

## THE NEW INDEX.

A new edition of the Index is announced—that is to say, of the table of books prohibited by the Pontifical Congregation specially charged by the constitution of Benedict XIV. with the censure in regard to books.

The present volume differs from all the preceding editions. Leo XIII., as he himself says in the preamble of the decree which precedes the table, desires, in accordance with the request of the French, German and Italian bishops, to apply to the old prescriptions certain modifications more in conformity with the spirit of the times. It is, therefore, a complete revision and also a reduction or commutation of the sentences formerly pronounced, or, as the Pope himself expresses it, it is an advertisement.

For example, all the condemnations previous to the year 1500 are effaced. Excepted also, are the books which, notwithstanding certain reprehensible passages, are distinguished by elegance of language, abundance of erudition and a multiplicity of useful documents. Lastly, all works dealing with forgotten disputes and controversies which have long since been settled, are taken from the list—that is to say, pamphlets of an ephemeral nature.

Notwithstanding this partial amnesty, the list of works which remain under the ban is long. It comprises 278 pages, and each page covers on an average about a dozen works, which give an approximate total of 3,286 books.

It is a curious collection, and many people will be surprised to find in it certain names illustrious in the Church. Among them are Bossuet and Jacques Benigne for his "Projet de réponse a M. de Tencin, archevêque de Embray, communiqué à l'ecclésiastiques de la diocèse de Troyes for their information." Then comes Feulon and Francois de Salicnac, the latter for his "Explication des maximes des Saints sur la vie intérieure."

Among the philosophers are Michel de Montaigne for his "Essais," and Descartes for his "Méditations," his letters to Pere Duret—in fact, all his philosophical works except those subject to revision and his "Discours sur les passions de l'ame." After Descartes comes Nicolas Malebranche for several works, especially his "Traité de la nature et de la grace," his "Discours sur la recherche de la vérité," his "Entretiens" and his "Sur la métaphysique." Even Pascal is not spared on account of his "Lettres Provinciales" and his edition of "Pensees" annotated by Voltaire.

It is hardly necessary to say that all the philosophers of the eighteenth century are condemned in general, including Montesquieu, for "L'Esprit des Loix" and his "Lettres Persanes," Fontenelle still stands condemned for his "Pluralité de mondes." Our contemporary writers hold a conspicuous place in the volume. Balzac catches it for all his love romances. So do Alexander Dumas, Eugene Sue, George Sand, Ernest Feydeau and Flaubert. Paul de Kock is not even mentioned; but Lamartine is stricken down for his "Joelyne," his "Voies en croix" and the "Chute d'Ango." Victor Hugo is condemned for "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Les Misérables." Nothing is said about his "Châtiments" or his "Quatre-Vingt-Trois." Emile Zola is wiped out with the words "All his works." The history of the French Revolution by Mignet is included, but that of Thiers is allowed to stand.

We might mention also the names of Edgar Quinet and Michelet, the latter for six of his works, and Jules Simon for "Religion naturelle."

## ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A JUDGE

The judge came slowly down the steps buttoning his gloves. At the bottom step he turned and looked back and up to the drawing room window.

There, framed in the background of misty, frostlike lace curtains, stood a charming young girl, who blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers to him.

The judge smiled and uncovered his iron gray head to his lovely daughter.

As he entered his waiting carriage and gave the order, "Stop at Dorley," he again looked back and saluted the child whom he adored.

Father and daughter were devoted companions. The sweetest of all comradeships existed between them. She was his housekeeper, his chum, his intimate friend. Through all the trying and tragic scenes of his daily life her face was ever before him. Sometimes when he sentenced a criminal her sweet blue eyes looked in his and pleaded for mercy for the unfortunate.

Every morning the daughter pinned a flower in his coat, kissed him from the drawing room window. Every day the father stopped at a florist's and ordered the choicest flowers sent up to his child.

