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NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA. CHAPTER IV.

They were now assembled in the drawing room, Sibyl busy at her tapestry, Narka sitting, with her long white hands in her lap, waiting to pour out the tea, Marguerite turning over the leaves of a book of old engravings with an air of excited interest, M. de Beaucriillon deep in his newspapers, and Basil measuring the long length of the room, slowly pacing up and down, his hands in his pockets and a cigarette in his mouth, his handsome face clouded by an air of abstraction, almost of sadness, as his thoughts were far away from the company grouped round the lamp. Presently, passing near the table, he looked up, and his eyes rested on his cousin. It was a picture on which any man's eyes must have rested complacently. Marguerite's face had little claim to admiration beside Sibyl's blond loveliness and Narka's yet beauty of line and coloring, and his yet there was a charm about his irregular features that made it no contemptible rival to either. It was the very personification of youth, brightness and health; the small, spirited nose was more piquant than if it had been classical, and the whole face sparkled with happiness and curiosity. This evening he further enhanced by an irresistible little demitoe of a white gauzy material, rose-colored ribbons in bows and loops sprouting out of the white foam as naturally as the rose colored flowers sprouted out of the curls and coils of her glossy brown hair. Marguerite was intent on the engravings. Suddenly, with an exclamation of dismay, "Sibyl," she cried, "I have made a dreadful mistake!"

"That head dress that I sketched and sent to Paris will be out of keeping. I now remember it was in a portrait of Velasquez that I saw it; so fancy how it will clash with that Florentine thirteenth century costume! What shall I do?"

"What were we all thinking about?" said Sibyl. Then, after a moment's reflection, "Really, Marguerite," she added, "I don't think you need worry about it. No one here is likely to find out the anachronism. If it were in Paris, now—"

"That is a pretty character you are giving us," said Basil, who had been listening with intense amusement to Marguerite's distressing confession. "You want to make out that in Russia we are a set of barbarians and dunces."

"Dear, I would not worry about it," Sibyl continued, addressing herself with sympathetic earnestness to Marguerite. "As a head dress it will suit you beautifully, and that is the great point. Not that I fully approved of your choice of the costume; you know I said I thought a Greuze would suit you better."

"A Greuze!" exclaimed Basil, contemptuously, and he threw his hands up to the ceiling. "Trust one pretty woman for advising another to her ruin! You ought to have consulted a man, cousin; you ought to have consulted me; I would have advised you honestly, to your advantage. Since you won't be led by the hand, let me play Wolf to you, why shouldn't you go as Jezebel or Judith?—Jezebel with a hatchet, or Judith with a draw sword? I'll lend you one as big as yourself, and show you how to carry it. You would look superbly tragic in a Jewish turban. Or, if you like something more modern, there is Charlotte Corday."

Marguerite seized one of Sibyl's balls of wool, took aim, and hit the scuffer right on the nose. "Bravo! What a capital shot! If this had been a bullet aimed at my heart, I was a dead man," said Basil, catching the ball and weighing it in his hand. "By the way, as you are such a shot, little cousin, why should not you go as Diana the huntress? I will teach you how to draw the bow if you like."

"Cousin Basil," said Marguerite, slapping the engraving of Anne of Austria with a heavy paper knife, and facing her tormentor, "I can't think why I don't hate and detest you, for you aggravate me more than anybody I know."

"That is precisely why," said Basil. "Why what?"

"Why you are so fond of me. It's because I aggravate you." "Oh!—is it? Well, just leave off aggravating, and see if I don't grow fonder and fonder of you." "You might grow too fond of me!" surveying her with a comical air of alarm.

She glanced up at him with a flash of mirth and mischief in her brown eyes. "Well," she said, slowly, as if weighing consequences, "I might; but I'll risk it, if you don't mind."

He sat down opposite to her, leaned forward, and began stroking his silken beard meditatively; this skimming with his pretty cousin was delightful. "It is a desperate risk for me to run," he remarked, solemnly.

"Run it!" said Sibyl, entering merrily into the fray; "don't be a coward!" "I'll tell you what," said Marguerite, slapping Anne of Austria again with the paper knife, "here are three competent judges: there is Narka, an artist and a mystic; Gaston, a philanthropist and a politician."

