Lenten days are de Thoughts of Jesus Of His agony, His o Of His bleed for t

MARCH 21, 18

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FOURTH. THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

VIII.

FACE TO FACE.

The convict ship, with all sail set, before a strong quarter breeze, ploughed heavily round the South of England, and then spread her arms like a sea spirit as pt majestically toward the deep

No need to moralize afresh on the weird contrast between the tall ship, nobly and beautifully breasting the waves, and the hideous secret she bears

"Who, as she smiles in the silvery light, Spreading her wings on the bosom of night, Alone on the deep, as the moon to the sky, A phantom of beauty, could deem with a

Alone on the deep, as the moon to the sky, A phaniom of beauty, could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting
within!
Who, as he watches her sliently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not
sever.

sever.

Hearls that are broken and payled for ever?
Or deems that he watches, affoat on the wave.
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?"

The first few days of the voyage are inexpressibly horrible. The hundreds of pent up wretches are unused to the darkness of the ship, strange to their crowded

quarters and to each other, depressed in spirits at their endless separation from home, sickened to death with the merci less pitch and roll of the vessel, alarmed at the dreadful thunder of the waves against their prison walls, and fearful of sudden engul/ment, with the hatches barred. The scene is too hideous for a -too dreadful to be described in

Oaly those who have stood within the bars, and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair, blended in a diapason that made every hatch-mouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of

the hold of a convict ship.

About a week out from England, the Hougemont was bowling down the Atlan-tic, and across the Bay of Biscsy. The night was cold and dark, and the strong breeze held the ship steady, and every sail drawing.
Mr. Wyville and Sheridan, the latter

anr. Wysules and Sheridan, the latter of whom had come on deck for the first time since the vessel sailed, in warm great-coats, walked the lee side of the poop; while the captain, also heavily wrapped, paced the weather side, glancing now and again at the sails, and taking an occasional look at the course. ing now and again at the sails, and taking an occasional look at the course.

"You have got over your sea sick-

Sheridan laughed.

"You forgot that I am a sailor, Mr.

Wyville," he said. "I had another rea-

son for keeping my room."
Will Sheridan, for months past, had often been on the point of telling Mr. Wyville the whole story of his life, his love for Alice Walmsley, and her terrible suffering for another's crime; but the moment still had gone by, and he had never broached the subject. He longed to speak his warm gratitude to the wise friend who had preserved Alice's reason and life in Milbank.

Mr. Wyville never dreamt that Sheridan and Alice Walmsley had known each other. He did not know that on the other. He did not know that on the deck at that moment stood Sheridan's deadliest enemy, within five yards of the man he hated, and who mortally hated

"I will tell him all now," were the words in Sheridan's mind; and he turned to Mr. Wyville, and took hold of his arm. They paused in their walk, and stood at

the foot of the mizzen mast,
At that moment, the captain went
toward the wheel, and bent his head to look at the compass. The strong bin-nacle-light fell full upon his face, just as Will Sheridan stopped and laid his hand

The face of the binnacle glare was straight before Sheridan. His eyes were arrested by it as by a spectre; his hand closed like a vise on the arm of his frien "God Almighty!" Tae words rushed

from his heart in a hissing whisper.

Mr. Wyville was astounded, but he could not even surmise the cause of Sheridan's tremendous excitement. He had seen the face of the captain as it remained for a moment in the strong light; but he did not connect this with his friend's emotion. He waited for Sheridan to speak.

d of speaking, Sheridan watched the dark figure of the captain as he passed from the wheel to the weather side of the poop, and paced slowly up and down. Then he drew a deep breath,

tremulous with aroused passion.
"Who is that man?" he asked, in a low voice, after a long look.
"That is the captain," answered Mr. Wyville. "Let me introduce you. Cap.

tain Draper !" The captain walked toward them. Sheridan remained just as he had been

standing. "Captain Draper, let me introduce-" "Stay!" said Sheridan, laying hand on Mr. Wyville's breast, Sheridan, laying his

