

**When She Comes Home:**  
When she comes home again? A thousand ways  
Fashioned to my: the tenderness  
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes  
And touch her as I did in the old days  
I touched her girlish hands, nor dared up-  
raise  
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's  
Sweet distress.  
Then silence, and the perfume of her dress:  
The room will sway a little, and a hazy  
Glow of light—soul-light, eyes—for a space:  
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the  
throat.  
To know that I will deserve the place  
Her arms make for me, and the sobbing  
sobs  
I stay with kisses, ere the white face  
Again is hidden in the old embrace.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

**EILEEN'S TRUST.**

Eileen's mother was dying. The doctor had given that last shake of the head which bode farewell to hope; and one hour in the next few was fated to carry of a gentle soul into eternity.  
Eileen had been kneeling a long time by the bed, gazing at the still form that lay on it, in a trance of horror into which death's presence throws the young. At last she could bear it no longer, and when the nurse left the room for a moment she climbed on the bed and laid her warm cheek against the cold one that pressed the pillow. The mother opened her eyes wearily. They were full of the pain of death. She turned a little toward the child, and said, slowly and at broken intervals, "Eileen, love, I am leaving you and your father. He will have to do for you. Oh, it is hard! If I could live a little longer for him! God's will be mine! But promise me, Eileen, that you will love and watch over him, as I tried to do."

"The 'I will, mamma,' which was spoken in answer, would not have been audible to anyone else in the room— scarce was it heard by the angel who stood watchful. But it was spoken in a kiss which made the words as solemn as a vow. And the eyes of the dying woman closed again, and her features seemed more peaceful than before. Then a man came into the room, on whose face was written the anguish of the strong which only those who can bear it know; and Eileen was taken sobbing from the room. She saw her young mother no more.

Eileen loved her father after that as father was never yet loved by his daughter. But in the early days of their affliction her love seemed to meet with no response. And when her father looked at her it was with that fierce grief with which we look at the things which remind us of a dead hope or a lost love; so that Eileen grew afraid, and only ventured to watch unseen the stern features and wonder with a child's timid patience when the old light would come back to them, and the old light which had always been so gentle with her, should now seem so strange. Then in her own room at night she would cry for hours together—cry out of mingled wonder and grief, thinking less of her own sorrow than of that which she longed to console but could not. In her father's presence she never cried—only watched him always, and did little things for him unnoticed; and in the selfishness of a child ten years old could not know or measure the depth of his loss or her own, and he seldom looked at her or thought of her then.

Six months passed. And Eileen grew pale and thin, and her large gray eyes grew larger and brighter and moist with the night dew of sorrow which had fallen early on her young life—those night dews in which the flowers of the soul bloom fainter while the body withers. But one evening when Eileen had gone to bed and her father was passing to get a book which he had left in his room, he thought he heard someone speaking in that of his daughter. He opened the door gently. Eileen was kneeling in her night dress by her bedside. And this was what she heard: "And, oh, God! do make papa love me a little as he used to, for I cannot make him do what mamma asked me unless you do; and make him let me dine with him always, instead of sending me to nurse, for I know I could make him less sorry for mamma if he would only look at me and kiss me often. And make him not frown when he looks at me, for that makes me afraid. And I don't want to be afraid of papa, for I love him so much. And make him let me stay with him in the library, for I know he doesn't read there, but only thinks about mamma. And he doesn't know that mamma is happy, or he wouldn't be so sad, but I do because I saw her face before she went away. And make me keep well, because mamma told me something, and I cannot do it if you make me ill. And I am glad to get the avenue, where the childish voices quivered and the childish form shook—" doesn't love me."

"Eileen!" There was a world of affection in that one word. The child turned and found herself in her father's arms, and the love she wanted in her father's eyes. "Eileen, darling!" he said, "I did not think of you—and" but his words were stopped by kisses. He wrapped a rug around the child, now sobbing with joy, and carried her down to the library fire, and there poured over her all the mother's tenderness of his nature, which still action had frozen up, till her sobs came at longer intervals, and she slept, tired out with happiness. And long after that he sat watching her sleep, and thinking how like her his dead love must have been when young, and accusing himself for the change in her, which he had not noticed. And the look in his eyes, when towards midnight he gently laid the sleeping child in her bed, and knelt to pray by its side, argued well for the success of Eileen's prayer.

