THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Silent Voices. BY FATHER BYAN.

2

Silently-shadowy-some lives go, And the sound of their voices is all un beard, Or, if heard at all, 'tis as faint as the flow Of beautiful waves which no storm hath

Beep lives these, Deep lives these, As the pearl-strewn seas.

Boftly and noiseless y some feet tread Lone ways on earth without leaving a Lone ways on earth without leaving a mark; They move mid the living, they pass to the dead As still as the gleam of a star thro' the dark.

Sweet lives those In their strange repose.

Calmly and lowly some hearts beat, And neve may show that they beat at all; They muffle their music whenever they

A few in a hut or a crowd in a hall. Great hearts those-God only knows!

Soundlessly-shadowy-such move on, Dim as the dream of a child ssleep; And no one knowsth 'kill they are gone How lotty their souls-their hearts !

deep. Bright souls these-God only sees.

Lonely and hiddenly in the world-The' in the world 'tis their iot to stay-The tremulous wings of their hearts

The treamlous what is then for bears are furied Until they fly from the world away, And find their rest On 'Our Father's' breast, When earth's unknown shall be known the

And the hidden hearts shall be brightest

KNOCKNAGOW UR,

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXX -CONTINUED.

The old man's face brightened up, as he raised his head, and appeared to be listen-ing to the spirits in the air sgain. "Cau you remember any of the lines, Hugh "

Hugh ?" "Not to repeat them," he replied ; "but "Not to repeat them," he replied ; "but I have a general recollection of them." "We're obliged to you, intirely, for your general recollection," returned Father Hanzigan, with his fuger on his temple. "But what's that he said about

temple. "But what's that he shd about 'sorrow and love?" "S obling like Eire," rebied Hugh. "Ay, ay," interrupted Fither Hannigan. "Now I have it The poet, Mr. Flaherty, described the 'Goolia' as

Sebbine like Eire with sorrow and love

Isn't that beautiful ?--and true ?'' The old man isughed and listened more

The old man isugned and intened more intently, as if the spirits in the air were very far off, and he were trying to catch the flapping of their wings. "He also said," Hugh added, "that

"An abgel first sang it above in the sky." This seemed to catch the minstrel's fancy more than the other line, for he nodded his head several times, with his

nodded his head several times, with his mouth slightly open, as if he were softly repeating the interjection ha ! ha ! ha ! The wedding guests had been silently dropplog into the room, which was now pretty well filled. Mat Donovan occa-sionally saized a bottle or decanter, and filled out a glass of whose, or whiskey, or there is the same of them : and Hush "cordial" for some of them ; and Hugh Kearney observed that Mat was particul arly attentive to old Phil Morris, the

weaver, whose entrance necessarily at tracted attention, as he was lame and leant upon a short stick, which he struck against the ground at every step, with a sturdy defiant sort of knock, which, taken in connection with his tightly compressed lips and keen grey eyes, conveyed the idea that old Phil Morris was a Tartar, with a dash of the cynic in his composition. And old Phil really did look upon the present generation as a degenerate race, who could "put up with anything," and altogether nuworthy sens of his "early youth's com-

peere As Mat Donovan pressed old Pail Mor ris to drink with unusual earnestness there was a hustling heard at the door, and Ned Brophy himself was seen pushing two blind pipers into the parlour with a degree of violence and an expression of countenance that led Mr. Lowe to imagine he must have caught them in the act of attempting to rob him or something of of his tenant and his tenant's wife-a that kind. The two pipers were tall, and thing which, as a rule, Irish landlords are gaunt, and yellow, a striking contrast in not much in the habit of doing. overy way to Mr. Fisherty. One was Mat Donovan hurried up to make arrayed in a soldier's grey watch coat room for two other unexpected guests at

There was great astoniahment among the company; and Miss Lloyd jumped upon her chair and stared wildly about her, with a vague notion that Wat Murphy's buildog—of which interesting animal she entertained the profoundest dread—had got into the room and stized Mr. Fisherty by the calf of the leg. "Come, Shamus," salf Father Hannigan, "this is no pizze for you. Come, Thade, he off with you." and Father Hannigan