"Heavens! what names you are giving us all!" protested M. de Beaucriillon, laying down his newspaper and looking up in surprised expectation.

Something in her brother's astonished face, or perhaps a twinkle in Basil's eye, recalled Marguerite to the fact that she was on slippery ground, and cut short the appeal she was about to make to the three judges. "I wish Gaston would tell you not to be so disagreeable," she said, turning away like a naughty child, and blushing as red as the flower in her hair.

"For goodness' sake don't set them fighting, or there will be no living in the house!" protested Sibyl, coming to the rescue with her subtle tact, for she saw Marguerite's embarrassment; "and we shall want peace amongst ourselves if we are to keep any kind of order amongst our friends and relations."

"How many are we going to be, all told—do you know?" asked Basil. "About three hundred."

"All staying in the house!" exclaimed Marguerite. "Oh! how many guest-rooms have you?"

"Seventy-five. But then there is the armory; about a hundred manage to sleep there; they did at my marriage."

"But there are no beds in the armory," said Marguerite, more and more amazed. "We don't put up beds," said Basil. "People bring their own beds and pillows; that is our barbarian mode of proceeding."

"What fun!" said Marguerite. "It must be like camping out, with all the warriors and coats of mail mounting guard over one. I dare say they enjoy it very much."

"They seemed to do so last time, if one might judge from the noise they made," remarked Narka, who had been silent for a long time, and watching Marguerite with a coldly critical expression that would have frightened the girl if she had noticed it. "They kept it up till all hours of the morning, and I got very little sleep, for my room was over the encampment."

"They did make a most infernal racket one night," said Basil, with a boyish laugh, as if the recollection of the racket were very pleasant. "Some youngster proposed that they should all get into the coats of mail and march out into the park like a phanton procession, and frighten the wits out of everybody. The joke was at once adopted, and they were buckling themselves into the armor, when Larchoff, who was too drunk to know what he was about, pulled off his boot and began to hammer at some warrior's helmet. They had to fall on him, half a dozen of them, and strap him into a big suit of mail, and then bind his legs so that he had to lie quiet. He bellowed under the operation like a bull. It was awful. No wonder Narka could not sleep. I hope you won't put Larchoff in the armory this time, Sibyl."

"You don't mean to say that that dreadful man is invited!" Marguerite exclaimed, in a tone of incredulity. "He was not invited then," said Sibyl; "but he thought it would be pleasant, so he came without being asked. Larchoff ne se gene pas."

"I can't understand your letting him into the house at all," said Marguerite. "My cousin, there are many things in this country that you can't understand," remarked Basil, with a peculiar laugh.

There were indeed very few things in Russian life, it seemed to Marguerite, that she could understand. The mixture of Oriental magnificence and barbarous discomfort, of lavish expenditure and shabby makeshift—letting guests bring their bedding and encamp on floors, and setting them gold plate to eat off—these things were in their way as puzzling to her as that Prince Zbrokoff should tolerate under his roof and admit to his table such a wretch as Larchoff.

M. de Beaucriillon had not been joining in the conversation; he had been deep in his newspapers; but he had now finished them, and got up and drew a chair to the tea table. "Made-moiselle, I should like a cup of tea," he said.

Narka took the drink from the samovar, and was proceeding to pour out the tea, when the door opened, and Vasil, Basil's valet, pale and scared, stood on the threshold, and said something in Russian. It was answered by an exclamation of horror from the three who understood.

"What is the matter?" asked M. de Beaucriillon. The man, who spoke French freely, replied, "Count Larchoff has been murdered!"

For a moment horror seemed to have rendered every one speechless; then they piled Vasil with questions. His story was short. Two peasants had found the count lying in the forest with a gunshot wound in his chest. They thought he was dead, and carried him to the nearest cottage. He regained consciousness, and tried hard to say something, but no one could understand. At last they distinguished the words "Forgive! forgive! Father Christopher." They thought he wanted to confess, and some one ran for Father Christopher, while two others fetched the doctor and the pope. Father Christopher was nearest; he was in the confessional when the message came, and rushed out as he was. When he got to the cottage, Larchoff was still breathing.

By the time the pope arrived it was all over. "Who brought this news?" Basil inquired. "Paul the cobbler."

