AILEY MOORE

BALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE-DAND TOGETHER WITH MANY

OF RICEARD B. O BRIEN, D. D. DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEE CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED

The handsome young man, who had joined the group near the arch of victory, was Gerald Moore, or Signore Mori. The man in the cloak signore Mort. The man in the closes kept near him during the whole time of the procession, and occasionally looked at him earnestly. He addressed him once or twice, and remarked that Pio IX. would make Rome "the head of Italy, and the right arm of England!" Gerald smiled, but made no reply. When the Holy Father retired to the Quirinal, Gerald was coming away, but found himself again near the dark.

'Pardon, signore," said the mys terious-looking stranger, "will you take this letter?" "What letter?"

Signore will see when he reads

Gerald was breaking the seal. "Not here, not here!" said the Italian; "not here—at home."

Though a little surprised, Gerald quietly placed the letter in his bosom, and bent his way towards his lodgings. He lived in the "Via Felice," and was not long in gaining his own door. Full of thought at the scenes he had witnessed, and full of conjec-ture as to how they would terminate, occasionally thinking, too, of the men in the closk, he went up stairs

Gerald had now been a year and two months at Rome, and already had found himself a "known man." He had " feasted on the best glories of the dead," and made the col of Raphael and the bold lines of An elo a portion of his own soul. lived in communion with them until he felt as if he had been an in-dweller in their conceptions, and had been made an inheritor of their designs The world was new to him, and every became more novel still—he say it in the mixed light of poetry and religion. Every hour only gave him a longing for the fadeless and the eternal, for his art winged him to journey upwards towards the Form all perfection, and the Source of how Rome fanned the flame of his devotedness—to God! Men will find in Bome—men who seek nothing else—will find something to blame, and to defame. Alas! to be sure—Rome is not all angelic. But do they give themselves the trouble to seek its transcending virtues? Do they inquire after its wonderful charities -its never ending prayerfulness-its ecstatic union with the unseen—its mortifications—its fastings and disciplines? Of course not; but if they find one or two evils among the thousands and tens of thousands, who are wonder, from their earnestness and faith, these make for such logicians character" of Rome, because they may happen to justify a preconception, and the "Memoirs" of Rome, because they are the only things such

minds will remember. We will add for the consolation of all fault-finders that although we have seen Rome's nobility barelegged and in masks, begging for the poor, its princes waiting upon the beggar, and all its distinction, and wealth and ability, on a perfect level with the humblest and the homeliest in manner, conversation, and bearing, vet a bad Italian, we confess, is the worst of the human race. Why? Simply because he is a man of belief, a man of faith by birth, education, and conviction : and when he swings free from morals and discipline, he is one of the self-condemned. He has no "justifying" whispers in scepticism, no staff and stay in "infidelity;" don't believe it. He is man sinning against conscience, feeling, affections
—everything, and in very desperation he sins on. Your anythingarian has always had a code of "decency" and "public opinion," and what is 'right," and so on. When he sins, he sins systematically, according to convenience, and with a cool, regulat ed deviltry, because he smiles at fas-tidiousness. But the Italian, whose every thought has once been directed to something religious, and to whom the objects of faith are as real as his house or as the Tiber—when once he gets outside the influence of the Church he feels like a being to whom sin is a trade, and to act against God a necessity of consistency. The un-believer's sin is his convenience only; the believer's is his despair and defiance also.

Then the infidelity which the Southern sometimes talks you may easily see is nonsense. You will see it if an epidemic threaten, or the Tiber overflow its banks.

Gerald's studio must remain un described. He opened the letter and read, "You can do Rome and the Pope a service, if you will enter -'s house, at the foot of the Janiculum to night at 7 o'clock. You are prayed to

Gerald was no coward, and he saw no reason for denying himself any information which might be derived from a visit to the Janiculum at night. He had heard rumors of intentions the nad neard rumors of intentions to push the Pope beyond the limits of his own good will, and to compromise him with the reigning princes of Italy. But he knew the deep statesmanship of Pius IX. could not be easily deceived, and also that the Roman police were very well organ-ized and watchful. He had heard, too, the great Pontiff's reply to some

who threatened him with a defectio on the part of those whom he was in-dulging. "It is said that the people is often ungrateful. . . . but if dulging. "It is said that the people is often ungrateful. . . . but if my soul must experience such a grief, if I must be thus undeceived, I shall not be at all discouraged, for still there will remain to me God." Heaven's wing is spread over such a

In the shadow of the hill on which St. Peter was crucified, Gerald Moore was walking on that evening. He found it no difficult matter to disover —'s house. The man in cloak was waiting for him at the door; and in silence and solemnity he was introduced to a chamber, far in the rear of the establishment.

