THE GOOD SHEPHERD. For you were as sheep going astray: but you are now converted to the pastor and bishop of your souls. (1 St. Peter, il., 25.)

Today is the Sunday of the Good epherd, and the Church sings in joy-Shepherd, and the Good Shepherd, ful strains: "The Good Shepherd, who laid down His life for His sheep, yea, who was contented even to die for His flock, the Good Shepherd is risen again-Allelulia!" It is in this tender, loving, and, to us, most winning character that our Lord presents Himself in the Gospel of to-day—the Good Shepherd, who knoweth His sheep, and acknowledges them as His own, whose tender care for them is so great that He is willing even to lay down His He is wining even to lay down His life for their sake, yet with the power to take it again for His own glory and for their eternal good. We are those sheep for whom He died, and for whom He rose again, for they are in the truest sense His sheep who believe in His name, and are gathered into His one fold, the holy Catholic Church.

But it is not enough to believe; we must also hear His voice. How have we done this in the past? Have we hearkened to His voice as He spake to us through the offices of the Church, through the words of our pastors, through the still, small voice of conscience? Alas! we have been as sheep science astray. We have been deaf to going astray. We have been deaf to His voice, as it has so often spoken to us, bidding us follow Him. And, having strayed away from our Shepherd, we have refused to listen to the loving tones of that same sweet voice, calling us back to our place in the flock, but have wandered still further away into the pleasant pastures of sin, where all seemed delight for a time, but where the wolf, the great enemy of our souls, was lurking, waiting for his chance to seize us as his prey for ever. Oh! into what danger have we run by thus wandering from the right path! But now, during the holy season of Lent passed, the Church has been appealing to us through her solemn es, and through the earnest words spoken by her ministers, to forsake our evil ways, to leave the deceitful pleasures of sin, and return to where we can alone find pasture for our souls, to the sacraments of the Church, wherein the Good Shepherd gives Himself to Many have hearkened to His sheep. Many have hearkened to the call of the Saviour's voice, many have come during this holy time to the green pastures and the still waters, the Good Shepherd feeds His flock, and, with souls restored and renewed, are prepared and determined to walk hereafter in the paths of right eousness, where He leads the way Even when at last they shall walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death they will fear no evil, for He will be with them, His rod and His

staff shall comfort them. But there are also many, far too many, who have not listened to the voice of Jesus, as He calls them in this Poor, wayward blessed Easter-tide. sheep, they still wander in paths of their own choosing, which can only lead them into danger and into death. O foolish, wandering ones! take heed ere it is too late to the gentle voice that calls you. Your souls are soiled and sin-stained, and you have need to be washed in the stream which flows from your Shepherd's side, His Precious Blood shed for you when He laid down His life for your sake. Come, wash and be made clean in the sacrament of penance which He has ordained for your cleansing. You were as sheep your cleansing. You were as sheep gone astray; be now converted and return to Jesus, the Pastor, the Shep-You Our Lady. herd, the Bishop of your souls. You have been famishing for the food you need for your spiritual sustenance. Come, then, to Him who so graciously and tenderly invites you to the table which he has prepared for you. Draw nigh with joy to the heavenly banquet of His Sacred Body and the goodly, overflowing cup of His Precious Blood, that your souls may be fed and have life eternal. Then will you be strong in the presence of your enemies, His mercy will follow you all the days of your life, and you will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever, even in the house of many mansions which He has prepared for those who love and follow "I give them life everlasting, and they shall not perish forever, and no man shall snatch them out of My hand. And remember that other promise of His: "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood has everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Yes, poor, lost sheep though we have been, if we now turn from our wayward paths to hear His voice and follow Him, he will raise us up at the last day, and place us among his favored sheep upon His right hand, to be glad for ever in the light of His

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The Beauty Standard.

The standard of female loveliness varies greatly in different countries and with individual tastes. Some prefer the plump and buxom type; some admire the slender and sylph-like, and some the tall and queenly maiden. But among all people of the Caucasian race, one point of beauty is always admired-a pure, clear and spotless plexion-whether the female be of the blond, brunette, or hazel-eyed type. can be assured only by a pure state of the blood, active liver, good appetite and digestion, all of which are secured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is guaranteed to accomplish all that is claimed for it, or money refunded. If you would have a clear, lovely complexion, free from the Mother of God, but I never fail to other the Mother of God, but I never fail to clear, lovely complexion, free from eruptions, moth patches, spots and blemishes, use the "Golden Medical Discours,"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A PRAYER AND ITS CONSE-QUENCE.

