in fear that he might spoil the effect which he had created, she forbade further visits to the island until the hermit had

isits to the island until the hermit had ime to revolve the thought in his mind

knows it to be the core. Let him think upon it for a week. It was such a very

and Pere Rougevin has almost settled it that I shall go out into the world and be

"The best thing the Pere ever did in his

life," said the Squire.
"Which would be very hard for you,
Florian," said Ruth, with a gentle sym-

at this treachery.
"Ruth, you tell me what to do," Florian

for them.

a hermit there.

n. Florian."

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# SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.-CONTINUED.

"Well, you'll know more after I get back, girl. Living on Solitary Island, hey? I'll blow that island to the—cats. It's more trouble, for a little two-acre mud-hole that it is, than old Grindstone!

It's more trouble, for a little two-acre mud-hole that it is, than old Grindstone! Does the Pere know of this?"

"I told him, papa."

"Of course you did. You and he are always plotting and planning. He's a sneaky Jesuit, and I'll tell him so when I see him. And mark me, Ruth, don't let me hear of you or the priest visiting that boy without my permission. You're both free and independent, but by the shade of McKenzie I'm Sheriff, and I'll make you both feel it if I'm disobeyed."

"We have not the faintest desire, papa," said Ruth meekly, "to see Florian; but we fear he is troubled, and we know that there is no one like his old friend to help him. Unless you permit it, we shall not go near him."

"We have now the faintest desire, papa," said Ruth meekly, "to see Florian; but we fear he is troubled, and we know that there is no one like his old friend to help him. Unless you permit it, we shall not go near him."

friend to help him. Unless you permit it, we shall not go near him."

"You're a deep pair," said the distrustfal Squire, shaking his leonine head, "but I'm to be ahead of you, anyhow."

What he feared and distrusted he scarcely knew, but he was ready to maintain against all opponents that Florian's proper place at any time was New York City. Not to be there was, in his eyes, dangerous for so prominent a politician. He shock hands with the hermit on entering the cabin, and sat down in a panic. This was the man who had bought the ticket weeks previous in Clayburgh station, but it surely was not Florian.

ian.
"What's happened, Flory?" he asked in a hushed, awed voice.
"I've changed my method of living,"

"I've changed my method of living, said Florian gravely.
"I should think you had," murmured the Squire feebly, "but I don't get the hang of this thing, somehow."
The hermit did not seem to care much for his dazed condition, as he made no effort to relieve it. The Squire shook off a

effort to relieve it. The Squire shook off a tendency to faint with disgust.

"Flory," said he sternly, "I've sworn by you since you were born, because there was not a year nor an hour of your life that I couldn't put my hand down and say, He's just so. I can't do that now. What's come over you? Why are you here instead of in New York? Who's been bewitching you? What has happened to you? Good God!" cried he in an excess of feeling, standing up to hit the table into fragments with his fist, "tell me something, or I'll think you've been dead and come back to life again." been dead and come back to life again. The crash of the broken furniture so ered him for an instant. Florian looked

with slight displeasure at the ruin. "There is no need of excitement," he said soothingly, and the tone cut the Squire to the heart.

He sat down trembling, almost crying,

as a suspicion of Florian's sanity entere

"I was dead," continued Florian, and I came to life again. You are very

"and I came to the again. For an every shrewd, Squire."

He paused, and Pendleton waited long for further information, but none came. The hermit sat gazing into the dying embers of the fire, and at times moved naturally around the cabin, arranging odd articles or brushing them. The odd articles or brushing them. The Squire stared at him with a feeling, as he said afterwards, that Rev. Mr. Buck was pouring ice-water down his spine. "I suppose it surprises you, old friend," Florian said, with sudden cordi-

iend," Florian said, with sudden lity, "but I have come here to live for ood. You know who lived here before ne. I am not better than he, am I pleases me to follow him, and I don't think the world has any reason to make a fuss over it.'

