

One of Three Things Always Cause RHEUMATISM

Do you know the system rids itself of waste matter through bowels and kidneys? Yes, but by the skin as well.

As a matter of fact, the skin rids the system of more urea than the kidneys do.

If the skin, or bowels, or kidneys are unhealthy—they won't throw off enough urea. This urea is changed into uric acid—carried by the blood to joints and nerves—causing Rheumatism.

One never inherits Rheumatism. One does inherit weak kidneys, irregular bowels and bad skin action.

Fruit-a-tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

will positively cure Rheumatism because they increase the eliminating action of skin, kidneys and bowels—and make these three organs so vigorous and healthy that there can be no urea or waste retained in the system to poison the blood and irritate the nerves.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are fruit juices, combined with tonics—the whole forming the most effective cure for Rheumatism.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

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A HEROIC PRIEST

In a little burying ground at the monastery of Gethsemane, in Nelson county, Kentucky, there is a narrow, green mound, headed by the simple cross that marks each grave within the enclosure. On the cross is a name and a date—nothing else to distinguish it from the other graves lying beside it in the stillness that rests over this quiet quarter of God's acre. Yet a hero sleeps there, and the heart that is now beneath the sod once beat to the martial music and knew not the meaning of fear, albeit it held a tenderness like that of a woman.

Father Blemill was chaplain of the Fourth Kentucky regiment—the famous Orphan brigade of the Civil war—and will be remembered by his survivors as a hero and a martyr. His interest in and devotion to the men in his command were unflagging and endeared him to Protestant and Catholic alike. No creed he knew where service could be rendered; none were sick or wounded but his gentle hands were ministering to them; to one down-hearted or distressed, but he was near with words of cheerfulness and sympathy. In every engagement his tall figure in its priestly garb could be seen where the fight was hottest, lifting the helpless, succoring the wounded, or sending a prayer to heaven above the roar of musketry, for some spirit departing in the midst of battle. He was the regiment's idol, and his faithfulness to his calling and the cause which he espoused won the reverence and veneration of the sturdy soldiers, until there was not one who would not gladly have laid down his life for the warrior priest.

It was in the storm of battle that death came to him, faithful unto the end. It was during the bloody battle of Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864. The assaulting column had found it impossible to move the Federal position and the order had been given to re-

treat. Gen. Lewis was riding back in the midst of his broken and disordered regiment, seeking shelter from the storm of musketry and artillery that was still kept up. As he passed along, he saw Father Blemill kneel beside the prostrate body of Captain Gracie, of a South Carolina regiment, and lift his hands in prayer for the dying officer.

His experienced eye had probably seen that the man was wounded unto death, and friend or stranger, his tender heart went out to him and he stopped to offer a supplication to heaven for the departing soul. At the instant a cannon ball from the enemy's ranks struck off the head of the heroic priest, and his limp body fell beside the one he would have prayed for. In the very act of asking mercy for a dying soul his own took flight. He died as he would have wished—his consecrated spirit seeking its Master straight from the field of battle and in the discharge of his duties as a soldier of the Cross.

They carried him to the rear, and after the storm of shot and shell had subsided, they tenderly wrapped a battle-torn Confederate flag around the worn priestly dress, and with streaming eyes reverently buried him in a grave a hundred yards or more south of the little station at Jonesboro. Many years afterwards, when a branch of the Confederate Memorials association was formed there, they exhumed the body of the hero priest and re-interred it in the Pat Cleburne cemetery.

Here it rested between Captain Gracie, for whom he had stopped to pray, when killed, and a soldier named Ignatius Blocks, until 1890, when the Benedictine Fathers, to whose order Father Blemill belonged, brought his remains to Nelson county.

Here, under the little white cross in the silent burying-ground at Gethsemane, all that is mortal of this heroic soul has found its last resting place. Truly, it can be said of him that he fought the good fight, that he kept the faith and that the love of him glows in the hearts of all who are left of the famous Kentucky Orphan brigade.

Dead Sick of Asthma?

You couldn't be otherwise with such a distressing malady. Well, for one dollar spent on "Catarrhzone" you can be thoroughly cured. Foolish to delay, because asthma steadily grows worse. Get Catarrhzone to-day and cure yourself; it's pleasant to use, very simple and guaranteed. Prescribed by thousands of doctors and used by the people of nine nations—Certainly Catarrhzone must be good; it hasn't failed yet, no matter how chronic the case.

DEVOTION TO OUR LORD'S SACRED HEART.

