[James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, was recently asked to name his favorite poem, and responded by giving the following bit of fugitive verse, written many years ago and the author of which is unknown.]

ago and the author of which is darkown.
He'd nothing but his violit.
I'd nothing but his violit.
I'd nothing but his soig.
But we were wed when saics were blue
And summer days were long.
And when we resited by the hedge
The robin came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or siept enong the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came cut to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love a nig.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one—
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For hoases and for kine,
Till youth a sweet apring grows brown and
sere

sere
And love and besutv tins,
Will never know the Joys of hearts
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

— Urbanna, G., Journal.

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FIFTH. THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE.

> BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. II.

SOONER OR LATER A MAN MUST FACE HIS SINS.

The inn where Draper had taken u his residence, known as "The Red Hand, was one of the common taveins of the country, the customers of which were almost entirely of the boad class, ticket of leave men, working as teamsters or wood cutters, with a slight sprinkling of the lowest type of free settler. The main purpose of every man who frequented the place was to drink strong liquor, mostly gin and brandy. The house existed only gin and brandy. The house existed only for this, though its sign ran: "Good Vic tuals and Deink for Man and Beast." But whatever food was eaten or sleep taken there was simply a means toward longer and deeper drinking.

Coampague, too, was by no means un-nown. Indeed, it was known to have known. been swilled from stable buckets, free to all comers to the house. This was when a crowd of sandlewood-cutters or mahog any sawyers had come in from the bush to draw their money for a year, or per haps two or three years' work. These rough fellows, released from the loneliness of the forest, their pockets crammed with money, rau riot in their rude but

generous prodigality.

There was no other way to have a wild time. In a free country, men who have honest money and want to spend it may do as they please. But, in Western Australia, the free-handed, and, for the time, was the free handed and for the time, the free handed and for the free handed and wealthy ticket of leave man, can only drink and treat with drink, taking care that neither he nor his companions are noisy or violent or otherwise estentatious. The first sign of disturbance is terribly

checked by the police.

Draper's introduction to this strange company was most favorable to him. He was known to be the captain of the convict ship; and every frequenter of "The Red Hand" was ready to treat alm with respect. This is one of the unexpected purities of convict life: it never loses its respect for honor and honesty.

But Draper had no power to keep this

respect. In the first place, he did not believe in its existence—he was too shal-low and mean of nature to think that these rugged fellows were other than vicious ity. He felt a sense of relief as soon as he found himself among them, as if he had at last escaped from the necessity of keeping a pretence of honesty or any other

Acting under this conviction, Draper let He did not drink very deeply, because he was not able; but he talked endlessly. He joined group after group of carousing wood-cutters, keeping up a after a few days' experience, the roughest convictions in the place looked at him with disappointment and aversion.

Then a rumor crept to the inn, a story that was left behind by the sailors of th Houguemont, of Harriet's confession on board ship, exposing the heartless villainy of Draper. When this news became curof Draper. When this news became current at the inn, the ticket of leave men regarded Draper with stern faces, and no man spoke to him or drank with him.

One evening he approached a group of familiar loungers, making some ingratia-tory remark. No one answered, but all tory remark. ersation cessed, the men sitting in grim stlence over their glasses.

"Why, mates, you're Quakers," said Draper, rallying them.
"We're no mates of yours," growled a big fellow with a mahogany face.
"And we don't want to be," said a

slighter and younger man, with pronounced emphasis.
"Why, what's the matter?" asked

Draper, in a surprised and injured tone. "Have I done anything to offend you fellows? Have I unconsciously said some. thing to hurt your feelings by alluding to "Shut up, you miserable rat," cried one

of the convicts, starting to his feet indig-nantly; "you couldn't hurt our feelings by any of your eneaking allusions. We're not afraid to hear nor say what we are; but we have just found out what you are and we want you never to speak to us again. Do you understand? We are though we are convicts, and we only want to talk to men; but you are cowardly hound.

Draper's jaw had fallen as he listened ; but he backed from the table, and gained confidence as he remembered that these men were wholly at the mercy of the police, and would not dare go any further. "You are an insolent jail bird," he said to the speaker; "I'll see to you within an

At this, one of the men who sat at the end of the table nearest Draper leant his death he was being judged and put in toward him, and taking his glass from the hell. table, cast its contents into his face.

tavero, and walked rapidly down the street toward the police station. As he left the inn, a tall man, who had sat at a side table nuneticed, rose and followed him. Half way down the street he over-

k him. "Hello, Prescher!" said Draper, giving a side glance of dislike at the man, and in-crossing his speed to pass him. But Mr. Haggett, for it was he, easily kept by his shoulder, and evidently meant to stay

there. "Hello, Pilferer!" retorted Haggett, with a movement of the lip that was ex-

pressive and astonishing.

Draper elackened his pace at once, but he did not stop He glanced furtively at Haggett, wondering what he meant. Hagest ploughed along but said no more. gett ploughed along, but said no more.
"What title was that you gave me?" asked Draper, plucking up coursge as he thought of the friendlessness of the timid

Sorieture-reader.

"You addressed me by my past profession," answered Haggett, looking straight ahead, "and I called you by your "What do you mean, you miserable—"

Mr. Haggett's bony hand on Draper'c collar closed the query with a grip of pro-digtons power and suggestiveness. Hag gett then let him go, making no further reference to the interrupted offence.

reference to the interrupted off-nce.

"You're going to report those men at
the tavern, are you?" asked Haggett.

"I am—the scoundrels. I'll teach
them to respect a free man."

"Why are they not free men?"

"Why? Because they're convicted
robbers and murderers, and—"

"Yes, because they were found out.

"Yes; because they were found out.
Well, I'll go with you to the station, and
have another thief discovered."
"What do you mean?" asked Draper,
standing on the road; "Is that a threat?"

"I mean that those men in the tavern are drinking wine stolen from the Houque mont, and sold to the inner-keeper by-

Draper's dry lips came together and opened again, several times, but he did not speak. He was suffering agonies in He was suffering agonies in this series of defeats and exposures. He shuddered again at the terrible thought

souddered sgain at the terrible thought that some unseen and powerful hand was playing spainst him.

"Mr.—Reader," he said at last, holding out his hand with a sickly smile, "have I

the shad with stacky smite, have a tiffended you of his red you?"

Haggett looked at the proffered band until it fell back to Draper's side.

"Yes," he answered, "a person like you offends and it jures all decent

Without a pretence of resentment, the creetfallen Draper retraced his steps towards the tavern. Mr. Haggett stood and watched bim. On his way, Draper resolved to leave Fromantle that evening, and ride to Perth, where he would live much more quietly than he had done here. He saw the mistake he had made,

could have a horse that night.
"Certainly," said the landlord, an exconvict himself; "but you must show me

your pass."
"What pass? I'm a free man."

"O I'm not supposed to know what you are," said the landlord; "only I'm not allowed to let horses to strangers

without seeing their passes "
" Who grants these passes ?"
" The Comptroller General, and he is at Perth. But he'll be here in a day or Draper cursed between his teeth as he

A short man, in a blue coat with brass

A stort man, in a blue cost with brass buttons, who had heard this conversation, addressed him as he passed the bar. "There ain't no fear of your getting lost, Captain Draper. They take better care of a man here than we used to in Walton le-Dale."

Draper stared at the speaker as if he

saw an apparition. There, before him, with a smile that had no kindness for him, with a smile that had no kindness for him, was Officer Lodge, who had known him since beyhood. His amezement was complete; he had not seen Ben Lodge on the voyage, the latter having quietly avoided his eye.

"Why, old friend," he said, holding out his hand with a joyful lower face.

what brings you here?

Instead of taking his hand. Ben Lodge took his "glass a' hale" from the counter, and looked steadily at Draper. "That's the foulest hand that ever

belonged to Walton," said the old man. Draper was about to pass on, with a "pshaw," when Ben Lodge stopped him with a word.

"Maybe you wouldn't want to go to Perth so bad if you knew who was

"Who is there ?"
"Alice Walmsley — free and happy, thank Heaven. Do you want to

Draper stepped close to the old man with a deadly scowl.

"Be careful," he blessed, stealing his

hand toward Ben's throat, " or-A long black hand seized Draper's fiegers as they moved in their stealthy threat, and twisted them almost from the sockets; and, standing at his shoulder, Draper found a naked bushman, holding a spear. It was Ngarra jil, whom he did not recognize in his native costume. which, by the way, at first, too, had greatly shocked and disappointed Officer

Lodge and Mr. Haggett.

"There's some one else from Wa'ton
will be in Perth by and by." continued Ben Lodge, with a smile at Draper's dis-comfiture; "and, let me tell you before-hand, Samuel Desper, if he lays eyes on you in that 'ere town, you'll be sorry you didn't die of the black womit."

Without a look to either side Drape strode from the tavern, and walked toward a hill within the town which he climbed He sat him down on the summit, amid the rough and dry salt grass. He was shaken to the place where his soul might have been. He felt that he could not move tongue nor hand without discovery.

move tongue nor hand without discovery.

"No. I did not know of it until it "No. I did not know of it until it "No. I did not know of it until it "No. I did not know of it until it it had become almost in." tellectual from long use was worthless as chaff. His life recoiled on him like a hiss-ing snake, and bit him horribly. Before

able, cast its contents into his face.

"Get out!" he said; and without not'cled him further, the ticket of leave men assumed their conviviality.

Burning with wrath, Draper left the said hidden in the salt-grass, among him further, the ticket of leave men besutiful clearness; but be did not see them. He only saw the flume of the size.

He sat hidden in the salt-grass, among him further, the said without not'cled him further, the ticket of leave men besutiful clearness; but be did not see them. He only saw the flume of the size.

He sat hidden in the salt-grass, among him further, the salt is contents into his face. It was placed there by Mr. It believe you kept Alice till she has barely time to put a ribbon in her hair."

Mr. Wyville, I believe you kept Alice till she has barely time to put a ribbon in her hair."

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Mr. Wyville, I believe you kept Alice till she has barely time to put a ribbon in her hair."

Mr. Wyville, I've, dear; it was Mr. Wyville's own plan to win you back to the beautiful the ribbon of the subject, covered Alice's diaquiet, and plan to win you back to the beautiful "Get out!" he said; and without not'c the till writing him further, the ticket of leave men long fallen. The stars had come out in

that had found him out, as they burned in their places along his baleful exeer. When the sea wind came in damp and heavy, and made him cough, for his chest was weak, he rose and crept down toward the tavern, to spend the remaining hours of the night on his bed of torture.

III.

WALKING IN THE SHADOW.

There was nothing apparent in the pos sibilities of Alice Walmsley's new life to disturb the calm flow of her returning happiness. Even her wise and watchful friend, Sister Cecilia, smiled hopefully as she ventured to glance into the future But when the sky was clearest, the cloud came up on the horizen, though at first it was " lo larger than a man's hand."

The visits of Mr. Wyville to Farmer

Little's pleasant house were frequent and continuous Mr. Little's colonial title was Farmer; but he was a gentleman of taste, and had a demesne and residence as extensive as an English duke. He was ospitable, as all rich Australians are; and

hospitable, as all rich Australians are; and he was proud to enteriain so distinguished a man as Mr. Wyville.

Gravely and quietly, from his first visit, Mr. Wyville had devoted his attention to Allice Walmsley, and in such a manner that his purpose should not be misunderstood by Mr. Little or his wife. Indeed, the measure relain to them helper helper it. it was quite plain to them long before it was dreamt of by Alice herself. From the first, she had been treated as a friend by se estimable people ; but after a while these estimable people; but after a while she began to observe something in their manner that puzzled her. They were no less kind than formerly; but they grew a little strange, as if they had not quite understood her position at first.

Alice could discover no reason for any

change; so she went on quietly from day to day. Mr. Wyville ziways drew her into conversation when he came there and with him she found herself as invari ably talking on subjects which no one else touched, and watch she understood perfectly. It seemed as if he held a key to her mind, and instinctively knew the lines of reflection she had followed during her years of intense solitude. Alice her self would have forgotten these reflections had they not been brought to her recollec tion. Now, they recurred to her pleas autly, there are so few persons who have any stock of individual thought to draw

upon.
She took a ready and deep interest in every plan of Mr. Wyville for the benefit every plan of the made his purposes, even for many years shead, known to her, and advised with her often on changes that might here and there be made.

One evening, just at twilight, when the ledies of the family were citting under the wide verandah, looking down on the darkened river, Mrs. Little pleasantly but elyly said something that made Alice's cheeks flame. Alice raised her face with

"Mr. Wyville's devotion, dear. We are all delighted to think of your mar-

riage with so good and eminent a man"
Alice sank back in her chair, utterly nerveless. It was so dark they did not see her sudden paleness. She held the arms of her chair with each hand, and was silent for so long a time that Mrs. Little feared she had wounded her.

"Forget she had wounded her.
"Forgive me if I have pained you,
Alice," she said kindly.
"O, no, no!" said Alice, with quivering

lips; "I thank you with all my heart. I did not know—I did not think—" She did not figish the sentence, Mrs. Little, seeing that her railying bad had quite another effect from that intended, came to Alice's aid by a sudden exclama-tion about the beauty of the rising moon. This was successful; for ten minutes every

watered her flower beds. Sitting so, her mind went reaching back after one memorable incident in her life. And by some chance, the already-vibrating chord was touched at that moment by the little nun.
"Here is my first rose-bud, Alice," she

sald, coming into the arbor; "see how pretty those two young leaves are." Alloe's eyes were suffused with tears as she bent her head over the lovely bud. It appealed to her now, in the midst of her happiness, with unspeakable tender.

ness of recollection. She held it to her lips, almost prayerful, so moved that she could not speak "Oaly think," continued Slater Cacilla, "for nine months to come we shall never want for roses and buds. Ab me! I think we value them less for their plenty. It's

a good thing to visit the prison now and again, isn't it, Alice? We love rose-bads all the better for remembering the weels.' Alice raised her head, and looked her elequent assent at Sister Cecilia.
"I love all the world better for the

sweet r se-bud you gave me in prison," she said.

Sister Cecilla seemed puzzled for a moment, and then she smiled as if she recalled something. "It was not I who gave you that rosebud. Allce

Alice's face became blank with disappointment ; her hands sank on her knees. "O, do not say that it was left there by accident or by careless hands. I cannot think of that. I have drawn so much think of that. comfort from the bellef that your kind heart had read my unhappiness, and had discovered such a sweet mesus of sending comfort. Do not break down my fancies now. If you did not give it to me, you

was done. I should never have thought of it. It was thought of by one whose whole life seems devoted to others and to the Divine Master. Do not fear that care

less hands put the flower in your cell,
Alice. It was placed there by Mr.
Wyville."
"By Mr. Wyville!"
"Yes, dear; it was Mr. Wyville's own

"It was nearly five years ago; how could Mr. Wyville have known?" There was a new earnestness in Alice's face as she spoke.
"He had learned your history in Mill-

bank from the governor and he became deeply interested. It was he who first eatd you were innocent, long before he proved it; and it was he who first asked me to visit you in your cell."

Alice did not speak; but she listened with a look almost of sadness, yet with

close interest.

close interest.

"He was your friend, Alice, when you had no other friend in the world," con-Sister Cacilia, not looking at Alice's face, or she would have hesitated; "for four years he watched your case, until at last he found her whose punishment you had horne so long." "Where did he find her?" Alice

asked, after a pause.
"He found her in the jail of your native village, Waiton le Dale "
"Walton le Dale!" repeated Alice in surprise; "he took much trouble, then,

surprise; "he took much troude, then, to prove that I was innocent."
"Yes; and hedid it it all alone."
"Mr. Sheridan, perhaps, could have assisted him. He was born in Walton," said Alice, in a very low voice.

gave you me the package for you at Portland : but be was here in Australia all the years Mr. Wyville was searching for poor wretched Harriet. But come now, Allee, we will leave that gloomy old time bebind us in Esgland. Let us always keep it there, as our Australian day looks backward and sees the Esglish night."

