



For the Effects of La Grippe. Chicago, March, 1895. One of our sisters suffered from weakness of the nerves in the head since she had the grippe four years ago.

Chatwa, Wis., March, 1895. We used Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervousness, for which it gave great relief and refreshing sleep.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle of the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1874, and is now made in the direction of the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence street, and by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, 1605 Notre Dame street.

"KINDLY LIGHT"

By ROBERT B. MAY, Author of "Thorpe Castle" and "Bell Place."

Some five years ago, our town of Shepherds Vale awoke to new life and energy. The tool-toot of the engine did it all. When the South Eastern Railway Company discovered that in our neighborhood were superior facilities for the manufacture of straw goods, they straightway constructed a branch line and placed a station conveniently in our midst.

The little town, too, was in a somewhat singular position (offering strong contrast to some other places I have heard of in England), namely, that it was built upon and formed a part of the estate of the Marquis of —, who, as everyone knows, is a staunch Catholic member of the nobility.

Well, at the time I speak of, things had progressed wonderfully,—or boomed, I think they call it in America,—until at last we had developed from a simple village into a real town, and were, even then, about to elect our first Mayor. This aspirant was no less a person than my uncle Tobias Wobbles, who claimed the proud position by right of money, brains, and work—all devoted to the service of the people and the electors of Shepherds Vale in particular.

As there was no opposition, however, I need not dwell upon this, except to say that he made a strong point about having the name of the place changed to one more in keeping with the new state of affairs. I know also that he heartily wished he could change his own at the same time. So he was a busy man in those days, and his household affairs were left pretty much to their own devices.

I was not only his nephew, but also his ward, he having been left guardian at the death of my parents—with a very handsome bequest towards my keep and education. The other members of the family were his daughter Mary and Mrs. Croft—a widow, and sister to his late wife. As became a man of means, the domestic staff was large and efficient.

Uncle Tobias was a non-Conformist Protestant of a somewhat pugnacious type, while gentle Mrs. Croft was a Catholic. We two, Alice and I, as in duty bound always, marched behind the father of the home to Ebenezer.

I remember very well how he would, at times, delight to favor us with a long theological discourse. Such an occasion when we gathered around the table in the snug sitting-room, the curtains drawn close and the fire burning brightly in the grate, the elder lady busy with some mysterious task in wool work, which by and by was destined to adorn and comfort some cottage home; and Alice, as usual, at her drawing,—this was her best and favorite accomplishment. Her subjects were strange, perhaps, for a young girl to select—mostly copies of Saints' heads, or her own ideal studies of the same. This time, it might be a sketch of the "Last Supper," taken from a valuable proof engraving which hung upon the wall before her.

To us, then, would enter Uncle Tobias fresh from a Town Council meeting, they having between them successfully adjusted the affairs of the town for one or more weeks. Dismissing all recollection of business with an expressive flick of his handkerchief across his brow, he sits down next to his daughter, pulling out a folio of completed drawings before him.

"Upon my word, very well done, my dear. Now, this face here—who is it you say?—always reminds me of Father Bennett. By the way, I met him just now. Said he was going on a sick call five miles—didn't know how long he might be away, so would have no company. Asked him if he knew how long he might be away, so would have no company. Asked him if he knew how long he might be away, so would have no company.

And then, of course, we were in for a good sound lecture. His remarks to Mrs. Croft were always very pointed and severe, though never absolutely unkind. And for this reason, in his own abrupt and stilted way of putting it (an example followed by many whose education ought to turn them better), his sister-in-law had turned Catholic. She, the sister of his lamented Louis, had dared to marry a Catholic,—my more—had dared to be happy in the union. So that, at last, when the true source of such joy became revealed, when the soul awoke, it were easy, indeed, to follow onward with him even to the end, when Charles Croft died beneath the glory of the Cross—it shone upon two, the living and the dead—and Father Bennett led her gently away.

I think now I have given you some idea,—very briefly, it is true,—of how matters stood in our little community. Fill up the outlines for yourselves, please.

Take any little English provincial town and society, and current events are about the same as I have hinted here. One circumstance, however, and occur with us, which had a strong and lasting influence upon all those of whom I write. Let me tell it as quietly and as calmly as I may.