Five men-four Italians and one Hungarian—were there. All rose as he made his appearance. He was welcomed, and seated.

Papers were before the man who seemed to hold the superior place.

A letter was open in his hand.

The man was G—, who had poured out tears on the Pope's feet, on the day of his pardon and reconciliation with the Holy Father. He an-nounced to Gerald that as he was an Englishman, and as his country favored the progress of liberal opin-ions, they expected he would join

them.
"In what?"

"In the advancement of liberty. How ?"

"By your advice in council—your influence abroad, and your arm,

need be."
"You must know I am not Englishman—I am an Irishman—a Catholic, and an artist. Having said so much, let me hear your views.

You will swear ?' " No ; I will swear no oath."

" How can you expect us to trust I do not want you to trust me and I do not seek for your confidence. I only say, if you give it,

you must do it without an oath."

"You speak like an honorable man, but we cannot trust any who

Farewell, then !" For a moment they looked at one nother.

" Signore Mori," said Galletti, " we will trust you. You look like a man of mind and resolve." Our proceedings will explain our

Gerald Moore then heard a series of discourses, which indeed gave him much experience in one night. The number of G-'s followers was inreased to nine before two hours and a programme more fearful wa conceived, than that which was developed to his view by almost

every one, successively.

1. The youth were to be deauched by mockery of all things

2. Thousands of bad and obscene pooks were to circulated.

3. The Holy Father was to be driven to concessions, which would place the Governments in the hands of revolutionists.

4. The populace were to be taught that this was all done by secretly expressed wish of Pius the Ninth, who "desired to have an excuse to get rid of the cardinals." 4. If he protested the contrary,

he was to be represented as under undue influence.

undue influence.

6. If they got him into their hands, they had their own way; if he escaped, they were independent,
—but down the Papacy should go!—
they had pledged themselves to the and to foreign nations to accomplish this !

These men had received the body and Blood of Christ at the hands of Pius IX, a few days before! They were the men whom he had brought from prison and from exile in the name of love, and had sworn the fealty of eternal gratitude!

Absolutely they did worship the Devil, and called on him for help against Christ's Vicar.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SUNSET OF A DARK MORNING-

PROVIDENCE The first day of November, on thousand eight hundred and fortyeight, was a cheerless day in Kin macarra, and the people were as cheerless as the weather. The 'hard times" had indeed set in, and there were very few kind hearts to help the poor through their misery "Moores" had gone - Fathe Mick Quinlivan and his curate were nearly as wretched as the cottiersfarmers who remained had shared their substance with their neighbors, until starvation threatened themselves; and to consummate their misfortunes, the "new agent" and Mr. Salmer were perfectly in accord respecting the "only remedy" for the evils of the townland.

Perfectly appalling was the condition and appearance of the country. The sun had hidden itself for days together-the valley appeared one sheet of water, unless where the low sheet of water, unless where the low hedgerows, or an occasional mound of withered grass, or some long yellow weeds, marked the surface of the soil. There were no cattle to be seen upon any side—even the house-dogs seemed to have disappeared. The houses looked tenantless, and in many cases the roofs had been half swept away by the storms, while it rained incessantly — a cool drizzly and the best series or rotation of rain, too, that worked like patient them. He had only a few acres, but rain, too, that worked like patient
malice, until everything looked like
it, black and hopeless. Many people
said there was a curse on the country
—that is, on Ireland—at that time, and likely there was, only the victim of this curse has been too frequently

mistaken.

odor of the charnel-house. Fever and cholers spread as rapidly as destitution, for starvation and pest are travelling companions. The poor became unable to assist one another. Gradually they seemed to suspend all intercourse. They grew pale, and haggard, and sinister in their looks. Children began to appear aged, and the old people sat down in a kind of stupor, from which few of them ever works. There were loud lamontations woke. There were loud lamentations in the beginning, and the dying clung to the emaciated form of the dead, which they carried coffinless to the churchyard. But soon the frequency of the appearance of a corpse, or the pangs of hunger, or both, rendered most people insensible, or drove them mad, and you met bodies half buried or flung by the wayside; and too often, alas! half devoured by the hungry dogs or vermin! The great God was glorifled and avenged in these awful days; yes, both avenged

and glorified.

