

The Memory of the Dead.
Oh, it is sweet to think,
Of those that are departed,
While murmured Ave's sink
To silence tender hearted,
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilled,
And the dead live again,
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days
Of earthly ties we love them;
For they are touched with rays
From light that is above them;
Another sweetness shines
Around their well-known features;
Glad with His glory signs
His dearly ransomed creatures.

Yes, they are more our own,
Since now they are God's only;
And each one that has gone
Has left our heart less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
In their dear Lord's embraces.

Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven like home,
Through them to us is wooed us;
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we love on earth
Attract us now to heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Shave to us now are given.
They move with more kindly
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead! to heaven
With prizing sighs we gave you,
To Him—his doleful cry,
Who took you there to save you—
Now get us grace to love
Your memories more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly.

WHICH WAY?

Some one has sent us the report of a lecture given by Col. Ingersoll some days ago to a Brooklyn audience. The sender intended, we suppose, that we should make some comments on it. Some twenty five years ago, or thereabout, Ingersoll started out with a lecture, which contained all that he knew about religion, philosophy, history, science and the Bible. It was not much, but by means of a glib tongue and a lively imagination he made a good deal of it. There was nothing original in that lecture, except some funny jokes that he told very well and made his hearers laugh consumedly.

He has lectured many times since, but he has done little more than to re-hall the old story of which that first lecture consisted. Call it "Mistakes of Moses," "The Gods," "Ghosts," "Which Way," or what not, the same familiar old tune was painfully discernible. He treated his package of misinformation as the equally ingenious Barnum treated his curiosities. When familiarity had sated public interest in some pot cariosity Barnum would give it a new name, get the press to comment learnedly on his what-is-it, and forthwith it was as good as new for a time. He always had a new name ready to come flagging publicly curiosity. That is the way Ingersoll has treated his old lecture. When "Mistakes of Moses" grew somewhat stale from familiarity it was easy to shake it up, turn it up side down, leave out the name of Moses, start in at the other end, and there you are. All that was required was a new label. We have read carefully all the lectures of Ingersoll and we have found little more than the same old notions, the same old flavor of Moses and his mistakes. Why then comment on the same old curiosity merely because it has been revamped and newly labeled? True, to freshen it up he has introduced some new names, St. Ann, for instance, and Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan. This gives the old lecture a passing interest, and that is possibly what it was done for. Why be grudge the old man a harmless privilege like that? Probably the Cardinal and the Archbishop have a more vivid remembrance of a last Summer's mosquito than they have of the man of one lecture with many names. That lecture is like Paganini's single string; a great deal more kinds of noise can be got out of it than one would think.

We have a theory about Ingersoll, according to which it may happen that when we all get to heaven we may find Robert there toying with a harp. It is this: He is the victim of an intellectual, prenatal mother's mark. Physical marks of this kind are common, and there is no reason to doubt that intellectual ones are equally common. An acquaintance of Ingersoll once told us that the colonel was a most pleasant gentleman in conversation; bright, witty and interesting, of a genial and affectionate nature, kind and charitable. But introduce the subject of religion, or even the word, and the effect was magical: the whole man was changed, the smile was gone, and in its place a frown, his muscular and nervous systems were visibly affected; he gathered himself together like an acrobat for a leap. All this would indicate that the colonel belongs to that class to which Nordan gives the name "degenerates." It is known by physicians that there are alcohol degenerates, whose appetite for liquor is so strong as to deprive them of liberty and therefore of moral responsibility. This degeneracy manifests itself in an uncontrollable aversion to a thing, as well as an uncontrollable desire for it. If Ingersoll was born with an uncontrollable aversion and repugnance to religion his liberty was destroyed; he is not a free man or a moral agent, and is therefore not morally responsible for what he says on the subject of religion. If he is not

morally responsible he is guiltless in the matter, and being good enough otherwise may get to heaven as an irresponsible degenerate. This theory is worth considering.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

HOW THEY SAW THE POPE.

The Audience of a Party of Western Girls with the Head of the Roman Church.

