

The Coolin.

BY G. F. CHRONIN (LIMERICK).

The scene is best where the Avenmore flows—
For the spring of the year, and the day's near
its close—
And an old woman sits with a boy on her knee—
She smiles like the evening, but he like the sea!
Her hair is as white as the daisies it's spun,
His brown as you see that is hiding the sun!
Beside the bright river,
The calm, glassy river,
That's sliding and gliding all peacefully on.

"Come, granny," the boy says, "you'll sing me
a song."
The beautiful Coolin, so sweet and so low;
For I love its soft tones more than blackbird
or thrush,
Though often the tears in a shower will gush
From my eyes when I hear it. Dear granny,
When my heart's full of pleasure I sob and I cry.

To hear the sweet Coolin,
The beautiful Coolin?
An angel first sang it above in the sky."

And she sings and he listens; but many years
pass,
And the old woman sleeps beneath the chapelyard
grass;
And a couple are seated on the same stone,
Where the boy sat and listened so oft to the
Crown.

"Tis the boy—'tis the man, and he says, while he
sings,
To the girl at his side with the love-streaming
eyes,
Oh! sing me, sweet Oonagh,
My beautiful Oonagh."

Oh! sing me the Coolin, he says, and he sighs.
That air, no star, brings back the days of his
youth,
That flowed like a river there, sunny and
sweet;
And it brings back the old woman, kindly and
dear.

If her spirit, dear Oonagh, is hovering near,
Till glad he to hear the old melody rise
Warn, warn on the wings of our love and our
sighs.

Oh! sing me the Coolin,
The beautiful Coolin?
Is't the dew or a tear-drop moistening his eyes?

There's a change on the scene, far more grand,
By the broad rolling Hudson are seated the
pair;
And the dark head-bear waves its branches
above,

As they sigh for their land, as they murmur
their love;
Hush!—the heart hath been touched, and its
musical strings
Vibrate into song—'tis the Coolin she sings—
The home-sighing Coolin,
The love-breathing Coolin—
The well of all memory's deep flowing springs.

They think of the bright stream they sat down
beside,
When he was a bridegroom and she was a bride;
The pulses of youth seem to throbb in the strain—
Old faces, long vanished, looked kindly again;
Kind voices float round them, and grand hills
are near.

Their feet have not touched, ah, this many a
year—
And, as ceases the Coolin,
The home-loving Coolin,
Not the air, but their native land, floats on the
ear.

Long in silence they weep, with hand clasped
in hand—
Then to God send up prayers for the far-off
land;
And with grateful to Him for the blessing He's
sent.

They know 'tis His hand that withholdeth con-
solation;
For the Exile and Christian must evermore
sigh
For the home upon earth, and the home in the
sky.

So they sing the sweet Coolin,
The sorrowing Coolin,
That murmurs of both homes—they sing and they
sigh.

Heaven bless thee, old Bard, in whose bosom
were
Emotions that so sweet melody burst;
Be thy grave ever green; may the softest of
showers
And brightest of beams nurse thy grass and its
flowers;

Off, off to be moist with the tear-drop of love,
And may angels watch round thee forever
above!

Old Bard of the Coolin,
The beautiful Coolin,
That's throbbing, like Erin, with sorrow and
love.

—From *Hughes' Ballads of Ireland* (Vol. 1).

THE SONG OF THE COM- FORTER.

A Messenger of Peace that Unexpectedly
Came into a Young Girl's
Life.

BY JOHN J. A'HEIKET.

[The midday location of the follow-
ing scene is perhaps owing to the
indicated omission of the first part of
the manuscript. It is a lovely frag-
ment and does credit to *Scrubber's*
Magazine for October; but we deem it
better to locate the scene at once by
saying here in advance that it is Italian,
with an American figure (Protestant
by inference), and a very sweet figure
truly in the foreground.]

From the rough yellow road
led a path to a small wayside chapel,
while higher up, its white walls rising
above the encircling green like the
soft breast of a dove, stood the Convent
of the Comforter, a thin blue smoke
oozing indolently from one of its
chimneys. Over all, like a sapphire,
stretched the pure serenity of a cloud-
less sky.

