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days treatment the patient is restored to the condition he was in before he acquired the habit.

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*We can speak !from personal knowledge of the good work done in this city by 'be Dyke Cure for Intemperance, and the consulting physician, Dr. A. McTaggart, agarantees that the remedy 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 asince August last, and only such families can truly appreciate the great happiness they now enjoy.

Thos. Coffey.

Publisher CATHOLIC RECORD.

AN EVERY DAY STORY.

How the Patient Bearing of Life's Ills

BY ROBERT ETHERIDGE GREGG. From the sitting room of a little, old, red-roofed cottage at Bridgeport, Martha Wilkenson looked out on the ong stretch of shiny wet wharves that reflected the gray sky overhead and the long eaves of the great ware-houses. It was raining; still the wharves were full of busy, active life, for big steamers lay beside them, hissing forth volumes of white steam as if impatient to be laden. As Martha ooked, the scene seemed one of life, expectancy, and cheerfulness. Yet she did not enjoy it; in some subtle way she felt that it made her life stand out in contrast, as if a great gulf separated her from the expectant cheer fulness of the human beings who hronged the docks.

It was just ten years ago that Martha had come to live with her married sister, Henrietta. At first the little home by the wharves had seemed a haven of refuge to her. The sisters had been inseparable; together they had shared the grief of a father's death, and the sweet hopes and fears that came with the first baby. Martha, on her part, had brought a wealth of life and sunshine into the little home. She was always busy; a touch here and another there, and her deft fingers righted a thousand little things that otherwise would have been in dis-She had pleasures, too, as well as work. It was easy enough to snatch an hour for practice at the piano, or for a stroll along the shore, where she could sketch a bit of sea and rocks with the breakers rolling in on the full swell of high tide.

Insensibly these things had slipped away, one by one. Mr. Barr, Henrietta's husband, became more and more absorbed in his rapidly growing law practice, and saw less of the family. Then children had crowded into the home until five small, romping youngsters were ever up to mischief. course Martha loved them ; they were dear little creatures, and if mischiev ous were genuinely affectionate. Yet peared into thin air. There was an eternal call of Aunt Martha, do this, do that. If Tom took Nelly's doll away, Aunt Martha was the one who knew just how to settle the dispute. If Will tore his jacket, Aunt Martha must mend it. At times Martha rebelled against this ceaseless call on her

There seemed to be no peace from the time the children woke in the morning until they were bundled, safe and sound, into their cots at night. Still Martha felt that resistence was useless. The family swept on in a fever of activity that was as confusing and resistless as the swift revolutions of a power wheel in a great factory.

The clock struck 5. Martha rose to her feet wearily. Slowly she drew a snowy white cloth from the cupboard and spread it neatly on the table. Then she set the knives, forks, spoons and plates in order. As she did so there was a quick footstep in the hall

"Why, Martha!" exclaimed Henri-etta, looking in, "how late you are! Mr. Barr will be here in fifteen minutes; he has invited Mr. Scott for din ner, and not a thing ready yet !'

Martha flushed, but did not reply With the same methodical deliberate ness she went on with her work without even looking up.

"I declare, Martha, what makes you act that way? It's provoking. don't see what you've got to complain bout.

"No o," said Martha, slowly, "I'm not complaining."

"Well, you are-you're acting it as plain as day, Martha Wilkenson. I'm ashamed of you. You've got a good home, lots of comforts; and nice people to be with instead of having to work your way all alone in a great city. can't see what more you want!"
"Nothing, to be sure!" snapped

Martha, in an unusual burst of tem-"The trouble is, I've got more than I want, and more than I bargained for.'