He strode to the binnacle, seized the lamp, and returned with it in his hand. When he was within two feet of Draper he threw the light full on his own fac

sternly turned towards his enemy. "Now!" he said, "now, introduce The sight of the terrible face struck

Draper like a physical blow. His breath came in a short gasp, and he staggered back till he leaned sgainst the mast. He never said a word.

eridan turned the glare of the lamp upon him for an instant, then snatched it rapidly away from the repulsive sight. At that moment, with the veil of dark. ness suddenly torn back, Draper's face was ghastly, and his attitude full of

Will Sheridan replaced the lamp in the binnacle, and walked straight to his

Mr. Wyville was profoundly astonished and puzzled at this scene. He remained on deck for an hour or more after Sheri

speak to Captain Draper, who paced his side of the poop in gloomy silence. It was an hour of fearful torture to Draper, for, like most scoundrels who are cowards, he suffered over and over again cowards, he suffered over and over again the agonies of shame and exposure which he knew he had earned. But, like this class, too, he siways planned his conduct, even his words, beforehand. As soon as the appalling interview had passed, and he found himself unmolested, his adroit and subtle mind began weaving the warp and woof of a devil's plot that should make him the winner in the contest now besum.

begun

He looked at Wyville, who stood gszing
out on the sca, and asked himself, "Does
he know?" And he speedily ran over the
signs, and concluded that Mr. Wyville
know nothing of his relations to Sheridan.
He remembered that Wyville called him
to be introduced to Sheridan, and he had noticed the suprised exclamation with which Wyville had observed Sheridan's

extraordinary conduct.

The midnight eight bells sounded, and the mate came to relieve the captain from his watch; but Draper said he could not sleep, and would remain on deck an hour

longer.

In that hour, he was alone on the poop;
Mr. Wyville had gone below. Draper,
looking down through the glass roof of
the dining room, saw that a bright light
was burning in Sheridan's room. As he
looked at the light, secretly and alone, a
desperate hatred burned in his heart like
poison. The years of his guilt were poison. The years of his guilt were melted down into that one hour, and they took the form of a blighting curse. Could

took the form of a blighting curse. Could malediction have murdered Sheridan, he would have been withered to death by the baneful light of Draper's eyes.

But the harred of a man so naturally evil as Draper is apt to turn into practical injury. The coward who hates is never at rest; he will either malign his enemy with foul would in seriest on he will die a nit.

rest; he will either maigh his enemy with foul words in secret, or he will dig a pit for his feet. It is only manly men who can hate and hold their tongues.

As Draper paced the deck, towards the end of the hour, his tread actually became stealthly and fearful, as if he dreaded lest hand the restrict of his towards the restrict has not and the nature of his thoughts might be read in the sound of his steps. Slowly and carefully be turned the circumstances over in his mind. Wyville certainly did not know of his relations with Sheridan. Sheridan himself had evidently been surprised at the meeting. Only one knew: none clee had any interest in knowing. That one must be silened, or—he, Draper, must face disgrace. Once before, Sheridad had cluded his design; but this time—and, as he concluded his walk and plot together, he clared at the light in Will together, he glared at the light in Will Sheridan's room, like a serpent in the outer darkness,—this time there would be no mistake or hesitation on his part.

HOW A PRISONER MIGHT BREAK A BAR The days slipped into weeks as the Houguemout salled southward down the great commercial highway of the Atlantic. The mild airs of the warmer latitudes sur prised and delighted those who had only known the moist climate of Britain. As the vessel sailed close to the island of Pico, one of the Azores, the deck was crowded with gazers on the unknown land.

It was the forencon of a lovely day.

