NFALLIBILITY. Vho Says it Only Recercise of High Reason e Doctrine.

PRIL 28, 1894.

e Catholic Times : ted in the letter of Mr. your answer thereto, d in the March 17th in that of March 24

ars ago while studying he Catholic Church and obtain solutions to variwhich arose in my mind my Protestant education the question: "What wicked Pope from delib-ing his trust, and in nfallibility, spreading ast throughout the

ood it, it seemed to me ibility insured his posiof the truth, but his bed his betrayal of it. I suppose that the doc-bility includes not only idance of the Pontiff's relates to his own posruth, but also the overnce which controls the tion of it.

rkable instance of how the declarations of men, His purpose to do so, I our correspondent to the king Balak and Balaam recorded in Holy Scrip ers xxii., xxiii., own in a most wonderful despite the weakness of nd the temptation he was y reason of the bribe of nes offered by the King ugh the fear the prophe ng's anger, he was com-Lord to speak the truth the future of Israel and to of cursing, the people o prophecy their future

atness eration of this narrative ory considerably to ap-ecurity of mind, I might conable security of mind, and believing Catholic on the subject of the ce of the Church. all times that over and

uman elements of the her that element arises to heights of that sanctity coming to it, or whether e depths of imperfection becoming to it, Almighty nt not only as enlightene actions of men. onsider God as not merely

the mind of the visible hurch, but as overruling s, the faith of Catholics is nost reasonable and based hest kind of certainty the command of God to Church," with a penalty

isobedience of this divine and coupled with this we ne promises: "I will be days, even to the end of s a teaching body. The Il shall not prevail against s in our ears, to remind ist, the founder of the calm and undisturbed by hich rage around Him as n quietly sleeping in the His disciples amid the est in the Sea of Galilee but one more sentence and It does not require the

'credulity," but of the on on the part of your cornfallibility of the Pope. Yours very truly R. S. PETTET

welfth street, Phila

#### nger of Irreverence. omes oftener from irrever

on than intellectual doubt a Voltaire has killed more arguments. A jesting on religious truths, is to ne of God in vain, as truly r oath; and when I hear ls himself a Christian or a indulging in burlesque of at once recognize some in him. Intellect without s the head of a man joined

many who think it a proo

t it is the cheapest sort of ows as much lack of hrains I feeling. I would say it sis to each Christian who never indulge that habit sacred things to be jested bebuke; but keep them as the miniature no vulgar hands to touch. anecdote of Bayle that he ounced the name of God audible pause; and whatnink, I recognize in it the We need this wise heart. We need this n the air of our social life, lect will palsy our piety

al Result of Delay.

renerally follows in the path of n't be reckless! but prudently soes of Scott's Emulsion imme-wing exposure to cold. It will my painful days and sleepless

ess is due to nervous excitement. ly constituted, the financier, the n, and those whose occupation great meutal strain or worry, s or more from it. Sleep is the rof a worried brain, and to get the stomach from all impurities doses of Parmelee's Vegetable ecoated, containing no mercury tranteed to give satisfaction or ill be refunded.

ill be refunded.

cases are more or less directly

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THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Neither of them was over young. The doctor was turned forty, and had gleams of white in his dark hair and a delicate tracery of fine lines about the corners of his eyes. His closely woman whose lovely charm only increased with the gracious, dignifying She lived near us in the city, and for four years had kept house for her father and brothers.

We were all so surprised when they married, though I am sure I do not know why we should be. His ship had come in unexpectedly one Saturday night; he had gone directly to her house, and the next morning they appeared at church together. She d had such a quiet life; many loved her, though the men whom she knew never dared to overstep, to our knowledge, the bounds of friendship, and then he had been away for so long. The few who did known of the attactment had almost forgotten it. He was ship doctor on board the Harnia, and had always thought himself too poor to ask her to marry him and was too keeping his finger on his book, jealous proud to ask her to wait. But now of every moment spent away from the the captain, dying, had left him a tidy income and a house and farm just outside of Baltimore.

A little before the wedding Mar garet told me in her quiet way that they had been lovers all their lives. Separated by time and circumstances they never really had been parted in but each knew the other would be faithful to the end. "When this chance came," she said, "it seemed to me." "All things come to those who wait." Twelve years are a long time to look forward to, but when one looks back they do not appear so very long. "I seem to have just been get-ting ready all this time," and she smiled softly as she stroked the beautiful damask she was making. So she had been getting ready. The girl of twenty-three had ripened and developed into the sweet-faced, placid No storm had shaken her woman. No storm had shaken her heart. Perfect sympathy had kept her nature poised and balanced, and ever sweet and wholesome, for the one man to her in the whole world. I could see she was intensely happy, though not demonstratively so. They were not demonstratively so. They were married quietly in September, and not long afterwards they asked me out there. Burnside was at its best, ablaze in all its autumn glory. Her two brothers, Neil and Langdon, were with her when I arrived.

I had known Margaret for a long time and had always admired her, but never had fully understood the deep, calm, quiet nature until I saw her in her own home. The love that had withstood time, distance, and change had now been crowned in the sweet afternoon of her life by this perfect marriage. Her serene and happy face was a pleasure to look upon, a she moved about her lovely home. The chilly nights with their frost

nipped air and early darkening shadows made the library the brightest room in the house. It was but seldom the doctor had an evening to himself, but on this evening he lay out-stretched in his big, wide, old sleepy hollow, lazily basking in the firelight with dreamily happy eyes. It was a large room, somewhat darkly furnished in a pleasant harmony of rich browns and reds, and lit by lamps in all sorts of curious shapes and shades. The place showed the rovings of the master. There were relics from nearly all his voyages, rugs from the East, Turkish embroideries, delf from Holland in thick ebony frames, cabinets filled Fitting into the chimney corner was a huge divan piled high with cushions. huge divan plied high with the chairs, There were large, old leather chairs, and blue and white cups and saucers and blue and white cups and saucers just before sunset, dizzy and weak, I just before sunset, dizzy and weak, I family relics. The doctor's eyes roved crept to the porch outside, where the about the lovely room, but rested oftenest on Margaret's bent head as she sat working at the table under the crimson-shaded lamp. She was good to look at; from her brown hair curling softly on her temples, her drooping eye-lids, her happy, peaceful lips, her white throat, she made a lovely picture to the man who was looking at her with his heart in his eyes. I sat there with a book, but enjoyed the living romance far more than the printed one on my knee.

Neil lay on the rug propped up on his elbows poring over the medical journal spread out before him. He adored his brother-in-law, and was soon to take up the study of medicine Whenever the reins of under him. conversation were left in that lad's hands the talk was pretty sure to turn sooner or later to what Langdon called " his beloved bones."

"Do you know what I heard a doctor say once," he said, "when he was questioned why he studied medicine? He said he had just lost his wife, and went into the profession to find out why people died."

It is a pity he could not go a little farther and keep them from dying,' said Langdon

"Why do people want to be kept from dying?" said the doctor.
"Afraid of the dark," answered

Langdon. "Better keep the ills we have than fly to ills we know not of, 'quoted Neill. "Everybody does seem afraid of it, though, don't they?" "Margaret," said the doctor, "what

are your thoughts on the matter?" blood just tingled her cheek, as it always did when his voice sounded her name. She looked up; her dark eyes had a depth that seldom came except when she was alone with him and heart spoke to heart. Yet to-night with three of us there, guests in her phases and its turbulent ones—they

own home, the same deep, unalterable look of perfect love passed from her soul to his. She left the table and went and knelt by his chair, resting one ivory white hand on its crimson back.

"I do not fear for death," she said in a low reverent, tone; "particularly trimmed beard was gray under the now that I am so happy. I would not chin; and as for Margaret, she was a grieve if God called me to night."

