

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.

PRAYER FOR SINNERS.

And the other is like unto this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. (St. Matt. xxiii., 39).

How great must be the dignity of human nature, my brethren, since we learn by this day's Gospel, our Lord compels the love of His fellow-men with the love of His own sovereign and divine self!

The practical lesson conveyed by the commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is that it is our duty to love sinners and to pray for them. To love good people is easy enough, and we think a man a kind of a monster who has not at least one or two dear friends whose virtues has won his love.

How much we mistake our duty in reference to such poor wretches! When you say of one, "Oh! he is a most worthless creature," how surprised you would be if you could hear a whisper coming from his guardian angel, "Jesus Christ thought him worth dying for!"

And I, an angel of God, gladly keep him company day and night. Surely, brethren, there is something worth loving, heartily loving, in a soul that our Lord would die for, and to whom God would give a bright angel as a constant companion.

Prayer for the conversion of sinners should be far more practised than it is. Why, brethren, look around you in this great city, and if you can count the stars of heaven or the sands of the sea, you can count the men and women in mortal sin; and, alas! very many of them belong to our religion.

Now, just here, in the midst of the worst wickedness, are many thousands of devout servants of God, and in every family one or two souls whose very names might be Faithful and True.

If, therefore, you pray for yourself you do well; but do not forget that, if you are a true Christian, the poor sinner in your other self. And if you pray for the souls in purgatory, do not forget that there are many souls about you who are always in danger of hell, and unless many prayers are offered for them they are likely enough to be lost for ever.

There is not, and there cannot be, any smoking tobacco superior to the "Myrtle Navy brand." A wrapper of brighter appearance and higher price it is possible to tobacco and but a single leaf is wrapped round a plug. The stock used in the body of the "Myrtle Navy" plug is the very best which money can purchase.

Rich Plum Pudding. This delicious confection is nicely calculated to produce dyspepsia, heartburn, biliary troubles and headache.

If you are dependent, low spirited, irritable and peevish and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating, then get a bottle of Norton & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and it will give you relief.

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says: "I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend who witnessed the occurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds."

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"It's a stranger, a relative of Madame Jozain," said one who knew. "She came from Texas with her little girl, less than two weeks ago, and yesterday she died, and last night the child was taken down with the same fever, and they say she's unconscious to-day, so madame couldn't leave to go to the funeral. No one will go to the house, because that old doctor from the other side says it is catching."

When Raste returned from the funeral, he found his mother sitting beside the child, who lay in the same heavy stupor that marked the first days of the mother's illness. The pretty golden hair was spread over the pillow; under the dark lashes were deep violet shadows, and the little cheeks glowed with the crimson hue of fever.

Madame was dressed in her best black gown, and she had been weeping freely. At the sight of Raste in the door, she started up and burst into heart-breaking sobs.

"Oh, mon cher, oh, mon ami, we are doomed. Was ever any one so unfortunate? Was ever any one so punished for a good deed? I've taken a sick stranger into my house, and nursed her as if she were my own, and buried her in my family tomb, and now the child is taken down, and Doctor Debrof says it is a contagious fever, and we may both take it and die. That's what one gets in this world for trying to do good!"

"Nonsense, mum, don't look on the dark side; old Debrof don't know. I'm the one that gave it out that the fever was catching. I didn't want to have people prying about here, finding out everything. The child'll be better or worse in a few days, and then we'll clear out from this place, raise some money on the things, and start fresh somewhere else."

"Well," said madame, wiping away her tears, much comforted by Raste's cheerful view of the situation, "no one can say that I haven't done my duty to the poor things, and I meant to be kind to the child, and nurse her through the fever whether it's catching or not. It's hard to be tied to a sick bed this hot weather; but I'm almost thankful the little thing's taken down, and isn't conscious, for it was dreadful to see the way she mourned for her mother. Poor woman, she was so young and pretty, and had such gentle ways! I wish I knew who she was, especially now I've put her in the Bergeron tomb."

CHAPTER VI. PEPSE.

