Sir Hugo's Choice. BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

it is better to die, givoe death comes surely. In the juli nuontide of an honored name, Than to lie at the end of years obscurely. A handfal of dust in a shroud of shame.

Bir Hugo lived in the ages golden, Warder of Aisue and P.cardy; He lived and died, and his deeds are told in The book immortal of Chivairie;

How he won the love of a prince's daughter— A poor knight he with a stainless sword— Wherest Count Rosf, who had vainly sough Bwore death should sit at the bridal board.

A breggart's threat, for a brave man's And Hugo laughed at his rival's ite, But courtiers twain, on the bridal mori To his castle gate came with tidings

The first a-faint and with armor riven:
"In peril sore have I left thy bride—
False R : If waylaid us. For love and heaven
Bir hugo quioz to the rescue ride!"

Stout Hugo muttered a word unholy; He sprang to horse and he flashed his brand,
But a hand was laid on his bridle slowly,
And a herald spoke: "By the king's com

"This to Picardy's trusty warder: France calls first for his loyal sword, The Flemish spears are scross the border, And all is lost if they win the ford."

Bir Hugo paused, and his face was ashen, His white lips trembled in silent prayer God's pity soiten the spirit's passion When the crucifixion of love is there! What need to tell of the message spoken?
Of the hand that shook as ne poised his

And the look that told of his brave heart broken. As he bade them follow, "For God and France!" On Cambray's field next morn they found

'Mid a mighty swath of foeman dead; Her snow-white scarf he had bound around With his loyal blood was baptized red.

It is all writ down in the book of glory, On crimson pages of blood and strife, With scanty tought for the simple story Of duty dearer than love or life.

Only a note obscure, appended
By warrior scribe or monk perchance,
Saith: "The good knight's ladys was sore
offended
That he would not die for her but France."

Did the ladys live to lament her lover?
Or did roystering Rolf prove a better mate
I have searched the records over and over,
But nought discover to tell her fate. And I read the moral—a brave endeayor T, do its duty, whate'er its worth, Is better than life with love foreyer— And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

# INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Oliver Ditson, the deceased music publisher, bequeathed \$5 000 each to six hospitals and homes; \$2 000 each to nine other charitable institutions both Catholic and Protestant.

Mme. Gaston de Fontilliat, nee Mimi Smith, sister of Mrs W. K. Vanderbilt has joined the Catholic Church. Her husband is a French nobleman. She made her first Communion in New York City at the Christmas midnight Mass.

The finer the nature the more flaws will it snow through the clearness of it.
The best things are seldom seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another; but the wheat is, by reason of its greater nobleness, liable to be a bitter blight.—

Sydney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it:—When you rise in the morning form a resolu-tion to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an en it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—
trifles in themselves light as air, will do
it, at least for the twenty-four hours.
And if you are young, depend upon it, it
will tell when you are old; and if you
are old, rest assured it will send you
gently and kannily down the stream of gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. But the most simple and arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that makes three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you e forty years only after you that course of medicine, you have made 14 600 beings happy—at all events for a

A man's grand life, says some one, is dream of his youth realized in and by his later years; what, then, shall we say of a woman's? Think not on this; but let your soul answer. The answer should be there in the hearts of all; but whether it comes from memory, from things now half forgotten, or from within, or frem some birth-dream had in childhood, who shall say? Yet it is there like a child's dream of a star; happy h whose manhood sees the star, its dream not yet departed. And all of us have fancied women so, at some time in our lives . have we never known one such For but one such is enough, mother, bride, or daughter. Some slight girl, whose maidenbood was a sweet bloom, like Mary's lily in the Temple; and then we may have lost sight or knowledge of time. And then, perhaps, have met some other woman, some old woman, with white hairs; not the same have pieced together their two lives and them like one brook, that we have known in places only, which brings soft fields and flowers. And be sure that fields and flowers. And be sure that there was in between some womanhood, some mother's life, not known save to her sons and God, not preached in meet ings and conventions; deep hidden in some human fireside, like the brook that makes so green a summer wood. Such lives are white and shining, like a dream of God's made real on the earth. -F. J. Stimson, in "First Harvests."

