

vulgarity on the solecisms or the hesitation about the use of proper expression.

Father Pacificus was in no way discomposed by this fresh rebuke. On the contrary, he smiled and has most winning ways and began the process known as "soothering."

"Come, come, Mrs. Hayes," he whistled; "Sure I know you're only pretending you'd begrudge anything to God. Well, I know you're only too glad to have the opportunity to show how grateful you are to Him this day for all the good health and the good means He has bestowed on you. Sure the people who tell me other ways don't know you at all, at all. Leave it to me to understand the women. Don't I know right well that when they say 'no' they always mean 'yes'?"

"There's one thing you don't know," retorted the shrill, more irritated than mollified, at this method of attack. "You don't know how hard I've to work to earn a few shillings in the week. You haven't to be up at cock-crow every morning, winter and summer, not to get here all day long from dawn to dark, only for the time you get to snatch a mouthful of food or drink, or to be out in the fields minding the cows and looking after them, food and shelter when you ought to be fast asleep in bed. Truth, if I made a few shillings in my long years of work, I earned it too hard to be handing it out to you for fine things that nobody needed."

"And do you call that work, Mrs. Hayes—sitting down there knitting and reading the paper half the time? I only wish I had such easy times. 'Thee'd be the happy man if I had your life. But sure, you're only joking, and all this means that you're going to make up now for former backwardness by a donation as handsome and big as yourself for the new house of God."

This rejoinder, instead of conciliating almost brought matters to a climax. Something like an apoplexy fit seemed to threaten the good dame for the moment. Her inflamed temper rose to such a height as to prevent all utterance. She gasped and seemed about to choke, got red in the face and then as suddenly blanched. When she at last found utterance she spoke in a tone of deadly set determination, with her hands clenched on the edge of the huge churn over which she leaned with her head thrown forward to give her words the greater emphasis:

"Before God, and as I am a living woman, I believe you would not have my life for one week if it was to save your soul, Father Pacificus. Come now, I'll put you to the test and will see what all your blarney amounts to. By my oath, if you come and take my place here and sit it out selling milk from the time the market opens until it closes, just for one week, I'll hand you over fifty bright sovereigns for your grand new church. Come, now; there's a fair challenge for you."

It was now the priest's turn to change color and gasp with astonishment. Here was a turn he could not possibly have anticipated. His usual gaiety for the moment deserted him. He stood looking at the earnest, hard face of the irate woman, without making any attempt at reply, for several seconds. Then he spoke quite seriously:

"I cannot take you at your word, Mrs. Hayes," he said, "because the milk matter is not one altogether in my own hands; but I will come back soon and give you an answer."

The lady of the churn had a triumphant look in her eyes as the priest turned away. In her own belief she had won a complete victory. Not a little perturbed was Father Pacificus, as he turned from the market, over this startling turn of events. He went back to the presbytery in a strange tumult of thought. Inside the house, he at once went to his room and knelt down in prayer. After a little while he arose and mechanically took up a book from the table and opened it. The volume happened to be the "Little Flowers of St. Francis."

had spread like wildfire all over the town and people came to buy just for the novelty of the thing. The next day witnessed the same spectacle, and the next. But on the fourth day of his trial something peculiar happened. Two strangers, young, gentlemanly, American-looking and garb and bearing, appeared in the market and began to search around the numbers of the various stalls and booths which were painted in large figures above each. When they came to where the priest sat they stopped, looked curiously at the vendor and then glanced up at the number.

"Very odd," said one. "This is No. 14, the one the letter spoke of. Are you selling the milk here, sir?" "Yes, sir," replied Father Pacificus to whom the query was addressed. "Do you want to buy some?"

"No—no—no exactly just now. May I ask have you been selling it in the past?" "Yes," replied the priest, "certainly I've been selling it in the past." Father Pacificus was cautious, for he did not quite understand the meaning of this inquisitive question.

"And will continue to sell it?" queried the other, seemingly in a state of doubt and bewilderment—a situation in which he must say something, whether to the point or not.

"And will continue to sell it, certainly," answered the priest, a merry twinkle now gleaming in his eyes, for he began to suspect there was some fact behind all this questioning. The fact that he had a couple of days yet to employ in his novel vocation afforded him ground for returning a strictly affirmative answer.

