ANCIENT CITY OF DUBLIN.

ITS SURROUNDINGS, STREETS AND BUILDINGS.

The Olden Houses Cathedrals and other public edifices-Anecdotes connected with Ireland's Capital.

In speaking, last week, of the beautifully illustrated volume entitled, "James Malton's Ancient Dublin," we promised to give Miss Katharine Tynan's interes-ting description of the old Capital, as it was in days gone past. Consequently, this week, we furnish our readers with the first portion of that admirable essay.

Dublin, a city by the sea, whose salt breezes in a time of east wind come up into the city streets, sweet and penetrating; a city ringed with mountains which one sees far off from upper windows, lovely in a grey-blue haze; a city of wide and empty thoroughfares; of stately buildings put to scant use; a city sleeping with the dust of centuries upon her hair and robe. Coming from busier worlds, one notices first the depression of the streets before one has realized other things, the velvety, sir, for example, which blows on one's face exquisitely pure and grateful. The superannuated cabe which crawl through our thoroughfares are supplemented by the thin atream of people on the sidewalks, while the well-horsed outside cars, to which the stranger may be seen painfully clinging, only give a look of spasmodic dare deviltry to the scene. There is a new street in Dublin, in line with and following the great main thoroughfare of Dame street, and it has been opened three years, and only one shop has been built there; the street is two straight lines of desolate building plots. Decay could not speak more eloquently. Yet the city is full of memories of the grandeur that was in the eighteenth century. The great Cus-tom House, James Gandor's master-piece, has miles of disused rooms and passages, despite that half-a-dozen boards of one kind or another burrow there-for we are overru nwith bureaucracy. The Exchange and the Linen Hall have been diverted from their original purpose. The magnificent houses of the nobility have fallen upon evil days: Charlemont House shelters the Registrar-General and his staff; Tyrone House, the Board of National Education; Moira House, the Mendicity Institution; Aldborough House, the Commissariat; Leinster House the National Library, and Museum and Picture Gallery and so on. We leave the memory of that glittering old nobility, we Irish, being conservative in all our instincts despite the temporary bouleversement of the land revolution. Probably as a class they were as oppressive as their brotners in France, whose curled heads fell under the guillotine, despite such glorious exceptions as the Earl of Charlemont and Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but we have forgotten all that, as their retainers did when they barricaded the castle rackrents against the forces of the law, and fought tooth and nail to save their masters from the inconvenient consequences of their made

Dublin is the only city in Northern Europe possessing two Cathedrals. To see really picturesque Dublin one must fare away from the more prosperous parts-from the temple-like front of the Bank of Ireland, once the houses of Par-liament, and the long, unlovely line of Trinity College, westward up Dame street to Christ Church, the smaller of the two Cathedrals. This beautiful Gothic Cathedral, the ancient priory of Holy Trinity, has many memories about it ; there Lambert Simmel was crowned in 1486, with the crown of the statue of the Blessed Virgin in St. Mary's Abbey over the water, for which act of treason the Archbishop of Dublin in those days had later to do public penance. Here was later to do public penance to be a straight bits. It is a saving of money and the floor; when it is securely down it the floor; when it is securely down it must be desirable out of the floor to shrink such a rug, it must be free from dust. The floor must then be cleaned as clean as possible and the rug stretched and nailed firmly to the floor was the floor to shrink such a rug, it must be free from dust. The floor must then be cleaned as clean as possible and the rug stretched and nailed firmly to the floor was the floor to shrink such a rug. It must be free from dust. The floor must then be cleaned as clean as possible and the rug stretched and nailed firmly to the floor was with which St. Patrick performed many miracles, and which was burnt by a too zealous reforming Bishop in the time of Henry VIII. The saint came by it in a strange fashion. He was warned in a dream to go seek it, in an isle in the Mediterranean, coming to which he found it populated by people young and of celestial beauty, and people old and withered. And to his surprise he learned that the ancients were the children, the sons and daughters of those beautiful young folks. And then they told him how in the practice of hospitality they had given shelter one night to an unknown traveler, whose presence among them was even as might be the presence of that One who journeyed unknown with the two travellers of Emmans. For the night he abode with them the hotel seemed bathed in a fair light, and all their hearts were full of raptures and songs. And in the mor-ning the cell were he slept was empty, none having seen him depart; but his staff, of exceeding richness and beauty, he left behind. They called it the Staff of Jesus, understanding that the had deigned to visit his people. And all who looked upon him were gifted from that our with undying youth and beauty. But the hermit, who was their chief man having been warned in a vision, delive red up this precious staff to St. Patrick, who returned with it to Ireland, anworked by its aid many miracles, and afterwards, in its shrine in Christ Church it remained an object of great veneration till the coming of this iconoclastic Bishop

of unlovely memory.