Eight years passed away—years made happy for father and daughter by mutual devotion.  
Again the famine came to Ireland. In the splendor of late summer a wind rose in the east, with force both by day and fierce cold by night. It blew steadily for many weeks and overpread the sky with sulphurous haze.  
Out in the country the people made merry in the dusty crossways, rejoicing in the heat and the promise of a rich harvest. But one day the wind ceased, the yellow haze darkened, thunder storms followed, and that night it rained as it seldom rains in Ireland. On the second night after

that the rain had passed; there was no cloud on the laughing face of heaven, but the houses and faces of the people were filled with gloom. For far and wide the fields were blackened—the blight had come on the potato crop.

Then followed the familiar train of evils which attend that mysterious scourge of a nation—inability to pay rent, then eviction, misery, starvation, death.  
Matthew O'Donnell, Eileen's father, had the reputation of being one of the sternest land agents in the west of Ireland. And he was. In the discharge of what he considered his duty he had no feelings. Studied cruelty would have been infinitely preferable to the calm unconcern with which he carried out the mandates which frequently came to him during this year of misery. Therefore he was hated by the people. And many were the threatening letters which he received at this time. He laughed at these grim messages, for he knew no fear, and destroyed them. And Eileen knew nothing of the danger in which her father's life was believed to be.

Eileen is happy on this October evening, as she sits by the library fire. The table is laid for her father's supper; his slippers are waiting by the armchair, and his big red setter is lying on the hearth rug. A book is lying open on the girl's knees, but her eyes have sought the fire, and her features are full of that blissful repose which our faces wear when we are thinking of those whom we love. Her thoughts are out this wild night with her father, who has gone twenty miles away to collect rents, and should now be near his home. She is thinking of the tired face he will bring to her, and of the power she has to charm his weariness away. And she is thinking, too, of her mother's last wish and how she tried to obey it. And she might think with truth, if she could have philosophized, that to be a girl and to be eighteen years of age, and to love and to be loved by one's father, is to be supremely happy, as earthly happiness goes.

A soft knock came to the door, and the old housekeeper entered. She came round to the hearth, stroked the sleeping dog, stirred the fire and looked at Eileen. Then she stirred the fire again, and suddenly turning, said: "Faith, then, you're right Miss, it wasn't to mend the fire that brought me up."

"Why, Mary dear, I didn't say that!" laughed the girl.  
"No! but your eyes said it, Lord bless them. You don't know half what they can say without you speaking a word. And—well, it was just because I was lonely that I came up, and I thought you might be the same."  
"I am never lonely when papa is away, Mary, for I can think of him better when he is away; when he is here I have no time to think, I am so busy looking after him."

"It's you that does look after him, too," and the old woman stirred the fire again; "say, faith, he couldn't have a better one to mind him, surely—level a better one." A few moments' reflection, and she turned to Eileen, who was watching her anxiously, and resumed: "Do you know, Miss, the master has no call to be out so late?"

"Why, Mary dear? It's the pony he has to night. He always takes the pony when the nights are dark."  
"You're right, Miss; it's the pony sure enough—but the roads are very lonely, and I wouldn't let him keep out so late if I were you."  
"Mary! you are trying to frighten me, or is it that you don't like waiting up so late yourself?"

"That's just what it is, Miss—it's not fair to let me be keeping me up so late, and I'd tell him that, if I was you, that it's not fair to me, and that I'll have to give him warning on the head of it and—"

She made a last savage dash at the fire before continuing. "Lord bless you, you don't know the wickedness that's out now, you don't; and I'm thinking you couldn't know it if you tried." And she vanished hastily as if to avoid questioning.

Eileen thought over this sudden enigma for a few minutes. She did not understand in the least what it meant, but she felt vaguely disturbed. She took a light from a candlestick, and looked at the clock; she leaned against the chimney-piece for a moment, looking at the gold clock that stood on it; then, obeying an uneasy impulse, slipped out into the night, and took her way down the avenue. The dog did not notice her departure for a few seconds; then he sprang up and tried to follow her, but his first effort closed the half open door; he walked round the room, and coughed down opposite it.  
The night was dark and wild, but warm; leaves were falling from the tall trees that fringed the avenue; the wind rolled getting ill, because papa," here the childish voices quivered and the childish form shook—" doesn't love me."

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few up the avenue. Three facts had come to her as that last sentence struck her ear; the first, that there were men there waiting to kill her father, the second, that one of them was, or thought himself, wronged by him; the third, that her father would be dead in less than an hour if not warned of his danger. It was 10 o'clock when she had looked at the clock in the library, and he might be there by 11. "Dead! dead! dead!" the word rang in her ears as she ran breathless into the yard. In the harness-room was a light; the stable boy was there, nearly asleep—the only one in that lonely place to whom she could look for help, for the men who worked there in the daytime were now miles off in their homes. Her mind had leaped without conscious thought to the one thing that remained to be done; she must ride across by the lake to intercept her father on his return. She must ride herself; the boy might not go fast enough—would not be believed. What message could she send that would not be laughed at? She shook the boy.