Pendleton considered this expression of a future policy some moments, and then, reverting to the words, "I am not better than he, am I?" said emphatically "Yes, you air, Flory, and don't you forget it." Here a pause, while he gathered himself for another burst, and then, ered himself for another burst, and then,
"Better than HIM! Why, what was he
more than a slave of the Russian Empire
—with all respect to him as your father
—a fellow that didn't dare call his life his —a fellow that didn't dare can his hie his own? And you are an American citizen, a governor, almost, of the greatest State in the Union and a Clayburgh boy. Flory this looks like insanity. Flory, I don't know what to say to you. I'm groping know what to say to you. I'm gropin

used to, Flory?"

This appeal made no further impres on on the hermit than to illuminate his allid face with a smile. The Squir hade a few more weak attempts upon the dden and overpowering disgust for the

"I've got to think," said he, "and I

can't do it looking at a corpse."

He did not hear Florian laugh as he banged the door—the first laugh that had bassed his lips since the night of Vladinir's revelations. After an hour he resumed and resumed his seat with determination written all over him.

mination written all over him.

"I must know the ins and outs of this
thing," he said quietly; "and I'm going
to put some questions as the sheriff of
Jefferson County. What's to prevent me

ou get a pious stroke?"

"I suppose it was that," said Florian, neditating as if a new question had ouched his soul.

"Is it in the Papist line, lad, somewhat like work father."

ike your father? I hoped you were working away from the Jesuits?" A faint blush spread over Florian's

face.
"I am nearer to the Jesuits than ever, but not as near as I could wish."
"So I thought," said the Squire, shaking his head—"so I thought. And I must say my opinion of the Jesuits is considerably smaller than it was an hour

He reflected a few moments, and saw that Florian's curiosity was aroused.
"Had I been the boss of the Jesuit corporation," said he, aiming eyes and finger at Florian's reason, "I think I could have done a smarter bit of business than has been done in letting you bury your-

self out of sight. When you got your pious stroke and came to me to have it utilized, put in the market, so to speak, I'd have thought in this way: 'Here's a man as clever as Webster, a speaker, a wire-puller, a statesman; knows the ins and outs of everything. Here we are Papists without much understanding, with no politicians to speak of on our side; nobody to look after us when the spoils are dividing and the Methodists are gobbling everything; nobody with the ears of the nabobs between his finger and his thumb to tell our story there. Here's a man dying to get such a job.' down to the boat.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TRUE HEARTS. "You know Flory," she said to him— "how when you present him a new idea he thinks and thinks about it until he good idea."
"Wasn't it, now?" said the gleefal
Squire. "I'd like to present him with
one more, and that would fetch him."
It was reserved for Pere Rongevin, how-

to steal away and disrobe.

"Where did you get the knack of wearing this confounded rig?" said he to Peter. "Can you see those tails of mine? Peter. "Can you see those tails of mine? I feel like a swallow. I don't know what

ever, to present the second idea; and as a result of his visit and long talk with Flor-ian Ruth was informed that the time was ripe for her interference. The Squire ininute I am going to fly."
"You're a ground swallow," replied ripe for her interference. The Squire insisted on accompanying her. Ruth could hear her heart beat as she approached the cabin above the boulder. What would the final result be? They could not keep

the Squire awe-stricken.
"It was born there," Peter said—"the coat I mean. I had it on when I was

from Florian the secret of their assault upon his determination to do penance as a solitary. Would the knowledge drive him to obstinacy? She did not yet know the extent of the change which had taken place in him. Florian opened the door tor them. you are shaped so."

The Squire looked down mournfully at a fearful waste of thighbone and flesh on "If your visitors are all as persistent as

we are," said she, smiling, "you will not have much of your solitude." his particular person. 'I must look awful," said he sadly. "I fear I am not to have much of it anyway," he replied, in such a tone as made it hard to tell his feelings. "Your father, here, has disturbed me on that point,

pathy that woke him at once, while the Squire was resolved into a thunder-cloud cess Linda, and her ravings over the "Rath, you tell me what to do, Fiornal said humbly, and submissively.
"It is easy enough to endure this solitude," she continued; "it may be beautiful to certain natures. But to be alone in the busy world is very trying. Of course duty makes the hard things easy and sweet. That would be your only consolation Florian." "It is this way with me, Ruth," he be-

gan eagerly, and making no account of the Squire: "I have learned to love this place, this life, as I never loved anything in this world. You know why. And what I was is such a horror and shame to what I was is such a horror and shame to me that to return to its seenes is like death. Yet it seems to me and to your father, and to the Pere that I ought not throw asife a power which could certainly be used for the general good, merely to satisfy myseif."

