### Autumn.

BY K. A. SULLIVAN. addest season of the year, entle Autumn, lone and dreary— ith thy breezes cooing clear, oftly bidding rest, the weary.

lelancholy do ye sigh— Vinds of Autumn, faintly calling, is a funeral dirge ye cry— curning for the dead leaves falling.

Leaves of Autumn, drooping slowly, Biushing crimson, as with shame,

Dreary as thou art we love thee, Relic of the Summer gone; And with vain regret we part thee, Lovely Autumn, and and wan.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

The people who feel intensely are not meny. That is the reason why there are not more noble, heart-stirring deeds done in the world. Heroes do not flourish commonly. The body's needs are so numermonly. The body's needs are so numerous and imperative that the wants of the soul are well nigh forgotten. The visible jostles the invisible, the material usurps the throne of the spiritual. And so one goes on, and the mental vision becomes distorted. Trifles become all-important; distorted. Trifles become all-important; petty discords, petty strifes, unworthy pleasures—safe, comfortable, vegetable creatures, with no deep miseries, no great happiness—such is your life. Civilization is a grand thing, a good thing; and true gold rings truly always; but one is tempted to think that for great possibilities one must look back to the old barbaric data when recold loved not convention. days, when people lovel, not conventionally, and hated, not politely. — Mabel Louise Fuller.

Conscience, indeed, is implanted in the breast by nature, but it inflicts upon us fear as well as shame; when the mind is simply augry with itself and nothing more, surely the true import of the voice of nature and the depth of its intimations have been forgotten, and a false philosophy has misinterpreted emotions which ought to lead to God. Fear implies a law elver and a judge: but the tendency law giver and a judge; but the tendency of intellectual culture is to swallow up the fear in the self-reproach, and self-reproach is directed and limited to our mere sease of what is fitting and becoming. Fear carries us out of ourselves. Shame con-fines us within the round of our own thoughts. Such, I say, is the danger which awaits the civilized age; such is its beset-ting sin (not inevitable, God forbid! or we must abandon the use of God's own gifts), but still the ordinary sin of the intellect; conscience becomes what is called a moral sense; the command of duty is a ort of taste; siu is not offense against God but against human nature .- Cardinal New

FLOWERS FOR REPROBATES.

Plain-spoken Mr. Labouchere says:

"At the funeral of an infant or young maideu—on the bler of an Ophelia, for example—a profesion of flowers may have a certain poetic fitness. But nothing, to my mind, can be more grotesquely out of place than a plie of snow-write garlands and floral crosses upon the coffin of some battered old sinner, for whom in life both battered old signer, for whom in life both flowers and crosses had equally little meanlog or attraction.

TOO MUCH FOR THEM.

An eccentric gentleman, in Cornwall, had been much annoyed by a way the members of his congregation had got into of looking round to take stock of later comers. After enduring the annoyance for some time, he said, on entering the reading-desk one day: "Brethren, I re-gret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I promise, henceforth, to save you the trouble by naming each person who may enter, and I hope that the service will then be allowed to proceed without interruption." He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Farmer Stubbins, with his wife and daughter." Farmer Stubbins, looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed his exhortation. Presently he again paused.
"Sam Curtis and Wm. Diggle." The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their booke. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting bimself every now and then to name some new-comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity: "Mrs Symons, of the 'Red Lion,' in a bonnet." In a moment he felt his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned round.

A PITIFUL STORY.

Twenty years ego an Englishman brought a sweet Scotch wife to a miner's camp across the main range of the Rocky mountains and fifty miles from Helena Mont., 88 ys the New York Tribune They lived all these years happily together The Eliaburgh woman accommodated herself to the lonely life for the sake of her husband, whom she adored. Daring ail the twenty years she left the camp but twice, both times for a short visit to Helena. For many months at a time she did not see the face of another woman. By and by the vein was worked out and the other miners left, but still this couple lived on there. Their heads were growing white with the snows of many winters and they at last decided they had enough money to buy a home in civilization, wherein they might hope for ease in the closing years. This hope seemed about to be realized. Last spring their mountain ranch was sold for \$25,000, and the hus band came to Helena to make the final arrangements for moving. When he returned he showed to his dear old wife the gifts that he had brought to deck ber in on her re appearance in the world. It was a surprise that he had prepared. He

ned cases of lovely jewels, diamonds, and other costly gems, pins, and brooches for many occasions, a watch, and massive her neck and arms. But he had caught his death in the journey over the snow in midwinter and he was dead in a week. The wife was seven hours alone in the cabin with her dead before With reverent step he led us through hail and cloister and refectory, and The most beloved and skilful physicisn in Helena, whom she had sent for when she became alarmed about her husband, went to her assistance at the Byzantine decoration. In the great nave risk of his own life. He found her in a and transcepts of the splendid chapel, our pitiable condition. She had not slept for a week. He took her up and brought her to Helena in the same wagon with her ings and mosaies that adorned wall and hashaud's body over the well nigh impasticelling. At last the old monk halted

sable roads. It was a frightful journey, apart from the heavy freight of sorrow. The horses got into deep drifts (sometimes one and sometimes both) from which it seemed impossible for the doctor and an assistant to extricate them. Once the wagon was overturned. Before she left the little cabin the widow begged that a friendly hand might end the life of the faithful dog that had shared the lovely home. "Poor Jessie never heard an unkind word or received a blow in her life," she said. "I should not wish her to fall into unkind bands." In a few minutes the mail rider, who knew Jessie and loved

the mail rider, who knew Jessie and loved her, went out, and when he returned, said : "Poor Jessie is gone. I shot her. She didn't know anything about it. It was instantaneous.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

Among the veriety of principles by which mankind are actuated, there is one which I correly know whether to consider as springing from grandeur and nobility of mind or from a refined species of vanity and self-love. It is that singu-lar, aithough universal, desire of living in the memory of posterity; of occupying a share of the world's attention when we share of the world's attention when we shall long since have cessed to be susceptible either of its praise or censure. Most of the passions of the mind are bounded by the grave. Sometimes, indeed, an auxious hope or trembting fear will venture beyond the clouds and darkness that rest upon our mortal horizon and expatible is houndless fear vity, but it is, only this active love of fame which steadily contemplates its fruition in the applause and gratitude of future ages. Indignant at the narrow limits which circumscribe our existence, ambitton is forever strugour existence, ambitton is forever strug-gling to soar beyond them; to triumph over space and time, and to bear a name, at least, above the inevitable oblivion in which everything else that concerns us is involved. It is this, my friend, which prompts the patriot to his most hexote achievements, which inspires the sublimest strains of the poet, and breathes ethereal fire into the sculptor. For this the monarch rears the lefty

column, the laurelled conqueror claims the triumphal arch, while the obscure in-

digidual who moved in an humbler aphere asks but a plain and simple stone to mark his grave, and bear to the next generation this important truth, that he was born, died, and was buried. It was this possion which once erected the vast Numidian piles whose ruins we have so often re garded with wonder, as the shades of evening—fit emblems of oblivion—gradu-ally stole over and enveloped them in darkness. It was this which gave being darkness. It was this which gave being to those sublime monuments of Saracen magnificence which nod in mouldering desolation, as the blast sweeps over the deserted plains. How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of time! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel for a while and contemplated in awful admiration the stupendous pyramids. An admiration the stupendous pyramids. An appeling silence prevailed around—such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed, and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The myriads that had once been employed in these lofty mementos of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desert, had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death-all were mingled with their native dust-all were mingled with their native dust—all were forgotten! Even the mighty names which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate had long since faded from re-membrance; history and tradition afforded but vague conjectures, and the pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the

adds imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immorality. Alas! alas! alas! alad I to myself, how mutuable are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of future fame are reposed! He who imagines that he has secured to himself the meed of deathless renown indulges in deluding visions which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk, the triumphal arch, the swelling dome shall crumble into dust, while the names they would preserve from oblivion shall often pass away before their own duration is accomplished —Washing. ton Irving.

FATHER ANSELMO'S BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Adapted from the Italian, by Edward H. Rice, M. D., Ph. D.

Far out beyond the grand canal of old Venice, beyond the gorgeous and florid pizza, where the sacred pigeons were fed, on an island in the harbor, the old cloister stood. It was the oldest in Italy, men while history and tradition confirmed the wondrous stories of its age and supreme sancity. Even Alaric, the awful king of the Visigoths, had spared the holy pile, for he who feared little else did, in ils savage way, honor the Holy Cross.

This was the grand old shrine we were to visit, and all our thoughts were glad, for the privilege was given only to very

Those strange grim walls had seen curious sights in their long days. Doge had wedded the sea under their very shadow. They had seen the gondolas dance gaily by, clad in all the radi-ant bues of parting day; till at length a presaic law bade them all don sombre black; so now, even the pleasure boats seemed sharing in the black pageant of the sad funeral of departed grandeur. The grand old monastery looked down gravely one the bright canal, and seemed hardly to welcome our rather idle visit, Our boat drew up at the little jetty and we found ourselves in the immedi ate presence of the venerable pile. it was crumbling now; years had warped its walls, and the long mosses or lichens grew between its "rock-faced" stones. The bell we rang gave back the rather startling note which comes only when one of the minor keys is struck. Surely, no such tone as this may be found in the the major staff. The old monk who answered the plaintive peal seemed like a relic of other days. His long white beard hung low upon his narrow chest

and his small, thin hands seemed almost

transparent in their wondrous whiteness

chapel beautiful in the full pageantry of puny figures seemed dwarfed by the majestic altitude of the beautiful paint-

before a narrow door, like the entrance of a prison cell, and began the story we had come to hear.

"It is three hundred years since Brother Anselmo died, and yet he seems as present here as when he sat in you der cell and wrote our parchments for the the story we have the story we had been answered that they are trials of the story we had been answered that they are trials of the story we had been answered that they are trials of the story we had been answered that they are trials of the story we had been answered that they are trials of the story we had come to hear.

"HE MAN WHO PASSES IT ON.

There are mosquitos, the story we had come to hear."

There are mosquitos, the story we had come to hear.

There are mosquitos, the story we had come to hear.

There are mosquitos, there are gants, and been answered that they are trials of the story we had come to hear.

There are mosquitos, there are gants, and the story we had come to hear. der cell and wrote our parchments for us. He was cunning with his pencil, and the beautiful transcriptions you have seen upon the old lectern are all his works. Yet still he was not content. He would fain honor the Master by some work more beautiful than aught he had ever done. He would prepare an illu minated copy of the Fourth Gospel, the Gospel of the Heart of Christ, the grandest story of the Blessed Virgin.

"But, strangely, the work mocked his hands; for, where they strove to trace angel faces, leering demons glared at him from the manuscript, till, bsfiled, mocked, discouraged, he threw the work

mocked, discouraged, he threw the work

"The plague broke out in the city.
Day by may the well sickened, and the sick died, till the place was fast becoming ance of the transfer of the dead. Assessment of this cell, and went out amid the pestilence. He knelt by the bedside of the suffering, and as he told them the simple story of the Cross; the face once rigid in mortal account was transfered with amiliar mortal agony was transfused with smiles, while the glad soul winged its flight to a

brighter world.
"But the infection which spared neither youth nor age laid its poisoned hand upon devotion itself, till, stricken with the fever, he crawled back to his cell to the lever, he crawled back to his cell to die. Slowly his dull eyes wandered around the room, till at length they rested on the book, the darling project of his life, that had failed so miserably. With a gesture, half regretful, half impatient, he motioned that it be put before him.

"But what a sight met his enraptured."

"But what a sight met his enraptured gaze! For angel hands had finished the work he had begue, and every page wa radiant with celestial light. "With reverent hands he spread the open parchment before us. We looked

upon it in a dezad wonder that soon grew to be awe struck admiration. We had seen the splendid treasures of the Vatican where every age and clime seemed to vie with one another in the portrayal of all that is most sacred and beautiful in art or story, but we never had seen work like this before. All the art of the skilful pencil, all the wonderful fidelity of the engraver's line and stipple ssemed lost in the majestic glory of this creation, where once, at least even here on earth, art had gained a splendld apoth-

eosis.

"Bright saints, with golden glories round their heads, adorned each consecrated page, while down the glorified margin floated angelic forms, arrayed in that beatific loveliness which many dream of their fore housever, northered and of, but few have ever portrayed, and

none have ever seen.
"We gazed at the book, and we knew we gazed at the book, and we always our eyes were resting upon holy work; yet from the gorgeous beauty of each eloquent page came home this great lessen: work for your God: work for the Church you love, then, though your toll may see all futile, the holy influences of the bester lead shell bless your god; and the better land shall bless your work and make it glorious."—Boston Pilot.

"SIX SACRAMENTS - AND A SNARE."

Ave Maria. In 1857 the literary world was apprised of the immediate publication of the Complete Works of Ozanam, with an "Complete Works of Ozanam, with an Introduction by R. P. Lacordaire, and a Preface by J. J. Ampere,"—a trio of illustrious names. When, in the course of the year, this eagerly-expected work was given to the public, it was found that the promised introductory notice by Father Lacordaire had been omitted. Much speculation as to the cause of its non-appearance was indulged in at the time; but few were aware that the notice had been printed, and was the notice had been printed, and was among the proofs which the publishers submitted to Madame Ozanam.

