she was willing even to go that lengths. She did not think, she added. that she could long survive the separa tions, but, as she was hated and looked upon unpleasant, perhaps her dying as soon as possible would be the best as soon as possible with the endings for all parties. With this affecting conclusion, Miss Miggs shed more tears, and sobbed abundantly.

"Can you bear this, Varden?" said his wife in a solemn voice, laying down her knife and fork.
"Why, not very well, my dear," re-

joined the locksmith, "but I try to keep my temper."
"Don't let there be words on my

account, mim," sobbed Miggs. "It much best that we should part. " It's wouldn't stay-oh, gracious me !-- and make dissensions, not for a annual gold mine, and found in tea and sugar.

Lord George, Gashford, the renegade, Sir John Chester, the polished scoundrel, and Geoffrey Haredale, the Catholic gentleman, came together in the next chapter, and the great English master of fiction never wrote a more dramatic passage than that describing their encounter : -

One evening, shortly before twilight. he (Haredale) came his accustomed road upon the river's bank, intending to pass through Westminster Hall into Palace Yard, and there take boat to London Bridge as usual. There was a pretty large concourse of people assembled round the Houses of Parliament, looking at the members as they entered and departed, and giving ven to rather noisy demonstrations of approval or dislike, according to their known opinions. As he made his way among the throng, he heard once or twice the no Popery cry, which was then becoming pretty familiar to the ears of most men; but holding it in very slight regard, and observing that the idlers were of the lowest grade, he neither thought nor cared about it, but made his way along, with perfect in

There were many little knots and groups of persons in Westminster Hall; some few looking upward at its noble ceiling, and at the rays of evening light, tinted by the setting sun, which streamed in a slant through its small windows, and growing dimmer by degrees, were quenched in the gathering gloom below; some, noisy passengers mechanics going home from work, and otherwise, who hurried quickly through, waking the echoes with their voices, and soon darkening the small door in the distance as they passed into the street beyond; some, in busy conference together on political or private matters, pacing slowly up and down with eyes that sought the ground, and seeming, by their attitudes, to listen earnestly from head to foot. Here, a dozen squabbling urchins made a very Babel in the air; there, a solitary man, half clerk, half mendicant, paced up and down with hungry dejection in his look and gait; at his elbow passed an errand-lad, swinging his basket round and round, and with his shrill whistle riving the very timbers of the roof; while a more observant school boy, half-way through, pocketed his ball, and eyed the distant beadle as he came looming on. It was that time of evening when, if you shut your eyes and open them again, the darkness of an hour appears to have gathered in a second. The smooth worn pavement, dusty with footsteps, still called upon the lofty walls to reit erate the shuffle and the tread of feet unceasingly, save when the closing of some heavy door resounded through the building like a clap of thunder, and drowned all other noises in its roll-

ing sound. Mr. Haredale, glancing only at such of these groups as he passed nearest to, and then in a manner betokening that his thoughts were elsewhere, had nearly traversed the Hall, when two persons before him caught his attention. One of these, a gentleman in elegant attire, carried in his hand a cane, which he twirled in a jaunty manner as he loitered ou; the other, an obsequious, crouching, fawning figure, listened to what he said-at times throwing in an humble word himself - and, with his shoulders shrugged up to his ears, rubbed his hands submissively, or answered at in tervals by an inclination of the head, half way between a nod of acquiescence, and a bow of most profound re-

In the abstract there was nothing very remarkable in this pair, for ser vility waiting on a handsome suit of clothes and a cane-not to speak of gold and silver sticks, or wands of office—is common enough. But there was that about the weil-dressed man, yes, and about the other likewise, which struck Mr. Haredale with no pleasant feeling. He hesitated, stopped, and would have stepped aside and turned out of his path, but at the moment the other two faced about quickly, and stumbled upon him before

he could avoid them. The gentleman with the cane lifted and begun to tender an apology, which Mr. Haredale had begun as hastily to acknowledge and walk away, when he stopped short and cried, "Haredale! God bless me, this is strange indeed!"

