

"Shameen Dhu."
 Now God watch over you, Shameen,
 An' his blessed Mother, Mary!
 'Twas you that sang the blithe heart
 In all sweet Tipperary:
 'Twas you that sang the blackbird's song,
 In dry or rainy weather;
 'Twas you that sang the thrush's trill;
 In that lovely, far country!
 Sure, scores of times in the mornin' bright
 You sang this very road;
 You used the mare's heart to light
 The never-fading road;
 'Twas you that sang the thrush's trill;
 In that lovely, far country!
 An' well, avic, shameen,
 God gra' you may be slating still
 In that lovely, far country!
 'Tis ten long weary years, Shameen,
 I recollect it well,
 The last time that we drove this road,
 The fair day of 'Jomies';
 The lark sang wild an' clear on high
 In hopes you'd tune to drown,
 An' there wasn't a cloud in the blue, blue sky.
 But the wan above the town.
 Myron's I then wasn't a sign that day,
 An' his eyes were blue;
 Of the better storm-torn wild an' grey,
 Comin' fast on the wind,
 An' it broke over the hill an' home,
 The lark's song was done,
 An' 'ere the next time was come,
 You asked to see the town.
 I think your big heart broke, Sara,
 The hour you said good-bye;
 I drove you for the last sad time
 The tears stood in your eye;
 I stopped at the mare, an' you looked wan
 On the hill an' vale an' plain:
 The burin' subs—they shook you sore,
 An' your face was gray wid pain.
 The girl you loved—sure, you wor poor,
 An' so proud to look;
 Though the mare's heart inside your breast
 Was broken for her sake,
 Her factor's pasture, wild an' green,
 An' the lark's song was done,
 An' 'ere the next time was come,
 You asked to see the town.
 But you never spoke the word.
 She'd rather have had you, Shameen,
 This lands an' wealth gone;
 She'd ever smile her own bright smile
 Want you to drive from her door,
 God bless her carle of the mist, gold,
 An' the lark's song was done,
 An' 'ere the next time was come,
 You asked to see the town.
 An' no word came from you, Shameen,
 I don't think you forget;
 Perhaps long years ago, I even
 You an' the coldest met;
 Perhaps, hand locked in hand, ye go
 Through a better an' than this,
 Perhaps you've broken the silence now
 You sep. wid that last kiss.
 'Tis Patrick's Day to-day, Shameen,
 An' Spring—the sweetest—is laughin'
 Wid the shamrock twined in her hair,
 An' the shamrock twined in her hair,
 An' she is laughin' the windy weather,
 You always loved to see the best
 In the days we wor together.
 Ah, God be wid you, avic, shameen,
 To give you an' to save,
 Whether you tread the road still
 Or lie at rest in your grave;
 God keep you still wid the same three
 Hearts, an' the soul so crystal clear,
 An' the thrush's note an' the blackbird's
 You had whin you wor here!

KNOCKNAGOW
 OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.
 BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXIX—CONTINUED.
 Phil Luby took down his hat, and putting it on with the air of a humane judge assuming the black cap, he left the house without uttering a word.
 "In Mr. Hugh's gown to the wedding!" Honor inquired.
 "Ye, he and Mr. Luby are going."
 "Wish, miss, maybe you'd tell him to have an eye to Phil, Mary in surprise.
 "Well," replied Honor, thoughtfully, "he's a fatter promise'n man'n' Norah not to take anything stronger than cordial; an' if Mr. Hugh'd have an eye to him and remind him of his own an' then, I know he'd be all right."
 "Well, I'll tell him," said Mary, with a smile.
 Grace was becoming a great favorite with Norah. She needed only to try to become a favorite with anybody. And how glad she was to see by Honor Luby's smile that the poor woman harbored no prejudice against her, after all.
 "Are you glad that spring is coming?" she asked, turning to Norah.
 "Oh, yes, miss; I'm longing for the fine days, when I can sit outside under the tree."
 "Are you fond of reading?"
 "I am, miss; an' when I'm not strong enough myself, Tommy reads for me, an' so does my father sometimes."
 "I think I have some books at home you would like. And when I go home I'll send them to you the first opportunity I get."
 Norah looked her thanks, and perhaps there was a little pleased surprise in the look.
 "You are fond of music, too, I am told?"
 "I am, miss, very. I'm told you play the piano beautiful."
 "Well, I do play; but not near so well as I could wish. I played some Irish airs for Miss Donovan this mornin'."
 "What is a fine singer, miss?"
 "Yes, I have often caught snatches of his songs from the barn. But he would not sing for us to day when we asked him."
 He here interrupted them. She came to exhibit Tommy's new paper; but Grace motioned her away as if just then she had no time for trifling.
 "No, that was his old copy book. But he is in Voster now."
 "In what?" She took the paper in her hand and read:
 "THE RULE OF THREE DIRECT."
 "Commented by Thomas Luby Jan the 8th, Anno Domini One Thousand Eight Hundred and"

