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"Nedum Btot"

In nature's howers a youth there roved In life's young morn.
And esiled from every mead beloved Its flowers new born.
As slow he strayed adown the glade He sighed, also.
That flowers so thir should ever fade, And dying, pass.

Lo, in his path he sees arise
A lonely tomb;
A wreath of orange-blossom lies
Within its gloom.
There sleeps within fair Evelyn—
Death's destined bride."
He read—and learne life's mas que of sin,
And empty pride.

Then deeper down the vale he passed,
A youth no more;
Nor monroed where'er the cruel blast
The flowers uptore.
He saw with ruth how smiling youth
Must die away;
And life's bright flower, though fair in truth,
Blooms to decay.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Human affections are the leaves, the breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage how unsightly is human nature!—Auon

A BLING SCULPIOR. A BLINO SCULPIOR.

Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of Paris. He has been totally blind since his twenty second year; yet withal, he received more medals from 1855 to 1875 than any other exhibitor in the art exhibitions at the French capital. He models a human face, a horse, a dog or anything alive or dead with as much grace as any of the dezens of French sculptors who still retain their sight, by alowly passing his hands over the object and noting its external proportions, and then reproducing them in clay. He never complains, but is always genial and often festive when surrounded by his friends, who always speak to him as though he who always speak to him as though he could see, for he is one of the keenest art critics in France.

THE KING AND THE SOLDIER.

THE KING AND THE SOLDIER.

Tages is an old Greek story that a soldier, sfilted with a grievous disease which was likely to bring him to the grave, was in the habit of throwing himself into the thickest of the fight. In that way he forgot his pain and feared not death, because he knew that anyway he had not long to live.

Antigonus, the king, noted this man, and admired his valor. Hearing his story, he spoke to a great physician to cure the

he spoke to a great physician to cure the man, if possible. This was done, but from man, if possible. This was done, but from that day he cared no more to fight. He had his home, his friends, his life to think of; he sought his ease; he lived for pre-

May not this story explain the reason why God sends sickness to some of us to sure us of our too great love for this pass-ing world?

NEWMAN AND THE POOR IRISH

A London paper relates the following quaint story of the late Cardinal New-man: He was once travelling, before his alevation to the Cardinalate, from Edgbas ton to some station along the line, seated in a third class carriage, a poor Irish woman opposite to him. Dr. Newman woman opposite to him. Dr. Newman was not one who gave much thought to his personal appearance, and his black clothes may have bad a threadbare and neglected look. His face, worn and neglected look. His lace, work and thoughtful, evidently suggested poverty, and pinching to the heart of the daughter of the Emerald Isle, for, as she was leaving the carriage, she slipped a small coin into his hand, saying: "Get yourself some his hand, saying: "Set yourself some thing to eat, me good man. You look tired and hungry." The great church-man prized that lowly gift more highly than many honors that were lavished upon him.

ARKED HIS WIFE'S PARDON.

the question whether Prince Napoleon did or did not confess to a priest just before he died. Cardinal Mermillon is thought to clear the matter and settle the question when he gave out for publication the information that the precise words passing between him and the dying Prince were these. When the Cardinal broached the question of absolution he said:

"You know you are soon to appear he." The public at Rome continues to discuss

"You know you are soon to appear before your God. You have done mu You have done much wrong, especially to that angel of devotion who is there," pointing to the room where Princese Clothilde was weeping. "Do you ask pardon?"

And feebly the Prince made answer:

Then I absolve thee," said the Cardinal. Nothing more was said by either.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

We take the following invigorating thoughts from one of the latest works that the gifted mind and facile pen of Archishop Spalding has given to the reading world :

He who believes in culture must believe in God, for what but God do we mean when we talk of loving the best thought and the highest beauty? No God, no best; but, at most, better and worse.

To think is difficult, and they who grow in power must hoard their strength. Ex whatever kind is a waste of intellectual force.

