The Handsomest

A FARMER'S PHILE

A Dream of The Sea.

A farmer lad in his prairie home
Lav dreaming of the sea;
He ne'er had see o it, tut well he knew
Its pictured image and heavenly hue;
And he dreamed he swept o'er its waters

with the winds a blowing free.
With the winds so fresh and free

He woke! and he said: "The day will come When that shall be truth to me;"
But as years weed by him he always found that his feet were clogged and his hands were bound. were bound,
Till at last he lay in a narrow mound,
Afar from the sobblog sea.
The sorrowing, sobblug sea.

Oh, many there are on the plains to night That dream of a voyage to be, And have said in their souls: "The day will

whom my bark shall sweep through the drifts of foam." But their eyes grow dim and their lips grow

dumb,
Atar from the tossing sea.
And the turbulent, tossing sea.

—A. Paine.

MOONDYNE.

EOOK FOURTH. THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

XII.

BUSBAND AND WIFE. Hideans incidents filled the days and nights as the convictable sailed southward with her burden of disease and death. The mortality among the convicts was frightful. Weakened and depressed by the long drought, the continuous heat, and the poisonous atmosphere, they sneambed.

the long drought, the continuous ness, and the poisonous atmosphere, they succumbed to the fever in its first stages.

The dead were laid in a row on the port side, as they were carried from the hold. Relays of sailors worked at the shrouding and burial. The bodies were wrapped in eail cloth, with a cannon ball tied at the feet. As each corpse was hastily shrouded, it was passed forward, and the ghastly roll

was committed to the deep.

There was no time for ceremony; but Mr. Haggett, as often as he could be spared from the hold, stood beside the opening in the rail, where the bodies were launched, and followed each dull plunge with a word

of prayer.
"Mr. Sheridan," said Mr. Wyville, as he came from Captain Draper's room on the first night of his iliness, "will you take command of the ship until the captain's re-

Sheridan assented; and Mr. Wyville. calling the ship's officers to the poop, instructed them to obey Captain Sheridan as the commander of the vessel. As soon as Sheridan took command, he

spread every inch of canvas the ship could carry, and held her before the wine We shall shake off this fever when we

clear the Southern tropics," he said to Mr. Wyville. "The cold wind round the Cape Wyville. "The cold wi will kill it in an hour." Captain Draper lay in his stateroom

half comatose, muttering incoherent words in the low delirium of the fever. By his side sat Mr. Wyville, giving him now and again the medicines prescribed. The sick man's face was a ghostly sight.

The offensiveness of the protruding eyes and cracked tips was hideously exaggerated. And as he isy smouldering in the slow fire of the sickness, he muttered things even more repulsive than his physical appear

The female hospital of the ship wa filled with sufferers - indeed the entire hold of the vessel was at once a hospital and charnel-house. There were no regu-lar attendants among the male convicts those who had not been attacked waited on those who had, till their own turn

strain; day and night she was ministering to the stricken, and they blessed her with words and looks as he passed from sufferer to sufferer. The door leading thence to the hospital Sister Cecilia kept locked, and the barself carried the ker.

the herself carried the key.
Sister Cecilia stood one day within the hospital, at the door of a small room. Kaceling before her, on the floor, with streaming eyes and upraised hands, as if praying for a life, was a woman, in the dress of a convict.

"O, for God's sake let me tend them! O, don't deny me-let me go and wait on the poor sufferers. My heart is breaking when I think that I might be doing some Don't refuse-O, don't refuse me I feel that God would pardon me if I could work out my life carling for others."

It was Harriet Draper who supplicated the nun, and who had besought her for days with the same ceaseless cry. Sister C-cilla would gladly have allowed her to work for the sick, but she feared that Alice would see her. She had been compelled for days to refuse the heart-rending peti-

"You shall have your wish," said the nun, this day, with a kind look at Harriet, "but not in the hospital."
"Anywhere, anywhere?" cried Harriet,

rising, with a wistful face; "only let me tend some one who is sick. I want to do

"Harriet," said Cecilia, "you have told

me your unhappy story, and I am sure you wish to be a good woman—" "I do—God knows I do!" interrupted

the unfortunate one.
"As you hope to be forgiven, you must forgive—you must forgive even your husband."

Poor Harriet covered her face in her hands, and made no answer, only moved her head from side to side, as if in pain.

