N. Y. Catholic Review. SHORT SERMONS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Preached in St Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y

HOLY WIEK, There is no doubt, dearly beloved, that every Catholic should spend the week of Christ's Passion in the quiet of devotion. Christ's Passion in the quiet of devotion. listen in cold coriosity while the inspired try which has few Christian holidays, to try which has few Christian holidays, to attend the solemn and beautiful ceremonated. Our hearts are moved towards tes in the churches. Many must go to the Christ, and we shall spend this week with store, and the office, and the workshop as But there is no hindrance berving the sorrowful week in the depths of the heart. We can follow our Lord in of the heart. We can follow our Lord in spirit through the scenes of each day from the glory of Palm Sanday to the silence and gloom of Hely Saturday. If we can open our hearts and minds to the full influence of those scenes, the eight of the world will not disturb us, and the close of the week will find us shedding pentient tears over the Saviour's tomb. To help the week will nad us shedding penitent tears over the Saviour's tomb. To help in producing this happy result of grace, recall to your minds how the great week came to be a Church institution.

As early as the third century we find mention of a more especial observance of the last week of Lent. St. John Chrysos tom, who lived in the fourth century, calle it "The Great Week," not because of a greater number of days, but because of the great mysteries commemorated. It was also called "The Painful Week," both on account of the sufferings of Christ which were then recalled, and also because of the fatigue consequent upon the celebration of these helv mysterles. The Germans still call it Charwocke, the week of sorrows. From the fact that on Maunday Thursday From the fact that on Maunity by the public sinners were reconciled to the public sinners were reconciled to the Courch this week was known as Week of Indulgence." But it is most commonly called The Holy Week on account of the holiness of the mysteries

In the early Church Holy Week was dis tinguished by the increased severity of the fast. St. Epiphanius tells us that some Christians observed a strict fast from Monday morning to the dawn of Easter. Many observed this severe fast for two, Many observed this severe fast for two, three and four days. The general practice was to fast from all food from Maunday Thursday to Easter morning. During these days the faithful passed night vigils in the churches. St. J. hn Chrysostom tell us that on Maunday Thursday after the commemoration of the Last Supper they remained a long time in prayer. The entire Friday night was spent in prayer in honor of the Barlel of our Lord. Saturday night the faithful remained in church day night the faithful remained in church assisting at the final preparation of the Catechumens, at their Baptism, and then

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at the Holy Sacrifise.
The Holy Week was distinguished like-The Holy Week was distinguished like-wise by an entire descation from service labor—an obligation imposed by the civil as well as the ecclesiastical law. The people, weakened by the long and ardnous Lenten fast, needed all their remaining strength for the celebrations of the Divine Offices and for manyer in commenceation Offices and for prayer in commemoration of the sufferings of Christ. By an imperial decree, all law business and all pleadings were forbidden during the seven days pre ceding and the seven days following Easter. The only exception made was for the legal process necessary in emancipating slaves. The Church obliged Christian maeters to give their entire rest from labor

during this fortnight.

In remembrance of the goodness of God in pardoning the sins of the world Christian princes during Holy Week released all prisoners except those who would be an prisoners except those who would be dangerous to the community. St. Leo., commenting on this practice, exhorts Christian people to emulate this elemency of their rulers and to forgive one author their private wrongs. We learn from the life of Charlemagne that Bishops had the right to exact of indees, for the love of right to exact of judges, for the love of Jesus Carist, the release of prisoners. If their demand were refused they could deny admission to the church to the one refusing. As late as the past century the Parliament of Parls on Tuesday of Holy Parliament of Paris on Interactions and discharge all prisoners whose case seemed favorable or who were not guitty of some From the pervading thought of the justice and mercy of God during this holy season, these days were called the Reign of Ohrist. Finally people during this Holy Week increased their almegiving and other works of mercy.