"Come, Shamus," seld Father Hannigan, "this is no piece for you. Come, Thade, be off with you," and Father Hansigan expelled the grambling ministrels from the parlour; but in doing so he gave each a nudge in the ribs, and slipped a shilling into his fist, which had the effect of chang ing their scrowl into a broad grin, as they jestled out to the kitchen. "Well, Phil, are you brave and hearty ?" ead Father Hannigan, when he returned

said Father Hannigan, when he returned

"Well, Fini, are you on your and barty f eaid Father Hannigan, when he returned it his seat. "Ob, is that Phil Luhy f I didn't see you till I looked at you. "Tis to the old cock I was talki: g. How goes it, my old Trojan i" he added, turning to Phil Mor-ris, whom Mat Donovan was pressing to drink a gisse of whiskey, which the old man pushed away from him. "Sound as a bell," was his reply, as he folded his hands and leant on his stick. "Well, if you won't take it," said Mat, "your sameake will." "No, Mat, I'm obliged to you. Bat I'm takin' nothin's tronger than cordial." "Well, sure, we have lots uv that same," Mat rejuland. "We didn't forget the teetotallers. Which soart will you have i'" "I'll take a small drop of the ginger-cordial."

cordial."

coraial." "Begor, 'tien't aisy to know id from the wine for the ladies," said Mat, holding up two decanters between him and the light. He poured a listle of the contents of one into a tumbler and tasted it.

"Ob, faith, I have id," he continued, coughing; "an' hot stuff it is." He filted the tumbler, and presented it to Phil Laby, who took it with a look of

meek resignation, which was quite effect. ing. Nelly Donovan rushed in with her face very much flushed, and, making her way to Miss Isabel'a Lloyd, said in a whisper : "Wish, mis, us, be you'd some out an'show us what to do. We can't get any good uy the cook; she's loike the dog in the manger, an' won't either do a hand's turn herse'f or let any wan else

do id. There's lots ny decent women here that knows what to do as well as here'f but she's afther insultin' every

were I but she's afther insultin' every was uv 'em, and as for poor Mra. Brophy, she don't know whether it is on her head or her heels she's standin', wud her." "I'll try what I can do," replied the young lady, laughing, as she followed Nelly to the kitchen.

CHAPPER XXXI.

MR. LLOYD DOES WHAT INSH LANDLORDS A table at the end of the barn was ap-

had aroused Miss Lloyd's inquisitiveness, and she could not rest till she know all about it. So when Nelly Donovan was passing, Miss Lloyd put back her hand and caught her by the skirt. "What sort of a goose is that ?" she asked, as Nelly bant over her chair. "Tis wan uv their own geese, miss. Mrs. Brophy always rears three or four clutches." A table at the end of the barn was ap-propriated to the more distinguished guests, at which Father Hannigan pre-sided, with the bride on his right hand, and an empty chair on his left; for Ned Brophy resolutely resisted all attempts to force him into the seat which Miss Isa-bella Lloyd had assigned him.

bella Lloyd had assigned him. Before the covers were taken off the dishes, however, Mr. Robert Lloyd strolled up to the head of the table and quietly took possession of the unccoupled chair. To his eldest sister's consternation, Mr. Lloyd appeared in his scarlet coat and buck skin breeches, and even had his hunt-ing whip tied over his shoulder. Ned Brophy, on seeing his landlord, hurried from the lower end of one of the two rows of tables that extended along "Oh is id hat was? Ould Molly, niss, that didn't understand the cook, an' popped wan uv 'em into a pot of wather an' bile did, instead uv puttin' it in the oven pot as she was tould. She did the spiled 'em

"Some bacon an' cabbage, miss, that Wattletoes is afther sendin' me to Mr. two rows of tables that extended along each side of the barn, and shook him kearney for. An' spake uv the divil an' he'll appear," she exclaimed. "Here is Barney himself."