You will remember that I said our town was exceptionally situated. Owing to this, the Catholic towns people formed no mean number in the population. So much, indeed, was this the case, that for a long time back the Church of St. Mary's, over which Father Bennett was Rector, had proved all too small. Consequently a new and handsome edifice had for some years been in course of erection. It was now almost finished. Many clever artists had been engaged,—among them, Mr. John Merton from London. He it was who had designed, and in part personally executed the beautiful relief paintings upon the interior of the dome. From the floor of the church, looking up to that immense height, the effect was grand in the extreme.

breathless interest and admiration. Still, as is usual at most gatherings, the irrepressible child must make itself naughty and disagreeable. The offender to-day was one Master Holt, who would persist in attempting to swarm the rope upon which Mr. Merton had gone up. Failing this, he began to push it backwards and forwards in the manner of a swing, which he took care should not fail for want of perfect attention.

But now see the covering is slowly taken from the final painting—a Madonna. Oh! the exquisite cunning of man's art, with such a theme. A rapturous cheer arose. Remember, the place was not yet consecrated. The artist above turned as if to bow his thanks, one little step and—headlong he dashed—the cover still in hand, down, down. Oh, Heaven, the swaying rope! Now may Our Lady guide his warring arms. We yell, we scream. Yes, yes, a touch, a grasp, a heavy thud, it cracks, it strains, but still it holds. We steady it from below, slowly it creeps through its bleeding palms, he touches ground, and then falls fainting in our arms. You blessed, blessed child!

Need I write more. The Light has led us all, yet, as Mrs. Croft has said, though a miracle were wrought. I stand with Merton and his wife in the same old room, Father Bennett is in the garden racing with Master M.

Mrs. Croft is not here. She has gone where the Light has led, where its brightness and glory shall never die. Neither do I doubt that some celestial ray therefrom gladdens, even now, our happy, happy home.—The annual Message of the "Academy."

As I expressed then, in my boyish fashion, "he was a gentleman all round." One young lady certainly shared this opinion—my cousin Alice. You may be sure he had not been long in finishing her,—first, of course, through her father, who, as mayor, had cordially welcomed him and entertained him as a guest; next through the ever powerful sympathy of Art; and next (but a long time after, mind you) through the still stronger prompting of the heart. What a splendid addition he was to our "Evenings at Home," to be sure!

Mrs. Croft absolutely grew young again, and fairly beamed upon him, I write now as the hobbledy-ho I was then,—I can't help it. My uncle seemed to be quite indifferent; the only hint I got as to his view of affairs was, after a vain attempt to draw him into argument, a muttered remark to me, "the fellow's got no religion at all." But I doubted this.

So time passed on, and the early days of June were upon us. Then the trio exchanged the parlor for the summer-house. We had a magnificent garden. There they would sit and talk, and watch the evening shadows close around them. Once, when I was near at hand, repairing a vine which the rain had beaten down, Mrs. Croft was saying: "And so, my dears, I have told you all,—in my case, a peaceful leading towards The Light; in others, a violent arrest—a miracle, like Saul of old. May you, sweet hearts, follow the prompting of the Spirit, and quench it not. Nay, wear these for my sake, at least,—they are blessed and holy, and can and will avert danger from within and from without. And now, children, say good-night, and may Peace be with you until we meet again."

Next day was the great event. The formal uncovering of the completed frescoes in the new church. We had all been looking forward to the occasion,—many of us, I fear, not so much for the love of the beautiful but for the element of danger which seemed to surround the operation. I am no builder, but understand experts to say that the taking down of scaffolding and like structures is more difficult than their erection, especially, as in this case, where sheets and canvas have to be removed at the same time.

For this and many other good reasons Father Bennett had decided to celebrate Mass for all who wished to attend; and chiefly for those Catholic workmen, who had toiled so long and faithfully, and who were now about, humanly speaking, to take their lives in their hands.

The little place was crowded (of course, I speak of the old chapel), and all eyes were turned towards the door, watching for the men who were to arrive in a body. It was well understood that Mr. Merton had resolved to ascend and personally conduct the ceremony, for such in fact it was.