When he came home at night she stood in the window watching for him. And when he opened the hall door she received him in her loving arms, with the question, "Well, papa, have you been merciful to-day?"

And Judge Henry Saxton had come to be known to criminals and court employees as the "Easy Judge." But no one, save his few close friends, dreamed that the dominating influence and control of his life was vested in a mere slip of a girl.

Evenings it was her custom to read aloud to him. This was the delightful and sacred hour to which the Judge looked forward all day. In his luxurious library, before a glowing open fire, his weary head thrown back among the cushions of his arm chair, lazily enjoying the fragrance of his cigar, the Judge would sit, listening to the sweet voice that so reminded him of another, long since hushed in death.

Just now the daughter was read-

ing Shakespeare's comedies to him. Last night it had been "The Merchant of Venice." He recalled the accents of her voice as she had read:

The quality of mercy is not strained.  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

And then he thought how she had looked across the table at him with her serious eyes and said, roughly and yet, earnestly, "Now, papa, you are to remember that all day to-morrow."

The Judge smiled gently and tenderly requested the flower in his coat. He was remembering.

The court room was crowded. The seats were packed with rows of the usual hangers-on, supplementing the day by many well known people. It was the day on which Judge Saxton was to deliver his charge to the jury in the famous Appleton-Tremaine case.

The zealous District Attorney had loosened all his batteries against the prisoner, and the eminent counsel for the defence had pleaded and explained and begged for clemency.

It now remained for the learned Judge to deliver the final solemn instructions to the twelve haggard faced men, the box and then the last act in this drama of love, hatred, jealousy and revenge would be at its finish.

But the trial was to be interrupted this morning by the sentencing of a batch of convicted prisoners. One after another, the sullen, hopeless, defiant, despairing criminals were brought up to the bar to listen to the words which shut them away from their fellow beings for years.

"It's mighty lucky you were," said more than one officer to the last act in this drama of love, hatred, jealousy and revenge would be at its finish.

But the trial was to be interrupted this morning by the sentencing of a batch of convicted prisoners. One after another, the sullen, hopeless, defiant, despairing criminals were brought up to the bar to listen to the words which shut them away from their fellow beings for years.

Three came to the bar two women. One was young, not more than seventeen. Her face was pretty, but brazen. Her eyes, blue as violets, stared at the Judge with an expression at once of terror and defiance. She wore a tawdry coat, cheaply imitative of the finery of ladies. Her hair was in a bushy tangle of curls over her ears in that outrageous fashion affected by many young girls. She had made a brave attempt to be smart by dabbling her cheeks with rouge and sticking a bedraggled feather in her shabby Tam-o-Shanter cap. Altogether, she was a sad and sickening sight. And she looked so young!

By her side stood a woman, plainly dressed in black, a woman with a serene, kind face and gray hair, one of those good women whose lives are spent in ameliorating the conditions surrounding prisoners. Her face was fixed imploringly upon the Judge.

The Judge regarded the prisoner gravely. She was very young. He marked the reddened cheeks, the poor, flashy finery, the stubborn, frightened, rebellious face.

"She is so young," kept beating in his brain. "Why, she must be just what you need," he said to the girl.

"What is the charge?" he asked, coldly.

An officer glibly explained, "Grand larceny, Your Honor."

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed?" the Judge addressed to the girl.

She made no answer, but gazed sullenly at the floor.

"May I speak, Your Honor?" It was the good angel at the girl's side. His Honor gravely inclined his head.

"It is her first offence," faltered the kind soul. "She was foolish and frivolous and was tempted by her love of finery, but oh, sir, she is so young! I beg—"

But the good woman could go no further. Her voice died away. Something choked her. She put her hand to her throat, and the tears ran down her face.

The Judge suddenly covered his face with his hand.

Then an intense silence settled upon the courtroom. People gazed, awestricken, at the bench. Reporters, looked up from their table to see what the impressive stillness meant.

A big policeman looked out the window and covertly blew his nose.

His Honor was weeping.

Yes, there was no doubt of it. Through the fingers of his strong, well shaped white hand tears, like the gentle rain from heaven, slowly trickled down his face.

"She is so young," she is so young. Over and over these words repeated themselves. "Just about the age"—He saw again that sweet, refined, flowerlike face, he heard the earnest words, "Now, papa, you are to remember that all day to-morrow."

The Judge wiped his eyes and controlled his emotion. A sigh of relief ran through the courtroom. The girl at the bar was troubled and ashamed. She began to tremble. The good Samaritan at her side put her arm about her.

His Honor cleared his throat.

"In consideration of the youth of this unfortunate girl, I will suspend sentence and remand the prisoner in the custody of this excellent woman."

The oldest lawyers all agreed that never before had they listened to so masterly a charge as that given by Judge Saxton in the Appleton-Tremaine case. The evidence was so startling, so sensational, it had supposed the prisoner's guilt. Until the opening sentences of His Honor's charge every one in the courtroom had decided on a verdict of "Guilty."

But the Judge with that marvelous dexterity, that keen knowledge of the law, that astonishing acumen for which he was distinguished, deftly sifted and weighed the evidence, carefully sorted the true from the false, admonished the men who hung on his words and jealously guarded the rights of the accused.

"Strong in favor of the prisoner," was the cautious whisper that passed from lip to lip.

When His Honor rose to charge the jury, his eyes rested for an instant

on the prisoner's hopeless face, bleached by long confinement in Sing Sing's death chamber, and bearing traces of horror that could never be obliterated. Then with one swift glance the Judge marked the face of the prisoner's wife. She was a young woman, but her hair was gray. Suffering had laid its iron fingers on her countenance and her soul—her blameless, loyal soul—looked from its windows with appealing, helpless misery.

"How would she look if she were happy?" thought His Honor as he faced the expectant jury. And then a sudden mental convulsion shook him. What if he were to live to see such a look as that on his own daughter's face?

"Aga, papa, be merciful," rang a voice as sweet as a silver bell. "You are to remember this all day to-morrow and be merciful."

His Honor was remembering.

When the white haired foreman stood up in the jury box and in a voice choked with emotion said "Not guilty!" when that woman with the pallid face and terror stricken eyes, who had risen with the prisoner to hear his sentence, turned and flashed one never to be forgotten look at the Judge, His Honor softly repeated to himself, "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

The carriage stopped and as the Judge descended he looked up at the drawing room window. Yes, there she stood, the exquisite girl for whose sake and under whose influence he had taken compassion that day on two wretched women.

The door was opened and into the genial warmth, the soft mellow light, the loving embrace he was tenderly drawn, while a soft voice murmured in his ear as a pair of soft lips touched his cheek, "Well, papa dear, have you been good and merciful to-day?" — Correspondence New York Herald.

A FARMER'S CLOSE CALL.

It is almost miraculous how some of our farmers escape death considering the risks they take in various ways. The Quebec "Telegraph" gives the following account of a recent experience of a farmer cursing the river St. Lawrence.

A farmer named Nolet, well known in Dorchester, is to-day bemoaning the loss of a valuable horse and a sleigh load of provisions, but when his mind reverted back to the escape which he himself had from finding death beneath the ice in a swirling stream, he considers a fate as having favored him, and is consoled.

Nolet, who is probably about 60 years of age and seemingly well-to-

do, was in this city this morning, having taken a train for Quebec after meeting with the experience which came within such dangerous proportions of costing him his life. He left his home yesterday with the intention of bringing a quantity of butter and other provisions, for which he had already received orders, for delivery in this city. Taking a less lengthy route than was his custom he drove across a stream, on reaching the centre of which he was startled to hear the ice giving way beneath him. In a moment the animal broke through. Nolet being quick to act leaped from his position on the sleigh, but as he did so the ice for several yards around gave way with a crash and the farmer found himself struggling for life in the water. Grasping the available floating ice he finally reached a firmer portion and half frozen by the water and exhausted he reached the shore and crept to the nearest shore. He himself was safe, but rather the poor beast or his sleigh were in sight, both having gone down and were probably carried away by the current. Nolet having having important business to transact in the city to-day entered the first dwelling he reached and after drying his clothing took the train to complete his journey, apparently not much the worse for his experience.

## TO RING CHIMES AUTOMATICALLY.

The mechanical device, which has been perfected by H. C. Champ, of Brooklyn, by which the eighteen bells composing the chimes of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, are rung automatically, as already announced in these columns, is described as follows by William F. Wynn, consulting engineer to the Cathedral trustees:

"It is an adaptation of the compressed air cylinder adopted by the Union Switch and Signal Company. Mr. Champ in following their idea constructed bell engines in correspondence to the number of bells. These bell engines are bolted to wooden stands, which in turn are bolted on a system of steel beams inserted in the walls of the north tower. These engines consist in their working part of a fine grade of bronze composition metal, so as not to rust or corrode. The engines practically consist of three main parts, two cylinders and a piston, which is fitted to a clip hung on the clapper of the bell above it. On the engine there is an adjustable clevis, so that the stroke may be arranged to a nicety, and once so adjusted it cannot change its position."

"The engines are operated from the sacristy by means of a key-

board. A key being depressed, a current of electricity is sent along its wire to the bell, where by means of an air valve, operated through an electro-magnet, the compressed air is admitted to the bell engine, and the air pressure delivers the blow, which acts upon the clapper and rings the bell.

The disk arrangement is merely an automatic adjunct of Mr. Champ's mechanism, and is operated by it, dispensing with the necessity of a musician in the rendering of airs for which disks have been made.

## LEARNED BY EAR.

Instances of misunderstanding of religious formulas, even among adults, afforded by the London "Daily Chronicle" emphasize the importance of studying the vocabularies of children and of teaching them the meaning of all words not included in "the bright lexicon of youth." It helps one to realize what confusion must reign in juvenile minds to read the following instances of misunderstanding furnished by a clerical correspondent of the "Chronicle," who states that they came under his own notice: "With all my worldly goods, I, thee and thou," is the popular rendering of "I thee endow." "My awful wedded wife," supplies an instance of a dropped I as disastrous as any dropped h. One villager's version and mental vision of the Angel Gabriel's salutation, "Blessed art thou amongst women," was found to be "Blessed art thou, a monk swimming!" Other parishioners have been specially devoted to "Blessed John the Blacksmith" and to "Holy Michael the Dark-angel."—Ave Maria.

BLIND GIRL AND CHOIR.—Probably the only blind girl in the world who leads a church choir is Miss Katherine J. Dugan. She conducts the music at St. Aloysius Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt. Miss Dugan is a graduate of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, having been graduated two years ago with honors. Last year she took a post-graduate course. In conducting she uses a baton, as any other leader would. Her music is, of course, an exact duplicate of the choir's only the characters of hers are raised, and she reads by feeling them.

Prudence is common-sense well trained in the art of manner, of discrimination, and of address.

A wise man thinks before he speaks; but a fool speaks, and then thinks of what he has been saying.

## DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES and EAR SOUNDS

Out of School Nin-Months. Weak and thin from ulcerated throat. Almost totally deaf. Nearly out of her mind with head noises.

Dear Doctor:

It is with pleasure that I answer your letter of enquiry about our little girl. We have been waiting and watching to see if there would be any return. But she is entirely well and can hear as good as any one. When we applied to you she had not been able to go to school for nine months. She was so weak and so deaf. Her throat was all full of ulcers that had eaten great holes in it. Now she has grown fat and healthy looking, and complains of none of the ailments that used to trouble her. She used to have to sit close up to the front in school, and then she could not hear what was said. Now she says she can sit way back and hear all the teacher says. She is an entirely different child. Besides her deafness she used to have such noises in her head that she could not sleep nights and she was almost out of her mind with nervousness. She eats and sleeps well now. I would not have her back where she was for twice the amount, although we have not much to spare. I am advising every one to apply to you. Please send me some Symptom Blanks to distribute among my friends.

