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Prayer. HATHERING HAMILTON.

Twelve, the sweet bell of the convect slowly peals.
Dim burns the sanctuary's flickering light.
A nun upon the co-d floor prostrate kneels,
Uffering her watchings, prayers, the weariness sho feels,
All to prevent one mortal sin to-night.

Twelve, chime the city clocks harmoniously.
Swift in its course the winding river flows,
Down to its banks a man comes rapidly.
Around deserted corners glancing stealth-

ily. No one the secrets of the river knows. Nearer he draws, yet nearer to the brink; How calm the sleep within those depths

One piunge, one struggle, breaking life's last link,
Then through those peaceful waters quietly to sluk Into oblivion with his hopes and fears.

Softly there steals across his fevered brain Faint memories of long-forgotten years. In though the kneels, aguiteless chilu again, Beside nis mother's knee, and lo! like summer rain, Comes the swift flood of penitential tears.

The first faint rays of light rest lovely
Upon the convent spires, glistening white.
From her long watch arising wearily,
The nun, her daily task resumes uncon-

"You come, dear children," said the old pittore, as his habitual smile grew sunnier, and his ever-cheerful voice became more animated—"you come in the train of all things, holy, bright, and beautiful. How good is G.d! An hour before the morning Ave an argel whispered, and I woke. The grey gladeup had anticle and I woke. The gay, glad sun had anticipated me. The birds had seached the third nocturn of their matins. Yonder third nocturn of their matins. Yonder mass of blue and scarlet anemone bent in adoration as the wind of heaven swept by, bearing on its bosom the angels of the city. The mignonette sent forth a breath of sweetest incense as the birds reached their Benedictus I knelt and prayed."

The old man bent lovingly over a fold of St. Francesco's brown habit, touching

it caresingly with the point of his brush.

He was painting the seraphic one on
Mount Alverno. The children stood in
an orderly group around the easel. An an orderly group around the easel. An aureole of sunlight flamed about the head of the saint, and the glorious light of early morning lit up the little oratory near the door, and played upon the bold there in that long garret, which was at once the studio salon and bed-chamber of Signor Bandinelli.

Such as odd little rabble of abild life.

quaint, genial, benignant macetro in the tail, thin figure at the casel. Sixty-five years had bleached the once jet black hair and beard; deep wrinkles had fallen upon the sunny face. But the smile of perfect gladness with which nature, aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the grantest elifts the witter persected.

dise. He Himself is there; scraphs sing the laudi of the blessed. A thousand

the laudi of the blessed. A thousard golden stars twinkle about His throne All is light, color, beauty, and sweet song."

"My darling was entranced—wrapt in the sacredness of a child's unspoken prayer. Once or twice I glanced at his pale, sweet face. He knelt reverently, conccious of nought but the Adorable

one.

"Half an hour sped quickly. I axose, wardly chiding myself for neglecting the laby so long. I touched his arm, but he lid not stir. I bent down and whispered in his ear. He looked up pleadingly, and sid softly:

"May I go?"

"Oh, yes, carissimo,' I said, 'it is time.'

"The Bambino Sautissimo? O zio

"The Bambino Sautissimo? O zio
and for which the editor of the Times and the friendship of the Lish race? He ventured to ask, did ever a nation receive better guarantee of the sincerity and the friendship of another than the people of England had been receiving One.

"Half an hour sped quickly. I arose, inwardly chiding myself for neglecting the baby so long. I touched his arm, but he did not stir. I bent down and whispered

The nun, her daily task resumes unconsciously.

Nor knows that she has saved a soul that night.

— Washington Star.

TOLD IN A FLORENTINE STUDIO.

David Bearne in Irish Monthly.

"May Jesus Christ be praised!" said francesco Bandiselit. And a chorus of children's voices ans wered: "Forever and forever. Amen."

"You come, dear children," said the old pittore, as his habitus! smile grew sunner, and his ever-cheerful voice be."

"That great Caleen has terrible drafts,' she said: "my Alessandro is feverish."

