

"How Did She Burn Her Face"

That Was What People Asked About Our Daughter

Dreadful Itching, Burning Eruptions Cured

Smooth, Soft, White Skin Now.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Gentlemen: Our little daughter is now four years old. When she was about three months old, she had eruptions on her face which were very disagreeable, and itched so much, especially at night, that it made her trouble a great deal worse.

Would Be Covered with Blood.

We had a great many doctors to see her, but they did not help her in the least. It was a terrible task to care for her. When we took her away from home, people would ask, 'How did that child burn her face?' She was completely covered with scabs for a long time. She suffered everything. At last we concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I had great faith in it, and after awhile we could see that she was getting better.

Smooth and White and Soft

as that of any child. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be the best family medicine that can be obtained. I take it myself for headache and that tired feeling, and I have found nothing to equal it. One peculiarity about Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it is pleasant to take and it is no trouble to induce children to take it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best - in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

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Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses.

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ONT.-The studies embrace the Classics and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to Rev. D. O'SHEA, S. J., S. B.

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LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

ALCOHOLISM - THE LIQUOR HABIT.

A new home treatment known as the "Dyke Cure" by which every victim of the liquor habit can be permanently cured of all craving for intoxicants.

In from three to five days all craving for stimulants is removed, and at the end of twenty-one days treatment the patient is restored to the condition he was in before he acquired the habit.

This is a purely vegetable medicine taken by the mouth and can be taken without the knowledge of any other person. No injections. No minerals. No bad after effects, and no loss of time from business duties. Correspondence strictly confidential. Copies of testimonials from patients cured in many parts of Canada, by permission, sent on application. Cure guaranteed in every instance where the remedy is taken as directed. Fee for treatment, \$25 in advance, which may be remitted to the proprietor of the DETHLEFSEN METHOD in London, Ont., or sent direct to Dr. A. McTAGGART, 533 Queen's Avenue, London, Ontario.

If we can speak from personal knowledge of the good work done in this city by the Dyke Cure for Intemperance, and the consulting physician, Dr. A. McTaggart, guarantees that he will do all that is claimed for it. In proof of this, he is willing that we become the custodians of each fee paid, until the end of the treatment, when, in the event of its failure to cure, we are authorized to return the same to the party who sent it.

Many cases in this city have been cured August last, and only such families can truly appreciate the great happiness they now enjoy. - Thos. Coffey.

Publisher CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE SIGNING OF THE CONTRACT.

ANNA T. SAILLIER, IN THE AVE MARIE.

Mathurin at the saw mill was going to marry his daughter, and the whole of the mountain village and the river village down by the Richelieu was interested.

It was regarded almost as a national event, before which the St. Jean Baptiste celebration, on the 24th, was momentarily eclipsed.

The signing of the contract was fixed for the evening of June 15; and, as a large proportion in both villages were related by consanguinity or by intermarriage to the bride, a numerous attendance was expected. Grandparents and parents, brothers, sisters, were reinforced by cousins to the fifth and sixth degrees. After that, the precise degree of relationship was merged in the obscurity which overhangs degrees of French Canadian kinship.

What a lovely June day it was! Those only who know the mountain village can picture a June day in that delightful spot. The hedges bordering the station road as it wound upward to the mountain, had burst into bloom, displaying trailing masses of wild roses. The mountain air, fresh yet balmy, was fragrant with the scent of resurrected forests and with the breath of sweet-briar and clover. The mountain was clothed anew with tender green; its hoary age had taken on the habiliments of youth. Below stretched the Richelieu, between banks of living verdure.

The mill-stream danced merrily, as if rejoicing that it had escaped "the grip of the frost." The mill itself was warmed and illumined. On its great, revolving roof pigeons cooed lazily all day, in the joy of the June sunshine. Piles of timber emitted a pleasant odor under the genial warmth. The trees around - for it was a shady spot - had not yet shed their blossoms, the delicate perfume of which blended with the fresh smell of the young leaves. The interior of the mill was festive to a degree; its big, low-ceilinged rooms were gaily festooned. Huge bowls of wild flowers rivalled bright colored plants; and by nightfall lights appeared - sconces, candelabrams, and lamps in every available place.