The sun shone with radiant splendor on
the soaring peak and purple cliffs of Pico.
The island seemed to most of those on the
ship like some legendary land of fairy lore. They had never seen any country but England, and they had never before beard even the name of this important-

looking place.
On the bow of the convict ship, standing on the raised deck, which was the roof of the punishment cell or compartment, of the punishment cell or compartment, atcod three men, looking up at Pico. These three, from the day of the ship's sailing, had been drawn together by inherent attraction; and now, among all the queer new friendships of the voyage, there was none stronger than theirs. And yet they were very dissimilar, inwardly and outwardly.

ontwardly.
One was a tall man, solemn-faced and severe, dressed in sombre garments; the next was a small man, mild of face and manner, clad in old-fashioned sailor's blue; the third was a very black man, whose hair stood upright on his head when he removed his laugh that rang through severe, dressed in sombre garments; the the third was a very black man, whose hair stood upright on his head when he removed his immense fur cap, and whose ody from throat to feet was clothed in

Strange it was, that this seemingly discordent trio, Mr. Haggett, Officer Lodge, and Ngarra jil, had developed a mutual attraction, each for the other; and, after a few weeks at sea, had spent almost their whole waking time in each

other's company.

They did not converse much, if any. Ben Lodge did not quite understand Mr. Haggett's solemn scriptural illustrations and heavy comments; Mr. Haggett did not pay much heed to Ben Lodge's dreadful tale of carpage in the Chinese bombardment; and neither of them understood Ngarra-jil, nor did he comprehend a word they said.

Yet they passed day after day in each other's company, leaning over the vessel's side on sitting on the sunny 'orecastle
The presence of Officer Lodge on board
needs explanation. Two days before the
convict ship sailed, Mr. Wyville walked
into the lock-up at Walton le Dale, fol-

lowed by Ngarra-Ju.

Officer Lodge met him with a mild,
every-day atr, and, pointing with a back
ward motion of the hand toward the cell, owed by Ngarra-jil.

informed him that it was "hempty." "Have you any relatives or others de-pending on you?" asked Mr. Wyville, falling into the matter-of fact simplicity of the little policeman.

"No, sir; no one as can't get along without me. I 'ave lived here alone for fifeen year. I don't know a man, though, in Walton to take my place. There's a deal of trust in this hoffice, sir; a deal of

What property do you own here?" asked Mr. Wyville.
"The donkey and water cart is mine,

though the viliage gave 'em to me. That's all the property."
"I need a careful man to oversee a settlement," said Mr. Wyville. "But he will have to go to Australia. He will be comfortably placed, much more so than you are here; and his engagement will e permanent. I came to offer the place

to you—can you come?"
"Yessir," said Officer Lodge, as quietly

"It is now noon; I will return to Lon-lon on the 2 o'clock train. Meanwhile,

don on the 2 o clock train. Meanwhile, I will walk through the village." Turning to Ngarra jil, Mr. Wyville said in his own language, "You can remain here." Mr. Wyville walked straight to the old home of Aites. Walmsley, and lingered a long time in and around the deserted and decaying cottage. There was warm fool decaying cottage. lecaying cottage. There was a warm feelfig in his heart, a new and happy growth, which was thrilled and strengthened as his eye fell on objects that might once have

been familier to Alice Walmeley.

As he left the place, to return to Officer Lodge, it seemed as dear to him as if he had known and loved it all his life. He turned towards it, as he walked down the road, and there was a quiet gladness in his

face,
"She will leave it all behind," he murmured. "There shall be no picture of its wretchedness in her memory."

He passed to the court-house. Officer Lodge and Ngarra jil were sitting in the office, silently looking at each other. At first, Officer Lodge had spoken to his companion; but Ngarra jil had answered only by a gruff and unintelligible monosyllable. They then had subsided into perfect sil

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. Wyville. "Yessir."

"Come."

They went to the railway station, and took their seats for London. Officer Lodge and Ngarra jil sat opposite each other, and continued their acquaintance the same silent fashion which had in the same silent fashion which had marked its beginning in the station house. On board the convict ship, they had attracted the lonely Mr. Haggett, who, in a patronizing manner at first, joined their

ompany.