"Harriet, if your husband were on board this ship, sick and dying of the fever, would you not tend him and for-give him before he died?"

Wild-eyed, the woman stared at Sister Cecilia, as if she had not understood the question. "He is on board—he is dying of the

fever-will you not take care of him?"
"On oh!" wailed Harriet, in a long cry, sinking on her knees and classing Sister Cecilia's dress. "He would drive me away —he would not let me stay there—he does not love me!"

"But you love him—you will tend him, and you will forgive him. Will you

"Yes, I will—I will wait on him day and night, and he shall recover with my

She dried her weeping eyes, to show the Sister her immediate readiness and calm-

"Take me to him," she said, with only quivering lips; "let me begin now."
"Come, thea," said Sister Cecilia; and

abe led Harriet Draper to the hatch, and aft to the captalo's quarters

Mr. Wyville rose as Sister Cecilia entered, followed by Harriet. As he did entered, followed by Harriet. As he did so, the sick man moved, and muttered something, with opraised feeble arm. With a low sob or cry, Harriet darted past Sister Centila, and sank beside the

bed. She took the upraised arm and draw it to her breast, and covered the feverish hand with tearful kisses. At the touch, the sick man ceased to wander, and turn-ing his head, seemed to fall at once into a

ing his head, seemed to lain at once also a
peaceful sleep.

Harriet, seeing this, after her first
emotion, turned to Mr. Wyville and
Sister Cacliis with a smile of joy, and,
still holding her husband's arm to her
breast, pointed to his restful sleep. They
smiled at her in return, though their eyes
were brimming with tears.

Sleter Cecliis instructed her as to the
extendance, and then withdraw, leaving

Sister Cecilis instructed her as to the attendance, and then withdrew, leaving the guilty and unconscious husband in his wife's care. There was joy at least in one heart on board that night. From her low seat beside the bed, Harriet Draper watched his face, murmuring soft and endearing words, and obeying the doctor's instructions to the letter and second.

"He will recover, and he will know

"He will recover, and he will know me," she whispered to her heart; "I shall win back his love by being faithful and forgeting."

forgiving."
The climax of the fever would not come till the sixth day; and during these days Harriet watched her busband with searcely an hour's rest. Every hour that passed added to bla chance of recovery, as the ship was sailing swiftly toward the

the ship was salling swiftly toward the the cooler latitudes.

One day, while Harriet sat beside the bed, holding the feeble hand, as she loved to do, there came a lucid interval to her husband. She had been murmuring soft words as she kissed his hand, when, looking at his face, she met his eyes fixed upon her. For a moment there came a light of recognition and dismay in his look; but before she could speak his name, or recall his memory, the light faded, and he reverted to a state of singgish delirium.

sluggish delirium.

For the first time since she came to his side, a chill of fear pierced Marriet's heart. For one instant she knew he had seen her. But there was no love in the look of What if the same cold stare recognition.

should return on his recovery, and con "God will not let it be !" whispered her heart. "When he recovers, he will surely love me as of old !"

XIII.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND HATRED.

Oa the later days of Captain Draper's illuees he moaned and tumbled restlessly. One of the worst symptoms of the fever was its persistent hold on the brain. The sick man raved conthe bialn. The sick man raved one, stantly, carried on excited conversations, stantly, carried on excited conversations, and, in the gave orders to the sallors, and, in the gave orders to the sailors, and, in the midst of these wanderings, again and again reverted to one dark subject that seemed haunt his inflamed mind.

He lived over and over sgain, day after day, terrible scenes, that had surely been rehearsed in his mind before the sickness. In his fantary he was standing by the rail of the ship, while a boat was slowly lowered, in which sat Sheridan. As the boat swung over the raging sea, suspended by a rope at bow and stern, the bow rope parted, the boat fell perpendicularly, and Sheridan was flung into the ocean, and

During this series of mental pictures In the female compartment, which was the action of the raving man plainly separated from the regular hospital, Alice showed that his hand had cut the rope; Walmslay had entire charge. Herhealthy and his exultation at the completion of the murder was horrible to see. He would turn his face to a partition, away

Draper had gone once more through the bideous pantomime, accompanying every act with words expressing the bale ful intention. Mr. Wyville sat regarding him with compressed lips. When the horrible culmination had come, and the wretch chuckled over his success, Mr. Wy. ville looked up and met Marriet's fearful

gaze. "Curse him!" whispered Draper, "he was always in my way. I meant it always
—but this was the best plan. Ha! ha!
better than platel or poleon—accident ba! ha! drowned by accident!"

na! na! drowned by accident!"
"Do you know of whom he speaks?"
sked Mr. Wyville of Harriet.
"A man named Sheridan," she answered; "he talks of him a great deal."

