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Despaired OF RELIEF. CURED BY Cherry Pectoral

Cherry Pectoral Highest Awards

WORLD'S FAIR

WORLD'S BEST FRIEND

Charge not thyself with the weight of a year. Child of a Master, faithful and dear. Choose not the cross for the coming week. For that is more than He bids thee seek.

Send not thine arms for to-morrow's load— Thou mayst leave that to thy gracious God. Daily only He saith to thee— "Take up thy cross, and follow Me."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

OCCASIONS OF SIN.

Who is my neighbor. (From the Gospel of the Sunday.)

This is a very important question, my brethren. We depend much for our happiness on the kind of persons who live around us and on how they feel towards us. Our Lord answers the question by the famous and touching parable of the good Samaritan. By that parable He teaches us kindness of heart; He makes that the mark of true neighborly conduct. The good neighbor is the friendly and benevolent one. But may we not turn the question around and learn another good lesson from it? I think we can. The gospel is like a piece of good cloth. You know when a wise mother buys some cloth to make the children clothes she will get a piece that, as they say, will do to turn—that is, when one side is worn out you can rip up the garment and make it over again with the inside turned outside, and so it will last quite a while longer. So we may learn, perhaps, another lesson from the question in the gospel by reversing it and asking, "Who is not my neighbor?"

The saloon-keeper is not your neighbor. Geographically speaking, no doubt he is your neighbor. He takes care to be handy to you. He is on the ground-floor of the big tenement-house you live in, so that you must pass his door to get to your own. Or he is on the corner you must turn twenty times a day. If nearness were the only mark of a neighbor, the saloon-keeper is very neighborly indeed. But, morally speaking, and in the meaning of our Lord's parable, he is perhaps the last man who can claim to be your neighbor. Yet many honest fellows treat the saloon-keeper not only as their neighbor, but as a partner in their business. They do the hard work; the workman's share in the partnership is to be found under the heavy hod in the hot sun, or to strike with the heavy sledge on the rocks, or to be half-stuffed the livelong day in the hot factory; the other partner has for his share of the work only to smile and pass the bottle. You know which one gets the bulk of the profits; or if you do not, the working-man's wife and family know it all too well. How many foolish men are there who have taken this bad neighbor into partnership! The most confidential, and not only give him most of their money in return for worse than nothing, but have made him, besides the managing partner of their leisure, their friendships, and their politics! As to the sorrows that are bred by the saloon-keeper's traffic, he manages to escape them for a time; and may God give him the grace to repent of his sins and fly from their occasion—that is, change his business—that he may escape the divine wrath in the future.

Another very bad neighbor, and one very unworthy of that name, is a certain class of newsdealers. I say a certain class, for I hope that not all newsdealers are alike. But there are very many of them who are guilty of the loss of human souls by selling periodicals and books which can only corrupt the mind and heart of the reader. I ask you, Christian parents, what do you think of those who dress out their windows with bad pictures to lure passionate youth to the early wreck of soul and body? What do you think of persons who actually make a living in selling journals which are but the pictured proceedings of the police courts? O! my brethren, how often is the grace of a good confession and Communion destroyed by a few minutes' bad reading! How many there are whose first mortal sin has been some act of youthful depravity suggested by what was bought at a newsdealer's! Such newsdealers hold Satan's certificates to teach the science of perdition. What need has the Evil Spirit to fear the Catholic Church and Catholic school as long as he is not hindered from laying his snares for youthful virtue in every direction, as long as the laws against obscene literature are a dead-letter? Therefore, let Catholic parents furnish their families with good reading, both secular and religious; let them take at least one Catholic paper, and let them patronize and direct their children to patronize newsdealers who do not sell dangerous matter.

Of course there are other bad neighbors, such as those who invite you to a public dance, or a moon-light excursion, or a Sunday picnic, or a low theatre. But I think you will agree with me that the commonest vices are intemperance and impurity, and that our worst enemies are those two bad neighbors, the saloon-keeper and the vender of impure literature.

Shame!