The supper had been arranged for an early hour. It was home-cooked, much of it the work of the bride's own hands; though skilful neighbors had assisted, and her mother had superintended everything. Pork pasties, roasts of pork or veal, hams and young chickens, were flanked by custards, jellies, and a variety of highly colored and ornamented cakes and pastry.

Mathurin looked over his spectacles at these culinary triumphs with a gratified air. The signing of his little girl's contract should be properly celebrated. Truly, his neighbors should have no cause to complain. The miller's wife - a thin, dark-skinned woman, with eyes still brightly black, and hair gray streaked - less easily pleased than her husband, ran around till the last moment to see that all was right. She had barely time to don her new brown lustrous dress before she was called to stand with her husband in receiving the guests.

The bride-elect, tall, slender, graceful, with the traditional black eyes of her race, and profusion of dark hair, stood elaborately arrayed in a costume, like Joseph's coat, of many colors; but the effect was not inharmonious.

The old mill clock, from a prominent corner of the largest room, had witnessed the signing of several contracts in its time; it had heard the tinkle of the cure's bell coming to bring the Viaticum to the dying, and had seen the shrouded form of more than one miller carried across the threshold; it had beheld children pass smiling from their mother's arms into the great shadow. Altogether, it was not disturbed by so frivolous an occasion as the present; and, having pealed out its o'clock, relapsed into a decorous tinking, despite the portentous sound of the first carriage on the stony road outside.

The guests began to appear in a steady stream. There was M. le Notaire, who lived in the river village near the church. This central figure of the occasion was a portly man of rubicund visage, and, as he lifted his calling, spectacled eyes. He was wondrous wise in the law, it was said; and the array of parchments in his office rose in testimony of his knowledge. He was accompanied by M. le Cure. The latter was hailed with great ceremony - though he came in unaccompanied by the bystanders.

The appearance of M. Prefontaine, who comported himself with the dignity demanded of the wealthiest man in the place, was followed by that of wisdom personified. Mere Lanctot, the oldest living villager, was also the most "knowledgeable." With her came her sister, Mme. Goulet, the straw hat maker, who sat all day in summer upon her veranda opposite the saw-mill, plaiting the straw. The city folk who came to the hotel during the season commended the durability of her wares; whilst they admired the classic regularity of her features, surmounted by snow white hair and close-fitting cap.

M. Auclair, from the post office, was accompanied by his neighbor, the barber. Other Auclairs, who were, respectively, carters, farmers or orchard owners, and who enjoyed a tenth cousinship with the bride, came in detachments; those of "the stone house" taking precedence. Mme. Bourgeois came in with her handsome "Joe"; and the Mademoiselles Picard, the butter women of the lane, entered with winning smiles and the most amicable expressions. M. Larue, who owned all the bees and supplied the district with honey, was second in importance only to M. Prefontaine. However, he had one advantage or disadvantage, according to the point of view: he had a well-preserved and comely wife. M. Prefontaine was a widower. He had a son, who had been nominated for the Provincial Parliament at Quebec. He had not been elected; indeed, he had received scarcely any votes. But the glory of that nomination was an abiding aureole for the Larues.

The Seigneur put in an appearance just before the signing. This was an honor, and Mathurin and his whole household received and conducted him to a place near the notary and beside the cure. The latter greeted him with a good humored nod. The Seigneur was unmarried, young, good-looking, and a general favorite. If he were the least in the world tempted to magnify his own importance, it was but natural, when that importance was so great amongst his people. The seigneurial system is abolished, but deep in the hearts of the habitants dwell an inrooted reverence for their old lords and a sincere affection toward them.

