There Comes a Time.

There comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slope gradual and the night winds cold
Come whispering, and as d chillingly:
And locks are gray
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves, all weary, drift away,
And lype of fadded coral say
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when jayous hearts,
Which is speat as it speat the saughing main.
Are dead to all save memory.
As prisoner to his dutgeon chain,
And dawn of day.
Hath passed away.
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers, wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say.
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prints arrouded in the mist of years,
And pesuty, fading like a dream,
Hatn passed away in silent tears;
And then how dark,
But, oh! the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold
Bitli burns with clear and steady ray,
and fond affections, lingering, say.
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring And golden Summer cease to be, And we put on the Autumn robe
To tread the last declivity;
But now the slope
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold—
An there dawn with fairer light,
While watchers whisper through the night.
There comes a time when we grow old.

—F. B. Plimpton.

## MOONDYNE.

BOOK FIFTH. THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

IV.

THE MEETING.

With the first warm flash of morping With the first warm flush of morning Alice was away on her favorite lonely walk by the river. The day opened, like almost all days in Western Australis, with a glorious richness of light, color, and life. The grand shadowy stretches in the bush were neither silent nor humid, as in tropical countries. Every inch of ground article the interfere avoiding the hough sent up its jet of color, exquisite though scentless; and all the earth nummed with insect life, while the trees flashed with the splendid colors of countless bright-necked

Alice breathed in the wondrous beauty of her surroundings. Her heart, so long unresponsive, had burst into full harmony with the generous nature of the Australian

Down by the river, where the spread-Down by the river, where the spreading manogany trees reached far over the water, she loved to walk in the early morning and at the close of the day. Thither she went this morning; and an hour later some one followed her steps, directed where to find her by Mrs. Little. That morning, as she left the house, Mrs. Little had told her that Mr. Sheridan was to call early and her that Mr. Sheridan

was to call early, and had asked to see

"I shall be home very soon," Alice said,

as she went out. But she did not return soon : and when Mr. Sheridan called, much earlier than he was expected, Mrs. Little told him where Miss Walmsley usually spent her morn-ings, and he, leaving his horse in the stable, walked down through the bush

toward the river.

The shadows and the flowers and the bright-winged birds were as beautiful as an hour before, but Will Sheridan, though he loved nature, saw none of them. He walked rapidly at first, then he slackened his pace, and broke off a branch here and are as he passed, and threw it away stood and looked this way and that for Alice, all the determination with which he had set out had disappeared.

But Alice was not in sight. He walked along by the river bank, and in a few minutes he saw her coming toward him beneath the trees.

He stood still, and walted for her. She

river, to cross the bush toward the house. She had not seen him, and in a minute she would be out of sight. Sheridan took was unsadding the horse.

"Was Mr. Sheridan alone when he is the was the was unsadding the horse."

"Was Mr. Sheridan alone when he is the was unsadding the horse."

She turned and saw him standing, with an eager face, his hands reached out toward he. Every premeditated word was forgotten. She gave one look at the face, so little changed,—she felt the deep emotion in voice and act and feature, and her heart responded impulsively and imperatively. She only spoke one word.
"Will!"

He came forward, his eyes on hers, and the eyes of both were brimming. Without a word they met. Alice put out both hands, and he took them, and held them, and after a while he raised them one after the other to his lips, and kissed them. Then they turned towards the house and walked on together in silence. Their hearts were too full for words. They understood without speech. Their sympathy was so deep and unutterable that it verged on to the bounds of pain. On the verandah Alice turned to him

with the same full look she had given him at first, only it was clear as a morning sky, and with it she gave him her hand. Sherdian looked into the cloudless depths of her eyes, as if searching for the word that only reached his senses through the warm pressure of her hand.

It was a silent meeting and parting, but it was completely eloquent and decisive. They had said all that each longed for, in the exquisite language of the soul. As the exquisite language of the soul. As Sheridan was departing he turned once

more to Alice. "I shall come here this evening."
She only smiled, and he went away with

a satisfied heart.

But, in his wide.

of criminals, Mr. Wyville had never mesone who was wholly bad; he had discovered, under the most unsightly and inharmoning in the end, conquered.

But the man had suffered weefully in the struggle. The lines on his bronzad war inc. he under the most unsightly and inharmonious natures, some secret chord that, when once struck, brought the heart up to the struggle. The lines on his bronzed tone of human kindness. This chord he had sought for in Drsper. He had hoped to the convict square, and atood before him; the cher five were on the road-parties the struggle. The lines on his bronzed to the convict square, and atood before him; the cher five were on the road-parties the convict square, and atood before him; the cher five were on the road-parties of the convict square, and atood before him; the cher five were on the road-parties of the struck, brought the beart up to the struck, brought the heart up to the struck, brought the struggle. The lines on his bronzed to the convict square, and atood before him; the cher five were on the road-parties vice were many who watched this result with satisfied eyes—croakers, who always predict defect, and a few envious and dis-

that in the day of humiliation his heart would return to her he had so cruelly

wronged. There was only one step more to be taken—to release Harriet, and, if she would, let her seek her busband and

appeal once more to bis humanity.
On this day, Mr. Wyville intended to
issue a pardon to Harriet Draper. The
Government had awarded to Alice Government had awarded to Alice Walmsley, as some form of recompense for her unjust suffering, a considerable sum of money; and this money Mr. Wyville held, at Alice's request, for the benefit of Harriet.

Arrived at Fremantle, he proceeded to

the prison, and signed the official papers necessary for the release. The money was made payable to Harriet at the bank was made payable to Harriet at the bank
of Fremantle. He did not see her him
self, but he took the means of letting her
know the residence of her husband; and
he also provided that Draper should be
informed of her release.
He watched her from his office window

she was led to the prison gate. And as she took the pardon in her hand, and turned toward the outer world in a bewil-dered way, the utter misery and loneli-ness of the woman smote Mr. Wyville's

"God help her !" he murmured ; "ah

has no place to go but to him."

This done, Mr. Wgville set his mind toward Perth, where, on his return that day, he was to enter on another set of day, he was to enter on another rect of even deeper personal importance. Some-how, his heart was heavy as he walked from the prison, thinking of the next few hours. He had been more deeply impressed than be thought, perhaps, by the wretched fate of the poor woman he had inst released. At the stable where bis horses were put

np, he found Officer Lodge, who, with Ngarra jil, he sent on to Perth in a light carriage before him. He followed on carriage before him. He followed on horseback. As he rode through the town, horsesack. In the portice sat a woman on a bench, with her head bent low on her hands. He was startled by the attitude; it recalled to his mind the figure of the unhappy Harriet, as he had seen her in the lock-up of Walton le Dale. Something induced him to look at the

woman a second time. As he did so she raised her face, and smiled at a man who came quickly out of the Bank, pressing something like a heavy pocket-book into the man was Draper, who had just drawn her money from the Bank.

Mr. Wyville was in no mood to ride

swiftly, so he let his horse choose its own pace. When about half way to Perth, however, he broke into a canter, and srrived shortly after the trap containing Ben Lodge and his native servant.

Mr. Wyville had not occupied the eral; but had kept his quarters at the hotel, a very comfortable establishment. As he dismounted in the yard, Ben Lodge held his horse, and seemed in garrulous

humor. "Mr. Sheridan were here, sir," said Ben, "and he asked after you. He said he were going to Mr. Little's to night, and he

hoped to see you there."

Mr. Wyville nodded to Beu, and was going toward the house; but Officer Lodge looked at him with a knowing look in his simple face, as if enjoying some secret

"He's found her at last, sir," he said. Mr. Wyvilie could only smile at the remark, which he did not at all compre-

"He were always fond of her. I've known him since he were a boy."
Still Mr. Wyville did not speak; but he seemed interested, and he ceased to smile,

seemed interested, and he ceased to smile. Old Ben saw that he might continue.

"I thought at one time that they'd be married. It's years ago; but I see them as plain as if it were yesterday. He were a handeome fellow when he came home from sea—just like his father, old Captain Sheridan—I knew him well, too,— and just to think!"

just to think!"

Here old Ben stopped, and led the horse toward the stable, satisfied with his walked rapidly. When within ten yards of where he stood she turned from the large to areas the bush toward the house.

"Was Mr. Sheridan alone when he started for Mr. Little's ?" he asked.
"Yessir, he were alone." Then Ben added with a repetition of the knowing look: "Happen, he don't want no company, sir; he never did when he were a boy, when she was 'round."

Mr. Wyville looked at Ben Lodge in anche way that the old man would have

such a way that the old man would have been frightened had he raised his head There was a sternness of brow rarely seen

on the calm, strong face; and there was a light almost of terror in the eye.

"He were very fond of Alice, sure-ly," taid the old fellow, as he went on with his work; "and I do believe he's just as fond of her to day."

of her to-day."

"Do you tell me," said Mr. Wyville, slowly, "that Mr. Sheridan knew Miss Walmsley, very intimately, in Walton le-Dale, years ago?"

"O, yeselr; they was very hintimate, no doubt; and they were going to be married, folk said, when that preclous record Drange hinterfored. They are to rascal Draper hinterfered. They say in Walton to this day that he turned her

head by lies against the man she loved.' Ben Lodge carried the saddle to another part of the yard. Had he looked round he would have seen Mr. Wyville leaning against the stall, his face changed by mental suffering almost past recognition. a minute, when the old man returned, Mr. Wyviile passed him in silence, and

entered the hotel. The door of his room was locked for hours that day, and he sat beside his desk, sometimes with his head erect, and a blank suffering look in his eyes, and some times with his face buried in his hands. a satisfied heart.

On that morning Mr. Wyville had started early for Fremantle, his mind revolving two important steps which he meant to take that day. Since the arrival of the ship he had been disquieted by the presence of Draper in the colony. He questioned his own wisdom in bringing him there when he might have let him go.

But, in his wide experience of men, and of criminals. Mr. Wyville had never met the strong will resisted, wrestled, refused paths of sweet delusion which had orought so great and new a joy to his soul. But the strong will resisted, wrestled, refused to listen to the heart's cry of pain—and,

rose from his seat and looked outward and upward at the beautiful deep sky. His lits moved as he looked, repeating the bitter words that were becoming awast to his heart.—"Thy will be done!"

Two hours later, when the glory of the sunset had departed, and the white moon was reflected in the mirror like Sann

was reflected in the mirror-like Swan Will Sheridan and Alice stood beside the river. With one hand he held one of hers and the other arm was around her. He was looking down into her eyes, that were as deep and calm as the river.

"It has been so always, dear," he said tenderly. "I have never lost my love for one day."

one day."

She only pressed closer to him, still looking up, but the tears filled her eyes.
"My sorrow, then, was not equal to yours," she said.

yours," she said.

"Darling, speak no more of sorrow," he answered; "it shall be the background of our happiness, making every line the clearer. I only wish to know that you love me as I love you."

Their line met in a kine of invenessible.

Their lips met in a kles of inexpressible sweetness and unity—in a joy so perfect that the past trembled out of sight and

that the past trembled out of sight and disspeared for ever.

While yet they stood beside the river, they heard a footstep near them. Altee started with alarm, and drew closer to her protector. Next moment, Mr. Wyville stood beside them, his face strangely lighted up by the mooblight. He was silent a moment. Then Sheridan, in his happiness, stretched out bis band as to a close friend, and the other took it. A moment after, he took Altee's hand, and stood holding both.

"God send happiness to you!" he said, his voice very low and deeply earnest. "Your past sorrow will bring a golden harvest. Believe me, I am very happy in your happiness."

in your happiness."

They did not answer in words; but the truth of his friendship was clearer to their hearts than the bright moon to their eyes.

He joined the hands he held, and, without speaking further, left them together by

v.

MR. WYVILLE FACES A STORM.

In the peaceful water of Fremantle parbor, Mr. Wyville's yacht had lain at anchor for several months. On her return from Adelaide with Mr. Sheridan she had taken on board a cargo, contained in large cases and swathings, which had arrived from Europe some time before. She also took on board many persons of both sexes, mostly mechanics and laborers with their families; and among the crowd, but with airs of trust and supervision, as caretakers or stewards, were Mr. Haggett and Officer Lodge. Their friend Ngarra-jil had come on board to bid them good by, and as he strode about the deck, naked, except his fur boks, hanging from the shoulder, and carrying two long spears in his hand, he seemed a strange acqu

in his hand, he seemed a strange acquaintance for two persons so prosaic as Mr.
Haggett and Ben Lodge.

This thought, indeed, occurred to both
of them with renewed strength that day;
and it was emphasized by the remark of
one of the mechanics,—

"That black fellow seems to know you

putty well;" addressed to Ben Lodge.
"Yes," eald Ben, with heeltation, and a glance of doubt at Ngarra jil; "we knew him in England. He were dressed fine

"Well," sald the good-natured mechanic, "he's the same men still as he war theer. 'Tien't clothes as we ought to vally our friends.

Th's remark brightened Officer Lodge's The remark originate of Olimeer Looge's face, and his heistating manner toward his wild friend vanished. When the anchor was weighed, and the last victor had jumped on the barges to go ashore, there were no warmer farewells spoken than those of Mr. Haggett and Ban Lodge to Nears ill.

to Ngarra jil. That evening, at Mr. Little's pleasant dinner table, Mrs. L'ttle spoke to Mr. Wyville about the destination of the

wystile about the destination of the passengers.

"They are going to settle in the Vasse district," he said; "they have purchased homesteads there."

"You have built extensively on your own land there, I believe," said Mr. Little.

A shadow, scarcely perceptible, filtted over Mr. Wyville's face; but his voice had its accustomed tone as he answered. "Yes : I have worked out an old fancy as to the site and plan of a dwelling-house. But the building was not for my-self. Mr. Sheridan has bought the place

from me.' "Bless me !" sald Mrs. Little, in a dis appointed tone; "after sending scores of workmen and gardeners from Europe, and spending four years and heaps of money to make a lovely place, to go and sell it all, just when it was finished! I'm sure Mr. Sheridan might go and make some other place beautiful. It It

really is too provoking."
"Mrs. Little," said Ha said Hamerton, adroitly taking the good lady's attention from a subject which she was in danger of pursuing, "will you not direct me to some sand that is capable of beauty and hungry for improvement? I, too, am hunting

The lure was quite successful. Mrs. Little ran over in ner mind all the pretty places she knew in the Colony, and in structed Mr. Hamerton with much par-

ticularity and patience.

The further conversation of the even ing touched no matter of importance to the persons present.

After some weeks the steamer returned After some weeks the steamer returned to Fremantle, and lay at anchor for several months, except some pleasure-trips round the adjacent coast, arranged by Mr. Little, and taking in many of the ladies of the Colony.

Mr. Wyville was engaged every day in directing the operation of the new and humane law he had brought to the Colony. At first it seemed as if it must

colony. At first, it seemed as if it must end in failure. Its worst enemies were those it proposed to serve. The convicts, as soon as they found the old rigor re-laxed, and a word take the place of a blow; when they saw offences that used to earn five years in chains, punished by five minutes of repreach from a superintend. ent, or, at worst, by a red stripe on the aleeve—when first they saw this, they took advantage of it, and shamefully abused

of the new system held their breath in fear of something disastrous.

But through the gloom, there was one steadfast and reliant heart and band. He who had planned the system had faith in He knew what its foundations were When even the brave qualled, he still smiled; and though his face grew thin

smiled; and though his face grew thin with anxious application, there was never a quiver of weakness or hesitation in it. His near friends watched him with tender, sometimes with terrified interest. But, as the storm thickened, they spoke to him less and less of the danger, until at last they cessed to speak at all. They only looked on him with respect and love, and did his few behests without a word. Mr. Wyville knew that he was trying no experiment, though he was doing what

no experiment, though he was doing what had never been done before. It was not experimental, because it was demon-strable. He had not based his system on theory or whim, but on the radical prin ciples of humanity; and he was sure of the result. All he wanted was time, to let the result. All he wanted was time, to let the seething settle. Those who doubted, were doubting something as inexorably true as a mathematical axiom. His ship was in the midst of a cyclone; but the hard on the tiller was as true as the very compass itself, for it obeyed as rigidly a

natural law,
One flash of passion only did the tempest strike from him. On the great parade ground of the prison at Fremantie, parade ground of the prison at Fremantie, one day, a thousand convicts stood in line, charged with grossly breaking the new law. On their flank was unitubered a battery of artillery; and in their rear was a line of soldiers with fixed bayonets and convict officers, and in the centre of the line, within hearing of the convicts, the malcontents had gathered, and were openly denouncing the law as a failure, and declaring that the Colony was in danger. Among them, loud in his dissent, stood an officer with a broad gold band on his cap—the deputy superintendent of the prison.

Mr. Wyville had ridden hard from Perth, whence he had been summoned by a courier with a highly colored report.

weeks. But he knew that the turning-point had come. Six months of the new system had passed. During that time there had only been a moral restraint on the convict—henceforth, there would be a personal and selfish one. From this day the convicts would begin to receive reward for good conduct, as

His face was deeply lined and care-worn

for he had scarcely slept an hour a day for

weeks. But he knew that the turning

well as reproach for bad.

A hundred yards behind Mr. Wyville, rode silently the two men who loved him best — Hamerton and Sheridan. They had seen him etart, had questioned the courier, and discovered the cause. Thrust-ing their revolvers into their holsters, they had followed him in silence.

Mr. Wyville checked his steaming horse as he drew near the prison. He rode up to the gate, and entered the yard calmly, but with such a bearing, even imparted to the horse, as made every man feel that he

was full of power.

As he approached, there was deep silence for half a minute. Then, his ear caught the sound of a murmur in the central group of officers. He reined his horse at fill, and regarded them with flaming eyes.

There was no sound for a moment : then there was a whisper; and then the deputy with the gold band walked to the front, and, without salute or preface,

The warders cannot control the men by your new rules. The colony is in a state of mutiny." There ran a sound, like a terrible growl.

alone the line of a thousand convicts.

Mr. Wyville dismounted. His horse stood unattended. Sheridan and Hamerton closed up, their hands quietly on their holster pipes.

s a moment of awful responsibility; the lives of thousands were in the balance. One weak or false step, and the yell of blind revolt would split the air, to be followed by the crash of artillery, and will come upon the bread-winner, and

the shricks of a wild tumult.
Two revolts stood in Mr. Wyville's presence-the warders' and the convicts'. Toward which side lay the dangerous

There was no indecision-not a moment There was no indecision—not a moment of delay in his action. With a few rapid strides he was close to the mutinous deputy, had plucked the conspicuous cap from his head, rent off its beight gold band, flung it on the earth, and put his foot on it. The next instant his hand had torn the insignia of rank from his collar, unbuckled his belt, and thrown his sword on the ground. Then, with a voice that rang like a trumpet through the prison yard, he called to the military officer for

a file of men, with irons. The leader of the warders had never moved—but he had grown pale. He had expected a parley, at least, perhaps, a sur render of the Comptroller's plan. But he was dealing with one who was more than a man, who was at that moment an em-bodied principle.

In a few moments the degraded and

dumfounded deputy was in irons, with a soldier at each shoulder. "Take him to the cells!" said Mr. Wyville. His stern order reached every ear in the ward. Then he addressed the

"Limber up those guns, and march
your riflemen to their quarters!"
In two minutes there was not a soldier

nor a gun in sight.

"The warders will bring their prisoners into square, to listen to the first haif yearly report of the Penal Lvw."

Rapidly and silently, with faces of understanding the second of the penal statement of the penal second of the

certainty, the movement was performed and the thousand convicts stood in solid

and the thousand convicts stood in solid mass before the austere Comptroller-General, who had mounted his horse, and looked down on them, holding in his hand the report. There was a profound slience.

Mr. Wyville read from the paper, in a rapid but clear voice, the names of twelve men, and ordered them to step to the front, if present. Seven men walked from the convict square, and stood before him; the other five were on the road-parties

appointed ones, who had lost some selfish chance by the change.

At last it came to such a condition—the reports from the outlying districts were so alarming, and the croakers and mizchief-makers became so bold in their criticism—that even the warmest friends of the new asstem had their hope that over the warmest friends.

Then seven men, wide eyed, unable to of the new asstem had their hope that over the warmest friends.

real'ze the news, almost tottered toward the barrier. The eyes of their fellows in the quare followed them in a deze till they disappeared through the outer gate.
There was a sound from the square, like

a deep breath, following by a slight shuf fling of feet. Then again there was absolute stillness, every eye intently fixed on

Again he read a list of names, and a number of men came quickly to the front and stood in line. The new law had awarded to these a certain considerable remission, which sounded to their ears like the very promise of freedom.
Still the lists were read, and still the re

missions were conferred. When the report was ended, seven men had been released, and sixty-seven out of the thousand present, all of whom had that morning threatened mutiny, had received released. wards striking away years of their punish. ment.
"Men! we have heard the last sound of

mutiny in the Colony."

Mr. Wyville's voice thrilled the convicte like deep sounded music: they looked at bim with awe struck face. Every heart was filled with the conviction that he was their friend; that it was well to listen to him and obey him. "From this day, every man is earning

his freedom, and an interest in this Colony. Your rights are written down, and you shall know them. You must regard the rights of others as yours shall be regarded. This law trusts to your man-hood, and offers you a reward for your labor; let every man be heedful that it is not disgraced nor weakened by unmanly conduct. See to it, each for himself, and each helping his feliow, that you return a speedily as you may to the freedom and independence which this Colony offers

you."
Turning to the warders, he gave a brief order to march the men to their work and, turning his horse, rode slowly from the prison.

From the hour, as sometimes a tempes dies after one tremendous blast, the uproar against the new law was silent. As swiftly couriers could carry the new, the sten in the prison yard was described to every road party in the Colony.

Among the warders, opposition disap-

peared the moment the gold band of the deputy's cap was seen under the Comp troller's foot. Among the convicts, dis order hid its wild head as soon as they realized that the blind system of work without reward had been replaced by one that made every day count for a hope not only of liberty, but independence. In a word, from that day the Colony

ceased to be stagnant, and began to pro TO BE CONTINUED.

WHY POVERTY EXISTS.

Cardinal Gibbons, in North American Re-

Mr. Carnegie boldly asserts the proba-Mr. Carnegie boldly asserts the probability that nineteen-twentieths of the so-called charity of to day is unwisely spent—"so spent, indeed, as to produce the very evits which it proposes to mitigate or cure." Surely this is a statement which he will upon fuller experience and reflection cheerfully retract. No matter what efforts may be made by philarthropiats and social economists for the removal of poverty we must make up our minds that poverty we must make up our minds that poverty in one shape or another will al-ways exist among us. The words of Christ will be ever verified—"The poor ye have always with you." As well attempt to legislate vice out of existence as to legislagislate vice out of existence as to legis-late poverty and suffering out of the world; to London is the richest city in the world; it is also the poorest. Berlin, with a popula-tion of a million and a half, has 200 000 living from hand to mouth and verging on destitution. It is in accordance with the economy of Divine Providence that men should exist in unequal conditions in society, in order to exercise benevolent virtues. Moreover, sickness and death will come upon the bread-winner, and wife and child have their whole support suddenly snatched away. Disasters like those of Johnstone and the recent shock-ing losses of life in Pennsylvania mines will leave hundreds of widows orphans no alternative but charity.

Those familiar with the daily lives and sentiments of the laboring classes know what a stumbling block to their faith is plous penuriousness, the charity that be-gins and erds at home. They cannot reconcile godliness and greed. For most other forms of human weakness there is tolerance, even at times compassion ; but for the man who acknowledge mon fatherhood and brotherhood, with his mind tightly closed upon his purse-strings, there is a fierce contempt, "curses not loud but deep." It may safely be not loud but deep." It may safely be affirmed that one sanctimonious miserly millionaire in a community works more deadly harm to Christianity than a d a zn isolated cases of burglary or drunkenness. In Europe, we are told by competent authorities, the desperation of the poor is fast driving men into atheism. My distinguished towarman Professor File in a more professor. guished townsman, Professor Elv. in a most uggestive lecture, inquires into the alien ation of wage-workers from Christianity, proving that in most denominations such alienation undoubtedly exists.

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sait rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. feeling, and building up the whole system Thousands testify to the superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. Full infor-mation and statements of cures sent free.

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A PRIEST FROM THE SIBERIA

From the Sun.

One of the inmates of Mt. Hope treat is Father Anatolus, a priest of Catholic Church. His life has been markable for the suffering he has endur For twenty years he was an exile Siberia. Father Anatolus was admit to Mt. Hope near the close of the young markable with his nearest just passed, with his nervous sys greatly shattered. The resident physic Dr. Charles G Hill, and others are un the impression that his critical illness the result of the barbarous treatmen received at the hands of the Rus at Mt. Hope no one was acquainted this history. He had been in an institu his history. He had been in an institu near Philadelphia, where his name the fact that he was a priest was covered by another priest who atter to the spiritual needs of those at the i tution, and through his efforts Fa Under the care of the resident phys and the good Sisters of Charity in ch. Father Anatalous is gaining health rap and his complete recovery is expecte a very short time. During the past weeks he has taken strolls around grounds, sometimes alone and at cities accompanied by a priest. In short walks he has told some of the dents of his career. He was at first inclined to talk of his troubles, fer that if too much publicity were giv them his return to Russia might be lowed with serious consequences, althebe had served out his sentence and obtained his passports from the goment when he left for this count year and a half sgo. Father Anato a Pole, and as there is no one at Mt. who understands the Poltsh tongu

told his story to a priest in Latin. ZEAL FOR HIS COUNTRY

This in substance is his parre "When the Pollsh insurrection broke in 1863 I had not long been ordat priest. The down-trodden conditi priest. The nown-trouden country and of the people was at that I proclaimed my indignation the pulpit and with my pen. I same the newly-promulgated laws of Pole processing the new pole pro which ten million men were declare In the old regime the land owners sell lands with the inhabitants there as they would sell cattle. This ab able trade was revoked, and, by the impulse, the land-owners agreed new order of things. THE SENTENCE PRONOUNCED.

"For my zeal in this uprising selzed by the Russian authorities, by a military court and condem death. In the province of Volbyni death. In the province of Volvan kept me a prisoner from 1863 to when the revolution had been stan The Emperor Alexander II. mitigatentence, and the police were ordered me to Siberia for twenty year JUNEVING TO SIBERIA. "In the prison with me was

priest, who, like myself, was a men the Order of St. Francis. Our r habits were torn from our persons, December 2, 1865, we started for December 2, 1865, we started for with other prisoners, accompant twenty armed men on foot and two horseback. The journey occupilyear and a haif. How many not arreled I do not know. Most distance we were obliged to wal were allowed a certain sum pamounting to three cents in the States, for food, drink and cloth different occasions the money give to the leaders of the party to simp to the leaders of the party to simp drink of water was kept and water As we were obliged when in it travel on foot, some of the wealth oners pleaded for a conveyance, 1000 roubles. Two thousand manded, and as this amount obtainable we were denied the

CRIMINALS FOR COMPANION

"Myself and brother priest
allowed to converse with the of
oners. If this privilege had been it would have been comforting There was nothing else to do but To add to our effliction at Kieff and for six months we had them panions. Hardly any time was rest. I have often slept in the on the snow. The loss of slee constant trudging caused my hea My eyes became inflamed, and s a spell of sickness. In about o

BICK UNTO DEATH. "On an average we walked t day. In my distress at what I h endured and what was to come my hour for death had arrived I could bear up no longer. second time with a fever. To misery ten carbuncies, each as fist, appeared on my body. I in a hospital, and though the ordered that I should remain officers would not allow it. was taken out and put in Sometimes we traveled night ar for one month no stop was ma I recovered from my second the carbuncies had gone I was of the wagon and forced to wa AT THE SILVER MINI

"One year and a half atter we arrived at the silver mines of mountains in Hastern believe the mountains have n never heard a name, at least. contained silver in small qui were worked in the crude

EXILED PRIESTS AND BI "When we arrived there wone hundred and sixty two preceded us and had been con we were, to work in chains years. One thousand priests about the same time that I was a constant and the same time that I was a about the same time tant I wand nearly all, I think, were to hard labor in different par Five Bishops were also ban same wild country, but were to labor. One of them was of the diocese in which I wan Siberla naver expected. ern Siberia never expected.

The sentence was consider death. During the four years. in chains twenty priests ou hundred and sixty four di deaths were caused by the w cal assistance, but most of th result of beatings and blows