Many, also, were curious to see if he would be present at the service. Mrs. Croft, Alice and myself occupied a seat commanding a good view. Uncle Tobias, he it understood, strictly in his official capacity, stood in the centre aisle. I could not help watching my cousin. If ever I saw a saint on earth, I saw one that day. At last they came: a steady tramp, tramp, mingling with their voices in the chant. They formed a double line, through which Father Bennett, in full canonicals, passed up to the High Altar.

The Deacon, Sub-Deacon and Acolytes were already in their places. The scene was simple yet so touching. God be to our working men! say I. There was a brief silence, during which the choir opened once again. Slowly he, Merton, advanced and took a place next Alice. There standing, all eyes fixed upon him, a glad light shined on his face, he reverently made that sign which pledged him in the sight of God and man a follower of the Christ in Faith.

The service being over, a general move was made to the new building. As the pews were not yet placed, only a limited number of seats were to be had. However, people who had been together kept together as well as they could. Without delay, the men scrambled up the ladders to their various positions, then Merton, only he taking a rope which hung from the top-most scaffold, travelled up hand-over-hand in magnificent style. Then the work began.

The method is almost too technical for me to describe. As fast as he withdrew the canvas from before a painting it was gradually rolled up by two others and then lowered to the ground by means of a cord. Then Merton would advance to the next. Meantime another gang busily destroyed the platform upon which he had so lately stood, leaving nothing but bare poles to be demolished later on from the ground.

Thus, we see, they were slowly working around the dome, the scaffolding disappearing in their wake. At length all was done but the last. With the diminishing foothold, the men had, one by one, gone down, until Merton was left alone upon a little perch but a few feet square.

Meantime we below had watched with

and have a large Spanish comb for a background. The bow knot arranged for a low coiffure shows the two loops pinned close to the head just above the centre in the back. The ends of the bow are coiled together, terminating at the neck in two ringlets. This is an extremely novel and very popular arrangement.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT. A MINER'S LUCK-PENNY.

It is Saturday night on an Australian gold field. The bar of the "Jolly Diggers" is crowded.

News has gone abroad that "Dog" Kellarey has broken out again, and as he always takes care to have his little boots remembered a crowd soon collects.

On this particular Saturday he has set himself to try conclusions with "Kangaroo Jack" of the Midas Claim. It is a gorgeous struggle—even old "Wall-Eyed Bill," who is exacting in such matters, is compelled to admit that. They fight anyhow and everywhere, under tables and under chairs—while the lamps flare, the dogs bark and the crowd expresses its admiration in language full of picturesque detail.

Then when "Dog" Kellarey counts his broken finger every one suddenly remembers the unguarded state of his tank and vanishes into the darkness, not to reappear until the sound of the coach-horn is heard on Portage Hill.

The arrival of the weekly coach, bearing Her Majesty's mails, is an occasion of great importance, and ranks even before New Finds or Warden's decisions.

About eleven o'clock the coach creaks and groans up the steep, to pull up before the flaming lights of the "Jolly Diggers." It is a curious, lumbering old construction, riding on leather springs and drawn by five strong horses—a sort of badly brought-up cross between an antique mourning coach and a dilapidated Indian gharry.

The driver, to whom is intrusted the lives and hereafter of the half-dozen passengers, travels the two hundred and forty miles between the gold fields and civilization twice weekly, and is always preternaturally thirsty. Custom, however, forbids his leaving the box before he has seen his horses unharnessed and led away, and exchanged the usual pleasantries with his own particular admirers. When in due time he does descend, passengers, diggers, loafers and dogs escort him into the hotel, and in an hour the excitement is over.

On this occasion, however, it is destined to last longer. "Dog" Kellarey, advancing, invites the driver to take some refreshment.

After complying with the request, that individual gets out to the vehicle, to return with a bundle. Then, unwrapping the shawls, he places on the table a baby girl. She cannot be more than two years old, and is fast asleep, her little head on its pretty curls piled up on one tiny arm.

Every one presses round to look, with the exception of "Dog" Kellarey, who has no curiosity in the matter of babies. Then questions pour in thick and fast: "Whose is it?" "Whose's you get the kiddie, mate?" "Whose's youngster is it, Bill?" etc.

Any other man would be bewildered—not so Bill Burns. He says slowly and solemnly, as if aware of his own importance, "For 'Dog' Kellarey?" "What?" "Oh, that's the name of the kid's mother." "That's a lie, you Bill! Who says the kid's for me?"