"There, there," said Henrietta. soothingly, half frightened, as for the first time the possibility of Martha leaving her flashed into mind. "Don't e angry. I said too much, I know but I didn't mean anything. Come, kiss

ne and make up. Martha reluctantly turned her face



DR. CHASE'S





Dinner was soon ready. The chil-dren chattered merrily, despite all ef-The chilforts to keep them within reasonable bounds. At first the conversation slid along smoothly. Mr. Barr told a funny anecdote about one of the circuit court judges. Mr. Scott had some-thing to say about the novel improvement he was putting into his new iron factory, while Henrietta kept the ball rolling in the pauses that came in the heavier conversation of the men. Little by little, however, the talk dragged; something was clearly wrong. Mr. Scott looked at Martha, and observing how flushed her face was, made a mental note of it and of her silence; it was clear to him that the trouble was here. Mr. Barr had evidently come to the same conclusion, for he glanced inquiringly at Henri-etta, who tried to look unconcerned. Strangely enough the idea simultaneously occurred to both of the men that Martha was, after all, the real life of the conversation. She could always tell what the children had been doing, who was sick, who needed help, and invariably had something sensible to say on every subject of practical or literary interest. Mr. Scott wondered that in all the years he had been a frequent guest at the house he had not noticed the fact before; indeed, he began to wonder whether Martha might not be the real life of the family. Barr, on the other hand, with his stern sense of absolute justice, could not help wondering whether Henrietta made existence pleasant for Martha. As for Henrietta, she could see that her husband was thinking seriously, and dreaded it. She made a desperate effort to start the conversation, but soon dropped it as a hopeless task. Every

served, and dinner was over. "Harry, dear, you're going driving aren't you?" said Henrietta, trying to break the ice.

one was glad when the last course was

"Why yes, if you want to," replied Mr. Barr, absently, as he remembered, with a sudden prick of conscience, how rarely Martha had been invited to go with them. "But where's Martha?"
"In the kitchen," replied Henrietta

shortly, without offering to stir.

Mr. Barr rose swiftly and, passing through the dinning room, opened the kitchen door. There was Martha, with a common gingham apron around her, washing the dishes. A frown passed over Mr. Barr's face, but as quickly as

it came it was gone.
"Martha," he said kindly, "don't you want to go driving with us? You had better let Sarah finish the dishes. Martha looked up with a surprised, pleased expression. "But Sarah has so much to do," she said hesitatingly. "Goodness, no!" laughed Sarah

shaking her head good-naturedly can do it all. Miss Martha sha'nt have another dish. Lor' sake alive! She does more than enough; it'll do her good to go.

Martha smiled at Sarah's volubility, said, "Thank you!" pleasantly—a thing which did not escape Mr. Barr's now thoroughly awakened senses and took off her apron.

During the drive Mr. Scott sat next to Martha. He talked vivaciously, calling her attention to the scenery and relating some funny experiences he had had that day. Meanwhile, under his seeming levity Mr. Scott was thinking hard. He had almost decided that the money he could see looming before him in the near future would not make him perfectly happy; money did not mean as much to a man of forty as to one of twenty five. Indeed, Mr. Scott had got beyond this point in his thinking. It was just coming over him that a woman of thirty two is not even old, and may be far more compatable, helpful and charming than a butterfly of twenty. The events of the evening, moreover, had awakened in Mr. Scott's mind an evergrowing suspicion that right here in this seemingly happy family there was a tragedy going on which was wasting away a beautiful, self-sacrific-ing life. The very thought of such a thing stirred his kindly nature to its Before the drive was over he had fully made up his mind that it would do no harm to pay Martha a few attentions; it would at least make her happier. and keep her from feeling neglected, while it would also give him a chance to know her better.

The next day Mr. Scott came home to dinner with Mr. Barr. It was evident that the two men understood each other. Mr. Scott had the air of a man who knew he was doing something very unusual, and wonders whether he is really himself. His necktie was knotted more neatly than usual, and his coat had evidently been given an extra brushing to get rid of the dust of the factory.

