

WHERE ST. PATRICK LANDED

A Visit to the Sacred Spot.

The Legends Connected With it and the Scenery Described.

As we went along these pleasant roads, I found myself wondering if St. Patrick was fond of gathering the flowers that grow under the hedge-rows in such abundance—had he his favorite walk—whichever view of the Quille or the Lough did he love most to gaze on? As he retraced his way from Saul to Rahope, where yet stand the remains of the church of that holy Bishop Tassach, to whom was given the privilege of assisting at the last hours of St. Patrick's life and administering the last Sacraments to him. Here, by the roadside, is a spot that should be held very dear to all; and yet, owing to what was once a river having been drained away until it dwindled down to a little stream, even the name of the stream was lost, until accidentally discovered by Mr. Hanna, a noted authority upon the antiquities of the locality. In a pretty nook not very far from Rahope, we came upon an old water-mill, its wheel broken; its out-lets dismantled; its little water-course almost choked by wild flowers; the grey bank beside it luxuriant with these beautiful umbrellas like leaves that make such banks always picturesque. In olden times the streamlet that flows under the mill-wheel was a river—the Inver Slane or Slaney—and it was up this water course and past this very spot that Patrick sailed until he came near to the hill where Diogo looked out and saw the strange barges upon the Slaney. Probably the Slane and his followers landed near where this little mill stands now, and probably, too, he often embarked here to sail in his coracle amongst the islands of the Lough, for in those days the sea came much further inland than it does now. As time went on and land was drained and barriers built to keep out the tide, the Slaney ceased to be a river; it dwindled slowly to a little brook, the very name of which was so long forgotten that even the good woman who lives beside it cannot now give a single tradition connected with the spot, while so many memories of the surrounding districts

HAVE SURVIVED.

On a hillock or rather near the road, to the east of Saul, and about a mile and a half distant from the latter, is the little church of Bahope or Rath-ocpa, which, small as it is, was a Bishop's church in St. Patrick's time. The building is 33ft. long, 21ft. 4in. wide, the east window facing inward; there are some curiously large stones in the walls, and the slender and hawthorn—without which I have rarely seen the old churches—beautify the ruin with their luxuriant branches. What is known of Bishop Tassach, who lived here, and who was "one of the family of Patrick of prayers," shows us that in those days a nobleman was not above adding to his privileges and powers by the acquisition of handicraft. Tassach was a noble; he was also a skilled artificer "of great endowment," a worker in gold and other metals, and it was he who covered with gold and adorned with precious gems the sacred Baculus Jesu, or Staff of Jesus, which was the principal pastoral staff of St. Patrick, and was then, and as during many subsequent ages, venerated as having been used by Christ Himself when on earth. There were many traditions connected with this staff. It is said that while St. Patrick was in his country he spent a time on an island in the Touraine sea, and that part of the ocean which bounds the Touraine. In the island Patrick found a hermit from the East who was in possession of this staff, which was a relic of our Lord's life among men; an angel had prepared the hermit for Patrick's visit, and had inspired him to transmit the staff to the missionary, Patrick, by whom it was sacredly kept throughout his life. In his lectures, Professor O'Curry translates a very curious tradition of the "Baculus Jesu," or

STAFF OF JESUS:

"Patrick took leave of German (his tutor) then, and he gave him his blessing; and there went with him a trusty squire from German to take care of him and to testify to him; Segettus was his name, and a knight in orders, and it was he that performed the offices of the Church under German. Patrick went then upon the staff on an island, where he saw a new house and a young couple in it; and he saw a withered old woman at the door of the house by their side. "What has happened the bag?" said Patrick, "great is her disability." The young man answered: "This is what he said: 'She is a grand-daughter of mine,' said the young man; 'even the mother,' said he, 'O Uleric, of that daughter, whom you see, she is more debilitated again.' 'In what way did that happen?' said Patrick. 'It is not difficult to tell it,' said the young man. 'We are here since the time of Christ. He happened to visit us when He was among men here; and we made a feast for Him. He blessed our house, and he blessed ourselves, and the blessing did not reach our children; we shall be without age, without decay here to the Judgment (day); and it is a long time since they coming was fettered us,' said the young man; 'and God left us (infirmity) that then wouldst go to preach to the Gaedhill; and He left a token with us—namely, a bent staff, to be given to thee.' 'I shall not receive it,' said Patrick, 'until He Himself gives me His staff.' Patrick stayed three days and nights with them; and he went then to Mount Hermon, in the neighborhood of the island; and the Lord appeared to him there, and said to him to come and preach to the Gaedhill, and that He would give him the Staff of Jesus; and He said that it would be a deliverer to him in the hour of danger and in every unequal contest in which he should be."

AFTER ST. PATRICK'S DEATH

The Staff was held in great veneration and preserved amongst the insignia of the See of Armagh as a most sacred relic, the possession of which, it was believed by the people, gave its holder the right to the Primacy. During successive generations it is mentioned, always with veneration, by St. Bernard and the other writers, and most frequently as the "Staff of Jesus." In the twelfth century—1180—it was removed to Christ Church, Dublin, where it was preserved with the same devotion for nearly four hundred years longer, and there is yet in Westminster Abbey a record stating that in the year 1599 "Sir Gerald Masseyne, Knight, was sworn upon the Helle Masseyne and the great relic of Erlonde, called Baculus Christi, in the presence of Kyng's Deputie, Chancellor, Treasurer, and Justice." (Dr. Todd's Introduction to the Book of Obits and Martyrology of Christ Church, Dublin.) Some years subsequent to this, in 1537, in the reign of Henry VIII., by order of Bishop Brown, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, this ancient relic was burned ably in Dublin. The annals tell of the wholesale destruction of churches, abbeys, statues and relics of this time, and particularly mention the Staff of Jesus. "They also broke and burned the celebrated images, shrines, and the relics of

the saints of Ireland and England. They also burned, after that, the image of the illustrious Virgin Mary, which was of Athrum (Trim), in Meath, which wrought wonders and miracles, and healed the blind, the deaf, the lame, and persons afflicted with various diseases; also the Staff of Jems, which was in Dublin, and wrought miracles from the time of St. Patrick to that period, and had been in the hands of Christ when He was among men." In place of turning back to Downpatrick or to the holy wells of Struall—full of interest as they are—we will continue on, by the fields and lanes, under the trees, in the valley and out in the broad sunshine and

SWIFT AIR OF THE HILLS,

until, from the top of the old Norman tower of Welohestown Castle, we get a fair view out over Strangford Lough and its many islands, each one like a gem set in the sparkling waters that ripple and glow in the gold of the evening sun. Just here the islands are a perfect net work, numerous enough, although many must have sunk since St. Patrick counted them as 365. Still they are numerous enough to make the telling of their legends more than I can do. Two of them were related to me as I looked out over the Lough from the old ivy-mantled tower—not so far from the mouth of the Quille but that of Saul Abbey lies under the water. For it happened once that, hearing the plunderers were on their way to despoil the Abbey and rob the monastery, the monks of the Abbey threw their bell into the Quille to save it from the marauders; and ever since the old inhabitants of Leale—those descended from the people of those early days—from time to time the bell ringing from beneath the waters; then they know that sorrow is at hand for them, or for someone belonging to them. But if, at the same time, they hear the sound of St. Meohay's bell from Island Mahee, they are consoled, for St. Meohay's bell never rings but for joy to its hearers, who then know well that out of the coming tribulation, patiently borne, will spring some happiness tenfold greater than the sorrow that preceded it. This bell of St. Meohay is in like manner buried in Strangford Lough, by Island Mahee, or Isle Moahal, some nine miles to the north. A curious island, or sort of twin isle, one of which is like an ancient lie or fert, where—says a tradition—Nial kept his nine hostages. It was here that St. Patrick placed, as Bishop and Abbot, one of his first and dearest disciples, Caolan, the grandson of Milchu, whose slave the boy Patrick had been.

Not long after his coming to Saul, as the Saint was journeying towards the north, he happened to pass by a place where he saw a youth of tender years herding swine, as he himself had done in his boyhood. Drawn towards the youth, Patrick spoke to him and quickly won his love, and awoke in him the desire to become a Christian.

HE LEARNED SO QUICKLY

says the tradition, that only a miracle could accomplish such a wonder, and, before continuing his journey, St. Patrick baptized and ordained the youth, giving him a copy of the Gospels. This youth was Caolan, the grandson of Milchu, with whom St. Patrick had been in captivity. Soon afterwards the Apostle placed Caolan over the island, which has ever since borne his name, of which Mahee is a corruption. In those early times there was much love and simplicity amongst Christians, and frequently to a Saint's name the word Mo (my) was prefixed as a term of reverential affection. Thus amongst his own disciples the young and saintly Abbot was Mo-Caolan, who was gradually shortened to Meohay, and finally became Mahee. St. Meohay was a youth of such exceeding purity and sanctity of heart that angels loved to walk in his footsteps, to speak with him, and to admire his diligence in all things. One day, along with others from his monastery, the abbot went to the woods to cut wattle for the building of a church. Long before the other monks had finished their work, Meohay's task was done, and he knelt upon the green sward to pray, when he heard a delightful bird singing in a hawthorn tree near at hand. And, having sung a while, the bird said: "Thine is diligent work, O Meohal. "It is so required of us in the service of God," answered the saint. "Who is speaking to me?" asked Meohal. "An angel of God," replied the bird, "and I am here to amuse thee the while." "Ab, I like that well," said Meohal, and he leaned upon the hawthorn tree and listened while the bright bird sang three melodies "of the harmony of faith, of the harmony of hope, and of the harmony of the love of God, and each melody lasted but twenty minutes, as it seemed to the saint. Then, when the bird ceased, Meohal took his burden home to the monastery, but no man there knew him; he repaired to the church to pray, and there he found an oratory which had been erected one hundred and fifty years before his own memory. For the melodies sung by the heavenly bird had lasted, each one fifty years.

In Hymen's Bonds.

The marriage of Mr. Marcus P. Kelly, stereographer of the Canadian Pacific railway, West Farnham, and Miss Sarah Scullion, daughter of Mr. James Scullion, took place at St. Patrick's church on Tuesday morning, Rev. Father Dowd officiating. The bride, who was attired in a neat fitting grey suit, looking handsome, as she proceeded, leaning on the arm of her father, to the altar rail. After the ceremony the friends of the happy pair gathered at the residence of the bride's father on Anderson street, where they partook of a sumptuous repast. The presents, which were numerous, were both costly and useful. Among the many donors may be mentioned R. V. Sister St. Aloysius, superior of St. Patrick's academy, who has always been a constant and intimate friend of the bride. The happy couple left at 9 a.m. by the Canadian Pacific railway on a tour of the States, accompanied by the best wishes of their numerous friends for their future happiness and prosperity.

How He Was Punished.

A very melancholy case illustrating the evil effects of the abuse of liquor came under the notice of the police on Thursday last in Montreal. A man, apparently about forty years of age, named Charles Guilmond, became intoxicated, and was placed in the cells at the Central station about 3 o'clock to recover from the effects of his indulgence. He was detained there until about 7 o'clock, when he was adjudged sober enough to be allowed to go home. When he arrived there he found his wife in tears, his youngest child, a bright boy of ten years, having died during his absence.

YOUTHS DEPARTMENT.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

The Japanese books begin where ours end, the word files coming where we put the title page; the foot notes are printed at the top of the page and the reader puts in his marker at the bottom. In Japan men make themselves merry with wine before dinner, not after; the sweets precede the dinner. A Japanese mounts his horse on the right side instead of on the left. The mane of the animal hangs on the left side instead of on the right; the horse stands in the stable with his head where his tail ought to be. Boats are hauled upon the beaches stern first. The Japanese saw and plane towards them instead of away from them. Keys turn in instead of out. The best rooms of a Japanese house are always at the back and architects, when building, begin with the roof.

ANTS AND THEIR DOINGS.

A gentleman in the Island of St. Croix instituted several experiments with reference to ascertaining the truth of what he had often been told, of the legendary and apparent reasonings of the ants that beautiful island. Having slain a centipede which had been sent him by a friend, he laid it on the window-stool within his apartment, where, though not a single individual of that mischievous race of vermin had been seen, to his great gratification, in the course of a few hours, one solitary ant suddenly made its appearance through a crevice in the casing, attracted, probably, by the odor of the dead body. Shortly after, having surveyed the premises, it disappeared, but speedily returned with a host of companions, to whom the discovery of a prize had unquestionably been communicated; a more careful survey of the magnitude of the object was evidently instituted. The whole company then disappeared simultaneously through the crack; but an army was put in requisition, for the third appearance was a multitude. Having mounted the carcass, examined minutely its exact position, and satisfied themselves that it was actually being incurred from their premeditated operations, a new and unlocked for series of labors was commenced, bearing such a striking analogy to human reason, as manifested in what is commonly called "contrivance," that if there is no intelligence in it—why, the metaphysicians have in reservation an unexplored field of observation. Not being able to move the mass entire, they divided themselves into platoons, and out the body into portions of about half an inch in length, which was effectually and skillfully done between a late hour in the afternoon and the following night, and each piece transported to their ottelad, through some contiguous aperture of sufficient diameter to allow the loads to pass. When the observer arose at daylight, every part had been carried away but the head, which was really moving off toward the hole, surrounded by an immense concourse of admiring spectators, probably on the qui vive, happy in the delightful anticipation of future feasts and revellings. On further scrutiny, he found that the decapitated head was mounted on the backs of about a dozen bearers, who, like a Roman phalanx with a tæsto upon their shoulders, were marching off in an orderly manner toward the same office through which all the rest had disappeared.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

This Great Pyramid is about twelve miles from Cairo and seven from the banks of the Nile. Exactly when or for what purpose the Pyramids were built is not known. The supposed date of the erection of the Great Pyramid is about twenty-two hundred years B.C., although some Egyptologists place the date as far back as six thousand years B.C. The reasoning of these scholars is too abstract to be looked upon here. Some even say it was erected through supernatural aid. In the first place, you must know that the base of the Great Pyramid covers, or rather did cover when built, an area of thirteen acres! Try to imagine that tract of land to start with. Those of you who live in the country upon farms can readily be shown how much ground surface there is in thirteen acres—nearly one-third the area of the famous Boston Common. The Pyramid was 760 feet in height—over three times as high as Bunker Hill monument. It's pretty hard work climbing the pyramids of Egypt, and some men not a little dangerous. The natives "boast" and pull the travelers up the great rocky steps, and stories have been told of how the former, after getting a tourist pretty high up in the air, have threatened to leave him there if he didn't pay handsomely for the privilege of being pulled down again. Near the Great Pyramid is the famous Sphinx. It is a small thing compared to the Pyramid, although in some of the pictures the Sphinx looks about half as large as the Pyramid itself. In reality the figure of the Sphinx is only about fifty feet in height.

LOST AND FOUND.

He was such a little fellow, not yet five years old, though speaking, very plainly. His people were strangers in the large town where his father's business had called him. Naturally, in the confusion of moving and setting things to rights, Willie was neglected, and he grew very lonely indeed, not knowing any boys with whom he could play. There was a scollard dog next door, to be sure, owning the merry name of Panch; but a dog is not as satisfactory a playmate as a boy.

Panch was a pug, and he had a saucy black nose, and the funniest quirk in the end of his tail that a dog ever had, I do believe. He and Willie became great friends, and they would take little strolls together, although the boy was careful never to lose sight of the house. But one day, when his mother was very busy putting up the parlor curtains, and a circus procession was passing, the companions strayed farther than usual. All at once Willie found the buildings growing unfamiliar, and the farther he walked the stranger they became. It was getting late. "Oh, dear, where am I?" he sighed, "what shall I do? I am lost!" To add to his fright, Panch had suddenly disappeared. "Now," thought the wise little fellow, "there's no use in crying. I'll just stop in this grocery store and ask the way."

Mr. Brown was weighing sugar. "Please, sir," said a faint voice, "I'm lost." "Lost, are you, my lad?" answered Mr. Brown, kindly. "Well, we'll have to find you. What's your name?" "Willie." "Ask what his father's name is," suggested a tall man standing by. "What do folks call your father?" "Why mamma calls him my dear, and grandmamma calls him 'Thomas.'" By this time quite a crowd had gathered. "What street do you live on?" was the next inquiry. "I don't know." "We've only lived in this place a little while." "I have it!" said good-hearted Jack, the delivery clerk. (His name was John Higgins, but everyone called him Jack.) "He must have playmates. We can find out where he lives in that way. With whom do you play, little boy?" "I play with Panch, and he has runned back home."

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"Panch what. What's his other name?" "I don't think he has any," said Willie. Light on the identity of the small wanderer was not coming very fast. He was bravely trying not to cry. Something must be done. "Look here, sonny," said Jack, with sudden inspiration. "Don't you know some big building up your way?" "Yes," replied Willie, thinking hard. "There's a big church across the street." "Well, now try and remember something else about it." "There's a nice image of a lady on it, over the front door." "Does she wear a blue cloak?" "Yer, I'm sure it's blue." "And what's on her head?" "What queens wear in the picture books," answered Willie. "It's St. Mary's Church he means," announced Jack triumphantly. "Let me lift you into the delivery wagon, young man, and I'll have you home in a twinkling. You're a good mile from here now."

Jack had long possessed the desire to be a missionary. This was a favorable chance to begin; so he told Willie of the Blessed Lady whose image was over the church door, and how grateful he should be to her through whose help, he firmly believed, the little fellow was brought home again. The frightened mother was wild with alarm, and neighbors were trying to console her. "Hello, mamma!" cried Willie. "And hello, Panch! I got lost, and perhaps I'd stayed losted if I hadn't told about that Lady's image across the street." Willie is a big boy now, but he still loves the Lady of whom Jack taught him that pleasant day so long ago when he was "losted." Panch is old and feeble; and as to Jack he is still teaching the heathen, being a missionary now, far away on "India's coral strand."—Ave Maria.

OBITUARY.

The Irish Canadian notes the deaths of three respected Irish citizens of Toronto and vicinity. Patrick O'Neill breathed his last at the extraordinary age of 108 years. The venerable patriarch was a native of Kilbrus, Ulster, and was a man well known in years when O'Connell struck down Ascendancy in the gallant county. At the age of 50 he emigrated to this country and settled in Toronto, then "Little York." For some years Mr. O'Neill's sight had failed him, but otherwise he was well preserved constitutionally for one of his great age. Denis Nolan was born at Nenagh in the County of Tipperary, in 1817, and at the age of 23 came to Canada. Making Toronto his adopted home, he resided here till his death. For fifty years he watched the progress of this city and contributed his share in building up its prosperity. He was the father of a large family of sons and daughters. The third death recorded is that of Daniel Small at the advanced age of 98 years. Mr. Small was among the first settlers that cast their lot in the then wilds of Adajala township, and carved out a home for himself and children near the spot where he breathed his last. A warm-hearted Irishman from "Tyronne among the bushes," ever ready to lend a helping hand to the poor and needy, Mr. Small made friends wherever he made acquaintances, and died without an enemy.

A FEARFUL CRIME.

A Frenzied Father Kills His Children to Save Them From Evil Cousins.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., September 17.—A terrible tragedy occurred here to-night and there is great excitement. A mob of several hundred people surrounded the house where the bodies of three dead persons partially stated the extent of the crime. Fred. H. J. Helme, aged 45 years, a cooper in the employ of the Eldridge Brewing Company, has a family of three daughters, the eldest, Carrie, aged 15 years, keeping house for him, his wife, who, it is said, was unfaithful, having left him several months ago. Since she left it is reported the girl Carrie has become wayward. Helme's trouble preyed upon his mind until he resolved to end the matter and remove from temptation the three female members of his household. Two of them and the murderer himself lie dead in his home, while at the hospital the third daughter lies dying with a bullet in her neck and at his home Chas. W. Taylor, a well known hardware merchant, whose name has been connected with that of Mrs. Helme, lies with two bullet holes in his back. Before the discovery of Helme's dead body officers and citizens were scouring the city in search of him, and had he fallen into the hands of the mob he would have been lynched. The story of the murder is as follows: Charles W. Taylor, while entering his residence, about 7:30 to-night, was rushed upon by the murderer, who fired two shots, both of which took effect in the small of his back. He is still alive, but will hardly live. Shortly before 8 o'clock people in the vicinity of Helme's house heard five pistol shots fired in rapid succession, and Maud, the 13-year-old daughter, ran out of the house and down the street. She proceeded but a short distance when she fell, saying, "Father has shot me." The girl was taken to the hospital, where she now lies in a critical condition. Three shots were fired at her, all taking effect. The lower part of Helme's house was the scene of a murderer's most horrid work, and it shows evidence of a desperate struggle. The kitchen was covered with blood and everything was in great disorder. Just outside the back door of the house lay two bodies, Carrie, the eldest girl, lay with her face covered with blood, the bullet having entered the left side of the face, passing upward toward the brain. Data resulted instantly. Across her prostrate form lay Batha, the youngest daughter. When found she was unconscious and expired in fifteen minutes. The bullet that caused her death entered her head just behind the left ear. In the front chamber was found the dead body of Helme on the floor. A bullet had passed through his head from the revolver which lay at his side.

Return of Mr. Labella.

St. Jerome, Que., September 18.—The demonstration organized by the citizens of St. Jerome to-day, sided by the clergy of the entire northern country, in honor of Mr.

Labella's safe return from his European tour, was assuredly an equalized success. The fête was intended by some of its lay promoters to be a political reception to the Hon. Mr. Merle, but this seems to have been completely spoiled, as the Premier of Quebec did not put in an appearance and, in fact, the course of St. Jerome was flanked by leading Conservatives, and was accompanied from Montreal by Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Messrs. Nantel, M.P.P., Bergeron and Therien, M. P.P.; Ald. J. M. Dufresne and Rolland, O. A. Dussereau, Mr. Corneller, Q.C.; John Black, at St. John's; Mr. Demers, of L'Esperance; Mr. L. L. St. Pierre, and others of the same political stripe. St. Jerome had been placed in holiday attire by an energetic committee headed by the Mayor. Arriving at the depot the reverend cure was received in a most enthusiastic manner by thousands of his parishioners assembled to welcome their esteemed pastor home from the Eternal City. Cheers were given for the monsignor and repeated again and again for the Hon. Mr. Chapleau. When the parish church was reached a Te Deum was sung, after which an address was read to the citizens of the town of St. Jerome. The monsignor replied from the door of his presbytery, but made no allusion to the division of the diocese. The secretary of State followed and delivered an oration from his constituents.

The Ontario Government.

The Provincial administration in Ontario has been rearranged and now stands as follows:—Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier and Attorney-General; Hon. C. F. Fraser, Commissioner of Public Works; Hon. A. S. Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Hon. J. M. Gibson, Provincial Secretary; Hon. Richard Harcourt, Provincial Treasurer; Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. E. H. Bronson, Minister without portfolio.

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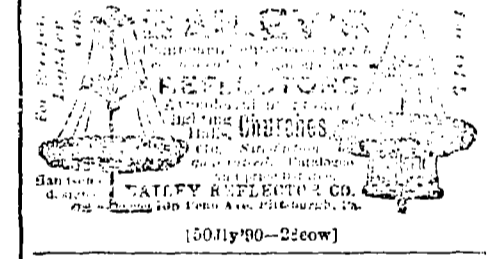
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