As these three stood near the bow of the Houguemont, looking up at the purple cliffs of loty Pico, there rose an extraordin ary commotion on the deck, among the

That morning two men, the worst and most disorderly characters in the ship, had been locked up in the punishment crib. They had first been sentenced to work at oakum picking; but they sat within the bars idle, staring out at the crowd of convicts on deck, and singing and shouting For this they had been again reported, and the officers had now come to take

them out for further punishment.

The officers stood waiting for him who had the key of the barred door; and he was searching valuely in his pockets. After while, it was evident that the key had been mislaid or lost. The officers could not open the barred door.

The two culprits within were the first to understand this, and they set up a howl of derision. They danced about in their den, cursing the officers and enapping their fingers at them through the bars.

At length a dreadful idea struck one of the desperate wretches. His eye had fallen on the heap of loosely-picked oakum inside the bars. With a yell he seized an inside the bars. With a yell he seized an armful of the inflammable material and threw it far within the cage, against a heap of tarred rope ready for picking. The officers stood outside, watching the fellow's action with alarm. When he had

gathered all the oakum into a pile he drew from his pocket a lucifer match, and flourished it before the officers' eyes with flourished it before the officers' eyes with a grin of triumph and devilish meaning. His brutal associate within the bars, upon whom the meaning of the preparations broke suddenly at sight of the match, gave a wild shout of delight and defiance "Damn you!" he cried, shaking his fist at the powerless warders, "you can't help yourselves. We'll set fire to the ahip before your eyes!"

The dreadful threat struck terror into the convicts on deck, who began to huddle

the convicts on deck, who began to huddle together like sheep.

The officers looked into each other's

pale faces, dumb and helpless. One of them caught hold of the massive bars of

Yelling with delight at their power, the two miscreants within piled up the pyre. Then he who held the match selected a dry place on deck to strike it. He bent

the ship, he applied the torch to the pile of oakum, and the yellow flame licked up he ready material with fearful rapidity. At sight of the flame, a cry of alarm rose from the huddled convicts, drowning the reports of the officers' pistols, who were shooting down the incendiaries.

It was too late. Had they used their

pistols before the match was struck, they would have acted in time. To slaughter the wretches now was to insure the conthe wretches now was to haure the con-tinuation of the fire. Were the prisoners let alone they might have become terrified at their own danger, and had quenched the bleze before it had selzed the ship.

One of the officers placed the mazzle of his pistol to the ponderous lock of the cage, and fired. The bullet destroyed the lock, but did not force it. At that moment, with a cry of success, an officer dashed through the crowd and seized the lock. He had found the key!

But it would not turn in the shattered wards. The bullet had wedged every-thing together, and the bolt had become

By this time the flames had swept over the pile of tarred rope, and had fastened on the beams overhead. The pitch bubbled up between the seams of the leck, and dense volumes of smoke poured

through the bars.

The slarm had spread to the convicts below, and an awful sound of affright arose from the hundreds of horrified

hearts. The officers dashed wildly to and fro. Some of the ship's crew had begun to work with axes on the roof of the cage. which was a heavily timbered deck. The fire began to roar with the dreadful sound that denotes the untamable power of approaching conflagration.

At this moment Mr Wyville came forward, and with one glance took in the whole scene. Every one gave way for him as he strode to the cage. The convicts prayed him, "save us!" the ultimate appeal of terror-stricken men. He stood an instant looking at the fire -saw the mortal danger. In ten minutes

lames. "Shall we open the batcher, and let the on deck for an hour or more after Sheri as if he were asked to walk down the dan's abrupt departure; but he did not street. "Do you want me to start now." chief warder, the key in his hand.

more no earthly power could subdue the

"No!" shouted Wyville with such sudden force that the man staggered back

Mr. Wyville looked at the lock, and saw its condition. He shock the bars with amezing force.