Father Mick—poor Father Mick had prayed and wept at the foot of the altar until he wondered he did not die, and even his brave young curate was not proof again trials which he encountered then; he remained at death's door nearly a month, during which time poor Father Mick nursed his friend like Father Mick nursed his friend like a mother, and wrought day and night among the dying; besides, the old man was greatly changed, too. His eyes had lost their brightness, and his cheeks had fallen in, the fine white hair had become dim and dishevelled, and the whole man had shrunk up. But Father Mick never once complained of his lot—he only waved for the people. We must add prayed for the people. We must add that the good old man's clothes looked worn, and that his little valuables had been disappearing. The library had been going, and his old watch had changed owners, and the agent—the new agent—had been good enough to allow him something for furniture that he said he had no use of." Poor Father Mick was going the road of his parishioners; but he said to himself, "They must share the last halfpenny with their parish priest." Father Mick was deterpriest." Father Mick was dater mined to "give his life for his sheep

-God bless him ! But Father Mick's wealth had never been very great, and he saw plainly enough that a terrible day was coming. He had parted with everything, and had lived for weeks upon the food of mendicants. For weeks he had not flesh meat; and ven of the Indian meal he was obliged to be economical. Anything he could bear, if it only affected himself; but here was the ruin of his parishioners—their ruin temporally beyond all doubt, and their danger spiritually was, or ought to have peen imminent.

In fact, the slated dwellings down towards the sea-side had grown from three to nine within a few months: the unhappy inmates, who had sold their salvation for shelter, were a standing scandal and pitfall to the oor. They were all, or nearly all of them, strangers, who had been brought from afar to decoy the starv been ing population of Kinmacarra, and every day they took care to be me wearing warm clothing on their backs, and frequently carrying food n their hands, that made the chil dren weep when they saw it, and made the parents pray to the Blessed Virgin for help and patience.

Frightful and numerous were the deaths. They died in their houses or hovels unknown to any one, and their putrid remains were hardly to be approached when discovered. They fell on the road going to the poor house, and they fell at the poor-house door. They fell returning, they knew not whither, or going, they knew not where, after they had been refused admission to the poor-house. There was death on every side, and of every age, and death's domain was every day extending—it looked like the end of the world.

Old James Nolan, the same who addressed Mr. Salmer at St. Senanus' well, on the day which introduced him to our notice, was one of those whose heart had been deeply wrung. He lived about two miles from Father Mick's, and had a fortune and more in his son Patrick. Patrick was a fine young man, and loved his father dearly. He had married the young woman of his affections, and his father embraced and blessed her, and his gray-haired mother, Mary Nolan, received her with tears of joy. welcome of the angels to my own daughter!" she said, the day that Patrick brought her home. "God Patrick brought her home. had a hand in Paddy the hour He showed him your handsome face, agra." And so the young wife became a good daughter to old Mary Nolan, and a tender mother to three ane children, two girls and a boy But mother as she was, she never left the "kitchen," as they called their general domestic department—never left it for the night's repose, without kissing her mother in law, and obtaining the venerable James Nolan's blessing. Heaven was in that house, many a neighbor said, and said truly; for heaven and love are together always in the honest Chris-

tian home.

Old James Nolan had been pretty
well to do. He had had a few cows, and he knew the best crops to put in, and the best series or rotation of them. He had only a few acres, but he was thrifty and industrious, and his son and himself had only one heart and one soul, and no one called "the things which they possessed their own, but all things were in common." It was no wonder that heaven prospered them.

The poor people's food had blackened in the bosom of the earth, and the rotting weeds sent forth the the sad consequences followed these

failures which usually follow them. The "stock" soon disappeared, and a large family had a gloomy winter to pass, and only a limited quantity of food to support them. At first there were many sources from which to hope. The Nolans had friends, and a fair share of money was owing to them. They had credit, too, and a few pounds spared which always a few pounds spared, which always appear more than they are to people not accustomed to purchase. When the time of trial came, the friends were forgetful, or needed all they had, and more; and the creditors were beggars, to whom their little crop was the last hope, and to whom, when it failed, nothing remained but the grave or the poor house.