Every one about that part of Good Children street knew Pepse. She had been a cripple from infancy, and her mother, Madelon, or "Bonne Praline," as she was called, was also quite a noted figure in the neighborhood. They lived in a tiny, single cottage, wedged in between the pharmacist, on the corner, and M. Fernandez, the tobacconist, on the other side. There was a narrow green door, and one long window, with an ornamental iron railing across it, through which the interior of the little room was visible from the outside. It was a very neat little place, and less ugly than one would expect it to be. A huge four-post bed, with red tester and lace-covered pillows, almost filled one side of the room; opposite to the bed a small fire-place was hung with pink paper, and the mantel over it was decorated with a clock, two vases of bright paper flowers, a blue bottle, and a green plaster parrot; a small armchair, a table above which hung a crucifix and a highly colored lithograph of the Bleeding Heart, and a few chairs completed the furniture of the quaint little interior; while the floor, the door-steps, and even the sidewalk were painted red with powdered brick dust, which harmonized very well with the faded yellow stucco of the walls and the dingy green of the door and batten shutter.

Behind this one little front room was a tiny kitchen and yard, where Madelon made her pralines and cakes, and where Tite Souris, a half grown dandy, instead of a "little mouse," washed, cooked, and scrubbed, and "waited on Miss Peps" during Madelon's absence; for Madelon was a merchant. She had a stand for cakes and parlines up on Bourbon street, near the French Opera House, and thither she went every morning, with her basket and pans of fresh pralines, sugared peccans, and calas *tout chaud*, a very tempting array of dainties, which she was sure to dispose of before she returned at night; while Pepse, her only child, was the treasure of her life, remained at home, sitting in her high chair by the window, behind the iron railing.

And Pepse sitting at her window was as much a part of the streets, as were the queer little house, the tiny shops, the old vegetable woman, the cobbler on the *banquette*, the wine merchant, or the grocer. Every one knew her: her long, sallow face with flashing dark eyes, wide mouth with large white teeth, which were always visible in a broad smile, and the shock of heavy black hair twisted into a quaint knot on top of her head, which was abnormally large, and set close to the narrow, distorted shoulders, were always visible, "from early morn till dewy eve," at the window while her body below the shoulders was quite hidden by a high table drawn forward over her lap. On this table Pepse shelled the peccans, placing them in three separate piles, the perfect halves in one pile, those broken by accident

in another, and those slightly shriveled, and a little rancid, in still another. The first were used to make the sugared peccans for which Madelon was justly famous; for the second to manufacture into pralines, so that they had given her the sobriquet of "Bonne Praline;" and the third pile, which she destined to use in her business, nothing imperfect ever entering into her concoctions, were swept into a box, and disposed of to merchants who had less principle and less patronage.

All day long Pepse sat her window, wielding her little iron nut-cracker with much dexterity. While the beautiful clean halves fell nearly always unbroken on their special pile, she saw everything that went on in the street, her bright eyes flashed glances of recognition up and down, her broad smile greeted in cordial welcome those who stopped at her window to chat, and there was nearly always some one at Pepse's window. She was so happy, so bright, and so amiable that every one loved her, and she was the idol of all the children in the neighborhood—not, however, because she was liberal with peccans. Oh, no; with Pepse, business was business, and peccans cost money, and every ten sugared peccans meant a nickel for her mother; but they loved to stand around the window, outside the iron railing, and watch Pepse at her work. They liked to see her with her pile of nuts and bowl of foaming sugar before her. It seemed like magic, the way she would sugar them and stick them together, and spread them out to dry on the clean white paper. She did it so rapidly that her long white fingers fairly flashed between the bowl of sugar, the pile of nuts, and the paper.

And there always seemed just enough of each, therefore her just discrimination was a constant wonder. When she finished her task, as she often did before dark, Tite Souris took away the bowl and the tray of sugared nuts, after Pepse had counted them and put the number down in a little book, as much to protect herself against Tite Souris's deceptions as to know the exact amount of their stock in trade; then she will open the little drawer in the table, and take out a prayer-book, a piece of needle-work, and a park of cards.

