Pray For Your Pead.

Deep 'reath the snow drift lying, Out 'mid the wild winds' sighing. In the pitying folus of the winow's shade Down low where the bells come tolling. Through the sad years on ward rolling. The uead dead f. ces we loved are laid.

Greener the grass is growing,
Sweeter the wild flowers blowing,
Where the worm is tangled in golden hair;
Stronger the willows' roots are,
Richer the verdant shoots are,
Where the tired hands moulder that placed
them there.

Short was the cold regretting,
Sure is the long forcetting,
Though the dead may linger in pain below;
Pitsous the earnest pleading
And constant the interceding
Wrung out from those patient realms of
woo.

Remember the far-off sweetness
Of years that in fatai fisetness
Passed onward like golden dreams away;
And think of the love endearing,
Of the tender words of cheering,
From the poor lips pleading in vain today.

Think of that light illuming, and those fearful flames consuming Into perfect whiteness the slightest stain; There helpiess they wait and languish, Outstretching in friendless anguish. The tired hand seeking for aid in vain.

From friends that were held the dearest,
From hearts that were first and nearest.
From kindred love with a love too Reen.
Alas! for the short regretting.
The long and sure the forgetting.
And the tears died up ere the grave wa
green.

Ah: how shall we hope to meet them,
In Heaven to know and greet them,
In frough the long tight deaf to their
prayers and cries;
Remembering the cold neglecting,
What else can we be expecting
But to meet reproach in those gentle eyes?

Rweet—the mysterious sadness, The strange and unearthy gladness, That death en each calm, white brow he

Ah! the kind and the tender faces, Laid low in forsaken planet. aid low in forsaken places. They are not forgetting as we forgot.

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FIFTH. THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE.

There was a large and pleasant party on the deck of Mr. Wyville's steamer as she slowly swung from her moorings and headed seaward through the telande of Fremantle Harbor. It was evidently more than a coast excursion, for the vessel had been weeks in preparation, and the pas-sengers had made avrangements for a long

Beneath the poop awning, waving their handkerchiefs to friends on shore, stood Mrs. Little and several other ladies. Standing with them, but waving no adieu, was Alice Walmsley; and quietly sitting

pleasure of the others, was Sister Cecilia.

There were many gentlemen on board, too, including the stiff old governor of the Colony, and several of his staff. Mr. Wyville stood with the governor, pointing out, as they passed, something of interest on the native prison-isle of Rottenest; on the native prison-lele of Rottenest; Mr. Hamerton lounged on the forcest; smoking, and with him the artillery citizer of Fremantle; while Mr. Sheridan leant over the rail, watching the sea, but often raising his head and looking sternwards, seeking the eyes that invariably turned, as if by instinct, to meet his glance.

It was a party of pleasure and inspec-tion, going to the Vasse, to visit the new settlement purchased from Mr. Wyville by Mr. Sheridan. They proposed to steam slowly along the coast, and reach their destination in two days.

The excursion was a relief to Mr. Wyville, after the severe strain he had b for months. From the day of the threat-ened mutiny, which he had quelled by the report, the new law had become an assured success, and the congratulations and thanks of the whole Colony had poured in n the Comptroller Ceneral.

It appeared to those who knew him best

that during the period of trial he had withdrawn more and more from social life, and had increased his silence and reserve. This change was ascribed to the anxiety he felt for the reform of the penal law. In his conversation, too, even Hamerton admitted that he had become almost irritable on personal or local topics, and was only willing to converse on abstract or speculative ideas.
"The individual withers, and the world

is more and more," quoted Hamerton one day, as the subject of Mr. Wyville's reserve was quietly discussed on the poop "I don't know what he will do for a cause now that this penal law has succeeded He will turn his attention to politics I think," said one of the gentlemen staff; "every patriotic man has a field there."

nere was a pause, as if all were con sidering the proposition. At length Hamerton spoke.

"Can you call Mr. Wyville a patriot?" "Every Englishman is a patriot," an-swered the first speaker; "of course he is

Again there was a lapse; and again

Hamerton was the first to speak.

If I don't like the word—applied to him. I don't think it fits, somehow.
"Surely, it is a noble word, only to be

given to a noble character," said one of the ladies.
" Well," drawled Hamerton, assenting,

but still dissatisfied. Mr. Wyville has the two highest characteristics of an Englishman," said the old

governor, sententiously.
"Which are?" queried Hamerton.
"Patriotism, and love of Law."

There was an expression of approval from almost every one but Hamerton, who still grumbled. The governor was highly pleased with himself for his prompt "Are these not the noblest principles

for an Englishman, or any man?" he asked exultingly. "Let us leave it to Mr. Wyville himself,"

said Hamerton ; "here he comes." "We have been discussing public vir-tues," said the governor to Mr. Wyville, who now joined the group; "and we appeal to you for a decision. Are not criotism and love of Law two great

"Eiglish virtues - yes, I think so;" andah of the house where the drive Wyville smiled as he gave the ended.

"But are they virtues in the abstract ?" asked Hamerton.
"No; I think not-I am sure they are

There was a movement of surprise in the company. The answer, given in a grave voice, was utterly unexpected. The old governor coughed once or twice, as if preparing to make a reply; but he did not.
"Patriotism not a virtue!" at length
exclaimed one of the ladies. "Pray, Mr.

Wyville. what is it, then ?"

Mr. Wyville paused a moment, then

told a story.
"There were ten families living on a beautiful island, and owning the whole of They might have lived together in preferred to keep to themselves, neither feeling pride nor pleasure in the good of their neighbors, nor caring about the general welfare of the whole number. They watched their own interest with greedy care; and when they were strong They watched their own interest with greedy care; and when they were strong enough they robbed their fellows, and boasted of the deed. Every person of each family was proud of its doings, though many of these were disgraceful. The spirit which filled these people was, I think, patriotism—on s small scale."

"Good," said Hamerton, looking at the governor; "I thought that word didn't fit, somehow."

fit, somehow."
"Well, if patriotisiem to be condemned, shall we not still reverence Law?" asked some one. "Have you another allegory,

Mr. Wyville ?" Again he thought a moment, before his

eply came. "There was a lake, from which two streams flowed to the sea. One river wound itself around the feet of the hills, wound itself around the feet of the min, taking a long course, but watering the fields as it ran, and smilling back at the sun. Its flood was filled with darting fish, and its banks fringed with rich grass and and its bankers. The other stream ran into a great earthen pipe, and rolled along in the dark. It reached the sea first, but it had no fish in its water, except blind ones, and no flowers on its backs. This stream had run so long in the tunnel without its own will that it preferred this way to the own will that it preferred this way to the winding course of its natural bed; and at last it boasted of its reverence for the earthen pipe that held it together and guided its blind way."

"The earthen pipe is Law, I suppose," said Mr. Little, "that men come in time

Mr. Wyville, who had smiled at the ladies all through; his allegory, did not "But do you apply the allegory to all

law?" asked a gentleman of the staff.
"To all law not founded on God's abstract justice, which provides for man's right to the planet. Sooner or later human laws, from the least act to the greatest, shall be brought into hermony with this."

"Will you give us substitutes for those poor virtues that you have pushed out? What shall we have instead?"

What shall we have instead?"

"Mankind and Liberty — instead of Patriotism and Law. Surely, the exchange is generously in our favor."

Then followed a general discussion. In which every one had a hasty word. Mr. Wyville said no more; but drew off the governor and Hauserton to his cablu to settle some geographical inaccuracy in a chart of the coast.

So the hours passed on the steamer, as she slowly rounded headlands and cut across bays. The air was laden with the breath of the interminable forest. On shore, when the great fires swept over miles of sandalwood and jamwood bush, the heavy perfume from the burning timber lingered on the calm air, and

extended far over land and sea.

On the afternoon of the second day, they saw before them the mountains of the Vasse, running sheer down to the sea, in two parallel ridges about six miles

apart.
The land between these high ridges was cut off, some four or five miles back, by a line of mountain which joined the ridges thus forming the valley which Mr. Sherl-dan had bought from Mr. Wyville.