From the St. Louis Republic.
In an interesting letter received from Miss Lucy Donovan, daughter of Mr. J. T. Donovan, she gives an account of the interview she was fortunate enough to obtain with his Holiness the Pope. Miss Donovan, in company with Misses Ollie Fusz, Katherine and Grace Cunningham, Blanche Duross and Augusta Dougherty, have been touring Europe under the chaperonage of Miss Louise Garesche. They reached Rome on the 15th of September. After visiting the many points of interest in Rome they sought to obtain an audience with the Pope, but in consequence of the Italian celebration of the independence of Rome the Holy Father had been in retirement and had refused audiences to every one.

The Pope is himself inclined to be somewhat unceremonious, but owing to his great age and responsible position he is compelled to surround himself with precaution and maintain certain rigid rules of etiquette. In Miss Donovan's letter she describes the happy termination of their endeavors to see his Holiness.

"I think I mentioned in a previous letter that we had abandoned all hope of seeing our Holy Father. We have had a number of the most influential persons in Rome interested in our cause, but the Pope had positively refused to grant audiences. Father Farrelly of the American College was working to obtain for us permission to see the Pope as he passed from his palace to the garden, but was even doubtful of obtaining this favor. Count Cassell called on me, but I was not in. He left a note asking if he could render any service. I told Miss Garesche to avail herself of his offer. Well, you can't imagine what she asked him to do. It was to deliver a letter to the Pope.

"The Count called the following morning. I was not able to see him and he left a note for Miss Garesche telling her that he had delivered the letter to the private secretary of his Holiness. After lunch, as Miss Garesche was preparing to go out, the porter brought her a letter which required an immediate answer. The letter was in Italian. It was a summons for Miss Garesche and her six companions to appear at the Vatican at half past 5 the same evening. Can you imagine our excitement and surprise? We did not know whether it was to see the Pope in the garden of the Vatican or to receive his blessing. We were informed that audiences were seldom granted in the afternoon, and that during the celebration of the Italian occupation of Rome there would be no public audiences. We prepared to answer the summons, and, arrayed in black dresses and veils, the latter arranged in Spanish style, we procured two carriages drawn by black horses, for custom requires this.

"Arriving in the court of the palace, where stood several of the Swiss guards dressed in their peculiar uniforms of black and yellow—said to be designed by Michael Angelo—we passed through the arched gateway and entered the palace, ascending a broad marble staircase. Chamberlains clad in crimson satin ushered us into a room. Here we were met by a Cardinal robed in purple, who took our invitation, bowed and walked away. We sat down and waited, and yet uncertain of what we were waiting for; it was an audience, surely there would be others coming, for the Pope had not had a private audience for a long time.

After the lapse of probably twenty minutes the door at the further end of the hall opened, the Cardinal again appeared, and ushered us into the adjoining room. Here, to our utter amazement, the Cardinal said the Holy Father would receive us in his private room. Another door opened and Miss Garesche was summoned; in a few minutes a little bell rang and the Cardinal conducted us to the next room. I was in the lead. When I saw the Cardinal bow I did the same, though to whom I did not know. I heard a low, clear voice say, "Venez, venez." "Looking up I saw our Holy Father with his arms stretched out toward me—only five feet away. The room was small. He was sitting at the end of a raised chair; not another bow did I make, but, walking hastily toward him, I knelt and would have kissed his foot, but he held out his hand and I kissed his ring. He then rested one hand upon my head, holding my hand with his other.

"After asking about my life and family he turned to Miss Garesche and asked if any of us were married; and, being answered that we were not married, he smiled and said: "Then you are all virgins, and God loves you all dearly. This is a beautiful and holy time of life, for you have not now the cares and troubles which may come later on."

"He spoke to each separately for five minutes. I had ample time to look at him. He wore a white cassock and a little white skull cap, slippers, and a gold chain around his neck. In his ring there was a large sapphire, surrounded by diamonds. His eyes are dark, keen, and penetrating, while his smile leaves an impression never to be forgotten. He asked us if we remembered him in our prayers,

and said that this was our duty. He was glad to hear that we had taken no part in the Italian celebration. He then invited us to attend his Mass on Sunday and communicate. After imparting his blessing he arose and left the room.

"The impression he made upon me will always remain a beautiful and venerable one. On the following morning we reached the Vatican at 7:30.

"There were about thirty persons present, but we were the only persons to receive Holy Communion. As the Pope stood at the altar he trembled in every limb, but his voice was clear and penetrating. As he said the Confiteor he took the ring from his finger and replaced it when he reached the side of the altar. At Communion the Cardinal signalled us to approach. When the Pope turned to bless his voice was loud and full of emotion; but when walking from the altar to the Communion rail he had to be supported by two Cardinals. After Mass a chamberlain approached and said the Pope wished to see us again.

"He had spoken in French during the first interview and continued in the same language when we saw him again.

"At the second interview the Pope said: "I have seen you all before, and you are my children from America. We thanked him for the many privileges he had accorded us, and he said: "Yes, you will receive the Communion from the hands of the Pope. You must treasure this in your memory as a precious souvenir, and let the graces of to day forever remain in your hearts. I will again bless you and renew the benediction which I have granted." Then in turn he placed his hand on each of our foreheads and imparted his blessing to each of us separately. I would have gone all the way to Rome and put up with all the inconveniences if only to have been favored as we have been this week. No one, much less ourselves, can understand why the Holy Father treated us so favorably. We are envied by all here, but Monsiegnor says the whole proceeding has been extraordinary, but that we deserved to have our efforts rewarded, as we had striven so hard to obtain the interview."

The Monks of Old.

The epithets "lazy" and "ignorant" applied to the monks of old, and so generously employed by many generations of Protestant scribblers, are an imminent danger of being relegated to "innocuous desuetude." During the past two decades the Muse of History has shown a praiseworthy disposition to reverse many of her past verdicts; and it has been remarked that the Church has invariably profited by the reversal. Dr. Gasquet's powerful vindication of the English monasteries as they existed at the time of their suppression has already borne fruit, as is evident from an article by a non-Catholic writer in the *Quarterly Review*. Dr. Gasquet himself could hardly have written more enthusiastically than this Protestant, who candidly admits that the wholesale suppression inaugurated by King Hal, and continued by his successors, was for revenue only. Singularly enough, it is the learning and industry of the monks—their services to science and agriculture—that are most strongly emphasized in the article; though their virtues and the simple, mortified lives they led are also acknowledged. As the *Tablet* observes: "The organ of old-fashioned orthodoxy of the Church of England writes in a very different tone from that manifested in the utterances of the English press ten years ago; and the tardy measure of justice thus rendered to a much reviled class may be looked upon almost as the utterance of national recantation."—Ave Maria.

Rules for Assisting at High Mass.

Be in time. Have prayer book or beads. Stand at the Asperges. Kneel from the beginning until the Gloria. Stand while the celebrant is reciting the Gloria. Sit with the celebrant and stand until the Epistle. Sit from beginning of the Epistle to the Gospel. Stand during the chanting of the Gospel. Make the sign of the cross on the forehead, lips and breast. Sit until the reading of the Gospel by the preacher. Stand whilst the preacher reads the Gospel. Sit and listen to the sermon. Stand whilst the Creed is being said. Sit when the celebrant sits. Kneel during the singing of the Incarnatus, etc. Rise with the celebrant and stand whilst he sings Dominus Vobiscum and Oremus. Sit at the Offertory and until the beginning of the Preface. Kneel from Sanctus until the priest takes the wine and water after Communion. Sit until he sings Dominus Vobiscum. Stand until the orations and the *Missa Est* are sung. Receive the blessing kneeling and make the sign of the cross. Stand at the Gospel, making the sign of the cross, on forehead, lips and breast. Remain in your pew until the priest has left the sanctuary. Remember, the vestibule of the church is not a reception-room.

Why Not You?
When thousands of people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to overcome the weakness and languor which are so common at this season, why are you not doing the same? When you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured rheumatism, dyspepsia and all diseases caused by impure blood, why do you continue to suffer? Hood's cures others, why not you?

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

AN EX-RITUALIST.

He Calls Attention to the Stride Which Anglicanism Has Taken in "Ritual Practices."