From Christ Church, and the hill on which it stands, as one goes westward from the city, many quaint and cock-screwy streets twist their tortuous way down to the river, some of them, such as Wormwood Gate, impossibly crazy and headlong as any wynd in Edinburgh Old the night of the funeral,' he wrote—'the Town. Wormwood Gate commemorates funeral which my sickness will not suffer one of the old gates of the fortified town, which stood at the foot of those narrow streets on the banks of ther iver, an admirable natural position of defence one would think. As late as 1610 all the north of the river was sand and sea marshes, save that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber. And then, fingering perhaps that precious relic, 'only a woman's hair,' he went on to write of the softness only the great pile of the Abbey of St. Mary's to the northwest, which had gathered around itself an appanage of streets and dwelling houses as a university might in our day; on the old maps dearest little M. D., he had so often it looks like a little town of itself.

At the foot of Parliament street once to Stella: now with her it was night and stood Izod's tower, named from the Iseult | a cloudier night with him." of Ireland nhose story has such power to harm that three great poets of our day lozenge-shaped brass near the entrance.

have set it in their poetry. One imagines her looking from some narrow tower-window over the sandy marshes and through the east wind sea-fogs with her destiny as yet a sealed book and no messenger from Mark upon the water-way, her fate in his hand. One could make a pichand. ture of her thus, before her love and sorrow; a Burne-Jones or a Rossetti picture t must be, for passion and prevision are so wrought into one's thoughts of her. Her tower is gone, and only the memory of it remains; but there is Chapelizod, sunk village between swelling hills and by the Lifley banks, on beyond Phoenix Park. There, after all her sin and suffering, her father erected a chapel for her soul's sake, and the name of the village commemorates this. It is a "Sleepy Hollow" where even the fiery heart of an Iseult might drowse, if her resting-

place had been there. At the other side of Christ Church and its hill there is another descent to the low-ying streets marking the ancient bed of the Poddle, a mysterious subterranean stream which, leaving its parent Dodder at a lovely green place behind Harold's after the revocation of the Edict of Cross, slips away from the sunlight and goes sluggishly under houses and streets and becomes a common sewer, till it spills itself into the Littey through a side gate in the quay-walls. A dread-ful stream it has always seemed to me since I read long ago of a woman falling into it through a trap-door which she had lifted in her little house-yard in order to draw up water. Imagine the helpless creature swirling away into that living grave! Imagine her dead, floating on and on through the labyrinth in the dark! I have never for gotten the horror of it. There is some thing ghastly about a subterranean river. The water-rats used to come from this river swarming into St. Patrick's the other cathedral, by night, till Sir Ben-jamin Lee Guinness, the munificent father of more munificent sons, restored it, and the old flooring was replaced by concrete and tiles. There is a story of an officer who was shut in here by accident at night having been eaten by rats, a story which I have always hoped was untrue. If one wanted to make a brilliant im-

pressionist picture one could scarcely do better than to come to Patrick Street,

the direct route from one cathedral to the other, and the most picturesque street in Dublin, if also the dirtiest. He should catch it on a frosty winter afternoon, with the sunset reddening all over the sky and the haze of frost in the air. The street goes down steeply; there is the pointed dark tower of Patrick's sheer up in the luminous sky, and the long expanse of the cathedral with its great buttresses solemn in the growing shadows. But at its feet there is this street of boths, stocked with the most miscellaneous merchandise for the very poor—tin kettles and flaming cheap prints, coarse crockery and tawdry second-hand clothing, cradles and bages, looking glasses and sheeps' heads. The saleswomen, with their argumenta-tive voices and bold, bright eyes, their touzled heads and scarlet woolen neckerchiefs, their weatherbeaten faces, and the stout apron, or praskeen, tied round their comfortable waists, are on the happiest terms with theother ladies, similar ly clad, who have tish stalls by the curb-stone, and sit in sight of the world all day industrious y cleaning their fish. There is always much conversation going on ir Patrick street, not always of the belligerent kind an uninitiated person might fancy from voices and attitude. As it grows dark flaming gas jets spring up in the open fronts of the booths. An old woman, with the inevitable red shawl, knits at her door post, a velvety black cat rubbing himself up against her; a collection of crazy booths and bright bits | endiess annoyance to have articles out of of color. How different from the cathedal closes one remembers, those green places with the singing of the birds and the murmur of the wind in great branches, and the humming of bees in the heart of a rose or the cup of a lily!

