FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

"And who is my neighbor?" (St. Luke x 29, There are two opposite faults to both of which almost everybody is more or less inclined. The first of these is meddling with other people's business the second is shirking one's own.

It is rather the second of these than the first which is rebuked in the Gospel of to-day in the persons of the priest and the Levite who went by without helping the poor wounded

Now, in the first place, let me explain what I mean by shirking one's own business or duties. It is not simown business or duties. It is not simply leaving them undone and expecting that they will remain so; but it is putting off what one ought to do one's and guide us for love's dear sake! putting off what one ought to do one's-self on to somebody else, and expecting somebody else to do it for you. it is, you see, just the opposite of meddling, which is trying to do some-

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prefer to do it himself. men, willing to let the poor man die rather than help him; but they said to themselves: "Oh! this is not my business particularly; there are plenty of other people passing along this road all the time, and I am a little hurried now. I have got a deal to attend to. and there will be somebody coming this way before long. Five minutes or so will not make much difference; and perhaps there is not so much the matter with the man after all. It may be his own fault. Very likely he has been drinking. At any rate, he has got no special claim on me."

This is a very natural state of mind for a person to get into, and how common it is, in such a case as this, we can see from the common proverb that 'Everybody's business is nobody's

that really are everybody's business, that everybody ought to do something towards at least, but which are in great danger of not being done at all on account of this habit of shirking, which is so common. And the ones which are most in this danger are those of the kind of which this Gospel gives us an example; that is, works of charity toward our neighbor. ple say to themselves, just as the priest and Levite did: "Oh! there are plenty of other people that can attend to this matter a great deal better and easier than I can. I am sure it will be done somehow or other. Such things always are attended to. I don't feel specially called on to help in it."
Well, this might be all very good if

those people did really help in some things generously, and the case before them was one of no very urgent need. Of course we cannot contribute to everything. But the difficulty is, that too often we find them shirking, not occasionally, but all the time. If a poor man comes to the door, or a collection is taken for the poor in the church, they say to themselves: "The St. Vincent de Paul Society can look out for those things; I am sure they must have money enough. I shall do my duty if I put a few pennies in the poor box now and then." If contributions are called for in times of famine or pestilence they say: "There is plenty coming in to supply all that is wanted: I can see that by the papers. They can get along very well without me." And so it goes all the way through. They do not give anything do anything for any body-that is, nothing to speak ofwithout getting a return for it. They will go to picnics, fairs, or amusements for a charitable object; but when it comes to doing anything simply for the love of their neighbor, that is left for somebody else.

One of Time's Revenges.

What a curious commentary is af forded by the Jameson trial on the change that has come over Protestant anti-Irish England within a generation! Had one ventured to prophecy even twenty five years ago that the day would come when an Irishman and a Catholic would not only have honors and titles showered upon him, but sit in the seat of the Lord Chief Justice of England, he might have been applauded for his powers of imagination, but his common sense would certainly have been rated low. Had he conjured up a picture of the same Irish Catholic Chief Justice of England, sitting in judgment on a band of Englishmen on the charge of invading a weak and inoffensive state, and solemnly sentencing their gallant captain and their noble selves to different periods of imprisonment in English gaols, his conception might have landed him in a lunatic asylum. Yet this is the sober matter of fact which has just been realized, without a single echo of "Down with the Jesuits!" to wake the grave-like silence of Exeter hall or a complaint from the British press that it is unseemly for an Irishman and a Home Ruler to pronounce sentence on Englishmen whose only offense was that they objected to Home Rule-for the Boers. Time invariably brings his revenges sooner or later,

harsh, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best dressing in the market is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It imparts that siky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

a devout Catholic. Still, as he kept to the navy, he never received facultindeed," replies the little man, contemptuously, "if we have anything to say to a fellow, we say it out, and if he doesn't like it, we fight it out."

Now, we know a great many girls

believille, Ont.

you ask for, and pay whether it is Scott's Er to say to a fellow, we say it out, and if he doesn't like it, we fight it out."

Now, we know a great many girls

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Home-Made Sunshine.

What care I what the weather may be, Cold or warm—'tis the same to me. For my dear home skies- they are always blue And my dear home weather (the glad day thro')

Is "beautiful summer" from morn till night, And my feet walk ever in love's true light.

