Away. BY JAMES WHITCOMB BILEY. I cannot sey, and I will not say

With a cherry smile and a wave of the han. He has wondered into an unknown land, And left us dreaming how very fair It needs must be, since he lingers there. And you- O you, who the wildest yearn For the old-time step and the glad return-

Think of him faring on, as dear In the love of There as the love of Here; Mild and gentle, as he was brave-To simple things. Where the violets grew Pure as the eye they are likened to,

The touches of his hand have strayed As reverently as his lips have prayed When the little brown thrush that harship was drear to him as the mocking bird; And he pitied as much as man in pain A writhing honey bee wet with rain.—

Think of him still as the same, I say; He is not dead—he is just away.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

WHAT TO TEACH OUR DAUGHTERS. WHAT TO TEACH OUR DAUGHTERS. A mother writes to me: "What shall I teach my daughters?" This one important and tremendous fact, my sister—That there is no happiness in this world for an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our family must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that the first lesson should Instead of that the hist lesson should be how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. It is infully to maintain themselves. It is inhuman and cruel for any father or
mother who pass their daughters into
womanhood having given them no facil
ity for earning their livelihood. Madame
de Stael said: "It is not these writings
that I am proud of, but the fact that I
have facility in ten occupations, in any
one of which I could make a livelihood."
We should teach our daughters that We should teach our daughters that work of any kind, when necessary, is a credit and honor to them. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the father and mother toil their lives away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds, or trim hats, as it is to twist a watch-chain or embroider a slipper.—Ladies' Home Journal.

IGNORANT OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINES, Speaking of the ignorance of Catholic doctrine on the part of usually wellinformed Protestants, Father Dowling, S. J., says:

They are well instructed in all other matters but religion. In politics they would be ashamed of such ignorance as they display about our faith, they would blush if they had to confess that they were unacquainted with the historical fact, and yet the Catholic Church is cer-tainly an historical fact, and an ethical tainly an historical fact, and an ethical factor worthy of consideration as fully as the civilization of the Aztecs or the character of the Mound-builders, as esoteric Buddhism or the doctrines of Confucius. "When any unusual Catholic event

occurs, such as a synod or council, or a dedication or confirmation service, they will enquire the significance of these things. An intelligent explanation from a Catholic might be the seed of faith for them, and yet how few Catholics go out of their way to speak that opportune

" Is it not a shame that Catholics, other politice, history, literature, social forme, take so little trouble to prepare them-selves for giving an account of the faith that is in them? How many would be able to give a satisfactory account of the infallibility of the Pope, the meaning of infallblity of the Pope, the meaning of the temporal power, the Immaculate Con-ception or the difference between the Catholic and the Presbyterian doctrine of justification? They possess the faith and are satisfied to keep it to themselves. This is not surprising when excellent books of instruction are not even known by many. There is a beautifully gotten up book lying on the centre table. A Catholic visitor takes it in her hand enthusiastically, with the exclamation, 'What book is this?' 'That is Our Christian Heritage, by Cardinal Gibbons,' She flings it down again, 'Oh, pshaw! I though it was Bellamy's Looking Back ward or Howell's A Hazard of New She throws it selde to take Fortunes.' She throws it saids to take up the daily paper. What does she turn to? It is the latest scandal, the latest brilliant attack on Christianity. She takes in the poison and liberalizes her mind and undermines her faith, but never an antidote. What wonder that Catholics' influence is so little and their efforts tory, when zeal is wanting, when some show such a painful anxiety to be tory, when zeal is wanting, when some show such a painful anxiety to be as nearly like Protestants as possible, so that those intimately acquainted with them for many years do not know that they are Catholics. They forget their missionary character, that they are to be leaven which is to ferment the entire mass. They minimize, they surrender, they make concessions, they give way to human

human life; and Catholics in general feel themselves to have drawn not only their religion from the Church, but they feel themselves to have drawn, from her, too, their art and poetry and culture.

"If there is a thing specially allen to religion, it is divisions; if there is a thing specially native to religion it is peace and union. Hence the original attraction to wards unity in Rome, and hence the great charm and power for men's minds of that unity when once attained.

"I persist in thinking that Catholicism has, from this superiority, a great future before it; that it will endure while all the Protestant sects dissolve and perish." From Various Essays of Matthew Arnold.