Soon after Alice started to return to ber home. She llugered a long time by the plated river, the particulars she had heard recurring to her, and much disturb-ing her peace. In the midst of her reflecing her peace. In the midst of her reflections she beard her name called, and, look ing toward the road, saw Mr. Wyville.
She dld not move, and he approached.
"I have come to seek you," he said,
"and to prepare you to meet an old

She looked at him in surprise, without speaking.
"Mr. Sheridan has just returned from

Adelaide," he said, "and you were the first person he asked for. I was not aware that you knew him." There was no tone in his voice that be-

rayed disquiet or anx ety. He was even more cheerful than usual.

"I am glad you know Mr. Sheridan," he continued; he is a fine fellow; and I fear he has been very unhappy." she said,

"He has been very busy," she said looking down at the river; "men have great deal to distract them from unhappi-"See that jagged rock beneath the

water," he said, pointing to a stone, the raised point of which broke the calm surraised point of which broke the call sur-face of the river. "Some poet likeus a man's sorrow to such a stone. When the flood comes, the sweeping rush of entera pained and reproachful look.

"There now, Alice," said the lady, coming to her with a kind caress; "you mustn't think it strange. We can't help seeing it, you know."

"What do you see ?" asked Alice in bewildersent the serial seed of the seed of the serial seed of the seed of the serial seed of the serial seed of the serial seed of

"I did not think you read poetry," she said with a smile, as she rose from her seat on the rocks.

"I have not read much," he said—and

'until very recently." As they walked together toward the house Alice returned to the surject first in her mind. With a gravely quiet voice

he said :
"Mr. Sheridan's unhappiness is old,

then ?" "Yes; it began years ago, when he was little more than a boy."

Alice was silent. She walked slowly beside Mr. Wyville for a dozen steps. Then she stopped as if unable to proceed, and laying her hand on a low branch be-

side the path, turned to him.
"Mr. Wyville," she said, "has Mr. Sheridan told you the cause of his un-

midst of this admiration Alice slipped away from the happy group, and spent the evening alone in her own room.

A few days later she sat in the arbor of the convent garden, while Sister Casilla watered her flower.

"He loved a woman with a man's love while yet a boy," he said; "and he saw her lured from him by a villatn, who blighted her life into hopeless ruin." "Does he love her still ?" asked Alice, her face turned to the darkened bush,

"He pities her ; for she is wretched and -guilty."
At the word, Alice let go the branch

and stood straight in the road.

"Gullty!" she said in a strange voice.

"Miss Walmsley, I am deeply grieved
at having introduced this subject. But I
thought you knew — Mr. Sheridan, I thought, intimated as much. The woman be loved is the unhappy one for von suffered. Her husband is still slive. and in this country. I brought him here, to give him, when she is released, a chance of atonement."

A light burst on Alice's mind as Mr. Wyville spoke, and she with difficulty kept from sinking. She reached for the low branch again; but she did not find it in the dark. To preserve her control, she walked on toward the house, though her steps were hurried and irregular.

Mr. Wyville, thinking that her emotion was caused by painful recollections, ac companied her without a word. He was profoundly sorry that he had given pain. Alice knew, as well as if he had spoken his thought, what was passing in his mind,

As one travelling in the dark will see a whole valley in one flash of lightning, Alice had seen the error under which Mr. Wyville labored, and all its causes, in that one moment of illumination, too, she read his heart, filled with deep feeling, and unconscious of the gulf before it : and the knowledge flooded her with

At the door of the house Mrs. Little met them with an air of bustle. "Wby, Alice!" she exclaimed, "two gentlemen coming to dinner, and one of them an old friend and you lottering by the river like a school-girl. Mr. Wyville,

world. I thought you knew it all the return later with Sheriden and Hamerton. "Dear Mrs Little," said Alice, when "It was nearly five years ago; how his horse's hoofs sounded on the road, "you

must not ask me to dine with you to-night. Let me go to the children." There was something in her voice and face that touched the kind matron, and

she at once assented, only saying she was sorry for Alice's sake.