A few nights ago some evilly-disposed and ignorant person wrote with a black crayon on the corner-stone of the new Catholic church in course of erection here, the offensive words, "To h— with the Pope." No person of any degree of respectability would be guilty of such a mean, cowardly act.—Richmond Hill Liberal, July 19.

Mr. J. R. Allan, Upholsterer, Toronto, sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia. Derby is Acknowledged To Be The Best Plug Smoking Tobacco in the Market, 5 1/2 And 20 cent Plugs.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE KNACK DOLLY HAD.

John Jones was a farmer and Dolly Jones was his wife. She was a dear little duck of a middle-aged woman, and the name of Dolly—shortened from Dorothy—was very becoming to her. She was one of those women who have the "knack" of saying and doing the right thing every time. John was good, too, he had a tender mother and loving sisters, but he was one of those men who have to be "manged."

Old Bobby Ferguson's land joined them on the south. He bought it when the Widow Jarvis died, and her heirs made a fuss about the property. The line fence between the Joneses and the Jarvises had never caused them any trouble, like such things do sometimes. One year one man would fix it, and the next year the other man would.

But one day John Jones came into his house, chewing his tobacco vigorously. The brim of his hat was tipped back away past his forehead, and his eyes gleamed out keenly from under the heavy brows.

Now his wife knew she had a little job of "managing" on hand—just as jobs of mending mittens or patching grain sacks or any other bit of work. What did she do? She said never a word of probing. She knew, "Least said, soonest mended," was one of the goldenest of adages. She just smiled like she always did. She put on a fresh apron, brushed her hair back over her temples, turned the blooming geranium round so that the flowers would show their very gayest, moved the bird cage to where only a pale sunshine would reach it, and then she set about getting dinner.

Now, there was no pie under the sun that John liked half so well as lemon-custard, so lemon-custard it should be. And there was no way of cooking fish that he liked so well as to have them wrapped in a piece of muslin, tied up neatly, laid on a plate in the bottom of the kettle and boiled, then dished on to a hot platter and served. He said it looked pretty and appetizing, too, and made him think of the times when he used to go fishing in Silver Creek and sit on the grassy banks under the sycamores and willows.

When dinner was ready she set the table by the open window, below which was a box of mignonette. John still looked down and worried. He hung his head to the table he before his hat on the grape vine on the porch and washed his hands and face at the pump. Dolly, in a bright way, took the brush and said: "Here, John, let me toss back your hair after the fashion you used to wear it, when Johnny did a-courting go."

He bent forward, and a few deft touches made him look like that other John of a good many years before. He grew a little more placid in expression, and then the wife drew him into hers and they walked to the table together, cheerily, on her part.

Well, before dinner was over, about the time he was pouring the cream lavishly into his second cup of coffee, he spoke. She listened, smiling in a good-natured way.

"I am afraid Bob and I will not get along as smoothly as I did with the Jarvises," he said, slowly. "Wouldn't wonder but he'd be a crooked stick of a neighbor yet. He is so set in his notions. He wants everything his own way. He don't make allowances for anybody."

"Ah!" said Dolly, just as pretty as a posy and as respectful as if her husband was old King George, instead of plain farmer Jones, whose bottom lands lay in the "Big Run" Valley in full view of the church spire at Dudley's Corners.

And then she cut the quivering lemon-custard pie, laid a generous quarter of it on a china plate, and handed it to him with a triple-plated silver knife, smiling all the while, and bowing with courtly grace as he took it. Dolly, just naturally, was dimpled in her cheeks and chin were dimpling and showing themselves all the time.

John went on talking, looking down at the pie that seemed to be saying, "Come, eat me, John." He said: "I told Bob there would have to be some new fence posts and boards down there where the brook crosses the lot, and for his share he could get them and I would make the fence and take out the two old maple stumps and fix that place where the drover's cows broke in, and he up and said he hadn't any time for any extra work, and I told him I hadn't either, but I was willing to do my part in a good, neighborly manner. He said his wife had been dinging at him to help whitewash and to fix the fence and gate at home, and that he never got a spare minute but somebody was wanting him to hurry and to do this or that."

"Then I got mad—I could not help it, Dolly—and he was madder, and we had a regular spat, and I do s'pose that Bob and I'll never get along very well, now that the first breach has been made between us."

"Before we parted we agreed to leave the thing to arbitrators and let some of our neighbors settle it for us. I don't like the notion of having somebody called from their work to come and say just how Bob and I should do. It looks trifling. I don't seem manly. But if he won't do the fair thing, I see no other way. I always liked Bob. He is as kind a neighbor as I would wish for. I'm sorry it turned out so; still, it might have been a good deal more serious."

Dolly said she was very sorry—that

people whose farms joined should live amicably—if they did not there was no end to the trouble and worry and vexation they would endure.

She said: "We must bear and forbear; we will be friends with the Ferguson, John. O John! we can't help but be good friends with poor, bothered Bob Ferguson! He comes very near to my heart ever since Nugget died. If I were to try I could not lay up one hard feeling against that man."

Here Dolly laid her knife and fork cross-wise, in a meditative mood, the tears wanting to come into her eyes, but she smiled heroically; a little ripple of laughter came to her, and she said, in an embarrassed, shy way: "I guess I never told you the incident, but I can tell you now. I often think of it, it was so pleasant. It was the time that you had to sell old Nell and the cattle and the spring wagon, to raise money to pay on the bail debt of Howland brothers."

"How I never told you how badly I felt, nor to what straits I was put to make things meet. I wanted to make the burden on you just as light as I could, to share the sorrow as much as possible. That was the way."

"It was my wifely duty. Then when you fell off the load of wheat sheaves, and that slow, painful hurt kept you crippled so long, I cannot tell you how sorrowful I was."

"You were poor and needed better clothes; and the time Uncle Timothy sent me a present of \$15, I wanted to get you a coat ever so bad, and I did not know how to go about it. I couldn't tell what a good piece of cloth would cost, or if a coat was shoddy, or what to do. One day I saw neighbor Bob out taking up an apple tree, and I went to him to ask his advice."

"I pitied you so that I was nearly sorry, and I said, 'Robert, I feel so sorry for poor John, limping about in that old bottled-up guy of a wedding coat, that I am going to take my Uncle Tim's money and buy him a new one for his birthday, and I want your advice about it. Tell me what kind to get,' and then I began to blubber right out, and when I could look up, why he was just wiping his eyes and smoothing down his face."

"I tell you, John, that really comforted me. Then he rallied out in righteous indignation against men who will ask a neighbor to indorse their note and let them pay it, and said he would select the coat for you and he would get it at cost from his brother, the merchant, and he did so, and John, I never will forget the kindness and the sympathy and the good deed."

"I never told you of this, but I tell you now. I want you to think of Bob in a kinder spirit; but the poor old fellow has had his share of annoyances. They do say that Rachael Reed did not make a good comparison for Bob, as we all hoped for. She is such a fussy, stirring fidget, and you know he is a man that takes things quietly."

John rose and took his seat in the chair by the open door. His face was very thoughtful. Pretty soon he said: "I allow maybe he'd had something to vex him just before we met this morning, and come to think of it I might have approached him in a little gentler manner than I did."

"When he fired up I didn't need to be off like a flash. There is a good deal of powder in my composition, too. Yes, Dolly, there's thousands worse men to get along with than Bob Ferguson, but you see he ought to be willing to do his lawful, honest part, as neighbor with neighbor, and I guess he will; if he don't, then comes the arbitration."

"Yes," said Dolly, as she folded the napkins and laid them in the table drawer, and hesitating a little at the task of peacemaker, she added: "How near it does make a neighbor come to have him good in time of sickness and trouble; you minded poor Bob when Nugget died? He was better, if possible, than any of our relatives."

"Nugget" was the nick-name of a lovely ten-year-old boy, their baby who had died several years previous. "John Jones was one of the forty-niners," one of the earliest of the adventurers who crossed the Pacific slope when gold was discovered in California.

His boy was a beautiful, fair, curly-haired child, and the playful name of "papa's Nugget" clung to him while his brief, bright life lasted. Nugget's last illness was lingering, and neighborly Bob Ferguson, then the unmarried, elderly man, was unwearied in his vigils. He loved the pretty boy. He could not do enough for him. He forgot himself in his attentions to the dying child.

Then Dolly Jones, with all a woman's true tenderness and faith in the friend of her angel boy, said, "I will never forget one sight that came to me!"

"I was the morning after he died—you mind how he reached out his little thin, trembling hand and felt of Bob's face as he sat at the bed-side?—well, when Bob went to move the little dead body to wash and dress it, somehow I couldn't stay out hardly. I felt as if the mother ought to be there."

"I was in the bed-room joining, and no one saw me, and I opened the door a little ways and peeped out. Bob was crying softly, and uncovering the little emaciated body, all the time talking soft and low to it. He was saying, 'You precious child, you angel. How can old Bob's hard hands touch this beautiful form! Why couldn't I have died and let you live, you were so happy, my beloved boy!'"

And here Dolly paused to hide her emotion. Her husband leaned his head on his hands. The ticking of the clock on the mantel and the short chirp

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

of the capary were all the sounds that broke upon the solemn silence.

Then Dolly continued: "When Bob turned the little body over he found a raw red place on poor Nugget's spine, that had come from lying in one position. It must have hurt him that last night, if he were conscious of pain. Oh! when Bob saw that he just gathered the poor, limp, little body up in his arms and hugged him to his breast like a mother would, and he cried in pity, and kissed him again and again, calling his name lovingly! That was all I knew. I fell forward fainting, John! John!" and here she smiled, with the tears running down her face, "we, you and I, the father and mother of an angel, must give that name, Bob Ferguson, love, love, heaped up, running over, good measure, because he first loved our boy, our blessed little darling, and—Nugget loved him. Is it not so? Judge not, John."

And John Jones. His face shone with a new illumination. His wife took his outstretched hands in hers, and the kiss sealed a new compact.

The next morning the two men met in the lot south of the line fence. John said: "I've slept over the little breeze that we had yesterday, and I feel a good deal ashamed of the way I acted. I've been a thinking how Nugget loved you, and that you have always been a good neighbor, and I've come to the conclusion that just whatever you say is right and fair and square in the line fence, why, I agree with you."

"I wouldn't fall out and be little and mean in your estimation for all the line fences in the Union. And whatever you say is my share of the work, I say so too. As an old neighbor I value your good will and here's my hand, and I want yesterday's doin's to be as if they had never been."

"Well," said Bob, "I didn't sleep over it; I couldn't. Fact is, I was too mad at old Bob Ferguson to sleep at all. I just say what you do. I feel as if we didn't need any fence between us, if it wasn't for the breachy stock. It was all my fault, John. You see my wife has been pestering me about this and that, and I felt mad and 'bused and was ready to lock horns with anybody, almost without provocation at all. Sometimes another straw makes the load too heavy. And now, John, shake hands, and whatever you say is correct, I say so too."

And so Dolly, the true wife, the guide, helper, peace-maker, the one to encourage and lift up on to "higher ground," goes on smiling, and her pretty dimples make beautiful the woman gracefully growing old, and thinking daily that

"The best is yet to be."

More Faith, More Love.

I wish I could feel now, here at Thy feet, O Lord, the most burning love, the most vivid faith, the firmest hope, and the truest contrition that ever any heart felt before Thy Tabernacle. But this would be the purest happiness, this would be heaven or earth, no matter what sweet sadness might accompany such holy feelings; and I, being what I am and having been what I have been—how could I dare to expect such grace and happiness? But at least I can be happy in the thought that there are many innocent and many penitent hearts feeling this happiness at this moment in many a nook of this sinful earth; and I can bless God with all my heart for all the countless acts of faith and love that are now being made before so many tabernacles over all His Church.—Father Russell, S. J.

"Mamma, was that a sugar plum you just gave me?" asked little Mabel. "No, dear, it was one of Dr. Ayer's Pills." "Pleasa, may I have another?" "Not now, dear; one of those nice pills is all you need at present, because every dose is effective."

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