#### A NOVEL LETTER

A peculiarly novel letter has just been sent by an inhabitant of Bath, Eng, to a friend at Trowbridge. It was written in shorthand on the back of a postage stamp, the address being in ordinary handwriting. The missive was droppe into the letter box at the general post office, and was duly delivered at its des-

### A TRUE LADY.

"I connot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said a noble gentle-man to his daughter, "the great advan-tages that will result from a temperate

conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all cocasions. Never forget you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your dear, good mother say a harsh or hasty word; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given more trouble to subdue this impetuosity of temper than anything I have undertook."

IDEALISM.

Ideality is a good house-mate. That lasts longer, as well as reaches higher, which idealizes its object; yet there is one dangerous direction which ideality may take. It is to deceive us into the belief that we are wedding perfection, then the revelation of human infirmities, which is an inevitable consequence of all marriage, comes upon us with a shock which is sometimes perilous to contentment. The best antidote for this rude shock would be a little wholeaome self examination. The vainest of us can scarcely cherish a secret belief in our own perfection. We realize in ourselves, when we look within, the very faults of which we are the most intolerant in others. As it is only one imperfect human creature who woes and weds another, why should we hesitate to extend to others the grace we are so certain to require?

A GLORIOUS EPITAPH. On a gravestone in New London, Conn., appears the following inscription. The records of ancient Greece or Rome o not exhibit a nobler instance of

patriotic heroism:
"On October 6th, 1781, 4,000 British "On October 6th, 1781, 4,000 British troops fell on the town with fire and sword. A line of powder was laid by them from the magazine of the fort to the sea, there to be lighted—thus to blow the fort into the air. William Hotman, who lay wounded not far distant, behold it and said to one of his companions: 'Let us endeavor to crawl to this line; we will wet the powder with our blood. Thus, with the little life that remains to us, we shall save the with our blood. Thus, with the little life that remains to us, we shall save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded.' He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. He died on the powder he had dampened with his blood. His friends and seven of his wounded companions by that means had their lives preserved." their lives preserved."

After this simple narrative are these

words in large characters :

HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN.

THE CHURCH WILL NEVER CHANGE. The great Dominican, Lacordaire, speaking of the varied assaults on the

immutibility of the Caurch, said:
"The doctrine has appeared at the door of the Vatican, under the frail and wasted form of some old man of three score years and ten. It has said:

"What do you desire of me?" "Change.

"I never change."

"But everything is changed in this world. Astronomy has changed, chemistry has changed, physiology has changed, the empire has changed. Why are you always the same?" "Because I come from God, and God is

always the same.' "But now that we are the masters; we have a million of men under arms; we shall draw the sword; the sword which breaks down empires is well able to cut off the head of an old man and tear up the leaves of a book." "Do so ; blood is the aroma in which I

recover my youthful vigor."
"Well, then, here is half my sceptre, make a sacrifice to peace and let us share

it together."

"Keep thy purple, O Casar! To mor-row they will bury thee in it and we will chant over thee the Alleluia and the "De Profundis" which never change.

MARRIAGE FROM THE JEWISH POINT

OF VIEW,

Marriage is much discussed nowadays. The following from the Hebrev Standard places the Jews in an envisable position The time was when the ladies who were among the people of the earth:

Ask the Jewish housewife, the Jewish

mother, whether marriage is a failure! She will not understand you. She will stand bewildered in the face of such a question, and if you explain to her what you mean she will tell you that a Jewish mother sees in marriage the acme of happiness, because of womanly duty; that all these new fangled notions are simply the outcome of the brain of some man woman who missed the true mark of life and whose life is a failure. She wil point to her children, as Cornelia of old did. She will extol her husband as the ideal of her life. She may not have read as much as the girl of the period, may not be as accomplished, nor figure as a speaker in assemblages for the advancement of woman suffrage, but she will exemplify to you how a true woman lives, how a true mother, a devoted wife, arranges her life, and you will find that true happiness is found in such a family and that marriage is the most sacred bond in existence, which to question is to lay a sacrilegious hand upon which society rests.

