catholic country, yet the chief Governor of Ireland by the law of the land cannot be a Catholic. More than that, I could not help thinking that Sir Charles Russell himself, who is a Catholic, cannot attain to the highest prize in the profession. He cannot be made Lord Chancellor of England. A Jew can be made Lord Chancellor. There is some difficulty, I know, about patronage. It might be rather awkward to have a Catholic Chancellor distributing Protestant livings. But a short time ago we were within a measurable distance of having that state of things. Therefore that difficulty cannot be a real one. I only say this because I think I can promise you—and I cannot conceive how a Tory even can resist it—I think I can promise you that before very long a Bill will be introduced into the House of Commons which will sweep away this last rag of religious disability."

IN 10 DAYS TIME.

"Was troubled with headache, bad blood and loss of appetite, and tried all sorts of medicine without success. I then tried one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and found relief in 10 days." A. J. Meindie, Mattawa, Ont.

TO INVIGORATE both the body and the brain, use the reliable tonic, Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

THE FALLACIES OF BIBLE CRITICISM.

AN AGNOSTIC PROFESSOR'S ABSURDITIES—FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, S. J., AT FARM STREET, London, University, May 31st.

At the High Mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, on Sunday, the claims of good Catholic literature, as represented by the Catholic Truth Society, to general support, were eloquently pleaded by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. After recalling the celebrated answer given by Tallyrand to Leberaux, when the latter questioned him as to the best means of propagating the new religion of humanity—"You had better get crucified, and rise from the dead"—the reverend preacher pointed out that the Resurrection was at the present day an object of constant and violent attack by so-called biblical critics, who professed merely a desire to lead men back from the true signs of weakness or rottenness, to a state of health and vigor. The Resurrection, as is so volubly asserted by these so-called scientists,

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A SELF-CONSTITUTED PROPRIETOR of agnosticism contended that our Lord did not really die. He was laid in the tomb, but He managed to creep out of it, and to get away into Galilee. This theory was this—that our Lord was so constituted that He was able to manufacture. Like many other clumsy things, it was an export from Germany. It was upon in the beginning of the century by Paul of Heidelberg; later on it was offered to the public by Schleiermacher, but they rejected it as not being sufficiently respectable. As far as the sufficient fear to ask; yet wherefore are my fears? Pleasure, like flowers, may wither and decay, and yet the root perennial may be.

For though it was true that there were exceptional cases in which the crucified covered, they never occurred except when the persons in question were well nursed and their wounds carefully treated. What the prophet of agnosticism had to do to prove, and not merely to elucidate, was this—that our Lord was so constituted that He was able to manufacture. Like many other clumsy things, it was an export from Germany. It was upon in the beginning of the century by Paul of Heidelberg; later on it was offered to the public by Schleiermacher, but they rejected it as not being sufficiently respectable. As far as the sufficient fear to ask; yet wherefore are my fears? Pleasure, like flowers, may wither and decay, and yet the root perennial may be.

BEFORE A GREAT COMMISSION could be said to prove that no speech had been made at all. Concluding the review, he expressed his surprise that the days of the Second Empire which brought the two into very close connection. The anecdote is told in the words of M. de Cassagnac. It appears that Rochefort had written an article on Marie Antoinette: "Rochefort had insulted the Queen. I defended her; and it ended in a duel between us. After a first ineffectual attempt at a duel in Belgium, which was spoiled by the gendarmes, we found ourselves face to face near Paris, in the direction of St. Denis. It was New Year's day, and snowing. The white pall reached up to our knees. Our black overcoats stood out like cathedrals at the distance of twenty paces which separated us, when the people were huddled in a charged circle of six bullets, which Rochefort had savagely insisted upon, and which I had accepted, with the recklessness of youth, and, perhaps, also the certainty that we should not want them all, and that one would suffice. Rochefort missed. I fired, and he hit him, just where I had aimed, right on the head. A crowd was at once round him. The doctor, with amazement, found that, instead of being pierced through and through, as ought to have happened, Rochefort had merely received a severe shock. The ball had glanced off. On what? The doctor searched, and, when he had ascertained, showed us a medal of the Blessed Virgin, which some friendly hand had secretly sewn in the waistband. But for the miraculous medal, Rochefort would have been killed."