"I do," replies the driver. "Poll Waites, of Wild Dog, showed it aboard, along with its duds, for yer. The little 'un's father jugged out on Saturday—'Flash Dick' of Wild Dog Creek. 'Is it's words was, 'Send the kid to my old mate, 'Dog' Kellarey; an' so I fetched it along, and the passengers made up the fare among 'em, so there's nothin' to pay—here!"

"Old Dick jugged out?" the "Dog" mumbles slowly—"old Dick jugged out," an' sent 'is kid to me?" The crowd is so tickled with the idea that it ventures upon a laugh.

The laugh deceives him, and stepping up alongside the sleeping child, he snugs out. "The kid's mine, an' the man's laughs agin'er laughs agin'er me. Now let's see 'im as is game to grin!" He has evidently gone home, for no one answers.

Sunday morning, and "Dog" Kellarey's claim is the centre of attraction. The arrival of the precious night jugs harm to her from his crowd of visitors, carefully defines his boundary, and threatens dire penalties on the head of any man who crosses it.

News, news—great and glorious news! News which runs like wildfire through the field, which flies from tent to tent—from the police cells on the Hill to Dutch Joe's across the flat, past the Eureka, down to the Day-dawn—never stopping until everyone has heard it.

"Dog" Kellarey's proverbial bad luck has turned at last—he has got tomed on the lead, the new claim has turned up trumps with vengeance!

If it full of gold—specks, specimens and nuggets. Not nuggets as small as peas, but large as tennies. Not here and there, but in a big way. Lead, lead, every drive of the pick.

The Luck-penny, who has been sleeping in the shadow of the tent, watches and chuckles at a piece of glittering mica. In his excitement the "Dog" sings out: "Boys! 'tis 'as 'as don't it; there's the lass that brought me luck!"

Three P.M. More excitement! A nugget weighing fifty pounds! The monster of the field, a wonder of the country, and a fortune to the finder.

Picks and shovels are thrown down, the roar of cradles and sluice-boxes stops as if by magic, and the excited crowd starts at a run for the claim.

On their arrival "Dog" Kellarey says nothing, but for the second time he carefully points out his boundary. He places his revolver on the cradle, ready to his hand, and, bless you! the crowd understands what he means by that.

The Luck penny sucks her thumbs and crows contentedly; womanlike, she knows she is the centre of attraction.

When the last visitor has departed the "Dog" picks her up and says emphatically:

"Kinchin! It's you as brought the luck to the old man. Now, look here, three parts of that claim belong to you, it does!" And he meant it.

A TRICK FOR THE BOYS.

Place a chair on the ground so that the front shall rest on the floor, the back and the two hind legs being in the same horizontal plane.

Invite some person to kneel on the rail which crosses between the two hind legs, and while in that position to pick up with his mouth a lump of sugar resting on the back of the upper rail.

The thing at first seems a very easy matter, but if the person who tries the experiment is not careful to bend his knees and draw his body well back so that his center of gravity shall remain in rear of the seat of the chair, it will inevitably tip forward and the victim, like a modern Tantalus, will see the sugar shoot away from him at the very moment when he thinks he has secured it.

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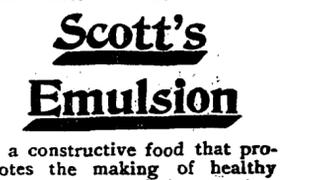
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Weak Women and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.



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It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most and is tried. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality.

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie. I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot soothly praise than highly the merits of this excellent preparation. Since using the same, the hair preserves its original color and its natural growth, and is rendered glossy and healthy. What pleases me now is that Robson's is a smooth, odourless substance, perfectly adapted to impart nourishment to the hair, preserving its vigor, and stimulating its growth. In fact, it is a most valuable preparation, and I advise all persons to use it. I therefore, and I strongly recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons who have thinning hair, or who are desirous of preserving the natural color of their hair.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois. I know several persons who have the same years as I, and Robson's Hair Restorer and are very well satisfied with this preparation, which preserves the original color of the hair, and is very healthy and refreshing to the scalp, and stimulates its growth. In fact, it is a most valuable preparation, and I advise all persons to use it. I therefore, and I strongly recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons who have thinning hair, or who are desirous of preserving the natural color of their hair.

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