She answered her brother's movement with a slow, sweet smile; but in the doctor's eyes there was no surprise. Lover-husband as he was, there was scarcely need of words between those two perfect souls. He felt as though he himself had said it; and to her, as to him, death had no terror, as it meant an eternity together.

Prosaic Neil grew restless, flung himself into a new attitude and jerked out: "Well, by hookey, I for one wish there was nt any such thing as death !'

The doctor smiled, though Margaret did not. "Neil," he said, "that reminds me of a story I heard in my young days, and have not thought of it in years.

"Tell it," he said. Langdon moved out of his corner, of every moment spent away from the library shelves, though anxious to hear the story from the well-travelled man that he knew the doctor to be.

"During my student life," he began, "I went on one of my vacations on a walking tour through the Apennines. I had started with a chum, and when we were but two days out their hearts. They had rarely written, he was summoned home by a telegram. I went on alone, stopping for rest and night's lodgings wherever I happened chance came," she said, "it seemed to be. The whole trip was thoroughly only natural that he should come back enjoyable except for the latter part, and I will tell of that at once. day I was caught in a terrific moun tain storm and wandered about for hours afterwards in my wet clothes. Towards evening I found myself near a convent. The good nuns could no harbor a man, of course, so they directed me to the cure's house, a few roods down the road. I could see its light twinkling in the darkness like a big fire fly in the woods. I was received with all the hospitality and goodwill in the world, and made as welcome as though the unlooked for intrusion was the payment of a long-promised visit. I had a very good but simple meal, and found my host very entertaining. At 9 o'clock we could just hear the ringing of the con-vent bell. I was as ready to go to rest as the priest, who had been up since 4.

"I was shown into a little white room that had not much style, but very great cleanliness. On the white-washed wall hung an immense cruci-fix. The floor was sanded in some attempt at a floral design; to get into the high, white curtained bed I had to use the single rush-bottomed chair as a step, but after once tumbling in I was not long awake. The next morning I found myself a victim to what I had laid myself out for — rheumatic fever. For three long weeks I lay there suffering every kind of physical torture, and when the terrible pain in my body had gone my head commenced. Blind with pain, I could only lie there motionless for days, and pray that the sun would stop shining in through the uncurtained window on the dazzling white wall opposite.

"Was there no woman there," said Margaret, horror-stricken.

"Margaret had been mentally putting a green paper blind on that window ever since the sun began to come in," said Neil, mischievously.

"There was an old woman there, the doctor went on, "but I guess poor old Battino had no use for sick young cence to his repeated expressions of sorrow for my illness, joy at my re covery, and determination to keep till I was 'whole again.' I leaned back in his cushioned chair, and let the cool breeze play on my hot eyes and head, and slowly could feel the tide of life creeping back from its low ebb. The dreadful pain I had been in shut out the seriousness of my attack, and I now heard, with something like surprise, how near to death he thought I do not know what definite thought was in my sick brain, but I we have to add death to the list. Surely us that bitter cup too.'

"And would you live for ever?" said the cure. And I, thinking of a certain heart waiting here at home for

me, said, "Yes."

The cure leaned forward and rested his arms on his knees, his thin white fingers swinging to and fro. There was on his lips the calm smile of age as it listens to the wild fantasies of our low youth.

Why can we not live on and have no death," he said. "My son, that has been the eternal question since that awful morning when the gates of Paradise shut with a clang that has been echoing down the walls of time ever since. Let me tell you a story; and he got up and began pacing to and fro on the narrow strip of gravel between us. Call it allegory, fable and moral, what you will; it is a nut that has

plenty of meat." "Once there was a planet wonderfully like this, inhabited by a race of men not unlike ourselves. They lived, had all the sorrows and joys of life, its manifold pleasures and pains, its quiet

youth were theirs, and untrammelled by thoughts of extinction. Ambition mounted high and met no wall of resistless time or sudden cessation by death. Dreams of great wealth were flushing their lives with this of very flushing their lives with this of very flushing their lives with this of very flushing the lives with this of very flushing by a nersonage can be not exist. A remarkable instance of the acuteness shown was related to a fixed that in those whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few houter was the searched and the whole sum was found except a few houter was the searched and the whole sum was found except a few houter was the searched and the whole sum was found except a few houter was the searched and the whole sum was found except a few houter was the searched and the whole sum was found except a few houter was the searched and the whole sum was found except a few houter was the searched and the whole sum was found except a few houter was the searched and the whole sum was found except a few houter was the searched and the whole sum was found except a few houter was found except a death. Dreams of great wealth were flushing their lives with tints of roses, and shortness of life brought no rude awakening. But alas! the hopes they saw bud in the morning of their lives they saw blossom, and, saddest of all, saw decay. The dreams of ambition were fulfilled, but brought no pleasure in the realization. Wealth piled up on wealth, but where was the piled up on wealth, but where was the even had the habit of addressing her

THE

people grew helpless and dropped down by the wayside; they fainted by the doorsteps, but there was none to succour them. The young were all eagerly working for their own sustenance ere they, too, would fall by the way. Every day added fresh numbers to the heap of skin and bone that lay there—'sans teeth, sans eyes, sans and to leave the management of it in taste, sans everything.' Their strength his hands, which she consented to do. was only enough to moan, and that moaning rent the air. Layer after layer of dust settled on the moaning heap, and even through those thickening strata the awful sound went on : O kind Death! O dear Death! O

longed-for rest that never comes. "That sadly peopled planet even yet goes spinning down the aisles of space, and the wailing still goes on. "Listen! In every wind that blows the sound of it comes to our waiting ear. Even in summer the wind is sad with the burden of that ceaseless plaint, and in winter it is inexpressibly plaint, and in winter it is in expressibly
so. In November we pray for the
souls of the dead; why not pray for
those poor unfortunates who had
everything in life but its chief blessing
—death? That's the story."
As the doctor finished the wind out-

side rose to a shriek, and Langdon and I started as though we had been Even Margaret's face grew a shade pale, and she held closer the hand within her own. It was as if we heard the pitiful cries of those condemned souls.
"Gad! but that's a gruesome

story,' said Neil. 'What do you think of it, Margaret?"

Margaret's pure, sweet eyes sought her husband's. "It is a good story, dear, "she said. "Never has that line been brought home to me with such force: O grave, where is thy victory O death where is thy sting?' should not be afraid of death. Catholic hearts there is no separation in death. Every day we say we be lieve in the 'communion of saints ; surely we cannot let the words slip by and leave no trace. If I were to die to-night," and she smiled half sadly at the convulsive pressure her fingers received, "I would not be far away -

would be just across the river whose

dreamy voice sank almost to a whisper "Jehoshaphat! maybe when I ar married I too can talk in that strain, but until then give me flesh and blood Langdon, come to bed; and Neil hurried out. We could hear them scurrying through the dim hall and laughing to chase away each other's fear. I followed the boys, leaving those two before the fire looking with love-lit eyes, not into the future, but beyond it - into eternity. - Catholic World.

## One Attraction of The Saloon.

"I ain't going home, I tell you. There ain't no fire there, and there ain't goin' to be none." Two men, who looked like workingmen, were walking along the street together. One was evidently trying to get the other to go home.

The answer gives one an idea what a missionary influence a warm fire may be. Possibly this man's wife and child were at home and had to stay there whether there was going to be a fire or not. Perhaps the head of the family reasoned that since he had no employment by means of which to ob tain money to build a fire, and could not help his wife and child if he were there, he might as well go where there was a fire-the saloon. There are always plenty of places where even an unemployed man may find warmth. said petulantly, 'And to think that of course, such a person may go to the all our suffering here, in every ill public library and read the books and that flesh is heir to, is not enough, but papers, but somehow the public library is not as easily accessible as the saloon God ought to be satisfied and not give and cheerful conversation is not forbid den in the latter, ally somebody in the saloon who will helpeven an unemployed man to do that which will enable him for a time to forget his poverty and remember misery no more. Incidentally he Incidentally he forgets his wife and remembers his children no more. What if there were a few places -well, a good many places in the poor quarters of the city, just as accessible as the saloons, where men and women who cannot have fires in their rooms might go and be warm and comfortable and find nothing more mischievous to drink then hot milk or coffee.

