THE SEAL OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

About thirty years ago Father Koby-lowitz was parish priest at Aratow, a small hamlet in the neighborhood of Kiev in

Russia. Late one evening he threw on his cloak and so wrapped himself up that

his appearance was completely disguised. He was about to leave the house in great

haste, when his bousekeeper said:
"Is your reverence going out again?
Where shall you be, in case you shall be

"I shall soon be back," answered the priest as he moved towards the door;

you must not let anyone know that I am

out."
"One moment, Father; I see your gun is not in its usual place," cried the woman anxiously, and I carnot find it anywhere."

wanted ?"

MUSKOKA, PARRY SOUND AND NIPPISING.

6

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD At Atherly Junction the Grand Trunk Railway takes a turn to the North, on what was formerly called the Northern Pacific Junction Railway, to Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, etc.; to Its terminus at North

Bay.

After leaving Atherly Junction we begin to notice the rocks and we know we are going through Muskoka, although we are going through Muskoka, sithough there are many sand cuttings on the line of the railroad. Passing some small stations, the first of any importance is Gravenhurst. Here the passengers, bent on having a holiday on the far-famed Muskoka lakes, leave the train and take the boat at the Muskoka wharf.

Gravenhurst is beautifully situated on Lake Muskoka. There are a number of

Gravenburst is beautifully situated on Lake Muskofa. There are a number of saw mills in the town that turn out an immerse quantity of lumber. About two years ago the best part of the town was destroyed by fire, causing great loss, as very few of the buildings were insured. Most of the old wooden buildings are now replaced with substantial brick ones, roofed with in or gravel. There is a neat frame Catholic church here. It is attended from Bracebridge. About forty families belong to the congregation. There are several fine hotels here, the best being the Windsor, kept by Mr. Le Franier.

Next station north is Bracebridge. Next station north is Bracebidge.
This is a town of about three thousand inhabitants. The situation is most romantic and picturesque. The river flows through the town, and the Falls can be seen from the train. A log slide adds to the picturesque beauty of the scene. Among the industries are several saw mills and a very large tannery that turns out five hundred hides per week.

When the late Blahon Lynch Tank

des per week. When the late Bishop Jamot was ap pointed missionary bishop he made Bracs-bridge his headquarters, and from here he travelled to all parts of the thioly set tled districts of Muskoka, Parry Sound and Nippising, bringing religious conso-lation to the grateful settlers. No weather, no inconvenience, no trisis deterred him from going on his errands of mercy and love among his dear people. Nor was his popularity confined to the Catholic in-habitants—all classes had learned to esteem this noble unselfish servant of God for his many good and amiable qualities. On Bishop Jamot's appointment to the newly erected diocese of Peterborough, the scene of his missionary work was left in the new diocese, and Bracebridge is still the centre of a very exensive mission ary district, under the charge of Rev. P. I. Maguire, who has for assistant Rev. Nolan. Here is a fine brick

church and comfortable presbytery.

Between Bracebridge and North Bay there are some very nice villages, and, from the cars, seemed to be fairly prosperous. Burks Falls is the only one I stopped at. Here are two fine saw mills, one run by water, a number of stores and two fine hotels. There is a line of boats from Burks Falls to Magnetewan. North Bay is only about six years old, and, for its age, has a most prosperous appearance, containing a large number of stores and a number of fine hotels. The C. P. R. has a machine shop here that employs a number of hands. It is also the terminus of the N. P. J. branch of the G. T. R. as well as the end of a section of the C. P. R; in fact, the railroads