She was very pious, and read her prayers several times a day; after she put her prayer-book aside she usually devoted some time to her needle-work, for which she had a real talent; then, when she thought she had earned her recreation, she put away her work, spread out her cards, and indulged in an intricate game of solitaire. This was her passion; she was very systematic, and very conscientious; but if she ever purloined any time from her duties, it was that she might engage in that fascinating game. She decided everything by it; whatever she wished to know, two games out of three would give her the answer, for or against.

Sometimes she looked like a little witch during a wicked incantation, as she hovered over the rows of cards, her face dark and brooding, her long, thin fingers darting here and there, silent, absorbed, almost breathless under the fatal spell of chance. In this way she passed day after day, always industrious, always contented, and always happy. She was very comfortable in her snug little room, which was warm in winter and cool in summer, owing to the two high buildings adjoining; and although she was a cripple, and her lower limbs useless, she suffered little pain, unless she was moved roughly, or jarred in some way; and no one could be more carefully protected from discomfort than she was, for although she was over twelve, Madelon still treated her as if she were a baby. Every morning, before she left for the Rue Bourbon, she bathed and dressed the girl, and lifted her tenderly, with her strong arms, into her wheeled chair, where she drank her coffee, and ate her roll, as daintily as a little princess, for she was always exquisitely clean. In the summer she wore pretty little white sacks, with a bright bow of ribbon at the neck, and in winter her shrunken figure was clothed in warm, soft woolen.

Madelon did not sit out all day in rain and shine on Bourbon street, and make cakes and pralines half the night, for anything else but to provide this crippled mite with every comfort. As I said before the girl was her idol, and she had toiled day and night to gratify her very wish; and, as far as she knew, there was but one desire unsatisfied, and for the accomplishment of that she was working and saving little by little. Once Pepse had said that she would like to live in the country. All she knew of the country was what she had read in books, and what her mother, who had once seen the country, had told her. Often she closed her eyes to shut out the hot, narrow street, and thought of green valleys, with rivers running through them, and hills almost touching the sky, and broad fields shaded by great trees, and covered with waving grass and flowers. That was her one unrealized ideal—her "Carcassonne," which she feared she was never to reach, except in imagination.

CHAPTER VII. THE ARRIVAL.

On the other side of Good Children street, and almost directly opposite Madelon's tiny cottage, was a double house of more pretentious appearance than those just around it. It was a little higher, the door was wider, and a good-sized window on each side had a small balcony, more for ornament than use, as it was scarcely wide enough to stand on. The roof projected well

over the sidewalk, and there was some attempt at ornamentation in the brackets that supported it. At one side was a narrow yard with a stunted fig-tree, and a ragged rose-bush straggled up the posts of a small side-galley. This house had been closed for some time. The former tenant having died, his family, who were respectable, pleasant people, were obliged to leave it, much to Pepse's sorrow, for she was always interested in her neighbors, and she had taken a great deal of pleasure in observing the ways of this household. Therefore she was very tired of looking at the closed doors and windows, and was constantly wishing that some one would take it. At last, greatly to her gratification, one pleasant morning, late in August, a middle-aged woman, very well dressed in black, who was lame and walked with a stick, a young man and a lovely little girl, appeared on the scene, stopped before the empty house, and after looking at it with much interest mounted the steps, unlocked the door, and entered.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ASSOCIATION OF CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

The Sovereign Pontiff has issued a Brief approving anew the association of Christian families, and ratifying the regulations recently made by the Sacred Congregation, whereby this pious society may be spread and perpetuated throughout the world and from one universal association. His Holiness deems such an organization to be of salutary use, and in accord with the necessities of our times. For its object is "the work of devoting and dedicating Christian families to the Holy Family; so that Jesus, Mary and Joseph may take into their care the homes thus consecrated, and may protect them as their very own."