"A man named Sheridan!" repeated Mr. Wyville to himself. "She speaks as it she did not know him." repeated He sat silent for a time, his eyes fixed

on the guilty man before him, who was unconsciously laying bare the foul secrets of his heart. At last he turned to Har-

"Do you not know this man named Sheridan?"

The answer surprised him, and he became silent again. Presently he sent Har-

riet to her rest.
"I do not see the end," he wearlly mur mured, when he was alone with the sick man; "but I forebode darkly. Provi-dence has kept this miscreant from a deeper crime than he has yet committed. Heaven grant that he has also been pre-

served for repentance and atonement!'
Mr. Wyville had resolved to be at Draper's side when the hour of sanity returned, and to keep his unfortunate wife out of sight until he had prepared him for

It was midnight when that moment arrived. Draper had slept soundly for several hours. Mr. Wyville first knew that he had returned to consciousness by the

movement of his hands. Presently he spoke, in a feeble voice:
"I have been sick, haven't I? How "Six days."

"Are we still becalmed?"
"No; we are in the Southern trades"
Draper said no more. He moved his coverlet in her clenched bands, her flam

around the room. Mr. Wyville remained

around the room. Aff. Wyville remained still and silent.

"Have you been here with me?" he asked at length. "You couldn't have been here all the time."

"Not all the time."

"I suppose I speke aloud, and—and—raved about people?"

Mr. Wyville looked suddenly at bim, and caught the reptilisn eye that watched the effect of the question. He was impelled to speak sooner than he had intended, by the canning of the fellow.

"Yes," he said, keeping his powerful look on Draper's face, as if he addressed his inner soul as well as outward sense; "you have told the whole villatnous purpose of your heart. If you recover, you may thank God for striking you with pose of your heart. If you recover, you may thank God for striking you with may thank God for striking you with sickness to keep you from murder and the murderer's doom. Had you carried out your design, nothing could have saved you; for there are others who knew your history and your motive."

Draper did not answer, but lay like a scotched snake, perfectly still, hardly breathing, but watching Mr. Wyville with a cold eye.

"Do you know who has nursed you

through your sickness?"
Draper moved his head negatively.
"Would you like to know?" looked more keenly at Mr. He only looked more keenly at Mr. Wyville, but there was a light of alarm in

"You have been cared for by one whom you have blighted — who owed you nothing but curses. Day and night she has been with you — and she has saved your life."

Still Draper did not move or speak, but only looked. "You know of whom I speak," said Mr. Wyville; "are you ready now to meet your unhappy wife, and ask her for-

giveness?"
He had risen as he spoke — Draper' eyes followed his face. The strength of manhood, even of facial deceit, having been drained by the fever, there was nothing left of Draper's real self but his

As Mr. Wyville rose, the door opened slowly, and Harriet entered, advanced a few steps, and stood still in fear. She looked at her husband's face; for one in stant his cold eye glanced from Mr.
Wyville and took her in, then returned to

Wyshie and took her in, then returned to its former direction.

Harriet's heart eeemed to stop beating. A cold and despairing numbness began to creep over her. She foresaw the nature of the meeting - she knew now what would be her reception. Her limbs would be her reception. Her limbs slowly falled her, and she sank on the not heavily, but hopelessly and Mr. Wyville, hearing the slight floor, dumb. sound, turned, and read the story of despair like an open page. With a rush of indignation in his blood, almost amount

ing to wrath, he regarded Draper.

"Remember," he said sternly, "your guilt is known. You still have one chance o escape the punishment you deserve t lies in her bands." He turned from the bed, and left the

room. Draper lay motionless for several minutes, knowing that his victim and wife was grovelling in the room, waiting for

his word.

"Come here," he said at length, in a voice all the colder for his weakness.

Harriet crept to the bed, and laid her head near his hand. But he did not touch

"I want to see you," he said. "I want to see you," he said.

The poor woman raised her miserable face until their eyes met. Hers were streaming with bitter tears. His were as cold and dry as a snake's. She would have cried out his name; but the freezing glitter of his eyes shivered her impulse, fixed her in terrified fascination.

