INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

We in later days are lower. When a mind-ful stroke is made
We must raise a purse to pay it—making manifices a trade.

But e'en here, amidst the markets, there are things they dare not prize; Dollars hid their sordid faces when they meet anointed eyes.

Statesmen steer the nation safely; artists
pass the burning test;
And their country pays them proudly with
a ribbon at their breast.

When the soldier saves the battle, wraps the flag around his heart.
Who shall desecrate bis honor with the values of the mart?

From his guns of bronse we hew a piece, and carve it as a cross; For the gain he gave was priceless, as un-priced would be the loss. -John Boyle O' Reilly, The Priceless Things

He who has once stood beside the grave, o look upon the companion hip which as been forever closed, feeling how im-otent there are the wild love or the deep potent there are the will love or the deep sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust.

WE CAN MAKE OTHERS HAPPY.

Happiness is one of those gifts which one can bestow without being conscious that he possesses it himself. Each one has in the depts of his heart something like a provision in reserve. . . . We cannot always know how to make use of it for ourselves. We can always give it to others, and by such alms giving, with pure intentions, oh! how easily we are saved. Has not God promised to render unto us all that we do for others?—

A FRIEND OF THE WORKINGMEN.

A zealous priest in France, the Abbe Garnier, devotes himself to a special mis-sion that is a noble one: to make French workingmen practical Catholics. He can preach as effectually in a barn as in a church, pernaps with more effect, for many careless Catholics would gather there to listen to him when they would not enter a church. It is often in their own workshops that he addresses them. He will not argue, but wins them in his own peculiar way, presenting to them the Divine Master as one of themselve:—a

workingman.

He has fourded many co-operative sodalities among workingmen, to all of whom he has given a single watchword, which each member is to repeat each day. It is this: "Our Lady of Labor pray for

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

One of the strangest things in history is the rejection of prayers for the dead by the so-called reformers. Nothing but intensely pretentious and conceited ignor-ance which believed itself omniscience can account for it The idea and the cus-tom were inwoven in the human heart and human affections. Prayer for the dead united the living with deceased dead united the living with deceased parents, children, relatives and friends; it kept alive the dearest ties that God has formed, and the men who could deliber-ately set to work to wrench its consola-tions from the human heart must have

been brutal, unfeeling, sensual and selfish.

In the Hebrew life prayer for the dead has always prevailed, and prevails to this day. It is the most cherished of Habrew observances; but the pretended reformers took the absurd stand that nothing not distinctly inculcated in Scripture was to be followed, and that what was incul cated could be modified even to the nega tive point by private judgment.

Among the Jews the great prayer for

the deed is the Kaddish, a prayer recited by the son for his father, and in the name of the deceased, just as Catholics recite the De Profundis, the pealm being in form the cry of the dead, not of the living.

THE ABBEY OF MOUNT ST. EERNARD.

Mount St. Bernard is the only mitred bbey in Great Battain. I will give as briefly as possible the history of the building. In the year 1833, Mr. Phillips, a ing. In the year 1833, Mr. Phillips, a Catholic gentleman, living at Grace Dieu, purchased two hundred and twenty-seven acres of forest land for the purpose of founding on it a Cistercian House in Engsession of by Brother Augustine—from Mellerain, in France—whose residence was a small cottage of four rooms. Here he lived a solitary life for a short time, when he was joined by five others— Brothers Luke, Xavier, Cyprian, Placid, and Simon—the four rooms of the cot-tage being appropriated as follows: one as a chapel, another as a kitchen, a third as a refectory, and a fourth as a dormi-tory. Over this little brotherhood Father

tory. Over this little brothernood Fainer Odillo Woolfrey was appointed prior. By incessant labor some portion of the rough forest ground was cleared, and in a brief space of time a larger and more com modious building was erected, the chape of which was opened for divine service on the 11th of October, 1837.

Postulants were now admitted to the

novitlate, and the little band of brother began to assume the appearance of a regular community. This community speedily enlarged until even the new building was too small. John Earl of Shrewsbury generously gave £2,000 toward the erection of a new monastery, the foundation stone of which was laid on the 27th of June, 1843.