Spring is full of terrors to all whos constitution is not able to resist the sudden changes of temperature and other insalubrites of the season. To put the system in condition to overcome these evils, nothing is so effective as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take it now.

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had all that life can hold, but they ONE WAY TO CATCH A THIEF. guarded at every door." The man

even had the habit of addressing her capacity for enjoyment?

"They grew older and older; the infirmities of age came on, weighed them down, toppled them over—but no release. After a time the old, old propried green had the habit of addressing her to the affectionate term of "maman."

One day paying "maman." a visit, he found her in a great state of agitation; she had just discovered that she paying green had the habit of addressing her to the affectionate term of "maman." had been robbed of a large sum of money, which she had placed in her bureau pending its investment by her agent de change

The Count soothed her as well as he could and, having ascertained that she had not yet mentioned what she had just discovered to any one but himself, he urged her to keep the matter secret,

The Count then went at once to the chfef of the police, who listened attentively, and merely remarking that the theft must have been committed by some one well acquainted with the house, asked carlessly what were the habits of the Marquise. The Count answered that she led the quiet life of an elderly lady, only varied by a Many a time did I waken from my an elderly lady, only varied by a dinner-party every week, on that very day; but that she was so disturbed by her loss that probably on this occasion

the guests would be put off.
"On no account!" cried the prefect of police. "Tell your friend, above all things, to make no change; she must give her dinner party as usualbut she must allow me to send her a guest.

The Count started. "What-a detective? My friend will not like the idea at all."

"If she wishes to recover her money, my own way. Be so kind as to go to the Passage Delorme, opposite the Tuileries Palace, at 5 o'clock this eventure. she must let me manage this matter in ing. You will find there a young man who will address you by name, and who will call himself M. de Saint-Julien. You will take him to your friend, and he will join her party. Leave the rest to me."

A good deal disturbed, the Count re turned to the Marquise, who at first was horrified at the idea of a detective for a guest; but she yielded at length, and the Count went, as agreed, to the Passage Delorme. The gallery was empty, and the Count was beginning to look into the shop-windows to beguile the time, when he saw a young man, fashionably dressed and of re markably elegant and gentlemanly appearance, who also began to look at the toys. After a short pause he accosted the Count.
"Monsieur, you are, I believe, lapping waves we can almost hear in moments like this," and the lovely,

waiting for some one."
"Monsieur," answered the Count,

"I am, indeed, expecting some one to meet me; but I should be greatly surprised if that individual were your

"I have the pleasure of addressing the Comte de G-F-

Yes. "I am M. de Saint-Julien."

Greatly astonished, the Count bowed. and at once began to pace the gallery with the new comer, who questioned him with astute quickness as to the circumstances of the robbery, and, after quietly stating his opinion that

I know if you have discovered any

clue? "I will make this gesture," and the detective made a rapid circular motion with his right hand, holding the fore finger extended.

This point being settled, "M. de Saint-Julien" was duly introduced to the Marquise. Soon he had charmed every one present by his perfect ease of manner and brilliancy of conversa-

The Count sat gravely watching the strange guest, little pleased at his apparent forgetfulness of the only motive which explained his presence in such But at the close of the dinner society. But at the close of the dinner M. de Saint Julien, still carelessly talking and laughing, looked toward the Count and rapidly passed his hand, with the forefinger extended, round the wire of the finger glass before him, but in such a manner that it seemed the natural accompaniment to what he

was saving. On leaving the dinner-table the Count eagerly approached him, and whispered

"You made the sign?" "Certainly."

"You are on the track?"

"I know who it is. "Who?" cried the Count.