"Welcome, Mr. Bob," said Ned Brophy. "Welcome, Mr. Bob," said Ned Brophy. "Begor, I'd never forgive you if you didn't come." And for the first time since his doom was sealed, Ned Brophy

"This is benefit, and the believe of her; which caused the bride to smile too, apparently for the first time since her doom was sealed. So that Mr. Robert Eloyd chased the clouds from the faces We have some recollection of a descrip-tion of an English baryest-home, from the

dress her

SENSATIONAL READING MATTER RUINING COUNTLESS SOUL?. to take cars of "Flaunian"s Hole" To which injunction Barney replied by doing the "side step" in a real very genteelly, and in a manner peculiar to himself: It being the usual practice to have the right

foot foremost when maving towards the right, and the left foot foremost when moving towards the left, whoreas Barney reversed this and moved to the left with the right foot in front, and to the right with the left foot in front—the effect of

the right foot in front, and to the right with the left foot in front—the effect of which was very striking "More power, me'am! Would I doubt you? An'all my figure dance gone out av my head for want of practice. One two-three, one-two three, one two-three," And Barney, with his head thrown back, till his poll rested on the collier of his cos', one-two three'd to the stable. The safe arrival of Mr Kearney and Lory Hanly is Ned Bropby's burn just as the wedding guests had eat down to dinner is a sufficient proof the: Barney had driven them valely past Famigan's Hele. In spite of Miss Isabella Lloyd's exer-tion, ably seconded, as she was by Nelly Donovan, the arrangements were not as successful as might have been wished For instance, when Father Hannigan raised the cover of the large dish before hin, he was rather taken by surprise, on seeing two very plump geess repaid seeing two very plump geese reposing side by side on a bed of very greasy cab bage; and what added considerably to the astonishment of the beholders was the uncaual dircumstance that while one goose was brown, the other was guite white.

Go where you will, similar sights meet

papers into their houses. Some of them, who are more indulgent than prudent feel indifferent as to what their children read, so long as they amuse themselves, although knowing at the same time that the minds that are applied to the fore-going sort of study could certainly have better mental exercises. Other parental suides who give no literary trash any countenance whatever, very often get deceived by an idolized son or daughter. Both of the latter will openly lie, if accused, rather than be deprived of this base and ungodly literature. They em brace opportunities of reading it when and where there is the least possible chance of detection. These self-same youngsters attend Sunday school-and

time alone can ell.

It is appaling to contemplate the con-sequence which follow the continued reading of the productions of the devil's pen and pencil. Experience shows the consequence to be these: "The young mind will naturally appear dull and stupid in every branch of study; the lessons in school will become monoton iessons in school will become monoton-ous; the catechism and prayer-book will be torgotten; prayers will be of the shortest kind, if not altogether dispensed with; the confessional will be neglected; church will be sought more for a show than worship; parents' counsel will be listened to, but not heeded, and disrespect, disobedience and waywardness will take the place of love, affection and filial submission. This is not all. Every evening the son is found lounging on the evening the son is found louoging on the street corner with young gentlemen of questionable repute; while the daughter, who leaves the house on the pretence of visiting some female friend, is seen an bour atterward promenading in the com pany of a male companion. The son, if reprimanded by his father for keeping late hours, will desert the home of his youth to follow the romantic steps of some mythical lad he may have read about, and eventually wind up in one of rey grunblingly, "is ld goin' to lave me lookin' at 'em all skelpin' away you are, an' not as much as ud bait a mouse-trap furnint me, barrin' a dhry pueata ?" "I have id here for you, Barney," she replied, presenting the well-filled plate to him. some mythics, is in a may have read about, and eventually wind up in one of our State prisons; the daughter who is gently chided by her mother will abruptly take her departure, absoond with some worthless fellow, and finally, when ruined

and forsaken, become an outcast. This is the end of those who persist in reading the vile sheets which pander to the morbid curiosity of the young and foolish. They are the productions of the devil's pen, and are not to be allowed into any decent man's family.

