The following beautiful line the death of Miss Stella B Widow E. C. Strke, of D', a talented young lady of commend them to the

One tiny star! The Father sar With a rare light so tender to One tiny star! He marked i

With steady radiance in Hon But storm-clouds gather!

A Worn-Out Wedding Ring.

Oh, what a simple thing To many memories bring Just this, the slender circlet wedding rine;
Fut fail the walls away,
Encompassing to day.
And tack do b roll, a shriveled so
sad and glad and gay.

A morn of rose and gold,
An ivied church, and old,
windows sparkle as if set with jewe Whose windows sparkle as a second of manifold;
Wh. rein, with love and pride,
A brideg oom give his bride
This ring to wear, till death shall dare the weaded lives divide.

A happy home afar,
Where little children are.
And where fore'er the light of love outshineth like a star;
Where labor early, late,
For patient hands doth wait,
And sense divine of duty done does all things
consecrate.

Forrow there comes, and pain, And once, and once again is upon a comn-lid fail in a blinding rain.

But following the showers
Are sunny summer hours,
When into bud and blossom brightly brea
again the flowers.

How tast the children grow!
How fast the children go
To other homes and other hearts from those
they used to know.
For them the world is wide,
But for those left beside
The old hearthstone it means alone those
who have wed—or died!

And so do fifty years Of joys, of smiles, of tears and unto a tired neart a faithful frie Pass, and units appears.

soft dose he kiss the wan, fiwest lips, and passeth on.

While for her glows the rare red seternal dawn.

Oh, such a simple thing
To many memories bring!
'I's just the slender circle of a worn-out
wedding ring.
But yet, the little band,
Drawn from a quiet hand,
Does mutely tell a story well to hearts that
understand.

—Saturday Night.

-Saturday Night.

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FOURTH.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

XV. THE NEW PENAL LAW.

There being no f-male passengers in the cabin of the Houguemont, it was decided that Alice Walmaley should remain in her room with Sister Cicilia till the end of the voyage. The only change made was in her dr ss, and this, by some strange fore-sight on the part of the little Sister, as it seemed, was quite extensively and fittingly provided for.
Alice selected the quietest possible dress,

and when she stood arrayed in it, after so and when she stood arrayed in it, after so many weary years in prison gray, she could not help glancing at her face in the glass, and blushing as she looked; and at this very protty and womanly moment, Sister Cecilia came upon her and gave a pleasant little laugh. Upon this, Alice blushed deeper, and turned her confused face away, while Sister Cecilia reached after it, and drawing it to the light klesed

ber aff ctionately.

"Wny, Alica," she said, with a provoktag smile, "you are quite a beauty."

Unquestionably, even a few days without the burden of bondage had worked

wonders in Alice's life. She was no longer moody; she instantly and naturally began to take fresh interest in everything she

saw and heard around her.

The ship cleared the Tropics and raced down towards the Cape in the vigorous Southern trades. The blustering winds and the rough see brought refreshment even to the feeble, and to Alice renewed strength. Her face lost the pallor of configurant, and her step become about finement, and her step became elastic.
The years of her imprisonment had kept
dormant the energies that waste with
exertion. She began to feel as youthful
and as cheerful as when she was a girl.

poop deck, a voice that held her rooted to cannot foresee the result "-she

heard these words—"but I shall go on to the end. I have loved her dearly always; and I shall at least, prove it to her before the dream is dispelled." Alice held herself to the window, not

Alice held herself to the window, not meaning to listen to the words so much as to obey the strong prompting of her heart to hear the honest ring of the voice. It was Will Sheridan who spoke—he stood on the poop with Mr. Wyville—and Alice knew the voice. After so many years, it came to her like a message from her gighted and hidded over the above her girlhood, and bridged over the chasm No other words reached her; but the

conversation continued for a long time and still she stood beside the window, her cheek laid on her hands, while she allowed happy scenes. Sister Cecilia found her so, and play

fully coaxed her to tell her thoughts ; bu Alice's diffi ience was so evident that the

The voyage round the Cape had no special interest; and a few weeks later the officers began their preparations for mbarkation. The air grew balmy e more, and the sky cloudless. We are just three hundred miles from disembarkation.

the mouth of the Swan River," said Sheridan one day to Mr. Wyville, when he had taken his observations. "Have you ever landed at Fremantle?"

"Yes, once—many years ago," said Mr. Wyville, and he crossed the deck to

observe something in the sea.

Throughout the voyage neither Sheridan nor Wyville had seen Alice Walmsley.
Each in his own mind deemed it best to leave her undisturbed with Sister Cecilia. Mr. Wyville was still impressed with the conviction of Sheridan's unhappy and hopeless affection for Harriet; but he was much perplexed by her forgetfulness of his name. However, when they reached Australia, one day rehore would clear up matters without the pain of preliminary

explanation.

Day after day, in the mild Southern air, the ship glided slowly on, and still the watchers on the crowded deck saw no eign of land. From morning light they leant on the rail, looking away over the smooth sea to where the air was yellow with heat above the unseen continent

There was a warmth and pleasure in the

There was a warmth and pleasure in the promise it gave.

The straining eyes were saved the long pain of watching the indistinct line. The shore of Western Australia is quite low, and the first sign of land are tail mahogany trees in the bush. The ship passed the first sight-line early in the night; and next morning, when the convicts were allowed on deck, they saw, only a few miles distant, the white sand and dark woods of their land of bondage and promise.

The sea was as smooth as a lake, and the light air impelled the ship slowly. At noon they passed within a stone's throw of the island of Rattenest, and every eye of the island of Kattenest, and every eye witnessed the strange sight of gauge of naked black men working like beavers in the sand, the island being used as a place of punishment for refractory natives.

of punishment for refractory natives.

An hour later the ship had approached within a mile of the pier at Freemantle. The surrounding sea and land were very strange and beautiful. The green shoalwater, the soft air, with a yellowish warmth, the pure white sand of the beach, and the dark green of the unbroken forest beyond, made a scene almost like fairy land.

But there was a stern reminder of reality in the little town of Fremantle

reality in the little town of Fremantle that lay between the forest and the sea. It was built of wooden houses, running down a gentie hill; and in the centre of the houses, spread out like a gigantic star fish, was a vast stone prison.

There was a moment of bustle and noise on the deck, through which rang the clear commanding voice of Sheridan, and next moment the anchor plunged into the sea and the cable roared through the hawse-hole. Every soul on board took a long breath of relief at the end of the voyage.

A tug was seen coming from the wharf, the deck of which was crowded. At its mast heed floated the governor's flag. On the deck was the governor of the Colony with his staff, and a heat of convict officers from the prison.

The tug steamed alongside, and the

governor came on board the convict ship. He wore a blue tunic, with epaulettes like a naval officer, white trousers, and a cocked hat. He greeted Mr. Wyville with official welcome on account of his position,

ometal welcome on account of his position, and warmly expressed his admiration of his philanthropy.

"I understand you bring us a new penal system," said the governor. "I hope it is a stronger one than that we

"It certainly is stronger," said Mr. "It certainly is stronger," said Mr.
Wyville, "for it is milder and juster."
"Well, well," said the governor, who
was a testy old general, "I hope you
won't spoil them. They need a stiff hand
Now, I suppose you want those warders
from the prison to get your crowd into
order for landing. Shall I order them on
heard?" board ?

Mr. Wyville had been looking down on the tug, observing the officers, who were a rough crew, each one carrying a heavy came or whip, as well as a pistol in the belt, and a sword. He turned with a grave

and a sword. He turned with a grave face te the governor.

"Your excellency, I am sure, will see the wisdom of beginning with our new code at once. We have here the best opportunity to emphasize its first principles Shall I proceed?"