Up the road slowly came a young
girl. Her lagging steps and drooping
head were a pathetic strain of disson-
ance in the symphony of the buoyant
spring. In nature, such joyous energy
in its calm vernal functions; in her,
such a protest against the weariness of
being. It was like a tear in a circle
of brilliants.

Climbing to the lichen-covered top of
a rock by the roadside, she sank down.
Not ungrateful to the tender fellowship
of the bright spring tide, she wondered
wearily whether time would bring her
ever again into unison with happiness,
or would Death, which had passed her
by as she waited wistfully for his com-
ing, return again and take her?

She had been a year in Europe alone.
Through a long ordeal of severe study
she had labored unfalteringly to per-
fect an exquisite vocation, sustained by
an ardent desire to compass the high-
est that her art could yield. Her
master, so sensitive to artistic excel-
lence as to be crabbed, and so inde-
pendent, through success in teaching,
as to be merciless to mediocrity, de-
voted himself to her progress with an
unflinching vigor. Six weeks ago he
had said to the girl, with a brusque
wave of his hand:

"Go, and conquer the world! I
can do no more for you. You have a
voice which God can listen to with
complacency. The world will listen to
it, too." She had secured a good
engagement. Her master and his
friends had made the verdict of the
public a matter of little doubt. She
herself, with the fervid exaltation of a
musical temperament, felt that she was
about to gather a pious harvest of

glory and of riches by her powers. It
was the dawn of her day of triumph.

Then—oh, the agony of reverting to
it! her sorrows came. Time might
soften the death of her mother to her.
Perhaps in years to come the sense
that she had been absent from that
New England death-bed where a lonely
woman yearned for the touch and
glance of a daughter, might grow less
a reproach. Now, it was hopelessly
bitter to think of the pitilessness of
death in taking her as the term of her
sacrifice ended, and reward to the
hundred-fold was about to begin.

Yet this was a wound of Nature, and
Nature has her antidotes. But for him!
Could the time ever come when the
thought of what he had done would not
be like the stroke of a whip? She
could not recall that cruel letter of his
without a flush rising in her cheeks as
if she had been buffeted? It had
struck her down with such double force,
coming so fast on her mother's death.
Her first instinct on rallying from the
anguish of that stroke had been to turn
to him; to think what she was to him,
what he was to her. The world was
not empty while that frank, faithful,
blue-eyed New Englander wore her in
his heart; that noble soul whom she
was proud to honor and love.

There was the pang! Each time has
recalled him it was to go through this
brutal task of correcting herself again.
The man she had worshipped was a
phantom. She had created it and set
it like an idol in her heart, and he had
cast it out. She had put him there for
what she thought him, and he had
forced her to dethrone him for what he
was. She had been very ill. But the
fibre that feels most is the fibre that
parts last. She did not die; she re-
gretted even yet that she had not. But
in spite of her waiting at the open
portal with more than resignation,
Death had passed her by. A languid
woman had come back to life; a woman
who awoke in the morning with a pang
to recovered consciousness, and who,
at night, sank into sleep's oblivion
with a sigh of relief.

She had not sung once since her sor-
rows had stricken her. They had
cared for her till she reached convales-
cence. Then, with his dogmatic kind-
ness, Ferrari had told her to go to the
mountains and rest in the soft spring
fells she felt the need of music again.

"When you wish to sing you are
cured," he said.

She had come obediently. It was
comfort to have some one assume the
mastery and direct her course when
she felt such a listless indifference to
all things that she could determine her-
self to nothing. She had come here to
this little village, clinging to the slope
of the mountain, and had gone to a
simple, good-hearted *contadina*, whose
deference was not without dignity.
She had a room about whose windows
vines clambered, and looking forth
from them she saw the woods rising
above her, and the red-tiled roof of the
Convent of the Comforter peering
through the trees. The little church
could not be seen. Bianca used to go
there on Sundays and hear one of the
Brotherhood sing the Mass.

