

There is no policeman to enforce the laws of health and to call "stop!"



when you are in danger from disease. But Nature has her own danger signals. When she shoots like a lightning flash along the nerves, when the heart beats feebly or irregularly, when there is unusual fullness after eating, sour risings, headache, coated tongue or irritable temper, when Nature is plucking you by the sleeve and calling "stop!" To neglect these warnings is dangerous. Derangement of the stomach and its allied organs is but the beginning of trouble for the whole body.

As a complete cure for disease of the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stands without an equal. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system of poisonous accumulations, nourishes the starved nerves and builds up the entire body, blood and bone, muscle and nerve.



FOR SCALDING, BLEEDING, STITCHES, CRICKS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK. THE BEST ANTI-RHEUMATIC PLASTER MADE.

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100 for 10 cents. O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. For nursing mothers O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is unsurpassed.



EMULSION. CONSUMPTION AND SPITTING OF BLOOD. SCURVY AND LOSS OF APPETITE. The benefits of this article are most manifest.

REID'S HARDWARE. For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Squeegees, the latest Wringers, Mangles, Cutlery, etc.

HOW TOM CORRIGAN GAVE UP THE FARM.

Tom Corrigan stood on the king's highway and looked the last on what remained of the home of his fathers. A few years before, a cosy homestead looked on smiling meadows and cultivated fields; today the gaunt and blackened gables peeped out from the hawthorn hedges, grim sentinels marking the path of the evictor!

It was now for Tom Corrigan to give up the farm. He had been on the farm for twenty years, and he had seen it go from a prosperous home to a desolate ruin.

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THE pompos flunkey. Certain it is that on returning to the city the new tenant sought the confidential manager of Fareley Brothers and gave him a check for £100, receiving in return two £50 Bank of Ireland notes, which were put into a stout valise and addressed to Francis Fareley, Esq.

And now to take possession of his own! A farm in the old land! How often when toiling in the torrid heat of summer, or the Arctic winter of a foreign land, did his fancy roam back to recollections of his own early days in an Irish homestead. How he sought for the odor of the hawthorn blossoms in May and the scent of the new-mown hay in July!

Now it was going to be all real again, and yet he took his seat in the train his mind was not quite at ease as to the justice of his proceeding. Who was this Miss Desmond that the sub-agent told him of? If he gained a home, did not she have a claim on the farm?

When Tom Corrigan awoke he was lying recumbent at the bottom of the dry trunk of a broken-down horse. The driver of the stage was leaning over him, and he saw the face of the man who had been his landlord.

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MOTHER'S THANKSGIVING.

"Don't tell me mother's dead, don't!" cried the Baby, peering back against the wall and covering his eyes with his hand. The day was Thanksgiving, the scene a New England farmhouse kitchen; the circumstances, the unexpected return of the big, blonde, blue-eyed John, locally known as Baby Standish, from the West, whither, five years earlier, his brother's wife had sent him "to grow up with the country."

James Standish, the Baby's elder brother, had been wise in his generation, when, at the time of his father's sudden death, he had promptly married Amanda Jones, a rich neighbor, thus saving from foreclosure the fatally mortgaged Standish estate. In marrying James, however, the bride of fortune had by no means married his family. Retaining Pete, the second brother, to help work the farm on shares, and even extending continued hospitality to the Baby's sweetheart, Dorcas, and adopted orphan, whose able domestic services were a good bargain at the cost only of board and clothes, Mrs. James Standish, Jr., had rigidly drawn the line at her mother-in-law, whose place she declared to be with her own daughter, Charlotte, married in Boston, and banished the Baby to the extreme West, as the most distant land of exile her limited geographical knowledge suggested.

In the early days of his absence the Baby had written characteristically hopeful letters to his mother and Dorcas, promising great things when he should "strike gold." But as his promises grew less definite and his optimistic spirit quailed before failure, his letters had been fewer and farther between, and finally ceased altogether; and it was now more than four years since he had written or heard from home.

The rushing life of the West the years had been winged; and no possibility of change in the monotony of the uneventful home life had suggested itself to his sanguine mind. But now, face to face with possible distinction as his hasty glance about the family circle failed to discover his dear old mother, he cursed his folly for having planned a surprise which might turn the tables with unhappy effect.

The hour was noon, and the family were just seating themselves about the Thanksgiving board. A big turkey ornamented one end of the table; sub-stantial pies of pumpkin and mince the other, while centre dishes of vegetables, a glowing mound of cranberry jelly and two big pitchers of elder completed the festive promise of generous cheer.

AN EFFECTIVE EXPOSURE.

Sacred Heart Review. The number of Protestant ministers, even among those that have enjoyed the best education, who can correctly state the dogmas and teachings of the Catholic Church, is so small that it is frequently hard to find a single one who can do so. Indeed, if we except one or two more, we do not know of any other Protestant divine whose knowledge and studies enable him to do so; and very often such ministers make the most ridiculous blunders when they essay to define Catholic truth and teaching.