"In spite of all the shocks which the feelings of a good Catholic have, in thinds of the contemptuous insensibility to the grandeur of Rome, which he finds so general and so hard to bear, how much has he to console him, how many acts of homsge to the greatness of his religion may he see if he has his eyes open! I will tell him of one of them. Let him go in London to that delightful spot, that happy Island in Bloomsbury, the reading-room of the British Museum. I am almost afraid to say what he will find there, for fear Mr. Spurgeon, like a second Calloh Omar, should give the library to the flames. He will find an immense Catholic work, the collection of of the Abbe Migne, lording, it over that the library to the flames. He will find an immense Catholic work, the collection of the same time. library to the flames. He will find an immense Catholic work, the collection of of the Abbe Migne, lording, it over that whole religion, reducing to insignificance the feeble Protestant forces which hang upon its skirts. Majestic in its blue and gold unity, this fills shelf after shelf, and compartment after compartment, its right mounting up into heaven among the white folios of the Acta Sanctorum, its left plunging down into hell, among the yellow octaves of the 'Law Digest.' Everything is there—religion philosopby, history,

Approaching the foot of the tree for the purpose of getting a nearer view of the white object, they were astonished to find, lying on the ground at the foot of the tree. lying on the ground at the foot of the tree, the remains of an old Kentucky rific harrel, with part of a much decayed stock still clinging to it.

The barrel and lock were covered with

The barrel and lock were covered with rust, indicating it had lain for years in its position. While they were examining the ancient gun, and looking for further evidence around the foot of the tree, the sun had so far declined as to throw the white object in the branches in a deep shade, making it impossible to make out what it was.

was.

As it was somewhat d'fficult to climb the tree, they concluded to return in the morning and make further investigation. Marking it by placing poles and fallen limbs against the trunk, they returned to

camp.

Next morning they returned to the tree, and in the bright morning light had no difficulty in making out the white object to be the skeleton of a human being. Mills climbed the tree and found the

should be on the ground and his skeleton in the tree.

They conjectured that the hunter might have been chased by a bear and had climbed the tree, and had accidentally dropped his gun, which, striking the ground, had exploded and wounded the man mortally; that ere he died he had tited himself to the limbs of the tree to prevent the animals from destroying his body. This, they thought, would account for the broken stock of the gun.

A search was then made in the remains of the old coat, which was molded and matted together in a mass.

of the old coat, which was molded and matted together in a mass. Au old moldy notebook was found. In the book was pencil writing, which leaves were moldy and much injured by ong exposure to the weather. On the first page there was part of a name ending with the letters — ington; all the balance of the name was obliterated by mold and stain

The writer retained the writing for some weeks before he gave it for publication, seriously doubting its authenticity.—San Francisco Examiner

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LAST PAINTING. There dwelt once in a stately castle mounting up into heaven among the white folics of the Acta Sanctorum, its left plunging down into hell, among the yellow octaves of the 'Law Digest.' Everything is there—religion, philosophy, history, blography, arts, sciences, biblicgraphy, blography, arts, sciences, biblicgraphy, gossip. The work embraces the whole range of human interests; like one of the great middle age cathedrais, it is in itself a satudy for alife.—Passoges from Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold.

DEATH IN A TREE TOP. DEATH IN A TREE TOP.

SAD TRAGEDY THAT HAPPENED IN THE REDWOOD FORESTS OF MENDOCINO.

S. Mills and Henry E-khart, of the carried on complaint, she made no moan, when in the great wide doors he stooped and with white lips kissed her and the boy, then sprang upon his horse and dashed away, not daring to look back at W. S. Mills and Henry Eckhart, of Colura county, who recently returned from a camping hunt among the coast mountains of Mendocino, teil of a remarkable find among the great redwood forts of that part of the State, a story which, for thrilling, weird, woodland tragedy, excels.