"I assented, and remarked upon the unusual flickering of the candles on and about the altar. It was then the daring —lying now with eyes unnaturally bright and cheeke more scarlet than the gerantum—looked up quickly into his mother's face, and said:

"Ab, but it was not the wind that wings of the angel children as they flew in and out among the lights, and played with the Santissimo."

cot in the agony of a burning fever. In the morning he had passed beyond the flowers—bigher than the stars, and was

there in that long garret, which was at once the studio salon and bed-chamber of Signor Bandinelli.

Such an odd little rabble of child life in this Florentine chamber. Such a quaint, genial, benignant maestro in the tall, thin figure at the casel. Sixty-five where work was prayer, and prayer was was a bad bleached the once int black hets.

the sunny face. But the suffice of perfect gladeness with which mature, aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the gracest gladeness with which mature, aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the gracest gladeness with which mature, aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the gracest gladeness with which mature, aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the gracest gladeness with which mature aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the gracest gladeness with which mature aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the gracest gladeness with which mature aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the gracest gladeness with which mature aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the gracest gladeness with which mature aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the gracest gladeness with which mature aided and was supported by Str. I sand the Manchester Reform Classics of the regist of public meeting at energia of the privacy of the Chamber of Commerce, within earshot of the bells of Santa Mais del Elores, he prayed and worked, estement of the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the bells of Santa Mais del Elores, he prayed and worked, estement of the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the bells of Santa Mais del Elores, he prayed and worked, estement of the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the bells of Santa Mais del Elores, he prayed and worked, estement of the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the bells of Santa Mais and possible of the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the bells of Santa Mais del Elores, he prayed and worked, estement of the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the bells of Santa Mais and possible of the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the bells of Santa Mais del Elores, he prayed and was supported by Sit and the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the bells of Santa Mais del Elores, he prayed and was supported by Sit and the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of the Camber of Commerce, within earshot of MR W. O'BRIEN, M P, AT MAN. CHESTER. feasts the maestro Fad! The attraction, however, was Signor Bandinelli himself.
"Everywhere," began the old man, "it is heaven outside; how, then, could my bambini leave the sursbine?"

The attraction, mingled in fellowship, friendship, and peace. Even their opponents would not deny that they spoke with the voice is heaven outside; how, then, could my bambini leave the sursbine?" bambini leave the sarshine?"

"You promised the story of little Alessandro," sang the chorus.

"Only it is too sad. It would dash your cherry cheeks with rain-drops."

"But the maestro's stories are never too sad."

"And a promise is the most sacred thing," added the pittore, laying dewn his brush, and beginning to patch the slopes of Alverno with his palette kulfe.

This was the invariable preliminary. The children clapped their hands, and drew a little closer to the easel, as the artist began:

"The little Alessandro was the only and of my elder brother. Only God and the Madonna know how I loved the shy little child. I call him shy—it does not express of my elder brother. Only God and the Madonna know how I loved the shy little child. I call him shy—it does not express it. So precocious, yet so simple; so loving, yet so bashful; so old fashioned, yet so beautifully child like

'One day, when he was little more than five years old, I took him to the Quarant' Ore at S Maria del Flore. Colldren, you know the scene: it is supernal! It is more than a shadow of the Elernal Para-lic or religious persecution at the end of more than a shadow of the Evernal Para-lic or religious persecution at the end of disc. He Himself is there; scraphs sing the laudi of the blessed. A thousand would not be deterred by the difficulties would not be deterred by the dimouties of drawing an Act of Parliament which should settle what business should be transacted in Dublin and what business retained in Westminster. They would not be deterred by calumnies or forgeries such as those that were triumphantly trumpted through England last year, and for which the editor of the Times

you are so thred.' I said, as we stepped out into the cool air of early spring.

"But I have not slept—I am not sleepy; I wish only to play with Him said and the other pretty children among the stars and flowers.'

"You have had bright dreams, my sweet one; but tell me what you saw,' I added, as the transgathered in his big, dark eyes.

"Zio, mlo! but you are cruel. A moment ago I saw the Bambino Santissimo bright and pretty, high up among the flowers in a house of gold, many, many little children flying all sbut, playing, oh! such pretty games. And once the Santissimo flow down from His golden room. He looked at me, and said: 'You will come—and then He smiled, and I knew He wanted me. Zio! I should like to go. Only when you touched me He flew away.'