The morning sun, after playing or the crystal peaks of the Tyrolese Alps, peeped over their snowy heights into one of those pretty, tranquil yales, folds of the majesty cloaks in which Tyrol is wrapped, and which one can find only there. Warm and cheering it shone in through the polished windows of the little house of Frantzel and Rosa Reosi. As if enamored of the neat little cottage, it seemed to pour forth with more than wonted profusion its treasures of light, and to rollick with glee on the white sand spread about the floor. In the midst of the apartment bathed by its rays, stood a small table, proud of its dainty cloth and dazzling set of china.

A kindly, but sad-looking young woman busied herself about the room. Ever and anon her eyes turned as if unconsciously toward a cradle out of whose downy depths peered a pair of Some care, evidently, rosy cheeks. rosy cheeks. Some care, evidency, weighed heavily on the young mother's heart, for a sigh would frequently escape her. Was her husband unworthy of her love and tenderness? No Frantzel was as true and loyal a husband as ever honored the conjugal

state. The little home was comfortable, in factit was a model menage. To all appearance, then, the cause of the mother's anxiety was centered in the little sleeping figure at her side, and with reason, for this, her first-born, was blind. The child was already six months old, with golden curls, a pretty round month, finely formed member -a beautiful babe in all other respects, but he was blind, hopelessly blind, according to the village physician. A thick whitish film shut out every ray of light. In vain did she smile to him ; her smiles were lost to the little one. She

sought in vain the pleasure, so dear to a mother's heart, of seeing herself mir-rored in her's child's eyes. How bitter the thought that little Bua was ever to be a burden to herself and to others, and how fervent the supplications that rose up from the little Tyrolese home to the throne of God. One morning, while she leaned over the cradle of th blind baby boy, a thought flashed through the mother's mind. Since all human hope seemed lost, there remained but to turn with entire confi-

dence to the mother of God and ask her to effect a miracle. "Our Lady of Good Counsel has helped so many, she surely will help me." She communicated her design to her husband, who approved of it, and a pilgrimage was resolved upon. Impatiently did the anxious mother look forward to the next Sun-It dawned at last, and having day. received Communion in their village church, the young couple set out for their long trudge across the mountains, accompanied by the good wishes of their simple neighbors. Frantzel, in his gray coat and velvet trousers, and

carrying ostensibly his rosary, was a fine figue of vigorous and simple-hearted manhood, while his wife, in her picturesque Tyrolese costume, seemed like the angel of his home. For four hours they traveled over beautiful mountains, and through fresh, smiling When they reached the shrine of Our Lady the sun was already high in the heavens. Truly the picture of Our Lady was beautiful, and it was little to be marvelled at that it should

wife entered the church it was almost gentleman stood examining very closely the picture itself and the decorations of the little Alpine shrine. According to the custom of the country Frantzel and his wife, kneeling on the payment, regired the reserve then the little Typelesa village, and as it pavement, recited the rosary; Rosa, taking her child in her arms, and holding it up to the miraculous picture, implored in a loud voice, and with the deepest confidence, the mother of God to give sight to the little suf-ferer. As she uttered the last words of

prayer the gentleman mentioned rose and left the church. The young mother folded her child to her bosom—alas! he was still blind—and together the pilgrims withdrew. As they issued forth from the sanctuary the tall gentleman, who, to the wondering couple, seemed to have something mysterious about his person, approached Rosa and

"I know by your prayer, which I overheard, that your child is blind. May I see him?"

The mother held the little fellow up to the stranger, who examined him carefully.

'Have you consulted any doctor?" "Yes, sir; but he to whom we have applied says he can do nothing for the child, so we have recourse to Our Lady