"By all means, sir; you have absolute control of your department. I shall

control of your department. I shall watch your method with interest." At his order, the warders boarded the ship, formed in line, and saluted. Mr. Wyville descended from the poop, and carefully inspected them as they stood in sank

"Go to the steward," he said to th chief warder, as he came to the end of the line, "and get from him a large basket."

line, "and get from him a large basket."
The man was astonished, but he promptly obeyed. In a minute he returned with a capacious hamper.
"Begin on the right," said Mr. Wyville, in curt tones, "and place in that hamper your platols, swords canes, and whips."
The warders scarcely believed their ears; but they obeyed.

one day she was standing beside her open window, looking out on the sea, when she plainly heard above her, on the when she plainly heard above her, on the depth and earnestness "I am going to depth and earnestness "I am going to read for you the new law of this colony, of which you are the officers. Its first word is, that if any of you strike or mal-treat a prisoner, you shall be arrested, dis-

charged, and imprisoned."

The warders fairly gasped with astonish ment. The old governor, who had listened attentively at first, opened his eyes wide then nodded his head in decided approval. Mr. Wyville read the heads of the nev law, emphasizing the mild points. As he proceeded, the faces of the warders lost all expression but one of blank amaze-

The entire meaning of the las was that convicts were expected to rise from bad to good, rather than descend from bad to worse. In other words, it was a law meant for reformation, not for In passing along the line, Mr. Wyville's

eye rested on a silver medal worn by one of the warders. He looked at it keenly. What is that medal for?" he asked. "For the mutiny of two years ago," said the chief warder; "this officer killed

three mutineers.' "Take that medal off," sald Mr. Wyville to the warder, " and never put it on again.

We are to have no more mutiny."

The warders were then dismissed from the rank, and instructed to go below and get the convicts in order for disembarka-tion. As they departed, Mr. Wyville

gave them one word more.
"Remember, you are dealing with men not with brutes — with men who have rights and the protection of law."

When they had disappeared into the

hold, the old governor shook Mr. Wyville warmly by the hand. "By the lord Harry, sir, this is excel-lent," he said, heartly. "This d—d colony has been a menageric long enough. make it a civilized country at last."

A PRISONER AT LARGE.

The disembarkation of the convicts was a novel scene to them, and to the officers directing their movements. The absence of shouting and violence made it quite unprecedented to the warders. The convicts reached the wharf on barges, and marched in single file up the little street marched in single file up the little street

Just outside the town, on a slope of
leading to the great gate of the prison of
exquisite lawn, running down to the

Inside the gate, in the centre of an immense yard or walled sand plain, the governor and comptroller general stood; at das the long line of convicts filed by, each saluted in military fashion, and It was late in the afternoon when the last convict passed. The governor was about to leave the ground when his attention was called to one more stranger from the ship, who approached. It was Captain Draper. He walked alowly, as if still feeble from his illness; but he was carefully dressed, and was really much more vigorous than he pretended. He raised his hat to the governor as he approached, and received a curt return of the salute, followed by a cold stave. The governor had looked into Captain Draper's case that forenoon.

"Shall I retain the cent, you Excellence ?" said Draper, with an chaevidate.

"Shall I retain the crew, you Excel-

"Shall I retain the crew, you Excellency?" said Draper, with an obsequious smile; "or is the ship to go out of commission for the present?"

"I don't know, sir," said the stiff old governor, not hiding his dislike and contempt; "and I don't care, sir. The ship belongs to the convict department." He turned on his heel as he spoke.

"Captain Draper," said Mr. Wyville, in an official tone, "you are relieved of your command. The ship goes ont of commission."

D.aper's face was a study of disappoint.

D. aper's face was a study of disappoint

D.aper's face was a study of disappointment at the news.

"The crew will remain—" he began.

"The crew will be taken to Adelside on my yacht, which will arrive this week."

"Shall I have quarters on board?"
asked Draper, with an alarmed look.

"No, sir," said Mr. Wyville shortly.