"I put my hand to his bead; it was bureing hot.

"Hastening home, I gave the child to its mother. She thought he had caught as chill; but she did not reproach me. She knew how tenderly I loved him.

"That great Collean has terrible drafts,' sho said: 'my Alersandro is feverlah.'

"I avented, and remarked upon the unusual flickering of the candles on and about the slatz. It was then the daring —lying now with eyes unnaturally bright and cheeks more scarlet than the grand-looked up quickly into his mother's face, and said:

"'Ab, but it was not the wind that made the stars to twinkle; that we the wings of the angel children as they flow in an out among the lights, and played with the Santissimo.'

That night Alessandro lay in his little cot in the agony of a burning fever. In the morning he had passed beyond the flowers—bigher than the stars, and was the firsh people were once at their feelings in those days (Cheers). The gopolium to the Irish people were once at their feelings in those days of showing it. (Hear, hear.) Did they ever concea their feelings in those days (Cheers). The gopolium to the Irish people were not the governing to the governing class (Hear, hear.) Did they ever concea their feelings in those days (Cheers). The gopolium the main the people were

Did they ever cringe to the governing class? ("No.") They spoke right out then, and they spoke right out now. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) It was just the morning he had passed beyond the flowers—bigher than the stars, and was playing with the Bambino Santissimo in the garden of heaven.

The pittore looked around upon his little guests, smiting through his tears. He had told the story so gaily and britily they scarcely realized its almost tragic and then one little lad, with an old-world face, and grave tone, added:

"But your Bambino was right. It know that, when the candles filcker, it is always that the angels are flying around. They never leave the Santissimo. Only pernaps at Exposition there are more angels than at any other times."

Francesco Baudinelli was making an act of thanksgiving for the child's simple faith when a bell in the near distance rang in out for morning school. In a moment the chamber was cleared. A fresh flood of sunlight poured itself into the room as though to console its occupant for the departed "angels." A gueh of bird music came through the console during the last four years. The constihad been the Irish people dur-ing the last four years. The consti-tution had been suspended, their repre-sentatives insulted and flung into prison, the mayors of five of their chief cities

put on the plank bed as criminals, num-bers of the most respected clergymen subjected to all the miserable, paltry, equalid tortures of imprisonment—
("shame")—thousands upon thousands of the very best men and women in the country either prosecuted, imprisoned, evicted—sixteen of them shot down what the provocation, and would do their part towards that high and glorious end when the two countries should be bound together by inestimable ties. If the Eng Gladstone they would be building their bouses, not upon the sands of coercion or of conquest, which a turn of the tide might sweep away, but their house and their empire would be built upon the everlasting foundations of justice and of humanity, and the corner stone would be the happiness of the people and blessings of Providence.

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for all blood taints and humors, pimples, blotches, eruptions and skin diseases of every name and nature, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A certificate of guarantee from a responsible business house warrants it to benefit or cure, or money rafunded. money refunded.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by drug-

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As a PICK ME-UP after excessive exertion or exposure, Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine is grateful and comforting.

Consumption Cured.

inwardly chiding myself for neglecting the baby so long. I touched his arm, but he did not stir. I bent down and whispered in his ear. He looked up pleadingly, and said softly:

"May I go?"

"May I go?"

"Oh, yos, carissimo,' I raid, 'it is time.'

"T) the Bambino Santissimo? O zio (uncle), He is so lovely, and He weatts me to go."

"It lock the ladde into my arms, reproving myself severely for allowing him, as I myself thought, to sleep through weariness.

"Lie still, child of my heart, and sleep; Their opponents were fond of Their opponents were fond of Their opponents were fond of Their



A HORSE WHO CAN TALK!

Everybedy has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption, which is universally acknowledged to be scrofula affecting the lungs, would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Goldon Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remetion is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Goldon Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remetion is not make now ungs, but it will restore it will be a supported to the sease of the fair trial. The world-renowned remetion of the reason have failed. Thousands greefully testify to this. It is the most potent tonic, or strength restorer, alterative, or obload-cleanser and nutritive, or flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Carrhi in the Head, and all Lingering Coughs, it is an unequaled remedy. In derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, as Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Chronic Diarrhea, and kindred allments, it is a sovereign remedy.