I am not sure that the Cathedral does not gain from its strange surroundings. Impressive it is to gloom, with its stateliness, its lonliness, its overmastering memories of Swift, one of the saddest figures in all the world's history. It lies very low; after all the descent one has to go down steps into it. It is an cerie place of an evening, with the ragged banners of the Knights of St. Patrick fluttering in the gloom over the dark oak stalls, and the shadows heavy in the long side-aisles. The gloom of stained glass has a richness and holiness about it; but here, where the white glare of the clerestory windows was darkened over by the coming night, there was a cold gleam like death. The verger was very old and very fired of sight steers; there were no worshippers—only some one went tiptoe down the far aisle; there was a far-away glimmer of light at the organ, where the organist was droning upon his instru-ment; and overhead was the bust of Swift, with the strange terrible inscription, "Here where fierce indignation can no more lacerate his heart." What one feels here Professor Dowden has expresed so beautifully that I transcribe from

him: "While we stand beneath Roubiliac's bust and read that terrible inscription, we think, before all else, of the mournful night when, by the flare of torches under the high roof, the faithful heart of Esther Johnson was laid in the dust, and the I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to torchlights gleamed across to the old my age, read in her tender and untiring deanery windows, where Swift, ill in body and tortured in mind, sat in glom, This is me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment of her temper and heroic personal cournge, her modesty, her learning, her gentle voice, her wit and judgment, her vivacity of heart and brain. "Night, added as the farewell word of his diary

They lie together under a modest,

so only by his jests-his jests which were nearly always such terrible earnest!

In Marsh's Library close at hand, the gift of Archbishop Marsh to the citizens of Dublin, where none reads and none penetrates except the librarian, I have heard that a ghost walks of nights, fling-ing about disdainfully the worm-eaten folios. Swift might well haunt this place, yet he of all ghosts ought not to "walk;" after his unrestful life he should

sleep well. Close by it is the Coomles, the high-way of the Liberties of Dublin, where Nantes great numbers of French silkweavers came and settled, and introduced the poplin-making industry. Their "weavers' hall" is still in existence, though turned to other purposes. The descendants of some of them prospered well, and now French names belong to some of our most considered people. We have so many Huguenots yet amongst us as to necessitate a special graveyard for their use, a walled place between houses in Merion Row, which not one out of every fifty passers-by knows to be a graveyard.

That Tired Feeling

Is often the forerunner of serious illness, which may be broken up if a good tonic like Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken in season. This medicine invigorates the kidneys and liver to remove the waste from the system, purifies the blood and builds up the strength.

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

Home Matters.

Cloths dipped in hot potato water and applied to rheumatic joints will almost invariably ease the pain.

Palpitation of the heart may be stopped by lying on the right side, partially on the face, when the heart will resume its proper action.

To cool a room wet a cloth, the larger it may happen to be the better, and sus-pend it; if the ventilation is good the temperature will quickly lower.

Lamp burners which are in constant use should be boiled occasionally in pearline or soda sads, then scrubbed and pol-ished with brick dust, when they will do as good service as new ones.

Kerosene added to boiled starch-a tablespoonful to a quart-will prevent the soothing irons from sticking and give a gloss to the articles ; the scent will eva-

porate in the drying.

Save all your broken and crooked carpet tacks and keep them in a box in the kitchen for cleaning bottles. They are better than shot, for the sharp edges scrane off all the stains.

At the time of housecleaning make it rule to inspect everything in the way of the fitting and furniture of the house. If there are slats out of the blinds or blinds are out of order in any way, have them repaired. Look at the locks and bolts and see that everything is in order, that the keys are in place and move easily in the lock. Sometimes when a lock is stiff a few drops of korosene oil will make it all right. If there are cracked repair mended so they can be of service. If one has a suitable place for the purpose, the washing of blankets may become an easy matter, says the January Ladies' Home Journal. In an open space, have a line tightly stretched out of doors. To this, fasten the upper edge of the blanket. Have strips of cotton sewed to the bottom at interals; tie these to pegs, which drive well into the ground. Now turn on the hose. Cold water, of course, and plenty of it. Drench the blankets well on both sides. If much soiled, rubs spots with soap and drench again. force of the stream will do more than wringing. After the article is quite clean. leave it to dry; never mind if it does rain; if the work has been thorough it will not streak, but be all the better for it. When the sun has completed the task, you will possess blankets as white, soft and unshrunken as new, and the nap will not be destroyed.

Remember Your Mother, Boys,

Few men have expressed in more exquisite language than Macaulay the affection which every good man feels for his mother. "Make the most of it while yet you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomed love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, uncuring world, for the sweet, deep sincerity I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep—never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

A Good Woman

A good woman! Heaven holds nothing sweeter. Not even the whitest asphodel that grows upon the heavenly hill is purer. To know a good woman in

NO BOCUS testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell HOOD'S Sarsaparilla. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true.

Walter Scott, visiting here, said: "One | the serenity of her excellence is to stand thinks of nothing but Swift; the whole cathedral is merely his tomb;" and this so. One leaves it gladly as one would a mausoleum; yet I would rather see it so, ghost-haunted, then in its hours of in the time of trouble, her wisdom is a sarvice or on those gala nights when an shield and her devotion a strong and service, or on those gala nights when an shield and her devotion a strong and oratorio is given here. There is a tomb staunch deliverance. She is never loud, in the cathedral to the memory of Alex- nor ribald, nor course; as well might a ander Magee, "the faithful servant of Dean Swift." Is this "the Dane's man?"

—the invariable second person the Irish She is brimming over with joy and peasant brings into every story of the mirth, but her laughter never springs saturnine dead man, who is remembered from a source that works harm or dis-

use is beneficial to the digestive organs they are excellent in diseases of the bladder, and kidneys, are of benefit in liver complaints, and their power for good in lung troubles is well known. They are the best cure for insomnia.

A favorite remedy for a cough is a syrup made by alternating slices of raw onion with white sugar. Cut a large onion, horizontally, into thin slices, put one in a dish, sprinkle sugar over it, then add another slice of onion, building it up thus by laying on until all are used. Cover the dish. About once in every three hours a teaspoonful of syrup will have formed, which should be taken at interyals of about this length, throughout the

Hot poultices, made of onions and mixed with goose oil have been used advantageously in croup. Roasted onions are sometimes bound to the feet and placed upon the chests of little ones suffering from the effects of a cold. Placed raw upon a cloth, then beaten to a pulp, bandaging with this the throat and well up over the ears, they have given reliet in cases of diphtheria.— Good Housekeeping.

Around the House.

Lemons may be kept fresh for a long time in a jar of water, changing the water every morning.

To remove discolorations upon dishes put into hot ovens, rub with a flannel rag dipped in whiting.

To keep seeds from the depredations of vermin mix some small pieces of cam-phor with them. Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing injury to the contents.

There are some rugs that will not stry in place, but insist on turning up, tripping the unwary foot and committing all kinds of mischief making which such a depraved floor-covering may be guilty of. Where such is the case, it is best to have sockets sunk in the floor at the corners to hold them down. Any carpet man will prepare such sockets and fasten the rug to them in such a manner as to make the fastening almost invisible Rugs which are made up from carpeting are often very troublesome and refuse to must be dampened thoroughly and allowed to dry on the floor. The writer is assured by those who have tried this experiment that it isthoroughly successful and is the only way to make a rug made up of carpeting a practical success when not fastened permanently to the

Pointers.

The skirt with only one seam is the newest fad.

Black bonnets trimmed with a little palm green ribbon are in good taste. Cream and fern green are regarded as a harmonious contrast of tints.

The taste of the cook which has be come vitiated by the tasting of many dishes may be quickly restored to its normal delicacy by a small drink of milk.

A very good authority gives us a simple remedy for hiccough: A lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases tried as an experiment, it stopped hiccoughs in nine.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafnes and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S. E., England.

On the safe side-The handle to a fireproof.

WORTH \$10 A BOTTLE.

Dean Sirs,—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for dysp-psia, and have found it to be the best medicine I ever used. I could not eat without suffering from a terrible burning pain in the pit of my stormen. I used six bottles of B.B B. and am ghal f did so or I should have been in my grave to-day, It completely cured me. I take a bottle every spring and would not be without it if it cost \$10 a bottle.

DAVID PEDLEY, Moriey, Alb.

Persons who can take a man down-Reporters.

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

DEAR SIRS,—I think it is a privilege to re-ommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure or chapped hands, swellings, sore throat, etc. recommend it to all.—Mrs. GEO. WARD, ossestime Out.

It is not at all surprising that parrots should use poly-syllables.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Phils; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

What is the prime object of a soldier's drill. To make holes in the enemy.

BOOK REVIEWS.

within the presence of one of God's angels. She is tender, sympathetic, true, infinitely loving and without guile. Her heart is a pavillion wherein ones hides in the time of trouble, her wisdom is a hield and her devotion a strong and staunch deliverance. She is never loud, nor ribald, nor course; as well might a flate become a fog horn. She is full of merry conceits yet never boisterous, and the ecomic of the wisdom is a sunce that works harm or discomfort to anyone. She is sensitive to the sorrow of others, eager to redress wrong, quick to champion the weak and efend the cruelly oppressed. Children love her, women trust her, men adore her. Her humanity keeps her near to earth, while her purity draws her ever more toward heaven. There are a few types of her kind left on the sordid old earth, and God be thanked for it. Amind the preponderance of the other sort of wonankind the sweet beneficence of her presence is like the growth of an occasional rose in a plantation of nettles.

The Praises of the Humble Onlon Soundard and the second the make the complection clear in the face free from pimples. The children of those nationalities who at the proof of the second the discommendation of the word with the serious of the with the serious of the with the serious of th IRREAND IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

SOME LIES AND ERRORS OF HISTORY.

The foregoing is the title of a volume, just issued from the office of the "Ave Maria," Notre Dame, Ind. The work consists of a number of most beautiful essays from the pen, the Rev. Renben Parsons, D.D., (author of "Studies in Church"). As the nuthor's preface states, "these essays are selected from among those contributed by the anthor to the "Ave Maria." It is almost superfluous for us to add any words of recommendation; the author's name should suffice to guarantee the volume as one of great interest and deep instruction. To mention that those articles appeared in the "Ave Maria" is enough to stamp them with genuine merit, for no Catholic magazine on this continent is more choice in its selections and more rich in the varied beauties of its literary gems than the "Ave Maria." We will give a list of the subjects treated in this volume of over three hundred well-printed, large-type, clear pages. Pope Alexander VI.; The alleged Aute-Mortem funeral of Charles V.; Bruno and Campanella; St. Cyrll of Alexandria and the murder of Hypalia; The Divorce of Napoleon and Josephine; Fenelon and Voltaire: Gaillieo; The Grey Cardinat; "Iam the State."

—Did Louis XIV. ever say sen?; The truth about the inquisition; Louis XII. as He was; The Nature of Tasso's Imprisonment; Wicked Venice; The last word on the Massacre of St Bartholomew's Day; The Middle Age not a Starless Night; The Man with the Iron Mask; The Holy Wars, Their Object and Results; The "Orthodox" Russiaa and the Schi-matic Greek Churches. Surely in these essays, on such subjects of vital historical interest and from the pen of the control of th SOME LIES AND ERRORS OF HISTORY. Surely in these essays, on such subjects of vital historical interest and from the pen of such a deep student and elegant literatur as Ir. Parsons, and from the pages of such a charming publication as the "Ave Maria" must be deserving of the highest praise, and worthy the perusual of every Catholic who is able to procure the folume.

THE AVE MARIA.

Almost simultanteously with the first May weekly of the Ave Maria, came the monthly part for April. Beginning with its frontispiece "Resurrext," and closing with its literary supplement, from cover to cover that charmingly Catholic and refluedly elevated periodical is filled with every species of genuine literature, poetry, essays, historical sketches, stories and beautiful sentiments. The TRUE WITNESS desires to thank the Ave Maria for many a column of interesting material, and particularly that charming contributor, Mr. Charles Warren Steidard, for those sketches of freland, and his present descriptions of "Bonnie Scotland" the reproduction of which has so pleased the readers of our paper. In glancing over our different Catholic exchanges we notice, every week, extracts and even columns credited to the Ave Maria. What better lest could we ask of the value, the popularity and the merit of a publication? We sincerely wish our Notre Dame friend every imaginable success in the future.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

Political And Social Science.

The Annals of the American Academy of Political Science for May contains two notable articles on Ballot Reform. Mr. Richard R. Dana, of Boston, writes on the "Practical Working of the Australian System of Voting in Massachusetts," and shows how politics have been purified in that State by the inadoption, and Mr. Charles C. Braney of Phitadelphia, discusses the "Morits and Defects of the Pennsylvania Ballot Law of 1891." This law establishes the Australian system in a very modified form so that it is really little better than the old system of voting.

Another valuable contribution to current political discussion is Mr. Emory R. Johnson's article on "River and Harbor Bills." This is an able defence of river and harbor legislation by Congress and shows what great benefits such legislation has brought to the country. In this number also Prof. E. P. Cheyney, in his article on a "Third Revolution," gives his reasons for thinking that we are on the brink of an industrial revolution; and Prof. F. W. Blackmar in his paper on "Indian Education," shows that the only salvation for the Indian race is to be found in the education of all the Indian children.

Besides these main articles there are the usual number of reviews and notes on current political and economic literature and biographical sketches of men interested in spreading a knowledge of political and social science.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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The April number of our Hilloois friend has come to hand, and contains some excellent articles. There is one in particular on "Instability of Collegians," which contains some very interesting suggestions. The Journal has an tilustration of the College chapet of St. Viateur's, which indicates that little shrine to be one of rare beauty. There are several views of Notre Dame University. The Journal is a most welcome visitor and we wish it every success.

THE NEW MOON.

THE NEW MOON,

The "New Moon" of May rises hopefully and is the bearer of all kinds of good things. It has some very interesting pages. "Getting up at half-past Three;" "Their Decoration Days," and "Fair Exchange is (no) Robbery" are excellent articles—Its poetic selections; Chit-Chat for Children; Rousehold Department and Wisdom's Weavers are all of a fine order and deserving of high praise. We recommend the "New Moon" to all who are destrous of having a prosperous and pleasant month.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD,

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The May number of The Catholic World is before us, without doubt it is as fresh and rich as May. It contains a number of most instructive and entertaining articles. Amongst these we might mention "The Methodist Book Concern," by Prof. W. C. Robinson; "What fills our Jails," by J. A. J. McKenna; A poem entitled "Vade Mecuan," by Kate P. Laibrop of Buttimore; "Some personal recollections of Cardinal Manning," by Miss Katharine Tynas; "The 'Doubfull,' or Pseudo-Shakespearian Plays," by Appleton Morgan, and a vast number of other learned and elegant contributions. With its "Talk about Books," lis Publishers remarks, its notes and reviews, The Catholic World is beyond all doubt a first class and, considering the valuable literature it contains, a very cheap periodical. We could not dob-tier than to reproduce a few remarks from some of our different contemporaries upon the value of The Catholic World.

The Catholic World may be read with interest and advantage even by those who, like ourselves, seldom are in harmony with any of its ophilons. It is enaffd, able, and in the true sense suggestive. What more can one ask for in an adversary?—New York Independent.

This magazine could be studied to profit by editors of some of the denominational monthies. It is really a family magazine, containing, in addition to the religious matter which is to be expected in all church magazines, a great deal of interesting miscellany.

We have not space to review all the articles in this magazine. For the most part written by eminent foreign and native Catholics, they

present the claims of the Catholic Church in a caim, high-toned and argumentative siyle. It even they fail to convince Protestants that Catholiciam is right, they at any rate set an exemple of religious moderation, of an absence of vituperation, and of offensive designations which Protestant religious writers would be well to imitate.—New York Heraid.

The Catholic World we have always commended, as often as its numbers have appeared. For scholarity, thoughtful, and through discussion of general topics it has scarcely an equal.—Roston Courier.

None of the magazine-surpass this in literary merit.—Worcester (Mass.) Spy.

Combining the character of a review with that of a magazine, it is one of the most interesting of monthiles.—Chicago Tribune.

This able magazine always contains much food for thought as well as entertainment, and its character is powerfully illustrated in the number before us.—Hoston Pilot.

It is able, courteous, and interesting, and presents the Catholic faith in its most attractive aspect. No Protestant gentleman who makes any pretension to liberal scholarship can properly omit to aubscribe to it.—New York Sus.

The Catholic World is, as usual, weighted with matter of varied and vital interest. Its subjects are, as a rule, selected with remarkable judiciousness and freshness, and their discussion is always distinguished for fine philosophical apirit and intellectual vigor.—Detroit Free Press.

The Catholic World partakes more of the nature of a periodical of a general literature than usual, and many of the articles are of a high order of merit in style and matter. This magazine never lacks brainfal ability.—New England Journal of Education.

ARE YOU DEAF

Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure, which costs comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address PROF. G. CHASE, Box 236, Orilla, Ont.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placet in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and dearring to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French r English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, maning this paper, W. A. NOYES, 33 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. (12-15-0 o w)

Tired, languid people who lack energy and appetite should take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best tonic strengthener and purifier extant,

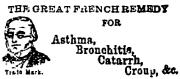
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