"It is," he returned impatiently;

" yes-a-"
" My dear friend," cried the other, detaining him, "why such great replied Sir John, sweetly; "old speed? One minute, Haredale, for friends like you and I may be allowed

the sake of old acquaintance."
"I am in haste," he said, "Neither

of us has sought this meeting. Let it be a brief one. Good night!"
"Fie, fie!" replied Sir John (for it
was he), "how very churlish! We

was ne, how very churish. Were speaking of you. Your name was on my lips—peerhaps you heard me mention it? No? I am sorry for that. I am really sorry.—You know our friend here, Haredale? This is

really a most remarkable meeting !" The friend, plainly very ill at ease, had made bold to press Sir John's arm, and to give him other significant hints that he was desirous of avoiding this introduction. As it did not suit Sir John's purpose, however, that it should he appeared quite unconscious of these silent remonstrances, and inclined his hand towards him, as he spoke, to call attention to him more

particularly.

The triend, therefore, had nothing for it but to muster up the pleasantest smile he could, and to make a conciliat-ory bow, as Mr. Haredale turned his eyes upon him. Seeing that he was recognized, he put out his hand in an embarrassed manner, awkward and which was not mended by its contempt-

uous rejection.
"Mr. Gashford!" said Haredale,
coldly. "It is as I have heard, then. You have left the darkness for the light, sir, and hate those whose opinions you formerly held, with all the bitterness of a renegade. You are an honor, sir, to any cause. I wish the one you espouse at present much joy of the acquisition it has made."

The secretary rubbed his hands and bowed, as though he would disarm his adversary by humbling himself before him. Sir John Chester again ex-claimed, with an air of great gayety, "Now, really, this is a most remarkable meeting!" and took a pinch of uff with his usual self-possession.
"Mr. Haredale," said Gashford, snuff

stealthily raising his eyes, and letting them drop again when they met the other's steady gaze, "is too conscientious, too honorable, too manly, I am sure, to attach unworthy motives to an honest change of opinions, even though it implies a doubt of those he holds himself. Mr. Haredale is too just, too generous, too clear-sighted in his moral

"Yes, Sir!" he rejoined with a sarcastic smile, finding the secretary stopped. "You were saying"— Gasford meekly shrugged his should-

ers, and looking on the ground again,

was silent. "No. but let us really," interposed Sir John at this juncture, really, for a moment, contemplate the very remarkable character of this meeting. Haredale, my dear friend, pardon me if I think you are not suffic ently impressed with its singularity Here we stand, by no previous ap pointment or arrangement, three old schoolfellows in Westminster Hall three old boarders in a remarkably dull and shady seminary at St. Omer's. where you, being Catholics, and of necessity educated out of England, were brought up; and where I being a promising young Protestant at that time, was sent to learn the French tongue from a native of Paris!'

"Add to the singularity, Sir John," said Mr. Haredale, "that some of you Protestants of promise are at this moment leagued in yonder building to prevent our having the surpassing and unheard of privilege of teaching our children to read and write-here-in this land, where thousands of us enter your service yearly, and to preserve the freedom of which we die in bloody battles abroad in heaps: and that others of you, to the number some thousands I learn, are led on to look on all men of my creed as wolves and beasts of prey, by this man Gashford. Add to it, besides, the bare fact that this man lives in society, walks the streets in broad day-I was about to say, holds up his head, but that he does not-and it will be strange, and very strange, I grant vou.

"Oh! you are hard upon our friend," replied Sir John, with an engaging smile. "You are really very hard upon our friend!"

"Let him go on, Sir John," said Gashford, fumbling with his gloves. "Let him go on. I can make allow-ances, Sir John. I am honored with your good opinion, and I can dispense with Mr. Haredale's. Mr. Haredale is a sufferer from the penal laws, and I can't expect his favor.

"You have so much of my favor, sir," retorted Mr. Haredale, with a bitter glance at the third party in their conversation, "that I am glad to see you in such good company. You are the essence of your great Association, in yourselves."

Now, there you mistake," said Sir John, in his most benignant way 'There-which is a most remarkable circumstance for a man of your punctuality and exactness, Haredale fall into error. I don't belong to the body; I have an immense respect for its members, but I don't belong to it although I am, it is certainly true, the conscientious opponent of your being relieved. I feel it my duty to be so it is a most unfortunate necessity; and cost me a bitter struggle. - Will you try this box? If you don't object to a trifling infusion of a very chaste scent, you'll find its flavor exquisite.'

ask your pardon, Sir said Mr. Haredale, declining the prof fer with a motion of his hand, "for having ranked you among the humble instruments who are obvious and in all men's sight. I should have done more justice to your genius. Men of your capacity plot in secrecy and safety, and leave exposed posts to the duller

"Don't apologize, for the world, some freedoms, or the deuce is in it.