"You must seek some other means of transport."

transport."
"But," said Draper, imploringly,
"there are no ships in the colony, nor are
any expected. I shell have to remain

"True," said the governor, who en-joyed the scene. "There will be no visitors here for twelve months to come,

Draper looked from one to the other of the men before him; but he drew no gleam of satisfaction from their faces. He gleam of satisfaction from their races. He began to feel a sinking of the heart, such as all cowards feel in the presence of darger. He instinctively knew that his cunning had been over-seiched, and was neeless. He knew not where to look for the hand that had played against him; but through every nerve the knowledge rushed on him that he had been overmastered by a super for intelligence—that he was beaten, dis-covered, and impotent.

covered, and impotent.

This knowledge came suddenly, but it came over whelmingly. At one glance he saw that he had been led into a trap, and that the door had just closed. He turned

to Mr. Wyville, creat fallen.
"If you refuse to let me go on the steamer, I might as well be a prisoner

Precisely," said Mr. Wyville. "Ercept that you will be a prisoner at large," said the governor. "There is a saying in this colony," he added laughingly to Mr. Wyville, "that there are only two classes here—the people who are in prison, and the people who ought to be. Come, now, the horses are waiting; we have a ride of ten miles to Perth before

we get dinner."

The governor, Mr. Wyville, and the gentlemen of the staff moved off, leaving gentlemen of the staff moved off, leaving Captain Draper alone in the centre of the prison yard. He regarded them with baleful eyes till they went through the gate and disappeared. Then he followed, emerged from the gate, and was directed by one of the prison guard to an inn or public house for ticket-of-leave men, where he took up his residence.

BOOK FIFTH. THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE.

I.

ALICE WALMSLEY'S NEW BOME The little town of Fremantle, with its imposing centre, the great stone prison, is built on the shore, within the angle formed by the broad Swan River as it flows calmly into the calm sea. At its

One day, at dinner, Mr. Little spoke to

month, the Swan is about two miles wide. The water is shallow, and as clear at crystal, showing, from the high banks, the brown stones and the patches of white sand on the bottom. The only ripple ever seen on its face, except in the rainy season, is the graceful curve that follows the stately motion of the black swans which have made the beautiful river their home, and have given it its name.

One mile above the mouth of the river,

One mile above the mouth of the river, where the gloomy cliff hangs over the stream, are situated the terrible stone-quarries of Fremantle, where the chaingang works. Many a time, from the edge of the over hanging cliff, a dark mass had been seen to plunge into the river, which is very deep at this point. After which is very deep at this point. After this, there was one link missing in the chains at night, and there was little stir made and few questions asked. Not one swimmer in a thousand could cross a mile of water with fifty pounds of iron chained to his ankles.

For ten miles above Fremantle, the Swan winds in and out among the low hills and the wooded vaileys. is like a dream of peace There is never a stone in its bed great enough to break the surface into a whirl or ripple. water turns no busy wheels. Along its banks are seen no thriving homesteads. Here and there, in the shallows, a black man, with upraised spear, stands still as an ebony statue, while his wives and chil-dren sit upon the shaded rocks on the shore, and silently watch his skilful fishof a wide-backed plates. Along the wooded banks, the kangaroo nibbles the fresh grass, and the bright skinned carpet snake dives into the pleasant water, that has become almost his second home.

On a lovely bend of the river, ten miles from its mouth, stands the little city of Perth, the capital of the Penal Colony, and the residence of the governor. It is a petty town to day, of four or five thou sand people; it was much smaller at the date of our story. The main building, as in all West Australian towns, is the

a very spacious and sightly mansion. river stood a long, low building, within a Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

touching her soft hair with her hand in a

careesing manner.

"Alice couldn't hate even the convicts,"
she said, bending to smile in Alice's face.
It was evident that the loving nature It was evident that the loving nature was fully alive, and sending out already its tendrils to draw toward it everything within its reach. Sister Cecilia smiled kindly as she heard the girls, and saw their expressions of love for Alice. She, however, changed the subject.