When all was ready, the prospective bridegroom was elbowed into the room by a comrade. He was pitifully bashful; the more so that, being a stranger from another parish, he was supported only by a small contingent. His oiled hair was brushed over his forehead; his black suit, on which the local tailor had exercised his art, concealed the young man's well knit frame, which appeared so much greater advantage in ordinary working clothes. He bowed awkwardly to the cure, and seized the Seigneur's outstretched hand as if it had been a sheet-anchor. He replied to the salutations of the guests with a forced smile; and never glanced at Melanie, who sat near her mother.

There was an indescribable gayety and good cheer in that company once the formality of signing the contract came to an end. That was a very pompous affair. M. le Notaire fully upheld the majesty of the law. Having prepared his papers, adjusted his spectacles, and surveyed his auditors, he summoned the prospective bride and groom to sign their names, with much the same tone and manner he might have employed in ordering them to execution. That awful glance from over the spectacles transfixed the unhappy pair, as though they had been rank offenders. The bridegroom elect felt the full fascination of that dreadful stare, and gazed fixedly in return at the notary. But the bride-elect dropped her eyes in mingled alarm and confusion. Her very name and that of her betrothed sounded like some vague but terrible accusation against them. Parents, grandparents, cousins, petit cousins, trembled, as they were proved to be accomplices and included in that terrible list. The man of law contrived to throw the oppressive shadow of his dry as dust formalities over all present. The Cure alone was unmoved; though he, too, was a witness. He took a pinch of snuff behind his red handkerchief and boldly signed the document.

Presently the blithe sounds of a fiddle brushed away the legal cobwebs. The notary became a mere ordinary human being, like an enchanter whose spells cease at cock crow. The room was cleared for a genuine country-dance, in which the Seigneur joined with right good will. The dance was followed by a ring, into which the old people laughing and protesting, were inveigled; all joining heartily in the exhilarating strain of -

En roulant, ma boule, roulant;

or the following:

Le fils de roi's en va chassant, Avec son gros fusil d'argent.

In the pause which ensued, eyes involuntarily turned toward the supper-room. M. Prefontaine gave his amiable consideration for a moment to the prospective groom, whom he regarded with patronage, as not belonging to the mountain, and as being far removed in wealth and importance from himself. This done, he called M. Larue aside, and his manner became impressive. It was magnate conferring with brother magnate on a public question. The problem was the ever-new and knotty one of the improvement of the roads.

M. Auclair was trying to make himself agreeable, after his bustling

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wheel turn, the water flow, and the mountain grow green in spring or brown in autumn? Would a time ever come when she would look back over fifty years on the signing of her contract? It was an uncanny thought. She was glad that the Cure came to say good-night.

"So, my child, you will soon be leaving us? Be good always and you will be happy. Eh, Mere Goulet, I baptized Melanie; then, a few more years gone like a breath, and I prepared her for First Communion and Confirmation; his Lordship came from St. Hyacinth for that. Now she is asking me to perform her marriage ceremony. My mistake. Bon soir, ma bonne Melanie! Bon soir, Onesime mon brave!"

The Cure having given a signal for departure, the mill door swung wide; the light issuing thence seemed garish in the flood of moonshine glorifying the mountain, silencing the mill-stream, idealizing the piles of timber, it made a shining path between the trees, along which walked the departing guests, save those who, like M. le Cure, the notary, and some others, lived at a distance. These latter brought out their conveyances, driving downward by the station road with its rose covered hedges. But, talking or driving, all talked of the evening's event. To the old, as was befitting, it had brought memories of similar scenes in the life of the parish; of the fortunes of those who had been the brides of a quarter or half century before. To the young it brought the present - the supper, Melanie's dress, the appearance of the groom, the guests. Or they went forward into the future: the life that was now about to begin for Melanie in the parish St. Charles, and the prospects of her future husband. But all the stream of reminiscence or comment flowed around the central point - that the saw-mill had witnessed that evening, once again in its quaint existence, the signing of a marriage-contract.

Holy Water.

On entering a church all Catholics are in the habit of dipping their hands in the holy water font and blessing themselves. While the sources of information regarding this practice are numerous and of easy access it is surprising how few have ever taken the pains to enlighten themselves on this subject.

