

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FOURTH. THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE.

Mr. Sheridan is to go before the Committee to-day, is he not? asked Lord Somers, the Colonial Secretary, as he sat writing in Mr. Wyville's study, with Sheridan reading the Times by the window, and Hamerton lounging in an easy chair.

"The Committee?" asked Hamerton, heedlessly.

"The committee appointed to hear Sir Joshua Hobbs' argument against our Penal Bill," said the Secretary, as he continued to write.

"Does Sheridan know anything about prisons?" drawled Hamerton, as he looked at the map of Australia.

"He knows something about Australia, and the men we send there," said the Secretary.

"Well—Hobbs doesn't, Hobbs is a humbug. What does he want?"

"To control the Australian Penal System from Parliament Street, and, instead of Mr. Wyville's humane bill, to apply his own system to the Penal Colony."

"Want do you think of that, Mr. Sheridan?" asked Hamerton, without raising his head from the cushion.

"That it would be folly before Mr. Wyville's bill was drawn, and criminal afterward."

"Bravo!" said Hamerton, sitting straight up. "Australia! Go before the Committee, by all means; and talk just in that tone. When do they sit?"

"In an hour," said Lord Somers. "We are only waiting for Mr. Wyville, and then we go to the House."

"May I go?" asked Hamerton.

"Certainly," said the Secretary. "You may get a paper for a novel, or a leader for the Telegraph."

Mr. Wyville soon after entered, and the merits of the opposing bills were freely discussed for a quarter of an hour.

At length, Lord Somers said it was time to start, and they proceeded on foot toward the Parliament House, Lord Somers and Hamerton leading, and Mr. Wyville and Sheridan following.

On the way Mr. Wyville led his companion to speak of the sandalwood trade, and seemed to be much interested in its details. At one point he interrupted Sheridan, who was describing the precipitous outer ridges of the Ironstone Hills.

"Your teams have to follow the winding foot of this precipice for many miles, have they not?" he asked.

"For thirty-two miles," answered Sheridan.

"Which, of course, adds much to the expense of shipping the sandalwood?"

"Adds very seriously, indeed, for the best sandalwood lies back within the bend; so that our teams, having turned the farther flank of the hills, must return and proceed nearly thirty miles back toward the shore."

"Suppose it were possible to throw a chain-side from the brow of the Blackwood Hill, near Bunbury, to a point on the plain—what would that save?"

"Just fifty miles of teaming," answered Sheridan, looking at Wyville in surprise. "But such a chain could never be forged."

"The Americans have made slides for wood nearly as long," said Mr. Wyville. "Five ships could not carry enough chain from England for such a slide."

"Forge it on the spot," said Mr. Wyville. "The very hills can be melted into metal. I have had this in mind for some years. Mr. Sheridan, and I mean to attempt the work when we return. It will employ all the idle men in the colony."

Sheridan was surprised beyond words to find Mr. Wyville so familiar with the very scenes of his own labor. He hardly knew what to say about Wyville's personal interest in a district which the Sandalwood Company had marked off and claimed as their property, by right of possession, though they had neglected Sheridan's advice to buy or lease the land from the Government.

The conversation ceased as they entered the House of Commons, and proceeded to the committee room, where sat Sir Joshua Hobbs at a table, turning over a pile of documents, and beside him, pen in hand, Mr. Haggitt, who took in a reef of lip as Mr. Wyville and Sheridan entered.

Since Haggitt's return from Australia, three years before, he had adopted a peculiar manner toward Mr. Wyville. He treated him with respect, perhaps because he feared him; but when he could observe him without himself being seen, he never tired of looking at him, as if he were intently solving a problem, and hoped to read its deepest meaning in some possible expression of Mr. Wyville's face.

this time the deer in Lord Scarborough's park had been killed by the score, and a close watch was set. The man was caught in the night, carrying a deer on his shoulder from the park. He made a violent resistance, striking one of the keepers a terrible blow that felled him to the earth, senseless. The poacher was overpowered, however, and sent to prison until the Assizes. At his trial he pleaded—

"that he was starving to death—men, women, and children—in the streets of the town; and that God had given no man the right to herd hundreds of useless deer while human beings were dying of hunger. The ignorant and dangerous people who heard him cheered wildly in the court at this lawless speech. Gentle Courtiers, no doubt, who ought to have been severely treated. But the judge looked leniently on the case, because it was proved that the poacher's own mother and sisters were starving. The prisoner got off with one month's imprisonment. What was the result of this shrewdness? At the very next Assizes the same judge tried the same prisoner for a similar crime, and the same audacious villain made the same defence. 'If it were a light crime six months ago,' he said to the mistaken judge, 'it is no heavier now, for the cause remains.' Well, he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and was transported to Western Australia. After serving some years there, the lenient system again came in, and he was hired out to a settler, a respectable man, though an ex-convict. Three months afterwards, the violent Charlot attempted to murder his employer, and then escaped into the bush. He was captured, but escaped again, and was again recaptured by the very man he had tried to murder. Mark the dreadful ending, gentlemen, to this series of mistakes leading to a criminal. On their way to the prison, the absconder broke his manacles, seized a pistol from a native policeman, murdered his brave captor, and escaped again to the bush."