This was written at the top of the first page in the schoolmaster's most magnificent large hand, and under this the page was divided by a black stroke down the middle into two equal parts. In these double columns Tommy Luby had copied each question and answer fully and fairly from the book—and the sums, fully and fairly worked out, were given under the questions and answers. Several pages of the book were filled in this way; and Tommy told them proudly, though somewhat bashfully, that he'd be "in Fractious after Easter." At which Grace looked astonished, evidently thinking that "frac-

tion" and "amithereens" were convertible terms.
 "Show her your Voster, Tommy," said Ella.
 Tommy brought the book, and, on looking at the title page, Grace nodded, and said:
 "Oh, yes; now I understand; but I never saw this book before."
 "Maybe 'tis a Gough you have, miss?" Grace contented herself with nodding again by the way of reply.
 "Could you work the piece of plank, miss?"
 "What is that?"
 Tommy licked his thumb, and turned over the leaves till he came to a problem requiring the dimensions of a piece of plank of certain length, breadth, and thickness.
 Grace glanced at the problem and looked wise. But she began to think that Tommy Luby could teach her some useful things if she was altogether ignorant. She happened, however, to glance at the fly-leaf of Tommy's "Voster," and her pleasant laugh made Norah turn round and look at her.
 "Thomas Luby, of Knocknagow, His Book," she read. "And listen to this: Steal not this Book, my honest Friends, For 'tis the Galloway might be your end; The Galloway is high, and you are low; And when you'd be up you'd be like a crow. If the book be true or false, I pray the reader will send it home To Thomas Luby, of Knocknagow."

Grace laughed again, and held up the book, with her finger pointing to the bottom of the page, where Mary, by leaning forward and straining her eyes a little, was able to read:
 "Thomas Luby, Copy Dated."
 And under this, in a different hand—
 "Only for me the pigs would eat it."
 "The schoolmaster says, miss," observed Honor, "that Tommy has a great turn for—what's that he says you have a turn for, Tommy?"
 "For science," replied Tommy.
 "Oh, I always said that Tommy was a very intelligent boy," said Mary.
 "O'y for he's so wild, miss," returned Honor, with a sigh, and a glance at the book.
 "I am very glad, Norah," said Mary, rising from her chair, "to see you getting on so well. When the weather gets fine I hope you will be much better. And, when the flowers are in bloom, I won't be satisfied till we get up to show you the garden."
 "Thank you, miss," replied Norah, with that worshipping look with which she always regarded her benefactress.
 "An' sure you won't forget, miss," said Honor, "to tell Mr. Hugh to keep Phil in mind up the cordial?"
 "Oh, never fear. I'll tell him."
 "O Mary," said Grace on their way home, "how much mistaken I was!"
 "In what were you mistaken?"
 "About Norah Luby. I believe now she is the happiest girl I ever saw."
 "Have you found that out?" Mary asked, with a delighted look. "I know you would."
 "Oh, yes; I am sure of it."
 "And so am I."