And why? Well, here is my baby sweet, Following me 'round on his restless feet, Smilling on me thro' his soft blue eyes. And gladdening and brightening my in-doo skies.
And baby's father, with fond, true heart (To baby and me, home's better part)—
His face is sunshine, and werejoice
In the music heard in his loving voice.

So why should we heed—as the days go by—
The gloom or the light of the weather and sky
Of the outside world, when we're busy all day.
Manufacturing sunshine which fades not
away?
With smiles, with kisses, with peace and with

To Boys Going to Work.

Be on hand promptly in the mornmeddling, which is trying to do some body else's duty for him when he would ness and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every Now, this shirking was just what the priest and Levite were guilty of. I do not suppose that our Lord meant to describe them as really and all in authority over you, and be polite to every one. Politeness costs describe them as really hard hearted nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting along in the world. And, above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind and a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from the Church, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth and industry are more than

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend your evenings. Cultivate your taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading you will find in books friends ever true and tull of cheer in times of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same And in closing, boys, I would say again that with truth, honesty and in dustry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

'Honor and shame from no condition rise, Act well your part: there all the honor lies."

A Boy Confessor.

An interesting and very curious anecdote is told by good Father Robert Plowden, who was for many years

priest of Bristol, England. A certain young midshipman, who was a member of the ancient Faith, when making a vovage contracted a strong friendship with a Protestant boy in the same service. Our nautical 'Damon and Pythias" were each about fourteen years of age, and for prudent reasons the former had not made known his creed to the latter.

When faraway on the high seas, the Catholic lad fell dangerously ill, and was sedulously waited upon by his mate, the Protestant "middy." All mate, the Protestant "middy. medical skill proving of no avail, the poor boy was rapidly approaching death's door, when he drew nearer to him his faithful friend, in whom there seems to have been apparent a simple piety in which he could confide. Accordingly, he bravely told him that he was a Catholic and that the nearer death approached the firmer he clung to his faith. He must have deeply astonished his mate by the startling news that, as no priest, or even Catholic, was at hand he wished to make his confession to him. Then by an effort, unusual and heroic, the poor lad poured his tale into the ear of his sad friend but bade him keep it honorably a secret He told him, however, to keep it wel in his mind, and then repeat the full confession of sins he had made to him to good Father Plowden, as soon as ever the ship should reach Bristol. Then giving him the priest's address he bade him a long adieu, and breathed

loss of his mate, kept true to his word, so On landing at Bristol, he made straight to the old priest's house, and told Father Plowden the dying request of his dear old friend, relating how the latter had lamented his inability to get shriven by a priest, and how he had solemnly warned him: "Remember the confession I make to you, and, on reaching the port go, and relate the whole to Father Plowden, word for word." But here the young sailor stopped. He thought, and paused, but in vain did he bid his memory to give up the confession once told to him. Then, in confusion, he told the priest yet it had all vanished from his mind. The old priest came quickly to his assistance, and relieved him of all was no necessity to try to tell him the confession. Then he added, that his severely tested, had procured a speedy

The Protestant "middy," sad at the

Ruth's Marguerites.

A new church had been built in the little village of Lamma. It was a neat little edifice, dedicated to the Sacred Heart and the good people of its con-gregation were very proud of it. Not only did they prize it because of its appearance, but because its erection insured them weekly instead of month ly divine service, as had been the rule previously. Now that a suitable church was built, the pastor, who resided at a place somewhat larger, four miles distant, drove over every Sunday and gave the country people around the welcome opportunity of hearing last Mass.

cleaned and trimmed every Sunday afternoon by a band of the girls. Everything was nicely dusted, and, best of all, each girl had chosen one Sunday on which she had promised to one day with beautiful lilies that looked so white and pure; another had sent great velvety roses, and every Sunday now they all wondered what could be previous ones.

able; the next Sunday was to be hers, and they had no flower garden at her house. She had hoped to sell berries enough to get a little money to buy

open, she gathered her hands full of

large white marguerites.

She had reached the road and was crossing it to go into the farther woods, when a buggy came by containing a lady and a little girl who looked so white and wan that Ruth knew she must have been sick.

She reached both hands toward the flowers. "O, mamma!" she cried, "see those dear marguerites; the last Sunday we were at home, they had the church decorated with them, and they ooked so lovely."