"And will she help you?" inquired the stranger, with a smile of incredul-

ity. "She has helped thousands before

"Your confidence is great indeed, madam; come with me to yonder hotel and I will examine the little one's eyes

more thoroughly."
"The Blessed Virgin has heard my

the Mother of God, but I never fail to

Minard's Liniment is used by Physi-

power to do so. I have been touched by your child-like confidence." Accompanied by the young couple he directed his steps to the village inn, too; and, after God, I thank you for where, in answer to the many offers of it. The Almighty has indeed wrought officious attendants, he asked a room a great miracle in answer to your for a quarter of an hour. The mother was in a state of feverish excitement. Had not Providence sent this man to cure her child? But he believed to the beautiful engraving the believed to the beautiful engraving the believed to the but as a remembrance of one of the blessed to the but as a remembrance of one of the blessed to the but as a remembrance of the blessed to the but as a remembrance of the but as a but neither in God nor in the Blessed the most important days of his life Virgin! She could not understand him. They were at once shown to a room. The stranger took the blind prayer.—Annals of the Sacred Heart. child in his arms and held him up to After a careful examinathe light. he turned to the parents and tion assured them that in a few weeks the

"The eyeball," he said, "is per-

rupted the stranger; "the operation I career. It is the most truthful and am about to perform is a delicate and graphic picture of the kind that has "No weakness now, madam," inter-

"No weakness now, maken," approached the stranger; "the operation I may about to perform is a delicate and very serious one. Take the little one on your knees and hold his head."

Rosa obeyed, though not without violent efforts to overcome her emotion. The stranger, a professor of one of the leading universities in Italy, an eminent oculist whom many had to thank for their sight, seized a sharp probe and ran it with wonderful quickness over the right and then over the left eye. Frantzel had difficulty in obeying the brief and rapid commands of the physician. At length the latter rose, aud, adressing the mother:

"Allow me to congratulate you, madam," he said; "the operation has been completely successful; your child of the stranger; the properties of the kind that has graphic picture of the kind that has been printed:

A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its grip;

A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its grip;

B for Beginner, who takes just a sip;
C for Companion who urges him on;
E for Endeavor he makes to resist;
F for the dunit that he afterward feels:
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
I his Intention to drink not at all.
K for his Kinewledge that he is a slave.

K for his Kinewledge that he sprip;
B for Endeavor he makes to resist;
F for the deavor he makes to resist;
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
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K for his Kinewledge that he is a slave.

K for his Kinewledge that he is a slave.

S tands for Yearing when the saids for Right who apparent the form the more than a stranger of the drowns in his glass;
F for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
S stands for Sights that his vision beding the price of the physician.

S tands for Prieds who to shouly insist;
F for the Demons of the his nature of the physician has price of the physician has pr

will soon see as well as we do Rosa would have thanked him if she could have found words, but her happiness was too great to allow her to speak. Frantzel seized the stranger's hand and kissed it repeatedly.

"I have come just in the right time. have I not?" said the latter, and after Purification, as required by giving a few directions as to the presun, ne withdrew, leaving Frantzel and Rosa happy and bewildered; for the had not even given them time to thank him. Later in the day, when Frantzel sought him out, he was told mother after child-birth. This ceremother was told to be a sun of the blessing of the Church on the mother after child-birth. This ceremother was told to be a sun of the blessing of the Church on the mother after child-birth. that the stranger had retired to his mony is not obligatory, but most laud-room and would not see anybody. A able. It dates back to the very be short time after he learned that the ginning of the Church, and is truly a mysterious personage had gone for a beautiful and Christian ceremony. trip to the Tyrolese Alps.

ness of the little home in the Tyrolese While the young mother sat by plucked at the sweet-smelling flowers

of their piety were everywhere een; the walls of the little sancwere literally covered with figures, tributes of gratitude to ady. When Frantzel and his tered the church it was almost d. Conspicuous among the few ll remained, a tall, finely-built limit in this particular engraving continuous. In this particular engraving continuous the latter of the church is were everywhere. This he wished to be churched, to receive this blessing; some through false modesty, others through carelessness or lack of piety. They who possess strong faith, siminately defined to the church of the churched, to receive this blessing; some through carelessness or lack of piety. They who possess strong faith, siminately defined to the churched, to receive this blessing; some through carelessness or lack of piety. They who possess strong faith, siminately defined to the churched, to receive this blessing; some through carelessness or lack of piety. They who possess strong faith, siminately defined to the churched, to receive this blessing; some through carelessness or lack of piety. They who possess strong faith, siminately defined to the churched, to receive this blessing; some through carelessness or lack of piety. They who possess strong faith, siminately defined to the churched, to receive this blessing; some through carelessness or lack of piety. They who possess strong faith, siminately defined to the churched, to receive this blessing; some through carelessness or lack of piety. deserted. Conspicuous among the few that still remained, a tall, finely-built him in this particular engraving con-

> then the little Tyrolese village, and, as it arms, stopped before the house of the wood engraver, a tall gentleman alighted. It was the professor whom we have last seen at the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Good Counsel.
"Well, my good friends," he exclaimed, on entering the house, and without appearing to notice the look of bewilderment on the young parents faces, "did not my words prove true?"
"Look, sir," cried the mother, seiz-

ing little Bua and holding him up to the stranger, "his eyes are as deep as yonder lake."