The Nolans lived in the "gap between two mountain ranges, and the public road passed a little outside their dwelling. The house had a few populars in front, and a white washed stone bench was by the door. There was a "bit of a haggard," snugged in by a low hedge behind, where the family grew the cabbages for domestic use, and to the rear of the haggard lay their potato field, now broken up and covered with blasted stalks and rot-ting bulbs, that told the tale of the preceding autumn. The cabbage-garden was bare too. The tall red-dish-yellow stumps had not a single leaf or a green sprout that had not disappeared; and from the appearances of these stumps themselves one could judge that any which had been deemed available for food had been removed to mitigate the pange

Inside the house the scene afflicting. The old man sat over the last embers of a turf fire, on which he looked fixedly. He was sick and spiritless. Young Patrick stood a little inside the door, looking vacantly out on the highway. The two younger children had each a portion of a raw turnip, which they greedily devoured, and the young mother had a baby in her arms, which tossed it self hither and thither uneasily, and wept as it found it could not get its ordinary sustenance. The bloom had faded from the cheek of young Mrs. Nolan, and one side of he flaxen hair fell over her face, al though she never perceived it. Old Mrs. Nolan lay in the place which had once held her bed. She now lay upon some straw—and she prayed Nearly everything had been disposed of; for the poor people found it hard to break up the homestead and to go

to the poor house.

It should be added that the whole family, excepting Patrick were ragged almost to nakedness. Old James wore a flannel vest, and the remnants of shoes could hardly be called by their original name.
Young Nolan turned round and

shudder ran through his warm frame hold of the infant, and falling to wards the wall by which she sat.

"God Almighty!" cried her husband, rushing towards her and catch ing wife and child in his arms-"God Almighty! she's dead!"

The old man started from the hearth, and the poor children for a moment forgot hunger in their fears. All hurried shricking towards the young couple, and even the poor cripple in the bed-room, insensib pain and weakness, flung herself out upon the floor, and there cried in anguish, for she was not able to

move further.
"Don't be afeared, Paddy avic," said the old man when he had taken the shrieking infant from her arms, don't be afeared, avic, there's nothing the matter yet. Mary is only weak a little, wisha! darlin' Mary! aid the cld man;

he repeated.
"Weak!" answered the son, "weak with hunger! Mary!" he continued, and he kissed her pale forehead— Mary! agra ma chree, 'tis for this you joined yourself to Pat Nolan.
Oh God! Oh God!"
"Hush, Paddy! hush; be a man,
avic, God is good! God is good!"

The old man held a broken bowl to

the young woman's pale lips.
"There now," he said, as she gave sigh,-"there now, 'tis nothing, 'tis nothing." And then two large tears flowed

down the wrinkled cheeks of old James Nolan, and he kissed the pale sickly little baby.

Quite gently and without uttering another word, Paddy Nolan took Mary in his arms into a room that was next his poor mother's, for the two rooms halved the floor of the dwelling. He remained a few mo ments, and appeared to have gone or his knees, for he prayed, and his prayer partook of agony. The old man kept the baby in his bosom, and again sat on the hearth. The other little creatures clung to his knees,

sobbing.
"I'm better, Paddy, agra—oh, I'm very well. where's the child?— Little Mary—where's the child eh?" was heard from the apartment.

"Mary, agra, you're sick, and—"
"Oh, no! You'll see yourself, I'll
be finely—. Ah, Paddy! 'twill kill
me to see you cryin'."
The old man entered the room

with the infant, and the young man rose up from his knees. He once more kissed the forehead of his devoted wife, and having seized his father's hand for a momentary grasp, he disappeared from the house.

heaven prospered them.

But old James Nolan's potatoes failed, and the wheat failed, and all room, having left the baby with its

"Good morrow, Mr. Nolan," the new comer commenced.
"Good morrow, sir," answered the

"Mr. Cusack sat down on a "boss,"

or straw seat, the single ottoman of "Will you listen to the Holy Word

to-day, Mr. Nolan?"
"I read it myself," answered the old man.
"Ah, then, don't you see the judgment on the countlry; an'why won't you save yourself and your family?" "I think I am savin'em," answered

is fallin' on the Catholics ?" "An' so was the whole weight upon Job, an' upon Christ, an' upon the answered old James.