Each day the girl walked forth, sub-
mitting with patient resignation to the
burden of a life despoiled of appetite,
aim and vigor. This gloomy day of
spring was the first that had seemed to
quicken her vitality; and she rested in
its peace and almost forgot.

So she sat there on the great rock,
the waves of melancholy lapping her
soul, with her dark eyes looking up to
the blue of the overhanging sky. As
she let them fall they descended on the
figure of a young monk, slowly walk-
ing down the road saying his office
from the Breviary which he carried in
his hands. He was in perfect har-
mony with the scene. Tall, broad-should-
ered, supple, with the sinuous move-
ment which goes with elastic muscles,
there was a rhythmic smoothness in his
gait. His eyes were riveted on his
book. The thick brown hair clustered
about his broad forehead, and his
cheeks, with their clear olive tint,
sank in slightly below the cheek-bones.
His eyelids were large and full, with
long, thick lashes.

For some nameless cause the girl
felt an instant affinity with him. The
suggestion of strength and calm con-
trol was supporting. He turned up
the little path which led off from the
road and disappeared. It seemed a
loss as he passed from view, and she
felt drawn after him. He looked so
simple, so true; and what was true
came home to her. And to her sore
heart there was something appealing
in the thought that he was cut off from
the world, buried here in the white
convent, mother and sister left behind
him forever down in the plain below.

As she sat in her reverie the tones of
an organ came to her from the church.
It must be he who had gone there and
was playing. Soft and low the strains
were borne to her in faint gusts of
melody. She felt her soul stirring be-
neath the influence of the music as it
had not since her life had grown so
dark.

She slipped down from the rock and
slowly made her way up the path.
The music sounded fuller as she ap-
proached. She went on until she stood
at the porch of the church and saw it
was empty. She hesitated a moment
and then entered. The interior was
bare and poor; the walls were white-
washed. At the end was an altar, in
front of which hung a brass lamp, sus-
pended by a long chain from the ceiling.

In it glowed a spark of red,
where a burning taper shone through
the thick ruby glass. On the right
hand side of the little sanctuary was a
Fleta, the Mother of the Christ with
her dead Son stretched across her lap.
The cold, bare church surged
through the cold, bare church surged
improvising, for there was no strict
development of theme; only the merg-

ing of one phrase into another as they
occurred to him.

She put an old chair, which stood
near, back against the wall, and sit-
ting down closed her eyes and aban-
doned herself to the sweetness of the
music. The monk had a musician's
soul in him; she could tell that by
the way in which his wander-
ing fancy touched the keys. There
were sudden transitions, though
all he played was grave and sweetly
sombre. Her soul lived with new life
as she sat there motionless, while the
waves of music rolled through the little
church, broke about the Mother and
her dead Son, and flowed back upon
her in rippling consolation.

Oh, the restfulness of it! She ut-
tered a sigh of thanksgiving that
music could still so master her spirit.
No converse could have done for her
what that dignified harmony did; it
was a messenger of peace. She sat
there unable to move, and uncaring,
till she heard the flow of music cease,
and then a slight sound as the cover
was placed over the key-board. She
rose at once with a long sigh and
hastily left the church. She did not
wish the monk who had gone there
and played his soul out on the organ
in the sacred confidence of solitude to
know that another, and that other a
woman, had listened to his commun-
ings with his spirit. She felt that he
had expressed himself as naturally and
as artlessly through his medium as the
birds moving through the cloister of
the woods. He was singing his
spring-song—a song, like theirs, with-
out words, but a song grave and sweet,
and with soul in it.

She walked slowly back to Bianca's
cottage, where the vines clustered so
thickly about her windows. The good
peasant woman looked at her when she
came in, and sighed to herself. Under
the pale cheeks of the girl was a deli-
cate pink color, and there was a joy-
ful light in her large eyes. They
were signs of greater vigor, perhaps;
yet they only seemed to accentuate her
frailty; but the good Bianca kept these
thoughts within her heart. To the
girl she spoke cheerfully of the bright
spring day. Had her walk refreshed
her? Yes, she felt better than she did
when she went out. She felt stronger.
She did not tell Bianca that the monk's
music had sent the blood coursing
through her more than the ravishing
day. That was her secret. Untold, it
seemed so much more a solace all her
own.