Gashford, who had been very restless all this time, but had not once looked up, now turned to Sir John, and ventured to mutter something to the effect that he must go, or my lord would perhaps be waiting.

"Don't distress yourself, good sir," said Mr. Haredale, "I'll take my leave, and put you at your ease—"

mony, when he was stayed by a buzz and murmur at the upper end of the for shame!' hall, and, looking in that direction, The in saw Lord George Gorden coming in,

with a crowd of people around him. There was a lurking look of tri-umph, though very differently ex-pressed, in the faces of his two com-panions, which made it a natural im-pulse on Mr. Haredale's part not to give way before this leader, but to give way before this leader, stand there while he passed. He drew stand there while ne passed. He drew himself up and, clasping his hands behind him, looked on with a proud and scornful aspect, while Lord George slowly advanced (for the press was great about him) towards the spot

where they were standing.

He had left the House of Commons but that moment, and had come straight down into the Hall, bringing with him, as his custom was, intelli gence of what had been said that night in reference to the Papists, and what petitions had been presented in their favor, and who had supported them, and when the bill was to be brought in, and when it would be advisable to present their own Great Protestant All this he told the persons etition. about him in a loud voice, and with great abundance of ungainly gesture. Those who were nearest him made comments to each other, and vented threats and murmurings; those who were outside the crowd cried, "Sil-ence," and "Stand back," or closed in upon the rest, endeavoring to make a forcible exchange of places; and so they came driving on in a very dis-orderly and irregular way, as it is the

manner of a crowd to do. When they were very near to where the secretary, Sir John, and Mr. Haredale stood, Lord George turned round and, making a few remarks of a suffic iently violent and incoherent kind, concluded with the usual sentiment and called for three cheers to back it While these were in the act of being given with great energy, he extri-cated himself from the press, and stepped up to Gashford's side. Both he and Sir John being well known to the populace, they fell back a little, and left the four standing together.

Mr. Haredale, Lord George," said Sir John Chester, seeing that the nobleman regarded him with an inquisitive look. "A Catholic gentleman unfortunately—most unbappily a Catholic - but an esteemed acquaint ance of mine, and once of Mr. Gash-My dear Haredale, this is Lord

George Gordon."
"I should have known that, had been ignorant of his lordship's person, said Mr. Haredale. "I hope there is but one gentleman in England, who, addressing an ignorant and excited throng, would speak of a large body of his fellow subjects in such injurious language as I heard this moment. For shame, my lord, for shame !"

"I cannot talk to you, sir," replied Lord George in a loud voice, and wav-ing his hand in a disturbed and agi-tated manner; "we have nothing in

We have much in common-many things — all that the Almighty gave us," said Mr. Haredale; "and common charity, not to say common sense and common decency, should teach you to refrain from these proceedings. If every one of those men had arms in hands at this moment, as they have them in their heads, I would not leave this place without telling you that you disgrace your station.

"I don't hear you, sir," he replied in the same manner as before; "I can't hear you. It is indifferent to me what you say. Don't retort, Gashford," for the secretary had made a show of wishing to do so: "I can hold no com munion with the worshippers of idols.

As he said this, he glanced at Sir John, who lifted his hands and eyebrows, as if deploring the intemperate conduct of Mr. Haredale, and smiled in admiration of the crowd and of their leader.

"He retort!" cried Heredale.
"Look you here, my lord. Do you know this man?"

Lord George replied by laying his hand upon the shoulder of his cringing secretary, and viewing him with a smile of confidence.

"This man," said Mr. Haredale, eying him from top to toe, "who in his boyhood was a thief, and has been from that time to this a servile, false and truckling knave; this man, who has crawled and crept through life. wounding the hands he licked, and biting those he fawned upon; this sycophant, who never knew what honor, truth or courage meant; who robbed his benefactor's daughter of her virtue, and married her to break her heart, and did it with stripes and cruelty; this creature, who has whined at kitchen windows for the broken food and begged for halfpence at our chapel doors; this apostle of the faith, whose tender conscience cannot bear the altars where his vicious life was publicly denounced-

Do you know this man?"
"Oh, really—you are very, very
hard upon our friend!" exclaimed Sir

"Let Mr. Haredale go on," said Gashford, upon whose unwholesome face the perspiration had broken out during this speech, in blotches of wet; "I don't mind him, Sir John; it's quite as indifferent to me what he says, as it is to my lord. If he reviles my lord, as you have heard, Sir John. how can I hope to escape?"

