JUNE 23, 1894.

BY PIERRE L'ERMITE.

the rays which struggled through the

ment, which speedily became sus-picion, took possession of him. Everywhere in the little ante cham-

every side.

'Then why-?'

But as a burst of triumphant laugh

"Precisely. A tramp, an abduction -any piece of villainy you choose to

"But what do you mean by it?"

for at least one evening. My reasoning is quite clear and simple. We said to ourselves: 'Here is a good priest who is killing himself—because

you are killing yourself, Father; there

is nothing but skin and bone left of

you. You live like a bear, -no! it is

you? You know we are friends of the Church. In short, we determined

Church. In short, we determined to take you prisoner of war."

my dear Father. Entirely mistaken,

invitation. I would have notified my

I assure you!"

housekeeper-

"But I dine at home this evening."

"You are mistaken on that point,

But you should have sent me an

"An invitation to you who will

never accept one? Fie, fie! my dear

Father! your conduct discourages all

honest intentions; you force us to dis

simulation. You yourself have com-

Thus attacked the priest was obliged to capitulate and allow his genial host

to lead him to the table where a bril-

liant array of guests awaited him and

where he was introduced as, "The Rev. Father X.—, who brings you all, the last consolations of the dying!"

There were fifteen or twenty mem

bers of the world of fashion and ele-

gance gathered in the superb salon

taking up the gage, while the young

priest, little accustomed to parry these brilliant nothings, smiled at the petty

fire of artifice that flashed about him

meet death with tranquility. I keep

in my secretary a plenary indulgence from the Holy Father, one which ex-

tends to the third generation! At the

last mement I have but to wing my

flight for heaven, where, who knows?

I may find almost as high a place as

yourself who have undertaken such

'And if St. Peter contests the valid-

'Oh! in that case I would plead-'

"Do be quiet: you dearen poor Father X—; he has perhaps been hearing confessions for five or six

"It is true that-" but before the

priest could speak, a storm of questions

enormous labors here below."

ity of your paper?'

without endeavoring to reply to all.

, now one, now another,

Rev. Father, I at least can

the champagne they sipped.

pelled me to play the Comanche

"Simply to take possession of you

ter shook the portly form of the master

of the house, the priest understood.

'A trap?" he cried.

boas, the high hats of men, the

his due; that I e, bringing shame man's household; my purse and fed ry; that no poor fered to pass the ange unrelieved led a good man. hbors in respect, good accord and hers; and yet, come to die, I see w not anything or repentance i h in past days

aster, would that ny conscience may nothing more of n that which is on

ry man is his own emeth very heavy varn you by our n to Soho, in Bol-n of the Blue Boar. g for him, and pre Mr. Allen; wait, when you see him mine own saintly son, forced by the gerous times, to urch to dwell in the ring it will be hour has come be here as soon as

er look on its ris ed, took the ring cute his errand. er, the physician, tient, the fears of conviction of Sir near his end, were

we fallen, for that

see the setting of

was in the disn such a way as uspicion; it was ace herself. Her tears, testified to sending for the

ke upon myself a of nursing my ing the early por one, should your , should you be you called. l of her rest, was

ipplied, and thus sleep; and as arrange that the er use should be ide of the house. molestation or in-

f the night, then nce with the wishes took a few hours' she was again ne woman having he room destined or communicating te of apartments efully locked, les her cause should ve her room in the any other part of

of twelve and one. er, Father Lawson he sick chamber. was complete, as rances went. He of the stout, honrough mannered he had assumed

n of the baronet e servants were at night), and the around the bed, lst the last rites of inistered and the to the dying man. red, wishful to see chaplain, in the

y near; the dull, yy death dews, the ened approaching are the times for

es, and his speech oherent; secular gious persecution for the hunt, mas, I shall come

Hallo - to horse inds - rare sport The eyes of the

s houses in these ast of fifty years'

ness of Dr. J. C. Mass., whose in-

illia is known and

s passed its half-never so vigorous

toration immediately troat and lungs from dicine that promotes ne to use for coughs, the lungs and all and chest. This is and chest. This is and chest consumptive and wherever used it tiefaction. Children leasant, adults like it ures the disease.

swollen that I could ot Yellow Oil, and to we instant relief, and cured me. Mrs. W.

s the Best.

d, the breath sus-TINUED.