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Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, I sing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, sense of smell, foul for deafling, etc. If you are roubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of Nasal Balm. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1.00) by addressing

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Cured of Gravel.

Charanore, N.C., July 20, 1888.

Sin: For years I have been afflicted with gravel
and after trying the best doctors in this locality without receiving any benefit, I tried 3rr. Morse's
Indian Root Fills with the result that to-day
am a new man, completely cured. I would not be
without them; they are the best Pill I ever used,
Yours, &c., WM. JACRSON.

W. H. COMSTOCK:

PRINCETON, Ind., Aug. 24, 1888,

Draft Sirk:—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with rheumatism of the bowels; I gave up all hopes of recovery; I was unable to stand upon my feet at times and was compelled to six and do my housework. In 1889 your agent called at my house and said that "he could cure me." I asked, How he replied, "By the use of Dr. Morse's Indian Roof Pills." I decided to give them a trial and the result is that I am entirely cured and able to do my own work. All the neighbors around here use your Pills and say that they would not be without them.

Yours, &c., Cella Johnson.

After 25 Years.

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QUARR GAP, Stokes Co., N.C., July S. 1888.
W. H. COMSTOK:
DEAR SIR: — Your Dr. Morse's Indian Root
Pills have effected a most remarkable cure. My
mother was suffering from bidden. PHIS have effected a most remarkable cure. My mother was suffering from kidney difficulties; the disease had got so firm a grip upon her hat she could not walk a step. I bought a box of your pills and commenced giving her two pills every night; before she had taken all of one box she could walk about the house, To-day she is perfectly well and says that Morse's PHIS saved her life.

Yours, &c., L. W. FERGUSON.

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TO ALL WHO TAKE IT REGULARLY.

## A DANGER SIGNAL!

A Cold in the Head may be sptly termed a dauger signal, warning you that if reglected toat dangerous and disagreeable disease. Catarrh, is sure to follow, pernaps leading to Consumption and the grave. At no reason of the year is Codd it the Head more prevalent than during the Spring months, and at no other season do the people of this country suffer more generally from Catarrh, with all its disagreeable and annoying effects. Do not for an in-tain neglect either of these troubles, but apply NASAL BALM, the only remedy that will give instant relief and effect a thorough durs. The following testimonials from among thousands in our possession near witness to its sterling merit:

Alex. Burns, Sudbury, Ont., says: I may state that I neve been affected with Catarrh seven or eight years, and it was attended by consequent symptoms such as followed by the constant dropping into the throat, hawking and spitting, partial desfiness, ringing in the ears and sickening pains in the bead directly over either eve. I neventsed powders and douches, but all to no effect, the only result arising from the use of Nasal Balm: Sweet breath, stoppage of the droppings into the throat, hawking and spitting, from the use of Nasal Balm: Sweet breath, stoppage of the droppings into to throat, hawking and spitting, to the droppings into the throat, hawking and spitting, to the droppings into the throat, hawking and spitting, to the droppings into the throat, hawking and spitting, to the stoppage of the droppings into the throat, hawking and spitting, to the droppings into the strength of the strength of

NASAL BALM Instantly Relieves

A. W. Mallory, Malloryton, Ont., says:
My daughter suffered for years from a most distressing and annoying Catarrh. Her case was under the treatment of eminent physicians in the United States and Canada. Two months' use of Nasal Baim has had more beneficial effects than all former treatments combined.

L. D. Pilon, Dept. Railways and Canals, Ottawa, says: I am very glad to give you to day the testimony that Nasal Baim has completely cured my extarrh, from which I suffered for nearly three years.

D. Derhysbire, Mayor of Erockville and President of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bests the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I am own to the company, Petrolia, Out. says: Nasal Baim gave me distributions of the Color of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bests the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the color of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bests the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the color of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bests the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the first of collection of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bests the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the first of collection of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bests the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the first of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bests the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the first of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bests the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the first of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bests the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the first of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim best the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the first of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim bases the world for Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the first of the Catarrn and Cold in the Head. I see the first of the Catarrn and

If Na-al Balm is not kept to stock by your dealer, it will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents for small and \$1 for large size bottles) by addressing FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont. 



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