"CONVERTED" NUNS AND "RE-FORMED" PRIBSTS.

There is at present going the rounds of Petneylvanis, says the Catholic Journal, a Mrs. Shepherd who says she is a "con-verted" nun, whatever that may mean. She lectures. There are certain nights in which she will only admit women to her conversations, and this little game, which is quite an ancient one, attracts a certain class of women. The reporters are anti ous to get from Mrs. Shepherd the name of the convent from which she second, but this she will not tell. Perhaps she is bound over to secrecy, or, perhaps, the

of the convent from which and escaped, but this she will not tell. Perhaps she is bound over to secrecy, or, perhaps, the ecoped one finds it impossible. The Philadelphis papers are cruel enough to resert that Mrs. Shepherd is a fraud, that she was never a nun, and that the ban not escaped from anywhere, but that she is working on the prejudices of the bigoted for all they are worth in dollars. From far off New Zwaland comes news almost similar. According to the Auckland Desily Star a man of the name of Clampet, alias Suilivan, appeared in that colony five years ago as an athlete in a dramatic company, who could also sing He got on a spree and was dis-charged. He then went on the lecture tour as a converted pricet and told stories that would amass even the Irreversed Justin Fulton. He now enfesses that he Justin Falton. He now enfesses that he has made a thousand pounds by the fraud, which he received mostly in checks from well-to-do but wesk-minded females. The account of the interview, ways the New Zyaland Tablet, "Is very spicy." Clampet, alias Salitvan, says in his con-

Claimper, and Santran, and a cluding remarks: "I am going to San Francisco by mail steamer to day. I have two or three lines in which I may embark, but I don't intend to go into Gospel work again. I will not trifle with the Gospel any more, and I hope my old friends will pray for me, because I am not converted. I

going on a singing tour in America." The reporter asked "You became tired of playing the religious fraud, I suppose ?" Clampet-"Yes; I was a fraud - a b fraud, and I am heartily tired of it. a hig can now fisally say that only first of it. I can now fisally say that only for the law of the country I would have kuccked the clergy antagonistic to me into a 'cocked hat,' I do not want a month in jsil, so that bit of pleasure had to be postponed, wish also to thank the lawyers and I wish also to thank the lawyers and judges that they did not get hold of me." So long as there are dupes there will always be fraude, and it would appear that those dupes are to be found in all

sountries. A PERSECUTED MINISTER.

Taunton, January 19 .- A bitter church war is in progress at Dighton, just because the pastor has put a spot to public kissing. "Brick Church," as it is called, has not earned how to conduct social gatherings without resorting to those old fashioned Without resorting to those of instituted kiesing games. Their church sociables were veritable kiesing bass, and the sport was net indulged in exclusively by the younger people either. Ripe old spinsters were just as enthusiastic over "Copen-hagen," "London bridge," and "post hegen," "London bridge," and "post office" as were the younger people. This was the condition of affairs when the Raw. Area N. Dyer accepted the pastorate. The good pastor observed with pleasure at first the manifestations of friendly interest in the welfare of one another among the people of his flock, as evinced at the almost nightly gatherings; but his pleas almost fightly gatherings; but his picas ure was changed to alarm when he saw the enctuary filled with males and females whose only thoughts seemed to be a of an osculatory nature. When he saw that elderly maldens vied

with blushing dameels in participation in the fascinativg games, and gleefully participation counted the number of times each had passed through the pleasurable ordeal, and that the sanctuary had been turned into a house for klasing bees, then Mr. Dyar put his foot down, and the result was persecution. About the only collection that had been taken up for some time was one of empty rum bottles, which reckless young men had left in pews. The voice of the pastor was often drowned in the sgravating noises of breaking bittle candy. Powder was barned at the very door of the church, smoke was blown

through the apertures during service, and hundreds of such petty tricks were played by the graceless scamps who had taken umbrage at the minister's course in check ing promiscuous embracing and kissing The society sent here for a deputy sheriff to attend to the matter, and he drove one

Consumption Cured.

Indigestion

APRIL 5, 1890.

