CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

APRIL 20, 1895

Japanese Lullaby.

sh

ne

ver

hat

eat

ald

ade

the

ver

per-

e to and

ness

ung

rish-

med

artin

as a holic

ding

giou

that

Mar-

rible

e be

heart Mat-

nce in

f poor

thou

. thou

poor

nheed

aving

ghting

d after

arnest

k evil.

rusade

athered

oolroom

Mathew

temper-

he pro-

nly one

truction

ting, it

od, and

e could has any

My dear

e them,

neither

nuch re

I have

ere is no

n by any lvise you

I will be

the book

ther Mat-

e goes in

ed as fol

athew, C.

mperance

as immor-flected un-

his birth. ad begun

i the total 00 people,

that fully

lled in the

ere closed.

ew's great he himself

well as by

erican gen

hat, on be

necessarily

ger, he re-

men where

hope '

con

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings -Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes : Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging. Swinging the nest where the little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star— Silvery star with a tinkling song ; To the soft dew falling I hear it calling-Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes-Little gold moonbeam with misty wings; All silently creeping, it asks : " Is he sleep

ing-Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob of the waves that are breaking upon the

shore. As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning – Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep. little pigeon, and fold your wings-Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes : Am I not singing ? See I am swinging – Swinging the nest where my darling lies. -Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

A PAIR OF FRIENDS.

And the Way Mary's Memory was Kept Green.

BY MATT CRIM.

Timothy Blake had just moved into one of the garret rooms in a tenement house on Seventh avenue. It had been a private residence at one time but when the tide of fashion and prosperity turned its way uptown, the old home had been cut into small rooms, and squalor and dirt replaced artistic comfort and ease. While he had his wife Mary with him Timothy wanted better quarters, but after her death anything seemed good enough for him. He had, however, a still stronger motive for economy. He had set his heart on saving enough money, not only to provide for his own las days and give him burial in consecrated ground, but also to erect a mon-

ument over Mary's grave. "For if I do say it messlf, she must 'a been as near like the Blessed Virgin as mortal woman could be," he declared over and over again. "She would take the very petticoat from her back to give to them that was more needy ; an' many's the time did I know her to fast that the hungry might be fed. Oh, she was a saint, me Mary, a saint as the sufferin' knew, an' as I knew meself. Twice since Mary's death he had

saved and pinched and denied himself until he had saved enough for the monument, but each time the money had gone for other purposes: Once he had kept a fellow-laborer's family from starvation while the poor man lay ill in a hospital, and once he had rescued and sent home a boy who had grown weary of his vagabond career. 'Just be patient, Mary, me darlint, the monument will surely come," he s when parting from his last dollar. he said,

He often talked to her when smok-ing his pipe in the evening, fancying that she hovered about him in angelic glory.

It was in the autumn that Timothy moved into his new quarters. He felt quite happy, for his savings had again accumulated. He could go out any time and order the monument, and was only waiting for an idle day to come.

For a week or more he failed to meet any of his new neighbors except some dirty, healthy-looking children playing on the stairs. But occasionally in the evening he could hear movements in the room adjoining his, and a faint, hacking cough. That cough distressed Timothy. It was unobtrusive yet per-He fancied that he heard it sistent. all hours of the night, and in the early morning it teased its poor victim piti-

Timothy.

started out with his pockets filled with "And mine are lonely, too." And then the two old men looked at manuscripts. To recount all his experiences, as he each other, and from that moment dated their friendship. Mutual lone-liness had a great deal to do with went from door to door with his wares, would be foolish. At some places he met only beautiful courtesy, at others bringing them together. Timothy gibes and jeers. It was rather ridicudiscovered that his new friend was very, very poor, and also very proud— sensitively proud. He had been ill lous to think of a great, hulking Irish laborer hawking verses about for sale ; dainty, romantic verses, written in a and out of employment for months. fashion of the past. But I shall be ready for work again

very soon now-very soon," he said, cheerfully. "I'm only taking a little time to build my strength up. Some-how the weather seems colder than usual this year." " Faith an' so it does," the old Irish-

man agreed. He set his wits to work, and it was man.

quite wonderful how he managed to help his neighbor without wounding his pride. But after all the schemes

were very simple. "I'll be your friend some day," Mr. Silvestre remarked one evening, with

a slight tremor in his voice. "Sure, sir, an' it's me friend you are now. It would do me Mary's heart

good to see us." They were sitting at the little table in Mr. Silvestre's room, with tea and toast and an oyster stew steam-ing before them. A bright fire roared glow, while down upon the roof and against the window beat the wind and sleet of a winter storm. It was not unusual for them to indulge in a little sober mirth over the evening meal. Mr. Silvestre drank his tea with relish.

down town to-morrow."

