# E 1, 1895.

## LYRICS,"

L. B., author of the ish Canadian Repre-Abenakis-Canadian tc.-and Editor of the less." D. and J. Sad-1895 ]

things about this a whole, is that it in the motive that in our modern faith-a living t gazes upward to od as well as outon the brotherhood ialism of the age blossom of poetry ignificant because and unworthy ated acknowledg intelligible tangle d is in very truth may count, the n abundance that expression of the e which marks the , the chief fault of

red in its entirety, liffusiveness, not orid and luxurious case with James le poet of "The rather by pursuwhen it is of the timate shred. In on a degree or two rious throughout. small defects less not conceal them s, the author has be tempted much a weakness the of all to lyrical iveness of thought pecifically, want of hrough the volume oems which arrest a by a lively and ning, or a vivid out which are so d amplification of plification of sense. ve have read them first effect has e to get at the end

of the art of poetry, ty, has its foundaone of the most ind poetry is that its ensed ; although we od as asserting that thought rhythmi-hought and rhythm the important ele ut not all. It has out, that poetry in ation is something n that which does ords but can speak nbols as in musical ch visible symbols inting and archi s poetical. Byron poetry of heaven, tain, wood and sky anguage. For a least man knew nimated song, or a Even as late as al and scenic were elements. Very nitions have been ll seem merely to gs of a muse never d behind imprisongh the definition uthor of " Lead, rds us satisfaction. perception," says "and the poetic n of the beautiful ;

JUNE 1, 1895,

earliest specimens which we possess such as Miriam's and Deborah's "Songs" in the Old Testiment, were probably so sung. Yet, all connection with instrumental music may severed and the name remain the

first of all, have real artistic beauty

its thought should not be common-

with infinite propriety.

and the soul in a beautiful form.

great poets have comprehended in their

motives a certain survey of human

thought, feeling and action. There are two methods, the objective and the

abstract, or subjective, but there has

been as yet no instance of the perfect

shield with both the gold and the silver

side. Among modern poets, Brown-ing is, perhaps, the most subjective, and William Morris the most thorough

The lyric is a subjective ballad; the

ballad an objective lyric. The lyric looks within ; the ballad looks without. The ballad, like the lyric, is a song ;

unlike the lyric, the ballad will bear

and even demand, greater length of development than the subjective lyric.

The ballad contains a narrative, it is

a story in song. It is harder to write a good ballad than one would imagine,

and the line is a narrow one which

separates the graphic simplicity of the true ballad from the commonplace jingle of the false. The poet who is to make the people's ballads, it has been well remarked, must forget to be while, he must forget to be

subtle; he must come out of his study and stand with Sir Philip Sidney in

the crowded street, and there compose

ly objective.

The lyric, then, is an enthusiastic utterance of passion, aided by fancy and the imagination. It expresses individual feeling, the overflowing of the poet's heart. It is the means by which we voice our most intimate relations with God (the hymn), our country (the ode), and our friends (the song). Its object is to touch the feelings in the most direct and imme-diate manner. "The lyric," says diate manner. "The lyric," says Hazlitt, "deals in hieroglyphics and

"Such is Canada our nation, Freest land of all creation; Land of hope and expectation— In its crucible 'its now ; It is just in its formation, Grand each gleam and aspiration Lighting up its radiant brow, In the workshop of Creation It is being formed now ; Let us make for it a vow :

Let each bring his contribution-Tron's stern resolution. Silver's brilliant pen effusion And of reason pure the gold : And when the metal's warmed, A mighty task is stormed. And a glorious bell is formed. Let us wait to bear it toil'd. It will tell how each has given. Poor and rich, and young acd old, When the bell was in its mouid."