"But you will see Mr. Sheridan?" she said. "Mr. Little says be was very particular in saking for way." ular in asking for you."
"I will see him to-morrow," said Alice;
"indeed, I am not able to see any one to

An hour later, when the guests arrived Alice sat in her unlighted room, and heard their voices; and one voice, that she reher name, and then remained silent.

-It was nothing-a dream? Strike that harp-string;
Again-still again-till it cries
In its uitermost treble-still strike itHa! vibrant but silent! It dies.

It dies, just as she died. Go. listen— That nighest vibration is dumb. Your sense, Iriend. too soon finds a limit And answer, when mysteries come.

Truth speaks in the senseless, the spirit; But here in this palpable part We sound the low notes, but are slient To music sublimed in the heart. Too few and too gross our dull senses, And clogged with the mire of the Josd, Till we loathe their coarse bondage; as ses birds Encaged on a cliff, look abroad

On the ocean and limitless heaven Alight with the beautiful stars, And here what they say, not the creakings That rise from our sensual bars. — John Boyle O'Reilly,

INTRODUCED TO HIS MOTHER.

A daily paper published in Chicago tells a good story of a young man, whose business required him to be down town about the hour when the other members of the family were at breakfast and who had gotten so into the habit of eating his adinger in a restaurant and spending his evenings at the club or the theatre or the hotel lobby, that for months and months the only time he'd seen his mother and sister would be at Sunday's principal meal

When this had been going on for nearly a year the father of the young man took a quiet way to teach him a lesson. The young fellow will tell the part of the story o bla own words .

"He came to me one afternoon last week and asked me if I had an engage ment for that night.
"'Yes,' I said, 'I promised to go to the thester with Will Brown.'

"'How about to morrow right,' he asked. "'Haven't figured ahead that far,' I

replied. "Well, I'd like to have you go some where with me'
''All right,' I said; 'where'll I meet

hour before I get through.

"He suggested the Tremont House at 7:30, and I was there, prepared for the theatre and a quiet lecture on late hours. He had combined the two on several previous ccasions. But when he appeared

he said he wanted me to call on a lady with him.
"'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained.
"We went out and started straight for

home.
"She is stopping at the house," he said, when I spoke of it.
"I thought it strange that he should

have made the appointment for the Tre mont House under those circumstances, but I said nothing. "Well, we went in, and I was intro-duced with all due formality to my mother and my sister !

"The situation struck me as ludicrons and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away! None of the three even smiled. My mother and my sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hada't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be

"My, it wasn't a bit fanny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down and she told one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a Then we four played whist for a while. When I finally retired I was courteously invited to call again. I went up

stairs feeling pretty small and doing a good deal of thinking."

"And then?" asked his companion. "Then I made up my mind that my mother was a most entertaining lady and

my sister a good and brilliant girl."
"And now?"
"Now I'm going to call again, as I have been doing quite regularly for the last week. I enjoy their company and propose to cultivate their acquaintance."

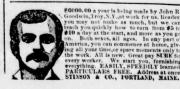
And the young man—he was only about twenty two—put on his coat and started

How many other young men are there who are strangers to their own families, neglectful of their homes, careless of cultivating the friendship of parents and brothers and slaters? Wouldn't it be a good scheme for them to get some common friend to introduce them to their neares kin and spend some of their evenings in the company of those who should be to them the nearest and dearest in all the world—Catholic Columbian.

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2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged.

perience and accinition in the world different charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight

there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the eddress of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.

Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, outrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything send your olders to

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APR'L 18, 1

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