

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IN OTTAWA.
FIVE P.M., MARCH 19.

To the St. Patrick's Literary Society belongs the great honor of having brought to Ottawa one of the greatest orators of the age, and a great actor as well. Hon. Daniel Dougherty is entitled to all the praise that an unstinted hand could lavish. For two hours last night he held a mighty audience spell bound with his eloquence, and it seemed when he ceased speaking and bowed his acknowledgments to the shower of plaudits that the charm of a magic spell had been broken. There were many who had heard of Daniel Dougherty's fame as an orator, but few realized until they listened to the silvery flood of eloquence to what flights of oratory he could ascend. His lecture was well chosen. Daniel Dougherty could well afford to talk of oratory in a style of manner, in delivery, he is the ideal orator personified.

The proceedings were under the patronage of Lord and Lady Stanley. Shortly after eight o'clock the vice-regal party arrived and occupied the usual box. When they had taken their seats, a stanza of the National Anthem was played, and the audience responded with other expressions of loyalty.

THE LECTURE.

The lecture proved a rare treat. It is difficult to decide in which role Mr. Dougherty excels. As an orator he has few equals, whilst as an actor he is most finished. He inclines to the opinion, which has been accepted by real orators, that acting is essential to successful oratory. That Mr. Dougherty could have made his fortune on the stage is beyond all doubt. He is as great a tragedian as Irving. In his address of two hours he illustrated by voice and gesture the art of oratory. He described the orators of bygone days and the orators of to-day, and personified many of them in an exceedingly clever manner. His recital of his own attempts to become an orator were exceedingly amusing, and a row of laughter followed his illustrations of how, when at a loss for words on one occasion at the outset of his career, he pretended to faint. The lecture throughout sparkled with wit, which added considerably to its attractiveness. In his opening remarks the lecturer returned thanks for the honor that had been done him in inviting him to the capital of Canada, and he gave expression to a fervent hope that the Dominion and the United States might even be united by the ties of kindred, religion and fraternity. He made a pathetic allusion to the occasion being St. Patrick's day and uttered the fervent hope, which found a responsive echo in the hearts of the audience, "God speed the day when the long night of Ireland's sorrow shall be past and the endless sun of glory shine upon a prosperous, united and contented people."

Mr. Dougherty was exceedingly happy in his definition of an orator. There were those, he said, who regard the thinker the orator. With them language and manner were of little moment, so that there ran through the discourse a clear stream of thought appropriate to the occasion. "Others," proceeded Mr. Dougherty, "look on the speaker as perfect, whose quiet and conversational tones embody purity of diction, simplicity of style and force of illustration, and who thus carries his audience along and gentle harmony with him. Many prefer the debater ready on the moment to refute the arguments of his opponents and confound them with the subtlety of his reasoning. Still others choose the scholar, who, in the silence of the study has carefully written every sentence with delightful diversity of metaphor, antithesis, climax and classical allusion, and then reads the essay off, or recites it as a schoolboy repeats his lesson. And once again there are thousands whose ideal is the declaimer, fluent in flowery sentences which he delivers with a fine voice, aided by graceful gestures that please the crowd, and starts the shouts that shake the walls or make the welkin ring. With becoming diffidence, I venture to assert that

NONE OF THESE ARE ORATORS.

If these are orators, then the land swarms with them; every pulpit forum and rostrum have their share. Yet, there are now, as there have been in the past, few orators. England, with all her intellect, has had only four, and in the United States, where good speakers abound, the names of their orators may be counted on one's fingers. An orator—of course I mean a master—one who has the magnetic power to seize the feelings and control the actions, is he who has a rare and exquisite combination of intellectual gifts, with natural sensibilities and susceptibilities that give him the mind to conceive and shape, and the heart to feel, and the tongue to fire an audience with his own thoughts and emotions. Every speech, the aim of which is to persuade, must be built on the solid basis of common sense, reason or sufficient understanding, and a thorough knowledge of the subject. It should be conveyed in language and style simple and chaste,

and never violate good taste. These qualities presuppose a high intellect. The orator ought to be as he really was in the days of Greece and Rome, an accomplished scholar. The higher the order of his intellect the wider the range of knowledge; the deeper his insight into human nature, the more perfect his capacity to persuade. Yet if he were a thorough master of learning in every branch, if he could grasp with ease every question, no matter how intricate or profound, if his style were pure as Addison's and his thoughts grand as Bacon's, these accomplishments would not make him an orator. It is in what is called pronunciation, the delivery of the discourse before the audience, that the real and distinctive characteristics of the orator appear.