"God bless me! what a shocking story!" said one of the Committee.

"Was the fellow captured again?" asked one of the members.

"No," said Sir Joshua; "he escaped to the swamps. But there is rumor among the convicts that he is still alive. Is there not, Mr. Haggitt?"

Mr. Haggitt bent his head in assent. Then he rubbed his forehead and eyes, as if relieved of a strain. He had been watching the face of Mr. Wyville with painful eagerness, to this series of mistakes leading to a criminal. On their way to the prison, the absconder broke his manacles, seized a pistol from a native policeman, murdered his brave captor, and escaped again to the bush."

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"All the land within those lines is your estate," he said, "I have been asked one of the country gentlemen.

Mr. Wyville gravely bowed. "Estate!" said one of the lawyers in a low tone, when he had summed up the extent in square miles; "it is a Principality!"

"From whom did you purchase this land?" asked Sir Joshua, but in an altered tone.

"From the Queen!" said Mr. Wyville, without moving a muscle of his impressive face.

"Directly from Her Majesty?"

"I received my deeds through the Colonial Office," answered Mr. Wyville, with quiet motion of the hand toward Lord Somers.

The Colonial Secretary, seeing the eyes of all present turned upon him, bowed to the Committee in corroboration.

"The deeds of Mr. Wyville's estate, outlined as he has stated, passed through the Colonial Office, directly from Her Majesty's Secretary," said Lord Somers, in a formal manner.

The Committee sat silent for several moments, evidently dazed at the unexpected issue of their investigations. Mr. Wyville was the first to speak.

"I ask to have those prison records corrected, and at once, Sir Joshua Hobbs," he said slowly. "It must not stand that the convict of whom you spoke was a murderer."

"By all means. Have the records corrected immediately," said the Committee, who began to look askance at Sir Joshua Hobbs.

Mr. Wyville then addressed the Committee, in favor of the new and humane penal bill. Whether it was his arguments, or the remembrance of his princely estate that worked in his favor, certain it was that when he had concluded the Committee was unanimously in his favor.

"Mr. Wyville," said the chairman, before they adjourned, "we are of one mind that the Bill reported by the Government should be adopted by the House, and we shall so report. Good-day, gentlemen!"

Sir Joshua Hobbs rapidly withdrew, coldly bowing. He was closely followed by Haggitt.

Lord Somers, Hamerton, and Mr. Wyville were speaking together, while Sheridan, who was attentively studying the map, suddenly started the others by an excited exclamation.

"Hello!" said Hamerton, "has Sir Joshua dropped a bomb for you, too?"

"Mr. Wyville, this is terrible!" cried Sheridan, strangely moved. "Those lines of your property cover every acre of our sandalwood land!"

"Ah—ha!" ejaculated Hamerton. "I thought this land was ours," continued Sheridan, in great distress of mind. "How long has it been yours?"

"Ten years," said Mr. Wyville. Sheridan sank nerveless into a seat. The strong frame that could brave and bear the severest strains of labor and care, was subdued in one instant by this overwhelming discovery.

He had been cutting sandalwood for nine years on this man's land. Every acre he had made for his company, and himself belonged in common honesty to another!

Mr. Wyville, who was not surprised, but had evidently expected this moment, walked over to Sheridan, and laid a strong hand on his shoulder, expressing more kindness and affection in the many force and silence of the act than could possibly have been spoken in words. Sheridan felt the impulse precisely as it was meant.

"The land was yours," Mr. Wyville said after a pause; "for I had made no claim. I knew of your work, and I gave you no warning. According to the law of the Colony, and of higher law, you have acted right."

Sheridan's face brightened. To him personally his success had brought little joy; but he was sensitive to the care at the thought of trouble and great loss to the Company, caused under his supervision.

"We return to Australia together, Mr. Sheridan," said Wyville, holding out his hand; "and I think, somehow, we shall neither of us leave it again. The vigor of your past life shall be as nothing to that which the future shall evoke. Shall we not work together?"