They walked along in silence for some time, till Ella, who had lingered behind them, came running up and said there was a gentleman with a red coat riding slowly after them. It was Mr. Robert Lloyd; and, on finding that they were aware of his proximity, he put his horse to a quicker walk in order to pass them. He had his hand to his hat to salute you," said Grace, "but you did not look at him. Do you know, I always thought there was affection in that not looking at people."
 "I am not sure but you are right," replied Mary.
 "It looks like vulgar pride, or sulky ignorance," rejoined Grace.
 "Oh, those are very hard words," said Mary, laughing. "But do you never turn up your nose at people yourself?"
 "Oh, was some power the giraffe ste us, To see ourself as others see us," replied Grace. "Yes, I do plead guilty to the charge. But, my dear Mary, we can all see the mote in our neighbor's eye much easier than the beam in our own. But with regard to the gentleman on the gray horse, would you not have returned his salute?"
 "I am not personally acquainted with him," Mary replied. "But I would have returned his salute, though I might rather avoid it if I could do so without laying myself open to the charge of—what's that you said it looked like?"
 "I believe I said vulgar pride, or sulky ignorance."
 "Well, if I could not pass the gentleman without being open to such a charge, I would, of course, return his salute. And yet," she added, with a smile, "if I were a lady he would scarcely have saluted me without some previous acquaintance or introduction?"
 "Why, what on earth do you mean by saying if you were a lady?"
 "Oh, I see you don't know what our notions are respecting ladies or gentlemen in the country."
 "Well, tell me?"
 "Did you never hear your papa tell what Sally Egan said to Mrs. French?"
 "No, I don't remember; but I recollect Sally Egan very well. It was she nursed me."
 "Well, your papa gave her an excellent character when she was leaving you, and Mrs. French asked her what place she was in before that. 'I was with a gentleman, ma'am,' she replied. 'And was not your last master a gentleman?' asked Mrs. French. 'O, no, ma'am,' said Sally, 'he's only a doctor.'"
 Grace reddened with indignation, and pronounced Sally Egan's conduct an instance of the basest ingratitude.
 "You mistake altogether," said Mary. "She did not mean to make little of the doctor at all."
 "If papa is not a gentleman," exclaimed Grace, "I don't know who is."
 "That's my way of thinking, too," replied Mary; "but you see it was not Sally Egan's. It is only what is called 'labeled men' are gentlemen in Ireland, and their wives and daughters are the only ladies. Tom Maher thought he was paying me a great compliment the other day by saying that I was 'like a lady.'"
 "What must be the reason?" said Grace, musingly.
 "I'd find the solution of the mystery," replied Mary laughing.
 Grace put her finger to her lips and knit her brow.

"It is because they are slaves!" she exclaimed, with emphasis.
 "I believe you have guessed it," replied Mary, quietly.
 They came up again with Mr. Lloyd, who had gone into a house to light his pipe. It was plain he meant to be respectful, for he took the pipe from his mouth and put it behind his back while they were passing. Mary returned his salute this time.
 "Do you know, Mary," said Grace, "I think it is because he knows Richard so well."
 "You are quite right," she replied, quickly; "that never occurred to me before."
 "There is something good-natured looking about him," Grace observed. "And he is a fine, handsome man, though, I should say, somewhat foolish."
 "You are not very flattering," said Mr. Lloyd.
 "Well, now," said Grace after another interval of silence, "I can candidly say you think of him?" She pointed to Mr. Lloyd, who was walking with the doctor in the lawn.
 "Well, I think he improves on acquaintance," Mary replied. "The more I know of him the better I like him."
 "It is just the contrary with me. I was ready to worship him as a superior being at first. His slight, gentleman-like manner quite fascinated me. But now I feel there's something wanting. There is something milk and waterish about him. He is not strong."
 Mary looked at her with surprise, as indeed she often did.
 "And is Richard, for instance, strong?" she asked.
 "No, not strong; but he has animation, or a something that the other wants."
 "And Hugh?"
 "Yes," she replied, compressing her lips, and with a movement of the head. "Yes; Hugh is strong. He has a strong face."
 "Is Norah Luby strong?"
 "The question seemed to surprise her at first, but, after a moment's thought, she replied:
 "Yes; Norah Luby is strong. There are different kinds of strength. I fear I am not strong myself. In some ways I know I am; but if I were afflicted like Norah Luby, I never could endure it as she does."
 "You could," replied Mary. "God would give you strength."
 "You could bear it," returned Grace, "just the same as she does."
 "Oh, I fear I never could, with such cheerful resignation. But if it ever should be my lot to be tried with affliction, how much I shall owe to Norah Luby!"
 "Mary" said Grace, after another pause, "beginning to feel quite nervous. That is why I can never meditate on such things. It makes me think that I shall soon die, and that frightens me."
 "It is a thought that ought to frighten us all," returned Mary. "But I need not preach to you, Grace. You understand these things very well. And I am sure you do sometimes meditate on death."
 "I try—sometimes."
 "I seldom talk in this way," said Mary. "I scarcely know how you managed to introduce the subject. But we must hurry in and deliver Mrs. Luby's injunctions to Hugh before they go."
 "They seem to be in no hurry," Grace remarked. "There is Adonis waiting for the gate, and I suppose, challenging Apollo to follow him. But Apollo prefers opening the gate. And now he sees us, and is sorry he has not bounded over it like an antelope."
 "Well, let us hurry," said Mary. "They are waiting for us."
 "I hope," she remarked, on reaching the gate, "I hope you will find a great deal to amuse you at the wedding to-night."
 "I am all impatience to see a real Irish wedding," she replied. "And to judge from the glimpses we are after getting of the party as they drove by, this is to be a genuine affair!"
 "Yes, 'twill be the correct thing," the doctor observed. "I have only for the enjoyment of my life to be employed with you. Nelly Donovan has the sky as she tripped by just now."
 "But not a sliver forget the important duty of spending a long winter evening telling an appreciative circle what he would do with the bars of the grate," said Grace.
 The doctor pulled his moustache and tried to laugh.
 "What do you mean by the bars of the grate?" Mary asked.
 "Oh, don't you know? 'What will you do with this one?' 'I'll ask her to sing a song.' 'And what will you do with this one?' 'I'll adore her.'"
 "Oh, I suppose you are too wise," returned Mary, "for such things. But I must not forget Phil Luby and the cordial."
 She quickened her pace in order to meet Hugh, who was dismounting from his horse, after returning from the out farm. And as Mr. Lloyd gazed after her, he thought to himself that if some accident occurred to prevent their attendance at Ned Brophy's wedding, he would bear the disappointment like a philosopher, and spend the evening by the fireside.