FRANCIS JOSEPH'S EARLY GENER The first recorded instance of that generosity of heart of which the generosity of heart of which the Emperor of Austria has given such striking proof lately, by ordering that the money which his subjects were prepared to spend on his jubilee should be given to charities instead, occurred when Francis Joseph was only four years old. He was playing with his toys one day—his birthday—in the Castle of Schoenbrunn when he noticed that a sentry was standing on the noticed that a sentry was standing on the lawn before his window. He immediately asked his grandfather to give him a gold piece, and, this being done, he went up to to the sentry and offered the coin to him. The soldier presented arms, but would not touch the coin, much to the dis-pleasure of the child. The child's father, an amused spectator of the scene, thereupon came up and said to the little Francis: "He cannot take the money because that is not allowed : but we will put it in his pouch, and that will not be against the rules." Thereupon he lifted up the child, who dropped the coin in the soldier's pouch and then trotted back to his toys egain. The sequel of the story

may as well be told. The Emperor was so much pleased with the firmness of the sentry in refusing to take the proffered coin that he made inquiries about him, and, finding him to be one of the best conducted men in the regiment, gave him out of his own purse enough money to enable bim to purchase his discharge.—

A PRECAUTION AGAINST DESECRA

PRECAUTION ACAINST DESCRIA

within it was the coffin of cypress in which her body originally laid. Her body was in the same posture in which she died in the presence of Pope Urban in the third century, as is seen to-day in drawings and paintings of her, and was perfectly sound. All this is so marvellous that it sounds like a fairy table or a legand of the middle ages. marvellous that it sounds like a fairy tale, or a legend of the middle ages. And many would take it as such had not the great historian, Cardinal Baronius, and the first explorer of the catacombs, Bosio, left accounts of the fact, of which they both were eye-witnesses.

Her original burial place in the catacombs was neglected from the time of Paschal I., and it soon came to be for gotten and unknown until Commendatore de Rosei, in the course of the excava

de Rossi, in the course of the excava tions which he superintended some tions which he superintended some years ago, under the patronage of P.us IX., identified the very crypt where her body reposed from the third to the ninth century. From the examination of the inscriptions and paintings found there his genius and pradicious beauti there his genius and prodigious knowledge of Christian antiquities verified, without room for reasonable doubt, the burial chamber of the family to which our saint belonged. Her feast was celebrated at that place this year.

We don't know who wrote the following lines, nor how often they have been published and republished, but they contain so many good points that they are fit to be started anew on the sea of litera-

fit to be started anew on the section of ture once or twice a year:

Commend us to the girl of whom it is sneeringly said, "she works for a living;"

ane always sure to find the elein her we are always sure to find the ments of a pure woman—a real lady.
True, we are not prepared to see a mincing
step, haughty lip, a fashionable dress, or
hear a string of splendid nonsense about
the ball and young men, the latest novels and the next party—no, but we are pre-pared to hear the sound words of good sense, language becoming women, a neat dress, mild bow, and to witness move-ments that would not disgrace an angel. You who are looking for wives and

You who are looking for wives and comparions turn from the fashionable, lazy and haughty girls, and select one from those who work for a living and never—our word for it—will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend, and not a doil; a belpmate, and not a heip eat; a counselior and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a plane, into the house, but can have a a piano into the house, but can buy spinning wheel or a set of knitting needles. If you can not purchase every new novel, you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you cannot buy a ticket for the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor.

Be careful, then, when you look for a companion, and when you choose. We know many a foolish man, who, instead of choosing an industrious and prudent woman for his wife, took from the fash ionable stock, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and askes. He ran into the fore with his eyes wide open, and who

risiting took their work with them. This mothers.

How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle darning her father' stockings, or carding wool to spin! Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a woman would be a priza to somebody. Blessed are the men who choose for their wives despised girls "who work for their living."

THE PINT OF ALE.

A Manchester England, calico printer was on his wedding day asked by his wife to allow her two half pints of ale a day as her share of extra comforts. made the bargain, but not cheerfully, for though a drinker himself (fancying, no doubt, that he could not well do without) he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife, They both worked hard.
John loved his wife, but he could not break away from his old associates at the ale house, and when not at the factory or at his meals, he was with his boor companions. His wife made the small allowance meet her housekeeping expenses—keeping her cottage neat and tidy and he could not complain that she insisted upon her daily pint of ale, while he very likely drank two or three quarts. They had been married a year, and the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife, and with a touch of remorse in his look and

tone, he said:
"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world we'd take a jaunt to see the mother.' "Would thee like to go, John?" she

asked. There was a tear in her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly as in the old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand

treat." "Thou stand treat, Mary! Hast got a fortin' left thee?"
"Nay, but I've got the pint of ale, said

she. "Got what wife?" "The pint of ale," she repeated.
Thereupon she went to the hearth, and
from beneath one of the stone flags drew

forth a stocking from which she poured upon the table the sum of 365 three-pences (\$22 81), exclaiming: "See, John, thee can have the holi-

"What is this?" he asked in amaze ment.
"It is my daily pint of ale, John."

"It is my daily pint of ale, John."
He was conscience stricken as well as amazed and charmed.
"Mary hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll have no more from this day."
And he was as good as his word. They had their holiday with the old mother, and Mary's little capital, saved from the "pint of ale," was the seed from which as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory country-seat and carriage—with health, happiness, peace and honor.— Selected.

VERY REV. ISAAC T. HECKER.

THE LIFE OF THE FOUNDER OF THE CON [Margaret F. Sullivan in the Chicago Tribune, Dec., 24 ] Crowded into small space in the pressure

of Saturday night dispatches, the Tribune contained yesterday morning the announcement of the death of a man who has for nearly half a century occupied a foremost place in one of the great Church organizations and whose name is intimately associated with the most ideal experiment attempted in American sociology. The Rev. Issac T. Hecker is well remembered by Chicagoans. He was of typical American phisque, more than six feet tall, finely proportioned, straight and spare, but mus cular. His features were long and regular and slightly austere. He wore a full beard, which, like his abundant hair when he was in the West, was of light brown tinge. He had the frank blue eyes which look at one earnestly as if to send a cordial message to the earth; and his hand grasp, firm, strong, and kind, carried with it an assurance of sincerity and steadfastness. Many years of ill bealth, confining him to his room in the Paulist Monastery on Ninth avenue attempted in American sociology. The of ill bealth, confining him to his room in the Paulist Monastery on Ninth avenue and Fifty ninth street, New York, have obscured him from the general public vision. The men who began life on Brock Farm with Emerson, Hawthorne, Mar garet Fuller, the Peabodys, Ripley, and the rest ended it the founder of the first American monastic order.

Emercon, summing up Brook Farm Community life, says that 'they made what all people try to make, an agreeable place to live in. All comers, even the most fastidious, found it the pleasantest of residences. It is certain that freedom from household routine, variety of character and talent, variety of work, variety of means of thought and instruction, art music, poetry, reading, masquerade, did not permit sluggishness or despondency; broke up routine.

THERE IS AN AGREEMENT IN THE TESTI-

that it was to most of the associates education, to many the most important period of their life, the birth of valued friend of their life, the birth of valued friend ships, their first acquaintance with the riches of conversation, their training in behaviour. The art of letter-writing, it is said, was immensely cultivated. Letters were always flying, not only from house to house but from room to room. It was a perpetual picule, a French revolution in small, an Age of Reason in a patty pan."
Higginson, in his life of Margaret Fuller, who, although identified by her visits to it with Brook Farm, was not a member of its community, says that "nowhere was there such good company; young men went from the Farm to neighboring towns to teach German classes; there were mas querades and gypsy parties, such as would thrive on no other soil; the social colture was the richest. Those who lived there usually account it to this day as the happiest period of their lives."