All who know of and deplore the corruption of Christian morals, the extinction within families of the spirit of religion and of piety, the uncontrolled desire of earthly things, will strive to bring timely healing to evils so great and so many. And nothing could be conceived of greater help and succor for Christian families than to see before them the example of the Holy Family, wherein all Christians, of whatsoever condition, may see the most perfect type of domestic society and of all holiness.

The Holy Father desires that associations of the Holy Family now existing shall be absorbed into this one confraternity, which has its centre in Rome with the Cardinal Vicar as its chief director. In each diocese the Ordinary shall appoint a "Diocesan Director," who shall communicate with the parish priests, to whom exclusively is given the charge of inscribing the families of their representative parishes. In the month of May every year a report is to be made through the Diocesan Directors to the head centre in Rome.

The statutes further provide that the image of the Holy Family of Nazareth shall be found with each of the families inscribed, and the members of such families shall at least once a day, and as generally as possible in the evening, pray together before the image. A special recommendation is given for this purpose to the formula of prayer approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, and also to the frequent use of the three well-known ejaculatory prayers: "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my life," "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, may my soul pass away in peace with you."

The Brief concludes with this fervent blessing: "May Jesus, Mary and Joseph, invoked at the hearth, be favorable to us. May they bring with them charity; may they rule our morality; may they move hearts to virtue by their example; and may they sweeten and make more tolerable the miseries wherewith man everywhere is burdened."

The Testimonials. Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not extravagant, are not "written up," not are they from its employees. They are facts, and prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses absolute merit and is worthy the full confidence of the people. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's. A Family Friend. STR.—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in and it for summer complaint, diarrhoea, cramps, etc. Mrs. GEO. WEST, Huntsville, Ont.

ITCHING HUMORS. Torturing, disfiguring eczema, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the CUTICURA Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humors resolvent, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold every where. PORTER, DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. Ask "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

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JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day. Telephone—Home, 373; Factory, 548.

The pilgrimage which is to proceed from England to Rome on the occasion of the jubilee of the Pope will probably be the most insignificant that has left English shores for centuries. It will not only be representative of the ecclesiastical and lay chiefs of the community, but it will also be representative in a special sense of the principal industrial centres of the country. For instance, places like Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Plymouth will in all probability have a special delegation. The pilgrimage will be under the control of the Catholic Union, with the Duke of Norfolk at its head.

At the request of Bishop Northrop, the Fathers of the Pious Society of Missions have taken charge of St. Peter's Church for the colored Catholics of Charleston, S. C. Rev. Joseph Murray, P. S. M., and Rev. A. Loisel, P. S. M., will be the new pastors.

Many Old Farms Won't Produce a Profit. The rich, heavy soil of Michigan Farms produces a fine crop without this expense. The near markets, general healthfulness of climate, together with good security, cheap rates, make Michigan Farms the best in the world. Write to me and I will tell you how to get the best farms on long time; low rate of interest.

Ontario Mutual Life advertisement with circular logo and text: DO YOU WANT LIFE ASSURANCE OR A GOOD INVESTMENT? EXAMINE ITS RATES, RESULTS, SECURITY, BEFORE GIVING YOUR APPLICATION ELSEWHERE.

C. E. GERMAN, General Agent. G. W. MILLER, City Agent. Office—441 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON. 727-2w

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1892—Aug. 3 and 17, Sept. 7 and 21.

Table of prizes and tickets for the Quebec Lottery. 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00. Tickets, \$1.00. 3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. Never be without a supply of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. Convenient in domestic cooking. Indispensable in times of sickness. Easily prepared, Readily digested, Very strength-giving. HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages.

CALL AND SEE OUR New Fall SUITINGS! New Fall OVERCOATINGS! New Fall PANTINGS! PETHICK & McDONALD, 393 Richmond Street.

WILSON & RANAHAH GROCERS. 265 Dundas St., near Wellington. NEW TEAS—Ceylons, Congous, Japans Young Hysons, Gunpowder and English Breakfast.

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Large vertical advertisement on the right side of the page, containing various notices and advertisements, including one for "THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY" and "HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT".