

earlier comer by the door, spread themselves out into a circle girding the Red Tower.

The ancient building was completely enveloped.

The figure standing by the door shifted the weapon he held from his right hand to his left, and, advancing, grasped the rusty knocker, and knocked loudly.

The clanging echoes died away into silence without awakening any signs of life in the Red Tower.

There was a moment's pause. Then the man knocked again yet more noisily, and called out in a loud, clear voice "Open, in the name of the law."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Deserving Poor."

Dives and I on crowded street
An aged beggar came to meet;
Dives passed by with a frown,
And said to argue conscience down:
I treat all such with rule unwavering,
How can one know when they're deserving?"

"You're right," I cried, with nodding head
I'll tell you Dives for my bread;
But since the mind is heaven-born,
And earthly fetters hold in scorn,
I thought, "That wretch and many more
Starve through those words, 'Deserving poor.'"

And then, because I haply knew
How Dives rich and richer grew,
I entered in thought, "Such careful aims,
Such nice, discriminating qualms,
Should be observed in rule unwavering,
But by the rich who are deserving."
—George Horton.

The Girl of the Passing Year.

Have you given glory to God, in word, in deed and in look? Have you made life about you so joyful that peace and good-will have come down and shed fragrance over all? Has the hasty word, the angry look, the petulant reply been counted as of nothing? How much good-will have you shown to the erring brother or sister? How much and how often have you put out a helping hand and the word that should go with it, the word that says "Be of good cheer, you are among us and we are with you, the little child born so many years ago makes no distinction between the sinners and those who are not, and He came into this world not to save those who had already made a place for themselves, but to show to the sinner the way to joy and happiness, and to make life better and easier for him." "But," say you, "you question so much why life is made easy for the one who does wrong?" My friend, until you make virtue as attractive as vice you will never lead a sinner in a right way. There will never be sweet, pure, honest good-will until we have fewer Pharisees and more Samaritans. It's a little bit of a sermon this, on Christmas day from me to you; but it comes in with the old, old text, that the bells are chiming out, the hearts are beating forth, that the holly berries whisper out and that all over the earth makes the mother hold the baby closer to her to hear at once the words sung by the angels so many years ago, listened to by saint and sinner alike to-day, those same dear old words that mean joy is with us as the words go out.

Glory to God on high and on earth peace, good-will to men.

Pat's Request.

In days when flogging was in vogue as a punishment in the Navy, a Scotchman and an Irishman on the arrival of their ship in harbor obtained leave to go ashore for a couple of days, and having indulged in a drop too much they overstayed the period of leave granted them. When they did put in an appearance they were ordered fifty lashes each. On the day of the punishment a parade was ordered to witness the infliction of the flogging. When all was ready, the Scotchman asked, as a favor, to be allowed a piece of canvas on his back while he received his flogging. The captain granted his request, and turning to the Irishman, asked him if he required anything on his back, while he was being flogged, to which he replied: "If ye please, yer honor, I'd like to have the Scotchman on my back if ye wouldn't mind."

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac for this year, just out.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil.
This great internal and external remedy always cures all pain. It is a specific for cramp, and promptly cures coughs, colds, sore throat, sprains, bruises, rheumatism, cuts, wounds, etc. Good for man or beast. Stands all tests. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents. Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Hagyard's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Cutloden Coughs.
GENTLEMEN.—In 1888 I was severely afflicted with gravel of the kidneys from which I suffered great pain. I was recommended to take Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, finding great relief, and after taking a bottle can truly say I am cured and have not since been troubled. I highly recommend it.

PETER WEST, Cutloden P. O., Ont.

A Prompt Result.

DEAR SIRS.—Two years ago I was very ill with jaundice and tried many medicines which did me no good until I was advised to try B. B. B. when, after using half a bottle, I was effectually cured.

CHARLOTTE MORTON, Elphinstone, Man.

Coming Events.
Coming consumption is foreshadowed by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which never fails to cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords great relief.

Six Year's Suffering.
DEAR SIRS.—I was troubled for six years with erysipelas, and two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters entirely cured me. I keep B. B. B. constantly in the house and think it an effectual cure for all diseases caused by bad blood.

MRS. M. DOWSETT, Portland, Ont.

MRS. WARD'S HUMILIATION.

I will relate Mrs. Ward's story of her first humiliation. She told it in a circle of young Catholic mothers who were conversing together respecting the discipline required to train children in Catholic habits. "It is the story of my own humiliation and discomfiture that I will expose," said Mrs. Ward as she began. "I was just fourteen when my parents, influenced by our family physician, determined to send me into the country to spend my summer vacation at Uncle Tobin's. This uncle had been my mother's favorite brother until he turned farmer by marrying the widow of a land owner, who chose to remain on her own estate. This sufficed to convince my parents that she was an unrefined, ignorant country woman, and that uncle, who had been unfortunate in business, had made a fool of himself in order to repair his losses. All intimacy ceased; uncle would not venture to bring his wife to our house and would not come without her. He often, however, invited us to visit his family, and sent us as presents the choicest products of his farm. Gifts of equal or greater value were scrupulously returned, and there the intercourse ended until real anxiety for my health induced the proposed visit.

At that budding age, as was natural, I had a head full of city notions and manners full of city airs. I thought country people little above the Hottentots.

It was on a Wednesday that my father placed me on the cars to make the journey, and I was received by Mr. Tobin and Alice, who was near my own age. Determined not to be pleased, I was still surprised on reaching the carriage to see such fine horses and elegant turnout, but Alice was very unlike my city companions, and persuaded of my own superiority, I thought this an occasion for exhibiting my city manners and that in strict justice my visit should be recognized as a real condescension.

Aunt Tobin came to the carriage to welcome me and with great cordiality led me into the house and from the first made me feel that home feeling which is so essential to happiness, neither keeping me at a distance by reserve and neglect in offering such small attentions as all strangers, however nearly related, require to place them at their ease, nor petting me with affected and extravagant kindness. My manners must have been very disagreeable, but no apparent notice was taken of them. By Sunday, then, I was thoroughly a part of the household, moving about complacently like the little princess I believed myself. The church, which had been erected and furnished principally by Aunt Tobin's exertions, was a mile and a half distant and the weather was so sultry that on rising I concluded no one would venture out—I had yet to learn the Catholic heart of the presiding angel of this farm house. Aunt, at the breakfast table, remarked to uncle that she thought all walk to church by starting early and walking leisurely and save the trouble of harnessing the horses to stand so long in the sun. Uncle appealed to me and I was willing to walk if I had to go; so we were all sent to prepare ourselves and come to the sitting room. I was the last at the rendezvous and aunt was speaking about the offering at Mass. Every child held an open purse in its hand when I entered, but aunt smiled and praised my taste and neatness in the arrangement of my attire and when I was seated she went on calling the name of each child and asked what amount was set apart—she wished the offering to be given willingly and not at her dictation. Finally she turned to me and asked, "Adelaide, and what will you offer?" I blushed crimson, for never in my life had I given a penny in church. I had no money and no purse. Mama had told me there would be no possible use for money in the country. Tears of shame flowed with my blushes; my city manners did not fit well in this place. I could do nothing but cry. Then my aunt petted me as she had not done before and sweetly comforted me, and I loved her ever afterwards. She said that my not carrying a purse was all right, that my father contributed for the family instead of our making separate offerings, but that she wished all her children to form the habit and never forget the strict duty of supporting the Church. What they offered they had earned. The gift represented a personal sacrifice.

The eldest, Alice, crocheted articles of use in the house that aunt purchased; the youngest kept a certain garden plot free of weeds. Sometimes she paid for diligent study or specially good behavior. "Think," aunt said, "how Jesus Christ died in agony on the cross in order to establish the Church for the benefit of the whole world and can we be so thoughtless as not to contribute towards its support; besides the offering at the Mass makes the one who offers a share in a special way in its benefits. So, Adelaide, she continued, while you are with us if you want to do as Alice and the rest do, you too shall earn your money. We made a bargain; I was to do some fancy work for the altar, she would furnish material and give a fair price for the work and, in advance, she gave me fifteen cents, as Alice had signified her intention of offering a dime at Mass and five cents at Vespers, adding that I should do as I wished about giving the whole. But I did wish and was never so happy as when I received the loan and resolved to be diligent at my work and carry a purse of my own. Alice, with a delicacy of refinement admirable in city or country, took fifteen cents from the contents of her purse and tied it in the corner of her handkerchief and re-

quested me, as I was a stranger, to use the purse. I accepted without a thank you, but my heart from the instant was cemented to hers in a friendship that has been life-long. Working for the altar, love of the altar, sprang into life and bound my heart to it, and, as a consequence, to all that pertains to the Church. And since I am a mother I initiate my country aunt—when a child is five years old it goes to Mass regularly and I find some way by which it shall earn a few pennies each week if I have to pay it for sitting quietly a prescribed length of time which will surely cultivate a habit of self-control, and it is easy to influence a child so young to give willingly a proper portion of the mite thus obtained until a lasting habit has been formed."—Elizabeth A. Adams.

MOZART.

A Devoted Son of Holy Church.

Mozart was noted for his devotion to religion. In that interesting work, "Music and Morals," by the Rev. R. H. Haweis, the author remarks: "Mozart, born in 1756 at Salzburg, was a man of the most singularly well-balanced character. His natural disposition seemed all good, his affectional instincts all healthy, and his religious life earnest and practical." The following passage out of one of his letters to his father in 1782 will give a better idea of the man's rare simplicity and feeling than pages of eulogy: "Previous to our marriage we had for some time past attended Mass together, as well as went to confession and Holy Communion together, and I found that I never prayed so fervently nor confessed so piously as by her side, and she felt the same. In short, we were made for each other, and God, who orders all things, will not forsake us." Farther on the author says: "Contrasted with these lighter moods, it is striking to observe a deep undertone of seriousness, as when he assures his father of his regularity at confession, and exclaims: 'I always have God before my eyes. Friends that have no religion cannot long be my friends. I have such a sense of religion that I shall never do anything that I would not do before the whole world.' We recognize the loving, unspoil heart of the boy Mozart in his words. 'Next to God comes papa.' The greater number of his Masses were written before his twenty-third year. Mozart died at Vienna, in the year 1791. There is something very touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sang—the 'Requiem.' He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his 'Cyprian strain,' he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footstep of his daughter-awoke him. 'Come hither,' said he, 'my Emile, My task is done—the 'Requiem'—my 'Requiem' is finished.' 'Say not so, dear father,' said the gentle girl, interrupting him, with tears in her eyes; 'you must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow on it. I am sure we shall nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing.' 'Do not deceive yourself, my love,' said the dying father, 'this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone do I look for help in this, my dying hour. You spoke of refreshments, my Emile—take these my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight.' Emile obeyed. As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then, turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still and passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit left—with the seal of death upon those features.

A Grand Old Catholic.

Sir Edward Kenny, in whose veins, there never coursed a drop of bigoted blood, and who died quite recently at Halifax, N. S., left a will in which these items appear: To Mother Kenny of the Sacred Heart Convent at Marysville, St. Louis, \$2,000, and to his three sons, who are priests—one a Benedictine and another a Jesuit—\$8,000 each. The remainder of his large fortune was divided among his children and charitable institutions. His son, Thomas C. Kenny, is a member of the Canadian parliament. Mother Kenny has two sisters, one the wife of Admiral Fane of the British Navy, and the other the wife of the governor of Nova Scotia. What a proud record!

ARE YOU DEAF?
Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which costs comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address PROF. G. CHASE, Box 235, Orillia, Ont. C9-3v

Good Deeds Done.

The good deeds done by that unequalled family liniment, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, during the thirty years it has been held in ever-increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot here enumerate all its good qualities, but that it can be relied on as a cure for cramp, coughs, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

D. Sullivan, Malcom, Ontario, writes: "I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure."

Milard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

THE BELLS.