"You and he!" he said slowly, as if thinking aloud. "And after all, you would have been left. And so I'm in

have been left. And so I'm in your power at last?" was appalling to see the lips and

sound, rubbing his hande in devilish de light.

Oue day Mr. Wyville sat beside the bed intending to relieve the tircless Harriet for a few hours. But Harriet still lingored in the room.

Intensified.

Poor Harriet sank down slowly, the slow shudder creeping over her once more. Her blood had ceased to course in her took his first step as Comptroller General. lower face of the man twist into a

The first love of some women is myster. lously tenscious. It ceases to be a pas-sion, and becomes a principle of life. I

s never destroyed until life ceases. may change into a torture - it may be-come excited like white hot iron, burning the heart it binds; or it may take on a lesser fire, and change into red batred but it never grows cold—it never loses its

motives of her nature.

Through all phases but one had passed
the love of Harriet Draper. She knew
that her husband was a villain; that her hideous degradation had come from his hand ; that he hated her now and would be rid of her; and the knowledge had only changed her love to a torture, withou

But the charge from white heat to fierce red is not infinite. It is a transition rapidly made. At the white heat, the woman's love burns herself; at the red, it harns the man she loves. A woman's hatred is only her love on fire.

I didn't think it was you," said Desper, making no pretence to deseive her; "I thought you were dead years

Something stirred in Harriet's heart at the emphasis — semething like a grain of resentment. She had forgotten self; she now thought of herself, and of what she had gone through for this man's sake. "How did you come here?" he asked. Did-he bring you here? O, curse you,

you've got me in the trap. Well! we'll "I have made no trap,', said Harrist; "no one brought me here but myself and -you. I am a prisoner."

Draper was evidently surprised at this news; but it only momentarily checked his rancor. "I suppose you robbed some one, o

mur—?¹⁵ As he spoke, Harriet struggled to her knees with a pitiful gulping sound, and clutched at the bedclothes, trying to gain her feet. Draper looked at her a moment and then continued slowly: "I suppose you robbed some one, or

With a spring like a tiger, and a terrible head from side to side, trying to look 'irg eyes on her hu band's face.

"Dare!" she bissed, "and I will tear the torgue from your cruel mouth!"

For half a minute the two regarded each other. In that half minute, the white heat of Harriet's love became red. Hitherto, she had hated the one for whom Draper had deserted her, and had hated herself. Now, for the first time, she hated him.

"Villain! monster!" she cried, throwing the coverlet from her with fierce revu ston; "you speak of murder to the murderess you made! O, God, God! is there no lightning to strike this man dead! Murder I have done in madness—." She paused, with upraised hands, as if she saw a vision—"O, merciful God! that innoverteen!"

Harriet staggered across the room at the first dreadful thought of the bitter suffering endured by another for her crime. She had partially repented, it is true; but, secretly, she knew that she had never pitied her rival. Now, she could have suddenly died with grief for her

Harriet did not know that a strong hand upheld her as she fell, and sup-ported her from the room. She recovered in the open sir, and looked about her as if awakening from a terrible dream. Slater Cecilis came and led her back to her old solitary quarters in the hospital.

Mr. Wyville and the doctor stood beside

Draper's bed. He had swooned.
"Is he dead?"
"No," said the doctor; "he bas com out of the fever quite strong. He will recover, unless something unforseen inter-fere. He is out of danger."

XIV.

THE DARKNESS OF BESCLATION. The recovery of Captain Draper was regarded as a good omen by the sailors and convicts; and with a return of confidence to them the fever daily declined.

The average of recoveries grew larger,

and there were few new selzures.

From the day of ble interview with Harriet, Draper saw her no more. Neither did he see Mr. Wyville. The steward alone attended him. He was forced to ponder on the future, and every new possibility was harder to accept than the isst. During those days of convalescence, his coward soul projed upon by his villian ous imagination, Draper suffered almost

the tortures of the damned When the heartbroken Harriet recov ered from the excitement of the dreadful interview, her soul had only one feeling-remorse. As one dying of thirst might sit down on the burning sand, and com-mune with the devouring fire in the body, so this unhappy one sat down upon her pallet in the hospital room, and com-muned for hours with the newly-lighted consuming fire in her soul.

At last Mr. Wyville entered the hospital, with the physician. He approached Harriet, and spoke in a low tone, such as he had used when addressing her once before. "Do you remember me?" She looked at him in surprise, at first;

but, as she continued to gaza, there rose in her mind a recollection that brought the blood strongly from her heart. She clasped her hands beseechingly.
"I thought I had dreamt it in the cell-I thought I had dreamt it in the cell— I did not know that it was real. O, sir, did you not come to me and speak blessed words of comfort? Did you not say that he was guilty of part of my crime?"

"Yes; it was I who visited you in Walton ie Dale. I come now to say the same words— to ask you to save the inno-cent one who has borne your penalty," "Thank heaven, it was not too late! This moment let me do what is to be done. O, sir, I know now the whole of my crime—I never saw it till this day. I

never pitied her nor thought of her; but now, when I could sek for even God's pardon, I dare not ask for hers." Seeing Harriet in this repentant mind, Mr. Wsville lost no time in having he confession formally taken down and wit nessed. This done, he spoke comforting

been fully established by the confession of the real criminal, and that henceforth she was to be treated respectfully as a When this news was given to Sister Cecilia she almost lost her placid selfcontrol in an outburst of happiness she controlled herself, and only wept for

very gladness. Then she started up, and almost ran toward her secluded room, to break the tidings to Alice. Alice was sewing when Sister Cecilia entered. She had acquired a habit of sewing during her long solitary confine ment, and now she was happiest while working at a long seam. She smiled

Diesently as Sister Cecilia entered.

The kind little nun almost regretted that she bore news that would break the calm stream of Alice's life. She was happy as she was: would she be happier under better circumstances? would the awakened memories counterbalance or

sink the benefit. "Good news, Allce!" Alice looked up from her sewing in-

quiringly. "Is the fever over at last?" she saked. "Better than that, my child," sald Sister Cecilia, sitting down beside her, and putling an arm around her with tender a. Tection. "I have special good news, that will gladden every kind heart on the ship. One of our prisoners, who has been in prison a lorg time, has been proved innocent, and has been made free by order of the Comptroller General!" As Sister Cecilia spoke she still em-braced Alice, and looked down at her face But there was no perceptible change, except a slight contraction of the

brow-muscles denoting awakened inter-"And she, who was a poor prisoner an hour ago, is now a respected passenger on the Queen's ship!" continued Sister

the Queen's ship!" continued Sister Crellia, lightly; but in truth she was alarmed at Alice's calmness.
"It is a woman, then?" said Alice.
"Yes, dear; a woman who has been nine years in prison, suffering for another's crime. And that other has confessed — Alice! Alice!" cried Sister Cecilia, dismayed at the effect of her words. But Alice did not hear; she had elipped from her seat, pale as marble, fainling: and were it not for the sup

porting arms of the num the would have failen heading to the floor.

Sister Cacilia did not alarm any one; she was experienced in emotional climaxer. She did the few things proper for the moment, then quietly awaited Alice's

In a few minutes the pale face was

In a few minutes the paie tace was raised, and the mild eyes sought Sister Cecilia as if they asked a heartrending question. The little Sister did not understand the appeal; so she only encouraged Alice by a kind word to regain strength. "And she!" whispered Alice, with quivering lips, now speaking what she had looked; "where is she—the foreaken

"She is on board, my child; she is a prisoner, and a most unhappy one She has no hope but the peace of atonement. God send ber comfort!" "Amen! Amen!" cried Alice, laying her head on the Sister's arm, and sobbleg

without restraint. TO BE CONTINUED.

Unspoken Words.

J. B. O'REILLY. The kindly words that rise within the heart, Ard thrill it with their sympathetic tone, But die ere spoken, fail to play their part, And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin—A sin that wraps itself in purest guise, And tells the heart that, doubting, looks

within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue

But 'tis not so : another heart may thirst For that kind word, as Hager in the wild— Poor banished Hager !—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand to save her parching
child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind,
Will waten the expected movement of the

Ah! Can ye let its cutting silence wind Around that heart and scathe it like a whip Unspoken words, like treasures in the mind, Are valueless until we give them birth: Like unfound gold taeir hisden beauties shine; Which God has made to bless and gild the

which dod nas hade see a master's hand earth.

Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!

But On! what pain when, at God's own command.

A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute.

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly
voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would retoles.

To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the
weak;
And he will bless you—he who struck these
chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

HOW LIFE MAY BE PROLONGED.