In the north-western part of the county, late one afternoon, just before sunest, while the hunters were making their way to camp, they noticed that the rays of the sun in the tree tops of a dense grove fell on and lighted up a white object high up among the branches of a large madrons tree.

him stray from Tace; keep him ever pure and true to the faith of his fathers." he was proud, impetuous, daring; but he was innocent and pure of heart. Early in him the fire of genius began to glow, and, sitting at his mother's feet, his dark curly head resting against her shoulder, he would tell her of the ambitious dreams which filled his young mind; of how some day, in the years to come, he would be a great artist, whose fame would ring throughout the world and whose pictures in odificulty in making out the white object to be the skeleton of a human being.

Mills climbed the tree and found the skelton to be that of quite a large man, resting across two large limbs, and tid near the thigh bones to the same.

There was not a particle of flesh on the bones, and but few dangling rags. Near the skeleton, and lying across one of the limbs, was the frayed remains of an old coat.

Throwing the coat to the ground Mills descended, it having been decided to leave the skeleton and the boy great, how high, it will as the little soul that has flitted former away from the waren baby form listened patiently and reverently, some descended, it having been decided to leave the same and the boy son, to sting the street. Drawn by two milk white poines, the little white plumes moves on. Upon its snowy, silken curtains, baried beneath great masses of lilles, and pale rose-buds, rests a they white as the little soul that has flitted for ever away from the waren baby form listened patiently and reverently, some the street corner stands a crowd of noisy boys, tossing the ball back and Throwing the coat to the ground Mills descended, it having been decided to leave the bones where they lay in the tree, rather than throw them to the ground to be scattered by wild animals.

There was nothing to indicate how the man had met his death, or why his gun should be on the ground and his skeleton in the tree.

Ilstened patiently and reverently, some times bending his proud, young head to kiss the white, jewelled hand laid so tenderly on his arm. Then came a time when a first great sorrow darkened his young life and grief and gloom hung over the castle, for its sweet and gentle lady lay ill unto death. Just before death came she laid

the wonder of the age; his name rang throughout the land. But had he remem bered, through all the flattery and hom-age of the world, the teachings of that dead mother? Alse, no; it was an age of unbellef, and in the whirlpool of skepti-clem regiog round him his faith was en-gulfed. He still cherished tenderly and There was writing on the next two or three pages, but it could not be deciphered.

The next few pages were comparatively clean and the writing perfectly legible. It was a record of his last days in the tree, and are and are all the pages. The next few pages were comparatively clean and the writing perfectly legible. It was a record of his last days in the tree, and are all are the pages and are all the pages and are all the pages are the pages. reverently the memory of that loved mother, but he believed no longer in the God she had taught him to love in his in-They minimize, they surrender, they make concessions, they give way to human respect and they are ashamed; and ashamed of what? Of the noblest history, that was ever written, of the grandest tradition that was ever handed down, of the most magnificent lineage, going back to the time of the Apostles and the martyrs, of a Church fruitful in grand and glorious deeds."

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON CATHOLICITY.

"This is why the men of imagnation, nay, and the philosopher, too, will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale.

"Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic churches; Catholicism, besides, envelopes"

It was a record of his last days in the tree, and they site and read:

"He is gone again, but she sits at the foot of the tree. . . . How long will his last? For three days I have been standed; and thing the jet of the tree, and they are so bitter. . . . Will they never leave to the time of the Apostles and the martyrs, of a Church fruitful in grand and glorious deeds."

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON CATHOLICITY.

"This is why the men of imagnation, nay, and the philosopher, too, will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale.

"Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic Church: I am growing weaker. . . I found myself trying to the site of the properties of the catholic church is because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her churches; Catholicism, besides, envelopes that the foot of the tree. . . . How long will him her picture they wanted was a thorn-crowned head of Jeans Oritis, he though the wire the baby has gone, and where the baby has gone, and where the shot when they reluctantly promised to paint; to rail his great pictures had been painted in the foot of the tree, and then fall where the baby has gone, and where the shot when they reluctantly promised to paint; to day, when a great church was being built, they came and asked him to paint

eyes lighted from an inward fire, his dark cheek flushed hotly, his breath came quick and fast. The hours passed by, but he still labored on; no food had that day passed his lips, but he was unconscious of hunger. A strange, enrapt feeling held him, a stranger power seemed to guide his hand, and the picture grew with marvellous rapidity upon the canvas. The long summer day drew to its close, the artist's face grew whiter and whiter, the sweat of exhaustion stood thick upon his brow. Then, as twilight crept into the room, and its dusky shadows hid the long day's strange work, his hand fell heavily to his side; with a sigh of complete exhaustion he sank upon the soft rug at the foot of the easel and sank into profound slumber. For hours he slept; darkness fell, then the moon rose higher until its light poured through the window upon the picture on the easel. And as it stood, bathed in silvery light, the artist awoke with a great start and looked upon it. Had he gone mad, or was he dreaming, for surely his brain never conceived nor his hand executed that picture. A face infinitely pathetically beautiful, with great, mournful, patient eyes, in which lay a world of sadners and mute reproach. The soft, borz 2-tinted hair was pushed back from the brows, and about them was pressed a crown of sharp thorns, while back from the brows, and about them was pressed a crown of sharp thorns, while the blood trickled slowly over the marble pallor of cheek and brow. The artist rose slowly, with fascinated gaze still bent upon the picture. The beau-tiful, pathetic eyes seemed to be looking their sad reproach right into his very soul, and his heart began to beat with a strange pain. Again he was a little child sitting at the feet of that sweet, lead mother listening to the sad the dead mother listening to the sad story of how Jesus suffered and died. Bah

he was only a credulous child then, and now he is a man able to reason and to think; and how beautiful and how sad think; and how beautiful and how sad that face, how patient, how reproachful the mournful eyes; and those sharp and cruel thorns—what pitiless hand had pressed them into the delicate flash? Sin had fashioned them and unbelief pressed them there. Bah! what thoughts were those? Had this face, which had grown so strangely under his hand, made a weak fool of him? He will blot it and his we akness out forever. He caught up a brush and raised his He caught up a brush and raised his hand to dash it across the face, but his hand fell again heavily to his side. No, no, he could not while those eyes looked up into his. Ah! beautiful, and eyes, dark with the shadow of the cross, dark with the shadow of the cross. beneath the crown of cruel, mocking thorns, you have melted the ice about ing thorns, you have melted the ice about one heart. With a great sob, down on his knees the artist sank, and the tears fell heavily on his hands as he raised them, clasped, to the pictured face. "Jesus," he murmured, "Thou hast conquered; forgive, have mercy." There the words died on his lips; he sank back and lay still and motionless beneath the pictured head. pictured head.

And thus they found him in the morn ing, and thought at first he slept, for there was a smile on the lips and a strange peace on the face; but when they tried to rouse him they found that he was

There hangs in a certain great church a picture whose fame has spread all over the world—a thorn crowned head of Jesus Christ painted as no hand ever has, or ever will again, paint it. From the shadow of the altar the beautiful, sad eyes shadow of the attar the beautiful, sad eyes look down upon kneeling thousands. The name of him who painted it will live forever; and though long years have passed since they found him dead beneath the picture, tottering old men and women still tell why it is called "The Last Painting."-Emma Howard Wight in Baltimor

A LITTLE WHITE HEARSE

From the Detroit Free Press. The funeral procession comes slowly along the street. Drawn by two milk white ponies, the little white plumes moves on. Upon its snowy, sliken curtains, buried beneath great masses of lilles, and pale rose-buds, rests a tiny white coffia. All is white: as purely white as the little soul that has flitted for

At the street corner stands a crowd of noisy boys, tossing the ball back and forth among them. The crush of the passing wheels falls upon their ears, and looking up, the ball is dropped, the loud shouts hushed, as each boy doff, his cap and stands in mute reverence while the

little white hearse passes by.

A street car comes rumbling along the track, the bell upon the horse's neck jangling and clanging upon the air. The driver sees before him the little hearse with its flower-strewa burden and feels his strong heart throb beneath his rough jacket. The brakes are down, the bel hangs ellent upon the horse's neck, while the driver with bowed head, thinks of his baby boy, whose rudly lips he kissed tobaby boy, whose rudly lips he kissed today at parting, and thanks God that no
flower-decked coffia lid hides away his
laughing face. The passengers look out
and the women whisper with a sigh:
"Some mother's eyes have looked the
last upon her baby."

Amid the grime and dust of the street,
a long row of laborers delve with bent
forms in the earth beneath. The roll of
wheels is heard, the weary bodies are
lifted in vague curlosity, and each toilhardened face softens as the little white
hearse goes by on its way to the grave.
So on by merry girls who check their

hearee goes by on its way to the grave.

So on by merry girls who check their gay laughter, by stern browed men, who forget for a moment the mighty problems of money and trade and ambition, and give a fleeting thought to that world where the baby has gone, and where this remoreeless struggle for wealth and fame any power will count for naught; on, on through the ranks of the weary and toil-laden, who gaze and sigh for the rest the baby has found, the little white hearse goes, teaching its lessons of love of other

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Review.

The Toronto Orangeman who emigrated from Canada to the United States to edit the journal called America, is deeply concerned about his fellow foreigners who cerned about his fellow foreigners who have not as yet endeavored to put a fence around the United States and claim it as their own. According to his statements about eighty Huns have immigrated to this country since 1880, "who are indeed the lowest element under the sceptre of Francis Joseph, a class who can only be controlled by the club." If they are any worse than the Toronto Orangemen they must be indeed a pitable set, but we should not like to accept their character as portrayed by the editor of America, who, in his life, has never yet been able to speak the truth concerning anything Irish or Catholic. With him, it is a constitutional impossibility to anything Irish or Catholic. With him, it is a constitutional impossibility to see a thing, connected with Catholicity, in its true light. It is unnecessary to argue with him, but we would point out for his benefit, that it was not the Catholic Church which brought the Huns here; in fact, she has never deported any nationality. They were brought here by American and English capitalists who thought to get a band of slaves to work in the mines, and instead found that they had caught Tartars. If the Huns are good Catholics, as America says, we would not be afraid to defend their character as good citizens; certainly they have shown themselves men in refusing to act as slaves of rascally, in refusing to act as slaves of rascally, civilized, non Catholic capitalists.

The French-Canadians are another source of anxiety to this gentleman. Their recent victory over the Orange spirit leads him to believe that there will be a bitter struggle between Catholics and Protestants in the Dominion of Canada and that it will end either in the disruption of the confederation or in the annexation of Canada to the United States. The wish in this case is father to the thought. The Orangemen would be glad to see Canada ruined, if ruin would the thought. The Orangemen would be glad to see Canada ruined, if ruin would be necessary to destroy Catholicity; that is, the Orangemen fashioned after the idea of the cditor of America. Many of them have still some sense left. But there will be no trouble in Canada over religious issues. The Equal Rights party has been smashed. It never had any footing in Canada until Mr. Meredith thought to use it as a help to secure office. It didn't secure him an extra vote. On the contrary, it ruined him, and in his fall, down went the Equal Rights Association to depths that the famous McGinty never reached. Hence, disruption and annexation, however pleasing to the mind of this gentleman, will not take place in Canada; and if in time the French succeed in absorbing the Eaglish-speaking element and make themselves masters of the northern domain, it will only be a matter of historic justice. Pitteburg Catholic.

Pittaburg Catholic.

While a few Episcopalian clergymen, here and there, may be skeptical, and holding doctrines and views fatally at variance with each other, it is gratifying to us, Catholics, to observe a growing tendency among the members of the "high" wing of the same Church, to go back more and more, to what we hope will be the final adoption—not the mere imitation—of all adoption—not the mere imitation—of all the ceremonies and doctrines of the Mother Church. An instance of this occurred in the Ascension day services in Trinity Caurch, New York, in which all the clergy, including the Bishops, wore white stoles; and the chasuble worn by the celebrant, the Bishop of Albany, was "a beautiful white slik vestment," embroidered in gold and crimson

They Speak for Themselves. Picron, Feb. 17.—This is to certify that I have used Polson's Nerviline for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for all internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T.

KINGSLEY.

LEEDS COUNTY, Jan. 9 —We are not in

Leeds County, Jan. 9 —We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withhold our testimony as t we cannot withhold our testimony as to the great value of. Nerviline as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recom-mending is as a never-failing remedy.— Rev. H. J. ALLER, BENJ. DILLON, and many others. Sold by druggists. Party Politics

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Mrs. W. H. Brown of Melita, Man., states that two of her children and two others belonging to a neighbor, were cured of the worst form of summer complaint by one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, nature's specific for all summer complaints.

mer complaints.