In the pulpit, the lecturer went on to say, everything continued to aid the orator and wing his genius for the fiercest lights. He pronounced this opinion. "But perhaps the greatest drawback to oratory is the style of sermons delivered. No one can question the correct reasoning, rich stores of knowledge, profound thought, and scholarly taste displayed in the discourse of

MANY EMINENT DIVINES

of whom all our cities may be justly proud. But these sermons are often cold essays on scriptural, religious or moral themes. They take, for example, a text of scripture and illustrate clearly its mean-

ing, divide the discourse into firstly, 'secondly,' and so on, perhaps, to 'seventhly' and 'lastly,' turning the text into as many different shapes, and showing with noisy its force and beauty in all. The preacher has filled his allotted half-hour, the congregation have been soothed, their minds have been charmed with the purity of the diction, the culture, the entire discourse, and they leave the church much edified, but not one soul nearer God than when they entered. A congregation need not be told Sunday after Sunday that 'God liveth,' that vice is wrong and virtue right. These fundamental truths were taught at the Sunday school, and long before at the mother's knee. It is unnecessary continually through years to explain the meaning of well-known passages in the Holy Book. While every discourse must be built on truth, faith, reason and religion (and I do not wish to be regarded as underrating the efficacy and value of the verities to which I have alluded) yet the daily work of the pulpit is not to convince the judgment but to touch the heart. We all know it is our duty to love our Creator and serve Him, but the great aim is to make mankind do it. It is not enough to

CONVERT OUR BELIEF

to religion, but to turn our souls to God. Therefore the preacher will use the weapons which to arm his soldiers to defend against sin, assault Satan and achieve the victory the fruits of which shall never perish. And oh! how infinite the variety, how inexhaustible the resources of the orator, how irresistible the weapons when grasped by the hand of a master. Every passion of the human heart, every sentiment that aways the soul, every action or character in the vast realm of history or the boundless world about us, the preacher can summon obedient to his mind. He can paint in vivid colors the last hours of the just man; all his temptations and trials over, he smilingly sinks to sleep, to awake amid the glories of the eternal world. He can tell the pained man of ill-fortune that the hours draw nigh when he will feel the cold and clammy hand of death, and that all his wealth cannot buy him from the worm. He can drag before his hearers the slimy hydra, tear from his breast the secret crime, and expose his damnable villainy to the gaze of all. He can appeal to the purest promptings of the Christian heart, the love of God and the hatred of sin. He can depict the stupendous

AND APPALLING TRUTH

that the Saviour from the most high throne descended and here on earth assumed the form of a fallen man and for us died the cross like a malefactor. He can startle and awe-strike his hearers as he descends on the terrible justice of the Almighty in hurling from heaven Lucifer and his apostate legions. Letting loose the mighty waters until they swallowed the wide earth and every living thing, burying even the highest mountains in the universal deluge—shadows of the coming of the awful day for which all other days are made! He can roll back the sky as a scroll; fly to heaven, picture its ecstatic joys, where seraphs, voices, turned to celestial harmony, chant their canticles of praise. He can drive into the depths of hell and depict the howling and gnashing of teeth of the damned chained in its flaming caverns, ever burning but never consumed. He can, in a word, in imagination assume the sublime attributes of the deity, and as the supreme mercy and goodness make tears of contrition, start and stream from every eye; or, armed with the dread prerogatives of the inexorable Judge, with the lightning of His wrath strike unrepentant souls until sinners sink on their knees and quail as Felix quailed before St. Paul. This may not please the too fastidious congregation, whose highest wish is to be soothed into forgetfulness, but this can the fearless minister of the Most High do his great Master's bidding, and by the powers of speech!