"And at what time is it supposed the murder was committed?" "About sundown. The count was found at 8 o'clock, and the doctor said the wound must have bled for three or four hours."

"Oh, Narka!" cried Marguerite, turning a shade paler, "that must have been the shot we heard." She stopped short, terrified by the expression on Narka's face; and glancing involuntarily toward Basil, she read an answering horror in his eyes.

Sibyl and Gaston, who were trying to elicit further details from Vasil, had noticed nothing. A sudden noise made them look quickly round.

Marguerite had fainted. She fell forward, and must have fallen to the ground if Basil had not caught her in his arms.

"Poor child! No wonder she is overcome!" Sibyl exclaimed, rushing to assist. Basil carried the fainting girl to a divan, and laid her gently down.

"You had better go away, both of you, and leave her to us," Sibyl said. "It will be nothing."

The two gentlemen saw they could be of no use, and went away, Gaston too much excited by the awful event which had caused Marguerite's swoon to attach much importance to so natural an accident.

The swoon lasted nearly an hour, in spite of Sibyl's incessant application of restoratives and Narka's constant friction of Marguerite's hands and feet. When at last Marguerite opened her eyes and gave signs of returning consciousness, Narka said:

"We had better let her sit up now. Bring a cushion from the red sofa—a big one." Then, Sibyl having moved away, she bent over Marguerite, and said, in a whisper: "Don't let idle fears disturb you, dear. Keep perfect silence for a while."

She raised her to a sitting position, Sibyl propped her up tenderly, and then, at Narka's suggestion, they left her to recover herself a little.

Meantime Basil and Gaston had gone round to the servants' hall to see Paul the cobbler, and hear the ghastly story over again.

"Let us go down to the village and see Father Christopher," said Gaston, when Paul had confirmed the few details given by Vasil. "We shall hear if any one is suspected of the murder, and if Larchoff was really conscious when the Father saw him."

Basil seemed reluctant; he urged that the Father could not possibly have any more to tell than they had already heard; but Gaston was bent on it; so they went. It was a beautiful starlight night, but as a matter of course a number of servants lighted lanterns as if it had been pitch dark, and accompanied the two gentlemen. M. de Beaucriillon would have liked to talk with them, to hear what they thought about the crime, whether their instinct or information pointed with any suspicion to the murderer; but he could not speak Russian, and none of them spoke French, and Basil seemed too stumped to be willing to play the interpreter. He let his companion keep up a monologue without uttering a word.

"I suppose these crimes are not frequent in the rural districts in Russia." "The people in their hearts cannot be sorry to be rid of such a devil, and yet I dare say they will not try to screen the murderer from the police."

"The Russian police are wonderfully clever, I believe, but one only hears of them as political agents," etc.

Basil never opened his lips to any of these obviously interrogative remarks, but when Gaston said something about the probable difficulty of finding direct evidence to bring the criminal to justice, he retorted, with sudden vehemence:

"Justice! They will call the bullet that struck down Larchoff justice. The man who fired it will not be a criminal in the eyes of any man, or woman either, in the country for a hundred miles round. They won't call the deed murder; they will call it God's justice overtaking the wicked."

M. de Beaucriillon had not expected to see Basil moved by any feeling of pity for the wretched man whose hands had been a scourge and a sword dealing pain and death unmercifully to his people, but it shocked him a little to hear Sibyl's brother speak in a tone of almost triumphant approval of the bloody deed itself. He made no further comment, and they walked on in silence to Father Christopher's door.

The old priest had just returned from the dead man's house; he was the only person who had accompanied the body thither from the peasant's cottage where it had first been carried. No one else was willing to pay that tribute of respect to Larchoff.

"You have heard the news?" said the Father. "Was he conscious when you got there, Father?" inquired M. de Beaucriillon.

"I think he was; I hope he was. I questioned him, and made an act of faith and contrition, and he pressed my hand very distinctly, and made convulsive efforts to speak. It was awful to see. I pronounced the absolution over him conditionally."

Basil gave a short, explosive laugh, that sounded horrible in Gaston's ears. Father Christopher winced perceptibly; he pulled his beretta forward, then pushed it back.

"Is any one suspected of the murder?" inquired Gaston. "The forest has been full of men on the lookout for the wolf, and they think that Larchoff may have been shot by one of them in mistake."

"Is that likely?" asked M. de Beaucriillon. "It is possible."

There was a pause. "Only this morning," said Father Christopher, breaking it, "the unfortunate man met me, and threatened to send me to Siberia for proselytizing. He had begun by telling me of the escape he had had of being killed by the wolf, riding home last night—how he had fired and hit him just in time. I didn't believe him. Perhaps he was speaking the truth."

"If so, it was the first time it ever happened him," said Basil. "Well, he has gone before the judgment seat," said the Father. "May God have mercy on him!"

"Mercy on Larchoff! The devil owes him some, for he did his work well."

Basil's handsome features were positively ugly with the expression of hatred that passed over them. Father Christopher had never seen such an expression on his face before. It suddenly occurred to him that Sibyl had more than once expressed uneasy suspicions about her brother having been lured into associations of some sort with men who made crime and vengeance a part of their political creed. Father Christopher had never attached much importance to these fears; he believed that Basil was incapable of practically committing himself to such dark theories, though he might, partly from instinctive hatred of the cruelties that had provoked them, partly from a spirit of opposition, talk as if he sympathized with them. If the Father had been alone with Basil he would have challenged him then and there, and insisted on knowing the truth; for though his old pupil was now a man of four-and-twenty, Father Christopher still looked upon him as a boy, and spoke to him with the frank boldness of a master.

"The village is in a state of great excitement," he remarked, wishing to divert M. de Beaucriillon's attention from Basil's strange demeanor; "there will be little sleep in it to-night."

"I will go down and see Ivan Gorff," said Basil. "You won't find him," said Father Christopher; "he rode into X. this afternoon, and he had not returned an hour ago; that zealous gossip Paul went there to tell of the murder, and he heard that Mile. Sophie was ill; the shock of the news brought on a nervous attack."

"No wonder," said M. de Beaucriillon. "My sister denied that she heard of it. We left her insensible when we came away."

They wished Father Christopher good night, and went back to the castle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The True Faith Makes Patriots.

An admirable refutation of the oft-repeated calumny that the Catholic faith is opposed to the spirit of patriotism has lately been given in the Island of Madagascar. The contrast in the patriotism of the Catholic and Protestant French settlers and their missionaries is most striking. The Protestants, far from upholding the interests of France, have falsely been playing into the hands of the English faction, of course united to them in the bonds of Protestantism. So palpable was this that the Protestant Resident General, Laroche, had to be recalled, and his place filled by General Gallieni. He knows who the really loyal upholders of France are, and, although not favoring with unjust discrimination any religious party, has enforced freedom of conscience, which the Protestants had refused to the Malagasy and the Catholics missionaries. So marked is the national and religious difference that the natives have come to consider as synonymous Catholic and French and Protestant and English. This is certainly a damaging verdict regarding the patriotism of the French Protestants who sympathize with England against their own fatherland. A French paper remarks that the same unpatriotic but fanatical anti-Catholic spirit was manifested when England was allowed to take Egypt, Zanzibar, and other favorable territories, to the disadvantage of France. Whereas, Catholic missionaries all the world over are famous for their patriotism.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—none but of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

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What Happened at it is Told Plainly by the Bishop of Salford.

On the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of St. Mary's church, at Sockport, England, Dr. Bilsborrow, Bishop of Salford, said that within the last forty or fifty years the Ritualist or High Church party, numbering, perhaps, 1,000 ministers in all, had put forth claims, to the astonishment of the whole world and not less to the astonishment of the Church of England herself, to have inherited the powers of the "Roman Catholic" priesthood, with regard to transforming the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, and the forgiving of sins and granting absolution in the sacrifice of penance. Could these strange claims be admitted? This question has been settled adversely for the hour the Anglican ministry came into existence, but owing to the impertinence of its patrons the question has been submitted recently for consideration by the highest tribunal in Christendom, and Leo XIII. had finally decreed that the so-called Anglican priests, and therefore, the Bishops, were, according to the Catholic Church, nothing more or less than laymen. Amid the heat of controversy, let them calmly consider whether this decision was true. Were the Anglican clergy Mass priests? And was the Mass a part of the doctrine and liturgy of the Established Church? For, be it remembered, if there were altar stones to be sacrificed, and if sacrifices, a priest to offer them. They knew what happened at the time of the so-called Reformation—how the consecrated altars were cleared out of the cathedrals and churches taken from their places, and wooden trestles, common tables, deal boards put in their stead, altar stones being placed in the entrance of the churches to be trampled upon, made into slop stones and pig troughs, and used for other purposes which decency forbade him to mention; while the vestments in which the priests had offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass were made into bed room curtains, covers for chairs, and sofas, and even made into silk dresses, in which the wives of the ministers of the new religion disported themselves.