Poets and novelists go into ecstasies 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 trying one, even to the hardiest constitu-tion, while to those with weak constituions the season is one of positive danger. Undoubtedly the greatest danger at this season of the year is from cold in the season of the year is from con in the head, which very few escape, and which if not promptly and thoroughly treated, developes into catarrh, with all its disagreeable and loathsome effects. Oatarrh, 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 cure the worst case. From the outeet it sweetens the breath, stops the naus eous droppings into the throat and lungs, dispels those dull headaches that effect the sufferer from catarrh. Nasal Balm 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 have esson to bless its discovery. be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents, small, or \$1, large size bottle) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville,

Mr. H. B McKinnon, painter, Moun Mr. H. B McKinnon, painter, Mount Michett, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and turpentine used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25-cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at once commenced taking it in large doses, and before one half the bottle was used there was not a spot to be seen and I never felt better in my life." seen, and I never felt better in my life. Sit down and think.

is caused by wrong action of the stomach; 2nd, that Burdock Blood Bitters is designed to correct and regulate the stomach that it always cures dyspepsia and costs less than a cent a dose. Can you afford to e dyspeptic? Those intolerably painful and constantly harassing things called piles, which trouble so many people, are soon healed by Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—the great external

Sit down and think : 1st, that dyspepsia

remedy for physical suffering and means of relieving pains. A very small quantity achieves results of the most gratifying Speaking of Tips. A tip is a piece of special or valuable in-formation such as this, that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a prompt and effectual cure for croup, colds, hoarseness, sore throat, heumatism, neuralgia, sprains or soren

No douche or instrument is required to apply Masal Balm. It is easy to use, pleasant and agreeable in its effects. Use nothing else for catarrh and cold in head. Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

of any kind. Kuown as reliable over 3



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attend to my business. I took one bottle of
Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There
is nothing like it." R. C. BEGOLE, Editor

Fagged Out

is nothing like it." R. C. BEOOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.
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DEAR SON-Your letter of the mail to day.
And so you want to marry,
Well loe, your moner her with the lay!
Well loe, your moner her with the lay!
And you seems to think who'd bester lee are yet.
For, though in most affacts
As a mother's letter, think yet advice.
Your letter says: "She hadsome as a queen I hope, so, Joe, and hope what those two word beautiful form is one bautiful soul within A han-some face is one damaging brand of si Beautiful eyes are those truered. A han-soide late in the damaging brand of si Beautiful eyes are those it pure thoughts glow; Beautiful lips are those it the handsome hands are the Master's work to Hands that are patient as gentle and stong an Beautiful feet are those word outy's call; and beautiful shoulder as their daily bardens Remember this in-xim trever you choose a worlesds the handsomest woma who lesds the hands I therefore trust that the fill you really love edway be the bandsomest excepting one—your

> THAT PICTURE SACRED E Anna T. Sadlier, in Mess

An early Spring had It had touched the buc clothed the trees with

Cattle were lowing, she was full of faint fragration of those many od should later fill the woodlands with their ; Mary Leonard sat her father's little sto creepers of honeysuc

A lilac bush beside th her its grateful sweets sang in a neighborin absorbed in a letter—i written school girl no friend. On the last caught her attention are all busy here about Sacred Heart. I am

got a cross. Lots (friends are in it. B not know what all the A brief explanation mechanically took u card, "The Promis Blessed Margaret M too, she began to r were busy with that the wildest girl in now into a promote One promise parti Mary:

Image of my Heart

honored."
Acting on a survent up to her rodrawer a colored particular value. reward of merit in vent days. It was Heart. She broug with some hesitati sitting room, just shelf. She did not might say, and she awe of him and his She passed out ers, and put then shelf. Then she so and looked out o

ing green and the into the distance. afar off her fathe afar off her father and toll-worn fig rough, his air and the house, dejecte Thomas Leonar hard and prosate little time to atter and the suburb narrow scope for occasionally visite olics in the vie

After supper father usually en had he seated h the lamp fell f the fragrant blo Leonard started The Divine face but yet full of strangely awed "What's that his thumb in th Image.

father

"Who put it "Humph." No more wa that her father ture to be ta absorbed in ma that beauty, sw without the economy were Leonard impo -well and a might go to h humbug. At Easter Thom contrived to

> father, one evin his hand caught him shelf. Once a gran mother was

particular tim

The pictur

ation betw lad. "Grandpa ture ?"

man shame familiar on "What is