How Edgar Allan Poe's Famous Poem Came to be Written.

Raphael S. Payne has told how Poe wrote "The Bells," that wonderfully melodious production that is attempted by more readers than should dare it. Mr. Payne says:

It was in the winter of 1849 that a young lawyer who had recently been admitted to the bar in Baltimore, was sitting late one evening before his cheerful fire in his office indulging in a reverie, when he was suddenly aroused from dreamland by a loud knock at his front door. The lawyer arose and went to the door. As he opened it and looked out he observed a gentleman wildly gesticulating, who appeared to be talking to himself.

"Did you knock?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, in a pleasant tone, "and I trust you will pardon me for disturbing you at so late an hour. I should not have done so had not some thoughts come to me as I was passing along which I very much desired to put upon paper. Seeing your light, I ventured to obtain permission to enter your office, where I might, through your kindness, be allowed some paper on which to jot them together."

"Certainly," you are quite at liberty to walk in and make yourself at home," said the lawyer.

The stranger followed, and the lawyer, placing some writing material at his disposal, at the same time offering him a seat at the table, remarked that, if he would not deem it impolite, he would retire to his private apartment for the night, since, being a bachelor, he kept bachelor's quarters adjoining.

"But you are very welcome to remain as long as you want to," added the lawyer, and bade him good night.

Early next morning the lawyer awoke and his first thought being of the stranger he hastily dressed himself and opened the door which led to his office. There, to his great astonishment, he beheld his guest of the previous night still sitting where he had left him hours before, his head resting on the table and he fast asleep. But the slight noise awakened the stranger, who, quickly rising, apologized most profusely for remaining so long, remarking that being exceedingly fatigued the night before he had unintentionally fallen asleep. His friend would pardon him, perhaps, and extending his hand toward the lawyer, returned to go. "But you have neglected to take your manuscript," said the lawyer, stepping forward to the table and taking up several sheets of paper covered with the most beautiful chirography.

"O, no, sir," replied the stranger, smiling. "I have left that for you in token of your great kindness to me. I have a copy of what I have written. Good morning."

The lawyer examined the manuscript and found it to be a lyric of captivating beauty entitled simply, "The Bells." But his surprise was deepened when at the end of the singular poem he read the author's name, Edgar Allan Poe.

The poets sing, in dainty rhymes,
Of summer days and sunny climes,
Of beauteous maidens, passing fair,
With witching eyes and waving hair,
Till, near the end, you rest to see—
"The hush and dead" for P. F. E."

that is, Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the infallible and guaranteed remedy for all kinds of female weakness, which cures the ailments of feeble, "run-down" and debilitated woman, and restores them to youthfulness and beauty once more. The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but \$1.00 a bottle, and money refunded in every case if it doesn't give satisfaction. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

Mr. Parryett Boland, Ottawa, says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I have been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Extremities is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.



INFANTILE SKIN SCAPE
CURES
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EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND Scalp of infancy and childhood, whether scurvy, itching, itching, burning, scaly, crusty, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every variety of the scalp, whether simple, scurvy, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA. It is the best remedy for the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humors remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children from every kind of mental and physical suffering. 50¢ a box. Price, Cuticura, 75¢; Soap, 25¢; Resolvent, 25¢. Prepared by F. O. Scott & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Scot for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Get Baby's skin and scalp purified and "CUTICURA" beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. 50¢.

Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-RAIS PLASTER. 50¢.

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Catarrh

Is a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this leathome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggis, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emancipated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was almost discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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ADDRESSES, MONTREAL

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NO MORE GRAY HAIR.

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Why allow your gray hair to make you look prematurely old, when by judicious use of ROBSON'S RESTORER you may easily restore the primitive colour of your hair and banish untimely signs of old age?

Not only does ROBSON'S RESTORER restore the original colour of the hair, but it further possesses the invaluable property of softening it, giving it an incomparable lustre, promoting its growth, at the same time preventing its falling out and preserving its vitality, qualities which are not to be found in ordinary hair dyes.

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BAKING POWDER

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FINEST BELL METAL, COPPER AND TIN
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