The sketch of Ozanam's life which his Dominican friend had written was, as will readily be believed, highly culogistic; unintentionally, a little severe on the friend whom he mourned, as well as a little cruel to that friend's sorrowing "There was one snare," he wrote which Ozanam did not shun;" and the context proclaims that the snare Was -marriage. "Poverty is the inevitable companion of the man of letters who has resolved to sell his peu neither to gold nor power;—a klud of poverty given only to the solitary man who lives in the immortality of his conscience, and who has but one misfortune to foresee or to

Madame Ozanam, recognizing that friendship and admiration have their rights, made no objection to this somewhat equivocal compliment; and went to Rome with an advance copy of the work, to submit it to the Pops before it would be given to the public. Cardially should be given to the public. Cordially received by Plus IX., she ventured to request his approbation of her husband's writings. Much to her surprise, the Pontiff replied that he could not accord his approval to the work in question.
On her expressing her astonishment at this refusal, the Pope stated that the doctrine of her husband had been that of a great mind and a pious son of th Church; and that, in fact, it was not his writings that he declined to approve.
"But you will understand, my dear daughter," he continued, "that the successor of the Apostles, the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ, can not give his approbation to a book in the introduction to which it is stated that the Church has

six sacraments—and a snare! The young widow returned to Paris, where the eagerly-expected work soon appeared, but without Pere Lacordaire's introduction.

### It is a Mistake

To try to cure catarrh by using local applications. Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It is not a disease of the man's nose, but of the man. Therefore, to effect a cure, requires a constitu-tional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, expelling the taint which causes the disease, and imparting health.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's

The MAN WHO PASSES IT ON.

There are mosquitos, there are gants, and in Texas there are red bugs. And people frequently ask why they exist. It has been answered that they are trials of patience; but it must be admitted that most patience is shown by those who do not feel their stings.

Similarly, one is tempted to ask why "the man who passes things on"—the mosquito, the red bug of civilization—is permitted to exist. How did he acquire his peculiarity? In what stagnant pond, among what poisonous weeds, were the

among what poisonous weeds, were the larve of his thoughts hatched? He is a

larvæ of his thoughts hatched? He is a nuisance, a barbarian, only that he is on the road to Christian civilization.

There is a traditional belief that only the ladies say unpleasant things about one another. The nineteenth contury, besides discovering the genius of Dante, has done another thing: It has revealed the truth that there is more gossiping done in the average sewing-circle; and that the men's gossip does more harm, because the men's circle generally contains one "who passes it on." The woman who hears private comments knows, as a vula just how it on." The woman who hears private comments knows, as a rule, just how much to repeat and how much to suppress. If she be a gentlewoman of the Christian sort, she holds her tongue; and at her worst, she does not use the inconsiderate worst, she does not use the inconsiderate remarks of her acquaintances as a ruffian would use a bludgeon. But your man with a tendancy to pass things on is both a blunderer and a criminal. A very innocent thing, taken from its context and served up with a little sauce, becomes blistering and poisonous in the hands of this man. this man. Arcades says that Ambo told him a

very amusing story about himself, and he proceeds to tell it, merely for the humor of the thing, without a tinge of mslice for he has the highest regard for Ambo—in fact, they are old friends. But Jackanapes is one of the circle. He passes it on, and by and by he meets
Ambo. "Oh, by the way," he says,
"Arcades told a funny story the other
day about your blunders in speaking
French! He made us all laugh. Funny fellow, Arcades; but I don't like that kind of thing. I defended you—I said you spoke French as well as most Ameri

And so the sweet soul rattles on. How Arcades might laugh at Ambo's pet accomplishment till the check of doom, and tell how he had translated jeu d'esprit as a "Jew of spirit," and invent other plessant diversions; and Ambo would have laughed himself, if he could have heard it. But to hear from the lips of Jackanapes that he had been made the subject of amusement, of ridicale! man who passes it on goes his devastating way, and the harm is done. How can Arcades explain, even if Ambo gives him the chance? No explanation will improve the matter. Ambo becomes convinced that his friend is not his heartless nemy. It is

"The little rift within the lute That by and by will make the music mute. That by and by will make the music mute."

The cause of a permanent estrangement is nothing, it originated in nothing, and yet, through the influence of the pleasant man who "passes it on," it becomes a subject of heart burning and of real distress. The man who passes it on may go to Mass every morning, but has not yet learned what Christianity means.