Every day or every other day after this, just as business would let him. Scott found some pretext for calling at Mr. Barr's house. If he could come early enough, he asked Martha to go driving; if he could not do that he brought her flowers. It was evident enough that Henrietta viewed "these proceedings" with ill-concealed dis-satisfaction. She dared say nothing to Martha. As for Mr. Barr, it was useless to speak to him, for to all remarks he had nothing in reply but a quissical smile. Henrietta was miser-able. Things did not go so well in in the house as when Martha was there more of the time. Indeed, Henrietta found that family cares took more time than she liked from her social duties; then, too, it was rather irritable work to look after the children when they came home from school, and not half so pleasant an

toward her sister, and passively inquiring glance he remarked, care-allowed herself to be kissed. inquiring glance he remarked, care-lessly: "Oh, business is dull, and the book keeper can look after things well enough. It was such a fine afternoon that I really could not stay in. sides. I need a change of air, and thought that perhaps you would take a walk down the beach and do a little sketching.

Martha was surprised-she had no business to be, but that made no difference; yet she was willing enough to go. They strolled along the shore until they found a little cove, sheltered from the wind, which seemed a good place for a sketch. Scott watched her deft fingers as, with swift and sure strokes, she pictured the opposite shore. It was her fingers rather than the rapid movements of her pencil that Scott noticed. They were a little rough from hard work, but still slender and shapely.

"I have lost my skill, you see," she

said, smiling.
"Not a bit of it," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "I wish it were mine."
"Yours? Why, you could get it if you gave time enough and worked hard.

"Martha!" he exclaimed, in a tone so full of feeling that it caused her to drop her pencil and turn pale, "I'd my whole life to have your skill -and-you!"
"You foolish man! You'll be sorry

in half an hour for what you've said."
"No, I won't; never!" He slipped his arm around her; she shrank back "You don't know what you're do

ing!"
"Martha, why won't you under.
Here all these stand? I love you. Here all these years I've been working for money it may come, but it will never bring me happiness without you. I want nome. I want you ; I love you : I will do all I can to make you happy.

Her head drooped until it rested on his shoulder. She thrilled at his touch. Some one cared for her. It seemed too -as if the day dreams of her girlhood

had come back.
"But, Alex," she said, hesitatingly, "What will Henrietta do?"

"Do!" he exclaimed, angrily "that's just it! She's grinding the life out of you, taking all you will give, and giving nothing herself. Why should she go to tea parties and balls while you drudge in the house It's a shame, a burning shame! ought to do her own work instead shirking it. If she wants one girl or two, Mr. Barr is quite able to give them to her. Darling, you musn't let her grind the sweet life out of you."

Two days after Alex and Martha had gone South on their wedding trip, Mr. Barr came home to find Henrietta thoroughly cross. She did not seem glad to see him. He looked for his fire, but could not find them.
"Where are my slippers, dear?" he

said gently

In the closet," was the short reply After rummaging in the dark Mr. Barr found them. "It must be that Martha used to get them ready for me," he reflected. "I always thought that Henrietta did."

Dinner was late. Mr. Barr noticed that the children were not so tidy as usual, and wondered if that, too, was a part of Martha's work.

'Yes," said Henrietta, snappishly, as if divining his thought; "you can see for yourself in what a pretty state of affairs Martha bas left think it was dreadfully selfish for her to marry when there was so much for her to do here. She never would have done it, either, if it had not been for

your encouragement." "It seems to me "rem coldly, his sense of strict justice stung to the quick, "that Martha practically ran this family. I found, quite acci-dently, that she helped the servant, and new I see that she did your work That reminds me: I suppose housekeepers are worth about five dollars week. Martha has never taken a vaca tion, that I remember; that would make it \$260 per year. Ten year. would be \$2 600, and then there's back interest, \$78 - call it a hundred-Besides, there's \$2,700 altogether. Christmas presents and a mother's care and interest in the children to be taken into account. Martha has certainly been worth \$4,000 to this family."