Julian Hawthorn, on the contrary

although it must be remembered he is not quite as competent a witness, on this at least is a cynic, says that the chief advantage it brought to his father was to teach him how to plant corn and squashes and to provide him with an invaluable back ground for the "Blitbedale Romance."

Isaac Hecker was twenty four when, in 1843, fine looking, of distinguished appear-and polished manners, with remarkable gifts, intellectual and social, abundantly supplied with money and well educated especially in classics and metaphysics, he went to Brook Farm. He did not lotter upon the margin to ecrutinize and be amused. He was neither a cynic nor a trifler. He was already oppressed with the weight of the great human problem. His brothers, well known and highly esteemed business men of New York, proud of his talents, afforded him every opportunity for their cultivation, and, white he was nominally one of the firm, he spent much of his time in seeking a solution of that problem. He had already passed through Socialism. He belonged to a workingman's party which called itself the genuine democracy. It even anticipated Henry George's land theory, Hecker was old enough to think that he understood everything. He recalls in one of his essays that he said in those days the only difference between an infidel and a believer was a few ounces of brainsmeaning in favor of the infidel.

It was Boston that prepared him for Brook Farm. He visited there with Dr. Brownson, who had been the guest of his own household in New York, and Dr. Brownson was always a philosopher. In 1840 Boston, as he found it, was divided into two camps, the Orthodox and the Unitarian, the latter stretching off into transcendentalism. The radicals were let by Theodore Parker, Brook Farm and Fruitlands—Bronson Olcott's "Consociate Family" in Worcester county (Brook Farm West Roxbury)-were the social and political outcome of the religious ferment maintained by the antagonisms of the Hub.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL ASPECT OF THE TIME, he says, was a gradual loosening of Chris tian principles in men's minds and a fall ing away into general skepticism. Hecke was taken to the community house at Brook Farm by George Ripley and introduced to Parker. Hecker already knew Bronson Olcott-"a genuine Yaukee schoolmaster," he calls him, "originally a peddler." Brownson, originally a Yankee schoolmaster, and that indeed to the end, had widely departed from Parker, and still more from Olcott, and, although he advised Hecker to go to Brook Farm, he cautioned

Hecker did not stay at Brook Farm, but went to Olcott, after trying Ripley, Haw thorn and the rest. The great Oxford movement, in the full tide of activity, was visibly affecting all men in New England of philosophic tendencies. Parker, Olcott, Freeman Clarke, Emerson, Thoreau, with whom also Hecker spent some time, Brownson, and many more divided, as the Newman brothers, Keble, Faber, Manning and others divided and parted. Some went further into \*kepticism; a few turned clear around and entered the Roman Catholic Church.

Hecker says that he had given the best years of his life to the study of the systems of Kant, Fichte and Hegel, before he discovered the realities of mental life, and that it was this which led Brownson and himself into the orthodox communion. Once within it Hecker's zeal became completely bound up in applying its ideas to his own life and to the betterment of his fellow men as he conceived it. He went to Belgium and entered the novitate of

his own life and to the betterment of his fellow men as he conceived it. He went to Belgium and entered the novitiate of the Redemptorlate, where he remained for two years. Although he was never less than a serious man, there are current anecdotes of his humor in times of recreation within the monastery. The Superior was utterly ignorant of the English language and anxious to learn it. There were several American young men in the novitiate, and the ceremonlous observance guage and anxious to learn it. There were several American young men in the novitiate, and the ceremonious observance of the Superior's birthday was made the occasion by them to teach the reverend father a lesson in English as she is spoke. The three stood up in the most solemn manner and repeated as rapidly as possible "Peter Piper," to the dismay and amazement of the entire company, repeating the alliterated nonsense over and over until their own facial muscles could no longer bear the strain. On recovering command of themselves they volunteered to give a specimen of American music. The grave and reverend seignore in attendance clapped hands and awaited what they supposed would be a relieving antidote to the terrible perplexity of "Peter Piper." The three Yankee novices sang at the top of their voices "There Were Three Crows," giving several da capos; when the frenzted and overcome superior was led away saying wearily that he always understood English was a hard language, but that he never appreciated it difficulties before. language, but that he never appreciated its difficulties before.