It makes all the difference in the world whether we smile at our friend's pecu-

whether we smile at our friend's pecu-liarities—which we know is part of our friend—before his face or behind his back. The smile in either case is harmless and even The smile in either case is narmices and even affectionate; but if the man who passes it on catches it, woe to us! It is perhaps wrong—if any theologian says it is, it is, — but it seems as if the best way of treating the man who passes it on is to hold in one's heart the belief that he is an unconscious embroiderer of the truth, and to remember that other people are really kinder than they seem. Of course they are. Who hasn't had unexpected Christ mas gifts from people whom he thought had always hated him? and been filled with humiliation when he remembered that he would never have thought of Dominican friend had written was, as will readily be believed, highly culogistic; but on one point the lilustrious friar was, minteringally a little avera on the Maria.

PECULIAR INFATUATION. DIFFERENT METHODS OF FOLLOW-

ING THE INJUNCTION "LOVE ONE ANOTHER." Do men ever fall in love with each other ?

Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm Some time afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was

led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least oftentimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious edge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes Five years ago I was taken very sick, I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescription prescribed by these same doctors, and truthfully state I never expected to ge any better. At this time, I commence to get the most terrible pains in my back one day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook, of the firm of Cartis & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of bidney and liver trouble than I had. Re. kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary

medicines but not now, oh, no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

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Religi

NOVEMBER

BY AUBREY Religion, she stands sub Upon the rock that ero Her foot on all the spoils With light eternal on i She, sovereign of the ort On truth's broad sun n That deepens, on ward as

hat deepens, onward as And shrinks not from But they—her daughters Within the cleft, conter Dim skirts of glory ways And steps of parting D

Tis theirs to watch the value in gleams from Nature The legend rise from out The relic consecrate the

Theirs to adumbrate and To point toward fount of Leaving, in type alone of What man must know

For where her court true
'Mid loftier handmaids
Dark as the midnight's si
A slave, gem-crowned, i O thou whose light is in Reverence, love's moth Stience may soar a white Drifts barren o'er a sho

FIVE-MINUTE FOR EARLY

BY THE PAULIS Preached in their Chur Apostle, Fifty-ninth avenue, New York Cit New York Catho

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY Sometimes it seems, one of the most diffic quire, and one of the h
is that virtue spoken of
to-day—that of Forga
And yet it is a virtu Christians, are most et have no choice whateve we would live in the gr would ecquire merit, if our souls, if we would last-we must forgive us. Our Blessed Lord plainest possible langu give men their effences Heavenly Father will your effences; but if your men, neither will you your chences; but if you men, neither will you your sins." "Ju shall not be judged; o you shall not be cond and you shall be forgiv

Can words be clear point than these? tound to forgive other giveness is dependent u We cannot receive the the other. Yet, in spit tive obligation, upon w our happiness here are sadly frequent are the come under our notice positions and unforgive terribly common are d strife and feeds in quarrels among friend averted eyes among the the same church ah, pe (God have mercy on together at the same al their own condemnati

Blood of Christ! We must look at this rethren. We must for brethren. We must for and freely forgive other be forgiven ourselves. forgiveness and the sam giveness which we look must extend to those w

How often we hear th pression used (and us most sanctimonious and imaginable); "I will ; forget" What utter and That is the same thing have not forgiven, and forgive. If a real C pardon had filled your be no room for any ren injury - which most fancied injury after a slights and wrongs and means brooding over t coddling them, magnify to all the neighborhood von stop thinking about surprised to find how ex insignificant they will l and if you are to really

must stop thinking abou Suppose God said to t you, of course, because but I can never forget duct. You are duly s and therefore I am ob into heaven; but I sha eins against you for sounds blasphemous, als a supposition, but tha many of you say to the offended you; and if just deserts, that is jus o say to you. How do you ask Go Is it not an absolute, un

there is a very importance it there is a very importance in Forgive us of say; but how? "as we trespass against vs." You give you as you forgive and in no other way. forgive your fellow sin: ask God to forgive you mockery the "Our I under circumstances Almighty God is not of that. "For with that you shall mea measured to you again. man shall sow, those als So then let the words Gospel be a warning to servant had been freed i and yet he refused to sh a fellow servant who c garly trifle. "And his delivered him to the t should pay all the debt. Heavenly Father do to give not every one of your hearts."

Leading authorities s way to treat catarrh is tional remedy, like Hoo

tional remedy, like Hoo

Figural Ri
All have equal rights
and the pursuit of has
are handicapped in the
biliousness, lack of energ
weakness, constipation,
removing these complai
Bitters confers untol