"Tom, Tom, awake!"  
"Yes, Miss," murmured Tom.  
"Saddle the horse for me quickly."  
Tom opened his eyes wide at once. The girl's face spoke more than a thousand words.

"Bogorra! she's in earnest. For the love of God, what do you mean Miss?"  
"Yes, the mare. O! Tom, saddle her at once."  
He took a side saddle and bridle down, and went out, muttering, "Lord have mercy on us! what is all about?" The mare was ready in a few moments. Eileen was leaning against the door of the harness-room, trying to collect her thoughts. It was of no use. Only the word "Dead!" came to her in every beat of her pulse. Tom brought out the mare; it was Eileen's favorite, and she mechanically patted the animal's neck as she stood by it.

"Tom, help me up!"  
"For the love of God, Miss, where are you going?"  
"Help me up I say," she repeated in a fainter tone. Tom obeyed silently.  
"Now lead her out to the gate into the law; keep on the grass." Eileen leant over the saddle; she was going to faint? She revived in the strong wind that came over the bare lawn, as they reached the gate. "That will do all that she held a riding whip in her hand; how she got it she could not have told. She touched the mare's flank with it and spoke to her. "Good Flo, then! Good Flo, then!" The animal seemed to know that she was called upon and sprang at once into a gallop. Tom looked after her till she vanished in the gloom, then walked back slowly into the yard. He went into the harness-room, reached for a pipe, put it into his mouth without lighting it, and began to smoke. After a few minutes the pipe stem broke off and the bowl fell to the ground; he did not seem to notice it.

At first Eileen could not think of what to do; but now the exercise took away her physical prostration. And her mind, set free from the tension of her nerves, began to work rapidly. There was one fence in her way, at the foot of the lawn—a loose stone wall; the mare knew it well; it was nothing. And then a gallop round the lake to the road; then she would turn loose the mare and wait for her father. And he would come and find her there, and she would tell him what she had done. And then—oh! she knew so well, he would laugh at her, and she would be ashamed of it all. And then she would do, but he would be killed—she perhaps too, but he would be killed—no! that would not do. Well, she would tell him merely that he had come to meet him. She had often come to meet him there before; but that was in the summer. Never mind the night was warm. And then—she saw the rest without thinking further. And at the end of it all she saw her mother's face with the peaceful smile it wore when she saw it last.

They were nearing the wall. She could scarcely see it about a hundred yards ahead; her slender hands tightened on the reins in an endeavor to pull the mare together for the leap. But the animal knew it, and flew over it at the spot, and then she was clear. "Good Flo, then!" Now the way was clear. Another flick of the whip and the lake flew past them; and the excitement of that night gallop and the wildness of it went through her, and she thought of nothing, only watched the bushes plunging by and the gleaming waves of the lake. A few minutes brought them to the gate leading out on the road.

Was she in time? She sprang from the mare and tried to take off the bridle. She could not. She led the animal back some distance and turned her loose in the field; came back, opened the gate, and took her post on the road.

Was she in time? Her fragile form was quivering with excitement. If she was late! Five minutes past ten. The darkness was growing lighter. There was a moon, then, somewhere behind those flying clouds. Another five minutes passed. She thought she heard a car; it was only a distant groan of the wind. A thought occurred to her; she would take off her cloak, and the white dress under it could be seen.

Again she heard a sound; it grew louder; it was that of a car. A hollow roar kept it out of hearing for some moments; then the noise came clearer than before. A whole was coming down the hill towards her; she could not move. The horse shied at the white object by the roadside. A voice from the car said, "Steady, boy," then louder, "What is that?" It was her father. The answer came very low. "It is I, papa," but it was heard. Her father sprang from the car.

"Eileen, darling! what madness is this?"  
"I came to meet you, papa."  
"I wanted a cloak on such a night!"  
Eileen felt the tears rise.  
"You were very late, papa."

Her father detected the quiver in her voice; he could not see her face, or he would have read a tale in it, but he feared lest the might think he was vexed with her.  
"My darling child, take my coat and sit upon on the car; we shall be home in no

time." He took off his big ulster as he spoke.  
"Then let me drive, papa." The words were low, but steady.  
"Nonsense! on such a night!"  
"Please, papa." The voice was very pleading.  
"What a strange girl! Well, get up."

He helped her up on the right side of the car, the driving side, and put the reins in her hand. At five yards anyone would have said that the form in the ulster and the deer stalker's cap was Matthew O'Donnell.  
"Kiss me before you go round, papa!" He kissed her, thinking she still thought him angry. But she thought only, "it is the last time, perhaps," and a tear fell on the hand that held the reins.