"Mr. Wyville's yacht, with Mr. Hamer ton and Mr. Sheridan, will return from Adelaide next week," she said to Alice. "Here is the report in the Fremantle Heraid"

Allce turned her head as if interested Sister Cecilia continued

"And then they will start for Mr.
Wywille's home in the Vasse."
Alice stlently sank back in her chair.
Her eyes alowly withdrew from the newspaper in her friend's hand, and settled far away on the other side of the Swan, in s waking dream—and a dream that was not content. A few moments later she rose, and said she would walk home early that

evening.

"You like your new home and friends?" said Sister Cecilia, not trying to detain her, though the girls did. "I thought it would be pleasanter and more thought it would be pleasanter and more considerable. natural to you than our monotonous convent life.

"They are very kind," said Alice ; "and I love to work in the dairy and among the children. It reminds me of my own dear old home in England." She said the words without pain, though

She said the words without pain, though hes eves filled with tears.

"My good Alice!" said Sister Cecilia, taking her face between her hands in the old way; "I am so happy to hear you say that. Come, girl's, let us walk to Mr. Little's farm with Alice."

With characteristic wisdom and kindness, Sister Cecilia had obtained for Alice, shortly after their arrival, a home in a rich settler's family. Her mind, so recently settler's family. Her mind, so recently freed from the enforced vacancy, became instantly filled with new interests, and her

life at once took root in the new country.
When she had been settled so for about when she had been settled at 17 about a fortnight, and was becoming accustomed to the new routine, she received a letter from Will Sheridan. She knew it was from him; but she did not open it among the children. When her duties for the day were done she walked down toward day were done she waited down toward the convent, which was only half a mile away; but when she came to the tall rocks beside the river, where she was utterly alone, she opened and read her letter.

It was a simple and direct note, saying "Good bye for a time," that he was going to Adelaide to leave the crew of the con vict ship there; but he should call on her, "for the old time's sake," when he re-

Alice read the letter many times, and Alice read the letter many times, and between each reading her eyes rested on the placid river. Once before, she had been haunted with the last words of his letter, "Yours faithfully;" and now she repeated and repeated the one sentence that was not prosaic—"I will come for the old time's sake."

A few weeks later she received a letter from him, written in Adelaide, telling her of the voyage, and stating the time of

One day, at dinner, Mr. Little spoke to her about the voyage.
"You brought us back a man we wanted in this colony, Miss Walmsley," he said; "the man who has made the

"Mr. Wyville—yee," said Alice confidently; "he could ill be spared from any country." "No, I don't mean Wyville; I mean Mr. Sheridan—Agent Sheridan, we call

"Yes, str," said Alice, her eyes lowered to the table "He's the cleverest man that ever came to this colony," said the well meaning farmer; "I hope he'll get married and settle down here for life."

"O, Sam, who could he marry in the West? There is no one here," said the farmer's wife.

farmer's wife.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Little; "there's the governor's daughter for one, and there are plenty more. And don't you know, the govenor is going to give Mr. Sheridan a grand dinner in the name of the Colony, when he comes back from

Throughout the dinner Alice was particularly attentive to the children, and did not eat much herself.
"Mr. Wyville is coming here to mor-

row," said Mr. Little, presently. "He wants to buy that meadow below the convent, to put up another school. He's a good man that, too, Miss Walmsley; but the other man knows the need of this colony, and has taught them to ue."
"Mr. Wyville is a man whose whole

ing. Presently, without a quiver of warning, the statue moves its arm, the long spear is driven under water like a flash, and is raised to bear ashore its prize conversation in his praise, telling many inidents of his care for the prisoners on the journey.

But, though Farmer Little again and again returned to the praise of Sheridan, who was his man of men, Alice sat silent at these times, and carnestly attended to the wants of the children. TO BE CONTINUED.

"That tired feeling" is entirely over come by Hood's Sersaparilla, which gives a feeling of buoyancy and strength to the whole system.

Constitution claims many victims.
Ward off this dread disease by the use of
Small Sugar-Costed Burdock Pills when

AN AMUSING IRISH STORY.