"Thank you, sir. Come along, Clinton," said his questioner, turning to his companion. "There's no use in blinking the fact that I've been deceived and you have won the wager." He added as they turned away, "That rogue of a detective has been fooling me, but he'll smart for it if I ever come up with him, you bet."

Henry Ogilvie was the speaker, and it was to his successful rival, Robert Clinton, the words were addressed. The last card in the game had been played by Ogilvie. He had not the smallest doubt that could he prove his tale to be true, that the mother of Della Hayes, the deserted wife, filled the lowly office of milk huckster in the slums of an Irish town, it must be the means of breaking off the intended alliance, because of the well-known family pride of the Clintons. So, in strict confidence, he imparted to young Clinton the dreadful secret—out of pure friendship, of course, and in order that he should not have his future happiness wrecked, as he put it. Robert Clinton, never suspecting the good faith of Henry Ogilvie, thanked him for the interest he had taken in the matter, but laughed at his story. It was entirely too like a romance. Ogilvie insisted on its accuracy, and, as usual, offered a bet on it, with odds, with a proposal that both go to Ireland to settle it by personal investigation. The scene sketched above was the outcome. On the day following, Father Noble received a letter signed "Henry Ogilvie," enclosing a check for a hundred pounds—for it was one of the conditions of the wager that the loser should pay over to the pastor of the parish in which the market was situated half the amount of the money he had won. Father Noble was curious to know why the gift was professed and called at the hotel from whence the letter came to thank the donor, and satisfy his curiosity, but in vain. Chagrined at his disappointment Ogilvie had taken a packet for London and gone off that morning to seek in the whirl of life in the great city some leaves of the lotus to soothe his disappointment.

Hope began to smile once more for Father Pacificus when he heard the good news. A hundred pounds—and fifty that he was to receive as the reward of his strange ordeal. He could now start work on the gilding and decoration and final touches all over the dream building, and perhaps have it at least nearly complete by the time fixed for the bishop's arrival. Time to pay the balance might be given—probably could—but there could be no balance until then. This was the only thought to cloud the prospect of the crowning glory—that splendid vision which had faded so often before in other eyes at one time as hopeful as his own—a noble temple to God, beautiful in its adornments and in its moral beauty untainted by the reproach of worldly indebtedness. With a little sigh he relinquished the momentary hope that such a consummation might somehow be achieved in the brief time yet remaining. It was folly to think of it; best he resign to the inevitable, thankful that so much was possible, through agencies wholly unexpected, when only a few days before everything seemed hopeless.

The end of his week came; it was Saturday evening, and there was no appearance of "Lady Kitty" to fulfil her portion of the strange compact. The market servants began setting the place in order; the vendors closed their stalls and began to go home. Father Pacificus waited until the last one had departed. He figured as he could and did not leave until the gatekeeper had politely informed him that the hour for closing had come. Then the good priest rose, rather downcast in mien, and took his way to the presbytery. It was supper time and he was hungry.

He was glad to find that Father Noble was out on a sick call; he shrank from the idea of troubling him with the fear that filled his mind that some disappointment awaited him with regard to the money which was to be the reward of his humility. The day had turned dimly wet and chilly, and he felt glad when he saw the blithe blaze of a log fire sending out its welcome as he entered the supper-room. It helped him to dispel the little shade of depression which had seized his spirits over the non-appearance of the other contracting party.

He had not quite finished his refreshing cup of tea when he heard the doorbell ring. Presently the sedate housekeeper came and told him there was "a slip of a girl outside who was in a great way to see his reverence at once." It was a messenger who came from Mrs. Hayes. She had been taken suddenly ill and told the messenger not to leave the presbytery until Father

Pacificus was seen and informed of her condition and asked to come to her bedside without delay.

"Lady Kitty," like many persons of nice constitutions, had all at once been smitten and had already begun to sink rapidly. A doctor had been summoned, and had been able to afford her relief for the moment. But, as he told Father Pacificus in private outside the bedroom, she could not last more than a few hours. A acute pneumonia, contracted as she had been on her way down to the market that morning, had gripped her. "These people," he said, "who have never known a day's sickness in their lives go off the soonest. They have usually no staying powers while poor creatures who have struggled for years with one phase of sickness or another may keep off death indefinitely."

She pointed to a little parcel on the table near the bed, as soon as she got over a paroxysm of coughing, after he had entered and closed the door behind him. "There is the money I owe you, Father Pacificus," she said, "you have earned it fairly, though I thought you would never dream of taking my outlandish offer. I made it just out of spite, like thinking just to anger you and keep you from coming after me again. But God has punished me, I think, for putting such an indignity on one of His priests. Yet He was merciful in giving me time to repent and make some amends for my bad life. The doctor tells me I may not live more than a day or two. I have made no will, for I have no one to leave anything to—except my daughter, and I don't know whether she is alive or dead, or where she is, or anything whatever about her. Some say she is alive in some part of America, and that she is rich and doesn't want money. Ah, but it was a cruel thing to take my child from me, no matter how bad I was. God knows how I may have turned out if I had my child to care for and to care for me."

Tears stood upon the trembling lashes of Father Pacificus' eyes. He could not but feel for the heart anguish of the miserable, forsaken woman. Cruel, indeed, it is to tear from the mother the child she has borne and nourished—an outrage upon the undisputed law of nature. But he did not know sufficient of the tragic story to enable him to say whether the awful punishment was justifiable or not. He could only offer such consolation as humanity may find in the promises of God to the chastened and the penitent.

"I have been hard on the Church, too," she said, after a painful interval of sobs and choking spasms. "God forgive me—mean and miserly. Now, I must make up for my hardheartedness. Here is the key of that little safe over there, built into the wall. When I am dead you will find all my money in that. I never put a penny in the bank for fear it would be like Saddle's. There's nearly three thousand pounds in notes and gold. I ask you to try to find my daughter, and if she wants the money to give her two-thirds of it, do with it as God directs you—give it to the Church or for charity, as you see best."

And so "Lady Kitty" atoned for her faults of tongue and temper. Quiet came to her at last and her end was blessed with the calm of forgiveness and hope in the love that is greater even than that of mother and child, of father and son. Her wish was carried out. Father Pacificus made inquiry into the story and found that Della Hayes had been happily wedded and wanted for nothing in this world. And, meanwhile, he had had the cathedral completed in every beautiful detail—a free, unhampered and glorious gift to God.

REVIEWS.

The May Atlantic will open with the first instalment of "Audrey," Miss Mary Johnson's new romance. The life of Colonel's Virginia has been growing more rich and picturesque, even more numerous in martial enterprise. We are introduced to the stately mansions that still adorn the banks of the James River, and to the lively capital of Williamsburg. The orphaned girl, Audrey, whose name gives the title to the book, is, we are inclined to believe, the most vital and fascinating personage created by Miss Johnson's imagination. Indeed, this latest story reveals everywhere maturity of observation, interpretation of a profoundly poetic, interjection of nature and of human passion.

Have you read "Father Anthony," by Robert Buchanan? Then you should read a story of life in a village on the west coast of Ireland, and, though the author's name would indicate that he is a Scotchman, yet it is written in a kindly, sympathetic spirit. Those things which he does not understand, either in the religion, or national characteristics of the people he is dealing with are not, for that reason, set down as being vain delusions, which must of necessity be condemned. Nor does he make the mistake so often made of caricaturing the Irish character. The reader who is a rank "tax totaller," will find a few passages in the book which he may not even read with a smile, and at discussions, brooding of punch, and at discussions by experts, on the relative merits of "Jameson's," "Potheen," and "Mountain Dew." On the other hand, the lover of legitimate sport will have his heart stirred by a description of salmon fishing, at which "Andy," the carman, acts as master of ceremonies. Some of "Andy's" remarks on the subject of the habits and peculiarities of the fish are very sage. "You see your humer," he added with a smile, "fishes are like collectors—they like what's foine to look at, and they're mighty taken by a red jockey trimmed with gold."

Again, "Never fear, sir, it's a slier to catch a big salmon than a small trout, for the smaller they are, the cunninger they are—and by the same token it's the same wild the collers." The story is well told, there is a thread of mystery running through it, and the interest is centred on the question, much discussed by Protestants, as to how far a priest is justified in guarding the secrets of the confessional. The book will well repay the time spent in reading it.—W. O'Connor.

Pope Leo XIII.

A Triumph of the Spirit Over the Flesh—The Plan and Policy of His Successor.

The last chapter of the life of Leo XIII. is now near its closing. The wonderful vitality that still subsists in that spectral form has no more fuel to consume. The Pope lives on (so his physicians say) because his still perfect organization has no fiber left for disease to fasten upon so attenuated has he become. But though the candle has been worn to a film, the gem within has rather gained than lost thereby in power and lustre. Like the late Cardinal Manning, the Pope presents a sublime—an awesome—spectacle of the supremacy of the spirit over the flesh. In both man, and, to the same degree, in no others that I have known, the soul seems to have subdued the body into a shadowy semblance of itself. While the world anticipates, with regret, the near ending of a life so exemplary and valuable, it seems permissible and no wise pretence, to consider what may follow that event.

As the personality of the immediate future successor of Leo XIII. is yet to be formed, it is not possible to form any conjecture. Forecasts of the outcome of Papal conclave have at all times proved fallacious. Sceldom has the man elected on the head of the member of the Sacred College deemed the fittest and worthiest to wear it. Often, on the contrary, it has brought out some obscure and lowly brow whereon to shine with peculiar lustre and effect.

We may imagine, therefore, all surmise as to the coming Pope's personality. But the question of the policy he is likely, or rather bound to pursue, whether he be Italian or not, is a fair and by no means conjectural theme for discussion. I hold, for my part, that the lines of policy laid down so deeply by the hand of the present Pope must guide and control the career of his successor. The plan and purpose of Leo XIII. has proved steadily along with the social aspirations and achievement of our times, which are but a presage of the future. His great personality must soon pass away, but the channel he has cut may not be barred without overflow, or diverted without disaster.

Here let me remark that the term policy is not, I believe, acceptable to the Roman Catholic, and scarce commands itself to any mind as benefiting the peculiar influence wielded by a Pope, or the official methods he may adopt. He has no direct power over the material world, and no due resources to sustain a "policy" in the statesman's meaning of the word. He can and does command issues by precept, counsel and conciliation; but he cannot compel them. His objects are spiritual, or moral, in kind, and universal, not merely national, in extent. His is, therefore, not a "policy" but a subtle and penetrating potency.

However, we must apply the word "policy" to the action of the Papacy on Society, as no better one has yet been invented. Alliance of the Popedom with the Caesar of to-day—the imperial people—that is the dominant note of Leo's policy, and it gives the key to the future performance of his successor in office.

Pope, not a few, before the present one, have made themselves conspicuous as champions of particular populations against national, kingly and imperial pretensions. One need even mention such Papal names as Leo I., Gregory II., and VII., Julius I., Sixtus V., Innocent III., to recall how they did so successfully. The efforts of such revealed, indeed, the latent sympathy that ever existed between the official followers of the Fisherman and the lowly abiding classes of mankind. But the present Pope is the very first to take up everywhere the cause of the people, struggling in our day against new and complex forms of oppression. This is the fact, and we are not called upon to discuss how far this attitude was forced upon him by the social conditions of the age, or how far it was the free outcome of his own generous spirit. No one can deny that he had to break away from the usage and traditions of his office; to set himself almost alone against timid counsels of congresses within and without Rome, to abandon the old rut of ecclesiasticalism and cast his own and his Church's fortunes upon the broad tide and onward rush of humanity. Whatever the spring of his action, it took a strong man and a great man to originate and pursue it from the serene seclusion of the Vatican. The words he himself once used to a band of young clerics about to proceed to their work in many foreign lands have been the practical motto of his own life, and might well serve as his epitaph.

It was easy here to quote from Leo's magnificent circular upon the duties of States and the right of the peoples. In reality they but enforced the old and well attested truths—that all authority is from on high, and should therefore be a rule of reason; that authority is also in its forms, from and for the people, and is therefore a rule of justice, that it may reside in plenitude and perfection in any form of government chosen by and approved of the people for whose welfare alone it was granted and intended. But it is not his mere words, but rather his practical teachings, but rather his practical success in their application, that lends lustre to his life and will fashion the future of the Papacy. In many lands he has held the balance between the people and crowned and uncrowned rulers. So deftly has he poised the scales on every occasion that not one murmur has been heard from prince or plebeian against the equity and soundness of his ruling.

In France, where his hardest task doubtless lay outside of Italy, he has to a great extent won the esteem and confidence of a government which through many successive ministries manifested a deep-rooted antipathy to the clergy and to religion itself. Here he showed admirable sagacity and forbearance. He compelled a reluctant prelate and a plague of pretenders to power in the State and to the sole right of representing the Church in France into submission to the consti-

tuted form of Government. He has largely won over to a better Christian spirit the stormy social element of the country. (There is to-day no stronger or more devoted body of Catholics and Christian men than is supplied by the emigrants who haunt the hills of Montanaro or flock in pilgrimages to Rome, I have seen this change and can vouch for it. France—the true France—recognizes the service rendered to her by Leo XIII. Even the godless government of that name admits that the Pope at least is not to be overlooked, which must bow to his order! The Pope loves France and France knows it.

In the United States Leo is vigilant, but knows that labor combinations here do not scheme against the republic or the constitution of which all classes of Americans are beyond measure proud, and no class more so than the Catholic (and other) clergy.

The movement of associations here is against "the bloated capitalist and companies," and the Pope's one notable intervention there has been in favor of the workman. Following the example of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, he refrained from commendation of the Knights of Labor, a powerful society now, I believe no longer existing as an organized body. It had been presented to him as a formidable secret society of the regular, dangerous and mysterious type. The retrogressives in Rome strongly urged its suppression. Had Leo followed their advice the combination would doubtless exist to-day embittered in spirit and a danger to the Church and State. In all America, North and South, while supporting popular rights the Pope is well regarded by the various governments, and his guest representatives in the United States are on cordial terms at Washington.—A Catholic D.D. in the Outlook.

CANADIAN NEWS

MONTREAL. The Catholics of Cote St. Paul will replace the old church which was burned down by a splendid structure. The plans contemplate a building to cost about \$25,000.

A mission for the English speaking Catholics of Hochelaga is being held in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame street east. Revs. Fathers Holland and McPhail will be the preachers.

Among the petitioners against the proposed electric line on Palace St., Montreal are Rev. Father Guivane, of St. Patrick's, Mr. F. B. McNamee, Mr. John McCrory, Mrs. Margaret McGarvey.

There was an unusually large congregation at the Church of the Gesù, Montreal, on Sunday. The preacher was Rev. Father Kavanagh, who in the course of an eloquent sermon referred to the question of cremation.

Archbishop Bruchesi has appointed several vicars.—Rev. Messrs. L. Gouin, P.S.S., R. Decarie, Adam, T. Panier, Savarie, Nante, Iletu, L. J. Lafortune, Villeneuve, J. O. Babin, P. Beaudry, J. Charrette, M. Tasse, Edouard, A. P. Tasse, Levesque and Silvestre.

At a meeting of the Hibernian Knights, held at Hubertua Hall, Montreal, it was decided to hold a social on a large scale, on the 14th of May. The entire proceeds will be devoted to the fund for the purchase of a new hall.

Archbishop Bruchesi paid his Good Friday visit to the goal. His Grace was told that a number of men had expressed a wish to take a total abstinence pledge before him. Over one hundred men took a solemn pledge not to touch intoxicating liquor, some for one year and some for two years.

On Easter Monday night the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of St. Ann's Parish, gave an entertainment in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, for the benefit of the poor of the parish. A splendid programme of vocal and instrumental music, as well as elocutionary numbers was presented.

It is said a common mistake in the taking of the census was in connection with the question as to the religion of the citizen. Many of the enumerators have allowed the word Protestant or Catholic to be given as the reply. In all these cases a return visit will have to be paid. The sect of the Protestant citizen is wanted.

Patrick Ryan, 43 years of age, an employe of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery, Montreal, was engaged clearing out a large boiler suspended by an iron chain, when the chain broke, and struck him on the head. It was believed that his skull was fractured. Mr. Ryan lives with his family at 61 Caville street.

A Montreal despatch says the general passenger agents of the Canadian railway and steamboat lines held a meeting there pursuant to an adjourned meeting in Toronto last month for the purpose of considering the question of rates for pilgrimages and excursions during the coming year. It was decided that the rates should be the same as last year.

St. Patrick's Society, Montreal, has elected the following officers:—President—W. A. Doran; First Vice-President—T. P. O'Neil; Second Vice-President—F. Casey; Treasurer—John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary—F. J. Curran; Recording Secretary—J. P. Tansey; Assistant Secretary—J. K. Kahala; Committee—Messrs. M. Durand, J. Foley, J. Campbell, J. Meek, P. McCrory, E. B. McNamee, M. Deneen, E. C. Shannon, Hon. Dr. Guerin, P. J. Connolly, M. Davis, P. Reynolds, J. P. Phœnix, and B. Tauscy.

F. W. R. Russell, manager of the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlebois Railway, now known as the Quebec Railway, says: "It is astonishing to have seen interest displayed in St. Anne de Beauport pilgrimages. Our line of railway, extending from Montreal to Quebec, is only 30 miles in length, yet last year we carried over half a million passengers. The indications for

the approaching season are that the traffic will far exceed this amount. While the number coming from the Eastern States is steadily increasing year by year, the majority of the pilgrims are from Canadians from the Canadian side of the line."

Montreal, April 4.—St. James Cathedral was this morning the scene of impressive ceremonies connected with Holy Thursday. These included the "washing of feet." His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, presided. Upwards of twenty priests assisted the Archbishop. Twelve Seminarians, vested in cassocks, albs and girdles, took up a position in front of the main altar. Their foot apparel being removed, His Grace advanced to where they were sitting and from a silver ewer poured water on the foot of the first, dried it with a linen towel, then passed on to the next in turn, where the ceremony was repeated. In this manner the feet of the twelve were washed.

St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, has what is considered the most magnificent sanctuary lamp in Canada. It was recently imported from New York. The design is by Mr. Locke, of New York, and the work was carried out by Anthony Maset. The weight of the structure is 2,400 pounds. It measures sixteen inches in diameter. The ornamental band is surmounted by six angel figures six feet two inches long, bearing crosses. Sixteen electric lights serve for the illumination of the lamp. Of these, twelve are placed in the ornamental band and four in the Celtic cross suspended therefrom. The bowl of the lamp can be raised and lowered like the ordinary sanctuary lamp. Cast brass has been used throughout the construction with the exception of the colored glass which has been placed to resemble gems. The new lamp was specially designed for St. Patrick's.

OTTAWA.

Ottawa, April 4.—In the Catholic churches on Holy Thursday the solemn services of the day were attended by large congregations of the faithful. In the Basilica, Archbishop Duhamel officiated, and was assisted by the canons of the Basilica. A large number of priests and ecclesiastics were in attendance. In the afternoon the Archbishop presided at the ceremony of the washing of the feet.

A parish has been erected in Ottawa East. Rev. Dr. Fallon, speaking in St. Joseph's Church about the parish, said he desired that all people should attend it, who belonged within its confines. Many of the people who had previously been attendants at St. Joseph's Church belong to the new parish.

The Good Shepherd's Monastery on St. Andrew street has been considerably damaged by the rising of the Rideau river. Several years ago the guard pier near the monastery was carried away.

PETERBOROUGH.

The Easter music in St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, was of a high order. La Hache's Mass in B flat being sung. The cathedral choir was assisted by the Philharmonic orchestra, conducted by Mr. Rupert Gliddon. Miss K. Hurley presided at the organ. The alto solos were taken by Misses L. Hurley, L. Koster and L. Hallahan, while the soprano solo was Miss F. Houlahan and Miss F. Hallahan, Tenor solos, Messrs. F. Fakenham and J. Muligan. Messrs. A. McPherson and W. Pope took bass solos.

ONFARIO.

Wolfe Island, April 1.—The C.M.B.A. at its last regular meeting admitted twenty-five new members, making in all over eighty.

Mattawa, April 3.—One of the most successful celebrations ever held in Mattawa was that of the Catholic Order of Foresters on Monday night in the hall in Meindl's Block. Mr. A. Filion, the Chief Ranger, occupied the chair, and the Vice Chief, Mr. E. Meindl, sat at the table. About 50 or 60 sat down. Rev. Father Connors, Superior of the Oblate Fathers here, sat on the right of the Chief Ranger, and Mr. J. McMeekin on his left.

Branch 30, C.M.B.A., Peterborough, on the 26th ult., adopted the following resolution:—"Resolved, that we, the members of this Branch, tender to Bro. Overend and family our deep sympathy at the death of a beloved wife and mother."

THE WABASH RAILROAD.

Is the great through car line between the East and West, the short and true route from Canada to Hot Springs, Ark., the Carlsbad of America, old Mexico, the Italy of the New World; Texas and California, the land of sunshine and flowers. Low rate second-class tickets to the West every Tuesday, during February, March and April. No second-class cars on the Wabash; free reclining chair-cars on all trains.

Full particulars from any R. R. agent or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

A SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE.—Every

one wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parke's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsement of these pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfil everything claimed for it.