"Is it not enough, my lord," Mr. Haredale continued, "that I, as good a gentleman as you, must hold my property, such as it is, by a trick at which the State connives because of these hard laws; and that we may not landed. teach our youth in schools the common principles of right and wrong; but on the part of the mob to resent this leave, and put you at your ease—" must we be denounced and ridden by interference; but John looking par-which he was about to do without cere-such men as this! Here is a man to ticularly strong and cool, and wearing

head your No Popery cry! For shame!

The infatuated nobleman glanced more than once at Sir John Chester, as if to inquire whether there was any truth in these statements con-cerning Gashford, and Sir John had as often plainly answered by a shrug or look, "Oh dear me; no." He now said, in the same loud key, and in the

same strange manner as before: "I have nothing to say, sir, in re-ply, and no desire to hear anything more. I beg you won't obtrude your conversation, or these personal attacks, upon me. I shall not be deterred from doing my duty to my country and my countrymen, by any such attempts, whether they proceed from emissaries of the Pope or not, I assure you. Come Gashford !

They had walked on a few paces while speaking, and were now at the hall door, through which they passed together. Mr. Haredale, without any leave-taking, turned away to the river stairs, which were close at hand, and hailed the only boatman who remained

But the throng of people - the fore most of whom had heard every word that Lord George Gordon said, and among all of whom the rumor had been rapidly dispersed that the stranger was Papist who was bearding him for his advocacy of the popular cause — came pouring out pell mell, and, forcing the nobleman, his secretary, and Sir John Chester on before them, so that they appeared to be at their heads, crowded to the top of the stairs where Mr. Hare dale waited until the boat was ready and there stood still, leaving him on a little clear space by himself.

They were not silent, however,

though inactive. At first some indis-tinct mutterings arose among them, by a hiss or two, and which followed these swelled by degrees into a perfect storm. Then one voice said, "Down storm. Then one voice said, "Down with the Papists!" and there was a pretty general cheer, but nothing more. After a luli of a few moments, one man cried out, "Stone him;" another, "Duck him;" another in stentorian voice, "No Popery!" T favorite cry was re-echoed, and the mob, which might have been two hundred strong, joined in a general shout.

Mr. Haredale had stood calmly on the brink of the steps, until they made this demonstration, when he looked round contemptuously, and walked at a slow pace down the stairs. He was pretty near the boat, when Gashford, as if without intention, turned about, and directly afterwards a great stone was thrown by some hand in the crowd. which struck him on the head, and made him stagger like a drunken

The blood sprang freely from the vound, and trickled down his coat. He turned directly, and rushing up the steps with a boldness and passion made them all fall back, dewhich

"Who did that? Show me the man who hit me.

Not a soul moved; except some in the rear who slunk off, and, escaping to the other side of the way, looked on like indifferent spectators.

"Who did that ?" he repeated. "Show me the man who did it. was it you? It was your deed, if not your hand-I know you.

He threw himself on Gashford as he said the words, and hurled him to the ground. There was a sudden motion in the crowd, and some laid hands upon him, but his sword was out, and they fell off again. "My Lord-Sir John,"-he cried,

ible for this outrage and I look to you. Draw, if you are gentlemen." With that he struck Sir John upon the breast with the flat of his weapon, and with a burning face and flashing eves, stood upon his guard; alone, before them

For an instant, for the briefest space of time the mind can readily conceived there was a change in Sir John's smooth face such as no man ever saw The next moment he stepped there. forward and laid one hand on Mr. Haredale's arm, while with the other

he endeavored to appease the crowd. My dear friend, my good Hare dale, you are blinded with passionit's very natural, extremely naturalbut you don't know friends from

"I know them all, sir; I can distin guish weil—" he retorted, almost mad with rage, "Sir John, Lord George - do you hear me? Are you cowards?"