"That's all nonsense!" exclaimed Henrietta, angrily; "and an insult to

me as well "Not at all," Mr. Barr replied coolly. "it's simple justice. I could convince any judge that \$4,000 was only fair compensation. Ah, I have it ! thousand dollars would just buy that pretty cottage down the street. In fact, I'll do it! I'll go see the owner at once, and Martha shall have it when she comes home!" And Mr. Barr chuckled to himself at the absurdity of doing an act of simple justice under the guise of a kindness.

"John, you're nearly crazy You're as foolish as you can be. You'd give Martha a house, and me nothing ! "My dear wife," he said, gathering her up into his arms and wiping away her tears, "nothing of the sort. Come your tea party atmosphere a little bit, and try living a little more in this every day world of real people and real work, and see what I'll

"I'll try," she said, humbly, with a sudden feeling that after all the world was a very real thing, of which she

Mr. Barr took his hat from the rack and went out. The bargain was quickly settled. As he mounted the steps of his house again the door flew open and a little tear-begrimed woman rushed out to meet him. She threw her arms around his neck passionately

coy movement of her head, "I'm going to be good."

That night there were four happier people in the great world under the twinkling stars.—Independent.

THE DIVINE SACRIFICE.

A Simple and Complete Explanation of

The following letter was addressed to the Utica Daily Press by Father Tiernan of Camden:

Ezra Winters of Lowville, in a recent issue of your paper, kindly asked me to explain the Mass. A question of this kind, after the recent discussion on the non validity of Anglican orders, or rather upon their non-necessity since they have no victim to offer as priests, would very naturally raise in the mind of one who is fair and unprejudiced and who recognizes that there may be important truths revealed by Christ which he, perhaps, has not yet known or understood. One of the most common characteristic reasoning, prejudiced or indifferent people at the present day is their self-sufficiency. They will not reason, they will not ask for information, they will consider no subject unless it be within their own ideas upon the matter. In this spirit of knowing it all, they will even appeal to the sacred scrip tures, when they know at best very little about the book or its history, le alone its deep and heavenly meaning. It is, therefore, a comfort and a pleas ure to reply to the polite request so kindly made by my new-found friend of Lowville, and my answer will be directed to him and to all fair minded persons who will take interest enough

sider. As a statement of the present intel lectual and religious condition of many at the present day, and as an intro duction to the explanation of this great act of Catholic worship for ages, the holy Mass, I shall quote the words of Orestes A. Brownson, a most distin-guished American scholar and philosopher, and a convert to the Catholic They can be found in vol. III. of his works, p. 558. He says: "Protestants, rejecting the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Mass, offered daily on our altars, have no distinctively religious worship, nothing to offer to God which they may not offer and do not offer to creatures. Their worship consists simply of prayer and praise : but they pray to the King, the magistrate. the court or the Legislature, and they sing the praises of a distinguished beauty, an effective orator, an eminent statesman or a conquering hero. The following statement of a fact may also seem hard at first sight, but it will bear the strongest search-light of slippers, which usually stood before the investigation. The revolt of the six teenth century against the teaching authority of the Catholic Church has

n this great question to read and con-

-and thereby turned their churches into mere lecture halls. "A sacrifice is the offering by legitimate minister of a visible gift to God alone and wholly or partially destroying of the same in honor of Him as our Supreme Lord. By the destruction of the gift offered to God is outwardly and visibly represented the sentiment contained in every act of adoration-that God is the first source, the last end and the sovereign Lord of all things." This is an explanation of that supreme act of worship which has always existed with the human race