THE

THE

A tori our the man laid O G O a sorr mit this pre-for agi tea Ra-loo for Be rav

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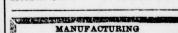


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white. A word from Miss Isabella Lloyd, who could not conceal her indignation at the stupidity of some one whom she desig nated "that wretch," sent Nelly Donovan flying down between the two rows of tables; and when she returned bearing another dish, that which contained the genee was pushed out of the way, and before he had well recovered from his surprise, Father Hannigan found a piece of roast beef before him, which might have vied with that wonderful might have wied with that wonderful quarter that Father M'Mahon got as a Unristma present, and merely to lock at which, according to Father Hannigan, would "do your heart good" The two geese were removed to another dish, and bankshed to one of the side tables; and

by placing a huge piece of perk on the "bolster of cabbage," originally intended

"bolker of cabbage," originally intended as its resting place. The roast beef became "small by degrees and beautifully less" under Father Hand gan's carving knife. Hagh Kearney and his father worked with might and main, receive the satural Sunky-Schol-Ant receive the saturaments. They are looked upon as the models of all children on the block in which taey live; but how long they will be held in high estimation too ; and knives and forks were soon basy all round the barn. But the white goese had aroused Miss Lloyd's inquisitiveses,

Mrs. Kearney went to the hitchen to THE DEVIL'S PEN.

approprie to Barney that he was to drive the car, and to warn him above all things to take care of "Flaunigan's Hole." To

The run wrought by the devil's pen is sinfully manifest in many homes. The ainfully manifest in many homes. intellectual and moral poison which drips from it and flows in a foul stream from from it and flows in a foul stream from the sensational press is daily ruining courtless souls. There are some sensa-tional newspapers printed to which the minds of a large number of the youth are directed. Many parents know not what danger they invite by allowing their chil dren to read them, being aware that they contain nothing but low and trashy lit erature. The papers most seen in the hands of young people are cheap jour-nals, all of which are filled with love stories, thrilling adventures, marriage tales, expositions of vice and crime, and other matters of similar character. Go on a visit to some friend's house,

Go on a visit to some friend's house, and if received into the parlors the first thing to meet the eye will be one of these abominable sheets lying in some conspisuous place, after having been laid aside by the youthful daughter of the eside by the youthful daughter of the family, who is probably receiving her education in one of our public schools or our so-called colleges. Ride in the cars or on a boat and you will invariably find some young folks engaged in this kind of newspaper reading. Walk along any public thoroughtare in the vicinity of a school buyon cars, aftermore, after sobool house, asy afternoon after the girls are dismissed, and listen to the conversation of the girls whose ages range from twelve to seventeen—you will gen-erally find some of them greatly inter-ested in controversy as to the merits of the stories in each one's favorite paper.

your observation. Parents are to blame for allowing such

with the number of the regiment stamped in white figures on the back, and the other wore a coarse blue coat, with what appeared to be the sleeves of another old grey watch coat rewed to it between the shoulders and the elbows. Both wore

shoulders and the elbows. Both wore dress her. well patched corduroy knee-breeches and bluish wors:ed stockings, with brogues of unusual thickness of sole, well paved with heavy neils. Their rude brass mounted instruments were in keeping with their instruments were in keeping with their garments. The sheepskin bag of one had rentleman that he had an excuse for pay gentiemen that he had an excuse for pay ing another visit to his fair enslaver. So as Mary Kearney and Grace were stitling by the fire, and feeling rather dull and lonely, a knock was heard at the door. no covering whatever, while that of the other was covered with faded plaid, "cross barred with green and yellow." They dropped luto two chairs near the door thrusting their old "caabeens" unde Tacy listened to know who might be the Tacy listened to know who might be the unexpected visitor, and immediately after the door was opened Lory walked into the parlour with the jay's large wicker cage in his arms. They were very glad to see him, and so was Maurice Kearney himself. But Mrs. Kearney evidenity loaked upon Lory as a dangerous charge them, and sat bolt upright like a pair of mummies or figures in a wax-work exhi-