"Never mind, sir," said a man, forcing his way between and pushing him towards the stairs with friendly violence, "never mind asking that. For God's sake, get away! What car you do against this number? And there are as many more in the next street, who'll be round directly,"-indeed, they began to pour in as he said the words—" you'd be giddy from that cut in the first heat of a scuffle. Now do retire, sir, or, take my word for it, you'll be worse used than you would be if every man in the crowd was a woman, and that woman Bloody Mary.

you can. Mr. Haredale, who began to turn faint and sick, felt how sensible this advice was, and descended the steps with his unknown friend's assistance. John Grueby (for John, it was) helped him into the boat, and giving her a shove off, which sent her thirty feet into the tide, bade the waterman pull away like a Briton; and walked up

Come, sir, make haste—as quick as

There was at first a slight disposition

again as composed as if he had just

besides Lord George's livery, they thought better of it, and contented themselves with sending a shower of small missiles after the boat, which small missiles after the plashed harmlessly in the water; for she had by this time cleared the bridge and was darting swiftly down the

centre of the stream. From this amusement they proceeded to giving Protestant knocks at the doors of private houses, breaking a few lamps, and assaulting some stray constables. But, it being whispered that a detachment of Life Guards had been sent for, they took to their heels with great expedition and left the street

quite clear.

END OF THE LITTLE RED EMBLEM. When the mad, murderous conspir acy finally culminated in violence Gabriel Varden as a loyal Englishman went forth to fight the wretches who were dishonoring the name of Protest antism. Before he left, his appren tice, "Sim Tappertit," a valiant mem ber of the A. P. A. of the period handed him a paper which read as fol lows :

"All good friends to our cause hope will be particular, and do no in jury to the property of any true Pro testant. I am well assured that the proprietor of this house is a staunch and worthy friend to the cause.

"GEORGE GORDON."
"What's this!" said the locksmith,

with an altered face.
"Something that'll do you good service, young feller," replied his journeyman, "as you'll find. Keep that safe, and where you can lay your hand upon it in an instant. And chalk 'No Popery' on your door to-morrow night, and for a week to come -that's all.

"This is a genuine document, said the locksmith, "I know, for I have seen the hand before. What threat does it imply? What devil is abroad? "A fiery devil," retorted Sim ; ";

flaming, furious devil. Don't you put yourself in its way, or you're done for, my buck. Be warned in time, G. Varden. Farewell!"

Now Mrs. Varden (and by conse quence Miss Miggs likewise) was im pressed with a secret misgiving that she had done wrong; that she had, to the utmost of her small means, aided and abetted the growth of disturb ances, the end of which it was impos sible to foresee; that she had led re motely to the scene which had just passed; and that the locksmith's time for triumph and reproach had now arrived indeed. And so strongly did Mrs. Varden feel this, and so crestfallen was she in consequence, that while her husband was pursuing their journeyman, she secreted under her chair the little red-brick dwelling house with the yellow roof, lest it should furnish new occasion for refer ence to the painful theme; and now hid the same still more, with the skirts

But it happened that the locksmith had been thinking of this very article on his way home, and that, coming into the room and not seeing it, he a

once demanded where it was. Mrs. Varden had no resource but to produce it, which she did with many tears, and broken protestations that it

she could have known.
"Yes, yes," said Varden, "of
course—I know that. I don't mean to
reproach you, my dear. But recollect from this time that all good things perverted to evil purposes are worse than those which are naturally bad. A thoroughly wicked woman is bad. wicked indeed. When religion goes wrong, she is very wrong, for the same reason. Let us say no more about it,

my dear."
So he dropped the red-brick dwell ing-house on the floor, and setting his heel upon it, crushed it into pieces. The half pence, and sixpences, and other voluntary contributions, rolled about in all directions, but nobody offered to touch them, or to take them

up. "That," said the locksmith, easily disposed of, and I would to heaven that everything growing out of same society could be settled as easily.

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"That Just Hits It!"

" It happens very fortunately, Varden," said his wife, with her handker-chief to her eyes, "that in case any more disturbances should happen which I hope not; I sincerely hope not-

"I hope so too, my dear." That in case any should occur,

we have the piece of paper which that poor misguided young man brought. "Ay, to be sure," said the locksmith turning quickly round. "Where is

that piece of paper?"

Mrs. Varden stood aghast as he took, it from her outstretched hand, tore it into fragments, and threw them

under the grate.

"Not use it?" she said.

"Use it!" cried the locksmith.

"No! Let them come and puil the roof about our ears; let them burn us out of house and home. I'd neither have the protection of their leader, nor chalk their howl upon my door, though, for not doing it, they shot me on my own threshold. Use it! Let hem come and do their worst. The first man who crosses my door-step on such an errand as theirs, had better be a hundred miles away. The others may have their will. I wouldn't beg or buy them off, if instead of every pound of iron in the place, there were a hundred weight of



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