CHURCH AND REPUBLIC.

CARDINAL GIBBONS AND ARCHBISHOP RYAN ON THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE.
 The Catholic Club of Baltimore recently gave a banquet in the Hotel Remont to celebrate the beginning of its second anniversary. Over one hundred and twenty members of the club sat down to dinner, exclusive of their guests, who were many and distinguished. Before the banquet was begun, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, held an informal half hour reception in the parlor of the hotel. Among others of the guests were Senator Daniel, of Virginia, and Mayor Davidson, of Baltimore. After President Wheeler had explained the raison d'etre of the club, proposing five hundred members for it by 1891, Cardinal Gibbons, responding to the toast of Archbishop Carroll and the Hierarchy of the United States," said:
 "CARDINAL GIBBONS' ADDRESS.
 "Archbishop Carroll is justly styled 'the Patriarch of the American Church.' When it pleased Almighty God to lay the foundation of the Catholic religion in this country on a strong and enduring basis by the establishment of the hierarchy, He selected John Carroll to be the first Bishop of Baltimore. There was a man sent from God whose name was John."
 "Archbishop Carroll combined in his person the two fold character of a devoted Christian priest and an ardent patriot. He was a man of marvelous foresight, of deep penetration, consummate wisdom, and sterling piety. He was intimately acquainted with the genius of our political constitution, and was therefore eminently fitted for the delicate task of adopting the discipline of the Church to the requirements of our civil government.
 "The truths of religion, like God Himself, are eternal and immutable, but the discipline of the Church is changeable—just as man himself is always the same in his essential characteristics, while his dress varies according to the custom and fashion of the time.
 "Not only did Archbishop Carroll exhibit extraordinary tact in adjusting the discipline of the Church to the peculiar condition of our new Republic, but by his broad and benevolent disposition, he enjoyed friendly and social relations with his non-Catholic brethren, both among the clergy and laity, without compromising his position as a Catholic prelate. By his agreeable intercourse with them many misconceptions were removed and mutual respect was fostered.
 "Had Archbishop Carroll been a man of contracted mind and narrow views he would have seriously hampered and embarrassed his successors in the exercise of their ministry. But, happily for all of us, he was a prelate of broad and comprehensive ideas. I cannot pay a higher tribute to the wisdom of John Carroll than by declaring that never did I see a public sentiment which he should feel ashamed—never did he enunciate a principle which he had ever occasion to retract. No matter how high we build the edifice of Christian faith we find the foundations laid by Carroll broad and strong and deep enough to sustain the superstructure. No matter what work we undertake in the cause of charity and religion, we find our policy outlined by the far-reaching mind of our American patriot. I express the fervent hope that every prelate of the country may leave behind him a record of fidelity to God and devotion to his country such as marked the life of the first Archbishop of Baltimore."
 The Cardinal then gave a warm welcome and paid a glowing tribute to the Archbishop of Philadelphia, one of the invited guests. He also expressed his satisfaction at the presence of a representative of the United States Senate, and incidentally remarked, that he had some knowledge of the German Reichstag, that he had listened to debates in the British House of Commons, and in the French Chamber of Deputies, but that a more dignified, deliberative body than the United States Senate he had never beheld.