Holy water is one of the sacramentals of the Church. It does not wash the soul from sin or infuse grace, but by reason of the power given to the Church her blessing being attached to it, it aids the soul in the formation of pious desires. For this reason it is placed at the door of the temple so that all may by its use properly prepare their minds for their devotions within the house of God.

The use of it in religious rites is older than the Christian Church. It entered into the ceremonies of the Old Law. In the Book of Numbers (chapter v., verse 17) we find the following: "And he shall take holy water in a earthen vessel; and he shall cast a little earth of the pavement of the tabernacle into it." The Law of Moses speaks further of a water of expiation and a water of jealousy.

When the Church began its use we cannot say. It is a very ancient practice, and we believe that it must have been co-eval with the establishment of Christianity. Pope Alexander I., who reigned from 109 to 119, speaks of it as an established custom. There are three kinds of holy water: Baptismal water, which is blessed on the Saturday before Easter, Pontifical water, blessed by a Bishop and used in consecrating churches, and the ordinary holy water, which a priest may bless. The authorities on the question would seem to indicate that the habit of using blessed water is not of divine but of ecclesiastical origin. It is one of those forms which the Church has adopted for the aid and edification of the faithful, the power to do which was given to her when Christ presented to Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven and earth.

It is a fortunate day for a man when he first discovers the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood-purifier. With this medicine, he knows he has found a remedy upon which he may rely, and that his life-long malady is at last conquered. Has cured others, will cure you.

Try it. - It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent - Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are often times inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

Throat Trouble Cured. "I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for severe throat trouble," writes Mrs. Hopkins, of 251 Balmfist street, Toronto. "It proved most effective. I regard it as one of the best household remedies there is. It is easy and pleasant to take and drives out the cold with surprising celerity."

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parneelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Sacred Heart Review.

The devil has every advantage over the man who drinks to excess. No man dreads death more than the drunkard, yet how often is he heard saying that he wants to die.

The drunkard leaves behind him a ruined character, a wretched example, a memory that soon rots. He bequeaths poverty, ignorance, and the memory of a life of wretchedness and shame.

A schoolboy of Australia put his youthful enthusiasm into an effective essay on total abstinence, as follows: "I abstain from alcoholic drinks because, if I would excel as a cricketer, Grace says, 'abstain'; as a walker, Weston says, 'abstain'; as an oarsman, Hanton says, 'abstain'; as a swimmer, Webbs says, 'abstain'; as a missionary, Livingston says, 'abstain'; as a doctor, Clark says, 'abstain'; as a preacher, Farrar says, 'abstain'; asylums, prisons and workhouses repeat the cry, 'abstain.'"

Dr. A. Baer, of Berlin, a royal medical counsellor, and admittedly the best informed man on alcohol, says: "Alcohol is not a food in the sense that it gives one the power of endurance or preserves strength and health." Instead of being a preventive of malaria, cholera, and other diseases, alcohol actually predisposes one to these evils. "The mental and moral effects of alcoholism are beyond description. It is a degrading, paralyzing, and demoralizing agent. It destroys the will and the physical energy and makes the individual a slave of his passions."

Money is independence. Money is freedom. Money is leisure. Money is the gratification of taste, benevolence and public spirit. The man is a fool or an angel who does not try to make money. A clear conscience, good health, and plenty of money, are among the essentials of a good, joyful existence. Still, unfortunately, it too often happens that people who have an abundance of money are destitute of character. While it is desirable that men should have both, notwithstanding all the advantages of money it is better to have character. The drunkard, however, usually has no character and no money.

Sunday is a sad day for the drunkard's wife. She takes her children to Mass with her while their demented father is drinking. Her heart aches when she sees other husbands and wives receiving Holy Communion together. She offers her poor bruised heart to her Saviour, and believes He will not forsake her. She begs Our Blessed Lady and her spouse, St. Joseph, to comfort her and restore happiness to her neglected family. Poor, suffering, patient wife, there is no "cloud without its silver lining." May your difficulties and trials cease. May you at last succeed in bringing your husband, repentant and forgiven, to the feet of his crucified Redeemer.