"How glad I am of it!" replied the professor. "But do you know what brought me from Italy to Tyrol again? I have just come to see you and express to you my warmest, my sincerest thanks." The young parents could not understand this. "I owe you more than you think," continued the professor. "It is true I have given to professor. "It is true I have given to your child the use of his eyes, but you, by your confidence in God, have given the light of faith, which is infinitely me the light of faith, which is infinitely On the Sunday which more precious. you went to the shrine of Our Lady, I, too, went there, but to while away a few weary hours. I had long lost the faith of my childhood, but when I heard

render a service when it is in my you pray, I felt, I must confess it, power to do so. I have been touched rather strange impressions. That was by your child like confidence." the first of a long chain of graces, and to-day I believe in God and in Mary

Alphabetical Stages of Alcoholism.

Dr. Cyrus Edson contributed a paper child would have the perfect use of his to the North American Review on question, "Is Drunkenness Curable?" and ended the article by reciting an fectly sound. A thin layer of skin alphabetic rhyme, describing all the stages of alchoism from the first nip to now shuts out every ray of light, but stages of alchoism from the first mp to a touch of the knife will cure the a drunkard's grave, which he learned hild."

The mother uttered a wild cry of ability and fine moral perceptions, who oy, then falling on her knees, "I was an incurable inchriate. The docjoy, then falling on her knees, "I was an incurable incommend stream thank Thee, Mother of God!" she tor says that his eyes would stream with tears as he recited the following with the with the following with the following with the following with t verses, describing his own case and

The Churching of Mothers.

The Blessed Virgin Mary went up to Jerusalem forty days after the birth of her Child, our Lord Jesus Christ, in order to comply with the ceremony of cautions to be taken before the child is celebrated on the Feast of the Puricould be taken into the light of the sun, he withdrew, leaving Frantzel Church has ordained a similar cere

it the mother makes her very first visit to our Lord in the Temple -she imi tates the Blessed Lady she goes up Two months had passed. No cloud to thank the Lord for His favor and over-shadowed now the joy and quietand the prayer of the Church, who implores the Lord that, though the in the open window, looking with a light tereession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, heart into the sunshine, little Bua and the merits of her Son Jesus, the romped boisterously about the room or mother of the child may obtain the plucked at the sweet-smelling flowers grace of God and be united even in the at her breast, for the child had been kingdom of Heaven. The mother has entirely cured. The marvel was known throughout the whole country; in educating her children, in moulding known throughout the whole country; it was told in deep valleys and on windbeaten peaks, and a thousand thanks character. On the mother particularly were returned to God by those honest and pious mountaineers. For some time Frantzel had been the child, and she should be anxious to busily engaged in carving on wood a representation of "The Last Scene," by Leonardo da Vinci. (By trade he was an engraver.) This he wished to dens of life. Many mothers neglect to

Never permit the system to become run down, as then it is almost impossible to withstand the ravages of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand at the head of all medicines as a blood builder and nerve tonic, correcting irregularities, restoring lost energies, and building up the system. Good for men and women, young and old. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price 50 cents by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Inflammation of the Eyes Cured.
Mr. Jacob D. Miller, Newbury, writes; "Marges and the property of the price of the price

Inflammation of the Eyes Curent.
Mr. Jacob D. Miller. Newbury, writes: "I as troubled with Inflammation of the Eyes, o that during nearly the whole of the sum-fisse I could not work; I took several ofties of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and it gives me great pleasure aform you that it cured me of my affliction, it is an excellent medicine for Costiveness." John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

of it since."

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trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

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2d. After soaking for this time, rub lightly on the washboard; the dirt will drop out.

3d. Then wash lightly through a luke-warm rinse water,

which will take out the suds. Next rinse through a blue water. (Use scarcely bluing. SURPRISE takes the place of bluing). Wring them; hang up to dry without boiling or

scalding or any more rubbing. The wash will come out sweet, clean, white. B-11-21-21-4

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