"And you ought not, that is true—"
"That's what I maintain—that's what "Aren't you happy, Squire?" buzzed Sara in his ears. "Who would have

"That's what I maintain—that's what ve maintained all along!" shouted the puire. "Flory, if you do otherwise you st write your name beside the bo "Now, papa!" said Ruth, bringing the

"Now, papa?" said Kuth, bringing the boiling volcano down to a harmless simmer. "You ought not, Florian, if there would be no danger to yourself in holding a power which was to you so strong a topotation." temptation.

"I would take and hold it under protest," he replied confidently. "I value is no more than a straw. I cannot disguise no more than a straw. I cannot disguise from myself that hereafter I can but de-spise it. O Rath! is there no middle course? Yet why do I ask? I have set myself to do that which is hardest. Let he take the worst with joy.

Ruth's face kindled into enthusiasm. Well there is a middle course," she said, triumphantly. our solitude and yet retain your interes

gentlemen uttered exclamations f delight or rage, and turned upon her-be hermit, hopefully, the Squire in de

Have you forgotten Frances?" she "No." and he drew away as if hurt.

She has justly forgotten me. I saw her

"You saw her mother, Florian. If you "You saw her mother, Fiorian. If you had seen herself you would not have been in trouble long. It is nor all over. That dear girl is as faithful to you as if you never wronged her. She let her mother speak first, as obedience required; and sne was silent, as became her modesty. But she never lost faith in you when we

Jefferson County. What's to prevent the Jefferson County. What's to prevent the from jailing you?'

"Nothing," said Florian, "unless the consequence—jailing yourself."

"Now, Flory, be reasonable and ansswer squarely. Have you thrown up politics for good and all?"

"I have."

"And you are going to live on this island for the next forty years or so?"

"With God's will, yes."

"With God's will, yes."

"What's the reason of all this, Flory? Did What's the reason of all this, Flory? Did where are your wits? See that hill yonder? Build there a pretty villa, and bring Frances to preside over it. There is no reason why a great politician should not live among the islands and rule from not li not live among the islands and rule from this solitude. You need not practice law. And so your temptations are minimized, your influence is preserved, and your soli

tude is saved to you."

It was a sight to see the Squire's face glow as Rath reached her climax, and when the last word was uttered he gave a cheer that rattled the loose articles in

"You can think over it," said she, see ing that the Squire's emotion jarred upon him. "These things cannot be done hastily. "If it be God's will that you

"You must do so. If duty points another road to you, my advice will occur to you as an easy way out of the difficulty. You will not forget Frances?' she added wistfully. wistfully.
"I can never forget her," he replied. Florian proceeded alone to the apartment

"I thank you for your visit, Ruth. In a little while I can decide, if I have not already decided. Squire, not another word, or I stay here forever."

Pendleton saw dimly that few words and a speedy departure were two important points in Ruth's programme, and for a wonder he tucked his daughter under his arm and, with a brief farewell, led her down to the boat.

Clayburgh was "completely upsot," as a native expressed it, by the publication of the banns of marriage between Paul Rossiter and Ruth Pendleton. It had also between the property and the property of the pro "reckoned" on her remaining an old maid; it "admired" what the Squire would do now; it "swowed" its astonishment over and over for two weeks, at the end of which time the marriage was acend of which time the marriage was ac-complished in white satin and tulle, and a great part of the town assisted in the festivities. Parker C. Lynch, as Peter Carter was now known, was ex-officio the master of the feast. In full morning-dress, gloved and collared to perfection, this erratic representative of the bluest blood of Iraland was a fine-looking contleman of Ireland was a fine-looking gentleman on the model of an English squire, and, when he posed or walked under the wide eyes of the assembly, showed that he had not forgotten his earlier training. The Squire could not restrain his astonish-ment or refuse his admiration. In his mit of armor he was as stiff as a post

Peter, with a grin, and a drinking gesture. "Ye're cavernous, Squire. Faith ye look well for an old country buck that knows so little, and ye carry the odd garment "How do you manage to do it?" said

born. D'ye notice the shape of my legs? Ye can never wear a swallow-tail unless

Couldn't we get away, Peter, and get rid of these togs? of these togs?"