"Self tears of pleasure rushed to Sheridan's eyes at the earnest and unexpected words; and the look that passed between the two men as they clasped hands was of brief but beautiful intensity.

"Well, Hamerton?" asked Lord Somers, smiling, as if astonished beyond further speech.

"Well! What of it? I suppose you call this strange," said Hamerton.

"You don't?" asked the Secretary.

"No, I don't," said Hamerton, rising from his chair. "I call it utter common place—for these Australians—the most prosperous set of events I have yet seen them indulging in. It begins to be the most striking of the Antipodes, and our ways are our extraordinary ones—and they don't seem to have any uncommon ones."

About a week after the event in the Committee Room, Mr. Wyville, sitting with Sheridan and Hamerton to his study, received a letter, brought from Scotland Yard by a policeman.

As usual with the group, when not conversing, Sheridan read, and Hamerton looked on.

Mr. Wyville started from his seat with an exclamation, when he had read the letter. He rarely betrayed even the slightest excitement; and Mr. Hamerton would not have been more surprised had a bomb exploded under the table than he was to see Mr. Wyville thrown off his balance so unexpectedly and completely.

Hamerton, however, had too profound a respect for his friend to speak his astonishment.

"Thanks, kind and simple heart!" exclaimed Mr. Wyville, holding the letter before him. "You have been faithful to your word for four years; and you shall rejoice for it all your life!"

Then, recollecting himself, he smiled in his grave way and said: "I have received long expected news. I have found something I sought. Tonight I must leave London for a few days; so I must say good-by, now."

"Are you leaving England, too?" asked Hamerton.

"No; I go only to Lancashire—to a little village called Walton-le-Dale. He turned to his desk, and was busily arranging his papers.

"Why, what's the matter, Sheridan? You are growing nervous of late."

"The name of the village took me by surprise, that is all," said Will. He was going on to say that Walton was his native village; but the entrance of Lord Somers' secretary, who had just arrived, interrupted him. Mr. Wyville had said "good-by," and the gentlemen took their leave.

The letter which Mr. Wyville had received ran as follows: "Sir—The woman Harriet Draper, as was Samuel Draper's wife before he married Alice Walmesley, has been arrested for a deadly assault on Draper's sister and is at this present riding in the lock-up of Walton-le-Dale."

"Your maid servant," "BENJAMIN LODGE," "Police Officer."

Accompanied by his black servant, Mr. Wyville left London that evening; and on the forenoon of the next day he stepped from the train at Walton-le-Dale, and walked toward the police-station or lock-up.

It was a small stone building, containing four rooms, two of which were Officer Lodge's quarters; the third a court room, with a dock or bar, and a raised desk and seat for the magistrate; and behind this, and opening from it, a strong room, with barred windows, used as the lock-up.

Mr. Wyville pushed the outer door, and stepped at once into the court-room, which was empty. He was about to withdraw, when a door on the left opened, and a woman, quite unchanged in four years, greeted Mr. Wyville as if he had seen him only yesterday.

"She was out of order bad, this time, sir; but I knew she'd turn up some time."

"Many thanks, my friend," said Mr. Wyville; "I had almost concluded you had forgotten."

Officer Lodge was a little hurt at this expression of doubt; but he was quite too mild of temper for resentment.

"Where is the woman?" asked Mr. Wyville.

Officer Lodge pointed to the heavy door of the lock-up, with a grim shake of the head. He sank his voice to a whisper.

"She's a bad 'un, she is—worse and worse every time. But now she's done for."

"Done for?"

"Ay, she'll go, this time, sir. Saved year at the least. She nearly killed a woman, and she would have killed her altogether if she'd had her way a minute longer."

"Tell me the facts," said Mr. Wyville.

"Well, sir, she were down near Draper's 'uns all one day, last week, and she hacted near. They came for me and told me, and I looked after her all the afternoon. She only sat on the roadside, looking at Draper's 'uns, which is hopen, and she stayed there an hour. Draper's sister, who was too curious, maybe, went up to the 'uns, to see what she were doing; and then it began. I heard two voices, one a screaming and the other a crying, and when I ran to the spot, there was Harriet assaulting the woman, choking her and beating her head against the stones. If I had been half a minute later there would have been murder."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT MEDICAL SCIENCE IS DOING.

The latter half of the 19th century will pass into history as one into which is crowded more inventions and discoveries for the benefit of mankind than in all the centuries that have preceded it. Among these discoveries none will take higher rank than those in medicine, calculated to relieve "the ill that flesh is heir to," restore vitality, and prolong life. Ladies everywhere will rejoice at the discovery of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, undoubtedly the greatest remedy for their peculiar ailments yet discovered. These pills are the result of an almost life study, and are certain to cure Consumption, Rheumatism, and permanently cure Consumption, supply the elements necessary to enrich the blood and transform pale, sallow or greenish complexions to the pink and glow of perfect health. These pills are an unfailing cure for nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, loss of appetite, headache and all the irregularities of the female system that entail so much misery and distress. Every suffering woman should give them a trial. For sale by all dealers, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box—by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Beware of imitations.

Please Don't Forget It.

That Dr. H. James' Cornuall India is prepared in Calcutta, India, from the purest and best Native Hemp, and is the only remedy either in that country or this that will positively and permanently cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh and Nervous Debility or break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. 25¢ a bottle, three bottles for \$5.00. Craddock & Co., Proprietors, 1022 Race Street, Philadelphia.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

In the coming "Life, Poems, and Speeches" of John Boyle O'Reilly, published by the Cassell Publishing Company of New York His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore has written a most noble Preface. Speaking of the beautiful nature of the dead poet, His Eminence says:

"As strong as it was delicate and tender, as sympathetic and tearful as it was bold, his soul was a harp of truest tones, which felt the touch of the Ideal ever where, and spontaneously breathed responsive music, joyous or mournful, vehement or soft."

"A loss to the country, a loss to the Church, a loss to humanity!" exclaimed Cardinal Gibbons when the sad news was announced to him, and in his beautiful Preface, he writes, speaking of the dead poet's public life:

"John Boyle O'Reilly's career as a journalist, his magnanimity and self control thrust valiantly upon him and infused into him, were especially manifested. Constantly obliged to deal with burning questions, he usually handled them with a conservative prudence scarcely to be expected in one so vehement by nature. Accounted by long experience to have the most cherished convictions related and assailed, he met all opponents with a chivalrous courtesy, as well as with a dauntless courage, that instantly won respect and often ended by winning them over to his side."

"The country of his adoption vies with the land of his birth in testifying to his uprightness of life, the usefulness of his character, the nobleness of his soul. The bitterest prejudices of race and of creed seem to have been utterly conquered by the masterful goodness of his heart, and the winning sweetness of his tongue, and to have turned into all the greater admiration for the man."

"With all these virtues I bleed my own, and in their name I say that the world is brighter for having possessed him, and mankind will be the better for this treasury of pure and generous and noble thoughts which he has left us in his works."

THE FAITHFUL AND FEARLESS GUARDIANS OF THE MORAL LAW.

We translate the following words on Ireland from a French paper, *La Semaine Religieuse de Nîmes*:

Quickly as the sands of time run out more events attract attention with such rapidity that what is but of yesterday already appears to belong to a distant period. But we must not lose sight of one of the great victories of December 22, 1890 at Kilkenny. There is the triumph of a people who prefer honor, purity, and the sanctity of marriage to all political advantages—nay, even to that national liberty which, after so many centuries of exile, Ireland seemed at last about to grasp. The Kilkenny election has demonstrated by a majority of 1,200 votes (1) That the Irish people aspire to be free by honorable means under the leadership of those alone who combat with dignity, and who recognize the will of God as the first law; (2) that Ireland is, above all, a Catholic nation; (3) that the Irish people have lost nothing of their moral influence.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD CANNOT SHOW A PEOPLE MORE LOYAL TO THEIR LEADERS than the Irish are. After Daniel O'Connell Charles Stewart Parnell placed himself at the head of this noble nation. He was more than the founder of a party, more than a prince—he was the chieftain of an immense clan which has spread from the Emerald of the Sea over all the countries of the globe. To lift a hand against him, to disobey his orders, to resist him—nay, not to place absolute faith in him—were as crimes of high treason. We shall never understand the intensity of the anguish of the Irish people, the soul torture of their representatives, when the hour came to reject Parnell because he had forfeited his honor. And if some few lowers are still with him it is because many among them cannot consent to believe in his guilt. Nothing less than a supreme sentence from a tribunal clearly informed could convince Ireland that her chief was unworthy to lead her as of yore. This conviction once established, the noble people, whose good morals are proverbial, stood up and