SOULS FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

The lecturer spoke with equal eloquence on the pulpit, the bar, and on the opportunities and aims of the statesman. To the press he made allusion in the following complimentary terms: But in these latter days, said he, there has arisen a power mightier than an army of orators, a power that has destroyed their influence, dwarfed their genius, lowered them to the level of ordinary mortals—a power that can banish kings, destroy dynasties, revolutionize governments, embroil nations in triumphant or disastrous wars, and, for good or ill, changing the aspect of the civilized world. The glory of the orator sunk when the printing press arose. The orator at best can speak to thousands; the press to hundreds of thousands. The orator speaks rarely; the press every day. The orator may at the choicest moment fall from ill-health, or one of many causes; the press, free from all ills that flesh is heir to, moves on its mission with the facility, power and precision of machinery. The orator may move an audience, the press arouses a nation. The speech dies with the sounds that gave it birth; the press lives forever on the imperishable page. The orator now addresses himself less to the audience of the evening than to the world of readers the next morning. Let us hope that

THE PRESS MAY BE FAITHFUL,

pure, devoted to truth, right, justice, freedom and virtue as the orators have been. The orator, as I have said to their immortal honor, could never be silenced by the frowns of power or bribed to desert a noble cause; they dared, they defied tyranny and preferred death to dishonor. If the press glows in licentiousness, if it stoop to strike the private man, if it expose to the public gaze the sacred privacy of homes, if it violate all decency in trusting gentlemen to the gossip of the town, if it catch at idle rumor or envious tongue to malign the innocent, if it can be bribed to suppress the truth or circulate the false, if it staid the public wrong-doer or denounce the faithful public servant, if it panders to the base prejudices and passions of the populace—many will grieve that

THIS GREAT ENGINE

should work such mischief to society. If, on the other hand, its mission be to disseminate intelligence and truth, to educate the masses to be faithful to their country and just to their fellowmen, to expose with an unsparring hand to public execration the corrupt legislation or unjust judge; if it be honestly independent instead of timidity neutral in all that

concerns the city or state, if it lift up modest and true worth and hurl down brazen infamy, if all its aims be the public good, the honor of the nation and the glory of God—then we may well recommend that the days of oratory are over.

IN BILLINGSBRIDGE.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

At Billingsbridge, near Ottawa, the day was duly honored, the Rev. Father Barry officiating at the altar, and Rev. Dr. Dawson, as preacher. The text was from Ecclesiastes, chap. 30:

"He shall minister in the midst of the great, and shall appear before the King. He shall pass into the land of strangers. He shall experience both good and evil as the hands of men."

Having briefly shown how this passage is applicable to Saint Patrick the preacher proceeded to give an idea of the state of Ireland, towards the close of the fourth century and the beginning of the fifth, before the arrival of the apostle. The religion of the Irish people, like that of almost all the neighboring Celtic nations, was Druidism. The Druidical priests were highly organized and possessed great authority. The devil government was by king over whom presided a chief king. It somewhat resembled feudalism; but was rather patriarchal. The social state appears to have been characterized by greater gentleness than that of the Saxons and Romans of old. There were no such cruel institutions as the gladiatorial shows of Rome or the combats of wild beasts. There was, however, a blood feud stain of revenge, as in all heathen nations. Irish slaves, holders bought and sold their fellow men like cattle. This is manifest from the fact that St. Patrick, when fifteen years of age, was carried off from his father's Roman home in the Province of South Britain. After six months of slavery and his hardships he made his escape through the goodness of a man who kindly took him on board their ship and conveyed him to a land of freedom. The days of his captivity were not unprofitable. It enabled him to know the Irish people and study their character. He was thus inspired to reclaim them from heathenism and impart to them the saving and civilizing knowledge of Christianity. He was encouraged, moreover, by the goodness of a man who befriended him, children of Ireland stretching out to him their tender arms and imploring him to have pity on them and rescue them from darkness. Having qualified himself by appropriate studies for holy orders, and having received episcopal consecration, he was commissioned by the successor of St. Peter, Pope Celestine, to exercise episcopal, even apostolic jurisdiction over all Ireland. Before entering on his most important and laborious task he deemed it expedient to secure, if possible, the favor of the chief king. The monarch agreed to hear him. It was a grand and imposing spectacle, as the apostolic man, accompanied by his ecclesiastical brethren, ascended the royal hill of Tara in order to appear before the king of all Ireland surrounded by the lesser kings and the great men of the land. We could almost imagine St. Paul announcing the "unknown God" to the Athenian Areopagus. It was not to be expected that the monarch should at once declare himself a Christian. But he did what was worthy of a great statesman and ruler of men. He authorized the saint to preach in all Ireland a religion which he believed to be good and the benefit of his people and assured him of his royal protection. Patrick now confidently commenced his labors. He was eminently successful. In an incredibly short time the face of the land was changed. Religion took the place of superstition. The great sea of Armagh and several monasteries were founded; and, thus, without the blood of martyrs being required, the seed of Christianity, Ireland received the faith and with it the gift of permanency, which neither time nor trial has ever been able to efface.