'Always the sharp word. But 'tis plain enough that every other re-ligion in the country has plenty an' all the weight is on yez," rejoined

the Bible-reader.
"I don't want to quarrel wid you," answered James. "There is no use in scolding; an' I'm weak. Once for all, don't think we'll sell ourselves for our stomsch—don't think id. Tis queer charity to offer me bread an' meal for my conscience, bekase when you ax my conscience for id, by course you ax my sowl for id. Bread an' meal for my sowl! for the little childher's sowls!"

"Don't you know you can't stand?"
"Just so, then, thank God." "And you'll die, while full and plenty is near you !"

"Yis, I'll die, please God." An' you'll see the poor little gran

"An' you'll see the poor little gran' children wasting away and going into the clay for your stubbornness?"

"Just so, then," answered James.

"Ah! God has appeared at last," said the Bibleman, bitterly.

"Yes, indeed," answered James, weakly and slowly. "Thrue for you—God is appearin' at last. An' I'll tell you—the poor, who have nothin' to keen' em here, will go with Him

to keep 'em here, will go with Him to heaven; an' the people that want the poor to sell their sowls, an' that don't give the poor justice, may remain awhile afther, an' they'll go to hell. There's the short an' the long iv it. An' see, Mr. Cusack," he said, growing a little warm, "God is a quiet law-maker but sure-oh, very ure. The famine willsend thousan to heaven—what more do they want? Is that punishment? An' the famine will bring down thousands of hard hearts to want—hearts that'll feel id -hearts that this same want is hell o, an' that have no heaven on'y their pleasure. God is just, just an', as you say, is appearin' these times.

Once more the Bibleman went away, and the poor man looked round nis cold cabin and his starving grand children, and thought of the n he long night—if his son should fail in obtaining a little loan, for which he had been preparing to go to Kin-macarra, when his beloved wife

God is good!" cried the old man

God is good!"
"An' how is my colleen, now?" the old man said, entering the bed-room.
"An' how is little Mary?" The good old man spoke half joyously, though

his heart was very sad.
"Och, father," she answered,
"don't be botherin' with that poor Cusack - don't be frettin' yourself

with him."
"An' how is my cushla?" he said, stooping down.

"Oh! very well; just goin' to get

up out o' this," she answered.

And Mary Nolan attempted to rise

but immediately fell back.

"Oh, Iosa!" she exclaimed.

"Starved!" whispered the man to himself; "starved!" said he God ha' mercy on me!" prayed Mary Nolan.

the wretched bed, and once more raised the baby.

raised the baby.

"She is very quiet," said the young mother: "she is lying there like a little lamb, ever since her father went out. "Oh! but my head is queer, daddy Jim."

He took up the child in his arms.

He placed the tiny hands round his neck, and the little head on his shoulder.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE IVORY CRUCIFIX

Outside a prison door waited a woman, old and neatly attired, whose woman, old and neatly attired, whose hair was as white as the snow that caps the peaks of the ranges, from which she had come. In her hand was a parcel containing a suit of clothes for a man whose good conduct had shortened the term of his sentence for robbery on the high roads; in her heart was a boundles gratitude for the infinite mercies of God, and a motherly tenderness for au adopted son who might yet prove worthy of her pity and her anxious

care. Inside a city church, later on, knelt the same kindly woman and the young man-free now to move among his fellows, yet awkward and nervous in the first flights of the spirit after the chains which had seemed to bind

him body and soul for so long.
His eyes, dim with unshed tears, gazed up at the red lamp burning before the tabernacle, and throbbing like a humau heart in its flickering rise and fall. His hand, in response to some prompting of subconscious-ness, struck his breast frequently, James Nolen had not been many minutes away, when a man named Cusack entered. He was comfortably clad, wore a blue frock and a white neckerchief, and he carried a book in his hand. As he entered old book in his hand. As he entered old heard hymn carried up to the Heavenly complete the state of the series of the pointener, forming an unheard hymn carried up to the Heavenly complete the series of the series

angels of light.

His companion knelt with head bowed. Her thoughts had flown back

to her quiet home in the mountains. where her prayer of thankfulness had risen to Almighty God and to the ivory crucifix which has been the means employed by His Divine Wis-dom to change a sinful heart.