MADE THEIR SOVEREIGN VOICE HEARD AT KILKENNY; and there proclaimed before heaven and earth that the precept of honor and purity is the first law of human societies. In 1885, at Kilkenny, Parnell received 4084 votes against 174; in 1890 Parnell lost his majority by 1200 votes. Where will you find on the face of the globe a nation so passionately Catholic as the green Erin, where the men are as deeply religious as the women; where multitudes from long distances crowd the churches, kneeling on the cold stones during the whole time of divine service? Where will you find so many young men and young women who at the age of twenty and over have never signed against the Sixth Commandment? The writer of this, during over twenty years of intercourse with Protestant clergymen, has never met one who refused to testify to the chastity of the Irish people; and he himself, after a long ministry among the Irish, particularly among soldiers and sailors, has no hesitation whatever in adding his testimony to that of so many others. Parnell has been crushed by the power of the Irish Catholic hierarchy. The Bishops did their duty

OF THE MORAL LAW.

They condemned Parnell, and Parnell has fallen. True he is residing in Ireland, but his motions are like the last struggles of a snake mortally wounded. It is said that certain Protestants resolved to pray for Parnell's success, so as to show that the power of the priesthood no longer existed. How foolish! At the present moment every honest Englishman (and there are many such) recognizes and says that the victory of Kilkenny was due to the irresistible charge of the Black Deacons of the Pope which swept Parnell off the field of Erin. Irish priests are now the object

of the enthusiastic admiration of English Protestants; and it is a fact. Let nations learn from this that they have received a lesson given with force and unparalleled grandeur. How strange and how interesting! In 1168 that same Ireland nobly sacrificed her liberty for the defence of the moral law, just as in 1890 she has not hesitated to set aside political considerations to solve first of all a moral question. History tells us that a Prince named Desborough became the spouse of O'Rourke, the Prince of Breffny. O'Rourke set out on a pilgrimage, and returned to find his palace deserted. Desborough had fled with Dermot MacMurrough, the powerful King of Leinster. In 1168, as in 1890, it was a case of adultery. The whole nation rose to avenge the dignity of Christian marriage. The guilty woman and her seducer were banished from the island. In 1168, as in 1890, there was no place on pure Erin's soil for an adulterous man and a woman who had shamelessly violated her marriage troth. MACMURROUGH INVOKED THE AID OF THE ENGLISH KING, HENRY II, who readily granted it. The English army crossed the sea in 1169—a black day for the life of the Saints—but she has ever remained faithful to her religious convictions and to her political aspirations. The victory of Kilkenny is the triumph of Catholic honor. The harp of Infallible has sent forth a proud note of harmony, which has thrilled the world and roused the hearts of men.

ONE OF THE SWEETEST BALLADS OF THE OLD IRISH TELLERS

how a knight, come from a distant country, attracted the reputation for virtue of the Irish, met one day a young maiden journeying alone. She had started from the far north of the island and was travelling to the southern shores. She was radiant in fresh beauty; she was covered with jewels; she walked alone, unprotected by day and by night, and, as Tom Burke writes, no man of Ireland ever offended her by a fixed stare; no month of Ireland addressed to her an offensive word; no hand of Ireland put forth to take from her defenceless body one single gem or jewel that shone thereon. The knight said to her:

Lady, dost thou not fear to stray no lone and so lovely along this bleak way? Are Erin's sons so good and so cold that not to be tempted by woman or gold?

Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm. No son of Erin will offer me harm; For though they love woman and golden things, Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more.

This beautiful ballad explains all: be-hold Ireland!

The legacies left in France to the Church from October, 1889, to October, 1890 were 3,750, and amounted to 37,000,000 francs. Besides that there was given 4,000,000 for Bishops whose salaries had been reduced by the State. 18,069,000 were given for the foundation of new Catholic hospitals, to replace those the Government had expelled. To the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul 5,000,000 for the foundation of new high schools and Catholic seminaries, and 12,000,000 for Catholic schools for poor children. It is stated that since 1873 these legacies become larger every year, besides the millions that are given annually for the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Land, the Holy Father and many other good works.

It is announced from Paris that the Pope has decided to make a sweeping reduction in the expenses of his household, in order, it is said, to create a Pontifical fund to be used in such an emergency as his enforced exile. The total amount of the jubilee money will be assigned to this fund.

A Natural Filter.

The liver acts as a filter to remove impurities from the blood. To keep it in perfect working order use B. B. B., the great liver regulator.

I used two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, and can clearly say I am a well woman to-day.

Mrs. C. P. WILBY, Upper Uttoxeter, N. B.

Purify Your Blood

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all diseases of the blood. This medicine, when fairly tried, does expel every trace of scrofula or salt rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and curbs the rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. Thousands testify to the superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. Full information and statements of cures sent free.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 51¢ a box. Prepared only