Yours sincerely,  
THOMAS LOWDON,  
Neepawa, Man.

## Maddening Nois in His Ears.

Cataract for twenty years. Cavities of the head inflamed and ulcerated.

Mr. William Todd, a well known mechanical engineer of Maryland, U. S., applied to Dr. Sproule for the cure of a Cataract that had lasted over TWENTY YEARS. Naturally during such a long time the disease had made its way all over the body, but it was especially severe in the head. Here all the cavities were not only inflamed, but ulcerated with the result that Mr. Todd felt a growing impairment of all his senses and especially of his hearing which had failed markedly and even to an alarming extent. This dullness of hearing was accompanied by most annoying noises in the ears which kept up a continual and almost maddening humming, throbbing and ringing sounds all of which were worse whenever the weather was stormy, or even cloudy.

Dr. Sproule's treatment soon changed this as well as all his other ailments and the eminent Specialist was gratified some time after to receive the following letter.

My Dear Doctor:

My Cataract is completely cured, and I have remained perfectly well ever since taking your treatment. I am truly grateful to you for my restoration to health and will with a good heart let the facts of my case be known to encourage others who are sick, nervous and suffering as I was. I was almost crazy with the noises in my head.

Your grateful patient,  
WM. E. TODD,  
Maryland, P. O.



TO THE SKEPTICAL.

If you are a sufferer from Deafness or Head Noises, perhaps you have tried many treatments with either none or only temporary benefit, and as a consequence have become skeptical, have about given up hope of ever being cured and have almost determined never to try again. Before coming to such conclusion and destitute yourself forever to be a failure in the world, a nuisance to yourself, your family, your friends, and any people with whom you come in contact, think over the following carefully.

The evidence which Dr. Sproule has presented to the public from week to week in this paper, is of such a character as not only to convince the most incredulous of his skill in the treatment of these diseases, but also to inspire faith, because the

patients themselves (not far away, but right in your own province), who have been rescued by this physician (from a condition of desperation and hopelessness brought on by the repeated failure of patent remedies and physicians in whom they have been accustomed to place confidence), have described their symptoms and permanency of their cures. Very many have come without hope, in some instances to satisfy the desire of friends, and been cured. The short statements presented are intended to convey in the briefest manner possible the symptoms in each case and the lasting results of Dr. Sproule's treatment. Read them carefully and ponder seriously over this question:

If Dr. Sproule can cure these people in the serious condition they were in, is it not reasonable to suppose that he can cure you? It is certainly worth a trial. Write to the doctor, he will diagnose your case free. Dr. Sproule, B.A., Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service, English Cataract Specialist, 7 to 13 Doane St., Dostop.

MISS MELANIE NADON, a bright young lady of only twenty-two, was much distressed at finding that the Cataract from which she had suffered for some time was causing not merely annoying noises in her head, but a steadily and even rapidly increasing deafness.

Dr. Sproule saw at once that the trouble had lasted longer than the patient realized, and was a very deep seated one requiring thorough treatment. The result was that at first the disease rebelled and the young patient complained that she was deafener than ever and the noises in the head worse than before. Fortunately she believed Dr. Sproule when he counseled her to continue a little longer and a cure was soon effected, and remained in each case and the lasting results of Dr. Sproule's treatment. Read them carefully and ponder seriously over this question:

You will be wondering why you have not heard from me for so many months. But I have not forgotten you. I could not do that after all you have done for me. I have been perfectly well in every way since your treatment. My ears are all right and do not trouble me at all, and I can hear perfectly. I know your treatment cured me entirely.

Your grateful patient,  
(Miss) MELANIE NADON,  
Matava, Ont.

## C. A. McDONNELL,

Accountant and Liquidator

180 ST. JAMES STREET,  
..Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations a specialty.

TELEPHONE 1182

## Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, P. C. Shannon; 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, J. Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April, 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, M. A. Phelan; Secretary-Treasurer, M. J. Power. All communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Haphy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President, Sam. A. Phelan; Secretary, M. J. Power; Treasurer, Mary McMahon; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlett, 383 Wellington street. Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION No. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laurier streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. Officers: John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street.—to whom all communications should be addressed. Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H.—DIVISION No. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Aid. B. Gallery, President; T. McCarthy, vice-president; F. J. Devlin, recording secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

A.O.H.—DIVISION No. 9.—President, Wm. J. Clarke, 208 St. Antoine street; Rec. Secretary, J. P. Hogan, 36 St. George street, (to whom all communications should be addressed); Fin. Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 12 Mount St. Mary Ave.; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 796 Palace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, R. Diamond, Sentinel, M. Clarke, Marshal, J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month, in the York Chambers, 2444 St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strube C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rec. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 414 St. Antoine street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1883.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Jas. J. Costigan, President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jas. H. Malden, Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1865.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, John Killfather; Secretary, James Brady, No. 97 Road street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

## Household

KEEPING SECRET.

ther Gasson, S. recent First Friday. There are many who think women can share in honor in the p. He would consider ever—fidelity in crets.

It is a slander, that women cannot continued, but the gravity of the would define the v. crets and how the science.

First, there are as when we have dent something a creature which he desire to have passages in our p. firmities, personal vantages, which it to have made public like, in another's l. by the natural law would be done by visiting a friend, and by accident, means, family dis. or other "skeleton revealed to us. We strictest obligation matter to ourselves tion binds the Hot. ly as it binds the ian.

Second, there are mise. The promise ation above that c. ret, and makes th. ing it doubly gr. ving people have ation of the gravit. cret or a promise; oved the one and eaved like the "p. creet woman, unne. church paper unne. tain district.

Third, there is th. A fellow-creature c. persistently or dist. counsel, or lay b. of his heart, some promising that he. cept his communica. dence. If, by past, know you cannot k. he is sure to disc. idence. If you ac. bound to carry God's Judgment S. a vile treachery, a tude, if you betray.

TIDINESS.—The re. ness is to leave th. can be found by th. quires them and n. away in blotter drawers, not to study and put all criminally into pa. cepted bill into an. he is sure to disc. idence. In a woman's paper is an unsigh. she considers it un. of, and, though sh. man who owns it. house, she never ha. sackdaw of being. and say what she h. Indeed she will den. innocence and tears touched his papers, haply it is discover. proachfully or smi. says: "Oh, I am l. looking for? My d. leave such things al. he had no right to ble or the corner o. in his own house!

THE TEETH sho. do their proper sh. by masticating th. it is allowed to pas. This they cannot. not kept in good c. have not a good. must not expect to p. plexion. Don't force. do the work which. done by the teeth. T. of the dentist are ne. one. The expense in. consideration at fir. is likely to be be. er on.

TOMATOES.—The. est" is authority fo. that many of the to. by the canneries ar. they are still green. sis shows that they ed with coal-tar col.

GLASS PITCHER. lids are to be recom. persons who are in. drinking water is overnight, for it is. standing water abso. purities from the sur.

GOLDS.—A carol. that she has discov. of many catarrhal c. dren to be the vari. tar and canphor c. many persons use. ives. If this moth. dren from inling a. autumn, she declar. from colds all winter. are said to have an. fect.

ABOUT PAINT.— and, in fact, the on.

AMERICA'S Gre. A Hood's Sarsapar. ous unequalled res. its record of cure i.