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she's your mother, too, isn't she?

What right have you to walk in with your airs and call the others to account after deserting her yourself for five long years?" "Deserting her!" cried the Baby, "I was working for her, I tell you. But repeated disappointments and reverses."

James and Charlotte revived. They glanced at each other with an I-hold-you-so-look-of-gratified-relief, and proceeded to reassure themselves with their original air of superiority. How foolish they had been to be misled by their brother's prosperous appearance. As if the Baby could ever turn out anything but the direst failure. It would be strange, indeed, if in five years of effort he could not earn a good cut to his back, but his clothes were evidently all. He had frankly confessed to disappointment. Perhaps he had come back in hope of eating the bread of idleness among them. He would fling himself instead. They even hesitated as to the wisdom of asking him to dinner. A precedent was a dangerous thing to establish under the circumstances. James tilted back in his chair and slipped his hands in his pockets with an air of nonchalant patronage.

"It's all right, Baby," he said. "Nothing to make a row over. Mother's as snug as can be, and as Amanda here says, it wouldn't be you to find fault if she wasn't. You'd an equal right to provide for her, hadn't you? But as it is, it's all 'fallen on Pete and me.'"

"My husband simply wouldn't hear of a mother-in-law in the house," interrupted Charlotte, hastily explaining her conspicuous absence from the list of filial providers. "And as for money, we're cramped to the last cent paying up the mortgage on our new house on the hill. As Samuel says, when the minister recently asked for a raise of salary, 'It's as much as a man of position can do in these hard times to keep a case of wine in his own cellar.'"

"No, Sam Benson, wouldn't do nuthin' for her," agreed James; "an' Amanda, who's got 'er own name, you know, she set down her foot and said she wouldn't have an old child as well as a young one to nuss, for mother got allin' 'er feeble. Pete, he did take on a bit 'n' try to keep her with us, but he'd married Mrs. Pete here, Matilda Davis that was, an' two families of children was makin' 'er short of room, so one day I just lifted mother into the wagon an' drove her over to the poorhouse, where, being one of the directors, I got her in as easy as an' 'er half. She's got a room to herself an' a dozen other old ladies to gossip with, an' Pete goes over ev'ry Sunday to see her, an' she's never sick but I drive right over to see if she's dyin', my own self; an' as for that young fool Dorcas there, she's had a dollar a week from us ever since she was eighteen, and ev'ry blessed month she's handed over two of 'em to mother, so she's in no need of money to burn for extra tea and foils all 'er week. Mother ain't the wust off in the world, by a long shot, no, siree; and even if she was, she's as much your mother as oura, she's plain, an' we've done well enough by her, while she's had starved out in the fields for all you cared these five long years."

There's more to be said, "but perhaps the less said the better. You think I haven't done right boys, and I know that you haven't; but the mother here who sits in judgment forgives us all alike, and happily it is in my power to atone materially for whatever wrong I have committed by the way of the past."

"Here," he said, "is a Thanksgiving peace offering in the shape of a hundred pieces all round, children included, making the sum total \$1,000; a fair enough figure, I think, to be considered payment in full of my part of the maternal expenses up to date. My future responsibility extends exclusively to the support of our mother and Dorcas. Let it be clearly understood, please, that all family claim upon me ends here and now, finally and forever!"

There was a general deprecating, resentful, yet resistless acceptance of the precious bills as the Baby's surprised family and awaited further revelations in awed silence.

"To-night," exclaimed the Baby, "I shall take my mother and Dorcas to Boston, to hang out as long as they like at the biggest, handsomest, swellest caravansary in the shape of a hotel that's to be had for Western money. To-morrow I'll present them with a little \$5,000 check between them, to lay out in the highest toned shops for fixings, bridal and otherwise. To be found in the city of Boston; and as soon as Dorcas is unshowered up a bit she and I will be married and take mother West to share our honeymoon for the rest of her days. By the way, perhaps it will interest you to see what some folks think of the prospects before her!"

With a jubilant twinkle of vengeance in his eyes, he pulled from his breast some cuttings from the press and passed them to his brothers. The glaring headlines fairly blinded the incredulous Standish eyes. The Baby's great mine owner? The family god-for-nothing a man of millions? Even the \$1000 on the table could scarcely convince them.

"John Standish strikes gold. The Baby Mine proves a bonanza." And another: "The John Standish Mining Company capital five million. The Baby promises to be the richest mine in California." "Yes, boys," said the Baby, looking ruthlessly into the eyes of his gasping brothers "it's all true, and what's better still, it's all for mother—the good and loving mother whose children grudged her in her old age a corner in the home in which she bore them, and drove her out to live and die on the bitter crust of poorhouse charity!"