As the steamer drew close to the land, the valley assumed the perfect horse-shoe. From the sea, at a distance, it seemed a retreat of delicious coolness and verdure. The mountains were wooded high up their sides, and the tops were so steep they seemed to overhang the valley. Two broad and bright shallow streams, which tumbled from the bills at the head of they valley, wound through the rich plain and calmly merged in the

Exclamations of wonder and delight were on every lip as the surpassing beau-ties of the scene came one after another

into view.

The end of the ridge on the southern The end of the rings of the state and here, under Mr. Wyville's directions years before, a strong mahogany pier had been erected, which made a safe landing place for even great ships. A railed platform ran round great ships. A railed platform ran round the foot of the hills, and brought the passengers to a road shaded by majestic trees that swept toward the farther end of the

Awaiting their arrival, were easy open carriages, evidently of European build, in which the astonished party seated themselves. The drivers were some black, some white, but they were all at home in

their places.

The scene was like a field from fairy.
land. No eye accustomed only to Northern vegetation and climate can conceive ern vegetation and climate can believe unaided the glory of a well watered Aus-tralian vale. The carriages rolled under trees of splendid fern from fifteen to twenty feet in height; the earth was varlegated with rich color in flower and herbage; spreading palms of every variety filled the eye with beauty of form; the green and crimson and yellow parrots and paroquets rose in flocks as the carriages passed; and high over all the beau-teous life of the underwood rose the grand mahogany and tuad and gum trees

They passed cottages bowered in flowers, They passed to ttages bowered in flowers, and ringed by tall hedgerows composed and ringed by tall hedgerows. The wholly of gorgeous geraniums. The strangers who looked on these changing revelations of loveliness sat silent, and almost tearful. Even those long accustomed to Australian scenery were amszed

at the beauty of the valley.

Mr. Wyville and Mr. Sheridan had ridden rapidly on before the others, and stood uncovered and host-like on the ver-

carriage, and was the first to alight, with Sheridan's hand holding hers. Their eyee met as she stepped to his side. His lips formed one short word, of which only her eye and ear were conscious,—

Exclamations of wonder came from all the party at the peerless beauty of their surroundings. The house was wholly built of bright red mahogany beams, perfeetly fitted, with rich wood carving of sandalwood and jamwood on angle, cor-nice and capital. It was very low, only one story high for the most part, though there were a number of eleeping-rooms raised to a second story. From the verraised to a second story. From the ver-audah looking seaward, every part of the wooded valley was visible, and the wind-ing sliver of the rivers glanced deliciously through the trees. Beyond, lay the level blue water of the Indian Ocean, stretching

away to the cream colored horizon.

The house within doors was a wonder of richness, taste, and comfort. Every-thing was of wood, highly finished with polish and carving, and the colors were combined of various woods. Soft rugs from India and Persia lay on halls and rooms. Books, pictures, statuary, rare bric-a-brac, everything that vast wealth and cultivated taste could command or desire, was to be found in this splendid

Almost in ellence, the strangers passed through the countless rooms, each differ-ing from the others, and each complete Mr. Wyville led the larger party of guests through the place. He had not before seen it himself; but he was wholly fami liar with the plans, which, indeed, were

largely his own.
"But it will have an owner now," he said, "who will better enjoy its restful-ness, and take closes interest in its people."

"But you should rest, too, Mr. Wy. ville," said Mrs. Little; "the Colony is now settled with your excellent law." "There is much to be done yet," he said, shaking his head, with the old grave smile. "I have not even time to wait

There was a general look of astonishment. "Why, Mr. Wyville, surely you will

not leave this lovely place—"
"I must leave to night," he said; "I am very sorry, but it is imperative."
Then, not waiting for further comment, he took them out to the stables and vil-

lage like out houses. There was no regu lar garden : the valley itself was garden

and farm and forest in one.
Alice Walmsley had lingered behind the tohers, in a quiet and dim little room, looking away out to sea. Contentment looking away out to sea. Contentment filled her soul like low music. She wished to be alone. She had sat only a few minutes when she heard a step beside her. She did not look up; she knew whose hand was round her cheek, and her. standing over her. They did not say a word; but remained still for a long, long Then he bent over her, turning her face to his. She raised her arms, and he took her to his breast and lips in the full

ness of happiness and love.