"The servant who was behind your He is the man.'

"How can you possibly know?" exclaimed the Count, greatly astonished.
"I suspected that the robbery has been committed by a professional thief, so I used words and expressions which, although they would not attract your notice, yet, as I employed them, had another meaning in the thieves' dialect, or argot. The man at once recognized in me a police officer, and turned pale. He is the thief."
"But," cried the Count, "of course

"But," cried the Count, "of course he will now try to escape."
"Do you take me for a fool?" said
M. de Saint-Julien. "The house is beyond our expectation."

Coughs and Colds lead to consumption if neglected. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures quickly and is pleasant to take.

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really did try to escape, and was im-mediately stopped. His sleepingbrilliant hopes incidental to golden youth were theirs, and untrammelled by thoughts of extinction. Ambition days life and preparts an arranged whole sum was found except a few

#### A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

I had grown reckless after ; that is, I fell in with a crowd of professional friends, who drank, swore, and cared nothing for morality in general. At first I held back: I had not been used to it; but I could not withstand the sneering laugh of my companions which always greeted me when I refused to join in any of their wickel acts, and by de grees I became very reckless.

makes me shudder even now to think of it. I had never been blessed with a sister's love. I resided with my mother in this village of about 400 inhabitants. Many a night when I would go reeling home from the shop at the north end of the town, I would find my dear mother watching for her son-listening if perchance she could drunken slumber and hear that ford mother sending up a petition to God in behalf of her intemperate son. what a wretch I was. I knew that I was bringing down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. She began to look aged and careworn; but I kept on in my sinful ways until a circumstance occurred to stop me in my down

I started out one evening to the grog shop when I suddenly remem-bered that I had spent all my money the evening before. I remembered also that I had seen my mother put a strong. I slipped cautiously to the cupboard, removed the money from the I slipped cautiously to the cup, deposited it in my pocket, and was starting from the house when my mother entered. I did not turn my head for I felt guilty—guilty of what I never did before — a theft. My mother called me; there was some thing in her voice that I could not

"What is it, mother?" said I. "Oh, Willie! do stay home with me to night," she exclaimed, grasping my hand in both of hers. drink to-night; take my advice just

Oh! how many times since I have wished that I had taken her advice that night. But consoling her by telling her that I would not stay long, I wended my way to the grog shop. But my mother's words, "Oh, Willie, do stay home with me to-night," kept ringing in my ears far louder than the drunken oaths, and for once I did not stay what I called late; but when reached home the bells in the neigh boring city were tolling the midnight A strange feeling seized me as I ap-

proached my home. The light was placed in the window as usual to guide the wanderer's steps. I went to the window and looked in. There sat my mother in her easy chair; her eyes were closed and I thought she slept. Her face was pale, but it was always that. I tried to chase my fears away quainted with the ways of the Marquise, he added:

"Now take me to your friend's house."

"But," said the Count, "how shall larger way when I went round to the door; my hand trembled when I laid it on the latch, and it thrilled my very heart when it arose with a sharp click. I had never such feeling before. I the very cup from which I had removed the money. I laid my hand on mother's shoulder and spoke to her. She moved not; I spoke louder; still, no answer. I listened, but could not hear her breathe. I laid her gently on the bed, brought water and bathed her white forehead. Reader, imagine my joy when I saw that dear mother opened her eyes. "Oh, mother!" opened her eyes. "Oh, mother!" cried I, "forgive me. Oh, forgive

your erring boy."
"I do," was the answer. A heavenly smile lit up her face.

'Meet me in heaven, Willie. "By the grace of God, I will." And my mother's spirit had fled to God who gave it.

It is not necessary for me to prolong the description of the mournful scene Suffice it to say that from that moment I was a changed man-snatched, as a brand from a burning flame. Since that time not one drop of whisky, wine or anything of the kind, has passed my lips, and, by the health and strength given me from above, never will.

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Caughts and Colds lead to consumption if



Mr. J. W. Dykeman

# After the Grip

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