The pony went on. All was now over. Her father was saved. And she! How long before they would get there? She would drive the pony faster—oh, yes; very fast—when they were passing it, not even be there. Then another cessation of thought supervened, and she only felt the wind whistling past and the rapid beat of the pony's shoes on the road.  
And her father, on the other side of the car, was thinking how, when they got home, he would kiss the lips which had spoken to him so faintly, and reassure the eyes which might shrink from his. Angry with her!

They neared the entrance. The gate lodge was vacant. It was usually inhabited by the coachman, but the last had left, and no new man had come as yet. They entered and sped up the smooth drive. The pony went on in the warm stable air, waiting for him.  
Another rack of thought swept through Eileen's mind in those long seconds which elapsed before they came to the wood? Was she not going to die? And at eighteen years of age—the world which had had above so bright before her was already in darkness. And the romances of youth and life was over. All this occurred to her, not with regret, but as dull fact, felt as she felt the presence of the mare—her love for her father, and her mother's words left to her now, and her mother's words were repeating themselves over and over in her mind. She would not now be allowed to meet her mother. And she would meet her soon—God would be merciful—and—

A hundred yards more to that terrible spot, and the pony went faster still, as if he, too, felt the danger. Then, at the last moment, as the reality of all that had happened came home to her, the fear of death, that fear which is more physical than mental, overcame her. But she did not desire to scream, to die, to have it all over her. But she shut her lips tightly, shutting with the effort, and closed her eyes, from which the tears were falling. Yet even in that last agony of apprehension she remembered to draw her slender figure to its full height.

They raced past the spot. A shot! The pony fell. Another! A faint sound between a sigh and a scream—and a noise of rustled leaves in the distance—and then again the roaring of the rustling wind.

Both of them had been thrown forward by the sudden stop, as the pony fell. The girl's form remained leaning forward over the front rail of the car. Her father was at her side in an instant. "Eileen!" There was no answer. He took the silent figure in his arms, staggered blindly up the avenue—into the house—into the library, and laid it on a sofa. He unbuttoned the heavy ulster. The face was deadly pale, the tears not yet dry on it. And on the white dress, just under the right arm, there was a large bright spot of blood. A long minute he stood looking at that fatal spot, then struggled, and fell to the ground with a groan.

And the dog went from one to the other with a low whine, licking alternately the pale hand that hung over the side of the sofa and the Irish face upon the floor.  
—J. O. G. L., in Irish Monthly.

**ST. JOSEPH'S DIGNITY.**

We know our Blessed Mother's place, and next to her we rank her glorious spouse. Alone in her immaculate conception, her precious privileges are shared by no other creature. But in grace and dignity second to her we recognize St. Joseph. Of many things we Church has not spoken so definitely, but we love to follow not less than Jeremiah's preparation was not less than Jeremiah's of St. John the Baptist's; that he came into this world pure, though conceived in sin. Assuredly his life was most holy—free from any deliberate sin. The evangelist calls him a just man. His virtue was full; so was his preparation for the work of God, which went on till he arrived at the very prime of manhood, when the Father who had selected him for the spouse of the Immaculate Mother blessed the nuptials ever contracted. Joseph—the holiest of men—decreed this marriage for the wisest reason given by the Fathers: that the Virgin Mother might be protected in her honor and in her flight; that Christ's sonship in David might be seen; and that the mystery of the Incarnation might be concealed from Satan.

Through this sacred marriage St. Joseph became the foster father of Christ, the head of the Holy Family, the savior of his Saviour, the representative of the Father in Heaven, and the faithful minister of the Holy Ghost.

Standing out in the dimness of the hidden life as the shadow of the Eternal Father, his glory is second only to Mary's. We never come to another day, and grace corresponding, his career, though bound by the lowliness of Bethlehem and Egypt and Nazareth, was one of triumphal advance in the ways of God. Glorious life so faithfully spent! Glorious Grace so fruitfully employed! Glorious dignity so worthily filled!

The coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL obviates all this, entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, soreness, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.  
AS AN AID to internal remedies for skin diseases, Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap proves very valuable.