Many Thanks. "My age is 58 and for 20 years I have suffered from kidney complaint, rheumatism and lame back, and would have been a dead woman if it had not been for Burdock Blood Bitters, which has restored me to health and strength." Miss Maggie Hensby, Half Island Cove, N. S.

THE INGENIOUS FRENCHMAN

told them this: that mailed by the intensity of her grief Mary Magdalen took a gardener for Jesus; that by some marvellous electric process she communicated the fancy to the Apostles, and that they believed with her that He had risen, and that the story grew until the whole world accepted it. Surely to get hold of such a theory the French scoundrel must have read his New Testament as witches are said to read the Father MOTHER.

backwards. Why St. Mark, whom the Bible critics were so fond of quoting, who suited their purpose, told them that the Apostles refused to believe Mary Magdalen, refused to believe even the two who came from Emmaus, until at last our Lord came to the eleven and upbraided them for their incredulity and hardness of heart. What had the biblical critics and the prophet of agnosticism to say to this? Unless they were prepared to fling away the evidence of St. Mark, as well as to deny the genuineness of the Gospels of St. John, St. Matthew, and St. Luke, they had really no evidence to produce in support of a theory so nonsensical. Even if the four Gospels were not authentic, what then? They had the evidence of St. Paul, who, in those four universally-accepted letters of his, told them that belief in the Resurrection of our Lord was

AN OBJECTIVE FACT was universal in all the Churches; that He had been seen in different places, at different times, by different people, singly and in bands; that for forty days He remained among them, teaching them how to build up the Church; that He then disappeared, and that the Church went forth and made belief in the Resurrection

THE VERY BASIS OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE and motive of Christian perfection. He told them that the whole world believed in it, and if they did not believe in it, then the whole preaching of the Church was vain and unprofitable. What had the prophet of agnosticism to say to St. Paul? He was good enough to forgive St. Paul, to exonerate him from moral guilt for the vision which he had had, and which was in itself a distinct proof of the Resurrection; but he was careful to add that "the vision which satisfied Paul would never have satisfied me." He questioned the right of the professor to affirm whether he could believe or did believe, be satisfied or dissatisfied, with any supernatural vision whatsoever. How in the name of Jogie could a man justify his profession to know nothing at all about supernatural visions and beliefs?

CLAIM TO KNOW EVERYTHING about them? Was it possible that the professor was one of those men who, while they could tell us a great deal about what they knew, could tell us a great deal more about what they did not know? What did all this so-called biblical criticism do? It simply showed that there were men—men who could believe that the moon was made of green cheese and who could MISTAKE MOONSHINE FOR SUNLIGHT. What had all this Bible criticism proved? Simply nothing at all. It had simply shown them what they knew before, that in the different reports given by the four Evangelists of our Lord's Resurrection, there were obvious difficulties and seeming discrepancies. But even if they were satisfied that these discrepancies were utterly irreconcilable, the fact would not disprove the objective reality of the Resurrection in any manner. The difficulties were only in the accounts given in the Conservative and Liberal organs of a great speech made by an eminent lawyer.

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ROCHEFORT'S ESCAPE.

Heard Rochefort and the Miraculous Medal of Our Lady seem strangely matched companions. Yet a correspondent of the London Review, who was a member of the Second Empire, which brought the two into very close connection. The anecdote is told in the words of M. de Cassagnac. It appears that Rochefort had written an article on Marie Antoinette: "Rochefort had insulted the Queen. I defended her; and it ended in a duel between us. After a first ineffectual attempt at a duel in Belgium, which was spoiled by the gendarmes, we found ourselves face to face near Paris, in the direction of St. Denis. It was New Year's day, and snowing. The white pall reached up to our knees. Our black overcoats stood out like cathedrals at the distance of twenty paces which separated us, when the people were huddled in a charged circle of six bullets, which Rochefort had savagely insisted upon, and which I had accepted, with the recklessness of youth, and, perhaps, also the certainty that we should not want them all, and that one would suffice. Rochefort missed. I fired, and he hit him, just where I had aimed, right on the head. A crowd was at once round him. The doctor, with amazement, found that, instead of being pierced through and through, as ought to have happened, Rochefort had merely received a severe shock. The ball had glanced off. On what? The doctor searched, and, when he had ascertained, showed us a medal of the Blessed Virgin, which some friendly hand had secretly sewn in the waistband. But for the miraculous medal, Rochefort would have been killed."