An amusing story of the late Daines Barrington is related, as follows: Having to appear for a plaintiff, in a case at Cionmel, he let into the defendant Having to appear for a plainth, in a case at Cionmel, he let into the defendant in unmeasured terms. The man inveighed against, not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got to Dublin. the defendant, a Tipperary man named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the coursel. He rode all day and all night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence, in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bidle of his smoking horse over the area, he amounced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and opening the street door beheld the apparition of the rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intima-tion of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.
"Then give my compliments, and say
Mr. Foley—he'll know my name—will be
glad to see him."

The valet went up-stairs and told his naster, who was in bed, the purport of "Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington, "for it's not a bare nor a brace of ducks he's come to present

The man was leaving the bedroom when a rough, wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said: "By your leave," and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said be to Barrington. "I have made it a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time be cut a figure eight with his shillelah before the cheval giase,
"You don't mean to say you would

"You don't mean to say you would murder me in bed," exclaimed Daines, who had as much honor as cool courage. "No," replied the other; "but get up 'Yes," replied Daines that you might

fell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets." "No," replied the other, "I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are

out of bed.' "You won't?"

"Upon your honor?"
"Upon my honor."
"That is enough," said Daines, turning
over and making himself comfortable, and
seeming as though he meant to fail saleep. "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman and may rest as eafe as though I was under

the castle guard." The Tipperary Salamander looked mar-velously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

aleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Halloa," said Mr. Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines, "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never cet up again. In the meantime Mr. get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfest just ring the bell, and the best in the house just ring the bell, and the best in the house
is at your service. The morning paper
will be here presently, but be sure and air
it before reading, for there is nothing
from which a man so quickly catches cold
as from reading a damp journal," and
Daines affected now to go to sleep.

The Tip had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of
the confined.

the confined.

"Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or
out of bed I have not the pluck to hurtso

The result was, that in less than an hour afterward Daines and his intended chast tiser were sitting down to a warm break fast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smcking chops.

THOUSANDS OF LIVES LOST.

over what they romantically call "beau tiful spring," and "gentle spring," and while, no doubt, every one is glad to see winter release its icy grasp, "beautiful spring" is, after all one of the most deadly seasons of the year. Sudden transitions from warmth to extreme cold, with piercing, chilling winds; from dry to sloppy, "muggy" weather, all combine to make the season a most try-ing one, even to the hardiest constituwhile to those with weak constitu tion, while to those with weak constitu-tions the season is one of positive danger. Undoubtedly the greatest danger at this season of the year is from cold in the head, which very few escape, and which if not promptly and thoroughly treated, developes into catarrb, with all its disagreeable, and louthsome effects. disagreeable and loathsome effects. Catarrb, neglected, almost as certainly developes into consumption annually destroying thousands of lives. At this trying season no household should be without a bottle of Nasal Balm. In cases of cold in the head it gives almost instant relief and effects a speedy cure, thus preventing the development of catarrh. Where the latter disease has already secured a hold it is equally efficacious, and with persistent use will cure the worst case. From the outset it sweetens the breath, stops the naus eous droppings into the throat and lungs, dispels those dull headaches that afflict the sufferer from catarrh. Nasal Balm is not advertised as a cure all—it is an honest remedy which never fails to cure cold in the heard or catarrh when the directions are faithfully followed, and thousands throughout the country reason to bless its discovery. Balm may be had from all dealers or wil be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents, small, or \$1, large size bottle) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville,

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

S 3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, who can three flowards belief to the situation or employmental which you can three flowards bollars a fear in their own localities, wherever they lived will also furnish the situation or employmental which you can earn that amount. No money for me unives successful as above. Easily and quickly sarmed, I desire but one worker from each district or county. I start the start of the start of

Dyspepsia

from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known groeer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weigh-

"Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the tomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable. for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsapait had Suffering rilla, as cured his wife of saint lides, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided,

my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken

I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsa parilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass 100 Doses One Dollar

-OBJECTS OF THE-

The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United

Imported or manufactured in the United States.

The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are:

Ist It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or masufacturers, and hence—

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:

phareed.
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 address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th Ciergymen 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, entrusted 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

THOMAS D. EGAN.