This invasion of the parlour was caused by the expulsion of the dancers from the barn, to make room for laying the tables looked upon Lory as a dangerous character, and did not consider herself quite safe for the banquet. "Play that tune that the angel sang

to long as he was in the house. Lory, again, Mr. Fiaherty," said Father Hanni however, was asked to alt down ; and the

gan Mr. Flaharty complied, and the noise and hum of voices were at once hushed. "Have you that?" the piper in the expression of his countenance as he stared

might be translated "jolly." Ned Brophy's wedding happened to be mentioned, and the whim seized Mr. asked his companion in a Kearney that he and Lory would go there

watch coat asked his companion in a whisper, at the same time beginning to work with his elbow. "I have," replied the other, beginning to work with his elbow, too. A sound like snoring followed for a moment, and Mr. Flaherty jerked up his head suddonly, and looked disturbed—as if an evil spirit had intraded among his "delicate Ariels." But as the noise was not reneated, his countenance resumed its together. The fact was, the young gentleman's dancing so tickled Maurice Kearney's fancy the evening he first made Lory's acquaintance, that he could not resist the acquaintance, that he bound again. temptstion to see him perform again. "Come, and I'll drive you over," said he, "aud you'll have a good night's fun." "Faith, I will !" exclaimed Lory, in a not repeated, his countenance resumed its wonted placidity and he bent over his invoice that reminded Mrs. Kearney of her strument again. "I think I could do id betther myse'f,"

said he of the blue body-coat, holding his blg knotty fingers over the holes of his chanter. "He don't shake enough."

"So could I," replied the grey watch-cost, giving a squeeze to his bag, which was followed by a faint squeak. "Turn him out!" shouted Mr. Fia-

anger.

"Tarn him out!" shouled Mr. Fia-herty, in a voice of thunder, as he started to his feet, his eyes rolling with indignant anger. the pleaure.

pen of Mr. Charles Reade. The gnests were of the same class as those assembled in Ned Brophy's barn. But the English novelist tells us that during the whole time while the viands were being demol-ished the only words uttered were the room for two other unexpected guests at the principal table, and Maurice Kearney and Lory Hanly took their places suffi-ciently near Miss Lloyd to call up a fright-ened look into that nervous lady's face following :

Mat Donovan completed the arrangements

"But why is it white ?"

to a beautiful pair of ducks, an'

"What's that you have on the plate ?

"Tare an' ouns, Nelly," muttered Bar-

"More power to your osten-male-

pueata cake-an' a griddle to bile id," exclaimed Barney, as he hurried off to his

place at the lower end of the barn.

"Bo-ill, wull you have some weal wud when she saw Lory turning round to adyour bacon ?"

"That I woun't, Jock."

In this respect the Irish wedding pre-eented a singular contrast to the E glish harvest home. Jokes and laughter were heard on every side; and from Father Hannigan at the head of the table to Bar ney Brodherick, who sat upon an inverted hamper with his back against the winnow ing machine, and his plate on his knoet at the opposite end of the barn, every fac wore a smile, and fun sparkled in every eye. The only exception to this rule were two or three bashful young woman whose potatoes broke upon their forks, and filled them with confusion. One of these bashful young women, after a second and third failure, dropped her arms by her side and resisted every effort to induce her to taste a single morsel of anything. Nelly Donovan did all she could to coax her, but the bashful young woman rigidly refused to touch knife of fork again-even though Nelly, with mis chievous drollery, called out to Miss Labella Lloyd :

"Wisha, mise, maybe you'd have a little lane bit there? We have a girl down here that won't ate a taste uv anything for

The necessity of peeling the potatoes on the fork at a wedding was regarded as a very trying ordeal; and the remark "that's the puesta I'd like to get at a "that's the puesta I'd like to get at a weddin," was one not unfrequently heard at Kaccknagow, as the speaker held up a "white eye" between her finger and thumb, which had resisted a tight squeese of the hand without breaking. But how will Professor Huxley account for the difference we have alluded to be-tweam the Lich wedding and the English

tween the Irish wedding and the English harvest home ?