Not the least distinguished of the guests was Mrs. Buck and her minister, as faultless in costume as of old. The good lady had been somewhat left in the control of the state of the control of the state of the control of the contr shade since the discovery of Florian's real parentage, and her vanity had re-ceived a deep wound in being cut off sc oughly from her famous brother. Mr. Suck alone could have told her severe isappointment at not having been the possibility of Mrs. Winifred having put Linda in her place. These weaknesses Sara kept from the world prudently. the was now quite a mother in Israel. Five blooming and clever children clung on occasions to her voluminous skirts and her matronly figure, with its still co quettish movements, was almost charming. Her faith was wholly dead. Shonever was troubled with a single longin,

for the truths on which she had been fed nor with a single scruple as to her apos-tasy. In being liberal enough to consider Catholics on a par with Episcopali and in despising the sects she considere and in despising the secision and the result december of the series of the Squire at a most critical moment. Peter had just winked at him knowingly and then disappeared into the upper

Sara in his ears. Sara in his ears. "Who would have thought, knowing, as we do, all that has happened, that this day would ever have come? Who is Mr. Rossiter? Such a fascinating man! How is it that he

aren't any women," said the sarcastic Squire, "he didn't see any one handsom-er. If he had come to Clayburgh first, where the women are as thick as sardines, Ruth wouldn't have had a chance.

The two old gentlemen finally made themselves comfortable in the kitchen at hemselves comfortable in the kitchen at ic, as became barbarians fond of undress aniforms, cards, and punch. Once the Squire felt a mystery in the air, and expostulated with Ruth.

ostulated with Ruth.
"Why isn't Flory here?" he asked.
"The man with the gizzard," said

Peter.

"Give him time," replied Ruth.

"These great men don't come and go as we common people do."

"Common people! I'm sheriff of the

"And I represent the TRIBUNE," said

"And I represent the Tribune," said Peter.

"Don't be quarrelsome. When Florian comes you shall see and hear him."

"What's all this running about for?"

"Now, papa, go away and be reasonable or I shall punish you."

"Gimme my punishment now," urged the Squire, and, after pulling his whiskers, she dismissed him with a kiss. At twilight the guests were gone, and the Squire and Peter were peacefully sleeping off the effects of the day's excitement. The poet and his bride stood together on the veranda, facing the calm waters of the river, her head resting on his shouldthe river, her head resting on his should

the river, her head resting on his shoulder and her deep eyes watching the stars in the cool, far-reaching sky.

"It is all over," she sighed, occasionally—"all over. One effect of a steady life in these old villages is peculiar. The years seem as days. I am not ten days the sight of the start then when Linda used older in these old villages is peculiar. The years seem as days. I am not ten days older in thought than when Linda used to come down that road—O my dear little princess!—waving her hands and singing to me a long way off. All the nights like these seem as one, there have been so

many of them. And there are to be so many of them, "And there are to be so that," said the poet.

"Let us hope so, dear," said she.

"With all the suffering and uncertainty in the past there has been more beauty in it than ugliness, more good than evil. Even poor Florian will find certain and unexpected rest to night."

unexpected rest to night."

"There are two figures coming down the road, Ruth. It is time for Florian to "Do you meet them, and then send

Florian up to the parlor, 'said she. "Tell him I would like to see him." Pere Rougevin and Florian came up the steps together, and the politician the steps together, and the politician congratulated the poet where he stood. The three gentlemen seemed to be in perfect accord, and at ease with one another.

where Ruth, all aglow with delight, await-

"Accept my best wishes for your future happiness," said he; "the present is all your own.' your own."

She looked at him with satisfaction.

His dress was the usual neat-fitting citizen's costume, his hair had been cut and his beard trimmed. Florian, subdued

and pale, was very much himself again.

"I conclude from your appearance,' said Ruth, "that conscience has again decided against a solitary life for you.'

"It is settled," he said, "that I am still to remain in the political world—most of the time here: as it may need in New! the time here; as it may need in New

"You are very sad over it. Have you

"I of are very sain over it. They you would not not that immediately."
"How gladly would I, if it rested only with myself! But, Ruth, put yourself in my place. You know the motive I had in deserting Frances. I have no courage the property of the property that would send me to the feet of one I have so wronged to ask a great favor."
"How is it ever to be done?" said Ruth. "Frances has forgiven you, will have no other but you, waits for you, weeps for you. She is not bold enough, and you are excessively humble. This will never do. There should be no go-betweens, yet I cannot see how it is to be avoided if you will not speak for your-

He was silent for a few moments. "It would be a great happiness for me,' he said, "to have the support and sym pathy of one so tenderly loved. Yet you know her bringing up. You see the life that awaits me and those who attach themselves to my fortunes. How can I ask her to banish herself to Solitary Island?"

"It might be hard enough, but heartache and luxury are not always preferable to a handsome villa and content on the island." "You leave me no way of escape," he

"I am laying a snare for you. Do you "I am laying a snare for you. Do you know that I have been over-bold? I wrote to your Frances. I told her everything as I knew it. I asked her if the past could not be mended in the only way that it could be. She wrote to me a very brief letter! What do you think it said?"

He waited for her to answer her own uestion. "Read it," she said placing it n his hands. It contained but a single

"Tell him he may come."

"Thank God," said Florian with a sigh

"You are a happy man, Florian."

"And I owe so much of it to you, Ruth,"
he replied gratefully.

They went out on the veranda, where
the priest and Paul sat talking. Both
gentlemen shook hands with him in silnce, and the conversation drifted in commonplace matters. The marble shaft bearing Linda's name was visible from the house. The calm waters of the river lay placid in the moonlight. It was an lay placed in the moonight. It was an hour of great rest for these four persons whose saddest memories were connected with the scene before them. Although they were full of joy at the happy ending of so many difficulties, the remembrant of what had happened chastened that severely, and, if they saw before them pleasant future, it was made so only be the hope that, no matter what fortune b ell them, God would never permit then o wander from His fold. Life is har enough, and death bitter, but when sin takes hold of both there is no sorrow can surpass them.

## TOBACCO AND THE SECTS.

I don't understand what is said about the ise of tobacco in one of the Notes and Renarks. What has tobacco got to do with the neonsistency of the sects? Please explain.

–J. C., Lestonia, Ohio.

We can not explain. It would be useless to attempt it. Certain things are inexplicable in se, so to say. The fascinating man! How is it that wasn't gobbled up by a handsomer woman than our Ruth?"

"Because in New York, where there because in New York, where there could not discover the slightest source of the discovers of of pleasurability in the discourses of our distinguished countryman, Artemus Ward; and even went so far as to intimate that the humoristic lecturer at times made statements that could not be substantiated. To most persons Mr. Ward's lectures were highly enjoyable, and the eminent Englishman was the only one that ever accused him of unveracity. After hearing Mr. Ward speak in London, John Bright committed himself in these words: I must say I can not see what people ind to enjoy in this lecture. The in ormation is meagre, and is presented

## In fact, I can not help seriously ques-tioning some of his statements."—Ave THE DUTIES OF GOD-FATHERS AND GOD MOTHERS.

in a desultory, disconnected manner.

God-fathers and God-mothers are strictly bound to exercise a constant vigilance over their spiritual children, and carefully to instruct them in the maxims of a Christian life, that they may approve themselves through life such as their sponsors promised they should be when they were baptized.

They promise to be the teachers and guardians of the children, whose respective god fathers and godmothers they become, and are responsible for their religious instruction; "I most earnestly admonish you, men and women," says St. Augustine, "who have become sponsors, to consider that you stood as sureties before God, for those whose sponsors you have under-taken to become." Hence parents should be very choice in the selection of sponsors for their children, and not ask unworthy persons out of friendship worldly considerations. This sacred trust should be confided only to sterling Catholics, who are willing to discharge its duties with fidelity .-American Herald.

Toronto Firemen Testify. Toronto Firemen Testify.

M. McCartney, Lombard Street Fire Hall,
Toronto, dated March 4th, 1897, states:—
"Am subject to very painful conditions of
costiveness and other troubles resulting
therefrom, but I am glad to say that I have
found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. I trust this may be of
benefit to others."