'Are you not wearied to death in that stifling place?"
"Particularly when it is Mrs.

tongues should not devour their neigh-bor, and in Lent too!" came in mock rebuke from one of the gentlemen.

such a neighbor as that one!" "It is true she is not very tempt-

ing!"
"But seriously, Father X are weighed down with so many occupations that we cannot understand why you indulge in the folly of losing in the confessional, a wretched little box where you must breathe foul

'And you consider it time lost?" You will not be of-"Absolutely. You will fended if I speak frankly?"

"Then, what possible use is there in

THE SAFETY VALVE OF SOULS. of the night without and echoed across the water. "What is that noise?" demanded A Strange Page From a Veritable History of Life.

the priest.
"That? It is the safety-valve of a

steamer. The reception hall was long and narrow and but feebly illumined by Then, above the idle chatter and the laughter, which hushed as he pro-ceeded, the voice of the priest rose, with a certain imperious sweetness colored glasses of a hanging lamp of

oriental design.

The priest, entering from the brilliantly lighted stairway, could at first distinguish nothing, but as his dazzled eyes became accustomed to the soft country, and he perceived the objects by the steam would destroy the steam wou vessel. Now there are souls, and trust my experience they are not rare, who are overcharged, who suffer, suffer frightfully, suffer until they can ber coats and wraps of unmistakable elegance were scattered in costly confusion. Overcoats severely correct in style, alternating with long cloaks richly bordered with fur, the sheen of powerless to comfort. Blessed are powerless to comfort. Blessed are powerless to comfort. Blessed are powerless to comfort. richly bordered with fur, the sheen of changing silks, the soft coil of long such souls when they seek a priest such seek such such such such souls when they seek a priest such such such such

small bounets of matrons, balancing uneasily on their supports; the more elaborate hats of younger women with their glittering ornaments and still dure the pressure of an angaish that draped in their gossamer veils - a without relief would destroy them. It veritable display of the luxuries of the is at least useful for that, madame fashionable world met his gaze on and for many other things," he added, smiling, "which I explain at the cate-chism class four times a week." And over all, flickering and trem-

and casting themselves at his

oling, fell the mellow light, catching here and there the flash of a jewel, or the golden sheen of an embroidery, The following morning, while the priest took his simple breakfast, his old housekeeper laid beside him a note and stretching the shadow of the priest in grotesque length along the carpet. whose direction and style indicated Here are a good may visitors for a the writer as a woman of high rank.

man at the point of death," he mur-mured half aloud. He breakfasted without reading it, but later on, installed in his little study, he slowly tore open the enve-At the first glance he compre-'At the point of death, my dear hended its purport : Father! Very far from it, as you see.'

"Reverend Father:—You have saved my life, Yesterday evening, when God permitted the conversation to turn on confession, you did not suspect that opposite you sat a despairing soil, one of those who suffer frightfully, suffer beyond endurance. For what cause? Perhaps you would not understand me if I told you, Father; although it is not necessary to have experienced all maladies in order to recognize them. Be that as it may, I could endure no longer, and I should have put an end to it last night. But after hearing your words I passed two hours kneeling by my bed, repeating again and again, 'Can it be true? Is it possible that at the feet of the priest, the representative of God, I will find—what he has said?' This morning I sought a confessor and now, from the very depths of my heart, in the infinite sweetness of recovered peace, in the joy of having found in God the one eternally faithful friend, I offer you, Reverend Father, my grateful thanks.

[GENEVIEVE DE B ——" 'Reverend Father:-You have saved m useless to protest. Besides, why should

The priest reflected some moments, his eyes fixed absently on the flame that danced in the grate—then he recalled a tall, young woman whose beautiful face, shaded by masses of black hair, bore a peculiar pallor, and intense gaze while he spoke. — Translated for the Columbian from "La of him

CLEMENCY OF PIUS IX.

Seventy years ago a strange cortege was one day seen filing out of the gates of the Castle of Saint Angelo in Rome. It had a funeral aspect. They were the hooded Brothers of a pious confra ternity walking with a measured pace and chatting in a mournful cadence. They were followed by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets who surrounded a cart draped in black, says an exchange. None of the hundreds who stopped on the Bridge of Saint Angelo to see the procession pass asked and the conversation flowed in an easy stream, frothing and sparkling as the champagne they sipped.

Angolo sectule What it meant. The ominous black what it meant. The ominous black in black, confroi say something, asked who was the criminal that stood terrupted him: They turned their batteries of wit up in the cart his hands tied before and raillery without malice, towards him and his shaggy head cast down in sad and penitent manner. It was Gajetano, the most notorious revolutionist plotter against the State and out-law of his time. He had just been convicted of treason in the highest de gree and was sentenced to be executed. His appearance excited the compassion of the bystanders. Just as the cart reached the other side of the bridge a Landsome young priest emerged from one of the streets which open into the square. He glanced at the prisoner for an instant. People noticed that he had lovely eyes and they seemed bathed in tears. Touched with a noble impulse he rushed into the crowd and worked his way up to the office in charge who was on horseback. He begged for God's sake that the proces sion might be delayed a few moments until he could run up to the Vatican There was something and back. hours to day, and they still ring in his irresistible in the pleading eyes, and besides the officers recognized in the young priest one who was seen frequently in the Apostolic was Palace. He promised acquiesence, and the priest sped to the Vatican into the presence of the Sovereign Pontif, and ejaculations came from all sides at Leo XII., and throwing himself upon his knees, begged with an earnestness almost supernatural for the life of the The Pontiff was moved criminal. and commuted the sentence of death into solitary imprisonment for life in the Fortress of Saint Angelo. clergyman flew rather than ran from the Vatican, in pursuit of the pro-cession. He soon overtook it, for it moved slowly as the officer in command had promised, and produced the autograph order of the Pope forbiding the execution, and remanding the captive to Saint Angelo's. Life was dear. The criminal was grateful to live at any cost, and would have fallen down at the feet of the deliverer to thank him. But he disappeared and was next seen in the vicinity of

and rested in Saint Peter's. The glorious Pontificate of Pius IX. had been inaugurated but a few days, when a handsome priest, dressed in a simple cassock and fararinola of the Roman clergy presented himselt at the For-tress of Saint Angelo, and asked if there was a prisoner therein called Gajetano. Yes, he was answered, but the prisoner being a solitary, could not be seen without an express permission from the Governor of the fortress.

The priest went away, and appeared oon after with the necessary order. Being ushered into the cell, the prisoner asked, "What do you want?"

said the visitor, "to "I come,"

without effect," was the reply. "This petition, he continued, "would have the same effect as the rest. It would never reach the hands of Gregory XVI.

Pius IX.

tion?"
"Myself; write, here is paper and pe ncil."

peal to the new Pontiff full of protestaions of repentance and of loyalty. When the priest received the paper, ne said:

"Have confidence. This very even-Courage, my friend, and pray to God for Pius IX."

They rome to God friend in their many to God friend in the frie

prisoner Gajetano."
"The Pope alone can grant it," said the governor.

stranger wrote: "In virtue of the present order, the governor of the castle of Saint Angelo will set the prisoner Gajetano at lib-

erty immediately.-Pius IX. There was no mistaking that signa-ture. The order was obeyed on the instant, and when Gajetano sought out his mother (his liberator had a)ready disappeared) she had told him how a certain priest called Giovanni Mastai Ferretti was his deliverer on who had regarded him with a strangely intense gaze while he spoke. — Trans first, then a Cardinal, and finally, Pope.

Mr. Jimsmith Repulses an Agent.

Mr. Jimsmith, the lawyer, whose name is a household word in Chicago, recently moved into a beautiful suburban home, says the Tribune. He is highly pleased with it in a general way, but so many agents call upon him that he finds it rather a bore. The other day he opened the door to twelve agents before the afternoon was half over, and when he was summoned to the door for the thirteenth time he was mad enough to fight a herd of porcupines. A tall, sad eyed man, dressed in black, confronted him, and started to say something, but Mr. Jimsmith in-

"You don't need to tell me what you have to sell, because I don't want it ; I don't need a burglar-proof clock, nor a bootjack with a music box in it, nor

stem-winding can opener ; I don't-"My dear sir, you are mis-" "Oh, you don't need to 'dear sir' me; it won't work. I tell you I don't want a gate that may be taken from its hinges and used as a folding bed; I have no use for a combined currycomb and moustache cup; I have a fuil supply of furniture polish, cough medicine and hair restorer, and, what's more, my wife doesn't need a recipe for preser ving codfish or frying billiard balls. "Really, sir, this is most extraordi

"Oh of course, it's extraordinary, but I don't want it. I suppose it can be used to grate horseradish and tune the piano, but I tell you that I don't need it. Perhaps it will take the grease spots out of clothing, pare apples, and chase dogs out of the yard, but you'll have to go somewhere else to sell it. I am sur prised that a man of your age and respectable appearance should go around trying to sell pocket corn shellers when the whole neighborhood is full of wood that ought to be sawed. What's the use of trying to sell a man a fire escape when you can make \$1 a day balling hay?"
"I'm not an agent."