In the ceremonies of the Holy Week the Church keeps in view three objects: the Passion of her Lord, the final preparation of converts for Baptism, and the reconcil of converts for Baptism, and the reconciliation of public sinners. Hence throughout the entire liturgy of this season we find the expression of the grief of the Courch at the death of her Spouse. Everywhere are most touching allusions to the Passion. The Glory be to our Father is huched on Passion Sunday: the vestments are expressive of her mourning save when on Maunday Thursday for a little while she allows white to by used to express her joy that her Lord has left her a press her joy that her Lord has left her a memorial of Himself in the Blessed Sacrament. The crucifixes are veiled, to signify the humiliation experienced by our Saviour when forced to hide from the Jews, to escape untimely death. The images of saints are likewise covered, because they should not be seen when the glory of the Master is collipsed. The resources of art are exhausted in presenting a dramatic representation of the Lord's Passion dur. representation of the Lord's Passion dur-ing the week: for this her impressive cathedrals were built with broad alsles and

of the heart amid scenes that would give life to stones? Alse! how many there are for whom Hoty Week will be less than a name! Or who will simply stare and listen in cold coriosity while the inspired Him, let the world act as it will. For us He suffered and died, we can at least attend Him until the last. Happy privilege accorded to the saints, and to all tathful souls that they can share and soothe the sufferings which the Lord en

THEIR PATRON SAINT.

MR. JOHN L. CARLETON'S LECTURE ON ST. PATRICK. AN ELOQUENT AND INSTRUCTIVE EFFORT ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE IRISH PEOPLE — THE MEN WHO HAVE FOUGHT FOR IRISH LIBERTY AND FREEDOM
-THEIR NAMES REMEMBERED.

St. John, N B., Progress, March 21. As the triple-leafed shamrock was in the hands of St. Patrick emblematic of the great mystery of the Trinity, so in our hands to-day is it a symbol of the unity and indestructivility of Hibernian faith, Celtic character and Irish nationalty.

The miscionary who crosses the frontier of an unknown land, carrying with him the story of the humble Navyone has

the story of the humble Nazarene, has almost always to convert from barbarism, se well as paganism, the people whose customs and gods he has the hardinood to attack. Not so with St Patrick. He attack. Not so with St Pairick. As came among a race whose torgue he spoke, whose history out dated that of any northern nation of Europe, whose laws rivaled Justinian's code and whose armies had impeded and defied the onward merch of the Roman eagle. The pupil of St. Germain it his paschal fire on the bill of Sians and it o'er shalowed the featival fire of Tara. The hand of the aged druid the of Tara.

will never be quenched in Erin," cried the erch priest as nis eye caught the reflection from the distant hill top. The words
were prophetic. It was not put out; it
burned and it continues to burn.
When the face of civilization turned to-

which the face of civil-ration times of which the West and hailed our mother-land as the island of saints and scholars it spread its effolgent rays over a contin-ent, disseminating truth amid the sauws of the Alps and the vines of Spain, lighting the lamp of faith by Hekla's burning untain, and making the sanctity of

Liedisfarne the glory of Iona.

When the dark ages of adversity came and early magnificence fied before Oppresroofed cabin, in mountain caverns and inaccessable glens. The fulness of its ritual had departed, but all its potency was still

When the finger of Liberty touched the vinen the mager of interty touched the dial of Time it sprang from its thousand secret recesses burning as fiercely and as intensely as in the days of yore. Age had not dimmed it, and the damp of a hiding like the damp of a hiding place had not robbed it of its pristing vigor. To-day it burns wherever the wandering Celt has found a home; blackrobed friars, surpliced priests, mitred abbots, purpled prelates and cardinal princes whose names proclaim their origis; humble country churches and magnificent Gothic plies raised by the labor and devotion of the native at home and the extle abroad—all attest to its splendor and in-

a character it is! The imagination of a poet and the torque of an orator dwell-ing in the cabin of a peasant; hospitality demanding and receiving aims of a beggar; tenderness blended with severity; timid-ity toying with fierceness; the lamb of religion playing with the lion of courage; religion playing with the lion of courage; love smoothing with the wrinkles of pas-

"Lead him to fight for native land, His is no courses cold and wary; The troops live not on earth would stand The headlong charge of Tipperary!

"Yat meet him in his cabin rude, Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary, You'd swear they knew no other mood But mirth and love in Tipperary!"

Atheism, skepticism, and agnosticism child!' trying to keep him back with tears and entreaties. On, my friends when I witnessed that I thought of the old

"For although they love women and golden Sir Kuight, they love honor and virtue more."

Ages of serrow and affliction have told on a werm and sunny nature, and produced an incongruity—a man from whom mirth flashes like sparks from highly tempered steel; who wears a sad face all tae while he bubbles over with humer; whose while he bubbles over with humer; whose wit, like a gem from the Orient, scintil lates all the more because it has the sombre setting of a tear drop.

Quick to perceive, ready to act, generous in the extreme. True, he has his faults; like the rest of humanity he is human. The suclight is never strong

human. The sunlight is never strong enough to disperse all shadows, and the genius and character of the Irish people have the reflection of earth as well as the light of heaven. His imperfections are aimost always the excess of his virtues, his follies the necessary outcome of his eccial position, and his sins directly trace able to the Government which issued against him an edict of outlawry, deprived him of education by an Act of Parliament, and laid sacrillegious hands on everthing he held degrees and most sacred. Warm, passionate, during and reckless, we can human. The sunlight is never strong passionate, daring and reckless, we can but wonder that his faults are so few and his virtues so many. But give him edu-cation and freedom and he will shed lustre on the one and protect the other. Dillon, Clare and Sarsfield, outcasts in the land of their nativity, became in the land of the stranger the heroes of Landen, Cremona and Fontency. An Irish rebel became in Canadian political life the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In the land of the South-D'Arcy McGee. In the land of the South-ern Cross a suspect of '48 is to-day Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. A political felon elevated English press to the standard of Macaulay in the person of John Mitchell. The seditious young Irelander who once passionately declaimed: "I am not one of those tame moralists who say that liberty is not worth one drop of blood. Against this miserable maxim Against this miserable maxim the noblest virtues that have paved and sanctified humanity appear in judgment. From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis; from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory; from the cathedral in which the sword of Poland has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusco; from the convent of St. Isadore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has mouldered into dust; from the sands of the desert where the wild genius sands of the decert where the win gentus of the Algerine so long has stated the eagle of the Pyreaces; from the dacal palace in this kingdom where the memory of the gallant and seditions. Geraldine onof the galant and sections of the splen-dor of his race; from the solitary grave within this mute city which a dying bequest has left without an epitaph—oh! trom every spot where heroism has had a sacrifice of a triumph, a voice breake in upon the cringing crowd that cherish this maxim, crying, Away with it! away with it!" This eloquent invoker of liberty, I say, afterwards used the awayd to carre quest has left without an epitaphsay, afterwards used the sword to carve the name of Thomas Francis Meagher on

> the better because the convict John Boyle O Reilly lived and wrote.
>
> These are but a few flowers from an These are but a few flowers from an over-laden garden. Oh! if those who charge the Irish people with being ignor ant, peace-disturbing dreamers, would only stop to inquire the cause the words would freeze upon their lips.
>
> As the Irishman's religion is interwoven with his character so is his nationality largely the outcome of both. The killing

with his character so is his nationality largely the outcome of both. The killing of the one was made a pretext for the stealing of the other, and he guarded both with his property, his liberty and his life

Uanble to read, he learned the history of the past from the voice of tradition tion of the native at home and the exite abroad—all attest to its splendor and indestructibility.

In it we find the underlying principle of Celtic character: a love, reverence and veneration for all things holy. And what a character it is! The imagination of the past from the voice of tradition.

What we frequently call fame is a sort of obstinate exotic—a plant that thrives and dies crept over him visions of Scotia, Dathi, and desolation, but withers and dies it must seek other channels to escape the blue visions of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back all three could be a character in the limit back all three character is a love, reverence and dies to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back all three character is a love, reverence and dies to the days of Red Hugh's silken limit back all three character is a love in the days of Red Hug him back to the days of Red Hugh's silken banner and Dungannon's trumpet blast; the waters of the Shannon whispered to him as they passed of a "treaty broken ere the lok wherewith 'twas writ could dry;" around the firesides of Athione he heard how Custume emulated Horatica and held the bridge; the midnight add of and held the bridge; the midnight ride of Patrick Sarsfield was more than a cherished memory in the cabins of Clare; the ruin of Dumbarton stood a monument to the giant O Sallivan Beare; not a moun tain, not a field, not, a piece of masonry, not a river, not a graveyard that did not tell him the story the historian dated not write. It burnt itself into his very soul, and nationality took a deeper and firmer root in his effections. It became to him, to borrow from a gifted orator, "what the Athelsm, skepticism, and agnosticism have no place in his creed because they are antagonistic to his simple and confiding nature. Religion is the mainspring of his everythought, action and sontiment. The late Father Tom Burke well illustrated it when he said: "It is the peculiarity of life have and give it cheerfully. I have seen in other kinds young men asking to be in other kinds young men asking to be admitted to the priesthood, and their fath ers and mothers saying, 'How can we give him up?' 'How can we sacrifice our child!' trying to keep him back with tears and entreatles. On, my friends when I and the forman has never entered that it thought of the old worken of Galway who had no one but work of God protects. He has been and rother the face of his has affections. It became to him, too the his effections. It has a the star that shone over Bethlehem was to the eastern kings; what the vight of the holy scripture was to the dying eyes of the Crusader fainting in the parched Syrian desert.' No wonder he parched Syrian desert.' No wonder he necessarily been conquered. There is no actual sub mission without a surrender of the will, and the forman has never entered that citedle of the Irish heart which the outwork of God protects. He has been and crue in the face of heaven and exclsimed: "We never were and and the forman has never were and three the course of the wind the star that shone over Bethlehem was to the eastern kings; what the volyen of the body geyes of the Crusader fainting in the dying eyes of the Crusader fainting in the parched Syrian desert.' No wonder he parched Syrian desert.' No wonder he work will be slaves!" And he has never will be slaves!" And he has never the dying eyes of the Crusader fainting in the dying eyes of the Crusader fainting in the parched Syrian desert.' No wonder he parched Syrian desert.' No wonder he work will be slaves!" And he has never will be slaves!" And he has never will be slaves!" And he has never the vide dying eyes of the Crusader fainting in the dying eyes of th

and the foeman has never entered that it may be contracted the protection of always who had no one but witnessed that I thought of the old memere sancturies; at her siterare magnificent groupings of ministers diad in the though sombre verements, as though devised with the skill of a sculptor and as fine somes of coloring of a master palate; the music throughout is solemn, impressive, harmonious; in the chanting the Passive, dramatic; plaintive in the Lamensive, harmonious; in the chanting the Passive, dramatic; plaintive in the Lamensive, harmonious; in the Miserer; sad and awe inactifing in the Miserer; sad and awe inactifing in the Miserer; sad and awe inactifing in the Processional hymns, in the Kzellet and the entire Mass of Eisster.

These eplendid expressions of joy and sorrow, we must not forget, are the crise of great human hearts inspired by the spirit of God. The salates and the properties human in the sorrow, we must not forget, are the crise of great human hearts inspired by the spirit of God. The salates and the properties human sorrow, we must not forget, are the crise of great human hearts inspired by the spirit of God. The salates and the properties human is more and procession of joy and before the mountain palame; for their hearts were so filled with God's love, their mountail or exultant pasium; for their hearts were so filled with God's love, their mountail or exultant pasium; for their hearts were so filled with God's love, their minds so illumined by His light, that they

mothers last August two hundred years have not been less loyal to the national idea. The Protestant volunteers of 1782

language the feelings which mastered them. We also are the children of the splitt, and shall we have no voice during this time to speak of Christ, our Lord? Are we to be unmoved by a single feeling of the heart amid scenes that would give Green Isla. have not been, and I claim permission to digress sufficiently to pay a just tribute to the sturdy manhood and patriotic inde-pendence of Protestant Ireland. Despicable ingrates indeed would be our people if they could for one moment forget the disinterested, whole souled, noble deeds of Molyneaux, Gratten, Shears, t, Wolf Tone, Davis, Smith, Swift, Molvnes Emmett, Wolf O Brien, and the thousand others who saurificed position, wealth, and often life, in the cause of the weeping Niobe of

In the cause of the depth Nations. Moore enquires:

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of humanity, if our creeds agree?"

Not a bit of it. Gratten apostroph'zad the regenerated Ireland and exclaimed, "Esto Perpetua!" I borrow the expression, as to night I revive the memories of these brave men, and say of them : " Live, live