Catholic Agency, 42 Barelay St., New York, NEW YORK.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE. GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, ETC. AT BOTTOM PRICES. ALSO FRENCH BAND SAWS. AMES REID AND COMPANY,



Catalogues & Estimates Free JOHN TAYLOR & Co. are founders of the most noted Rings of Bells which have been cast, in Ju-ding those for St. Paul's Cathedral, London, a Peal of 12 (largest in the world), also the fannows Great Paul weighing 16-tons 14-cut. 2-qrs. 19-48s. JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

MANUFACTURING UNDERTAKERS Wholesale and retail. Outside the combine. Always open. R. DRISCOLL & CO. 424 Richmond-st., - London, Ont.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS. W. J. THOMPSON & SON. Opposite Revere House, London, Has always in stock a large assortment of every style of Carriages and Sleighs. This is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Dominion. Note but first class kind in the Dominion. None but first-c work turned out. Prices always moder



McShane Bell Foundry. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free. VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati. VANDUZEN & TIFT. MENEELY & COMPANY
WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS
Favorably knows to the publis size1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alare
and other belis: also, Chimes and Pears

BENZIGER'S CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC FOR 1890.
Can now be had by sending Twenty-five cents to THOS COFFEY. Catholic Record Office. London.
Also to be had from our travelling agents. weeps long and sorely for a liver sisters, brothers, mo brother, Sadly they pray: "God's done." One tiny Star, sweet rays of One little Girl, who stills th

With Heaven's comfort in Ah! mother with her arms and her clear accents whis

love, Little you thought one yea shining One tiny Star, in God's bright Will you grieve for her?
has taken
so pure, so spotless, from a
One tiny Star has this cold
Shines where no sadness ca

Stella, sweet Angel, hovers: Bears consolation on her sn One tiny Biar, serenely wate Rays from God's Heaven to brings.

Stella is praying, for Her of ing.
That God His grace may on Benish all sorrow, one fair A Star of Hope for you four

Quebec, 25th March, 1891.

CATHOLIC F

Buffalo Union and

Buddba is symbolized lotes, which is nothing, bud nobody is anything, and through various metamor that it was not worth the to not any ego and everything of what a lovely religio afternoon tea—so mysti nebulous? Does it seem s can no longer holds a can and then it is so "un Buddha seems like Sair Harris — there probably person." Pittaburg Cat

It would appear that Christian denomination disposed to strut and cro int folks have been putti they were observing the anniversary of the deatl of their Church, John Catholic Church is nearly contract of its being the church is nearly the contract of the page of the contract of the contrac century of its being founder was not a West Jesus Christ Himself. this Church, as He prom age; and to-day it show or efficiency. It will be when Wesley's Church away like the last winter While freethinkers

largely on the increase growing disposition is depreciate and denounce—it is a consolation Christian to learn that pilgrimages to celebrate increase. These pile revive slumbering fair wonderous vitality in materialistic age. In promoters of these plot to be the Augustin Land. A new work p describes about fourtee shrines to Oar Lady in New York Cat

John Kelly asks a One is: When were marry? The answer early ages when near came into the Oburch ried men were ordain priest after ordinatio to marry, either in the tal Churches. He for story originated that dulgences. It origin heart of Martin Lath of proof has ever been the charge. It is as on as Barou Munchause Maria Monk, or Haw Ten times one are to pondent asks an or Hugo. He was a bet who dezzled for a tic regarded as a classic Originally a Catholic came an infidel and works are attractive,

> Italy leads all t Europe in the nu landing at Castle C the misguided subje refuse to see how Government which Government which degree unknown to the benighted day equity were regardermany follows, send, Austria, Rusland. The whole 85 795, of which Namia received 45 vania received 45 New Jersey, 3,000 nearly as many, O lowing next in o

Master Rudyar the subject with all and-twenty hoary power having a thinks China may the opportunity gunboat, for insta tage of the "be condition of Buff Possibly, but M think what migh afterwards, and spanking-machin was turned loose can kick a sleepi biggest kind of Catho

The Easter seired any time