A reader of the New York Sun who signs himself "An ex-Ritualist, now a Catholic," has written an interesting letter to that journal reviewing some features wherein the Anglican Church has conformed to the Catholic ritual. The words of the writer prove that he has devoted considerable time to the study of the question. He says:

Your correspondent who signs himself "Anglican Catholic" expresses "fear" that you would have "considerable difficulty in substantiating your statement that in all other points (than the one above referred to) submission to the Pope Anglican Catholics are one with the Church of Rome." Possibly you are a little premature, but you are no less certain, and the stride which ritualism in its seven league boots has taken within the past decade in "Ritual Practices" justifies your assertion. Does not "Anglican Catholic" know about the appropriation of our confessional, our rosary, our service of benediction, which last is out-and-out "Roman," for does it not antedate the days of Henry VIII? If he does not, let him visit a "High" little church in West Fourth street and ask its rector for his tract upon transubstantiation. He will find it, word for word, analogous to "the Romish definition," which, as an up-to-date "Anglo-Catholic," he ought to accept. In regard to "ritualistic" teaching concerning the Blessed Virgin, please recommend to him a recent little book written by Bishop Hall, of Vermont, for I see this right reverend is on the list of those whom "Anglo-Catholic" cites as reliable guides. Bishop Hall does not hesitate to call the Mother of our Lord by honored and endearing names. Is not she the "Mother of Sorrows," for who among mothers ever suffered as much as Our Lady? And if Bishop Hall calls her the "God Bearer," can his disciple deny her to be "Queen of Heaven"?

Concerning the withholding of the cup from the laity, if your correspondent had met with the experience which some Episcopalians had, seven summers ago, in a charming summer resort in Bishop Hall's diocese, he, in common with the "Low" and "High" communicants would have reached a speedy conversion to the Roman doctrine of communion under one kind. The family of the undertaker of the village kept the communion wine; a frightful mistake was made, and instead of wine, embalming fluid was consecrated and administered! All who received were made ill, and if "communion under one kind" had been the only point of difference the whole congregation would have "gone over" next morning, so great was their indignation and dismay. Sanitary grounds are enough to abolish the common cup. Think of the diseases of mouth and throat to which this is heir—cancer, diphtheria, not to mention neglect of the tooth brush. Your correspondent says that to yield to the Pope's claims, "never acknowledged by the Greek Church nor by the Westero, including of course the Church of England, for the first few hundred years of its existence, would be * * * to accept a condition of affairs unknown in primitive times." Now this is a statement that is valuable merely as an assertion, and our day is a matter-of-fact day, one that insists that statements shall be backed up by proofs. Nearly all the little Anglican tracts on this subject are glib with this declaration: "Many ancient authorities concur in the testimony that St. Paul preached in Britain about the year 60." Yet history affirms that not a single "ancient author" has ever mentioned the name of St. Paul in connection with Britain. The invention dates from the Reformation.

On the other hand, there is reliable testimony to prove that in A. D. 179 King Lucius of Great Britain sent a letter to Pope Eleutherius entreaching him that by his Pope's command he might be made a Christian! The venerable Bede adds: "He soon obtained his pious request, and the Britons preserved the faith which they had received uncorrupted and entire, in peace and tranquility, until the time of the Emperor Diocletian." Permit me to cite one more instance. The little Anglican tract acknowledges that "in 314 three British Bishops were present at the Council of Arles." Now what were they doing there, at a council that recognized the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter and that communicated its decree to him that they may be made known to all by him who holds the mightiest diocese? This islefling language, and the three Anglican Bishops subscribed to it with their signatures.

"Anglican Catholic" asks: "Do ritualists teach the Roman doctrine of Indulgences?" Certainly not, and who could authorize them, even if the doctrine were understood and desired? Could Indulgences be granted by the "High" Infallible of Nebraska or the "Low" Infallible of Western New York? In a word, where does authority rest in the Episcopal Church for we are told that an effort is to be made to establish as law that doctrines shall be definable by the bishops?

The only permanent cure for chronic catarrh is to thoroughly expel the poison from the system by the faithful and persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful remedy proves successful when all other treatment has failed to relieve the sufferer.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for November. CHURCH INTEREST IN GERMANY.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Who has not heard of the famous saying of the veteran Von Moltke? "We must all sooner or later end by becoming Catholics." The keen-sighted old warrior must have had some grounds for his forecast when he half-godhumorously made such an avowal.

But on what serious foundation are the hopes of the Catholic world based? We might ask ourselves—as our gaze, wandering over the map of Modern Europe, stops to take in the extent of what, in the lapse of ages, has become the home of the Teutonic races? They are based, it seems to us, first, in the social order, on the influence of the regularly recurring sessions of the Catholic Congress and of the *Vallta-scevin*; in the political order, on the cohesive strength of the Centre; in the intellectual order, on the superiority, everywhere apparent, of Catholic science, under which head may also be ranged the wonderful expansion of the Catholic press.

"At the very outset," as the Abbe Kannegger justly remarks, "the clergy understood that all resistance to the laws of oppression would be of no avail unless backed by the press; whereupon they became journalists. Hundreds of priests, armed with their incisive pens, took up the defence of the Church's freedom. Not a few became famous for the vigor of their polemics, their characteristic fearlessness and the number of months they passed behind the prison bars."

The Catholic press is the glory of the German clergy, as it is its strength and its trust. To give an exact account of its achievements would be to write a history of all the religious events of the last twenty years, the collapse of the *Cultur Kampf* and the partial check of the onward movement of Socialism.

May we then conclude that every thing is at its best for the Church, in German-speaking countries? Alas! no. If we are in a position to put on record generous endeavors and partial successes we are constrained to acknowledge that heresy is striving with all its ponderous weight to crush resurgent Catholicism in the Fatherland. The efforts of the most courageous are paralyzed by meeting with a triple obstacle—the perversion of State schools and the paucity of Catholic institutions; governmental favoritism in behalf of everything Protestant; and the destructive laws relating to the education of children born of mixed marriages.

Add to all this, inasmuch as Austria is also concerned, the unbearable tyranny of Jewish capitalists, who day by day are becoming more absolute masters of the empire.

May that day dawn at last when so many wandering sheep will be gathered in again to the fold of the Good Shepherd! Dear Associates of the Apostleship, it would be an object worthy of your zeal and ambition for the glory of God to hasten its coming by unremitting prayer to the Divine Heart, the only Pastor of Souls.

O Jesus, though the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer, in particular that the extending of the devotion to Thy Divine Heart in German speaking countries may hasten the moment of return to the unity of faith. Amen.

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Steeplechess is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Larmesley's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

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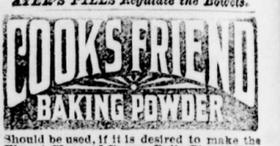
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James E. Nicholson. CANCER ON THE LIP CURED BY

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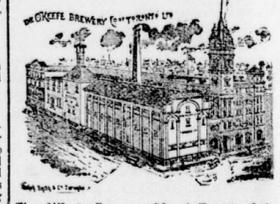


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NOVEMBER FIVE-MINUTE DUTIES TO GO

Render therefore that are Caesar's, and to God's. (St. Matthew 22:21) If the Pharisee tried to construe their prophecies of the gospel, they would find them for the most part unmisgivingly a duty not of State as well.

No Christian would hesitate to God has upon us, our Redeemer, our we have our own sense of gratitude to see the justice of His up to the day's gospel, they would find them for the most part unmisgivingly a duty not of State as well.

Never forget, always are the service Him a servant is not to of days or years of

Neither must have to render that are Caesar's, must always respect and obedience under which This, indeed, task for who the ege of living up governments in enjoy peace, for Here we can be our schools, and without any from the State, our religious obligations, content, and Here we can things that are we all the more the State all the how? By being State, as we of God; by our duties as the interest of

Some men neglect to neglect to Some are too honest virtue and so highest bidder worthy the prot a free country among the serf No, brethren never forget our never neglect We must have matter, and less respect the for us, obey its good conscience imposes upon

The Saviour Probably in Europe except Freeman of S. rible case as a crooner's July A poor Catholic charge of the bu in law for a p was admitted the door of the open, and the house rushed interrupt the priest, de friends as De had left the throw the corp "the thing w inquest the death would con death, and the him of what? Yet, though was stulted every highly intelli the teeth of acquitted the for the death Few more come even be investigation more horrible of the priest's sympathized hood. The p to the rescue that his life crowd that ha This is what Christianity political pur famed and a ate people v played upon the name o savage leve velation of stay the p sectarian h deavors?

A cough day, should er. It near more local is relieved Cherry Peet and sure to

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