Where Gratten left off O'Connell comwhere Gratten lett of Cosmela came menced, and the Home Rule movement of our day is but the reflection of seven centuries struggle. Nothing has ever destroyed it, and nothing can; no, not even the misfortune of a break in the battle-line, of dissension in the parisament ary army. Some who do not understand the sentiment, and therefore cannot appreciate it, look with joy upon every re pulse; mayhap, applaud the action of a trattor, encourage obstacles, and cheer what they take to be the end. The end! oh, no. the end is not yet, and will not be until Justice lifts the scale in the presence of Truth. Irish nationality, that has with stood bitterness, prejudice and persecution. survived the penal code, risen with new life from every battle field, defied coercion and quietly laughed at adverse legislation, cannot be strangled because one man ha sinned and refuses to bow to the verdict sinned and refuses to bow to the vertice of public sentiment. You may dam a stream and after its course, but it will still move on, gathering volume and strength, until it finds its natural resting-place in the bosom of the sea. Thus it is with I dish nationality of carry languagement and obtacks may ality: every impediment and obstacle may delay it, but it will also give it greater depth, breadth and power, and, thus aug depth, breadth and power, and, thus adjuncted, it moves on to the destined goal of liberty. It is as indestructible as the faith and the character of the people who cheriah it. The Irish often bitterly and justly complain of all they have endured and suffered at the hands of the English and suffered at the hands of the Eoglish people, but it must sometimes impress itself upon them that as the will of God allowed it that His designs might be accomplished, so also has He guided it, and, by chastening, preserved them for greater things. Who, can see that Ireland in by chastening, preserved them for greater things. Who can say that Ireland in prosperity would have remained as true to the teachings of St. Patrick, to herself, and to her nationality, as Ireland in ad-

wersary? Tyranny, either real or fancied, is pregnant with great deeds; it is the fruitful mother of sublime thoughts and noble actions. It fortifies the Russian serf and consoles the Siberian exile; with out it the heroes of Greece, of Rome and of Carthage would have no favor. It gave France a Napoleon, St. Domingo a Poussaint, Switzerland a Tell, Scotland a Wallace and a Bruce, and Eogland a Oromwell Urjust taxation bred the gun American battlefields. Suffering and dis-couraged humanity caught a glimpse of shots of Lexington and Concord, delivered the ride of Paul Revere, nursed the eleheaven between the clouds, and man was quence of Patrick Henry, and immortal-

ized the military genius of Washington. It was the slave-holder of the South that raised a Sumaer, a Phillips and a Lincoln. Without tyrancy Ireland would never have had a Dwyer or a Rory Oge, a Clon tibret, a Yellow Ford, an Athlone, or a Wexford in '98. It was it that gave inspiration to the bardic fingers of Man gan, Calnan, Ferguson, Davis, McCarthy and Soillvan. Without it the emigrant of our day could not protest:

"No treason we bring from Erin,
Nor bring we shame or guit;
The sword we hold may be broken.
But we have not dropped the hith.
Weat we frequently call fame is a sort staves lost their charm when Freedom struck the sackles. Wipe the tears from Eriu's eye and the heroic will become a memory, the romantic only a strongly colored picture by an old master, the mothers coaine and the banshee's wall but a dim retrosuped, and the places orates. a dim retrospect, and the singer, orator and warrior, the necessary adjuncts and ornaments and not the pillars and founda-

tions of a nation.

To deprive the Idehman of his nationality his religion was persecuted, and he teneciously clung to it as his only conso-lation here and his only hope for the hereafter. With the same of jet he was robbed of his native tongue, and the language of the conqueror put in his mouth, but he stubbornly refused to be Auglicised; they peopled the Pale with Norman followers and he made them more Idsh than he was bimself—kept the sword of the Garaldine, from Silken Thomas to Lord Edward, four long centuries, waving teneclously clung to it as his only consoof the Geraldine, from Silken Thomas to Lord Edward, four long centuries, waving over the head of the Sixon; they drove him across the Shannon and settled his best land with their soldiery, and the Tipperary of to-day, that they fear and hate, is the Tipperary of Cromwellian soldiers; they expatriated her people, and behold:
My strength that was dead, like a forest is

globe, to sing her songs, sound her praise, and perpetuate her came; to hall her as the suffering pontiff of nations crowned with a tiara of glory, of affliction and of hope; to pray for the speedy approach of that hour when Brittin will admit the instead for claim and results a wrong. when the cross of St. George will blend with the sunburst of the Mileslan, and the brother and stater of kingdoms stand unbrother and sister of kingdoms stand un-equaled and unrivalled in the pursuit of industry, commerce, literature, art and happiness, when Eriu will be, in truth and in reality, all that I wish her. "Great, glorious and free; First isle of the ocean, first gem of the sea."

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