The weakness of men of genius has im poverished the world. Sensual indulverte reason and deadens love; it en feebles the physical man, and weakens the organs of sense, which are the avenues of the soul. The higher self is developed harmoniously only when it springs from a healthy body. It is the lack of moral healthy body. It is the lack of moral balance which makes genius akin to madness. Nothing is so sane as reason, and great minds fall from truth only when the stangth which comes of great minds fall from truth only when they fail in the strength which comes of righteous conduct. Let the lover of widom strive to live then in a healthy body, that his senses may report truly of the universe in which he dwells. But this is not easy; for mental labor exhausts, and if the vital forces are still further diminished by disappation, disease and premature decay of the intellectual faculties will be the result.

result. The idea of culture embraces the whole man, physical, moral, religious, and intel-lectual; and the loss of health or morality or faith cannot but impede the harmoni

Passion is the foe of reason, and may easily become strong enough to extinguish its light.

He who wishes to educate himself must He who wishes to educate himself must learn to resist the desires of his lower nature, which, if indulged, deaden sensibility, weaken the will, take from the imagination its freshness, and from the heart the power of loving. The task he has set himself is arduous, and he cannot have too much energy, too much warmth of soul, too much especity for labor. Lest him not waste, like a mere animal, the strength which was given him that he might learn to know and love infinite truth and beauty. truth and beauty.

The dwelling with one's self and with thoughts of what is true and high, which is an essential condition of mental growth, is impossible when the sanctuary of the soul is filled with unclean images. -T. Walsh, in Georgetown College Journal.

Intellectual honesty, the disinterested love of truth, without which no progress can be made, will hardly be found in those who are the slaves of unworthy passions.

The more religious a man is, the more does he believe in the worth and sacredness of truth, and the more willing does he become to throw all his energies, with persevering difference, into the work of self improvement.

They who fall to see in the universe an They who fall to see in the universe an all wise, all holy, and all powerful Being, from whom are all things and to whom all things turn, easily come to doubt whether it holds anything of true worth. History teaches this, and it requires little reflection to perceive that this must be so.

A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN. A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN.

Colonel Z. went to Lourdes es in other
days he had gone to Africa, the Ortmea,
and Italy—to take part in a campaign.
The reward of victory in the present instance was to be the salvation of his son.
This latter had emerged from a tempestuous youth, not only shipwrecked in faith,
but ruined in health. Consumption,
which was soon to carry him off at the are

but ruined in health. Consumption, which was soon to carry him off at the age of thirty, had already reached its last stages. Colonel Z knew it; and, brave soldier that he was, resigned himself to the inevitable. But, as a good Christian, he could not resign himself to the spectacle of could not resign himself to the spectacle of his son dying without returning to the fath of his boyhood. Thus far, however, all his efforts to bring him back to God had proved ineffectual. He almost depaired of his son's conversion, when the idea of a trip to Lourdes took form in his mind, and clung there with strange tenacity. But how influence his son, a pro-

city. But how infilence his son, a pro-feesed sceptic, to undertake a journey to a locality which the young man character-ized as a "hotbed of superstition?" The father conveniently recollected that Lourdes is not only the objective point of Lourdes is not only the objective point of pilgrimages, but that, geographically, it is the key of the Pyrenees. He proposed to his son a trip through these mountains, with Louchon and Gavarnie as principal stopping places. He culog Zed the natural beauties of these celebrated sites, and insisted on the advantages that the invalid would except from change of scene. would acquire from change of scene.
"While travelling," said he, "distraction enters by the eyes and ears, and the very dust of the road effects a cure." The poor father thought only of the moral cure; for he knew too well that his son's

cure; for he knew too well that his son's days on earth were numbered.

The son eagerly accepted the proposal to visit the Pyrenees, which as yet he had never seen. The railway set them down at Lourdes, where he unsuspectingly consented to remain a few days to take some repose. Time went on, and Colonel Z, faithful to his tactics, spoke of continuing their journey, and of proceeding to Louchon. Now, however, the young man refused to depart. Was it an ordinary caprice of an invalid, or had the supernatural atmosphere of Lourdes already begun to exercise its potent influence? Who can doubt that the latter was the case when he learns that, after a was the case when he learns that, after a month spent in this atmosphere, the free-thinker had become a fervent Obristian? Resigned to death, which he now knew to be imminent, he prepared himself for its

ear that stole down his bronzed cheek. "God takes from me my son, bat it is to number him among the elect, and not the

THE HERALD OF CIVILIZATION.

This testimony to a work of civiliza-tion fostered by the Catholic Church

tion fostered by the Catholic Church comes from a secular newspaper, the Washington Star:

"In the day when great Carthage, the second power of the world, fell before the all conquering Roman, the work of reclaiming a part of the Desert of Sahara was abandoned. The first serious effort to resume this civilizing process in the course of more than two thousand years course of more than two thousand years comes from a Bishop of the Roman Church whose See is Carthage. Cardinal Lavigerie is well known for his endeavors to suppress the North African slave traffic. He takes a practical view of things and purposes to kill two birds with one stone. His plan in brief is to stop the infamous traffic by establishing a series of atations at intervals in the desert where there were in ancient desort where there were in ancient times wells for caravans, digging new ones where necessary. Around these stations settlements will be formed by irrigation and planting palms and other tropical plants and the cereals that will flourish in such a climate. Nearly one thousand eight hundred monks have responded to the Cardinal-Bishop's request for yolunteers and an experiment quest for volunteers and an experiment will soon be made."

Wherever the Catholic has penetrated, it has been the herald of civilisation as well as the messenger of the glad tidings of the Gospel.

Everybody Knows

Everybedy Knows

That at this season the blood is filled with inpurities, the accumulation of months of close confinement in poorly ventilated stores, workshops and tenements. All these impurities and every trace of scrotula, sait rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine of which "100 doses one dollar" is true.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach? Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

IN GALWAY JAIL.

THE PRISON LIFE OF JOHN DILLON

We take the following eketch from the Dublin Freeman's Journal: The every-day life of Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. John Dillon in Galway jail has now settled down in that monotonous round which is the most unbearable of all the experiences of a price of the well attacks on the Dublin Freeman's Journal: The every-day life of Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. John Dillon in Galway jail has now settled down in that monotonous round which is the most unbearable of all the experiences of a prisoner. The veil stands on the verge of the Corrib, the waters of which lave the foundation of as gloomy looking a prison house as the most gruesome of architects ever planned, and when the night cloude are driving over the face of Lough Corrib Gostave Dore himself never immed the outlines of a hopeless looking palace in which some feudal tyrant kept his enemies cribbed, cabined and confined, more fully realizing the ideal than this old, grimy and weather stained mass of many shaped building, wailed in from the world. Unlike the castellated fortress at Tullamore, there are no pretensions to decoration, and the forbiding looking gate the world. Onlike the castellated forecast at Tullsmore, there are no pretensions to decoration, and the forbiding looking gate opens on a dingy covered way, near which is the house of the governor, a Mr. Murphy, who has not for the first time had Mr. with his not for the first time had him. William O'Brien confined in his sick keeping. In this prison it was that Mr. O'Brien, during the last spell of silence to which Mr. Balfour doomed him, wrote "When We Were Boys," and

wrote "When We Were Bays," and peopled in his fancy that lonely cell with those living and breathing types of Irish life—with Father Phil, with Ken Rohan, the miller, Lord Dunshaughlin and Mon signor Magrudder. The doctor was has charge of the prison is a well-known physician, whose reputation has travelled far beyond the limits of the western province. The moment William O'Brien was transferred from Clonmel to Galway he ordered him to the infirmary, and he was brought to the old room in which he had already spent so many weary days and nights, every line in the walls or the floor of which must be printed on his memory. This course was adopted memory. This course was adopted because of Dr. Kincald's previous knowledge of the constitution of the prisoner.
Mr. Dillon spent the first three days of
his imprisonment in the cell in which Dr.
Tanner had sojourned during the time Tanner had sojourned during the time that gentiemen was in the prison, and a pane of glass in the narrow window bears witness to the fact. Dr. Tanner, it appears, with an ingenuity all his own, managed during his stay to secure a piece of hard granite, which, with much patience and industry, he succeeded in wearing to a point, and with this rude stylus

HR SCRATCHED HIS AUTOGRAPH

HE SCRATCHED HIS AUTOGRAPH on the window pane. For indulging in this propensity he had for twenty four hours no change in the menu, which con-sisted of bread and water. After the three days had passed Dr. Kincald ordered the removal of Mr. Dillon to the infirmary, where he has been ever since. Both gentlemen have been visited almost every day since their imprisonment began by Dr. Rice, who, when Mr. O'Brien was first sent to Galway, did all that it was possible for a man to do to see that the common feelings of humanity should not be outreged by a repetition of the scenes which made Tullamore and Clonmel notorious in the annals of jatls and jailors. With the light let in from the outside, and the revelations which were published of Mr. O'Brien's previous imprisonment, and the admission of the prisons board by their new orders that the conduct of their underlings was illegal, there has come a change for the better which all men, a change for the better which all men, no matter of what political views, must regard as a confession wrung from Mr. Balfour that ordinary feelings of humanity and decency cannot be outraged with perfect impunity. The two rooms in which the prisoners are confined are precisely similar, and are well lighted and spacious apartments. There are good fires, and the walls have been painted blue, so that the glare which is so injurious to so that the glare which is so injurious to the eyes from the usual whitewashed aurroundings is avoided. Books are allowed, and writing materials have been be imminent, he prepared himself for its advent by daily Communion.

"I am very happy," said the old time to consider this matter, but ultimately made a minute that "two or tear that stole down his bronzed cheek. to prisoner John Dillon, M. P., prisoner William O'Brien, M. P." prisoner William O'Brien, M. P." This last arrangement, needless to say, must in some degree relieve the tedium of the jail life, and Mr. O'Brien has begun another literary work Mr. Dillon has asked for some books to be sent to him from his own library in Dublin, and in the meantime Dr. Rice has supplied him with some literature which he was anxious to prepare the preparent care is taken ious to peruse. The greatest care is taken to pervent any communication passing between the two prisoners, and no news-papers are allowed to be given to them. Every post brings a bundle of letters from

The time for exercise has been extended, and the authorities are evidently aware of the injury to the health of the prisoner, for the ordinary prison rules have been very much relaxed. The dietary is what is known as "hospital diet" and it more than ample for the wants of the prisoners. The chaplain to the prison, Rev. Father Craven, visits the infirmary every day, and this and the call from Dr. Rice alone breaks the silence by which the two prisoners are surrounded. From the window of the room in which Mr. Dillon is, the roofs of the convent and the Onean's window of the room in which Mr. Dillon is, the roofs of the convent and the Queen's College can be seen, but the prospect from Mr. O'Brien's lookout is not nearly so extensive. Since the latter arrived at Galway he has consulted his solictor in reference to the write which was served on Galway he has consulted his solicitor in reference to the writ which was served on him in Council j.il by Lord Salisbury—a proceeding which, it would appear, he considers is illegal, and which he intends to contest so far as it is possible for him. No incident has happened in the prison that can be dignified by the name since the outer gate was closed on the two friends who have shared so many adventures together since the openadvantures together since the open-ing of the famous Tipperary trial-commenced. The contrast between the silence of the jall and the scenes through which both have passed in two worlds during the interval is, indeed, a striking one. A paralled to it can scarcely be one. A paralled to it can ecarcely be found in the lives of any two other men breathing. The day in the prison begins at this time of year with the dawn, and closes at 9 o'clock at night. At that hour darkness is enforced, the gas turned out, and the prisoners left to their own reflections until sleep, great nature's comforter, puts an end to the prison and its bars and locks.