A gust of firme and smoke now rushed

through the bars, and drove every one back, even Mr Wyville. He rushed forward again; then turned to the officers, who had retreated to the formast, and called them to him. Not one moved they were cowed.

Another instant and a tall man pushed through the crowd, and stood beside
Wyville. It was Mr Haggett. Their
eyes met for one instant. They under
stood one another.

"What do you want?" asked Haggett, in a low, steady voice.
"The silk curtains from the dining-room—quick!" answered Mr. Wyville in the same tone.

Next moment Haggett was clearing a lane for himself through and over the crowd. He disappeared toward the cabin. They knew he would return, and they knew he would return, and they kept the way open for him. In half a minute he flow back, in each hand a long ed silken curtain, torn from the cabin Mr. Wyville stood waiting for him,

holding in his hand a heavy iron belaying-pin, which he had taken from the rail. pin, which he had taken from the rail. He took one of the curtains, twisted it into a rope, and pushed one end through the bars. This end he brought out four bars cff, and around these four bars he wound both curtains, one after the other.

When the curtains were entirely wound When the curtains were entirely wound in this way, he inserted the heavy iron rod between the folds, at the two central bars, and began to turn it end over end like a lever. The first turn made the silken rope rigid; the second strained it; the third called out all the muscular power of the man. But there was nothing entered. ing gained.
Mr. Wyville turned, and looked toward

Haggett, who approached Both men seized the iron lever, and pulled it down with all their force.
"This is a convict's trick," said Hag-

gett, as they paused for breath.

Mr. Wyville made no reply; but continued the tremendous leverage. There was a cry from the convicts: they saw the massive bars yielding—the two outer bars bending toward the centre under the ter-

fic strain. Oce again the upper end of the lever was seized by both men, and with a united effort of strength pulled and pressed down. The next turn was easily made: the mighty bars had bent like lead in the centre and then broken, leaving two gaps wide enough to allow the entrance of a

When this was done Mr. Wyville and Mr. Haggett fell back, while the officers and sailors dashed into the burning cage, and satiors dashed into the burning cage, smothering the fixmes with wet sails, beneath which they trampled out the fire.

The vessel was saved, and not one minute could have been spared. In the wild uproar that followed, each one giving the same water was the same of the wild uproar that followed, each one giving vent to the pent-up excitement of the moment, Mr. Wyville, turning in the crowd, met the eyes of Haggett, earnestly fixed on his face. He had often observed his watchfulness before; but there was another meaning in his eyes to day.

Without a world Mr. Wyrille my out.

Without a word, Mr. Wyville put out his hand, which Haggett grimly setzed. "Thank you," said Mr. Wyville. "That's not right," said Haggett; "you have saved all our lives."

Mr. Wyville negatively shook his head, with his usual grave smile, and was about to pass on. Mr. Haggett slowly let go his hand, still looking at him with the same strange expression. They had parted a few paces when Haggert strode after Mr. Wyville with a new impulse, selzed his hand once more in a grip of iron, and met his eye with a face working the door, and shook them with all his force. He might as well have tried to shake down the mast.

pressed feeling.

"Forgive me!" he said; and without another word he dropped Mr. Wyville's hand, turned, and strode off to his room by

Mr. Wyville and Sheridan walked the poop for hours. Mr. Wyville made no mention of Haggett's strange conduct.

Toward midnight they went to their rooms. The extraordinary events of the day had kept them from talking about

Captain Draper, though the subject had been for days uppermost in both minds.

When Wyville entered his room his eyes fell on a letter, fixed endwise on his table to attract attention. It was addressed to himself. He opened it, and took out a photograph—the portrait of a convict in chains. There was no other

enclosare. On the back of it were written these words, in Mr. Haggett's handwriting, dated four years before:

"This is the only photograph of the man known as Moondyne. It was taken in Western Australia, just before his latest escape from Freemantie Prison. All other photographs of this prisoner have una countably disappeared from the prison

Mr. Wyville gazed a long time at the strange present. Taen he laid it on the table, locked his door, and walked medt tatively to and fro his narrow room. At times he would stop and take the picture from the table, look at it with deep attention, while his lips moved as if he were

At last he took the portrait, tore it to pleces, and, opening the window of his room, threw the pieces into the sea. TO BE CONTINUED.

Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes us: "For fifteen years I have suffered with Indigestion, and during that time I could get nothing to give me relief, al-though I tried a great many different kinds of medicine recommended for that con plaint. I now feel like a new man, and this wonderful change has been accom-plished by the use of four bottles of North-rop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. To me it has been a valuable medicine."

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Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

A CATHOLIC ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW

Truly the word socialism is the bete noir of many respectable people who can toast of a snug account at their banker's. If to it, however, we prefix the qualifying adjective Christian their treplication thereby undergoes considerable diminution. Let it be once for all understood that we are not socialists Nor are we the apologists for much that is irregular and inadmissible in socialistic propaganda; albeit we frankly acknowledge that a socialist is one whose arguments, at least some of them, are not easily disposed of off hand. Whilst we thus define the limits of our position we cannot attempt to disguise from ourselves that there is much in our social system utterly unsound, absolutely gangrened much that needs a thorough searching and probing; much through which the legis-lative scalpel must pass if the disease is to be kept from spreading. The rottenness must be removed, be the process never so painful and difficult, if social life is to be saved and utter collapse avoided. This, however, must needs be done in a Chris-tian-like manner. Society, or that por tion of it which had been disordered, must be re-organized, if it is to be re-constructed at ail, on a solid Christian basis, all due regard being paid to Christian tenets and the laws of natural equity.

That the constructive task has become

necessary has long been patent to us, and events of recent occurrence have served to convince us all the more of its urgency. There is not one of our readers that does ot scan the pages of some one or other of our dailles. Let them reflect for a our dailles. our dailles. Let them reflect for a moment, and endeavor to recall even a part of what has been recorded for the last three or four weeks. Thousands of our people are on the verge of starvation. Many of them have fallen on our highways, Many of them have falled on our nighways, weary and emaclated to rise no more. The rigid forms of lifeless women are dis-covered in the recesses of our bridges. The cries of countless little ones, walling for a crust, fall with painful cadence upon

Death is here and death is there, Death is busy everywhere.

And what efforts have been made to relieve the sufferings of our starving poor? Nor work nor bread have they. Chame-leon-like must they live, subsist on light and air.

and air. Famine is on their cheeks. Need and oppression startle in their eyes. Contempt and beggary hang upon their The world is not their friend, nor the world's Tals is one side of the question. Turn

we now to another.

Bedford dies and "ton" is flattered.

Waen dead some days is leaks out he committed suicide. We have nothing to say in disparagement of the late noble man, whose remains, in accordance with his own expressed wishes, were proma-turely reduced to sahes a few days since at Woking. He once entertained the Queen of Holland at his gorgeous maneton of Woburn Abbey. Her Majesty, possessing that rather epicure quanty of inquistiveness, would fain ask the Duke the amount of his yearly income. Regarding the imperial question in the light of a command, the Duke made answer sotto voce, "I must plead guilty, your Majesty, to more than £300,000 a year." The Covent Garden Market property alone, where his tenants are liter-ally done to death with the cold and the draughts, brought him in the respect-able sum of £18 000 annually. Woburn Abbey, with its gaileries of antique marble, and priceless painting, and its park of two thousand five hundred acres, dotted with innumerable pleasances, is one of noblest mansions in the kingdom. a change from Bethnal Green to Woburn Park! The Duke, surfeited with pleasure, knows not how to spend the twentieth part of his net annual income. He is well fed whilst countless thousands starve.

Yet they are men as well as he; with human wants and human cravings. Did the other ride of the ship.

That night when the excitement had died, and the usual quiet had been restored.