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AN EXTRACT—DEDICATED TO THE CLEVELAND "LEADER"

Cleveland Universe.

Pope Alexander, Queen Isabella, the Catholic Columbus, are the illustrious discoverers of America. It is now nearly four hundred years since the children of the Church planted her sacred standard in the island of San Salvador. All this is written, in bro 23, on the doors of yonder Capitol. Catholicity is co-eval with the discovery of the continent, and hence our Church is, before all others, American.

In all our wars Catholic soldiers were foremost and brave for America for liberty and for justice. General Washington and President Lincoln have said of us that none displayed more valor than the Catholic soldiers, that braver men never fought in any cause. Washington's body guard was composed largely of Catholic Irishmen. General Stephen Mayhew, brother to the Roman Catholic John Barry, the Father of our Navy, aide de camp to Washington, and commander of the famous Moya's Dragoons. Catholic France furnished General Lafayette with 10,000 men and \$3,000,000. Catholic names stand high on the muster-roll of the American army. And we look with pride upon the career of Commodore John Barry, the Father of our Navy. True and pious Catholic that he was, he threw himself, with all his heart, for the freedom of the colonies.

His bold reply to the commander of an English squadron makes an amusing page in the history of the American navy. When held up by Briton and asked the name of the ship and of the captain, he made this spirited reply: "The United States ship Alliance, nancy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee. Who are you?"

Need we be surprised at our country's success when we see the broad principles on which the Government is established are the principles of the Catholic Church. The constitutional history of England, of Germany, of France, of Spain, and of Italy shows that trial by jury, representative Governments, constitutional rights, every legal provision which the Americans cherish and hold to as a safeguard of personal freedom, were known in Europe and encouraged by the Church long before Protestantism was born in the highways of Germany or introduced into England by the lust of the Eighth Henry. The civil liberty guaranteed by Magna Charta, brought over here, was supplemented by the Declaration of the Catholic colony of Maryland, and the both were the stepping stones to the liberty and free institutions of America.

The Catholic Lord Baltimore belongs the glory of having first guaranteed religious freedom in America. "From a sermon by Father Burke, Washington, D. C., April 30th."

LOVE OF MARY.

The Most Blessed Virgin should be loved with that twofold love of esteem and tenderness. And she will never be so loved as much as she deserves to be, because, on the one hand, her merits and her perfections surpass all understanding; and, on the other, the qualities that the presence, and the ties which unite us to her are more capable of exciting and inflaming that sensible love. Let us exclaim, with St. Ignatius the Martyr, and other children of Mary, "Love that adorable Mother as much as you will, she will always surpass you in tenderness." Love her, then, if it is possible, as much as St. Stanislaus Kotka, who could not speak of his love for her without communicating to his hearers the ardor of his own flame; who invented new names to honor her; who asked her blessing upon his every action, who prayed to her as though he was speaking to her face to face; who was transported out of himself by the slaying of the Salve Regina, and who, when asked how he loved Mary, was wont to reply: "She is my Mother, what can I say more?"

proclaiming those words with such emotion of both voice and countenance that he seemed not a mortal but angel descending from heaven to preach the love of Mary. Let us love her as did the venerable Herman, who called her his spouse of love; as much as St. Bonaventura, who called her not only his Lady and his Mother, but his heart and his soul. "Hail," said he to her, in his sentiments of love. Let us love her as much as did St. Bernard, who, inflamed with love for her, said to her: "Let me know if you have you not ravished mine from me?" As much as did St. Bernardine, of Siena, who went every day to visit her under a precious picture, to express his love for her in tender colloquies, answering those who asked him whether he thus went every day, "I go to visit my beloved."

Let us love her as did St. Louis, whose tender and loving heart throbbled and whose cheeks glowed at the very name of Mary; or, like St. Francis Solano, who, in a holy delirium of love seized before an image of Mary. Let us love her as a Father Diego Martinez, whose reward of his tender love to her, merited on every feast of hers to be carried to heaven by angels to be witness of the pomp with which those festivals are celebrated by the inhabitants of heaven, and who said, "Would that I had the hearts of all angels and saints that I might love her as they love her!" Finally, let us without all the inventions of art for never shall we succeed in loving Mary as much as she deserves. But if we do not love her as she deserves, let us at least love her as much as we possibly can, with that love of esteem and tenderness which we owe her on so many accounts. —*Rev. M. D'Avella.*

MRS. W. J. LANG, BETHANY ONT., writes:

I was one of the greatest sufferers for about fifteen months with a disease of my ear similar to ulcers, causing entire deafness. I tried everything that could be done through medical skill, but without relief. As a last resort, I tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and in ten days I found relief. I continued using it, and in a short time my ear was cured and hearing completely restored. I have used this wonderful healer successfully in cases of inflammation of the lungs, sore throat, coughs and colds, cuts and bruises, etc., in fact it is our family medicine.