When they left the dim little room which was ever after to be the dearest to them in their rich home, they saw the sombre robes of Sister Cecilia as she sat alone on the verandah.
"Where shall the school be, Slater?"

asked Sherldan ; " have you selected your elte ?"

"She shall build it on the choicest spot that can be found," said Alice, seating herself beside Sister Cecilia. "Dictation already!" laughed Sheridan,

at which Alice blushed, and sent him away. Toward evening, there stood on the

verandab, having quietly withdraw from the guests, Mr. Wyville, Sheridan and Hamerton. Mr. Wyville meant quietly to leave, without disturbing the party.
"I am sorry beyond expression," said
Sheridan, holding his hand; "your pres-

not even stay with us to night?"

"It is impossible!" answered Mr.

Wyville, with a land not even stay with us to-night?"

"It is impossible!" answered Mr.
Wyville, with a look of affectionate response; "the work yet before me will not bear delay. Good bye. God bless stand."

bushman."

"A native! Would he understand?"

"Yes; he would understand perfectly. He is my heir—heirs generally understand?"

He walked rapidly away, his horse hav.

ing been led by Ben Lodge before him to the entrance. "Good bye, Sheridan !" said Hamerton,

suddenly selzing his friend's hand, "I'm going too."
"What? You—"
"Stop! Don't try to prevent me. I can't let him go alone. Go in to your people, and say nothing till to morrow.
Good bye, my dear fellow!"

That night the steamer returned to Fremantle, having on board Mr. Wyville and Hamerton.

VII.

THE CONVICT'S PASS.

O. Mr. Wyville's return from the Vaese, he set himself with tireless will to the complete organization of the Penal Law. Not content with writing copious rules for the guidance of warders, he proposed to visit all the districts in the Colony, and personally instruct the chief officers of depots, from whom the system would pass directly to their subordinates.

For many days Mr. Hamerton saw little of him, and the time was heavy on his hands. He intended to purchase land in the Colony, and bring some of his old farmers from England to settle on it.

One day, he went to the prison at Fre-mantle, and waited for Mr. Wyville in his office. As he sat there, by a window that looked over a wide stretch of sandy scrub, he noticed that though the sky was clear and the heat intense, a heavy like dense vapor hung over all the low-He remembered that for a few days past he bad observed the smoky sultriness of the atmosphere, but bad concluded that it was the natural oppres

sion of the season.
"That vapor looks like smoke," he said to the convict clerk in the office ;

"It is smoke, sir," said the man.
"This is the year for the bush-fires."
Just then Mr. Wyville entered, and
their meeting was cordial. Mr. Wyville,
who looked tired, said he had only an hour's writing to do, after which he would ride to Perth. He asked Hamerton to wait, and handed him some late English

wait, and added the solution and the verandah of the house where the drive
ended.

Also Walmsley sat in the foremost

Wait, and hauded the solute late English
rather keep them, even if I don't get the
papers to pass the time.

rather keep them, even if I don't get the
and having laid aside the paper, his eyes
will, you shall have them," said Mr.
wyville, rather surprised at the fellow's
rested on Mr. Wyville, who was intently

occupied, bending over his deek. Hamer-ton almost started with surprise at the change he observed in his appearance—a change that was not easily apparent when the face was admated in conversation.
When they sailed from England, Mr.
Wyville's hair was as black as a raven; but now, even across the room, Hamerton could see that it was streaked with white The features too, had grown thin, like those of a person who had suffered in

sickness. But, when the hour had passed, and he raised his head and looked emilingly at Hamerton, it was the same striking face, namerton, it was the same striking face, and the same grand presence as of old.
Still, Hamerton could not forget the charge he had observed.
"Come," he said, unable to conceal an

unusual effectionate earnestness, "let us ride to Perth, and rest there-you need

"Why, I never felt better," answered Mr. Wyville, lightly; "and rest is rust to me I never rest unless I am ill."
"You will soon be ill if this continue." "Do you think so?" and as he asked

the question, Hamerton saw a strange light in his eye.