How great were not the results of Ireland's conversion which, wonderful to relate, was effected in the lifetime, or rather, a part of the lifetime, of one man! The play and learning of that happy land shone forth, like the morning sun, over the nations of western Europe. Ireland received the seed of the word of sanctity without parallel elsewhere that Ireland was styled by universal consent "The Island of Saints." As illustrative of the state of the popular morale it is recorded that the fairest maidens, although decorated with rich jewelry, could pass without fear of molestation, from one end of the land to the other. Ireland's martyrdom was yet to come, but that of the whole nation. First came the cruel invasion of the Norman hordes who had conquered England and blotted out the Saxon civilization. Their war, with its deadly train of feuds, dissension and division, tried the virtue of a noble people, but that virtue remained unshaken. Anglo-Norman bigotry never martyred the nation. In order to shake the people's faith no art, however cunning, was left untried. Persecution, searching and cruel as that of heathen Rome, was persistently applied, and persecution was not only encouraged but rewarded. How was all this met? By the unanimous voice of Ireland's people, generation after generation, and century after century, bearing testimony to the faith once delivered to the saints.

Sad, dire and dismal evils have, indeed, befallen Ireland since the advent of a better age, and as all true friends of humanity desire and hope will finally vanish in the brightness of the days to come. Already *ignominia incipiente procedere*, when Ireland shall be, as her noble Liberator declared she was so well fitted to become, "First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea."

IN MERIDEN, CONN.

Meriden Daily Journal, March 17.

Rev. J. J. Egan, of Thornhill, Archdiocese of Toronto, Canada, delivered at St. Patrick's day lecture at St. Rose's Church, last evening, before an audience that filled every seat in the commodious house of worship, and many were obliged to stand, so great was the crowd. All felt well repaid for attending, for the address was eloquent and full of interest. Father Egan thanked the priests of St. Rose's parish for their kindness during his

stay in Meriden and then began his lecture which, though occupying nearly an hour and a half, was listened to with undivided attention.

After some introductory remarks referring to the fond recollections of Irish people for the hallowed homes of their youth, and their undying attachment to their native land, which makes them cling to their unhappy country with such passionate love, going even to the length of carrying its image indelibly graven in their hearts, and keeping its memory forever. The reverend lecturer gave a brief sketch of the life and labors of Ireland's national apostle.

He represented the Irish race even before the light of Christianity had dawned upon them as a people pre-eminently reverent, a people in whom the grossness of paganism was tempered by natural virtues, and whose souls by comparative refinement were peculiarly susceptible of religious truth; and hence when the Christian faith came before them, they were not hardened against it by sin and depravity. And Ireland of all the Christian countries on earth was not baptized in martyr's blood. The glory of martyrdom was not to be withheld from them, but it was not till the penal laws were enacted that hereby demanded of them the testimony of martyr's blood and then they gave it heroically.

The usual course, that persecution should assail an infant Church, was an exception in regard to Ireland. There it seemed as if there had been something pure and even congenial even in the very soil, which opened itself to receive gladly the seed of life, and made it produce one hundred fold.

When St. Patrick preached the gospel in Ireland he came not to a barbarous people, not to an uncivilized race, but to a people, who, though under the cloud of paganism, had yet attained to established laws, a recognized form of government, and a high philosophical knowledge. Hence when St. Patrick had convinced them, they recognized the truths he had taught as coming from God.

The progress of the Christian religion in Ireland was traced, showing how the errors of paganism were abandoned for the pure doctrine of Christianity. Temples to the true and living God rose over the shrines of paganism and the sacred manner of the cross was unfurled, the signal of undisputed sway.

The peaceful triumph of religion succeeded in suppressing the bloody scenes of the battlefield and princes and princesses were seen to change the pomp and power of the court for the poverty and simplicity of the cloister.

The centuries during which the rest of Europe was plunged in anarchy and barbarism, Ireland became the peaceful home of sanctity and learning. Every city was an immense school, to which students from every country in Europe flocked for learning, and those students returning to their respective countries proclaimed Ireland in those days by unanimous consent, "The island of heroes, saints and sages."

The speaker then described the progress of the Irish scholars and missionaries in kindling the almost extinguished lamp of arts and learning, and carrying in every direction the light of science and faith.

He depicted the struggles of the Irish race, during the dark period of the penal laws, in eloquent and vigorous language, showing their courage under the most heartless bloodshed and persecution, and their struggles in making the sacred deposit of faith in all its integrity, undiminished and unimpaired.

He represented not only the physical cruelties that were aimed at Ireland's national life but also the moral persecution of calumny and misrepresentation. How Ireland was charged with poverty by those who had robbed her of her property; charged with ignorance when education was made a felony, and secluded for her natural disorders, when the people were deprived of the benefits of civilization, and were driven in self-defense to fearful acts of retaliation.

He answered the charges of poverty and ignorance which are made against the Irish by showing the system of hostile legislation under which they have lived. He foretold a great future for the Irish people and the divine mission which they certainly had of saving not only themselves but society at large, by their true faith, from the dangers that threatened it from false doctrines and false philosophy.

He encouraged them to look forward to a brighter future that was dawning on Ireland, seeing signs in the distant horizon of happier times and heralds of deliverance. When we hear voices raised from the highest altitudes in the world pleading Ireland's cause; when we see her former enemies begin to be ashamed of their long injustices towards her, we may say justice is at length appearing, she will come soon and without reserve. If God tries people it is only a sign that He loves them. Those who stand trial bravely are not to endure it forever, nor without fruit and glory to themselves. Ireland is a land to feel, not to give away under trial, preserving heroically and amid every suffering her faith, her genius and her virtues, and therefore have her sufferings not been fruitless. God has given her a privilege—that of trials, which have borne their fruits. Surely the sufferings of a faithful people must have an end.

The Irish have suffered like our Lord. He was in the tomb for three days. Ireland has three days these centuries. The Irish have now ministered to the designs of God. They have had that dread privilege laid upon them, endured it, and they must surely be repaid for all. The day must come, and come without fail, when they will enter into glory, and the day is fast approaching when the faithful Irish Catholics will reap their reward even here, but especially hereafter.

IN STRATFORD.

From the Stratford Advertiser, March 26.

The Stratford Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians had a dinner at the Stratford hotel on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. More than one hundred persons attended, composed largely of citizens of Irish birth or descent, but including a fair sprinkling of other nationalities. The room in which the dinner was served was handsomely decorated with evergreen, flags, bunting and portraits of distinguished Irishmen while at

the head was that of Gladstone, England's grand old man. The work was done under the direction of a committee of which Mr. M. Gearing was chairman. The dinner was one which reflected credit on the host, Mr. M. P. Sullivan, and after it had been done ample justice to the chair was taken by Mr. Richard O'Neill, the president of the society. He first read a letter from Ald. Goodwin regretting his inability to be present, and then briefly referred to the Ancient Order of Hibernians as being the oldest society of Irishmen in existence and receiving the support of distinguished prelates. He thanked the county delegate from St. Mary's, and the representatives of sister societies for their attendance and then called on the company to drink to the toast of "Our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria," which was received with cheers. "Canada our Home" was replied to in neat verse by Messrs. E. O'Flaherty and James O'Leary.

"The Day we Celebrate" was next on the list, coupled with the names of Mr. F. E. Goodwin, principal of the Separate schools, and Rev. Father McGrath. The former said his theme was worthy of the highest power of that art to speak of the work of St. Patrick, and the sons of Ireland at home and in every land, or to depict the worst that country had suffered. In early times, long before St. Patrick's, the Irish had never been enslaved, agriculture and architecture and other arts had made great progress. He described their religion, D. uilism, which included the worship of the sun-god. St. Patrick, born in France in 387, lived there until, at sixteen, he was captured by some wandering Celtic and carried to Ireland, where he then during his six years' stay learned the Irish tongue, and obtained physical development, both of which were afterwards of great service to him in his labors. He miraculously escaped to France, but while he remained there he continually heard the Irish calling him to free them from the chains of heathenism. His return to Ireland and difficulties were spoken of. He visited Tara, the capital, and lit a fire contrary to the law which forbade any one to light a fire before the King had lit his. He was not punished and the lighting of that fire was typical of the lighting of the fire of Christianity in the island. The characteristics of St. Patrick's work were simplicity, thoroughness and permanency. The Irish returned to their heathenish practices. The Irish carried the Gospel in their missionary zeal to the neighboring nations, including England, where Irish missionaries preached thirty-three years before the coming of St. Augustine. The importance of union, the cherishing of a forgiving spirit, and the practice of temperance and self-denial, with a glowing tribute to the labors of Father Maloney, whom the speaker designated a second St. Patrick, closed this eloquent address thus briefly outlined. The chairman apologized for Father McGrath, who had been compelled to withdraw.

"Ireland a Nation" brought forth marked demonstrations of approval. Mr. M. Gearing responded in an able manner, speaking of the change from the spirit of revenge to forgiveness on the part of the Irish since the days of Mitchell, the great love of country of that people, and the interest the people of Canada should take in this question, because they would not stand such a system as that in vogue in Ireland, where the people had neither the making nor the administering of the laws, and the condition of which was almost that in England in the time of the Stuart, which caused two revolutions. Religious persecution of the minority would not, the speaker argued from reference to Irish history, take place under Home Rule, but patriotism would remove the differences that existed, if it were granted. Many of the great leaders in behalf of Home Rule were Protestants. Religious freedom was pleaded for, and Irishmen urged to help their fellow-countrymen against the greatest foe of Ireland, landlordism.

The list was then taken charge of by the vice chairman, Mr. J. E. Harding, and the following gone through and responded to by those whose names are coupled with them. Want of space forbids extended reference to the speeches, many of which were excellent.

"The Commercial Interests of Canada," J. L. Bradshaw, John H. Hamilton, McLean and John Way. "The Sister Societies," D. J. O'Connor and John Folk, on behalf of the C. M. B. A. "Home Rule," M. Gearing and J. E. Harding. "The Agricultural Interests," William Blair, Postmaster, and Mr. Calliton. "The City Council," Ald. Duggan. "The Ancient Order

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

A Woman Two Hundred Years Old.

A case in our record of a woman who lived to this advanced age, but it is scarcely necessary to state that it was in the "olden time." Now a-days too many women do not live half their allotted years. The mortality due to functional derangements in the weaker sex is simply frightful, to say nothing of the indescribable suffering which makes life scarcely worth the living to so many women. But for these sufferers there is a certain relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will positively cure dysmenorrhea, painful menstruation, pro-lapsus, pain in the ovaries, weak back, in short, all those complaints to which so many women are martyrs. It is the only GUARANTEED cure, see guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Peppets. Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, until she tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

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GENTLEMEN.—One bottle of Haysard's Yellow Oil cured 120 of lumbago after all else failed.

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"I used Yellow Oil for cramp this winter, and must say I find no better remedy for it."

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AN INACTIVE or Torpid Liver must be aroused and all bad bile removed. Burdock Pills are best for old or young.

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18 Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."

—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Fenmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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Thousands testify to their being the best Family Pill in use. They purify the system, regulate the bowels, thereby cleansing the blood. For Females of all ages these pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humors and bring about all that is required.

No Female Should be without Them.

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N.Y.—For the past 25 years I have been suffering from a disease which the doctors said would result in dropsy. I tried doctor after doctor, but to no purpose, the disease seemed to still make headway and they all gave their opinion that it was simply a matter of time with me. About this time I got one of your boxes of Morse's Pills and have taken three boxes of them up to the present writing. I can again do my own work and feel twenty years younger.

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Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I would like to purchase in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best remedies on earth. I have used it in my stables for three years.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for lameness, stiff joints and spavins. I have found it a great remedy. I would recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
BART, WYOMING COUNTY, Ohio, Dec. 18, 1888.
Gentle: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it on twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of them were cured. Since I have had one of your boxes of Kendall's Spavin Cure, I have never lost a horse of any kind.

Yours truly,
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