Much distress and sickness in children

is caused by worms. Mother Graven Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

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A. S. MURRAY,
Practiced Optician, Graduate of the Optic School, New York. Defects of sight, pain in head or eyes on viewing objects at a distance, or blurred vision in reading, removed by our properly Adjusted Glasses. Every case guaranteed or money refunded. A. S. MURRAY & CO., 189 Dundas street, London, Ont.

Evictions everywhere!

In a single column of Monday's Freeman five eviction campaigns are announced. Wholesale evictions are in prospect or progress on the Oliphant estate in Donegal; wholesale evictions on the Kennan estate in the Killarney; wholesale evictions on the Marquis of Drogheda estate in Kildare; wholesale evictions on the Landowne estate in Lugganure; and wholesale evictions on the Ryan estate in Tipperary. Behind them all, the most vile Marquis of Clanricarde only waits until the brave Balfour can show his courage to the



KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SYDNER, BROADWAY, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1888.

Dear Sir: I desire to give you my testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for several years, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly,
CHAR. A. SYDNER,
Manager Troy Laundry Stable.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

Dear Sir: I desire to give you my testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for several years, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly,
ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BART, WINTON COURT, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

Dear Sir: I desire to give you my testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for several years, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly,
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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or, if you prefer, to any address on receipt of price by the proprietor. DR. R. J. KENDALL CO., KNOXBOROUGH FALLS, N. Y.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, INDIGESTION, FLU, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND every species of disease arising from impure blood.

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CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

STAINED GLASS.

BRILLIANT CUT, BEVELED, SILVERED, BENT, PLATE GLASS.

MAMA SAYS THE DOWSWELL WASHER.

AND STANDARD WRINGER.

SAVE HEALTH TIME MONEY.

HARDWARE DEALERS SELL THEM OR DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY.

STANDARD MFG CO. HAMILTON ONT.

Eyes Tested Free

—BY—
A. S. MURRAY,

Practiced Optician, Graduate of the Optic School, New York. Defects of sight, pain in head or eyes on viewing objects at a distance, or blurred vision in reading, removed by our properly Adjusted Glasses. Every case guaranteed or money refunded. A. S. MURRAY & CO., 189 Dundas street, London, Ont.

Evictions everywhere!

In a single column of Monday's Freeman five eviction campaigns are announced. Wholesale evictions are in prospect or progress on the Oliphant estate in Donegal; wholesale evictions on the Kennan estate in the Killarney; wholesale evictions on the Marquis of Drogheda estate in Kildare; wholesale evictions on the Landowne estate in Lugganure; and wholesale evictions on the Ryan estate in Tipperary. Behind them all, the most vile Marquis of Clanricarde only waits until the brave Balfour can show his courage to the

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outrage upon the saintly priest and savior of his people. The fatal arrest, the outrageous accusation, the protracted imprisonment, the repeated remands, and the reckless committal by the Removables on the murder charge have been duly played out; and the Executive is left hunting about in the mud for some excuse to charge against the priest. The bogus charge of conspiracy, on which he was arrested, was abandoned to make room for a bogus charge of murder, and now the bogus charge of murder is abandoned to make room for a bogus "minor indictment," of what nature, class, or description Pether has not yet been able to determine. It is rather hard, this abandonment, on the poor rogues of Removables, who, in obedience to orders, committed Father M'Fadden for trial on a charge of murder, without the shadow of a shade of evidence to justify the committal. The public can scarcely be expected to have the same implicit confidence in the absolute wisdom and impartiality of their decisions for the future. However, they can console themselves with the remembrance that "they did their duty," which is the Removables' pet phrase for all dirty work in which he is engaged. The whole of these proceedings would be faithfully ludicrous were it not for the remembrance of the horrible suffering involved on one side at the corruption and savagery on the other.

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