**A MIRACLE AT ST. LOUIS.**

**A VISITATION SISTER RELIEVED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.**

An undoubted miracle occurred last week at the convent of the Sisters of the Visitation at Nineteenth street and Cass avenue, this city, says the St. Louis Church Progress. For the past five years, Sister Mary Philomena, one of the youngest Sisters in the convent in this city, had suffered from what was believed to be an abscess that threatened final injury to the brain. The first symptoms of the disease developed in an abscess of the ear. This was followed by agonizing pains in the head, swelling of the face, neck and left shoulder, and a sensation as if there were a constant boring into the brain. From year to year these forms of suffering remained, until at last the young Sister was almost a head-stitch invalid, the strange pain in the head settling in the left upper portion, and never ceasing. Last January a new feature of the disease developed. Twice a day the Sister would be thrown into a high fever, her temperature sometimes rising as high as 120, and always reaching 112, which is higher than the danger point. Then came a development that caused the deepest apprehension. At times there would appear around the young Sister's eyes a discoloration and swelling as of coagulated blood caused by a terrific blow. At first this new symptom was accompanied by bleeding of the nostrils and ears, but finally actual hemorrhage of the eyes followed, and blood would drip from them for hours at a time. Partial blindness resulted from these strange attacks, a blindness so nearly total that Sister Mary Philomena would be unable to distinguish the Sister infirmarian or the Mother Superior in their frequent visits to the cloistered cell, which stood between those of the two nuns.

DR. PAUL TEEPER, head of but one hope for the suffering young Sister. She was afflicted with abscess of the brain, her occasional spells of unconsciousness were the result of the pressure upon the brain, and the coagulating blood and ensuing hemorrhage could be attributed to the same cause. A surgical operation offered the only means of relief. But the physician plainly stated that the operation itself would be one of the greatest danger and might cost the patient her life. Under the rules of the Visitation Order, the cardinal principle of obedience to the superior, an alternative, where her own life is at stake, is allowed to make the choice, and Sister Mary Philomena at first declined to submit to an operation. But her sufferings increased, until at last she was on the verge of consenting and taking the awful risk involved.

Last Tuesday week, as her last resort before consenting to the operation, the young Sister asked that novena be said to the Blessed Sister Margaret Mary in her behalf. She did not ask that prayers be said for her recovery, but simply that God's will may be made plain to her. This was done by the Sisters at daily Mass, and Sister Baptista, a friend of the young Sister Mary Philomena, visited the latter's cell and offered up a "novena" in private prayer. The blessed relic was given to the suffering Sister, as also a phial of holy water with which to bathe her swollen and bleeding eyes. While undergoing an especially bitter paroxysm of pain on Wednesday night, the young Sister placed the blessed relic on her tongue and swallowed it.

**THE MIRACULOUS CURE.**

Thursday morning Sister Mary Philomena awoke suddenly. The last bell for Mass was sounding through the convent. The young Sister felt a strange prickling just above her left eye, and lifting her hand to the spot, she felt a foreign metallic substance. This she grasped with her fingers, pulled it out, and sat transfixed with astonishment and awe.

The strange object was a needle, and just at its point, transfixed, was the blessed piece of linen which she had swallowed and that had once touched the heart of the dead Sister Margaret Mary. The Sister at once ran to the cell of the Mother Superior, and even as she ran she felt her disease leaving her. Within an hour Sister Mary Philomena was entirely well. She had gone from the mother's cell to the chapel, and when the other Sisters gathered about her there was not a trace of her sickness or suffering visible, nor has there been since.

The Blessed Sister Margaret Mary was a French nun of the Visitation Order, and renowned for her exceeding piety, extreme austerity of life, and the power of seeing visions of heavenly objects invisible to other eyes. She is, as stated, a candidate for canonization in the Church, and the miraculous cure of Sister Mary Philomena will go to her credit among the number of well-attested miracles necessary to be shown before she can be canonized.

Sister Mary Philomena stated that she had no recollection of ever having swallowed or been pierced by a needle, and she offers no theory of how the dangerous piece of steel could have gotten so near her brain. She only knew that she had withdrawn it with the blessed relic attached and that her suffering and sickness and disappeared almost in an instant.

**The Single Tax.**

The single tax may relieve poverty but as a remedy for painful ailments it cannot compare with Haggard's Yellow Oil the old reliable cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, cramp, sore throat, lumbago, colds and inflammatory diseases.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

**A Canadian Case.**

A case of Mrs. E. A. Storey, of Shelburne, Ont., is remarkable proof of the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in Headache. She writes: "For over 40 years I was a martyr to headache, having severe attacks about once a week. Have now used 3 bottles of B. B. and have had no attack for 4 or 5 months."

\$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Hoadley, Troy, N. Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can show you quickly how to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In our part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your spare time, spare moments during the work. All we want, great pay HERE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EARLY, SPEEDILY, LEARNED. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, HODD & CO., FORTLAND, BARRA.

**Dyspepsia**

Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Stratton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 102 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla had cured his wife of dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

**Intense**

I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

**Suffering**

I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

**8 Years**

I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

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