THE CHURCH AND THE STATE.
 Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, spoke to the toast "The Relation Between Church and State." He felt it almost a rash undertaking," said he, "to respond to such a toast as this, and especially at this time, when there is so much misunderstanding as to the relation of the Catholic Church to the State. You all know that the Church is a wonderful perfect organization that has stood the test of centuries. It has governed rightly the people of every land and tongue and of every diverse class of humanity. It is a kingdom of God on earth, having all the essentials of a kingdom without being a kingdom in the general acceptance of the term.
 "There have been many reasons assigned for its success. Monarchists have said it was due to the fact that it is a complete monarchy, has absolute power, and that monarchy is the only true form of government. Others have said its success was due to its being a model republic, all its officers, even to the Pope himself, being elected. It is neither. It is a divine institution, a kingdom, not of this world, but of God. If it had been a kingdom of men it would have fallen. We exist to prepare men for eternity, and it is here that it differs from the State, whose object is to protect men in their rights and privileges. These should not clash. The ends of both are divine, and they differ in their mission to man. If they do clash, it is because of the men in the Church and not the Church itself, and men in the State and not the State itself. Let them be in harmony the one with the other not united, for I do not care for any more union than exists now in the United States. If all men were Catholics, then there might be union, but with such diversity of opinions it is better that they be separate, each working to its own end.
 "No man has the right of power over another man—the inherent right to condemn another to death. All power that exists comes from God, and the Church, point-

ing to men in power, says they are to be respected in office, for they rule by the power from God. Next to the man who stands in the sanctuary of God are the men of public affairs, who have sacred interests in their keeping. A divine sanction is given to human law by the Church, acting in harmony with the State, and if each understands the other each keeps to its own proper sphere, there is no danger of their ever falling out.
 "As to the Church, we are here, and here to stay. Our old Church was here before any other Christian denomination had set foot on these shores. We have shown our loyalty to the State; and I hope the noble State of America and the Catholic Church will remain in harmony for all time; that the State will understand the sacred teaching of obedience to God, and the Catholic Church will understand that she is protected by that sacred instrument which is the glory of our country—our wonderful Constitution. She asks no favors; she seeks no union; she only asks to be let alone to act out her own Constitution—all this in harmony with the State and preserving the State's glorious principles."

A LETTER FROM MOLOKAI.
 A resident of Frankfort, Herr Paul Apfeldted, sends to the Frankfurter Zeitung an interesting letter which he has just received from Father L. Conrardy, the companion and one of the successors of Father Damien in his leper home. The letter is as follows:
 "Kalaup, Molokai, Nov. 21, 1889.
 DEAR SIR:—You will certainly think you are never going to get a reply to your kind letter to the Leper Settlement. Your letter reached me when in hospital at Honolulu, where I lay very ill of dysentery. Up to the end of July it was doubtful whether I should live or die. Now I am very well again. Just after my recovery, poor Father Damien, I was attacked by the dysentery only a few steps from my house as I was coming from the cemetery. After I had been lying ill two weeks they took me to Honolulu, as the only hope of recovery was in getting the colony. I was two months in hospital, and then came back, although still very ill. Now, thank God, I am again in a fit state to fulfil all my duties.
 The Leper Colony consists of Kalaup, where Father Damien worked so long and died, and where I am now myself; and Kalaupapa, three miles away, where there is also a priest, and three Sisters of Charity who take care of the women and girls. In my place there are as yet no sisters, but I am expecting three to take charge of the boys—now about one hundred in number. You see nobody but lepers here. Shall I become one? Probably, as I am always in their midst. I look upon the poor orphans as my own children, and like being among them. The Hawaiian Government does a great deal for the sufferers; this year it granted \$90,000 for their support. As I hear, each sick person costs the State \$66. Each has the right to a dwelling. The greater number, say a thousand, live in little scattered huts. Each receives daily one pound of meat, every week 21 pounds of poi (a kind of potato), and every year a grant of \$10 for clothes; besides this, soap, oil, and matches. We have now 1,200 lepers, or perhaps more. Among these are 22 Chinese (of whom 20 are men and 2 women), and 12 whites. Last year the Government had waterpipes laid all over the colony, which cost \$30,000.
 I enclose a few leaves from the grave of my comrade, Father Damien."
 Yours obediently,
 L. L. CONRARDY,
 Catholic Priest.