At the farther end of a lonely cour try township, stood the old cottage, dignified by the name of "post office." It took all the government notices which were pasted up in prominent places upon its walls to convince the traveling public that the postal department had set its sign and seal upon it; and that the grandmotherly looking woman who passed out letters and stamps through the office under its eaves, was, indeed, Don't you see the whole weight a registered government officer, in charge of public business, and not

over age. For Anne Reynolds was not by any means as old as she seemed to be! It was sorrow which had turned her hair so white; sorrow which had planted so many wrinkles on the once smooth skin; and sorrow which had given the droop to her figure and was a lonely woman in many ways— for husband and children lay side by side in many graves many a mile away from Faraway Creek, as the village she dwelt in was, aptly enough called; and the houses were so scattered that acquaintances were few. The only event of the day was the arrival of the coach. Letters and papers had to be called for, and most of the district people preferred to leave them till Sunday, when they could drive or ride in, and " make an outing of it" at the same time.

Mrs. Reynolds seemed to prefer solitude to company, it was often remarked. And perhaps she did. For she had had sad life-experiences, one of the saddest having been the ill reward given her by an adopted child of a dead friend. In another as obscure part of the country, Margaret Halligan, an old schoolmate of Anne's had lived; and not a stone's throw from her, Mrs. Reynolds had the local postoffice, on the contract system. When the younger woman lay dying, her little son, Paul. sob-Anne's strong, kind arms, while a promise was made to the sufferer that he would be brought up as carefully and tenderly by his mother's old friend as if he were, indeed, her own.

The young man was clever, and all seemed working well, when, twelve years after his adoption, he suddenly disappeared, carrying off with him all the money he could lay his hands on, having robbed his benefactor of her own private savings, and the government of what was stored up for it in the office strong box.

Anne replaced what had been stolen out of the office, and went poorly clad for many a day after, patiently submitting to be called nean and miserly. It was from that date she began to grow old looking. Faraway Creek.

In her loneliness, however, she had one precious consolation, an ivory crucifix—left her by poor Margaret the only treasure Paul's mother had

ever possessed.

Of beautiful workmanship, it stood over a foot high, Calvary steps below. And beneath the lovely-carved figure of our agonizing Redeemer, etters of ivory which had been carefully tinted a deep vermillion by some artist's hand, made the words He hath redeemed me by His precious Blood " stand out in strong relief and fix themselves upon the mind of even the most indifferent believer. Paul had been wont to spell the text out when a child; and now, Anne prayed fervently for him Mary Nolan. Whenever her eyes fell upon it Where was he? Ay, where was he Would not the good God answer yet his devoted mother's prayers if not hers who had been a second mother to him?

Night after night she knelt before the ivory crucifix, and knocked with violence at the gates of Heaven. One never-to-be-forgotten winter

in Faraway Creek, when times were hard and provisions were dear, a series of robberies on the Coach road which was the main road to the city, scared the inhabitants, and caused them to lock doors and windows at night, which had been left open for years. Anne was cautioned to have someone sleeping in the house at nights, but she delayed in seeing about the matter, not only on account of a natural unwillingness to have her privacy intruded upon, but because of the jealousy she knew it would cause if she did not choose one of the neighboring farmers' daugh-ters, none of whom she considered suitable as a discreet helpmate in the office.

A night, cold, dark and dreary. caused Mrs. Reynolds to hasten to caused Mrs. Reynotes to Insect to bed earlier than she intended. Be-ing very tired, she fell sound asleep, but was suddenly awakened by a dull, scraping noise which seemed to come from a side window. In a second, all her senses grew alert. Someone was breaking into the office! She thought of the money in the safe, and shivered. She had not a chance to bank it yet. And besides, there was other money of her own in the house-hoardings in case of sickness

or accident.
Silently she got out of bed and put on a dressing gown and slippers, and with a prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on her lips, she stole silently from her room into the dark, narrow

passage.

She had not left the office without a light, but it was one that was hidden—a tiny lamp placed behind the ivory steps of the crucifix, which all this winter, it had been her custom to place, after evening devotions, on | w. P. YOUNG, P.D.F., 299 Lym

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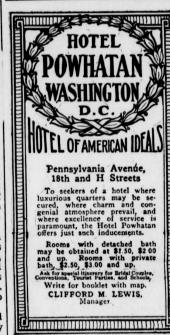
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