That the many should be driven raving mad with the pange of hunger, whilst the few, fattened and revelled.
Surely there must be something wrong,
something awry in the state of society
which furnishes us with a contrast. The many, the multitudes, must not The many, toe multidee, must not, shall not, starve. They must get work, or they must get bread. A stone will no longer be sufficient for them. Stress and poverty may according to natural equity, give a man a claim to his neighbor's loaves. There are circumstances in which the goods of life became common property. It may never come to that pass with us. Yet the present stoical indifference to the needs of the poor may entail a Nemecis of blood in the not far

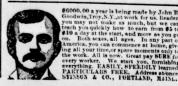
distant future -London Universe.

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ness and convulsions. The unremedy is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. As a PICK ME-UP after excessive exertion or exposure, Milburn's Beet, Iron and Wine s grateful and comforting.



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Yellow Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being

strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy. It is prepared by thoroughly competent pharmacists, in the most careful manner, by a peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process, giving to it curative power

Peculiar To Itself

It will cure, when in the power of medicine Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys. It overcomes That Tired Feeling, Creates an

Appetite, and gives great mental, nerve, bodily, and digestive strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists.

\$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hoed & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsapa-rilla, do not be induced to buy any other. **IOO Doses** One Dollar

"Each Paim Leaf or Head is from \$16 5 feet long, and opens like a fan, with a spread that forms an almost perfect circle. The beautifully-mellowed streaks of gold and green, ending in the lightly waving plumes, give them the appearance of rays of suslight. Platted or woven in variously devised forms, they make adornments for the Altar or for the Catholic Home that at once attrast the eye by their simple beauty."

1875. FIFTEENTH YEAR. 1890.

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NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY

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be desired.

I have received abundant festimonials to
this effect frem the Most Rev. and Right
Rev. Archbishops and Bishops, and from
the Rev. Clerky throughout the land. From
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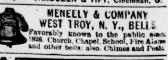
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Lenten days are ds Thoughts of Jesus Jesus, crowned wit To our aching he

Thoughts of Jesus, Treated as the lar As the outcast of the Struck and breis

Annas, Caiphas, P Wretche- judgin Jesus silent, meek Jesus by heaven

SUPERS SOME PIOUS PEOP

It is an old saying Church the devil of This proud spirit envious of the hono tries to lesson it in caused himself to lead by the blind terminal in that was tempts in that was

do now? He leave

in his efforts to prese relics of ancient i fully preserved as a the same way, the and ressoning bein the sun and the s stones, and dumb all kinds of foolish successful with plot Christians, who put servations and su He, therefore, hides a cleak that one suspect of conceal he tries to deceive t ance of holiness, a the vice of superst holy things, nay, e cross, which is so to flight. Thus, sir the true God from deavors at least t

This he effects by a superfluous wors tion, that is, one t

God, nor approved in accordance with

the Church ; or els of themselves, and God, or from the It is generally w selves to be deceive Cataneus relates, and advice in her said she, "a certain received special lig me of a very effica the recovery of m probably by humi concealing the di-charged me stricti

this to any one.

What is the

priest.
"I must have the lady, "In hon "Very good, pricet, "the Holy pricet, "the Holy itely good and po why make such a under certain Blessed Trinity three distinct Per written in succe

must be exactly

Again, one and the make thirteen;

must be exactly

"Very good;

altar, and the Ma nine o'clock; b re nine; thus Mass-server, and all clearly sign Blessed Trinity.' "Oh," said t thatis the idea, thing much be Mass sung wirdeacon, and le one years old; f them on the al have nine chorle server, are also t addition you can time for Mass, Trinity will be doubtless be cot on's health. ady, and nothin special lights th nce has receive from the epirit name of goodne those other circ Holy Mass? said at 7, or at priest is forty-or candles on the

Thus he dist lady. The General demned a custo was a current Pargatory could Masses at which lighted, and, and given to the position of the real and holy

grievous mortal

y the help of t