DEATH OF A GIFTED CONVERT.
 We ask the charitable prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Clara M. Thompson, of Pomfret, Conn., who, before her health failed, was an occasional contributor to the Ave Maria, writing under the nom-de-guerre of "Isadora." She also contributed to the Catholic World and other periodicals, and was the author of a Catholic novel, Hawthornean. Her happy death occurred on the 10th inst. Mrs. Thompson was a convert to the faith, and led a life of exemplary fervor.
 She was a lineal descendant of General Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. The husband of the deceased is senior warden of the little Episcopal Church at Pomfret, and one of her sons is a Protestant minister in Michigan. Thirty years or so ago Mrs. Thompson was well known in Protestant reading circles as the gifted author of "The Rector of Morland" and "The Chapel of St. Mary." In the latter work she displayed a thoroughly Protestant rancor against Catholicism, with a generous admixture of true blue Puritan bigotry. God's ways are indeed wonderful. May she rest in peace!—
 Ave Maria.

When Marzath ironically asked, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased and little knew that mankind would one day be blessed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, this powerful alterative gives tone and strength to every function and faculty of the system."
 The Fisheries Question is an important one but the question of paramount importance to-day, is "What shall we do for eastern?" Mr. John McSwain, Model School teacher, Charlotte, N. C., P. E. L., says: "I enclose you 50 cents for which please send me a package of Nasal Balm. The package I received some time ago has done me a great deal of good, so much that I think it will cure me."
 All in a Heap
 Malerial fever left me with my blood in a terrible state, with boils breaking out on my head and face. I was too weak to work or even walk, but after taking a quarter of a bottle of Bardock Blood Bitters I was able to work. The boils all went away in a heap, as it were, and my strength fully returned before the bottle was done.
 FRED. W. HAYNES,
 Winona, Ont.,
 Winona, Ont.

FOR NETTIE BASH, Summer Heat and general toilet purposes, use Low's Sulphur Soap.
 AS A PICK-UP after excessive exertion or exposure, Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine is grateful and comforting.

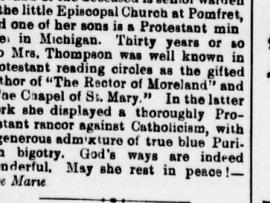
Save Your Hair
 By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.
 "I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.
 "Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew."
 Thick and Strong.
 It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."
 —J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.
 "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.
 "I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

CHURCH ORNAMENTS.
 Special reduction for December only on
 BRONZES, STATUERY,
 FLOWERS,
 and other church ornaments
 Splendid Xmas Crib
 sold at SPECIAL TERMS.
 MASS WINE—The finest on the continent.
 C. B. LANGTROT, 1661 Notre Dame St.,
 MONTREAL, P. Q.

SAVE
 PAYING
 BILLS
 DOCTORS'
 Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

They are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from Impure Blood.
 MORSE'S PILLS are a sure cure for RHEUMATISM, LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, &c., &c.
 For Sale by All Dealers.
 W. H. COMSTOCK,
 Brockville, Ont. Morrisstown, N. Y.

MANUFACTURING
 UNDERTAKERS
 Wholesale and retail. Outside the company.
 R. DRISCOLL & CO.
 424 Richmond St., London, Ont.



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, and certain in its effects and does not blister. See proof below.
 KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
 OFFICE OF CHARLES A. STYDER, FERRISBURGH, ONTARIO.
 CLEVELAND, OHIO, AND FROTHINGHAM HOUSE, ELKWOOD, ILL., NOV. 20, 1888.
 Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO.,
 Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure for the half dozen bottles. I would like to purchase in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best remedies on earth. I have used it in my stable for three years.
 Yours truly,
 CHAR. A. STYDER.
 KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
 BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 5, 1888.
 Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonials of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for lameness, STIFF JOINTS, and SPRAINS, and have found it to be a very good remedy. I recommend it to all horsemen.
 Yours truly,
 Manager Troy Laundry Stable.
 KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
 DR. R. J. KENDALL CO.,
 CLEVELAND, OHIO, Dec. 18, 1888.
 Dear Sir: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavin, and seven of Hip Jaws. Since I have had one of your bottles I have had it in my hands, I have never lost a case of any kind.
 Yours truly,
 ANDREW TRUBER, Horse Doctor.
 KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
 Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Drugs have it or can order for you, or it will be sent to you by Dr. R. J. Kendall Co., 100 Broadway, N. Y. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.