A sudden idea came to Ruth. She

had thanked her and driven on, she speak well of every one, present of as hard as she could go into the absent. farther woods, and commenced gathering her arms full of larger and more

reautiful ones.
That night when she came home, he dragged an old tub out to the pump and filled it with water, and in that she carefully placed the flowers. The soul, always so thwarted and crushed, and pondered, but at night her face looked bright and happy, as she sat on the pump platform and tied the flowers in bunches of equal size, leaving the largest and finest ones loose,

however. She had stopped long enough to go to the church and help with the dusting and the lamps, and bring home, as olic Standard and Times. each girl did when her turn came, the great key. Just as they came away she heard one girl say, in a half whis-per, "H'm! she can't get any flow-

The next morning everybody was surprised. The whole front of the altar was one mass of swaying, bending marguerites, with the largest ones in vases near the tabernacle. No one knew how it was done except Ruth. who had gone back and forth from her home to the church until the block seemed very long, and had worked as if she were making a picture that she could see in her mind all the time. It was an artistic triumph, and when at the close of service a strange lady from the great city, who had come to the little country place to visit a friend. carefully pledged, and daily recalled to mind the duty committed to him. some day be an artist, and that she herself was coming to see her grandmother and talk with her about Ruth's education, the young girl was so glad that she came near crying before

everybody.

It all come true, and Ruth did study, and became a great artist, and if you ever see a picture with a tiny mar-guerite in the corner and the letters R. and S. above and below it, you will know that is the artist about whom we have told you this story.

Courtesy Sweetens Life.

It has been often said by observers that though he had often thought of it, as his dying friend had desired him, is selfishness, and of girls deceit. We have spoken before on the evils and ugliness of selfishness and perhaps a few words on the fault attributed to anxiety, informing the boy that there girls will not come amiss. First, what is deceit? The dictionary tells us that the word means "leading another perdying friend had done a brave act, and son to believe what is false." But we one which was not required of him; do not look in the dictionary for the yet that doubtless his humility, thus meaning of virtue and vice: we must search our own hearts for the real definitions of our good and bad qualities.

Best for Wash Day makes clothes sweet, clean, white, with the least

The lamps in the church were and boys: we know their faults, too, cannot say truly that we have ever found girls especially ready to talk about their neighbors' failings. A girl who is jealous or irritated may say bring flowers for the altar. Such a sharp word now and then which she bruight! One of the girls had come out of sorts. A jealous, irritable boy is just as apt to make a bitter remark under the same circumstances. This sort of thing is not deceit; it is anger -an ugly form of anger-spite, per brought that would be finer than the haps, and the old tried preventative of such hasty expression is Dickens famous "Count five and twenty, Tat

tycoram !" Girls are usually more polite than boys are, and perhaps this is where they are charged with deceit. If we some flowers, but the weather had some flowers, but the weather had turned cool and the berries had not ripened. What could she do? Here it was Friday, and she had not a I do not like the accent of your voice: flower, nor a penny.

She had gone to the woods, after a manner irritates me; I find that you fashion she had when in trouble. As have not enough education (for inshe walked along where it was a little stance) or wit or self-possession or connections or means to associate with me. I hope I shall never see you again. Such a speech would not be at all de ceitful, but it would be utterly selfish and regardless of the feelings of an-

We may have our own peculia reasons for not caring to make in-timate friends of certain persons who are as good as—perhaps better—than we are. It does not follow that because their ways and our ways are un congenial we should therefore declare war. Must we be either close friends or open enemies? Courtesy says no, reached the handful of flowers to the speaker, and as soon as the sick girl since it demands that we must always

Courtesy sweetens life; deceit poisons it, and just as too much sugar may prove noxious, too much polite ness may become deceitful. The the three most polite races in the world, and against each of them the grass was dry, and came home with her arms full again; then she sat down and thought. Her artistic little mislead them into thinking that we have quite an affection for them. We saw a picture of the sanctuary, with must not hurt their feelings by rude marguerites everywhere, as if they avowal of our own; we must not had grown there. All day she thought falsify our own feelings by a too avowal of our own; we must not falsify our own feelings by a too exaggerated consideration of theirs.

Truth softened with courtesy makes all intercourse honorable and easy. We may avoid deceit by resolving to speak ill of none and to think well of all, and by continually remembering that while a sharp truth is often cruel, a false action is always a lie. - Cath-

The business man, the mechanic, the laborer, the teacher, the mother, the housekeeper—all must attend to the practical realities of their labor, Ruth went home hurt and chilled, and not despise the smallest detail; but she remembered the verse about the cup of cold water, and as she sat down by her marguerites, she buried her face in them with a little prayer.

and not despise the smartest detail; while, at the same time, they must enpoble and enrich it, in the best sense of the word—by embodying their highest conceptions and realizing their finest ideals. Thus it is that true progress is made and civilization advances.

Strong natures, as well as weak ones, have their peculiar temptations. As a usual thing, they are too confident of the sufficiency of their own resources, and too much inclined to look with a feeling akin to contempt on timid and hesitating souls. Oftentimes position makes them resentful, and even delay makes them fretful. The grace which they most need is a neverfailing patience.

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accomplish wonderful cures.

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the hove ready for any emergency. in the house ready for any emergency.

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sion. If you ask your druggist for it an get it-you can trust that nan. But if he offers you "something just as good," he will do the same when your doctor writes a prescription for which he wants to get a special effect — play the game of life and death for and this is one of them. And there are others coming.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The hair, when not properly cared for, loses its lustre, becomes crisp, harsh, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, with every combing. To prevent this, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. The particular form of deceit which girls are said to practice is what one little boy calls "talking sweet to your face and running you down when you face and running you down when you alm't around." Boys do not manage their affairs in the same way. "No, indeed," replies the little man, converted to the presbytery, the doctrines of the church were explained, and the "middy" started on his next voyage a devout Catholic. Still, as he kept to the navy, he never received faculty. whether it is Scott's Emul-

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ed Virgin Mary.

(August 15.)

On this great festival the Church mmemorates the happy departure of the Blessed Virgin out of this world in Heaven, the consummation of all the sublime mysteries which render her life so wonderful, and the crowning of all the eminent virtues which we admire in particular on her other

It is a very ancient tradition that oon after her death the Blessed Virgin's body was reunited to her blessed oul, and assumed or taken up into Heaven by a singular privilege before take place at the end of the world. Was it not becoming that the immaculate body of the Mother of God should be preserved from the corruption of the grave? St. Augustine tells us that he could not entertain the idea of the corruption of the body of the Blessed Virgin, and that it would be shocking to express it. Several other holy doctors of the Church are of the same opinions and do not hesitate to assert that a preservation from the corruption of death and a speedy assumption to glory was due to the body of the Mother

of God.

The Church, in instituting and observing this feast, wishes to remind us that we have a benevolent and powerful Mother in Heaven, who is both willing and able to intercede with her Divine Son in our favor, and to come to our aid in all our necessities. There is no grace but we may hope for from the divine mercy through her inter-cession, provided we render ourselves worthy of her patronage by a true and sincere devotion. Such devotion con-sists not barely in honoring her with our lips, but, St. Bernard says, in honorthey are inclined to use force where ing her with our hearts, and by our force is not of the slighest avail. Op- actions, it consists in following her example, and imitating the virtues of Mary is, indeed, justly styled the chlonic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla. her holy life. Control of the second of the s

Feast of the Assumption of the Bless- "refuge of sinners," but of repenting sinners, who fly from God's justice to her throne of mercy and grace with contrite and humble hearts.

> It is a little thing, perhaps, to repress the harsh word, the ill-natured criticim, to remember to give a pleasant greeting to the chance acquaintance, or the servant, or a bit of kindly sympathy to the beggar. These are small virtues, but they are what we mean when we say of a woman "she is so

CANNOT BE PROTESTED. THEIR POSITION BEYOND DISPUTE.

While we hear on every side about protest-ing this and that, it is impossible to get a peti-ioner who will protest against the success that has attended the labors of the Directors of "The Western Fair" at London. They have worked well, and are now reaping the reward

their toil.
The New Buildings, which have been erected

not something to learn that will be useful around home.

The New Grand Stands, which will hold twice the number of the old ones, are of the latest improved pattern, and will fill a long-felt want of the numerous visitors who patronize the Fair annually. To insure them being taxed to their utmost capacity, the Attraction Committee have doubled their efforts of the past, and have secured the greatest and best list of attractions ever presented in London.

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