The American convert novice was ordained a priest by Cardinal Wiseman in

England in 1849; two years later he re-turned to this country, and for six years labored as a Redemptorist. In 1857 he was released from that community and founded

THE CONGREGATION OF ST. PAUL

the first American monastic order first house was opened in 1860, and Father Hecker remained its head until his death. It is admitted to be distincthis desth. It is admitted to be distinctively American in political sympathies; and most of its members are converts. They enjoy the highest reputation in the Catnolic Church, and their influence has been great in restoring not only a dignified and noble style of church music of the highest scientific and artistic standard, but the they form of ancient religious but also that form of ancient religious music, congregational singing. They have built at Fifty ninth street and have built at Fifty nith street and Ninth avenue one of the most beautiful churches in the world. Father Hecker founded a monthly magezine, the Catho-lic World, whose refined literary quality and unfailing generosity in dealing with non-Catholic sentiment have given it a permanent place in American literature, aven senge these who do not accept, its even among those who do not accept its Father Hecker was the companion of

Bishop Resecrans at the Vatican Council. SMOKING TOBACCO his health, and he had been an invalid for more than ten years, his intellectual powers remaining unimpaired, but he found it necessary not to overtax them. He was an ardent and proud American. He was in Parls during the Second Em-pire; and Louis Veuillot, the well known French Couservative, boasted to him that Louis Napolean had gotten the people's approval by a plebiscite, and was "fortunately" going to give a dynasty to France. He said: "In America we believe in a government of checks and balances, What check have the people on Louis Napoleon ? Napoleon kept Louis Veuillot under the

Mapoleon Kept Louis Veuillot under the espionage of detectives.

He had large and clear ideas about the separation of Church and State, "Franklin," he said "was a free-thinker; Washington, some kind of an Episcopalian; efferson, a Unitarian, and broad at that; and Hamilton, we know not what he was, if of any religious belief; the Adamses were Congregationalists; and Charles Carroll was a Catholic. Yet there is no doubt but that a legitimate Government, now hardly second in power to any in the world, competent for the settlement of the greatest questions between Church and State to the advantage of equity and religion, was founded by these men and their like." He quoted with a smile the remark of an old man, that he did not care for the union of Church and State if he could only have the union of Church and people—which, in a time when pews are growing emptier, carries a freshened significance.
Father Hecker will, doubtless, serve

some future American novelist as a romantic and impressives type of the nineteenth century, as rare as it will be interesting to the generation that may read of him. Mrs. Humphrey Ward can read of him. Mrs. Humphrey Ward car at least find in him an antithesis to her hero, "Robert Elsmere."

For Children Starying to Death

On account of their inability to digest ordinary food. Scott's Emulsion can be digested and give strength and flesh when all other food fails. See what Dr. A H. Peck, Penn. Med. College, Petitcodiac, says: "I have used and prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, and find it an excellent preparation, agreeing well with the stomach, and its continued use adding greatly to the strength and comfort of patient." Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co. N. Y., writes: 'I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclec tric Oil. I have had asthma for eleven years. Have heen obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previously to using the Oil."

# It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone. to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

#### A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st. Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla

and, by its use, was entirely cured. Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies dvertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes,

#### Ayer's Sarsaparilla. PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.





A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 50 cents ELY BROTHERS, 56 warren street, New York.



## MYRTLE CUT and PLUG

FINER THAN EVER. See

å

IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE.