TO BE CONTINUED.

UNSIGNTLY PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TAN, and all itching humors of the skin are removed by using Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap. Minard's Ligiment cures Dandruff.

Oh, how can a fair maiden smile and be gay, Be lovely and loving and cear, As sweet as a rose and as wright as the May When her liver is all out of gear?

when her nyer is all out of geer 7 She can't. It is impossible. But if she will only take Dr. Pieros's Golden Medical Discovery, it will cleanse and stimulate her disordered liver, purify her blod, make her complexion soft and rosy, her breath wholesome, her spirits cheerful and her temper sweet. All druggists.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgnst verybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Gatarrh Remedy and end it.

One Little Piggle

I owned a litter of pigs. They throve well until a month old, when their throats well did and spite of all remedies they all died except one, which was nearly dead. Laughingly I said I would try Yellow Oil, purifier in existence. and gave it a thorough application. He improved at once, and soon was all right. WILLIAM WINDSOR, Brinsley, Out.

Quick Relief For Headache.

Had suffered with beadache, and tried everything I could think of without effect antil I used Burdock Blood Bitters, which

relieved me right away, and I am now re-markably well. ANNE TORANGRAN, Glen Almond, Que.

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Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East india missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and por-manent cure of Coosumption, Bronchilds. Catarrh Asthma and all threat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Deblity and all Nervous Com-plaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, hay desire to relieve human suffering, will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing aod using, Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, paming this paper W A, NoYKS, SD Power's Blook, Rochester, N, Y. Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syraouse, N. Y., Amos Hudgin, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remedies I tried proved peeless until Northron & Lyman's Vers and years. And the reproducts furned proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vege-table Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bothes with the best results, and can with Block Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syraouse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indiges-tion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without dis-tressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be

onfidence recommend it to those afficted n like manner.

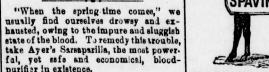
A Trip to Manitoba.

Last year I went to Manitoba on the C. P. R. At Rat Portage I got sick, and at Winnipeg I was so weak I had to be assisted off the train. I got a bettle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and after the first not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. to be feit better. When I got to Boissevain was as well as ever. The Bitters cure the bad effects of the surface water of the Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, barks and herbs, and is prairies.

DONALD MUNRO, Bolsover, Ont.

the best known remedy for dyspepsis con-stipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst sorofulous sore. DR. LOW'S WORM STRUP has removed tape worms from 15 to 30 feet long. It also destroys all other kinds of worms. worms from 15 to 30 feet long. It also destroys all other kinds of worms. Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. and Wine.

to attend to the matter, and he drove one young man out of town. The society afterward refused to pay for two days' services, and the miulater offered the deputy sheriff \$5 for his labor, which he refored, saying thats society mean enough to refuse to pay him for his services, when ordered by it, would pay the minister too **KENDALL'S** small a salary for him to lose any of it. SPAVIN CURE



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

KENDALL'S SPAVIN GURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORS

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Ken-dall's Spavia Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best infiments on earth. I have used it in my stables for three years. Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYS, N. Y., November 3, 1588. Dear Sirs : I desire to give yeu testimonial of my rood opinion of your Kendall's Ruyin Cure. I have for a transformers. Bill source cure, 1 cont entry for a lan neares. Bill Joints and entry for the sources. Bill of the source source cure, 1 cont entry for the source source cure, 1 cont entry for the source source source sources. Yours truly, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.



SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1858. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO. Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendail's Shavin Cure. I have cared wenty-five hornes that had Spavins, ten of Hing Bone, nine afflicted with Big Hend and seven of Hig Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never books and followed the uncertainty, lost a case of any kind. Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Drug-gists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprio-tors. Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., Bnosburgh Falls, Vi. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"Will you come?" he added, turning to Grace and waiting for her reply with "O an o, that you," she replied. "If you do, I'll dance with nobody else "Pon my word I'd rather dance with you