

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GUARD AGAINST SCANDAL - A WOMAN MORE CUNNING THAN SATAN.

The devil was one day sitting on a stone, on the side of a solitary road, and he appeared to be in some great trouble. His head rested on his hands, his eyes were fixed on the ground before him, and his face was very sad, in short, he really seemed to be in some distress.

Along the road came old Mag, the fortune teller, and as everybody called her and feared her as such, the country witch, "Hallo, master! you are very sad to-day. What's the matter?"

"I guess I have reason to be sad," answered the devil. "Working so hard and yet gaining nothing."

"How is that?" said Mag. "Do you know that old couple over yonder? The devil pointed to a lonely farm house at a piece from the road.

"The old man and woman over there? Certainly I know them."

"A nice, peaceable old couple, eh?" grinned the devil slyly.

"Oh! that's what worries you," laughed the fortune teller. "A very nice, peaceable old couple, that won't let you get between them. Is that it?"

"That's it exactly! I have been working very hard for all the years they are living together (and it is now about forty) to sow discord between them, but all in vain. I don't like to give up the project after having gone so much trouble about it; and yet I almost despair of ever gaining my point."

"What will you give me if I do for you what you cannot do?" asked Mag in her own taunting way.

"You bring discord between that good old couple?"

"Yes, I."

"How long will it take you to do it, do you think?"

"Oh, a day or two."

"You do it in so short a time what I could not do in these forty years?"

"Yes," laughed the old sinner, "to show the devil that there are persons in this world smarter than himself."

"If you bring about what you say I will make you a present of a pair of new shoes."

"Agreed!" said the witch. "This is Thursday. Meet me here again next Saturday noon and I will get the shoes. Be sure to bring them along. With these words Mag hobbled away, studying how she could fulfil the devil's errand.

The next morning Friday, she went to the farmhouse, to try her luck, as she said. It was just as she wished. She found the old lady alone peeling potatoes for dinner, while her husband was out in the field digging stumps. Mag bade her good day and then began: "I am old Mag, the country fortune teller. Maybe you would like to have your fortune told?"

"I have nothing to do with fortune tellers. Clear out of this house immediately," and the woman motioned to show Mag her way out.

"Just as I expected," said Mag. "Because I am a fortune teller, I dare not be listened to, but must be driven from the house. Couldn't I foresee that you would treat me thus? If you will not hear me, then bear the consequences!" thus saying she turned to leave the house.

"Well, what have you to say?" asked the woman, calling her back.

"Nothing if you don't like it!" replied Mag in a sharp tone. "However, I didn't come to get angry, though I knew well enough that I would be thus treated. I came to tell you the truth, whether you like it or not!"

"Well, what is it?"

"There are great trials and troubles awaiting you. All I can say is, they will come soon; your husband brings them, and there is only one way of turning them off."

"What way?" asked the woman rather anxiously.

"It is a somewhat odd way; and you may not believe in it. When your husband is sound asleep, you must take his razor and cut a hair from his throat," and the witch pointed to her own throat to show the woman the place.

"If it won't do any good, it will at least do no harm to try it," thought the lady.

"Just as you try it. But the sooner you do it, the better."

"She turned again to leave the house, when the woman called after her, asking whether there were no charges."

"No, ma'am, I take nothing for this. May God preserve you from harm."

As the old witch passed through the gate she said to herself with a chuckle: "So far my bargain is all right. Now for the old man."

She took a round about way, so as not to be suspected.

"Sir, I come this way of a purpose," thus Mag accosted him, "to warn you of a danger that is threatening you."

"Who are you?" asked the man abruptly.

"I am old Mag, the country fortune teller."

"I have no business with you. Go your way and leave me in peace," and the man turned away from her to take up his work.

"I did not come to tell you your fortune," persisted Mag, "but to warn you against a certain danger."

"Get out of this! I will not hear another word."

"Well, then, be murdered, for aught I care," said Mag, turning abruptly to walk away.

"Murdered? Who talks about murder?"

"I do, and so do other folks, too."

"Am I to be murdered, you say?"

"Yes, yes."

"Who wants to murder me?"

"Nobody else but your own wife."

"You're a falseiser, and be confounded!" exclaimed the man, almost in a fury.

"Hem! well, that needs to be proved. I heard people say so and I thought it right to come and warn you. You would do well to have an eye on your wife and to try her, anyhow."

"How will she murder me, and why?"

"She will try to cut your throat with your razor, while you are asleep, so people say, and that as soon as she gets a chance."

Why she wants to do it I don't know.

"I will try her," said the man sullenly. "If it is false, then I will settle with you."

"I only tell you what I heard people say. Try her yourself and you will see. Good day, sir." With this Mag left, saying to herself: "The old gentleman is all right, too. I will soon have my shoes."

At noon, when the man went home for his dinner, he watched his wife closely. Noticing that she viewed him now and then, in a stolen, distrustful way, he grew suspicious, and began to look out and act suspiciously. "Aha!" thought his wife, "I see the trouble coming already."