So much for the early history of the monastery. To day its inmates number about fifty. The grounds, chapel, and other buildings are thrown open to visttors, and in the summer time grounds are the favorite resort of the leasure seekers of the neighborhood. The monks are very gental and pleasant to all comers, and readily give any information respecting their mode of life.

NEWMAN, M'COSH, THACKERAY.

There is a man in this country-an old man now, more's the pity—whose name was associated with the late Cardinal metaphysician, was appointed to the chair in Queen's College, Belfast, which he filled with such distinction until summoned to a still greater work at our own Princeton. William Makepeace Thack-

head, and the big heart, was then amusing himself, in the intervals of more serious literary labor, with the composition of the rollicking verses of bis "Lyra Hibernica." He was quick to see bis chances and improve it. In the character of Master Molloy Malony, a youthful Irish patriot, he broke forth into impassioned yet tuneful protest against the appoint-ment as follows:

As I think of the insult that's done to this Red tears of rivinge from me fatures I And uphoid in this pome, to the world's day-tistation,
The sleeves that appointed Professor Mc-Cosh.

O false Sir John Kane! is it thus that you prayche me?
I thing all your Queen's Universities
Bosh;
And if you've no nective Professor to tayche I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon Mc-

There's Wiseman, and Chume and His Grace the Lord Primate. That sinds round the box and the world will subscribe: Tis they'll build a College that's fit for our climate. And tayone me the sayorets I burn to im-

And good Dr. Newman, the praycher un "Tis he shall preside the Academee School, And quit the gay robe of St. Philip of Neri, To wield the soft rod of St. Lawrence O'Toole.

Not very long afterward "good Dr. Newman" was, in fact, appointed first rector of the newly founded Roman Catholic university at Dublin. It is a matter of forty years now since the play-ful verses saw the light. It is over twenty-eight years since their author was laid to rest in Kensal Green. Were he still with us, he would be of the same age as the Princeton ex-president-a white as the Princeton ex-president—a white-haired man, going on eighty. Newman the scholar and saint, has just followed Thackeray, the satirist whose heart was at that of a little child, into the presence of their common Master. Of the three men only "the Saxon McCosh" is left. May his days be yet many in the land that owes him so great a debt, and among the old pupils and friends to whom (as Henry M. Field wrote the other day) his serene face is as a benediction. - Hartford Cour-

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Over and over again, moralists hav Over and over again, moranists have importaned daughters to be good to their mothers; and the entreaty is always in order, for a new generation of young women is regularly coming to the front, and they nearly all need to be reminded of their duty in this respect.

What the sages have reiterated may be summarized as follows: "Daughter, be kind to your mother. You cannot love her enough or do too much for her. You will never again have such a true and loyal and disinterested friend You will not fully appreciate all that she is to you until you have lost her ; when the grave has covered her from your sight you will see, as if the light had broken into a dark room, what she has done for you, and then you will grieve with unavailing re-morse because you did not show her by actions that she was dear to you, and because never again can she receive on earth

a token of your affection.
"You will let her drudge for you early "You will let her drugge for you early and late, week in and week out, without so much as saying 'Thank you' at the end of the year. You know that she gets up in the morning and makes the fire; that you shirk the disagreeable household work and let it fall on her shoulders; that if any one of the family become ill in the night, you lie abed and she gets up to watch and nurse the sick one; that you must have a new bonnot or a new dress, when she is shabbily clothed; that money must be had to let you go to picules and excursions and parties, while she stays at home without recreation; that when visitors come, you are the one to dress and entertain them while she returns to the kitchen to prepare a meal for them.

"You act as if she had no feeling, no

pression weary.
"When she is dead, you will be sorry that you did not save her and cherish her in every possible way. 'O, if mother in every possible way. 'O, if mother were only alive,' you will exclaim, 'how hard I'd try to make her happy.' And when you have daughters of your own, and they let you slave for them as you let her toll for you, you will say: 'I am being punished for my selfishness!'"

Turn over a new leaf, all you negligent daughters. Treat your mothers well, for the day will come when you won't have them to love you and to be loved by you If you are fond of them, if you are grate-ful for all their years of care for you, show it, show it by actions, and show it

EASY TO BE ENTREATED. DON'T BE CHURLISH IN GRANTING

FAVORS.—GIVE WITH TRUE NOBIL-ITY OF HEART.

There is nothing more Christian, more Christ-like, than the grace of granting favors promptly, which are to be granted at all. It is the way of the world to make difficulties; it should be the Christian's way to smooth them. The home spirit, the temper which rules in everyday affairs, betrays the pulse of religion in the soul and worldlness, or manufalliness. unworldliness, is subject to no more delicate tests than certain unused ones. which one may draw from their nich with the gloss on. Hence the-hitherto

unpreached—title of this article.

A man was charged with an interest of much personal importance, which he expected to gain by a hard fight through for days and weeks. He came home the forenoon of the first day, and sat down like one having had a great shock.

"Have you been disappointed?" asked
his wife. "The worst kind," was the hapless answer. "I went to the assistant Newman's once upon a time in a way he less answer. "I went to the assistant can hardly have forgotten. It was in the manager and stated the case; he thought early fifties that James McCosh, minister it over a few moments, wrote the order of the Free Church of Scotland and rising and gave it to me right off, as pleasant as you please. I don't know what to make of it." But in the happy, grateful talk which followed, came one significant remark: "They say Mr. — has prin-ciple; I don't know much about him, but

of the hidden brook, through fields of

or the hidden brook, through needs or selfishness.

Does not Shakespeare say that "He gives thrice who quickly gives," or some-thing like it? I knew a widow struggling thing like it? I knew a widow struggling with ill health and adversity, whom her friends found one day bowed with grief, the deep lines wearing in her forehead. "Why, didn't Mr.— say he would help you through, and see that you did not go to the wall?" "Yes, I feel sure in the end that he means to do so, but everything has to be wrung out of him by so much asking I had rather give up and die, if I might, than depend on him. It is his rule never to give anything easily; he says a business man never expects to meet any

business man never expects to meet any claim that isn't forced upon him. When I am prostrated with worry he will step in and help; after the bitterness of death has been tasted, it takes all the comfort out of being helped."

Have you, who complain of the ingra-

titude of men, never taken the comfort out of your help, by its ungracious, re luctant bestowal? "I always refuse what strangers want of me," said a self satisfied prosperous women. "No matter how trifling it is,

woman. "No matter how trifling it is, to refuse is the safest way. If you yield one thing, they want another."

"How came you to ask me to help you?" a girl in a city depot said to an elderly woman who craved direction on a complicated matter of traveling. "Most people look forbidding," was the answer; "only here and there is a face that looks as if it would do to ask."

Easy to be entreated. Suitabling touch

as if it would do to ask."

Easy to be entreated; finishing touch of chivalry; highest grace of high-breeding, descended from "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." It is no simpleton's letting go of what he is too weak to hold; the twin of wisely granting a factor is shown for meaning the below the state of for noise the twin of wisely granting a favor is shrewdness, for people who tally or foolishly grant are those who make a rule of denying finally; those who know when and how to deny firmly are freest to grant and grant oftenest. But it is at home this virtue should have play, and

letter speak : "I don't know how it would seem to ask for things vital to my comfort, and get them without having to beg for them until I am worn out. I have to plead, remind, reason, and beg for what I need, till my heart falls me. I want the drains attended to; the smells in kitchen and upstair in hot, damp days sicken me and take away my strength. A man ought to know that when his wife im-plores him to rid her of some vexation that plores him to rid her of some vexation that
it is real trouble to her. If I want any—
thing about the house—a nail dilven, a
shelf put up—no matter how great a convenience, when I must count steps to save
my strength, I never get it till I am tired
with ask, ask, asking. It would be heaven
to have things because I wante i them, and
to get them sether one saving."

to nave things because I wanted them, and to get them with only one asking."

It carries the sweetest reality of Heaven to many weak and weary souls that there the sickness of the heart shall be satisfied, and that it will be enough to God's fatherly tenderness that they desire things, to grant them with one asking. To the much enduring with one asking. To the much enduring woman, who wrote the lines above, as she was wearing out with disease born of overwork and want of care from those of overwork and want of care from those nearest her, came such a vision of the surpassing pity of her Maker, of His being easy to be entreated for herneeds, as carried her over some of the loneliest spots in her pilgrimage. The letter was never sent, but was laid away among her papers to be found when the heart had ceased its grieving, and some where its ceased its grieving, and gone where its desire would be filled "with only one

asking. Into this world into which we are born. most to suffer and all to die, we might forbear to add the lightest discomfort to the sum our fellow prisoners must endure. As our eyes open on the inner meaning of things, we shall find reason enough to be pitiful and considerate of all men; but it "You act as if she had no feeling, no right to pleasure, no claim on your care, no title to the best in the house."
"You do not seem to notice that she is getting feeble, that her hair is streaked the difference of an antipathy we could not with gray, that her form is becoming bent, her step slow, her eye lustreless, her expression weary.

"Which is a supplemental to receive and the whole House of Commons trooping into the other lobby—with the success I have made in being regarded by whith gray, that her form is becoming bent, her step slow, her eye lustreless, her expression weary.

"You act as if she had no feeling, no right leads to cruelties we never shall be able to forgive ourselves. Carcless of a within, we have destroyed the fabric of a great pleasure, longed for and dreamed of. Here we have in fitted hours of suffering on those by whose slok beds we could not seem to notice that she is great pleasure, longed for and dreamed of. Here we have in fitted house of Commons trooping into the other lobby—with the success I have made in being regarded by whith the success I have made in being regarded by whith the success I have made in being regarded by whith the success I have made in being regarded by whith the success I have made in being regarded by whith, we have destroyed the fabric of a great pleasure, longed for and dreamed of. He whith the other lobby—with the success I have made in being regarded by whith, we have destroyed the fabric of a great pleasure, longed for and dreamed of. I have made in being regarded by whith the other lobby—with the ot watch unwearled ; scornful of some timid request, put forward without urging, we have denied, perhaps, the only real happiness or comfort some quiet soul was ever to know. Grant happiness wherever you can, for what is godliness but being good, as God is?

CATHOLIC HOMES.

Bishops, clergy and latty are straining every nerve to give Catholic children in schools and colleges and academies a knowledge of their religion and all it enjoins for their welfare here and hereafter, says a Catholic exchange; but how is it in Catholic homes? What instruction do they receive there? It is well to impress on the child in school that he must wor. hip God and love Him above all things that the great act of worship is the offer-ing of Our Lord to His Eternal Father in he Sacrifice of the Mass; but if the boy or girl sees father or mother neglect Mass the school teaching is nullified. It may learn at school not to take the name of God in vain, but what will this avail if the atmosphere of home is lurid with oath and blasphemy? What will it avail to be taught to sanctify the Lord's day if the parents profane it? What will it avail the children to learn at school to be honorable, pure, sober, attentive to re-ligious duties, if they see no good example at home to follow? If the sound of prayer is never heard in a Catholic home, if no religious picture or emblem is there to exert its influence, what can school teaching do to induce the young to raise their hearts to God to praise Him, to ask of Him the aids and graces we constantly need in all things temporal and eternal.

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JUSTIN McCARTHY

DELIVERS AN ADMIRABLE SPEECH-FULL OF PATRIOTISM AND GOOD BENBE.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, replying to the

toast of his health, which was proposed by Mr. Parnell, at the recent banquet given in honor of the Irish leader, said: I can assure you that I could have no higher possible gratification and no higher reward than the words of our guest to-night and the applause of you, my friends I have, and I have ever had, no ambition I have, and I have ever had, no ambition so high as to serve in any way, however humble, the cause of Ireland. (Applause). I am selfish in that way. No success in the world would gratify me so much as having the applause of Irishmen and the Irish Parliamentary Party. (Renewed applause). I may say that I have never changed since those far-off days of '48 (applause), for, going back to an earlier generation than that of a felend on my left, to those days when we were boys—we were very much boys in those days. left, to those days when we were boys—
we were very much boys in those days.
(Laughter.) I was, I think, not quite
eighteen years old; but we thought it
nothing to risk our lives for the national
prosperity of our country. (Applause.)
Now, those are the principles I started
with, and to those principles I have always
adhered. (Renewed applause.) We have
changed our methods since that time—I
have changed my methods wish them.

DAYS OF '48.

DAYS OF '48.

But let me remind you that we were not in those days of '48 the utter idiots that some people are now pleased to regard us (hear, hear). Remember that in those days there were no weapons of presiston. Remember that the old rifles we bought and buried afterwards—I say this bought and buried afterwards—I say this in a poetle mood, and I wrote the song of my own buried rifls—as long the world has very willingly let die (laughter), but it was, I think, in the Nation or Irish Felom. There were Irish felons in those days, and we were as proud to be Irish felons then as some people are now (hear, hear); but we had some researchle grounds. we had some reasonable grounds. First of ali, we had no English party whatever to support us. We were under the conviction, young and old of us, that there was no way of getting Irish National Government but by a movement of armed rebel-lion. The European continent then was aflame with rebellion. Remember, was filame with rebellion. Remember, then, that we thought—as other people thought—that if you could only keep up an army, a rebellion going on for long enough, some great European power, acting for its own purpose, would come in and help you out. I am not saying our movement was a wise one, but I say this distictly, our movement was not that movement of mere insanity which sometimes now people are disposed to regard it times now people are disposed to regard it as (hear, hear).

as (bear, hear).

DIFFRENT MEANS NOW.

Now I see we can do everything we want to do, gain all the great and glorious things we want to gain through the instrumentality of the English people (applause). Since that time I have lived amongst the English people. I have met them face to face and heart to heart, and I have always felt that if we could get the English democracy to come over to our side we had gained our point. (Hear, hear.) We have con-quered the English democracy. As the captive Greece conquered her con-querors, so has captive Ireland convinced the English people. We have on our side Mr. Gizdstone (loud applause) and the English Democracy, and who, i went to know, are going to oppose us (Continued applause) Our honored (Continued applause) Our honored guest has spoken in kind and generous terms of the success I have made in literature and otherwise. I tell you with the utmost sincerity that there is no success which I ever have made which I value in the faintest degree in comparison with the success I have made in being a member of this Irish National party, in fighting with them in those dark and desperate days (hear, hear) when we were sometimes

FATHER MACKEY TO THE NEGROES.

Father Mackey's address before the late onvention of colored Catholics in Capinnati was a revelation to many people of that race. Among other things he

The Catholic Church will welcome your children into the parish schools Catholic gentlemen will welcome your selves into their benevolent societies into their charitable confraternities. The Church throws open her arms to the race that is about to return to her bosom after an almost entire absence for twelve hundred years. For six hundred years Northern and Western Africa was Catholic and numbered four hundred and sixty four bishoprics, with Carthage as metropolitan See. The Africans never rejected the Church—they were robbed of it by Musselman oppression after long and bloody contests. To day the Cathe drai of Carthage is rebuilt by Cardinal Lavigacity, the acceptance of the water Section 1. Lavigeric-the apostle of the race. millions of negroes are to-day members of the Church and the peers of the best and the greatest in her bosom. Why is the race the object of so much prejudice and haughty disdain in this free country? It is the result of the accident of slavery, which was brought about by the sinful greed of the white man — who seeks to prepetuate the prejudice born of the state of degradation inflicted by avarice and removed, thank God, by the honest senti ment of a just public opinion—the mind, not of the few, but of the nation.

The Catholic who repudiates fraternity with brother in faith and charity, because f race, proclaims himself better than the Master and an unworthy member of Holy Caurch, whose mission it is to save souls and who is the mother of races as well as nations. Why will not this down-trodden race take wings and fly to the bosom of the Holy Church, where they will find truth, divine faith, justice, shelter, protection and security. God grant an nd so desirable as the recognition of that divine truth — one God, one faith, one baptism, one sheep fold and one shepherd!

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JURY PACKING.

The following description of jury packing as it takes place regularly in Ireland under the present system of Government ought to suffice to convince the most ardent Unionist of the neces-sity of a radical change in the method of sity of a radical change in the method of governing the country. There will be no change until Home Rule be obtained. It is Mr. Wilson, an English M. P., who was present at the Maryborough trial, who describes what he saw. In the House of Commons, recently, he said he did not thick English members fully understood what that meant, and none of them, unless actual winesses of the

understood what that meant, and none of them, unless actual witnesses of the thing, could appreciate its meaning What took place was that the Crown Solicitor, sitting with a list of two hundred and seventeen jurors, which he had carefully packed, when each man's name was called in order that he might go into the box, shouted out, "stand by," in cases in which he was not satisfied with regard to the religion and politics with regard to the religion and politics of the men called. He (Mr. Wilson) was almost ashamed to have to refer to the question of religion as influencing a matter of the kind. But it seemed matter of the kind. But it seemed impossible to separate between religion and politics in Ireland. At all events the Crown Solicitor could not separate between them. Of the forty-two jurns who were ordered to "stand by" forty were Catholics and two were Protestants, the last-named suspected in some degree of Nationalits symmathics. The degree of Nationalist sympathies. The result of the whole process was that twelve Protestants were got into the jary-box. The judge was under the impression that fifty challenges by the prisoners could be allowed, but counsel pointed out that twenty was the number. The Crown put these men on trial together in order that they might not have twenty challenges a piece, but only twenty out of the whole list. Instead of all lowing the accused forty or sixty challenges, the Crown screwed them down and protracted the proceedings of the court in order to get a miserable, petty advantage over those unfortunate people. When at last the charge against the prisoner had been given to the jury this poor Donegal peasant asked the judge if there was a single Catholic on the jury and the judge would not allow

the question to be answered.

Whilst this process was going on he (Mr. Wilson) occupied a seat in the gallery, and next him sat an Irish gentieman, a resident magistrate, himself tieman, a resident magistrate, himself summoned to the jury, and resident in the county. That gentleman was very kind and communicative. In summing up the judge said the law knew no distinctions of creed, class or race. That was a very estimable sentiment, but the kindly magistrate and the juryman who sat beside him in the gallery, as the various j prors were called, said, "I know them all. There is so and so. He is a Catholic, and will not be allowed to go into the box." At once he knew who on the bar." At once he knew who would be allowed to pass into the box, and who would not. When the jury was complete in the box, he said, "Every one of them is a Protestant. Their fathers of them is a Protestant. Their fathers were all Scotchmen," He (Mr. Wilson) wanted the House to realize what that meant, whether that did not make jary trial in Ireland a perfect scandal and

farce. (Cheers)
The following are the London Star's comments on the same event:
"Really there is no bounds to the im-

pudence of Tory Ministers. Mr. Madden (the Irish Attorney-General) had the andacity to tell the House of Commons last night, in reference to the sickening tragedy-farce of Maryborough, where a score of Donegal Catholic peasants, with their devoted priest at their head, were dragged two hundred and sixty miles from their homes to be tried by an alien, Protestant and landlord jury, that there was no jury packing at the trial and that jurors were not ordered to stand by because taey were Catholic. Whom does this canting hurnbug deceive, we wonder? Not any man who witnessed the trial, What are the facts? There were some two-hundred and sixteen jurymen on the panel, taken, under the infamous special jury laws, from the pick of the county landlords, J. P.'s, big farmers, and merchants. The majority of them were Protestants and Scotchmen by descent, though the county is a Catholic county. But there was a considerable minority of Catholics. Before the trial commenced a local reporter sitting by the Star man who writes this, ticked off with his pencil the names of every Cath olic juror. 'Every one of these,' he said, 'will be challenged by the Crown.' Sure as fate they were. On the second jury only one Catholic was empanelled, and he was a boycotted landlord. What is more, every Catholic who had traveled miles and miles over rough Irish roads to attend the trial knew that he had been summoned to take part in a miserable farce, and that he would have no more chance of serving than William Coll had of escaping the toils that were laid under his feet by such jugglers as the Attorney-General."

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I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters and Pills and find them everything to me. I had dyspepsis with bad breath and bad appetite, but after a few days use of B. B. B. I felt stronger, could eat a good meal and felt myself a different men.

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What Lacks Our Age?

What lack's our age? With all its glorion

gitts of age: With all its glorious of buman thought, inventions manifold; its +croll of hidden earth-lore clear unrolled; Its science compassing each star that drifts
Athwart our lengthened vision; love that

lifts
From slave, and child, and beast the burden old
Of selfish tyranny; its wealth untold
Of learning, art, to smooth life's ragged

rifts, "last barnessed lightning" speaking as it files;
For nature, country, home, its love intense; We yet feel something lacking. List the

That voice our century's intelligence! How faint and few the words that, nobly Wise, Besreak Heaven's gift, the spiritual tense! -L. D. Pychowska.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES. BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. "And they that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and concupiscences,"—From the Epistle of

However these words may have sounded in the ears of the Galatians, to whom they were first written, I am afraid that to some among us they have afraid that to some among us they have a strangely, perhaps unwelcome, sound. And were we to ask such people their opinion in the matter they would without dcubt reply that these words of the Apostle were just a little bit strict, good enough it might be for his time, but hardly practicable now a days.

enough it might be for his time, but hardly practicable now a days.

Yet, brethren, hard as these words may seem, hey are as true now as when they were first written. They were intended by the Apostle not simply to express a result, but also to be as a sign whereby the true followers of Christ should be known. And they are still the sign of the followers of Christ. For the true Christians of to day, as of old, are they that have crucified their flesh.

Now what does the Apostle mean by

Now what does the Apostle mean by these words? Does he mean that they are only true Christians who forsake the world and fast continually and scourge themselves? Is that what he means by crucifying the flesh? No, not necessarily.

He tells us what he means. For just a few verses before in this Epistle, he gives a long list of sins and among them he places immodesty and contentions and quarrellings and drunkenness. These he calls the works of the flesh, and when he says that true Christians crucify their flesh he means that they keep themselves free from these sins.

So, brethren, the true Christian is the

one who keeps bimself away from conten. tions and quarrels and drunkenness and such like things.

After all, that is not so very hard. It

does not differ from what we have learned does not differ from what we have learned elsewhere to be a Christian's duty. But what the Apostle wants to do is to remove the deceit or the hypocrisy of those who profess to be Christians in words but do not want to do the works of Christ or live His life. In his bold, forcible words be shows us that there cannot be any doubt or uncertainty in the matter. Either we are of Christ or we are of the world. We cannot be midway, so to speak. We must be on one side or the other, and if we are of Christ we must be known as such, for they that are of Christ have crucified their flesh. Brethren, how is it with us? We hear

the name of Christ, we call ourselves forth Christians, but is it only in name? Are we deceiving ourselves and thinking that because we have the name of Christ we

can do as we please? I am afraid that this is often the case with so-called Christians. They seem to think that as long as they bear the name they are all right. In their lives they as bridge with the case of the case o think that as long as they bear the name they are all right. In their lives they differ little if any from the men and women of the world. They want to have the things of the world, its riches, its pleasures, not simply those that are allowable, but those that are sinful as successful. They are in fact trained to dewell. They are, in fact, trying to do what | you, our Lord in to-day's gospel says is im- | wort possible — they are trying to serve two masters.

They want to be in with the world and have a good time, and at the same time they expect to make all right hereafter they expect to make all right hereafter at y because they bear the name of Christ, freak These are they who live in sin and yet come to church and listen to sermons, and offer what they call prayers to God, but make no effort to get out of their sins. These are they who are a source of scandal to the Church, of whom it is often said, such a one goes to church, yet he is just as bad as his neighbor.

Brethren, such persons are not of Christ, though they may call themselves by His name. For they only are Christ's now who have crucified the flush, who keep themselves free from contentions quarreling and such things.

And unless we do that, we cannot be

Christ's hereafter. For our Lord Himself consists necessites. For our Livid Innsein amout tells us that on the last day many shall say, Lord, I have called upon Thy name, I have made use of Thy name, and He will reply, I know you not. Showing that the name alone will not save us, unless we be litters Christians indeed, unless we have crucified the flesh with the vices and concupiences. A Letter From Emerson

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I think it the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children." Your trails.

dren." Yours truly,
Mrs. Wm. Whitely, Emerson Man. The Sambro Lighthouse is at Sambro, N. S., whence Mr. R. E. Hartt, writes as follows:— "Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good, I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B. B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known, many lives would be saved.

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