"Not while it's stormin', sir : you musn't go while it's stormin'. Don't you hear the sleet fallin?" — — to think that I am to appear in print you hear the sleet fallin?" He had to lean back in his chair and

smother a fit of coughing even while Timothy was talking. Red fever spots flushed his hollow cheeks, beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

"But I am pretty well ; don't you think I am pretty well, Timothy?" he said, as soon as he could get his breath

aga'n. "Sure, sir, an' you're gettin' fat," lied Timothy, gulping down some ob-struction in his own throat ; "but you must get a heartier appetite."

" Oh, I shall just as soon as I can get out more. I stay in the house too much. I think I must read you a little poem, Timothy. It came into my mind to-day while looking over some old letters.

" Poetry, sir? Sure an' do ye write poetry ?' 'Now and then," he said, modestly.

"We'll clear away the dishes, and then while you are smoking I'll read it to you.

Presently they sat by the stove, and

Mr. Sylvestre brought out the poem. It was simply about "A Lock of Henrietta'sHair,"the verses moving smooth ly along to a pathetic close. Timothy listened with his rough gray head bent wisely to one side, and at the close of the reading burst into high praise.

"It's enough to make one weep, sure an' it is. I know me Mary would cry her eyes out if she could hear it. She loved poetry, and she was that tender-hearted ! An' where is Henriette? Is she gone too?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sylvestre, softly-'yes, she is gone, too ?" He smoothed out the paper. "She went forty years ago-forty to-day."

He sat gazing silently down to the floor for a few minutes and then he began talking of the love of his youth. Timothy forgot to finish his pipe that IN DEFENSE OF CONFESSION.

A Learned English Jesuit Shows Its Reasonableness

On a recent Sunday evening, Father Brown, S. J., in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Liverpool, England, preached a sermon on the confessional that the Catholics of this country will appreciate. Father Brown, who spoke in contra-vention of the injunction of Protestant Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, to "shun

the confassional," took for his text the Finally Timothy went to a young editor who was struggling with a new words : "Whose sins you shall forgive, paper, and asked him to take some of they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained, the rejected poems. "I can publish them, but I can't pay

(St. John, xxi., 23.) Father Brown said he wished that you for them," said the candid young vening to consider how it comes that Christian men who acknowledged the "Well, now, would you be after tellin' me what you would pay if you could ?" the old Irishman inquired. Gospel, who believed that in it we have the Divine Word of our Blessed "Oh, about five dollars apiece, I sup-Lord Himself, who accepted that solemn statement of our Lord as His

what was good and just and holy

society, were beneficial. The very nature and surroundings of the con-

divine origin.

pose." "An' they'll go into the paper, sir ? "Yes, right away. They'll help to fill up space," laughing rather drearown pronouncement : "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained "-could yet say that men had not the power of forgiving

ily." "An' may Hiven forgive me for foolin' the poor gentleman," he mut-tered to himself when he saw his the confessional?" Was it the dictate tered to minet. friend's child-like delight. "Sold Timothy — actually sold" cried Mr. Silvestre, in a trembling tone, his wrinkled, fevered hands car-its origin or in its essential, or evil in its offect. It could not be on account of its origin, because in its origin it of its origin, because in its origin, its origin of its origin, because in its origin its origin of its origin, because in its origin its origin of its origin, because in its origin its origin of its origin, because in its origin its origin of its origin, because in its origin its origin of its origin, because in its origin its origin of its origin, because in its origin its origin of its origin or its origin its origin origin its origin its origin its origin origin its origin its origin its origin its origin origin its origin origin its origin origin its origin its origin its origin origin its origin its origin origin its origin its origin origin its origin origin origin its origin oris origin origin origin origin origin origin origin oris orig

was not and could not be human, their brightness. "Sold fast enough," said Timothy ; must be divine ; nor by reason of the and his face took on a deeper tinge of fact which constituted the essential of red as he thought how the world might be applied. He had to sit down and tion to avoid it and make reparation "I feel quite strong to night, Tim othy. Perhaps I shall be able to go young editor, and the number of

poems he thought he could take. "He must be a generous fellow. at last, that I'm to live by the earnings of my pen !" He started up and held out his hand to Timothy. "I owe it to you. I never can repay your kind-ness ; but I'll not rob you any longer, my friend, my dear friend. Take five doctrine drawn from it.