It is the heart of our divine Lord that most appeals to us, for it was from it, as a centre, flowed that burning and consuming love that prompted Him to die for us. "Behold," says our Lord, "the heart which hath loved men so much that it hath consumed itself with My love for them." There is nothing appeals to us like the heart, for it is the organ of feeling and affection; it is the centre whence proceed the good acts and good thoughts men do and think for one another, and their worth is in proportion to the feeling and disposition that reigns in their hearts. And so we often excuse the mistakes and faults of the judgment, because the heart is all right. Our Lord's love for us is a perfect love—there is nothing wanting; it is an all absorbing, all consuming love. It is to return this love all we can, that Holy Church asks us in June to be devoted to our Lord's Sacred Heart. It will we know, be but an imperfect return, so imperfect we are by nature and so many the distractions around us, but good will is all our Lord will expect of us, to love Him all we can, and best as we may, and with this He will be fully satisfied. We show our love for one another by our goodness and kindness, and so we show our love of our Lord by being good and well disposed to Him and to all His interests. We love Him for His infinite perfections and His perfect loveliness, and we interest ourselves in all that interests Him, and help to advance these interests in any way we can. As the greatest interest in God is the salvation of man's soul we show our love of Him by doing all we can to save our souls and the souls of our brethren. True love must be acted out in deeds. It cannot be a mere sentiment, a passing, word, a thoughtless joke; it must be founded deep in the heart and something that has life and vigor and he shows it by good deeds, noble words and gracious acts, as occasion gives the opportunity. Let us, then, practise our love for our Lord by our love for one another, and so make this loveliest of all the months of the year all the love-

lier and brighter, by our goodness to all men in return for our Lords' infinite love, as shown in His Sacred Heart, all on fire with love for us.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

Grandpa's way.

My grandpa is the strangest man!

Of course, I love him dearly; But really it does seem to me

He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day

Is right, no matter whether

It rains or snows, or shines or blows,

Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by

A heavy shower, provoking,

He pats my head and says, "You see,

The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm

For any kind of pleasure,

He says, "The corn has grown an

inch—

I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind

Has set my things all whirring,

He looks at me and says, "Tut! tut!

The close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high,

And fence posts scarcely peeping,

"How warm beneath their blanket

white

The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face

His sweet smile shines so clearly,

It would be nice if everyone

Could see him just as queerly.

THE CHILDREN OF LIES.

[From The Leader, San Francisco]

Misrepresentation appears to be the breath in the nostrils of the Puritan preachers. We have just received a copy of the "Pacific," which states that it is the representative of the Congregational churches of the Pacific Coast, and is published by one W. W. Ferrier, of Berkeley. It consists of four small pages of print, and makes up for its exiguity by concentrated venom. It represents the same class of people that Dr. Brown stands for, the Dr. Brown who tried to deprive Catholic women and children of their daily bread, because they were Catholics.

The Pacific is much troubled about the relief fund and Father Yorke. It says:—"Father Yorke, a Roman Catholic priest of Oakland, made a good haul on the San Francisco relief fund, receiving therefrom the sum of \$25,000, which was put into his hands to be used as seemed best to him. While this was in his possession the Roman Catholics in Oakland were drawing help from a large number of the relief stations. The query in the minds of some is, What did Father Yorke do with the \$25,000 which was turned over to him? Was it used in way of individual relief? Or did it go for the repairing or rebuilding of Roman Catholic Churches? No other church has had any of the relief fund placed at its disposal. It might be well for those who thus disposed of the \$25,000 to try to follow it up so as to see that it went into those channels for which it was originally intended. Perhaps Father Yorke himself stands ready to account for it. It is to be hoped so, although it is stated that there was no stipulation to this effect."

There are almost as many lies in this paragraph as there are lines. In the first place, Father Yorke did not get the sum of \$25,000 to be used as seemed best to him. The sum of \$25,000 was appropriated by the Relief Committee in San Francisco for the use of the Catholic Relief Committee in Oakland, that

Catholic Relief Committee in Oakland being a body made up of the clergy and laity, a body which in social standing and general intelligence is far above the narrow-eyed and hide-bound bigots of Brown's Church. It may be remarked here that the Oakland Catholic Relief Committee did not ask for that money until they discovered that the Congregationalists were sending Catholics away hungry because of their Catholicism, and until it was made clear that Baker and Brown and their ilk were determined that Catholics should sooner starve than receive any charity from their hands. Let it be remembered that neither Baker nor Brown had or have the slightest right to seize upon the distribution of the gifts of the American Government, but that by sheer audacity and by the connivance of a small knot of social parasites they had made themselves masters of the machinery of the relief work.