### FLOWERS AT FUNERALS.

rotest Against the Pagan Custom of Showering Bloom Upon the Dead.

From the New Zealand Tablet. Folly at the graveside has taken arious shapes at various times. old method of feasting and gormandiz ing over the body of the dead has lived long and is dving hard. As far back as the days of Josephus the funeral feasts of the Jews were so burdensome that they frequently reduced the heirs of the deceased to beggary. The oldtime Irish "wake" was a survival of an evil custom. Baked meats are to this hour associated in the minds of a large class of English poor with a "slap up funeral." Said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Potter in the old north country story: "O.d Wilson killed his pig early this year, didn't he?" "Well, replied Mrs. Potter, "don't you know that he expects his wife's funeral in October and he wants to get the hams ready." This silly feasting is simply a barbarous exhibition of the foolish pride that glories in an hour's vulgar display of seeming wealth. There is neither commonsense

There nor Christian feeling in it. There is quite as little in the present cumbersome display of flowers at funerals. It has its source in the same Its ultimate object is the same. idea. In this country the lavish expenditure has been stamped out as far as Catholics are concerned. A crusade has been started against the practice in Australia by the venerable Bishop of Maitland. "This fashion of flowers," said Dr. Murray, "is a worldly pomp which is getting into very great abuse, and on and after the first day of January next no flowers will be permitted to enter the church with a offin, and no priest will assist at fun erals where this unbecoming custom of flowers is adopted. The clergy, of course, could not interfere with people in their own homes. They have, how ever, authority over the church and over the consecrated ground of God's acre and are determined there will be no flowers permitted to enter either of

these places in connection with funerals after the first day of the New The custom of showering bloom upon the dead is a pagan one. The sturdy Roman Senator or his dame left the stage of life surrounded by flowerslike a smiling modern prima donna making her best bow at the close of her tnest brayura. They went out in triumph-like conquerors, laden crowns and garlands. The Roman custom came from the Greeks, who embalmed their dead as best they could, and for seven long days kept them on exhibition, clad in white garments, their foreheads adorned with garlands and their resting-place gaily bedecked with flowers. Flowers are described as "nature's smiles-symbols essentially of sweetness and brightness. They appear at every feast. as out of tune with a place of weeping as a step dance or a clown in baggy breeches at a funeral. Canon Moser -an authority upon this subject-

"The dominant note of the Christian death is fear and supplication, an acknowledgment of the awful rigors of God's inscrutable justice, tempered with confidence in the merits of His dolorous passion. So long as the Church is not certain that her children have arrived in heaven's gate she has not the heart to rejoice. And therefore it is that flowers-nature's symbols of joy -- at modern interments are in flagrant

contradiction with the spirit of the The united testimony of writers bears witness to the fact that even in the dawn of the Christian Church flowers or wreaths never played a part in the ceremonies of interment. And so long as the spirit of Catholic liturgy was observed no flowers appeared at funerals. The old pagan custom was, according to Canon Moser, revived in the evil days of the French Revolution, when the bodies of the infidel Voltaire and of the bloodthirsty Jacobin, Marat, were consigned to the Pantheon adorned with flowers.

'Another aspect of this custom," says Canon Moser, "which should con-demn it is that these flowers are associated with and are supposed to suggest the thought that the dead one is already happy. It amounts to canonization. In civil funerals the conviction that the defunct is already in glory is expressed in most of the discourses made at the grave. Purgatory does not exist. No need of prayers, no need of Masses. One does not pray for those in heaven -and then the expense has been already so considerable. A new theology is invented, from which all idea of expiation is conspicuously absent, and the old theology that true love for the dead meant giving relief to their souls is buried beneath masses of bloom. And for this very reason the custom we are speaking about seems to us to be radically anti-Christian. Let us be children of the Church. Affection, legitimate sorrow, respect for the

dead will not suffer for it. Again we say let the cemeteries be well kept-let graves be made as beautiful as you like-but at funerals let the spirit of the ecclesiastical ritual be

followed.

Almost in Despair.

"My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair of ever obtaining a cure, but finally procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking six bottles of this medicine she was complete. six bottles of this medicine she was complete ly cured." JOHN WECKNAR, Galt, Ontario.