dollars of this-and-I'll pay you more when it comes." Timothy could not speak for the choking in his throat ; but he laid hold of that outstretched hand, and for a

moment the two old men were not much better than women at concealing their emotion.

It was worth the deception he had practiced to see Mr. Silvestre when his first poem was published. Again he thanked Timothy, and he kept the precious paper by him where he could occasionally glance at the verse column. But when the excitement of realizing that the public at last appreciated him had worn away,

his strength failed again. "It must be the effects of the cold weather. I'm sorry, I thought I'd write a story. Well, well, I must have patience. We'll go to the South when again the south of the south when be a story of the south when when the south of the south of the south when the south of the south of the south when the south of the the south of spring comes, and I shall feel better

oh yes, I shall be quite strong." "That you will, sir," Timothy re plied ; but he smothered a sigh. His His savings were dwindling down, and he wondered what he should do when they were gone.

"Never mind about the monument, Mary, me darlint. I can save more money. But what will happen the poor gentle man if he finds out the trick I'm playin' on him, I don't know.

All one evening the sick man talked and for Timothy's future. "You've labored hard and long. It's time you had a little rest." The next morning he said : "Stay with me to day, Timothy. I want to make some calcula tions as to our expenses when we settle down in the South. I don't think you day through Leo. need to look for work again. 1 know I can earn all that is needed. So the day passed. In the afternoon he woke out of a light sleep, exclaiming: "Spring has come. I smell the vellow jessamine. I see the violets in bloom. We must get ready for our ing: journey. Make haste, Timothy-make

was humiliating-that was the point but reason told us that to have com mitted a sin, there was the shame, there was the wrong. Sin was a re-volt of pride against God and, there-fore, the best atonement was humilia-

tion accompanied with the acknowledgement of one's wrong doing. Therefore reason could not object to confession : the very objection raised was reason for it. In sorrow for offending God, in turning away from evil, in restoring ill-gotten goods, in making reparation to a person for in jury done to him in his person, prop erty, or character, was there anything unreasonable in that or that would lead to the exclamation "Shun the confes sional?" But perhaps it was evil in its effects; perhaps since there were so many that said the confessional was wrong, confession was a bad thing, and there must be something evil in it. Well, some hard thing: were said about the poor Jesuits. The Jesuits must be a bad lot, and why Because everybody says that the Jesuits are bad ; almost every book written about them says they are bad nearly every man you come acros says there is something wrong about the Jesuits.

He (the preacher) remembered not long ago, a gentleman whom he did not know at the time, but who is now one of his best friends, saying his hearing just after Bismarck had brought about the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, "Bismarck has done the best work of his life. He has " Bismarck has lriven the Jesuits out of Germany. He remarked to his friend, how was for it, in which there was nothing but that? "Oh, surely," he said, "every body knows the Jesuits: their teaching nor on account of its effects, which, both is immoral, their doctrine is corrupt upon the individual, the family, and and the very presence of a Jesuit in a very house is contamination." He said to his friend, who was a lawyer, "You say their doctrine is immoral. There fessional proved that it must be of divine origin. The very powers claimed by man as a minister of God are plenty of works written by the Jesuits, there is hardly a library in the to forgive sin was absolutety as clearly world but contains books written by laid down in Scripture as any other Jesuits on all manner of subjects Have you read any of these works?" Strange to say he had not. "I can Having quoted the well known texts bearing on this point (John xx., 21-23), only condemn you on your own ground,' he asked had not our Lord in those solreplied the preacher. "You are a emn words declared that He appointed lawyer, and a point of law is that the ac the Apostles to share in, carry on and perpetuate the great work of redempcused cannot be condemned unless the cause is known. You have not read a tion, and especially that work of mercy of the good High Priest, forgiving the word of their books. You said their teaching is immoral. Have you ever sins of poor humanity? No unpre-judiced mind could draw any other listened to a Jesuit teaching ?" He said he would not go near them, although there was a Jesuit church in the town where he lived. "I can only conclusion from those words. And yet Dr. Ryle says that for three hundred years, the wisest, soundest and most learned divines of the Anglican Church condemn you out of your own mouth pursued the preacher. "You said the very presence of a Jesuit in a house "You said the had denied that that power was to be drawn from those words. Also for contamination. Now I, un worthy as I am of the honor, happen three hundred years, the same wise, sound and learned divines of the Ang-lican Church, told us that the Church to be a Jesuit, and I appeal to my friends at this table, whether they conof Christ was not founded and built on sider my presence a contamination. the rock and that Peter had no special He apologized. From that day to this power or authority, that when our Lord said, "This is My Body, this is My Blood," Fe did not mean that His he is one of the preacher's friends, "Ah !" they would say to people who had been listening to their preaching, Body and Blood were really there ; yet "you don't know the real Jesuit, the man with the dark bright eyes who for this time, aye, for six times three hundred years, had the whole Church wears a black cloak, with villainy in bowed down in humbla faith before his countenance, and treason in these words, reechoing the words of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who wrote in a cate gait. That's the real Jesuit." That was all imagination. So they heard chism for the people of his time (fourth century) "Christ has said, 'This is people talking against the confessional who had never been near a confescentury) "Christ has said, "This is My Body' and who will dare say It is sional in their lives, who did not know And these words have been rewhat confession meant, who had not the slightest idea of it, but said confesechoed all through the centuries, and the Bishops and doctors of the Catholic Church assembled in the Council of sion was bad and must be bad. The preacher then proceeded to dis Chalcedon in the fifth century, when prove this by further illustrating the

the decree was passed with one voice beneficial effects of confession upon the cried out : "Peter has spoken through individual, upon the family, and upon society, showing that it upheld the chief supports of society — right of Leo." From that time right down to the nineteenth century it was the same echo, and Peter still speaks to us this property, authority and religion — without which society would crumble to ruin, and concluded by quoting through the ages, the Church had Luther, a witness whose testimony was ever maintained that on the occasion most valuable, as he was one of those referred to in his text, Christ solemnly who swept away the confessional and cried out against it, and yet who declared that one of the effects of the Reformation was that "decency and modesty were done away with and that everybody wished to be perthat everybody wished to be per-fectly free to do whatever he liked;" that "every kind of vice was much greater than before." To such a state had things come that the inhabitants of one of the towns in Germany, seeing the awful havoc made amongst them, actually petitioned the Emperor Charles V. that the confessional might be restored in their midst. It was, therefore, not the voice of reason which condemned the confessional. What voice, then, must

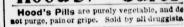
it be ? Pascal, a great French writer, said the heart has many reasons which reason knows not of. We should say reason knows not of. We should say that the voice which said "shun the confessional !" was certainly not the voice of reason, but the voice that came from a corrupt heart.



All Run Down

In health and strength after the grip,-I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Half a bottle gave me good sleep and toucd my Berves, my cough ceased and I gradually gained flesh. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me a well man. It hits the right spot. John Ballary Grocer, 498 Chelmsford Street, Lowell, Mass.







Chasubles in Red, Black, White and Purple, all styles from the plainest to the richest materials and designs. Copes and Ben-ediction Verls.

Preaching and Confessional Stoles.

Benediction Veils not made up, Fronts and Backs for Chasubles, material for mak-ing Stoles ; Albs.

Patterns for Chasubles.

Altar Lace, Watered Silk for Vestments, Cloth of Gold for Vestments, Lining for Vestments, Canvas, Gold and Silver Fringe.

Church Ornaments.

Silver and Plated Candlesticks, Processional Crosses, Chalices, Ceboriums, Cruets, Ostensoriums, Sanctuary Lamps, Holy Water Pots and Sprinklers, Crystal, and a varied assortment of Candelabra.

Mission Supplies.

cholic Missions supplied with Prayer Books, Beads, and all articles of Catho-lic devotion. Cath

When ordering please state Who is to give the mission. About how many families will attend. The day the mission opens. How the goods have to be shipped to reach safely.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO. Catholic Publishers, Booksellers and Sta-tioners, Church Ornaments, Vestments, Statuary and Religious Articles,

1669 Notre Dame St. 115 Church St. MONTREAL. TORONTO

Pictorial Lives of the Saints

The Catholic Record or One Year

For \$3.00.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS

SANDWICH, ONT.

EBNEST GIRADOT & CO Altar Wine a Speciality. Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Clarse will compare favorably with the best im-ported Bordeaux. For prices and information address,

PRAYER BOOKS . . .

3

ad myself." new-he did he was not first showed renouncing

lling to help v on this an d example noderation, I e following, of a Catholic

l pure and and patient long as you ating liquors an example thousands of misery, not of your own poral wretchanguish, dish accompany he drunkard ; her you are or unlettered, station or in not be ruined ink, but some watchful, der religion's as he saw you result in his oss. Your ex on a troubled anchor, rudder the drinking nt with advisne do, is a rule al application. e history of in-e heartrending ,000,000 slaves ho have become d unconsciously abit."—Edmund

tion.-C. W. Snow writes : "Please is. We are selling than any other Pill reat reputation for Liver Complaint." Lindsay, writes : excellent medicine. have cured her."

blic.

ferin' so. Ah, Mary, you'd not wait many hours if you were here !" sighed Timothy. his grizzly cheeks. He could almost feel Henriette's living presence himself. One evening, as he stood on the

And to think she had been forty years landing at the head of the stairs, he suddenly heard that cough behind him, in her grave ! Mr. Sylvestere got up and threw him and turned quickly. A gray, thin-faced man was toiling slowly up the self on the couch, exhausted. didn't intend to talk so much. It's laced man was toring slowly up the last flight of stairs. He was very slight, and very refined looking in his threadbare black clothes. His face was clean shaven, his worn linen spot-

strange, but the whole thing comes back as though I'd lived through it haste yesterday."

Timothy silently covered him over, lessly clean. A loaf of baker's bread and went into his own room. But th flaunted its crustiness through the end next evening, as they sat by the stove, of the brown paper parcel he carried he said : under his arm : he panted huskily

he said: "Faith, sir, it's a pity you don't write as you talk. 'Twould make a purty story for the papers." Mr. Silvestre smilled. His life had For a moment the gentleman and the burly laborer stood face to face : then

"The poetry? Pay you in waste

paper, you mean." "No, sir ; I'll sell it."

Timothy's friendliness of soul conquered all reserve. been so solitary, his poetic gifts so un-'Good evenin' to ye, sir." appreciated, that even the ignorant "Good evening," murmured the

laborer's words of praise were sweet to stranger. "It's like climbin' to Heaven to him. "If I could earn some money, if I

only could, while I'm shut up here," he sighed. "I've been waiting and waitcome up these stairs. Faith, it makes me blow like a bellows.' The other man made some faint re-

ing to grow stronger, accepting your kindness, because I thought I could ply, and walked into his room. That evening the cough seemed soon pay it back ; but nowmore aggressive than usual. Timothy "Tis meselt, sir, that don't know what you mean." brewed a soothing drink and carried it boldly in to his neighbor. Some "Yes, you do know, Timothy. thing like womanly emotion moved him when he saw the poor old gentle-man huddled in a chair under the gas

provide the fires I sit by, the food I eat, everything. I never thought —" His voice chocked again, his head bowed jet, with a ragged blanket thrown across his knees. Under the shining itself upon his breast. Timothy wiped his wristband fiercely of the gaslight his silvery hair made across his own eyes, then he suddenly halo about his wan face. At first he appeared almost startled by Timothy's "Then, sir, give me the poetry." entrance, then his dignity and gentle Mr. Silvestre raised his dejected

breeding asserted themselves. He dark the cordial gratefully. "Sure it's one o' me Mary's remedies," said the beaming old Irishman.

"She was always thinkin' o' the comfort o' others, or sayin' a prayer for the dead." 'Your daughter ?"

"No, me wife. She's gone now to be with the blessed saints." "Oh," sighed his host, sympatheti-

cally. "Yes, she's gone. I wouldn't call her back; no sir, I wouldn't call her

back ; but the evenin's are lonely, sure they are very lonely."

face

"Yes, sir."

You

"Give me pencil and paper. I must write one more poem before we go. What thoughts, what visions ! Raise me up, Timothy. Henriette is com-ing; don't you see her with the jassa-mine in her hair? I'm glad, so glad, the journey is over, that we are in the South at last. Oh, how the birds are singing ! Yes, Henriette - I know now that you didn't die - that I only walk to the old cottonwood tree? Shall we go? Then come. What — what a beautiful spring — I never saw -so many flowers ; I feel inspired-

Pencil and paper fell from his fingers, his head drooped upon Timothy's shoulder. Softly, tenderly the old Irishman laid him back on the pillow, sobbing aloud as he saw the smile transfiguring his blanched face.

The sunless winter day had drawn to a close, a gray twilight filled the garret, infolding the two old men in its chilly shadows. But only one was conscious of its gloom, and of the loneliness spreading around him. For the other, spring had burst into full bloom.

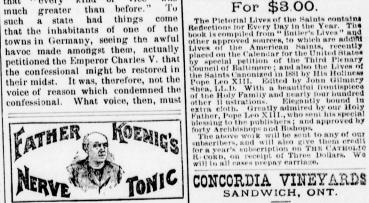
Keep Minard's Liniment in the House As Old as Antiquity. Either by acquired taint or heredity those old foes Scrofula and Consumption must be faced generation after generation ; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

teaching and practice gave to His Apostles the power to forgive sin and establish the Sacrament of Penance. Could reason object to that, against the Divine ordinance? No. common sense told us that reason No, common sense told us that reason could not. They said, "Confession is too difficult, it is repugnant, it is humiliating, it is too much to expect from human nature." Was that the voice of reason or the voice of cowardce? Granted it was difficult, but with it there was a comfort, consolation and joy, that made up for all difficulty. Let it be a hundred times more difficult, was that ground for reason to object? To labor, to work, was most difficult and cost many and many a hard struggle. Was that ground to

object to virtue ? In the world as it is at present, with all its allurements and temptations, for youth to keep them-selves pure was most difficult. Was that ground for reason to object to Purity? Was there anything en-nobling to our natue, anything that exalted it, that worth having or getting but cost something and was difficult to be got? Was that ground why reason should object to it? What all men admired in their fellow men was heroism, a man standing out above all other

and showing that he had a soul and spirit and something grand about him, because he had done something diffi-cult. Could reason object to heroism? There was a courge and nobleness of soul in acknowledging before God that you have done wrong to one who would rather go to prison and die rather than betray the confidence given to

him in confession. salable. Haven't I been trying for years?"
"But I belonged to a paper meself once; that is, I was the porter, an' I know the editors. 'Tis a stranger you are, sir, an' strangers don't fare so well as them that's known."
Wr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with they would not reveal matter of confession. One whom they all knew well melee's Pills the best medicine for these pain or diseases. These Pills the best medicine for these pain or diseases. They are Gelantine Conted, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasent, ally conquered, and the next day he
by the help of Scott's Emulsion. Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with merits known."
Mr. Silvestre was not easily convinced but Timothy's eloquence finally conquered, and the next day he He was not exaggerating.



Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and Weakness.

ness and Weakness. 6 West BROTAITON, QUEREC, Oct. 1, '90. The Pastor Koenig's Nerve Fonic I ordered was for a young lady of my household who was al-for a young lady of my household who was al-for a young the state of the state of the state was prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c.,&c. To-day there is quite a change. The young per-son is much better, stronger and less nervous, She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is, very good. P. SARVIE, Catholic Priest.

FRREPORT, ILL., Oct. 26, 1890. We used 12 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervousness and found it to have the desired effect in every case. DOMINICAN SISTERS.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Reserved to the rest of the r

KOENIC MED. CO., Chicago, III. 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at 51 per Bottle. Gfor 55 Large Size, 51.75. 6 Bottles for 59. In London by W. E. Saunders & Co. We have now in stock a very large and beautiful assortment of Prayer Books, ranging in price from 25c to \$4.00, There are amongs the lot some specially imported for Presentation purposes. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. We will make a nice selection for any given sum that may be sent us, and if book is not entirely satisfactory, it may be remailed to us, and money will be refunded. Address, THOS, COFFEY Catholic Record Office, London, Ont;

E. GIRADOT & CO.

POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS. Offices - Rooms 28 and 29, Manning Houses King st. west, Toronto. Also in the Gerrie Block, Wh itby. A. A. Poer, R. A. A. W. House