"Then what are you?"

"I'm the pastor of the Orthodox Brethren Church, and I came over to get acquainted, not knowing that you were running a private mad house. Good

A Grand Feature

A Grand Feature
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Contest of the Arts.

(By Miss Marion Loomis, Ursuline Academy Chatham, Out.) SIRIUS.

In troubled state the might y Jove once mused. Yet more he thought the more he was confused; The question vexed, yet no solution came. To give relief unto his wearied brain: For they whom he had favored over all. The Arts, had broken peace by wanton brawl; And Heaven filled with clamorous dispute. O'er which should be the foremost in his suit. Each armed with proofs of his furfinsie worth Displayed the good hed done to man and earth Provided thus, each felt secure that he. O'er all the rest should doubtless victor be. But deep they raged when next another rose. And deeds of equal valor would disclose, This Jupiter, not knowing whom to choose To be the chief, resolv'd none to refuse. Chill he'd heard each separate claim rehearsed Then judged himself the worthiest to be first.

"I come," said the visitor, "to bring you tidings of your mother."

"She still lives, "exclaimed the captive, "O, God be thanked!"

"Yes, she lives, and she sent me to console you, and tell you to hope for better days."

"All the angels are not in heaven; I see one before me," said the penitent criminal.

He then narrated all that he had suffered during the long years of his living death.

"Why have you not appealed to the clemency of the Pope?" said the priest.

"I have done so time and again "I have done so time and again "I have done so time and again "Accordingly, at summons first arose"

"Accordingly, at summons first arose

riest.

"I have done so time and again ithout effect," was the reply. "This etition, he continued, "would have he same effect as the rest. It would ever reach the hands of Gregory IVI."

"Gregory XVI. is dead; write to "Gregory XVI. is dead; write to "ius IX."

"And who will present my petition?"

"Myself; write, here is paper and the encil."

The prisoner wrote a touching aptions of repentance and of loyalty.

"Behold the army ready for the fray.

Entitle the first rank in my esteem."

Accordingly, at summons first arose. Sweet Music with his plays to disclose. The powers of his soul. He was a youth Whose starry eyes beamed with light divinely fair. Forward he came, and struck his tender lyre. With easy grace, with inspiration's fire; And to the hushed throng, who list ning hung, On his melodious accents, thus esting hung, On his melodious accents, thus esting hung, On his melodious accents, thus esting hung, On his melodious accents, thus estire the same. There's not a deed of high or noble worth. That to my power might not acribe its birth: See how my touch the deadly passions quell: It calm their tumult, clashing fierce as hell: Again I waken in the human breast.

Soll love and tender pity from their rest: "Behold the army ready for the fray."

"Behold the army ready for the fray,
Arranged in line of battle's stern array,
Yet see; they halt, of victory despair!
Then loud I strike upon th'expectant air
My marsh all song of hope which leads the way;
They route the foe, and victory crowns the day:
My power bade the Trojan walls to rise
Their massive summits toward the wond'ring
skies:

He left the cell, and, presenting himself to the governor of the castle, said:

Height to the governor of the castle,

The heavenly spheres their vast course in favor of the castle, aid:

"I come to ask grace in favor of the prisoner Gajetano."

"The Pope alone can grant it,"
said the governor.

"The Pope alone can grant it,"
said the governor.

"The heavenly spheres their vast course in favor of the prisoner Gajetano."

The soul of Nature I, her vital spark;
The breath of passion; language of the heart;
Man in my hands is but a pilant to with joy;
I could with grid or make its roubled soul.
I could be ween to alone of the paused, the sounds harmonious echoes fell.
In swelling cadences o'er mount and devil;
O'er all the wond'ring earth thro' heavies a sent.

Then died, in liquid sounds its sweetness spent. The youth retired. With deafening applause The court declared him victor of his cause. But Jove commanded silence once again, As Painting rose to vindicate her claim. A maiden she of sweet expressive mien Yet charmed she more the more that she was seen.

"I lack the power of music," she begun,
"Who thrills his hearers quick as he has sung
With love and reverence for his noble parts.
My charms must slowly dawn upon your hearts
Then when you know, you'll love me all the

Then when you know, you'll love me all the more,
For time you've spent in wooling me before.
High priestess I, of visional delights,
I sean tale depths of sin and virtue's heights;
I tell the deeds of mightly heroes past.
Whose glories proud the mother, I sembrace,
Fair Nature, and the mother, I sembrace,
Religious truths proclaim, and faith incite
By silent sermons herid as the light.
Without Compute are those who court my
smile
And hurn their income.

smile
And burn their incense at my shrine the while
And though but few I've favored they proclair
That I'm the only Art of lasting fame. I'
With m inding blush and modest, downcast eye
Confused thus her voice compelled to rise.
The maiden ceased, and vanished from thei

view
While loud applause and long, rang heaven thro'.

Next Poetry steps forth. Her kindling eyes Proclaim the power that deep within her iles. Her queenly form seemed fashloned to com-mand. And proud her mien as brave she took her stand.

"The magic mirror in my hand I hold Which doth the charms of nature's self unfold, Tells all her secret ways and secret lore, And shows new beauties never seen before; The grandeur of the human soul reveals, Its heights and depths, e'en what it fain conceals.

With equal right I share great Market

ceals.
With equal right I share sweet Music's claim for rouse the passions, then subdue again, I charm mankind, excite or quell his fears, Arouse excitement, force unbidden tears: My devotees are thought by wond'ring earth As blest of gods, or of celestial birth: Instinctively to me man ever turns To best express the good that in him burns; The mistress I, in fine of every Art Sans beauty they, till I have gained their heart.

heart."
The court of heaven understood so well
The truth of all she said, 'twas hard to tell
Just whom they thought most worthy, w
behold!
Upon the scene steps Architecture bold.

A man of lofty mien and noble brow, Whom all the Gods most generous did endow With strength and grace. Impatient he be gan: Midst all the works or deeds performed by

gan;

"Midst all the works or deeds performed by man,
Alone I stand imperishable for aye,
While they compared endure for but a day.
Of all the Arts most practical am I,
And suited best man's needs to satisfy;
The progress of a nation is divined
But from the rank she has to me consigned:
With admiration mixed with wondring awe
I fill mankind and him toward heaven draw.
Still I but talk: ye cannot understand
Before ye see, the craftwork of my hand.
The cloud that hangs o'er earth I'll draw aside
That yet may priefly gaze upon my pride."
E'en as he spoke he raised aloft his wand
Then fell the veil from earth at his command.
Before the wondring gaze of heaven there
passed
Fach country of the world from first to last;
Each showing Architecture's wondrous skill;
Each paying silent tributes to His will.
The tower of tongues rose from the verdant
plains
As his first fruit. Then Ghizeh's marvel claims
The wonder of four thousand years and more,
Unchanged by elements or fiercer war.
Shrined in the mounts of Ind the stopes arise
Wherein each precious gift of Buddah lies.
Stretched from the sea through Asia's desert
lands
Earth's largest structure, China's rampant

lands
Earth's largest structure, China's rampant
stands.
Then 'fore the view comes Greece triumph-

Then 'fore the view comes Greece triumpu antity Displaying all her wondercus symmetry. Her temples flanked with fluted colonnades, And gildings and suggestive rainbow shades. Then westward 'cross the sea imperial Rome Reclines among the seven hills, her throne; and maryling at the Greeks, their wonder traced,
Taeir architectural beauties all embraced. And as the earth rolled on through countles years

And as the earth rolled on through countres years
For heaven's wondrous vision there appears,
Charmed by the wand in Architecture's hand,
A thousand may eas filling every land.
At length perceive, that from gazing they
Are satiate wi... joy, he charms away
The vision from their view. Well pleased is he
Their dumb delight and wonderment to see.
The vision o'er, their reigned a silence deep
O'er all the court, as though 'twere charmed to
sleep.

But not for long. Again their 'tention's called While Oratory's eloquence enthralled Their wondering minds, and lifted them from

Their wondering minds, and lifted them fro love
Or baser things to his bright world above.
'Kind auditors, permit me to beguile
Thy sweet indulgence for a little while.
I come not here my praises loud to sing
Or flaunt my colors on an idle wing;
I simply came at mighty Jove's request
To claim my rank of honor, mong the rest.
The child of gods and firstling of the sky,
Proud kings and empires at my pleasure lie.

The subtle power that my words distill
Compels the earth to bow before my will;
I rouse a land to mutiny and arms.
As winds provoke the ocean waves to storms,
And then like oil poured on the troubled main.
With honeyed words I caim him once again:
I tread the loom of destiny, and wield
The key behind whose door fate lies concealed:
Through all the agree past and time to come,
I have, and shail be reckoned high among
My kindred Arts. But what that rank may be
With deference I have great Jove to see.
As one accustomed long to plaudits loud,
He smiled his thanks unto the listening crowd.
Then stepped aside, as Jupiter arose
His great and high decision to disclose.
Well pleased am I, oh truly noble Arts,
By all the way which ye've upbeld your parts.
Ye've shown your worth, convinced we believe
Your value high, our gracious praise.
Yet mark me well, far from assuring me
Of separate claimed superiority.
We've proven here, what ye have fain denied
In former heat of strife's ambitious pride—
Ye've shown that none, what e'er may be your
worth.
Can reigu supreme in beaven or on earth;

Ye've shown that none, what e'er may be your worth.

Can reigu supreme in heaven or on earth;
That all to each should kind indulgence lend and each to all should be a helpful friend;
No one has power to fully bless mankind.
But all can aid him perfect bliss to find;
No one without the others e'er can claim I mmortal life, or win undying fame;
Each from the other gains a life unknown, and to the rest vitality doth loan:
All are to all bound with a mystic chain.
What fates the one, the rest must share the same.

same.
Thus let none seek among the rest to be
The first and foremost by fierce rivalry;
But still continue as ye've done before
To bless mankind; and heaven as of yore
Shall be replete with bliss without alloy,
And earth the theatre of perfect joy."

The Ubiquitous Jesuit.

At a recent vestry meeting in Hoot on, Eng., a young clergyman of the Church of England, who has shown a disposition to indulge in extreme ritualistic practices in his ceremonials, was charged with being a Jesuit in disguise, His accuser said: "I do not hesitate to say that in the present Church of England there are Jesuits educated by the Church of Rome and sent out to bring us back to Roman Some years ago, while Lord Salisbury was prime minister, the awful discovery was made that his butler was a disguised Jesuit employed for the purpose of finding out the great secrets of state." We have heard of the ubiquitous Jesuit in other branches of secret service—as coach men, private secretaries and so on. But it is the first time we were seriinformed that they "orders" in the established Church of England. Of course, if they are in that business within the possessions of her most gracious majesty, they are to be found in the American

Church. What an awful thought!

Just imagine a conclave of Metho
dists assembled to denounce the Cath olic Church, while a member sits through the meeting who is only a Jesuit in disguise. When the deliberations are at an end he proceeds to the office of each daily paper in the city, where, according to the prevailing theory, a Jesuit or two can be found on duty. To these he imparts the whole story, and thus the secret service is made effective.

What a gullible people our Protes tant brethern are! They are ready to believe the most preposterous and the silliest yarns that any idiot may concoct concerning the Jesuits and their movements. It would be useless to say to them that these zealous preachers and teachers are neither spies nor informers; that they mind their own business and devote their lives to the service of their Divine Master. They pray constantly for the conversion of their separated brethern, out they do so in their sanctuaries and cloisters, and not in kitchens or back

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of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite say develop into acute disease. It is a trite say that an "onnee of prevention is worth? a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Norway Pine Syrup strengthens the lungs and cures all Throat Troubles, Coughs, Colds, Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.



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When you ask for a 5 cent plug 10 cent plug 20cent plug



DERBY PLUG Smoking Tobacco

be sure that the retailer does not induce you to buy any other in order that he may make a larger profit.





Pains in the Joints Caused by Inflammatory

Swelling A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsar

parilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend load's Sursayarilla. My son was afflicted with rest point in the joints, accompanied with weiling so had that he could not get up stairs

so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determine to try it, next got a half-dozen bottles, four of which caturely cured him." Mits. G. A. Laxy, Capaca, Oldardo. Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and ficiently, on the liver and bowels, 25c.

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