That distress after eating is prevented by one or two Hood's Pills. They don't gripe.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it

THE PRE - REFORMATION CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Rev. D. M. Barrett, O. S. B., in Amer Catholic Quarterly Review.

PART I.-CONTINUED.

The Cluniac Benedictine abbey Paisley, founded in 1164 by Wa Fitz-Alan, High Steward of Scotla and ancestor of the House of Stu was remarkable for the striking bea of its situation, as well as for the sp did adornments of its buildings. stood on a level mead near the c waters of the little river Cart, in v of undulating, wooded slopes and l hills. The abbey precincts were closed by a wall of dressed stone, wards of a mile in length. They sisted of spacious gardens and orcha and even a park for fallow deer. wall was adorned with carven stat and shields bearing coats of arms.
a niche was enshrined the imag Our Lady; beneath it was inscrib

"Hac ne vade via, nisi dixeris Ave M Sit semper sine væ, qui tibit dicit Av

A stately gate house led to the n astic buildings. The church was tered at the western end by a door in a fine Early English arch, an the north through a deep porch, mounted by a chamber known as a vise. This latter was the ordinary The porch, we may rem was a common feature in the medichurches. Many parochial rites, as the commencement of the marr ceremony and of the baptism of inf were performed there.

The church measured nearly 220 in length. Its graceful pointed an were supported by clustered pil and a richly carved triforium ran the aisles. The choir was longer the nave-not an uncommon featu the Cluniac churches; it contained for twenty six monks; these had provided by Abbot Tarvas in 1 The same devout Abbot procure great brass book-stand, the chande of chased silver, and the beautiful ernacle-"the statliest in al Sko and the maist costlie"-as well a rich hangings of cloth of gold silver to decorate the sanctuary festival days. In the south tran was an elaborately carved ch where the body of St. Mirin, one ancient missionaries of the country in a gorgeous shrine, and was a ect of devotion to numerous pilgr In its external adornments, also fine church was very striking. central tower and steeple rose theight of 300 feet. Such was Pa in its glory-a worthy House of G which the daily choral office celeb

Other religious orders could box buildings no less magnificent those of the monks. Jedburgh, be ing to the Black Canons, Drybur the White Canons, were gems of a tecture. Many of the churches of friars, too, were famed for their be That of the Observantines at burgh was so magnificent that eign friar, Cornelius, could hard persuaded to take possession thinking it incompatible with the erty required by his rule. It n the intervention of the Pope to his scruples. The Franciscan C at Haddington was known a "Light of Lothian," from the lamps which illuminated its bea windows by night. It was in the

corated style, and measured 210 f Collegiate and parish churche were often built with great ma cence. The stately church of St. Edinburgh's glory, escaped almo scathed-as regards its exterio frenzy of fanatical reformers. most barbaric splendor of the e

itely carved Roslin Chapel, near burgh, is proverbial. Such buildings would have meaningless had the worship for they had been erected been was in grandeur. That this was n case is evident from the invento vestments and church furnitur extant. Aberdeen Cathedral po no less than thirty six copes, of ten were of cloth of gold, and ot rich velvet. It had also thirtee of High Mass vestments, plentiful supply of hangings and adornments. Holyrood Abbey boast of various crosses, candle censers, cruets, etc., of gold or besides many precious chalice vestments. The same might do

and minsters. With regard to the splendor ritual observed within them, able to gain an insight as to its by comparing it with the contem ceremonial of England and othe tries. It may perhaps bring t describe in detail the celebra some solemn feast as a worshippe see it carried out in Glasgow ca in the sixteenth century. Glaselected as being one of the Scathedrals in which the Saru was followed. That rite, differ many details from the Roman, t Catholics are now accustomed, troduced at Glasgow by Bishop in the twelfth century, and served there up to the Reforma

be affirmed of all the great cat

A visitor to St. Mungo's on of the feast in question will awa the crowd of laity who throng th the entrance of the Archbish canons. The festal pealing of announces the approach of the and soon a stately procession through the great western entronly opened for such occasion passes up the nave to the jubils come of organ and singers. officials lead the way. One betthe archiepiscopal cross, the carry maces of solid silver. canons in their choir dress of and furred hood surround th