As to the supplies distributed at the various relief stations, the Catholics had as much right to them as the Congregationalists had, and they asserted their right. If the Oakland Catholic Relief Committee had to purchase the food that was rotting in the Oakland depot, \$25,000 would have lasted them a very short time. The Catholics insisted on getting their rights in the distribution of the food, and in spite of Baker and Brown they succeeded.

When the Oakland Catholic Relief Committee asked for an appropriation, through Father Yorke, from the Red Cross and San Francisco Relief Committee, it stated plainly for what objects the relief was required, and how much was to go for each. That statement is on record, and the insinuation that the money went for the repairing or rebuilding of Roman Catholic Churches is worthy of an organ of that sect that went down to the Sandwich Islands and stole everything that the natives had, and used it to build up big fortunes for their preachers. That no stipulation was made to the effect that money should be accounted for, shows the intellectual calibre of this Congregational slanderer. Does he imagine that the most careful business men in San Francisco would let \$25,000, or any other sum, go out of their hands without insisting that an accounting be rendered of every penny of it? They recognize that the money they have received is a trust, and so does the Oakland Catholic Relief Committee realize that the money it has received is a trust, and if there was never a Congregationalist or a Pacific to slander the innocent, the accounting would be given with a voucher down to the last farthing. When the Oakland Catholic Relief Committee winds up its labors and submits its account there will be no items in it for disinfecting the churches used by God's poor. There will be no items in it for salaries of the worthless hangers-on of charitable movements. There will be no item in it for the luxuries of sectarian preachers. There will be in it simply and solely an account of what was bought to cloth and to house and feed the refugees of San Francisco, of which the necessary salaries will form such an insignificant amount that all the world will wonder.

Distrust is one of the marked characteristics of our times. It is the result of man's passionate greed for money. And to such a length has it gone that many foolishly seek to win their enemies by sacrificing their friends.

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Our Lord cleansed ten lepers, and but one returned to give thanks for the benefit received. The other nine took their cure as a matter of course. We are all apt to belong to the same class of people as these ungrateful or, what is nearer the truth, these thoughtless men.

There are some people who turn gray, but do not grow hory, whose faces are furrowed but not wrinkled, whose hearts are sore wounded in many places but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to old age, and there is a kindness which laugh's at the world's rough usage. These are they who have returned good for evil.

There are times in many a life when the course to take for weal or woe depends upon a slight influence—aye, a single word. How careful, therefore, should we be that our influence may at all times be in the right direction.



Daily Spasms.

ST. JACOB'S, Ont., Nov 28, 1899.
Since a child 6 years old I was subject to St. Vitus Dance and Spasms, and seeing an advertisement of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I concluded to try it. Its effect has been wonderful, for before using I had spasms almost daily, but since taking this remedy have not had an attack for twelve days, and shall continue its use.

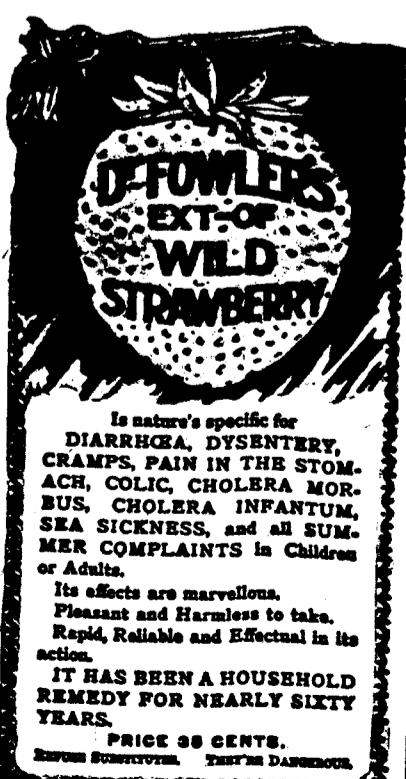
MISS LYDIA RUDY.

Mr. W. F. Hackey, of Bathurst Village, N. Br. says that his little girl had from two to three attacks of fits a day for five or six months, but since she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic had only one in 10 months and none since.

Mr. C. Noyes, of Brockville, writes that he didn't have a fit in 13 weeks since he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, while before that he had attacks every week.

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