daringly abolished this Christ given

God's people of Christ's greatest gift,

the very essence of Christian worship

sacrifice, and by doing so has robbed

since the days of Adam. In canon I. of session XIII. and canon I. of session XXII. of the council of Trent held in the years 1552 and 1562, respectively, by the Catholic Church, to stem most publicly the then rising errors of irresponsible innovat ors, I find these words: "If any one deny that in the sacrament of the most holy Eucharist, the body and blood together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, is truly, really and substantially contained, and there-fore the entire Christ, but should say that He is only in it as a sign, or figure. or power, let him be anathema!" Again: "If anyone should say that in the Mass there is not offered to a true and proper sacrifice, or what is offered is nothing else than Christ given to us to be eaten, let him be anathema!" Here you have the Here you have authoritative teaching of the Catholic Church on this important question, and the date, three hundred and forty five years ago. The exalted treasure wasconfided to her by the Saviour on the night of His Last Supper. From ramparts of the Rock of Peter, she defends it with the "anathema" of St. Paul Gal. i. 6. Going back in history four hundred

and seventy-seven years previous to the council we find the Catholic Italian Archbishop of Canterbury—Lanfranc, A. D. 1070 – defending this very same doctrine of the old Church against the daring innovator Berengarius. From the profession and retraction of Beren garius we can learn the import of this mystery of Christ's undying love for man: "I, Berengarius, believe in my heart, avow with my tongue that bread and wine placed upon the altar are at the consecration converted substantially, by the mystery of the holy prayer, and by the words of our Redeemer, into the true, real and vivify ing flesh and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was born of the Virgin and hung upon the cross for the salvation of the world. Thus I believe, and never again will I contradict this faith. So help me God, and these gospels.

(Parsons' C. History, p. 226.)

During the first ten centuries no man ever dared to deny or to assail cccupation as going to afternoon teas.

One afternoon Scott surprised Martha by calling very early. In reply to her content of the sobbed: "John, you're right. I don't deserve a thing Martha's done for me; but," she added, with a famed doctor of the Catholic Church,

St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, A. D. 430, in his ninety sixth treatise on St John's gospel, speaking thus of cate-chumens: "If we ask a catechumen, Dost thou believe in Christ?' he will answer, 'I believe,' and will sign him-self. Now he carries on his forehead the cross of his Lord, and is not ashamed of it—behold he believes in His name. If then we ask him, 'Dost thou eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and dost thou drink His blood?' knows not what we say, for Jesus has not given Himself to him." The cate. chumens did not as such understand yet the mystery of the Mass, for they were only under instructions—were dismissed at the offertory. Again in book IX. c. 13, of his "Confessions," he speaks of his deceased mother, Monica She desired to be remembered at the altar, no day passing without it, where the holy Victim is offered, by which the handwriting which was against us was taken away." Pope Telesphorus, A. D. 142 (Durand, p. 419, No. 17), granted the privilege of celebrating three Masses on Christmas day is three Masses on Christmas day, in honor of the threefold birth of Christ, viz. : His birth from all eternity in the bosom of His Father, in time in the womb of Mary, and lastly in our

hearts by His sacramental presence. In these rapid but solid references to history, I have tried to give you an insight into the meaning of this great mystery of Christ's love, and at the same time to show you that the teaching of the Catholic Church has ever peen and must be always the same To show you in detail how the sacrifice of the Mass is absolutely necessary in the Christian religion from its prefigurement by the offering of Mel-chisedech and the similar offering of the Old Law, as well as for the fulfilment of the prophecies of Malachy and Isaias concerning the Church of Christ: to show you how Christ ful-filled the priesthood of Aaron but once in His bloody sacrifice upon Calvary, but the priesthood of Melchisedech He fulfilled daily upon our altars in His offering to His Father of His body and blood in the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass, would extend too much this already long answer. Allow me to say, however, that Protestant writers—to escape the admission that the Mass is a sacrifice—ignore Christ's priesthood "according to the order of Melchisedech," and grossly misapply all that St. Paul says against the repetition of Christ's sacrifice "according to the order of Aaron " to the ommemorative sacrifice of the Mass. But the apostle has spoken (Heb. ix., 10) too plainly of Christ's two fold priesthood, and of the two kinds of sacrifice offered by Him, for any truth-