The Italian spring held many of
these days of delicate brightness, as the
earth ripened on into the flush of sum-
mer. The girl took her way up the
mountain road with a lighter heart,
even if her steps had not a more elastic
tramp. She knew no tonic could do her
such good as that pure music with its
mellow chords and subtle transitions,
like a change from tears to a smile.
The thought that pleased her most was
that the young monk was pouring out
his soul into these strains of music.
And she grasped them so clearly! There
were sadness and resignation, and
at times, jubilant measures of
hope in his chords—never despair, nor
the bitter unrest which beats against
bars.

She began to feel that she was get-
ting better. As she sat and listened
to the pleading tones the feeling
within her was not happiness, nor ex-
citement, nor melancholy, but it partici-
pated in them all—it was rest and
comfort. She could have sat for hours
in this glad emancipation from her
weary self. When the music ceased it
was an effort to rise and hasten forth,
the mantle of her sorrow falling
heavily about her again.

She always felt this desire that the
strong monk should not learn that she
was there. Should she know that he
was playing with the consciousness
that one was listening to him, even
were he to play the self-same music
(and she was sure he would not) it
would have appealed to her in not this
subtle, comforting way. His soul ex-
haled some sorrow to itself, alone; and
her soul felt it, unknown. The charm
lay there.

The monk was so recollected that he
never remarked her. Two or three
times he had passed her on the moun-
tain road; but his eyes were either
fixed upon his Breviary, for he seemed
to be saying his office much of the
time, or else they were modestly cast
down. After a while she felt safe in
meeting him, it was so hard to distract
him from this concentration. It was
only through his music that he seemed
to go forth from himself, and then it
was a flight toward heaven.

Happily for the girl, he went almost
every day to the church and played
upon the organ. There were certain
airs which he played frequently, and
she got to know them and to look for
their recurrence. One in particular
appealed to her more than any other.
The monk gave it with an intensity of
expression that showed how deeply he
felt it. It was a series of aspirations,
prayerful, but exultant withal; the
softly pleading tones of the prelude
would swell into greater strength, and,
as if soaring higher and higher with
the increasing fervor of the suppliant,
closed in a very ecstasy of impassioned
entreaty. She got quickly to know it
by heart, and often as she sat by the
vine-clad window of Bianca's cottage
and saw the night draw down over the
mountain, the music sang itself in her
heart, while she watched the stars
piece through the dusky blue of the
sky.

One morning, a few weeks later,
Bianca had sallied forth to Mass in the
little church. When she returned and
they were eating their simple break-
fast, she said to the girl: "Signora, I
remembered you to day in church. It
is the Feast of the Holy Ghost. They
call Him the Comforter, you know, and
I prayed that He would comfort you, in

body and in mind. The hymn to Him
is very beautiful, dear lady."

"Then that white convent in the
woods is the Convent of the Holy Ghost,
is it not?" she returned. "They call
it the Convent of the Comforter."

"Yes," answered Bianca. "Would
you like to read the hymn in the Brevi-
ary to the Holy Ghost? I have it in
my prayer-book with the Italian
words," and Bianca got her leather-
covered prayer-book and pointed out
the well-fingered page. The Italian
translation was not necessary, except
for a few words, as the girl had learned
Latin in the High School in her town,
and had sung many church arias
written in it. Ferrari had taught her
the soft Italian pronunciation of the
old Roman tongue; but the invocations
and petitions of the hymn were sooth-
ing to her. The very title of Com-
forter given to the Holy Ghost stirred
a devotional sense in her heart. She
read it through, meditatively, and
slipped the shiny little book into her
pocket when she was done.

That day she was a little later than
usual in climbing up the road; but as
she drew near she saw the monk, her
comforter, striding up the pathway to
the church. The afternoon was wan-
ing into twilight, and when she
followed him and heard the organ, the
music took on new grace in the golden
brown of the fading light.