The swing and movement of those lines may well reconcile us to such minor blemishes as questionable sylpassing figures, which depend for effect, not on the working out, but the selection." The indispensable qualities labification here and the odd use of a word there. The central idea is graceful and novel. Shift formulas of the lyric are three in number: as we may, originality of invention is First, it must be intensely personal in subject and perfect in form; by best in the works of true genius. which terms we mean that it must have musical rhythm and beauty of From Æschylus and Homer down to Byron, Hugo and Longfellow, the criterion has been imaginative exversification ; second, to perfection of form must be added a thought of inaltiveness, without which no product trinsic significance, and in the ballad -an important division of lyrical of art has resisted the persistent acid of time.

poetry-a narrative of intrinsic in-terest. The third indispensable quality In the composition of the ode we moderns have succeeded less than in of lyric poetry is concentration ; that any other form of versification. Dr. reserve of expression which springs Foran may, therefore, well bear with from artistic perception and which us although we declare, in the frankest rigidly banishes every phrase and word that is not necessary to the full that "Victoria's Jubilee manner, excites in us no emotions of pleasure development of the thought, as posi-tively injurious to the poem. To be a true lyric, therefore, the poem should, We even object to the reason for which praise is showered on Victoria :

"Not as wife, nor yet as mother Shall we praise Her Msjesty ; But as monarch, first and noblest ; "Tis a royal jubilee."

place or trivial, though personal, and Not so. We respect the Queen more it must be comparatively brief because it is surcharged with passion and enas wife and mother than as monarch. and we venture to believe that she her thusiasm, both of which emotions are transitory in the human breast. self would appreciate and sanction our choice. For the rest, poetry is the Lyric poetry is of several sorts-the ode, the ballad, the elegy, and so forth. language of democracy and freedom. It seldom lends itself to the purposes of All the divisions named are represented in the book before us; in fact, Dr. Foran might have called his volume monarchs, never with absolute grace. The poem "Ireland to Victoria" has as little attraction for us as its prede-Lyrics and Ballads, or Lyrics and Elegies, as well as "Poems and Lyrics," cessor. It is a relief and a pleasure to turn away from such verses for poems The poet gets his material from two like "Sunrise at Chelsea," and "Can-

ada our Country." We cannot refrain from quoting the latter in full, as it worlds-the outer and the inner. More important than the outer world to him strikes a note to be found nowhere else is the inner, which includes the whole life of the human soul ; but he forages outside of the patriotic stanzas of Charles G. D. Roberts. Here are the in both, and out of his garnered subines: stance creates that which blends nature

> " From where Atlantic's billows lave Our country's noble, rugged shore. To where Pacific spreads its wave. Our country's banner long must soar ! Triumphant must she ever rise. Her emblem spreading to the skies.

While mineral wealth her mountains fill, While sprandly all her rivers flow, While uble forest clothe each hill And drape the valleys far b-law, While freedom on her sheds its ray, She'll hold her powerful western sway !

Upon her past she'll gaze with pride, Her monuments snäll rise sublime, From mountain top to ocean tide. A blest, a powerful, happy clime, Our Canada must rise in might. Resplendent with a free born light.

Her heroes sleep beneath her sod. Of many nations proud were they. Who knelt unto one common God. Although at divers shrines to pray : And the will ever tove each name That's writ upon her scroll of fame.

Her present is within the hand Of each who loves his country true; And traitor to his native land. The one who caunot learn to do As patriot should, as patriot must-Be guardian of his country's trust.

Her future is beyond the scan Of all devoid of prophet power; And yet, within the reach of man, The tolling of her goiden hour, When, ever powerful, ever blest, She ll rise the mistress of the West.

Let each his duty well fulfil— Let each his real labor know— Ana Consda, despite all ill, Will hourish, triumph, live and grow, Until her destiny is done, And then may rest her gorgeous sun !"

#### THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

At times I would halt by the trim of a fountain-And list to the nightingale singing a song. My way grew more rough as I upward ascend-With the far distant clouds the summit had biended.

Away in the distance ellight seemed to twinkle. It shows for a moment and then it was cone : On the mountain the night shades now formed a wrinkle. The shadows feel deerer, - I felt me alone : But still I tolled on wird and still I drew nigher Along the dread cliff I went higher and higher. At last as I rounded a black crag - the fire By the hand of a hermit trimm'd over me ehone.