seeker to be deceived. For nineteen hundred years the Catholic Church has been converting the Gentiles, overturning all altars— Jewish and Gentile—and, in their stead, erecting the altar of Jesus She has always had, and she 'priests," "altars" and "sacri-(Isaais lxvi. 1921), and the alone, ' clean oblation," making the "name of the Lord great among the Gentiles." (Malachy ii. 1011) The holy Mass has never ceased in the Church of Christ and never will till the Saviour comes again. It is offered in every part of the world in every hour of every day of every year, and as the time appointed for Mass is always from dawn to noon, and as the sun in every hour of the twenty four is rising on some part of the world, the Mass, consequently, never ceases on earth. the whole earth is an altar upon which Christ is ever offering to His Father the divine sacrifice of His body and

blood, through the ministry of His riests, for the sinful world Without speaking of the juggling of some translators of the Bible with the presbyteros to make it mean something else than "priest," and to deny that the last supper was a sacrifice, I shall quote Dr. Grobe, a Protest ant authority. "It is certain," he says, "that Iraneus and all the Fathers, either contemporary with the apostles or their successors, whose works are still extant, considered the Blessed Sacrament to be the sacrifice of the New Law. And this was not the private opinion of any particular Church, but the public doctrine of the Universal Church which received from the Apostles and the Apostles from Jesus Christ." In "Loss and Gain" (page 290) Car-dinal Newman says: "To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever and never be tired. is not a mere form of words - it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invoca tion merely, but, if I dare say the word, the evocation of the eternal He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is the awful event which is the scope and interpretation of every part of the solem

Maltine With Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites for Colds, and Bronchitis.

Colds, and Bronchitis.

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"I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure

"I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure at the Drug Store of Mr. Boyle here. I am thankful to say it has proved most effective. I have also tried your Kidney-Liver Pills and found them excellent." — Henry R. Nighells region!

On the Devotion o In a pastoral add ship the Rt. Rev. D Kildare and Leight read in all the chur dioceses, on the F ciation, his Lords practice of the Fort which, in accordan received in a reso last September, is into the united dio of his pastoral his l It has been obse out some truth, Irish people, speal admirable Catholi are distinguished.

MAY 715, 1897.

BISHOP

all others, for the with which in m stances they have ruths of Christian tain other aspects do not compare so peoples, and amou general treatment that our people y Presence, in the f reverence with w wards the Taberna ments of deepest tion with which th Man within their there is no nation which has given, sterling testimony great E What, then, you that there is anvt still wanting in people towards ment of Sacramer to which we refer. due not so much more than to the pelled, but only by blight of persecut withering force u has been complete fountain-head, but vet been entirely een vouchsafed t the dark clouds ha vision of things r so recovered itsel see them in their mutual relations. day we have yet t have not vet suffi selves of the gro We are awakening from was very nigh u quite free, indeed profess the whole truth ; but our rel where we can giv are still largely co tials. The ver breathe is not on the finest specim Catholicity. The to us from our fo the past-a sort of the bite of many came to us bea germs of life at a flourished in its but it still require ity before it can forth into all the of the full grow wonder that we natural hesitancy called a reluctance free expression t Divine Lord in Because we are give the same ex ments towards th as is allowabl cause it may have public pro streets of our tow to forgo every a some striking m Master, the lov hearts? It is on cade or so that

sur

familiar with th tion service, and we are still stran the nature of p No doubt these d sary to our very -nor do they di primitive Christ recommends the wherewith we a presence of eart t remain silent the Lord of lords not we all for rep Heart of Jesus! devotion of app God outraged by duct! We ex dearly beloved in pare yourselves blessings which t of the Forty Hou upon all who equisite disposi dearly beloved,

amongst us. T drink consume is still out to our mean ing our steadily we fear our imp is much more as is no great comi

the terrible vice

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shows no signs