A touching story is related by the Liberta Cattolica of Naples. It seems that an old man was run over in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele at Naples by the steam tram, and both his legs were broken. Furtunately a priest was passing at the time, and was able, with the help of several other manufactured the serveral other results. was able, with the help of several other people who witnessed the scene, to carry the dying man to the near pathway and administer to him the last comforts of the Church. At the same moment the Cardinal-Archbehop also happened to pass in his carriage. The crowd that had collected round the poor man on seeing the carriage ran after it imploring the Cardinal to stop and come and give the last absolution to round the poor man on seeing the carriage ran after it imploring the Caroinal to stop and come and give the last absolution to the dying man. The Cardinal at once got out and ordered that a red velvet cushion which was in the carriage, should be placed and the poor man's head; and having put on the stole, surrounded by the large crowd that had collected, he administered the absolution for the dying; immediately after which he intoned the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. "A spectacle," the same journal says, "new and sublime was with nessed. From the street and from the balconies and windows of the houses rose a selemn chorus of voices responding Orapro or The Cardinal, with the tears in his eyes, absolved again the dying man, who shortly afterwards expired. The crowd, stlently and reverently, but as a crowd, silently and reverently, but as a demonstration of sympathy for their Car-dinal, accompanied his carriage the whole way to his house."

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Important and True.

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presentations find their way day by day to bis address. A large number of these presents are from English friends, from whom some constant it quiries relative to the health of Mr. O Briss and his fellow-

A TOUCHING SCENE.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF

NAPLES PRAYS IN THE STREET OVER A DYING LABORER.

Every post brings a bundle of letters from friends and sympathizers, and Dr. Rice is each day the recipieut of many missives for the prisoners. Some of the tokens sent are not a little curious, and evidence innocence of prisons and prison regulations. Some boxes of chocolate had just arrived by the post when the writer was having a chat with the kindly doctor in reference to his friends, and equally outre.

Important and True.

No better evidence of the fact that Burdook Blood Bitters is a certain remedy for all blood disorders can be asked than that of Mr. Geo. V. Thomas, druggist, of Hull, P. Q., whose wife was cured of caneer by B. B. B. The family doctor is certain that the disease was cancer and that it is now cured.

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THE CONDITION OF MR. O'BRIEN

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The Financial Statement herewish exhibits several features which will be gratifying to our members and encouraging to intending assurers. Compared with 1889 the following progress is shown:

1889. 1890. Gain. \$223,518 26,728 14,230 38,653 6 358 38,911 \$1,711.686 \$1,488,167 Total Assets ..... Total Assets
Premium Income
Interest
Death Losses (actual).
Cash Burplus paid ...
Surplus in hand
Ratio of Expense to Income 383,192 65,708 104,175 409,920 79,938 65 522 48,719

C. E. GERMAN, GENERAL AGENT, LONDON. OFFICE, 137 DUNDAS STREET.

The Interest Income for 1890 exceeded the Death Losses for the year by \$14 416.

42,361 95,155

N. B.—Information freely given in reply to personal inquiry or letter. Correspondence solicited.



NOTICE. Weights and Measures.

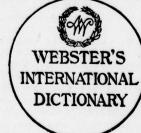
or Assistant Inspectors of Weighis and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O. 6" with the words" Original for the Trader." printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly in value, the amount of cash paid Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whether unless stamps covering the initial amount of fees charged are attached.

So Owners or holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their asfe keeping it would be advisuable to placerd them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or Assistant Inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

E. MIALL,

E. MIALL, Commissioner. Ottawa. April 1fth, 1889.

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Many announcements concerning them are very misleading, as the body of each, from A to Z, is 41 years old, and printed from cheap plates made by photographing the old pages.

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Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such scrofulous swellings, humors and

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