And close by the side of his humble fire praying. The hermit was wrapped in communion with Ged. His beads and his Vesper-prayer low he was saying. All breathless I list and all silent I tred. I feit, as along through that hollow pass glid-ing.

ing, Behind each projection in wonderment hiding, That now I had reach d where a saint was abid-And piously knelt on the sanctified sod !

stood in the shade of a Sycamore bending. 'Till the old man had finish'd his long, fervent

prayer. The moon o'er the top of the mountain ascend-Gazed down from her silver throne wonderous fair. Then out from the shade of the aged tree stand-ing; (The old man some food to a pet fawn was hand-

ing.) When he started at hearing a stranger de-manding Permission to rest him the evening there. Kind Father," I said. "Oh, forgive this intru-

Bion. In truth I'm a wanderer faint and astray : Your fire I first thought was an optic delusion Appearing at eve on my mountainous way : But firawing still nearcr. I saw it was real, All thankful to God for this haven I feel-As round yon gray crag I slowly did steal, I stay'd for a monent to list to you pray.

The night pass'd away and daylight appear-And knew for the hermit, time swiftly was flying, He speke a short prayer,-'twas all,-he was dying, A moment pass'd on and his spirit had fled.

In many of the poems in this division Dr. Foran speaks from his heart in a simple language. The art that is to give our opinion and most profound and most touching must reader to the volume itself. ever be the simplest. Whenever Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, are at white-heat they require no exposition, but meditation only - the meditation of little children gazing at the wonders of the world and life. Almost any species of verse-writing, if it show sincere feeling, is better than a style inspired entirely by pomposity and affectation. The division allotted to "Memorial and Pathetic Poems" is large and rich in material. The thought in those poems is of a high order and the expression is comparatively chaste and condensed. Before we have read much we discover with Thomas B. Aldrich that.

## "There is a sadnes? in sweet sound That quickens tears."

"The Moore Centenary Ode" is carried out by means of an elaborate metrical system, which, as it is productive of good artistic results, might be envied by a master of the technical lyric. "Meagher of the Sword," "John Keats," the poems in memory " John Keats," the poems to include of the Irish poets, and the stanzas on distinguished Canadians, will all repay the portical and reperusal. The "Conalcon" poem on Charles Kick-ham is a rare literary curiosity which must have taken some time and pains to execute. In general, we take it, Dr. Foran's memorial poems were com-posed in great haste to meet a pressing request, or a passing occasion, or both. The poet relied upon his insight and The poet relied upon his insight and sympathy, and not without warrant; althouth wall beorging that had been approach to the article which

Why did Dr. Foran make a distinc-tion between his "Religious Poems" and his "Jesuit Poems?" For us it which revision could, and should, re-move-such for instance, as carelessis a distinction without a difference. ness in the choice of epithet and ugly This section of the book also is rich in typographical errors—the volume is. blended. The engle's wild screech from his eyric de-scended. And far did the echo the shrill notes prolong! This section of the book also is rich in typographical errors—the volume is, good things. The paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer is well executed and will tion of short poems yet produced in be treasured by lovers of naturally plous poetry such as that which has made Longfellow a household word. "The Angelus Bird" contains an ex-tremely sweet and original central idea. "Rosh Hashanah" displays the broad mindedness and the Catho-licity of symmathy which are added

licity of sympathy which are seldom absent from our poet. The "Ode to St. Catherine" is splendid and spir-"A Souvenir" and the whole the "Jesuit Poems" conited. of tain personal notes of most frank

and perfect soul-revelation. It is this parting of the breast till the heart beats open to the public gaze that leads a potent and lasting charm to the "Domestic Poems" This divis-ion has, for us at least, the same power of attraction that the loadstone has for the needle. The poet who conceived and wrote "Irene's Flowers" and 'Our Babies' Graves "deserves well of every mourning parent whose heart was buried in the little green grave where the child of her love lies sleep ing. The poems under this heading are replete with what Matthew Arnold would call "the virtues" of poetry. They stand reading and re-reading, perusal and re-perusal over and over,

forcible sounds, or the modulated arrangement of words; but rather fine. Receald to my sight the hermit nigh dead-In the distance the pet fawn was cautiously nearing The spot, where at moru by the old man she's and as by his couch I was kneeling and sigh-And as by his couch I was kneeling and sighpoet's mind, and may have, and have here, their expression in lyrics which awake in one trains of noble Christian

our wish we would copy them all, and, short of this, we think it best simply to give our opinion and to refer the The next division of the book-that

and rigorous encrustments into the kernel of the ludicrous which lurks in the characters of Malvolis, and Shal-low, and Slender, and Dogberry, and Verges, and Bottom, and Launcelot, and Costard, and Touchstone, and a dom, and its merit, originality. The volume is well bound in dark score of other clowns, fools and simple-tons, all of which figures seem little blue cloth relieved by gold, and thick

paper with clear print. more than a preparation for Falstaff, wherein the wit of the poet overflows and sparkles like wine. We believe and sparkles like wine. we hold a sufficiency of that "sym pathy with the seamy side of things," which Carlyle defines as humor, and our worst enemy cannot deny us an ability to laugh and to make laugh It is clear that laughter is more likely to arise from a perception of things which are incongruous than from a perception of the thing which are concongruous, and without any over-weening self assumption we ven-ture to claim a wary eye for the incongruous. But, notwithstanding all that, we have found it impos-sible to discover the slightest vestige of

this Dominion by a Catholic poet using the English language. We shall avoid comparisons because they are proverbially invidious and offensive. But we have weighed our words conscientiously and shall abide by the de

cision just rendered. We have spoken enough, and per haps to spare, at the outset on diffusiveness, and we now find it necessary to touch on another cardinal weakness of the volume. Had "the shaping spirit of imagination " been suffered to preside over the birth of the poems more frequently than has been the case, the result would have most gratifying. We allud case, the result would have been most gratifying. We allude to the higher imagination, the original creative and sustaining power in poetry. Figure is the Muse's necesbeen poetry. Figure is the Muse's neces-sary means of communication with man ; for, as Newman finely expresses it, in the feebleness of ordinary words to express its ideas and in the absence of terms of abstract perfection, the adoption of metaphorical language is the only poor means allowed it for imparting to others its own intense feeling. Imagination runs through all poetry. It is its heart and soul. The perusal and re-perusal over and over, and that is one of the most definite tests of verse—by which term we do not mean the alternation, more or less varied, of weak and forcible sounds, or the modulated unawara that the term term of the term term of the term of the term tests of verse. by which term we he presents to his readers or hearers vivid likenesses in worthy and beautiful language. We are not unaware that the term "imagery" is commonly used, in a limited sense, as meaning the images or pictures added expressly for ornament: figurative diction, whether metaphor, allegory or comparison. All that seems necessary here is to point out that we have used the word in a higher and more deterfeeling. We shall not cite from the minate sense. When imagination is "Domestic Poems" at all. Had we used merely for gilding for ornamentation it is debased. Its real functions are difficult and necessary ones. Imagination selects ideas, or trains of ideas, from the mass of those which have The next division of the book—that of the so called "Humorous Poems"— has given us pause. The truth is that we have searched carefully among them by the hour without being able been collected by memory, in order to to find a trace of humor. They seem different faculties) agree in this, to find a trace of humor. They seem as destitute of that quality as a demon-stration in mathematics. It can scarcely happen that the lack is in ourselves. We can take up our Shakespeare — thank Heaven !— and penetrate through all the enfoldings and vigorous encountering into the indicate t imagination embraces the past, the present, and the future : the character of the one is servility, its merit, fidel ity ; the character of the other is free

Saw the Pope.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, according to the foreign papers, had a delightful audience with the Pope. Mrs. Palmer speaks Italian, and this, of ourse, added to the ease and charm of the interview, and she is naturally enthusiastic in her description of the graciousness of the Holy Father. She thanked him for the interest he manifested in the Chicago Exposition and especially in the Woman's Department, of which Mrs. Palmer was President. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer remained in Rome for Holy Week.-Baltimore Mirror.



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ption of Satan. etic sentiment, or of which poems are ng, and adequate uite another. The e nature of poetic s a comprehension n in general. "Art ys Millet, the imthe "Angelus. ecise sense in which an be used, consefy the Art of Poetry ther imitative arts pture and music. rn of the artist must cle of expression. ohn Ruskin, "conwhether of color or stance of the poet, with reference to a vehicle of expresanguage emotioned of rhythmic by the ht or sensation. A rt should, therefore, etically as well as uld have unity as nd directness. For reat poetry not only ation of which more t required but nice knowledge of comortion, a language nonious, and, in a

dered attractive in lowing it with some of beauty." Wit-

h Dr. Foran has ook, "Poems and ently indicative of but group under the poetry which, with-nusic, in itself more and suggests musunder the former ems which, having d affinity for musuire to be judged s and images they music which they poetry need not, as m to signify, be in-It is indeed true. says, that lyric by means of words music ; hence we originally designed apaniment, and its

rces of art.

the crowded street, and there compose those songs that sound like a trumpt. A ballad deals with love or war, with the doings or sufferings of real men, women or children, or supernatural beings moved by human passion— if these are fit for the ballad, the common people are competent to judge. In fact, the ballad is the one form of poetry in regard to which the

popular taste is unerring. So much has been said concerning the lyric, and one of its main divisions, the ballad ; because they are the two forms of poetry most used by Dr. Foran in his "Poems and Lyrics." Those conversant with the requirements of versification will regard the foregoing exposition as rudimentary. Those whose knowledge of prosody is con tracted may think that we have not been sufficiently explicit. Be either been sufficiently explicit. opinion as it may, we find a consola-tion in the reflection that the latter class will, in all probability, greatly

turn to the book itself. Dr. Foran's muse is in turn patriotic, memorial, religious, domestic and humorous. The first poem that at-tracts our attention among the patriotic lays is "Canada's Bell," which opens as follows :

outnumber the former. Let us now

" In the land where suns are beaming,

'In the land where suns are beaming. And their golden beauties streaming On a soil that richly teeming. Where the soft Italians dwell; Where the soft Italians dwell; Netres of the days so olden. The stranger may behold in Each messy bower and dell: In the land so brightly gleaming The ancient legends tell-How Florentines made a Bell !

Everyone gave, according to his mea Towards the making of the instrum

"The rich man and the poor man Proportionate off rings bring In the crucible to fling."

In the belfry now 'is swinging. And a jayons anthem singing. Over distant vale and hill ; And its voice is clearly saying. As the faithful 'round are praying. I invite you all this way in My accents loud and shrill. As each has contributed. Let ve all the temple

Bowing to one holy will."

The imperfect rhyme in the seventh line of this stanza will be gladly overlooked for the sake of the rousing spirit which animates this poem. The poet applies his reference :

"Like the billows of Atlantic wakened from their troubled sleep
When the dark winged tempst Wildly ploughs the surface of the deep, Like the roar of mountain torrents Leaping down an Alpine height;
Like the thandering Avalanches In all their gathered might,
Swells the multitudinous murmur, Growing louder and more loud. Swells the multitudinous murmur, Growing louder and more loud, Of a vengennee se-king concourse, Of a blood-athirsting crowd ; Pale the teatures, in their passion, Deadly harred in each eye ; Fierce the shout of human tigers. ' We are here to see them die.' '

That description of the murderous English mob is a piece of graphic and powerful writing. Before passing from the division of "Patriotic Poems," we desire to place on record the belief that "Canada's Bell," "Sunrise at Chelsea," "Canada our Country," "An Irish Peasant's Home," and the

first part of "The Manchester Martyrs" are the best things in the lot-that is, of course, according to our untutored tastes.

tastes. The division of "Historical and De-scriptive Poems" is the lengthiest in the volume. It opens with a fine battle-piece, "The Siege of Quebec." 'The Mass on the Ocean," will, we be lieve, find many admirers. "The Wreck of the Asia" is full of powerful descriptive painting. "Sun-set at Quebec" and "Mus-ings" are poems that abound in feeling "The Exile's Return" has true pathos. "A True Refuge simple and touching. "Moonlight" is a lengthy description of fair Luna in more than ordinarily well finished verse. "Father Tabaret's Statue" and "The Song of the Brook" are poems that will be read with pleasure by a great number of people. Strange to say, our favorite poem in this division is neither the most polished nor the

most powerful of the collection. It is 'The Hermit," and we shall allow the reader to say whether or not it is a production of great merit.

"Twas eve as I climbed#the\_dark [cracs of a mountain, The shadows fell deep as I scrambled along,

know, has often moved him to brush aside all selfish motives in order to be the first to sing the praises of a dead of a living friend promptly and without delay. Although thus handi -capped, his cleverness, equally combined of a considerable talent and tact, enables him in general to surmount the many difficulties of the elegy ; which differs from other odes only in its subject being always mournful. We bespeak attention for the memorial and pathetic poems collectively. We feel like quoting extensively, but our cita tire :so we shall content ourselves with the citation of a few stanzas on J. J. Callanan that echo the numbers of that highly gifted but little known Irish poet, at his best. He was calm, he was kind, he was gentle in

No term more slight, no cheek e'er was wan-

No heart was more true and no spirit was uld speak with a child and his voice Hec

was not louder : His soul was so pure-no danger e'er fear-'God's rest,' cried the world, to the Ministrel

Again :

To heaven and God his fond hopes were as-To worship and love were his constant desiring,— To stand at the altar he ever was praying,— He loves to adore, still the ipeople were say.

ing : He cared not for mocking, he cared not for

A priest in his soul was this Ministrel of

And the poem closes with a touching passage :

One little poem near the end of the book deserves a more prominent posifriend, or to comply with the request simple language. It has about it that tion. It expresses sincere emotion in element at once perceptible and indefinable by any reader or hearer of any poetic sentiment - that mysterious something that lifts poetry above versification. "A Mother's Love" is as fer vent and sincere as William Cowper's lines on his mother's picture. That the reader may judge Dr. Foran's sweet lines for himself we shall close our citations by giving the poem en

From God shove, a ray of love To each of us was given : Reflecting bright the holv light. That holds ine hills of Heaven 1. Each brilliant ray, bright as the day, Illumes each Obristian spirit. In glory paints the souls of saints With pare and holy merit. Oh 1 the fondlove 1 the fond love 1 The mother's holy, fond love 1 The wirtue pure that shall endure, A mother's constant, fond love 1

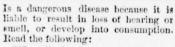
Where er I rove, give me that love, That constant shall be ever-That constant shall be ever— For hear's so true indeed are few, The mother's heart must sever— Ere she can leave her child to grieve, Ere she can see him sorrow : As during sleep she heart i'm weep, Oh ! how she'd wish the morrow.

Then muses bring, that I may sing, Some sacred harp or other, Some sacred harp or other, That in my lay. I'll sing and pray For one whe is my mother. There jos and lears, for three score years, To earth she has been given. In hove of tood she ever trod The righteous road to Heaven."

Enough has been said to show the significance of Dr. Foran's work. It is an extremely human book indeed, It containing as it does grave faults as well as their opposites ; but this pec-"Green, green be the sod, where this true one is cancy will, we hope, endear it all the weeping — Thus destined of heaven whose spirit is rov-ing us "wonderous kind." A suffic-

To-day in God's mansions, the dwelling of loving; Lonz, long may his memory, wherever ap-Find a shrine in each heart, fondest Ministrel of Erin."

and now I feel as from the formation of the second 3 6 N. P. CALIFOLD STORE Catarrh in the Head



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