"Yes, I think you have overtaxed yourself lately. You are in danger of breaking down—so you ought to rest." tion, Hamerton saw a strange

Hamerton was puzzled to see him shake his head sadly.

"No, no, I am too strong to break down. Death passes some people, you know; and I am one of the—fortunate." Hamerton did not like the tone nor the mood. He had never seen him so before. He determined to hurry their departure.

He walked out of the office and waited in the prison yard. Mr. Wyville joined him in a few moments.

"I thought this smoke was only a sultry air." Hamerton said; "where does "I think it comes from Banbury dis-

trict; a native runner from there says the bush is burning for a hundred miles in that direction.' "Are lives lost in these fires? A hun-dred miles of flame is hard to picture in

the mind."
"Yes, some unlucky travellers and wood-cutters are surrounded at times; and the destruction of lower life, birds, animals, and reptiles, is beyond computa-

"Does not the fire leave a desert be hind ?" "For a season only ; but it also leaves the earth clear for a new growth. roots are not destroyed; and when the rain comes they burst forth with increased

beauty for the fertilizing passage of the

By this time they were riding slowly toward Perth. The road was shaded tall mahoganies, and the coolness was re-freshing. Hamerton seized the opporfreshing. Hamerton seized to that lay tunity of brioging up a subject that lay upon his mind. "You gave me, sir," he said, "som

decuments in London which you wished me to keep until our arrival here. Shall I not return them to morrow?"

Mr. Wyville rode on without answer-ing. He had heard; but the question had come unexpectedly. Hamerton remained silent until he spoke. "Do not return them yet," he said at ength; "when we get back from our

length: ride to the Vasse, then give them to me.' "When shall we start ?" "In ten days. By that time my work will be fairly done; and the rest you

spoke of may not come amiss."
"Shail we ride to Sheridan's settlement ?"

ment?"
O no; we go inland, to the head of
the mountain range. Those papers, by
the way, in case anything should happen
to me—the sickness you fear, for instance -belong to one whom we may see before our return. In such a case, on breaking the outer envelope, you would find his name. But I may say now, else you might be surprised hereafter, that he is a native bushman.

He was smiling as he spoke, evidently enjoying Hamerton's astonishment. "Seriously, the package you hold con-tains my will. It is registered in London,

and it bequeaths a certain section of land in the Vasse Mountains to the native chief Te-mana-roa, and his heirs for ever, as the lawyers say. We may see the chief on our

"Then why not give him the package?" "Because he is a bushman, and might be wronged. With two influential per-sons, like you and Sheridan, to support his title, there would be no question raised. You see I compel you to be my executor."

"Is he not the grandfather of Koro, of whom she often spoke to me."

"Yes," said Mr. Wyville, smiling, "and also of Tepatru. This property will descend to them."

"Are they with the chief now ?" " No; by this time they have reached Mr. Sheridan's happy valley, where it is probable they will remain. You see, is is possible to step from the bush into civiliza-tion; but it is not quite so pleasant to step back into the bush—especially for Ngarra jil, you observed, had no second thought on the subject; he was a spearman again the moment he landed."

The ride to Perth was pleasantly passed

in conversation ; and, on their arrival, they ordered dinner to be served on the coo verandah. While waiting there, a rough-looking man approached and touched his had to

Mr. Wyville. you the Comptroller-General?" he asked. "Yes."

"Well, sir, here, you see my ticket, and here's my full discharge. I want to leave the colony; and I want a pass to King George's Sound, where I can find a ship

going to Melbourne."
Mr. Wyville examined the papers; they were all right. The man had a right to the pass. He rose to enter the hotel to write it, holding the documents in his band.