What was said in those times of the central doctrine of the Mass—transubstantiation? Why, to this day it is upon the statute-book that the sovereigns of these realms were obliged to declare their abhorrence of transubstantiation, and to reject with a solemn oath that central doctrine of Christianity which had been the joy and the consolation of the kings, the nobility, and the people of this country from the second to the sixteenth century. And now they were asked to believe that ministers who composed this High Church party, who were ministers of the self-same Church that treated the altar with so much indignity, were real priests. What taught the Church of England herself regarding the Mass? He supposed that nine out of every ten genuine members of that Church denounced this High Church party and its pretensions in all the moods and tenses of the English language. They were traitors in the camp, teaching the Catholic doctrine and receiving Protestant money.

The Church of England taught that the sacrifice of the Mass was a blasphemous, false and dangerous deceit, and yet there were upwards of 1,000 her ministers—he was not sure that the number did not include some of her Bishops—who claimed to have the power to offer that Holy Sacrifice, and no doubt the people who went through these rites and ceremonies were perfectly honest and sincere, although mistaken. These people claimed also the power of forgiving sins, and yet they had Church of England ministers rising up and claiming to exercise this power themselves. He well remembered when he began his missionary life, a young curate of the Church of England came to him in great distress. He said that on first coming to the place his vicar had asked him to begin to hear confession. He went on to say that he was educated at Cambridge and prepared there for the Anglican ministry; but at Cambridge University he never heard confession spoken of except to be ridiculed; he did not know how to go about hearing confession, and another difficulty was he had never made his own. He (Dr. Bilsborrow) replied that it depended on whether he was a priest or not, and whether he was a priest or not depended upon the Bishop who ordained him, whether he used the proper words and intention. The name of the Bishop was mentioned, and he had to tell the curate he was no more a priest than his shoe, since he was ordained by a Bishop of a Church which declared that Ritualistic clergymen had no power to celebrate what they all call high celebration, and therefore could not give what he himself did not possess. The curate related what had occurred, and the vicar—infinitely Pope that he was!—told him he had been guilty of mortal sin in going and asking Father Bilsborrow's advice.

These things were going on, and no wonder people were thinking for themselves and getting into a state of unrest. They were beginning to learn that the history of England as taught outside the Catholic Church was a conspiracy against the truth. People were beginning to look for the truth, and they would find it within the walls of the sanctuary which were that day helping to build, and in every other temple consecrated to God and the Catholic religion.

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THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

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On the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of St. Mary's church, at Sockport, England, Dr. Bilsborrow, Bishop of Salford, said that within the last forty or fifty years the Ritualist or High Church party, numbering, perhaps, 1,000 ministers in all, had put forth claims, to the astonishment of the whole world and not less to the astonishment of the Church of England herself, to have inherited the powers of the "Roman Catholic" priesthood, with regard to transforming the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, and the forgiving of sins and granting absolution in the sacrifice of penance. Could these strange claims be admitted? This question has been settled adversely for the hour the Anglican ministry came into existence, but owing to the impertinence of its patrons the question has been submitted recently for consideration by the highest tribunal in Christendom, and Leo XIII. had finally decreed that the so-called Anglican priests, and therefore, the Bishops, were, according to the Catholic Church, nothing more or less than laymen. Amid the heat of controversy, let them calmly consider whether this decision was true. Were the Anglican clergy Mass priests? And was the Mass a part of the doctrine and liturgy of the Established Church? For, be it remembered, if there were altar stones to be sacrificed, and if sacrifices, a priest to offer them. They knew what happened at the time of the so-called Reformation—how the consecrated altars were cleared out of the cathedrals and churches taken from their places, and wooden trestles, common tables, deal boards put in their stead, altar stones being placed in the entrance of the churches to be trampled upon, made into slop stones and pig troughs, and used for other purposes which decency forbade him to mention; while the vestments in which the priests had offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass were made into bed room curtains, covers for chairs, and sofas, and even made into silk dresses, in which the wives of the ministers of the new religion disported themselves.