are the mainstay of the place. It is also the headquarters of the provisional gov-ernment of the district of Nippising. Like Bracebridge, North Bay is the centre of a very extensive mission and the pastor, Rev. J. Bloem, is very busy attending to his scattered flock, and I can assure you the zealous priests of those two missions have many difficulties to encounter in the performance of their duties. The writer has travelled a large duties. The writer has travelled a large portion of the route usually gone over by them, and I can say from experience that they have a hard road to travel. The church at North Bay is not a very pretentious edifice—a frame building finished inside with wood. It has, however, one of the best foundations I have ever It is literally built upon a rock It was built in the early days of the town, and, no doubt, it will soon be replaced by something better. There is, owever, a very substantial brick school and presbytery erected in another part of the town—a most desirable location—and we believe it is the intention to erect the new church adjoining th school. Mattawa is about forty miles from North Bay, on the C. P. R. I arrived at Mattawa at night and was agreeably surprised on awakening next morning at the beauty of its surroundings and the apparent prosperity of the town, for few expects to see such a busy place so far north. Opposite to the hotel I stopped at is the meeting place of the Ottawa and the Mattawa rivers. Here they join on their way to the great St.
Liwrence river, all three again uniting to
be in turn ewallowed up by the broad
Atlantic. In front of the "meeting of the waters" rises up a lofty mountain. This is in the province of Quebec. On walking through the town one is surprised at the number of fine stores, hotels, etc. What Is there to support such a busy place?
The surrounding country does not look
very fertile. Upon further inquiry the traveller ascertains that Mattawa is the distributing point for a very extensive timber district. In the winter I am told as many as five hundred teams are con-stantly employed in bringing supplies to the camps. From here also the boats of the Temiscamargue Colonization Railway

and Navigation Company start for the

miles from Mattawa, and a railroad is ex-

pected from Helliburton on the G.T. R. In the spring the logs are rolled to the river

and sent on their long ride to Ottawa. One portion of the town is very rocky,

enough, his neighbors very considerately

allow him a portion of theirs, some of them

even offering their whole stock if necessary. Mattawa is the residence of

boulders being thrown by nature in

besides a stone church in course of erection, which is expected to cost about \$40,000. The style is Romanerque. It is expected to be consecrated at Christmas. Victor Roy, Montreal, is the architect. The pastor in charge here is Rev. J. M. Poitras, O. M. I., who has for assistants Rev. L. Simonet, O. M. I. Rev. Thos. Ferron, O M. I, and Rev. J. M. Nedelec, O. M. I. The Grey Nuns have charge of the hospital and separate schools. The hospital is a most commodious building, complete in every detail. Through the kindness of Rev. Mother Youville I had the pleasure of going over the building, which, in point of detail at least, will compare with any hospital in Canada. Everything is so neat, so clean, Canada. Everything is so neat, so clean, so cosy and comfortable, that one almost desires to have a slight indisposition in order to enjoys few days within its walls. Some may ask why such an hospital should be built in such a small place, but it must be remembered that a very large number of men work in the lumber camps, and it is intended in a special manner for their benefit in case of sickness. It is sup-ported by voluntary offerings and by patients who pay, but no one, rich of poor, Protestant or Catholic, is refused admit-

Going South again I got off at Front Creek, a station on the N. P. I. R., where I took the stage to Commands, Parry Sound District. On the way there is the Barrett Settlement. Here is a church where resided and attended the surrounding country. Between Front Creek and Barrett the country is fairly good and the sattlers seem to be well-to-do. Between Barretts and Commanda on the Nipissing road the country is sparsely settled, and is not likely to be very thickly inhabited for many years to come. But the roads! Oh, such roads! Up and down, through hills and hollows! Now the horses can scarcely get a grip on the solid rock, then the stage is nearly upset going over a por-tion of the road that was washed away by the rains, then some parts are so steep you hold on to the dash-board for dear life, and wonder if the horses will be able to

climb to the top.

I stopped at Commanda for a few days to visit a friend. There are two stores, a blacksmith shop, post office, tavern, saw and grist mill. There is also a Catholic and grist mill. church about four miles away, attended

by Father Bloom.
Commanda is situated on the Niplesing Road that runs from Nipissing on Lake

Nipiseing to Bracebridge.

After a few days rest I ventured twenty two mile drive on a buck board from Commanda to Magnetewan, and arrived in a fair condition at that town,

being on the road from twelve noon to nine at night.

Between Commanda and Magnetewan, on the Nipissing road, there are two post offices, Rye and Mecunoma. At Rye I saw two gardens that would compete with many in the more favored por tions of Ontario. At Mecunoma two brothers, Englishmen, run a large farm, a post office, house of entertainment, etc. They are striking examples of what indus-try will do. They eaw their own boards by hand, make their own shingles, and, at the time of my visit, were making a boat to hunt deer in the fall. Nearing Magnetewen, I noticed some very fair land with next houses and convenient barns. Magnetewan is a fair sized village, nicely situated on the Magnetewan river. There s a lock to connect the upper and lower rivers.

After a good night's rest at Kyle's Hotel I took a walk around the village, and at 2 o'clock I took the boat for Burk's Falls, where I arrived in time for supper. The sail from Magnetewan to Burk's Falls is a delightful one, in the midst of a thickly wooded district, with occasional openings showing the houses of thesettlers. From Birk's Falls I took the train to Atherly Junction, where I continued my trip east. L. K.

HER OWN PENANCE.

BY A SISTER OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. How well I remember the narrow lane searing the name of Broe street, and running east of St. Mary's to the St. Law-rence, at the foot of which was the first loation of our House of the Good Shepherd. At the entry into a rather large vestibule, there was a descent of six steps; at the right hand was a small parlor entirely closed from the adjoining room by a black grating, over which black canvas shut out the view of the next room. It was there I went to make my first application to be received into the Congregation of the ecelved into the Congregation of the

Good Shepherd.

By the door, a woman stood as if she were waiting an answer. In a few min-utes the Mother Superior appeared, saluted me smilingly, and going over to the woman, said the following words: "Poor Mary! so you are going to wander Well, my dear child, remember the Good Shepherd's door is open to you." Then looking at me she said: Here is a young lady coming to do penance and to pray for you.'

The woman threw herself on her knees to receive the good mother's blessing, said something in a smothered voice, and entered the chapel door. After some moments passed with the Mother Superior, I also went into the chapel and saw the woman still there.
Some weeks after my admission into

the Novitiate I was told one evening to accompany the first Mistress of Penitents, to preside at their recreation. I was shown a chair at the end of a long and narrow table, on both sides of which there were twelve or fourteen penitents ewing. At the same time they were newly-opened settlements on Lake Temis-camangue, situated about one hundred talking and amusing themselves very joy

It was my first appearance in the class, in charge of these poor "children," as the inmates of the Good Shepherd convents are called. I felt rather timid, feeling that I was being examined from head to foot by my new pupils. In a few minutes hugs boulders being thrown by hatter the most inconvenient places. Each purchaser of a town lot is presented with a supply of stone, delivered, sufficient to build a solid foundation, and, if he has not I felt quite at ease, as they welcomed me very heartily. Then one left her place, came to kneel before me, and asked me

if I recognized her.

As she was wearing the Penitent's uniform I did not, and told her so. necessary. Mattawa is the residence of the Oblate Fathers, who have charge of a very extensive district. They attend eight churches, besides the lumber camps in the winter. The church property is very nicely situated, and consists of a brick church, presbytery and hospital, She said: "Dear Mother you have been my savior.

"Indeed? How can that be?" "Mell, Mother, you came to the parlor as I was leaving. I knelt at our Mother's feet to receive her parting blessing; she gave it to me and said, sorrowfully: 'God

bless you, my poor child, and save you from the dangers to which you expose yourself. In your wanderings, my poor Mary, remember that the Good Shephard is comparable to the c herd is ever merciful, that this house is open to you. Now, my child, here is a young lady: she is coming here to work for souls: she will pray for you, and do penance for you. My heart broke at these words. Ob, indeed the darling! these words. Oh, indeed the darling! Well, I will not give her the chance. I am going to do my own penance. And I flaw to the chapel, promised on my two knees that the devil of intemperance should never get the better of me again. I feared to got out. I went back to the parlor, from there to the class, and here I am, dear Mother. Is it not true you sayed me ??

"Oh, no, but I happened to be an instrument, of which God made use at the

time."
Well, years passed on, and many a storm poor Mary encountered in her penitential course. Her fiery and jeal-ous disposition gave her a long war. Sometimes she was almost beside herself. but the spirit of prayer, which she possessed in a high degree, enabled her to overcome every temptation. Never did Mary ask again to return to the world. In time she became a 'consecrated' Pen-tent, and added to her name of Mary that of the Seven Dolors.

that of the Seven Dolors.

Oh, you who pass by an asylum of penance and, perhaps, throw a look of disgust at these victims of human passions, how little you know of the heroic reparation which is done during a whole life long for a few years of dissipation! The veil is down and will not be lifted bebefore the great day of remuneration, then these words of our Lord will be verified: "The last shall be first."

Thirty years have passed. Mary was to be seen all transformed by penance, and the young Sister had become a mature nun and gone to missions. There she had witnessed other penitent souls bravely going on their way, sword in hand, as it were, to the region of ex-piation and sacrifics. Sometimes some outside business of the comsome outside business of the com-munity would recall her to the Alma Mater, where her happy youth had been formed to the religious life. On those occasions a visit to the class of penitents was a real treat for children and Mother, and she went away consoled and edified by the account of those dear ones whose perseverance had wen the

On June 21st, 1884, the fortieth anniversary of the house, the same Sister went to visit the class once more. But Mary had left the ranks of the Peniteuts' March, leaving word to her "darling Mother" that she would pray for her in heaven, whither she was going .- Messen ger of the Sacred Heart.

A TYPICAL MISSIONARY.

Rev. Adrian Joseph Croquet, of Grande Ronde Reservation, Ore., has just left his mission for a visit to his native land after thirty years' service as a Catholi missionary among the Indians of the

COART range.
He was born in 1818, in Braine, l'Allend, near Waterloo, Belgium, three years after the famous battle. He came of a noble family promient in that part of his country. Just thirty years ago, in August, he left his native place for America to become a missionary in Oregon. He met Archbishop Blanchet in New York returning from Canada with a few priests and the first colony of the Sisters of the Holy Name. The party come by way of the isthmus, arriving in Portland

in October of that year.

Father Croquet was stationed at Oregon City for the first year, but in the next was given charge of the mission at Grande Ronde Reservation, where he has since devoted himself to the conversion and education of the native tribes collected on the reserve and the scattered bands at Tillamock, Salmon River, and other points along the coast. He also attended the Indians on the Siletz reservation until last year, when Father Lynch was placed

Ronde there were but a few half breed Catholics there. The Indians were pagans, but now fully two thirds of the Indians are Oatholics, and have a pretty church and a good school. Five Benedictine Nans take charge of the girls and little toys and a Benedictine Brother teaches the older boys.

Father Croquet, although a man of era-dition and attainments, is as simple as a child in his manner. His charity is unbounded, and money, clothing-even his Indians. He obeys the Scriptural in-junction and makes his missionary visits without scrip or staff or any auxiliaries except the indispensable cayuse, frequently, even at this advanced age, making journeys of several hundred miles in this

way. He will be absent about six months Father Leo, O. S. B., takes his place during his absence.

THEY KNEW HIM.

From the New York Sun : Chauncey Mitchell Depew sat in his library one afternoon taking to a delegation of railroad men who had called on him, when they heard a terrible clatter on the piazza. The noise incressed. The children's voices downed the silvery, rip children's voices downed the silvery, rip-pling conversational tones of Chauncey. The guests first smiled, then frowned. Mr. Depew was pleased with their smiles, but annoyed at the frows. So he arose and said : "I will make an investigation. This

noise must stop." Mr. Depew went outside, and to his surprise found his coachman's children raising old Nick. They paid but little attention to him, however, and his pre-sence did not lessen their clatter. Grow

ing impatient, he said:

"Children, do you know who I am?"

"Oh! yes we do," said a little five year old tot to the great railroad man.

"You're the man that rides in my papa's carriage.

Timely Wisdom.

Timely wisdom is shown by those who keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw berry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or

There is in Vicksburg, Miss., a lady whose history is remarkable, and has around it a veil of romance equal to the wildest conceived border drams, with the additional charm, however, that her his-

tory is strictly true.
On a recent Sunday a quiet, unassuming On a recent sunday a quet, unassuming couple stopped at the English Kitchen and registered as Mc, and Mrs. Dosh Kensington. Yesterday evening the C. H. man received a pointer that theirs was more than an ordinary history, and he called on the lady, her husband being temporarile absent from the city. From temporarily absent from the city. From her own lips the following weird tale of Indian life and captivity among them was learned

The lady's maiden name was Miss Jessie mother married General Lagretto, a remother married General Ligretto, a re-tired Mexican officer, who became a citizen of the United States many years ago. In 1871 the child in question then, but now the lady of twenty-seven or eight, was stolen from her mother and step-father by the Banitto tribs of Indians in Northern Idaho. Thirteen years passed with no tid-ings of the little girl's fate and the ings of the little girl's fate and the parents many times gave her up as dead, but the story came to the ears of the department at Washington and a search was ordered. It may here be remarked that when Indians steal a white child the captive is carefully concealed, and though sometimes almost in sight of civil zation, the priesure is exactable manded and approach the priesure is exactable to the priesure is exactable to the priesure is exactable to the priesure in the priesure is exactable to the priesure in the priesure is the priesu the prisoner is carefully guarded and con-cealed on the approach of a pale face. General Phil. Sheridan took the matter

in charge, believing that the child still lived, and after the expenditure of thousands of Government dollars, news was received of the girl's whereabouts, and she was rescued on August 7, 1884. The chief scout and guide was Dosh Kensington, and, naturally enough for the ending of the romance, he was amilten with the charms of the pretty young miss, and

tomshawk.

Just like the story in the dime novels, big brave fell in love with her when she was thirteen, and coolly announced himself as her future husband. She refused the proffered but doubtful honor, and then a process of coercion was tried. It was, to say the least, annoying at first, but it gradually incressed to such little persuasive means as gashing her with a knife, she now bearing no less than sixteen wounds on her person. She still remained obdurate, and from then on to her rescus she was treated as kindly as possible, but always kept under the strictest surveil-lance. When she had been rescued the young lady was taken to her former home, only to find that her step father had been killed by Mexicans on the Rio Grande. Since then she has travelled at ease, being a ward of the Government and well provided for.

Her husband, Dosh Kensington, was born in Colfax, Colerado, and his parents were killed while he was an infant by the Modoc Indians. The child was taken prisoner and passed his life in captivity until he was ten years old, when he was rescued by Colonel Cheatham and placed in the Government school at San Frandsco, where be remained four years. For elxteen years he was in the employ Government, and was with Goneral Custer just previous to the battle with Sitting Ball, but he was sent to Reno with orders just before the massacre and then escaped his memorable tour around the world, but was recalled from London. He was with White Cloud, Big Bear and Golden Eagle, of the Umatilla Tribe, when arranging for the transfer of their reservation to the the transfer of their reservation to the Government. Afterwards he was detailed to look up moonshiners in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, and since then, at various times, has been detailed

Mrs. Kensington is quite pretty and very healthy looking. She has not as much education as is the lot of young ladies of the day, but she evinces an intelligence on current topics that amounts almost to intuitive knowledge. On every point she talks freely except the one relating to her allowance from the Gov ernment, which she refused to divulge, and and this leaves an impression that Uncle Sam has been rather more generous with her than with other wards.

As an illustration of her innocence, when the reporter presented his card she scanned it attentively and naively asked, "What is this for?" and it required the explanation of the other ladies present to let her know of it use. They evidently don't use cards much in the far West.

LOVE OF THE SACRED HEART.

The world has never witnessed such love as the love of the Sacrad Heart for fallen man The tenderest, fondest earthly love fade away and becomes as nothing in compari-son with the love of Jesus. It combines in itself the love of the most devoted friend, of the most affectionate brother, of the lover for his beloved, of the mother for her darling son. Every form of love is united in the yearning love of the Sacred Heart of Leys. Heart of Jesus.

There never was a love so patient, so

much enduring as the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It puts up with neglect, coldness, nay, even outrage and insult. Auy earthly friend or lover, nay, even the fond mother, would long ago have been repeiled by such treatment as He receives from ungrateful man. But not at Jesus. Can a woman forget her infant, He asks so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? Even if she should forget, yet will I not forget thee.

The love of Jesus is a love which shows

Itself in deeds. He delights to pour out the treasures of His mercy on men, even on the ungrateful and on His enemies, and how much more on those who return him love for love? For then there is no end to His gifts of love. Every day, every hour, some fresh favor and benefit, and all these only preliminary to the eternal reward He has perpared for them in heaven. How generous He has been to me, and what have I been in return?

WHAT A CONVERT SAYS.

As Thursday is the feast of the Blessed Virgin's Assumption, we relate in honor of it this anecdote which come to us only Not many months ago, the Rev. Luke

Rivington, M. A. a clergyman of the established Church in England, became a convert. Since his profession of faith as a Catholic, he has devoted himself to literate a Catholic, he has devoted himself to litter-ary work, and has produced two or three books of his own and edited several others. Among his own writings is a volume just from the press. It is called; "Dependence; or, the Insecurity of the Anglican Position." It is a reply to the attacks made by his former friends on his book on "Authority," which states the claims of the Holy See to the obedience of all followers of Christ. It recalls New. all followers of Christ. It recalls Lacomber, a full-blooded American girl, and her father was killed by the Indians ness of its personal explanations. One when she was about two years old. Her passage is so remarkable that we quote it in the writer's own words:

in the writer's own words:

"Years ago I began to ask our Lady's intercession, and shortly after I went up to see Cardinal Newman to be received. But I was diverted from my purpose. That grace was lost to me through giving in to the temptation to wait. I was dismaded from all invocation of the saints by three most trusted divines in the Church of England. In 1887.8, however, I read again on the subject, and in the end of January, 1888, I came to the conclusion that in repudiating the Invocation of the 1888, I came to the conciusion that in repudiating the Invocation of the Saints we had denied an article of faith. East and West—I mean the schismatic East, as well as the Church in communion with Rome—were as one on this point. * * * * *
Certain it is that in all her Liturgies and authorized prayers, the Eastern schism holds fast to the doctrine of the Invoca tion of Saints. And yet I had been silent to the saints for years. I had not spoken to our Lady for at least seventeen years. I held that no honest member of the Anglican Church could invoke her sid. I knew that Dr. Prussey said that "we" should not object to the "Ave Maria" or should not object to the "Ave Maria" or "Ora pro nobis" in itself. But, are matter The lady's story of her life among the Indians is even more dramatic than her capture. She tells of their marauding expedition, and graphically describes the tornahawk.

"Ora pro nobis" in itself. But, as matter of fact, he discouraged its use, and I did the same. It became clear to me, however, that it was wrong, and on the Feast of her Purification I knelt down and ontreach the aid of her intercession in the matter of allegiance to the Holy See. this matter of allegiance to the Holy See. I entreated her to win for me, by her glorious intercession, light and courage or I knew that if I read things one way should need conrage to act on my con viction. I rose from my knees with both. The light which our Lord then gave me was too clear to make extraordinary courage needful, or rather it was that light which, coming straight from Him, is accompanied by the warmth of divine love, and to love, nothing is diffi-

> Think of this Protestant clergyman kneeling down to seek the intercession of the Mother of Jesus to obtain from her Divine Son light and courage for him, and rising from his knees with both! It is a e riking proof of the efficacy of her prayers to God.

to God.

And you, Protestant fitlends, who feel disposed to become Catholics but post pone the day of your conversion, take warning by Mr. Rivington's loss of grace that kept him out of the Church for years and probably nearly cost him his soul's salvation. Don't hesitate or prosections, if you are convinced that you crastinate, if you are convinced that you have seen the truth, for delays are dan gerous - Catholic Columbian,

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"HOW A SCHOOLMASTER for one BECAME COPY in CO Address-JAMES P. TAYLOR, Lindsay, Ontario.

"My gun? ob, it will soon be found," said the priest as he hurried out. It was pitch dark, but he looked young and strong as he started on his mission of charity.

In a small back room of the presbytery lay the priest's mother, infirm and aged. She turned to the housekeeper when she entered the room, and said, "I feel so miserable I think something dreadful must be about the housekeeper."

must be about to happen."
"Yes," said the housekeeper, "and his reverence was so strange just now, I was quite surprised. He must be going on an unsual expedition."

"Very likely there is some poor sou

"Very likely there is some poor sou for him to help home from among the Russian schismatics," replied the priest's mother. "You know how cruelly they persecute us Catholics. If you have fin ished your work, we will say the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary for my son."

In the meanwhile, the priest penetrated into the dark forest, where he got into a contract that was awaiting him to a place. carriage that was swatting him in a place of concealment. After a drive of about five miles, they stopped at the entrance of a large house, which was in the vicinity of a village of some importance. The priest entered, and was escorted into a large, well-lighted room, where the windows were carefully closed, and covered with curtains.

An impressive scene was before him.

All the requisites for baptism were pre-pared. The father, brothers and sisters of the new born infant knelt devoutly in prayer. The priest at once quietly ful-filled the functions of his holy office, then gave his blessing to the mother and turned to go. "A thousand thanks, Reverend Father,"

whispered the gentleman, who was, apparently, a Russian of high rank; "you have rendered me an inestimable service. "Ab," said the priest, "if only we are not betrayed." "There is no fear," answered the Russian, 'Ivan has taken a solemn oath of secrecy, and the night is very dark. But you. Father, I beseech you to keep my confidence. You know my position is at

connecte. You know my position is at stake as well as my livelihood. If the Government were to find out that I am a Catholic, I should be terribly punished. I implore you to keep silence; remember my six children." "I promise you never to speak of it," said the priest; "It is a matter of course that I should be slient, under every pos

sible circumstance. I give you my word as a priest." as a priest."

A quarter of an hour later the vehicle
is conveying the priest back through the
darkness. There seems to be a weight
upon his mind. He prays earnestly. He murmurs to himself again and sgaiz, 'Prsy, that thou mayest overcome.' Why does he gaze more devoutly than ever at his crucifix and repeat those words, "If thou wilt be My disciple, renounce thyself—even to the

things for My sake—I will be thy re-ward." What prevision of sorrow weighs upon him? Then he takes out his rosary and says it with great ferror.

At last the conveyance stops near the outskirts of the wood. Father Koby-

shame and poverty of the Cross-leave all

lowitz gets out : Ivan bows respectfully and returns home.

The priest passed stealthily through the village and reached his own house unnoticed; but the housekeeper rushed to meet him and with tears in her eyes exclaimed, "Oh, Father, they have been waiting for you so long! The overseer Pietrow has been found, shot dead

"My nephew?" cried the priest in "Yes, your niece's husband," she an-ewered, "he has been murdered. Already the organist has been here at least six times, with some of the neighbors, but I solemnly declared you were absent."

"Did Pietrow live long ?" "No, he was dead when they found "Merciful God! Now you must leave me quiet," said the priest, as he went up

It was one o'clock in the morning ere the blessed repose of sleep came to him. One short hour had scarcely passed away when he was roughly awakened by a Russian police official and two Cossacks, who stood by the bedside. "Get up, immediately," said the official; "you are under arrest."

It took little time to make Father Kobylowitz understand that he was sus pected of the murder. His gun, still blackened with powder, had been found in the acristy. The fatal bullet was gone. He could neither deny, nor explain it. "How was it that your gun was in the

church? How was it removed from your room? Who took it? Who fired it off?" To all these questions the priest could but give but one answer, "I do not Such an answer as this did not do him much good. Each one had his own theory

about the murder of Pietrow. At his examination the priest asked, "Who has examination the priest asked, thrown suspicion on me? Who found the gun? Who lodged information against me?' There was no reply, so be continued: "An idea has presented theif to me as to the culptt, but I diemiss the thought from my mind, lest I should bring a poor creature into the utmost misery. I dare not think of it—It would be too horrible!"

The efficial rose and cried in a loud, authoritive voice, 'Sir priest, confess that it was you who shot the peasant Pietrow.'
The priest looked up and said in a calm voice, "God knows I have not committed the deed. I know nothing about it. I am innocent."

"But," continued the official, "had you not quarreled with your neice's hueband, the murdered man?"