"You're not going to keep them papers, sir, be you?' asked the man, in evident alarm.
"No," said Mr Wyville, looking closely
"No," said Mr John you a pass you do

at him ; "but if I give you a pass you do at him; "out need them."
"Well, I'd rather keep them, sir; I'd rather keep them, even if I don't get the

manner. He entered the hotel and wrote

But, as the hand wrote the mind turned over the man's words, dwelling on his last expression, that he would rather have his his ticket-of-leave than take a pass from the colony without; yet, in any other country, it was a proof of shame, not a safeguard. The man did not look stubid, though his words were so. As Mr. Wy-ville finished writing, he raised his head and saw Ngarra jil watching him se usual. He raised his floger slightly-Ngarra jil

was beside him.

A few words in the native tongue, spoken in a low tone, sent Ngsra jil back to his beach, where he sat like an ebony figure till he saw Mr. Wyville return to

ingure till he saw Mr. Wyville return to the verandah. He then rose and went out by another door. Mr. Wyville called the ex convict toward him till he stood in the strong lamplight. He spoke a few words to him, and gave him his papers and the pass. The man clumstly thanked him and went

"That's an ugly customer," said Ham-"I suppose you know it from his erton. "I suppose you know it from his papers. He was strangely restless while you were writing his pass." Mr. Wyville did not answer, but he took

bold of Hamerton's arm, and pointed to a corner of the street where at the moment a man was passing under a lamp, walking burriedly. Following him closely and allently strode a tall native with a spear.

"Ngarra jil?' said Hamerton. Mr., Wyville emiled and nodded. "I thought it just as well to know where the man passed the night," he said. A few mimutes later, Ngarra jil cam A few mimutes later, Ngarts in this own language to Mr. Wyville, who was much disturbed by the message. He wrote a letter, and sent it instantly to the post-

"The callous wretch !" he said, unnaually moved. He had just learned that the me had gone straight to Draper, by whom he had been hired to get the pass. Draper's purpose was plain. He intended to leave the Colony, and desert sgain his most unfortunate wife, with whose money he could return confortably to England. "What will you do with the miscreant?"

asked Hamerton. "Nothing, but take the pass from him.

But he is a free man. Can you interfere with his movements?"

fere with his movements?"
"No man is allowed to desert his wife, stealing her property. He can have a pass by asking; but he dare not come for it. And yet, I fear to keep him; he may be worse yet. If no change for the better appear, I shall basten his departure, and alone, on our return from the Vasse."

TO BE CONTINUED. ANGLICAN MONKS BEFORE

CATHOLIC ALTAR. Another incident of Holy Week in our churches, writes the correspondent of the Catholic Mirror from Washington, was the strange midnight visit of the Anglican monks, Father Ignatius and his companion, to St. Patrick's Church, on Holy Thurs day night. It was long past the time when the last visitor had left the church, and the solitary watcher was in deep meditation at the solemnity of the hour and place, when suddenly two figures stole softly and almost maseen up to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, which had been converted into a beautiful repository for the Blessed Sacrament. The two figures, clothed in the Benedictine garb knelt before the altar and there remained n apparently devout meditation until well nigh the early morning hours, when they as quietly and mysteriously took their departure. The next heard of the two monks was at Eister service at one of the Episcopal churches, where they were reported as having "participated in Holy Communion."

THE PURITY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Mr. Vesey Knox, the Protestant M. P. for East Cavan, in a recent speech, paid this deserved tribute to the Irish Catholic peasant: "The Irish people, the Irish peasantry, have no need to advertise their purity. If they did, they might publish comparative statistics of illegitimacy. Of all the nations upon the face of the earth

—and this I say because, as one who differs in religion from the majority of the Irish people, I can say it without it partaking of the nature of a boast—of all nations on the face of the earth, the Cath olic pessantry of Ireland have the cleanes record in this matter; and if there was any nation entitled to throw the stone it was they. Many things have been reft of our ments have taken from the Irish pessant much of the world's goods, but there is one thing which no cruel law has been able to take from our people, and that is ant feels in the purity of his humble

Mr. J. R. Allen, Upholsterer, Toronto, sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia. Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and compaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before one bottle was used the benefit she derived from it was beyond our expectation.

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attend to my obsiness. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BEGOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich. "I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent treattie." En JENINS, Mt. Sayage, Md. appetite." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.
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