What was said in those times of the central doctrine of the Mass—transubstantiation? Why, to this day it is upon the statute-book that the sovereigns of these realms were obliged to declare their abhorrence of transubstantiation, and to reject with a solemn oath that central doctrine of Christianity which had been the joy and the consolation of the kings, the nobility, and the people of this country from the second to the sixteenth century. And now they were asked to believe that ministers who composed this High Church party, who were ministers of the self-same Church that treated the altar with so much indignity, were real priests. What taught the Church of England herself regarding the Mass? He supposed that nine out of every ten genuine members of that Church denounced this High Church party and its pretensions in all the moods and tenses of the English language. They were traitors in the camp, teaching the Catholic doctrine and receiving Protestant money.

The Church of England taught that the sacrifice of the Mass was a blasphemous, false and dangerous deceit, and yet there were upwards of 1,000 her ministers—he was not sure that the number did not include some of her Bishops—who claimed to have the power to offer that Holy Sacrifice, and no doubt the people who went through these rites and ceremonies were perfectly honest and sincere, although mistaken. These people claimed also the power of forgiving sins, and yet they had Church of England ministers rising up and claiming to exercise this power themselves. He well remembered when he began his missionary life, a young curate of the Church of England came to him in great distress. He said that on first coming to the place his vicar had asked him to begin to hear confession. He went on to say that he was educated at Cambridge and prepared there for the Anglican ministry; but at Cambridge University he never heard confession spoken of except to be ridiculed; he did not know how to go about hearing confession, and another difficulty was he had never made his own. He (Dr. Bilsborrow) replied that it depended on whether he was a priest or not, and whether he was a priest or not depended upon the Bishop who ordained him, whether he used the proper words and intention. The name of the Bishop was mentioned, and he had to tell the curate he was no more a priest than his shoe, since he was ordained by a Bishop of a Church which declared that Ritualistic clergymen had no power to celebrate what they all call high celebration, and therefore could not give what he himself did not possess. The curate related what had occurred, and the vicar—infinitely Pope that he was!—told him he had been guilty of mortal sin in going and asking Father Bilsborrow's advice.

These things were going on, and no wonder people were thinking for themselves and getting into a state of unrest. They were beginning to learn that the history of England as taught outside the Catholic Church was a conspiracy against the truth. People were beginning to look for the truth, and they would find it within the walls of the sanctuary which were that day helping to build, and in every other temple consecrated to God and the Catholic religion.

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REV. R. F. CLARKE'S ISM AND SATISFACTION

The Rev. Robert Clarke, in his course of Sacraments, in the city of Jerusalem, Great Sunday, having received previous discourse, in the denial of the Real Presence, the Blessed Eucharist, and the despising, all from religion, all more likely enough to come when the great ing from a great bodily affliction, is certainly the low and sickness, death wounds, pain, and need of medicines of human life, all on side of matter. Six pestilence made the material world, the decay of days of these ancient when these ancient in the time of the black a sort of reaction material. There was East, more particularly of the practice which was known in themselves servants their time in bygone and one another. themselves with the fancying by the st that they saw regis seemed to them something more va than the actual wa were surrounded. known in India, time they were acc their possessions to into the woods, to matting or bark of what they could f spend their time. These wild fairs in age life, without any covering, and with red ochre, by rendering themselves pain, suspended by their flesh, spending most contorted poses order to excite sympathy. In Arabia Mohammed, there tics called "Jannet" renounced everlastingly, gave them a sm, and gained the ignorant pop they were known means pure. Fr tendency exhibit Manicheans, and fanaticism grew up descended directly Manicheans. One of the Eucharists, the reign of Constantine came from the dir made their appear. They were in tro time they lay down called themselves renounced the work, but lived by they became part they disbelieved Eucharist, and said remedy for