In an address before the Catholic Knights of America the president of the Nebraska council, Wilbur F. Bryant, eloquently exhorted for total abstinence. He said, among other things, referring to Paul's injunction to Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake, that "it contains no more moral precept than does the request of Paul to Timothy to bring his cloak and books down from Troas." And yet the bloated sot, lying in the gutter, hiccoughs the text from Timothy. Had wormwood occurred in the text in place of wine would the text have received any such liberal construction as has been put upon it?

The Irritable Husband. Some homes are afflicted with an irritable husband. This man can be patient with all the world besides, but for his wife he has no sweetness. When he is in a good humor, his miserable trait is out of sight; but, at the least contradiction or annoyance from her, his raw power to the touch and angry words pour forth from him like water from a spigot. He has no consideration for her feelings, expects no irritation in her, and endures no discomfort from her. He must be shown all respect by her, she must bear and forbear with him, she had better look to his moods and mark his whims, she must walk the chalk line in her treatment of him; but he must not be asked to put up with anything from her, to refrain from letting his temper run riot against her, to sacrifice any of his inclinations to humor her. He must be free to look black, to talk sharply, to talk, and stay "mad" for days at a time, making the whole house miserable, because of the fury and the bitterness raging within him.

And this irritable husband was before marriage gentle and deferential to the woman who became his wife. She loved him for his courtesy, for his thoughtfulness, for his self-denial in kindness to her. His tenderness towards her won her heart. And at marriage, he vowed to love and cherish her. To cherish her! And this is the treatment that she gets - surliness for affection, rebukes for endearments, irritation for longanimity.

The irritable husband should take a look at himself in a mirror when he is in one of his tantrums - and then swear off "getting hot" at short notice, without grave reasons, against the one being he has taken a solemn oath to love. - Catholic Columbian.

Tired Mothers find help in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives them pure blood, a good appetite and new and needed STRENGTH.



Linseed and Turpentine is not only a popular remedy, but the best known to medical science for the treatment of nervous membranes of respiratory organs.

DR. CHASE compounded this valuable Linseed and Turpentine syrup so as to take away the unpleasant taste of the turpentine and linseed. It was the Doctor's last and greatest remedy, and more of it is sold in Canada than all other cough medicines combined.

A Banker's Experience

HEREAFTER HE INTENDS TO BE HIS OWN FAMILY DOCTOR

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dewson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

Publisher CATHOLIC RECORD.

HEALTH

Theology teaches that the soul is threefold. First given directly and sacrifice. Indirect honor devotion we give to God. Third, Hyperdirect honor to God we give to the saints. The Supreme. Maria given Mass to God. The indirect way through the saints to Mary and the saints. God and cannot be lighted or Service "even Mass."

As regards Mass the following of the Church her common. The attention First, Internally advert and apostle priest is doing which consists of a ternal action Now intern First, To the priest. Second words and signs To God Himself. Itations.

The three maintained to the manner. 1. To hear attention is cause no one present at the forms action ternal attention. 2. Some in quired and Mass: because be a human, ject, a religio much interest.

3. The in the above the whether to the sense of the way to God. The reason ways the to the worship. It is truly no required because presence has been p. In practice Saint Liguori of theologian ally the un to recite in t prayers at Blessed Virg exposed to one should of not have quired, since general inter (Vide "Saint Missae," N. How

The late "Religio" idea of how by which sverts to the "I know have the li conscience, that I did u myself. A compels m and greater and to who perfection in Him, I am sure I desires my fore, He has but has the end th like Him. knowledge and has b accessions and clear face of Jes man were self, in H mandmen knowledge ever know of Himself the most p God and t ever receiv in Christi therefore, of God. maximum evidence Christian tical with able faith

"On th and imp which God in which I should Pulmo stages, m Ayer's C distressi the thro much-ne testified this prep

Fever's ments ar Parmelee stomach but they them to p into the body, medicine One of Mother's effectual a marvel