He preluded with short, quick
chords, some of them harsh, and
between them little trembling flights of
notes. There was a disquiet in his
music that seemed to have an artistic,
or at least emotional, justification. It
was a tentative reaching forth for
something, the delicate eagerness of
the runs and hurried melodic phrases
seeming yearning impatience, and the
nervous strong chords the morning
gaspings of frustration. It was a joy
to hear at last, firm and full, the joyful
melody which had so grown into her
soul, melting on the air. What soul
he was throwing into it!

Suddenly, her blood gave a leap and
her body quivered with its tingling
rush through her veins. It was a
delight that was almost pain. A tenor
voice, clear as a bell and vibrating
with sympathetic feeling, soared
through the dim church. Never had
she heard such tones before. So firm,
so crystalline, of so velvety a quality.
The monk was singing the song and
singing it like an angel from God.
She pressed her hand to her breast,
breathing quickly through her parted
lips, the ringing voice calling a sud-
den moisture of joy to her eyes. There
was such pathos in the round tones as
they dilated to greater fullness. She
could feel that not half the power of the
voice was drawn on in that overflow
of melody. Ah! if he would pour the
full strength of his superb lungs into
those heavenly tones!

As a rich note welled forth and then
died away in a perfect *diminuendo*, the
intensity of her delight weakened,
her and she clung to the chair. But
what was he singing with such over-
powering feeling? She bent her head
to catch the words: "*Veni, Pater
pauperum, Veni, lumen cordium,
Veni, Dator munerum.*" They were
the words she had read that morning
in Bianca's prayerbook! This air that
had sung itself into her heart was the
hymn to the Holy Ghost.

She knew the next phrase in the
music. It was the one that had always
moved her most. Even on the organ
that sudden change to a minor key
and the notes, saturated with tears,
had thrilled her through and through.
And now to hear it sung, and by such
a voice!

She remembered that the little
prayer-book was still in her pocket,
and she hastily drew it forth and
turned to the place. She had scarcely
found it when the pleading voice broke
into the melody:

"Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium."

Ah! should she not have known that
it was a fearful cry to the Comforter.
What words could so well have been
wedded to such strains. "O best of
Comforters, my soul's dear host, O
sweet refreshment, Thou!" There was
intoxication to her in the high, tremu-
lous tones, with their throbbing pathos
of entreaty, their melting tenderness.
They took her out of herself, and she
shook with her swelling emotion. As
the last note, a peal of sweetness, sur-
charged the church, she rose involuntarily
to her feet, erect and tense.

Then she heard his strong fingers
play the prelude again. He could not
leave it. With one wild yearning to
give her soul its needed outlet, she
broke into the exquisite song. She
felt herself singing as she had never
sung before, not even on that day when
Ferrari and his friends had shouted
"bravas" over her voice. Never had
such a passionate exultation of feeling
swept down upon her and borne her off
on the strong pinions of song. The
voice of the monk had fired her; her
whole soul was in her glorious voice,
crying to the Comforter with the thrill-
ing tones which God had given her,
and which had been so long unused.

She felt that a fuller accompaniment
from the organ was supporting her.
The instrument had seldom yielded
such rich chords, even to the monk's
touch. He was inspired, too; and in
the over-mastering delight of singing
again with all her soul was an under-
current of delight that for once her
music was stirring him.

The passion which controlled her
made her pour forth her voice without
consciousness of effort or of pain.
There was the rapture of singing, and
singing as she knew she was.

"Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium."

The last note rang out full, trium-
phant, ecstatic; then something within

her seemed utterly to give way,
obstacles seemed swept aside, and a
warm tide gushed from her mouth.
She hastily raised her handkerchief to
her lips; it was drenched in a moment,
and she saw her light gown stained
with the flow.

She could not utter a sound. Above
her head the organ pealed forth a
tumult of chords, and the music seemed
sweeping over and submerging her.
She could not support herself, and sank
upon her knees, clutching the bench
in front of her, while her eyes involun-
tarily turned to where the Mother and
her dead Son stood palely forth from
the shadow. She felt herself dissolving
with weakness, but without pain, with-
out fear, without regret.