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The object of this Agency is to supply at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United

imported or mannfactured in the United States.

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ist, It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity, at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manu facturers, and hence—
And. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides, the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged.

perience and ischilles in the actual prices charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of Houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods, all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.

Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything, send your orders to

send your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St., New York. The Voiceless.

JANUARY 19, 1889

OLIVER WENDELL HOL We count the broken lyres that where the sweet walling sings Put o'er their sister's breast The wild flowers who will stoo A few can touch the magic strin And noisy Fame is proud to v

Nay, grieve not for the dead alo Whose song has told their whose song has told their story—
Weep for the voiceless, who has The cross without the crown of twhere Leucadian breezes so O'er sappho's memory hannt But where the glistening night On nameless sorrow's church

Oh, hearts that break and give Rave whitening lip and fadin Till death pours out his cordial Slow-dropped from miser presses; If singing breath or echoing ch To every hidden pang were gi What endless melodies were p As sad as earth, as sweet as h

#### FOR QUIET MOM

Dr. Adam says that one the world is not reformed every man is bent on refor and never thinks of his ow need of mending.

Our faith should be so f misfortune could make us se

No virtue is more nece particularly at the beginning tempts to lead a good li bumble simplicity, and an earnestness. Every one tries to cultiva

why not cultivate traits? fortitude, or cheerfulness, o is as easy as to master mus proficient in German. The divinest tribute in

man is love; and the might the most human, principle of man is faith. Love is her that which appropriates he Be not diverted from young idle reflections the sill make upon you, for the are not in your power, and should not be any part of your power.

Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum is happy in this world? wh his desire? or, having it, i Come children, let us shu and the pupets, for our pl out.—Thackeray.

Censure and criticism ner

body. If false, they cannuless you are wanting in ch if true, they show a man his and forewarn him against trouble. Spartans, stoles, saints an short and positive speech. In off their centres. As soon and paint and find truth n

them, softening of the brat begun, - Emerson, It was Henry Ward Beech Everybody sits in judgment but clean it, dress it, and there are ten thousand per it not so sinful after all. iniquity that is sinful, burn

is not near so wicked as me Endeavor to be always faults and imperfections thou hast faults and imperi own that require a recipro bearance. If thou art not thyself that which thou wi

canet thou expect to more conformity to thy will —Th It is infinitely better to and to act right upon that w than it is to think right an that thinking requires of former case, the man's hou upon the rock, at less beneath it; in the latter, it nothing but sand. The for Saul of Tarsus; the la Iscarlot.—Geo. Macdonald.

There is something sol in the thought that there done or a word uttered by but carries with it a train of end of which we n Not one but, to a certain color to our life, and insen the lives of those about deed or word will live, e not see it fructify, may not see it fructily, bad; and no person is so to be sure that his exam good on the one hand, other.—Samuel Smiles.

The following beautifu to have been daily recite
Thomas a Kempis: "Ol
me a clear understandi
error, a clean heart again
a right faith against all ir negligence, great patien disturbance, holy medi every filthy imagination, c against the devil's assault tion against the tiresome ness of the heart, and remembrance of against the wounding of t Assist me, oh my God, a in all Thy holy works.

Ayer's Hair Vigor imported the hair and promotes prevents the accumulation of the nair and promotes the accumulation of the color to gray hair. Have Ayer's Almanac for the color to gray hair. WEIGHED IN THE BALANC

wanting. Northrop & Ly Discovery and Dyspeptic weighed in that just ball ence of an impartial and i Both remedially and pe success. Its sales cont testimony in its favor is The question of its effica Liver Complaint, Kidne for Blood Impurity, is dec A Postmaster's

"I have great pleasure the usefulness of Hagyar writes D. Kavenagh, pofraville, Ont., "having us of the throat, burns, on othing equal to it." A Hint to House

Mrs. Robert William Parry Sound, Ont., says, house without Hagyard hand. I have used it croup, sore throat, and a highly recommend it to e