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And yet it seems like yesterday, That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;
I think the sunlight must have shone!
I know a scent of springtime ley
Across the fields; we were alone,
We went together, you and I;
How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,
Or noonday heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road;
I only watched your face, until
I knew it was the gladdest day,
The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
And I saw only you!

Or Chapter B. Gring to July Scribner. - Charles B. Going in July Scribner.

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FOR EARLY MASSES. BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City. New York Catholic Review.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. How much dost thou owe?" (Gospel

of the day, St. Luke xvi. 1-9)
We all love justice, to question our love of justice would be a gross insult to us. There is no human soul so morally dead as not to feel some sentiment of justice dweiling up within it: and the public opinion of mankind has never public opinion of management manifest failed in the end to condemn manifest injustice. But all this is in the abstract! When we come to examine the matter in its concrete and personal aspects we at once find good reason to doubt whether the love of justice is so sincere and universal as it seems, for we find riched that in a world which everlastingly prates about justice there is a vast deal this ba of the most crying injustice, and we coean, begin to fear that the lotty sentiment so loudly proclaimed from pole to pole is relative rather than absolute. We all want to have justice done to ourselves sawe apprehend it, but are we equally inclined to do justice to others, according to the colden rule? I wenture to mission ing to the golden rule? I venture to satert that there is not a single person in the congregation who does not condemn the fragrant injustice set forth in | we wer this day's Gospel; but how many of us are there who look within, who apply the parable to ourselves, condemn the unjust transactions in our own lives, and resolve to repair them to the best of our

ability?

"How much dost thou owe?' is a mighty awkward question for some of us to meet, not that there are no honest debtors whose debts are their misfortunes, not their faults. Many such there we might be a such that the mistance of the such that the s debtors whose debts are their misfortunes, not their faults. Many such there undoubtedly are. But are there not hosts of dishenest debtors whose debts are the result of their extravagance or dissipation? and who twist and turn and quibble in every possible way in order to escape their obligations. Yet these people, too, take up the cry of justice, and would feign pass for upright Christians and honorable men. Now we might as well face the certain fact once for all. No one can be an honest man. tor all. No one can be an honest man, much less a sincere Christian, who does not make every reasonable effort to pay

his lawful debte.

The man or the woman who is in debt and who does not conscientiouly en-deavor to pay the last farthing is little less than a fraud and a hypocrite, and shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Do you mean to say that the man who owes his butcher, or his baker, or his grocer a bill, and who refuses payment, when he has money to spend for drinks and cigars and excursions and perhaps a trip to Long Branch or Saratoga, is an honest man? Would you consider that woman honest who constantly buys new dresses and bonnets while she is in debt for the old ones? What sense of justice bas the person who borrows five or ten or fifty dollars from a neighbor in a were pinch and afterwards neglects to pay it terlor, back though requested to do so again at Sec

But what is one bound to do in order to pay one's debts? You are not bound to strave yourself or your family, but you are bound to live on the very verge of poverty, until your lawful debts are paid. The most rigid retrenchment must be observed and all superfluities even the least should be cut off.

"I'li pay you as soon as I am able," raid a fashlonably dressed man stepping out of a saloon with an Havana cigar in his mouth, to the undertaker who buried bits mother three years before on credit.

his mouth, to the undertaker who buried his mother three years before on credit. Yes there are stylish people who owe for the ceffins that are rotting for years in Greenwood and Calvary, and there are mean contemptible men who put fifty cents or a dollar's worth of drink in their stemachs every day in the week and they owe for the winding theets that en-

wrapped their dead.

Justice in the abstract is a grand thing to talk about, but common honesty is the real thing to practice. "How much dost thou owe? and when are you going to pay are the practical questions that every debtor should put to his own conscience. Remember that there that there is a suppress day of reckning appuinted for supreme day of reckoning appointed for all debtors, and if you appear before that dread tribunal with the burden of debt upon your soul "you shall be cast into little prison;" and, in the words of the Lord the little Jesus, "Amen, I say to you, thou shalt centre not go out from thence until thou repay the ed the last farthing."

The vicissitudes of climate are trying to most constitutions, especially to people having impure blood. For all such (and they constitute the majority), was a the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilis, the use of which cleaness the blood and strengthens and invigorates the system Only A Sister.

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