She heard the strong voice ring
through the church again like a spirit's
cry. The walls rocked with the
jubilant rush of the monk's song as he
poured forth unstintingly the magni-
ficent fullness of his voice.

"In labore requies,
In astu temperies,
In fletu solatium."

Not all the sweet notes reached her,
but she heard the passionate ardor that
pulsed in the first few words: "*In
labore requies*—In toil, repose." Then
she heard no more music from the
organ loft. Lower and lower she had
sunk down; but when the strong voice
poured forth firm as iron, but vibrant
and mellow on the words "*In fletu
solatium*," they smote her ears as they
did those of the marble mother in the
dim extremity of the church.

His head erect, his eyes flashed
through the thick lashes, the young
monk waited, with his long fingers
pressed lightly on the keys, expectant
of the voice but there was only an
aching stillness. He waited two or
three moments and then let his fingers
fall reluctantly from the keys, sighed
lightly, and made a lowly reverence
toward the altar, where the
ruddy light kindled a point of fire in
the gloom.

As he came slowly down the creaking
wooden steps from the organ-loft, he was
erect and glad at the burning thought
that a voice from heaven had sung to
him. When he reached the foot of the
stairs he saw her lying on the worn,
blue flag, her gown with dark stains
upon it. Then he knew that the be-
lieving who had sung to him was of a
nature kindred with his own.

"When you wish to sing, you are
cured," Ferrari had said. She had
sung and her ills were over.

CARDINAL MANNING.

A full biography of Cardinal Man-
ning is, it is reported, being prepared.
"I shall be surprised," writes the Lon-
don correspondent of the *Scottish*
Leader, "if it proves to be so full as
people could desire, for the reason that
the Cardinal has an objection to being
written up, and the materials necessary
for a full history of the most remark-
able prelate of the time are not acces-
sible. Hitherto the 'lives' which have
been published have been practically
only sketches; the skeletons, in fact,
of a biography. It is not long ago
that the Cardinal got wind that a life
of him was being written. He sent for
the author, and in his usual staid
manner said, 'I am not like being gib-
beted while I am alive. When I am
dead they can do what they like with
me.' That biography was given up."
The fact is that the Cardinal is as
humble as his great model, St. Charles
Borromeo. Bigots have at times
sought to create the contrary impres-
sion, but they are dishonest or do not
know the man.—*N. Y. Catholic*
Review.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, the Catholic
editor of *Punch*, was the recipient of a
handsome present, namely a silver
cigar box, at the dinner given by the
proprietors to the staff at the Ship Inn,
Greenwich, in commemoration of
Punch's jubilee.

Few persons have wisdom to prefer
censure, which is useful to them, to
praise, which deceives them.—*Roche-
foucauld*.

My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says
Mr. R. B. Jones of Alton, Maine. "She had
seven running sores in different places on
her body, but on giving her Hood's Sar-
saparilla there was marked improvement
and now she is well, strong and healthy."

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring
the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.
They are the best family cathartic.

Advice Free.

Keep the head cool, the feet warm and the
bowels regular, and no disease can attack
you. This is a celebrated German physi-
cian's advice, and can best be accomplished
by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the best
regulator and purifier known. It cures all
disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and
blood.

IT IS SAFE TO USE Freeman's Worm
Powders, as they act only on the worms and
do not injure the child.

NASAL BALM

It is a certain and speedy cure for
colds, catarrhs, and all nasal ailments.

SCOTCHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent
Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply
symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-
ache, partial deafness, loss of sense of
smell, foul breath, hoarseness and spit-
ting, running, general feeling of de-
bility, etc. If you are troubled with
any of these or kindred symptoms,
buy a bottle of Nasal Balm, use it
as directed, and you will find relief
and cure. It is sold by all druggists,
or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of
price 10 cents and \$1.00 by addressing
SULFORD & CO.,
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CATARRH

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"Early in 1886 I was told on my right leg
a sister, but was confined to my bed most of
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of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so im-
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I decided to try it. To my great gratification
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HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY
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To my friends my recovery seems almost
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