After dinner he lay down as usual to take his nap; but this time he soon began to snore, and thus pretended to be most soundly asleep. His wife kept on doing her work after dinner, as usual, until she heard him snoring. Then she went into the room in which he was lying on the lounge, and to find out whether he was sleeping soundly enough for her purpose, she managed to make a noise by upsetting a chair. He did not stir, but snored away as strongly as before.

On tip toe she went to the bureau, opened it cautiously and took out her husband's razor. Having removed it from its case, she again stepped on tip toe to where her husband was lying. She stooped down towards him, holding the razor in her hand to cut the hair away from his throat, when, to her great dismay, he jumped up, seized her hand, from which the razor dropped to the floor, and in his rage hurled her into a corner of the room.

The story now goes on to tell us that from this time forward the old couple never had a day of peace, that at last they had to separate.

The next day about noon old Mag came along the same road. She found the devil sitting on the same stone, waiting for her. When he saw her approaching he got up, climbed over the fence, and putting the shoes to the end of a long pole, made ready to hand them to her.

"Why, old fellow, what do you mean?" laughed the witch, "Are you afraid of me?"

"Indeed, I am and ought to be," answered the devil; "you did in one day what I could not do in forty years. That beats me! I have reason to fear you. Here, take your shoes, you have earned them well for your skillful and successful work."

Dear readers, I will not go into the truth of this story, just such as it is; but a truth it is that there are such devils in human form, who through their malice succeed in leading others into sin, thus bringing misery and death to the soul, and doing, maybe, what Satan could not do. To such devils as these Jesus says: "Voe to him through whom scandals come. It were better for him that a millstone were put about his neck and be cast into the sea."

The Faith Cure.

If you do not value your health, and your time is not worth anything, pin your faith to the "anointing oil," the mortar from "Knock Chapel." But if you do value health, and have not time to waste in useless experiments, take Dr. R. B. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" on the appearance of the first symptoms of consumption; which are a loss of appetite and flesh, general debility, slight dry, hacking cough, etc. Every day you defer treating your case in a rational manner, makes the disease harder to cure. Send ten cents in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for Dr. Pierce's Treatise on Consumption.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay

A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home.

Out of two thousand patients treated during the past six months fully ninety per cent. have been cured. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. In fact this is the only treatment which can possibly effect a permanent cure, and suffers from catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever should at once correspond with Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada, who have the sole control of this new remedy, and who send a pamphlet explaining this new treatment, free on receipt of stamp.

Scientific American.

H. A. McLaughlin, Norland, writes: "I am sold out of Nutritional and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It sells well, and I find in every instance it has proven satisfactory. I have reason to believe it the best preparation of the kind in the market." It cures Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver, Constipation, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Female Complaints, etc.

There is nothing equal to Mother Gray's Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

GOD THE YEAR PUNISH - National Pills are a good blood purifier, liver regulator and mild purgative for all seasons.

THE SIGNS OF WORMS are well known, but the remedy is not always so well determined. Worm Powders will destroy them.

Worms often cause serious illness. The cure is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It destroys and expels Worms effectually.

FOR THE COMPLEXION - For Pimples, Blotches, Tan, and all itching tumors of the skin, use Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap.

FOOD FOR DYSPEPTICS.

COMMON SENSE IS, AFTER ALL, THE BEST GUIDE - A CHAT WITH A PHYSICIAN ON EATING.

"How much, when and what shall we eat?" is a question with which many a suffering dyspeptic has puzzled his family physician, and is one that will be asked again and again as long as the world stands. The wise men of old preferred quantity to quality, ate as often as convenient and paid little or no attention to the relative nutritive value of food products, and yet they never complained of indigestion. Napoleon's soldiers ate whatever came to hand, and enjoyed the most perfect health, while one of the commonest of complaints among the Federal troops, who lived about as Napoleon's soldiers lived, during the late civil war was dyspepsia.

As with reading, so with eating. It is not what a person reads or eats that benefits him; it is what he digests.

This was an eminent physiologist's reply to a reporter's questioning this morning, when approached on the subject of that great American complaint.

"In the matter of diet," he said, "every person should be guided by his own experience, and not rely on the experience of others. I know a newspaper editor in this city who lives on brown bread and water, and drinks nothing but water, and there is no man of my acquaintance who enjoys more robust or perfect health. I have heard also of a composer and dramatic author whose favorite dish is a compound of potato, oatmeal and Spanish onion, on which he thrives and does much good work. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, suffered for many years with sick headaches, and after trying every remedy under the sun he got to his feet by mentioning upon his dinner table, and had no effect upon his malady. They availed him nothing against persistent attacks. Then he tried stopping his customary glass of wine or beer, which he took with his dinner. This produced no change. Pastry was next taken off his food list, and he seemed to be benefited by the omission. Then he cut down on tea and coffee. Still he did not get his desired relief. Finally he stopped taking sugar in his drink, but the effect of this abstinence was unfavorable. At last he determined to let butter alone. The effect of this change was instantaneous and decisive. He had no more headaches, and to this day you can not prevail upon him to eat butter or anything that he knows contains the article. To consult a physician on matters pertaining to diet, except in conditions of disease, is useless. While one will tell you to abstain from certain things, another will advise you to eat only those things which the other ones have denied to you. Take cheese as an example. Most authorities are of the opinion that it is not easily digested. I do not believe it is any more indigestible than meat and many other articles of food. Suppers are, as a rule, condemned by the medical fraternity. They assert that late meals are not only unnecessary, but positively harmful. To my mind I do not believe that a man who goes to bed hungry can sleep. After eating, blood is drawn toward the stomach to supply the juices needed in digestion. Thus the brain is relieved of the pressure exerted on its centers during the hours of fasting and becomes pale and dormant, and sleep ensues. A doctor was once called to attend a lady, at an early hour in the morning, who he was assured was in a dying condition. When he reached her bedside he found the body warm and the heart doing honest work. He prescribed bitters to be taken at once, and the dying woman was surprised by a return of life and a desire to live. Milk, regarded by most people as a perfect food and said to be nature's own provision for animal life, is to my mind a most mischievous drink. For those who have attained their full growth and can thrive on solid food milk is regarded as superfluous if not harmful. The principal object of drinking is to allay thirst. What can be found more desirable to this end than water when employed free from admixture with any solid material? Cocoa, chocolate or even milk are not near so efficacious in allaying thirst as water.

"Vegetarians hold that the whole meal bread is far superior to all other kinds, and is a preventive of and cure for constipation. To my mind, however, meal bread is a piecemeal food, and no analysis yields a higher percentage of nitrogen than white wheat bread; and equal weights of the two kinds of bread are passed through the body ninety-five parts of white and ninety parts of the whole meal disappear. I am willing to concede that a large portion of the tissue-forming elements in the bran shorts and grits are lost at the bakery's, but that it consists chiefly of starch, but when I remember that the residue of the whole meal consists so much nitrogen that it is entirely insoluble I do not see how it can be a superior article of food.

"It is a popular delusion that dyspepsia is caused by indigestible food only. If this were so, and all the articles of diet enumerated as indigestible were placed on the index expurgatoris I tremble to think what the poor dyspeptic would have left to live on. The first essential regarding health to be noted by a dyspeptic is to live regularly and to abstain from all those foods that experience shows are injurious. Many persons who are supposed to have heart disease, an enlarged liver or softening of the brain are really hypochondriac dyspeptics. Oftentimes such persons have their worst fears realized by consulting some medical encyclopaedia. I know of no more pitiable object than the young man or woman who reads up from what he complains he or she is suffering. When you are ill go to a physician instead of a book, and when he tells you you are suffering from an attack of dyspepsia aid him in his work of repair by following his direction to the letter and remember his advice as to what you shall eat and drink." - N. Y. Mail and Express.

If we wish to be saved, we should never lose sight of eternity.

OVERWORKED Women

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "cur-all," but admirably fulfills a number of purposes, being a most potent specific for all those "Weakness and Disease peculiar to Women. It is a powerful general as well as a specific tonic and purgative, and imparts vigor to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our post-paid guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous woodcuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 653 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Tablets, 25c a vial, by druggists.

CONSUMPTION.

C. B. LANCTOT, CHURCH BRONZES, Gold and Silver Plated Ware, Suits, Merinos, Ecclesiastical Vestments, Etc.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUENTING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN.

Royal Canadian Insurance Co FIRE AND MARINE, J. BURNETT, AGENT.

McShane Bell Foundry.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.

CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE!

CHURCH PEWS, SCHOOL FURNITURE.

Bennett Furnishing Company, LONDON, ONT., CANADA.

HEADQUARTERS - FOR - FINE COFFEE

STRICTLY PURE - AND - POSITIVELY SATISFACTORY.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO 190 DUNDAS STREET.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY

The object of this Agency is to supply to the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity, at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence- 2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides, the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged. 3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge. 4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of Houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount. Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention and management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to, your giving me authority to act as your agent, and your desire to want to buy anything, send your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St., New York, N. Y.

HAYWARDS YELLOW OIL

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

HEAL THYSELF!

MINNESOTA

GET THE BEST

HAYWARDS PECTORAL BALSAM

BANK OF LONDON IN CANADA.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

THE LONDON MUTUAL

TO THE CLERGY

The Clergy of Western Ontario will feel assured, be glad to learn that WILLSON BROS. General Grocers, of London, have now in stock a large quantity of Mellian Wine, whose purity and genuineness for Sacramental use is attested by a certificate signed by the Rector and Professor of Studies of the Diocesan Seminary of Marsali. We have ourselves seen the original of the certificate, and can testify to its authenticity. The Clergy of Western Ontario are cordially invited to send for samples of this truly superior wine for altar use.

W. HINTON (From London England.) UNDERTAKER, & CO.

CELEBRATED COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

COOK'S FRIEND IS GENUINE.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATHAM, ONT.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.

Professional.

DR. WOODRUFF, NO. 185 QUEEN'S AVENUE.

B. C. McCANN, SOLICITOR, ETC.

M'DONALD & DAVIS, SURGEON DENTISTS.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

THE LONDON MUTUAL

THE ONLY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY LICENSED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA.