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## The New Man at Rossmere.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
A WORD IN SEASON.

When Manton Craycraft came to his tragic and most causeless death, Jim had been at a remote shanty in the end of the village furthest from the court-house, refreshing the inner-man on a cold sweet-potato pie, washed down with generous libations of butter-milk, delicacies in which a lady of saffron hue and ample proportions drove a flourishing business during court term, or whenever any abnormal condition of affairs swelled the population of the village from its permanent tens to transient hundreds.

"You knew him well? He was an old friend, was he not?" some one asked.

"I don't know him well. He was an old friend, was he not?" some one asked.

"Where are you going, Denny?"

"Up yonder. I think perhaps I shall be needed. I must look after."

"That's for 'one good look' at the cold still form, which, laid upon a stretcher and the stretcher raised upon trestles, made a mournfully conspicuous nucleus for the crowd. It was by Stirling Denny's orders that the body had thus been disposed of. He desired it should not be removed indoors.

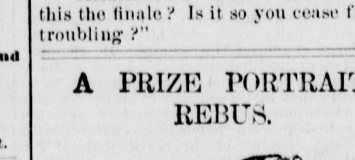
"What did you say? Tell it all over again slowly," he had demanded of the bearer of the evil tidings.

"You are excited. Speak slowly. We want to know exactly what that young man told us. His own voice was low, calm and stern.

The bearer repeated his story, not slowly nor calmly. He was a white man, a father and a husband, who was in mad haste to urge the foam-flecked horse he bestrode over six miles of rough country roads to take him where he could protect his family from whatever was yet to come. Stunned silence succeeded his second telling.

"Assanated. Poor Manton! Is this the finale? Is it so you cease from troubling?"

### A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.



This young lady has three brothers, each one of whom is a combined artist and portraitist. The manufacturers of PEARL SOAP, the LAUREL TOILET SOAP, FOR CLEANING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome Gold Watch to the person who can correctly name the three brothers FIRST to the second an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third a FANSLAND in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a SILK DRESS PATTERN or a SILK MUSIC BOX, playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the sixth an elegant MANTLE CLOCK; to the seventh a pair of SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS, with Padlocks, and to the eighth a SILVER WATCH.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers' faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps or 25 cents in silver for one package of envelope, before July 25th, 1892. The envelope postmarked 1892 which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the prize, the balance in order as received.

By the time Jim Doakes—unlettered but chivalric Jim—nearly the village again, after having placed his mistress in safety, it was past ten o'clock. The night was one of extreme darkness and oppressive stillness. He could hardly see a boat's length from his own skill in any direction, but he could hear the dip of oars on every side, commingling with the soft splash of the single-paddled canoe and the bumping of the flat-bottomed scows. Every description of craft that could be found was conveying through the blackness of the night fresh material to swell the surging, restless, tumultuous voice about the court-house. Excited voices called across the dark waters from boat to boat, demanding tidings, exchanging prophecies, foretelling woes, singing snatches of triumphant songs, reveling in unbridled discussion and a large sense of personal liberty.

The landing reached, Jim moored his boat to a stake among a multitude of other crafts of every shape and size, and went with the crowd to where a

Stirling had stood for a second after celebrating Mr. Faythill's election, illuminated the crowd with folded arms and his head drooped upon his breast.

"But his death was grand! It was an exclamation!" he said, with a ring of triumph in his voice, as he raised his head and looked into the troubled faces of the men grouped about him in silent sympathy for his one outburst of sorrow.

"Such a death covereth a multitude of sins." He was unconsciously defending his dead, whom no man accused.

"You knew him well? He was an old friend, was he not?" some one asked.

"I don't know him well. He was an old friend, was he not?" some one asked.

"Where are you going, Denny?"

"Up yonder. I think perhaps I shall be needed. I must look after."

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couple of brilliant bonfires, lighted to celebrate Mr. Faythill's election, illuminated the court-yard. Elbowing his way recklessly toward the centre, he soon stood with his head on over the heads of the gathered multitude.

"The young man stood upon the court-house steps, not a pace removed from his sheeted dead. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who saw it.

"The blackness of the heavens was intensified by the lurid glare of the bonfires alight on both sides of the walk. The red brick of the building, brought into bright relief by the same fierce light, served as a strong background to Stirling Denny's erect form and the night air and called upon those men, who outnumbered him a thousand to one, to pause and reflect upon the monstrous cruelty of Manton Craycraft's taking off."

"To-day," he said, in a clear, strong, fearless voice, "there has been accorded you the high privilege of electing from your own ranks a conservator of the laws. To-day you have trampled under foot, in the most brutal and causeless frenzy, the majesty of those laws. First-year public recognition of your rights as citizens. To-day you have proved yourselves unworthy of the exercise of those rights than the beasts that brought you here to deposit your votes. You aspire to be considered our brothers and our equals. You conspire together to do a deed that would damn a demon, and consign him to the lowest pits of hell. See your work! Think of it! Ponder upon it when you go to your homes! Ponder upon it when you lie down to sleep! Think of it with every breath you draw! Think of the dastardly blow you struck, and deprived an innocent man of his life and strength you prize so dearly, sending him to the grave in the flush of his young manhood! What had he done to you? You who call yourselves men. What had he done but tried to shield a tottering old man from the savage wrath of a thousand brutes? Brutes, I repeat the word. Yes, I hear your hisses, I hear your groans, I stand here alone among you. I do not see but one white face in all this surging throng. Yes—I was wrong—I do. Another white face, a cold white face. Stony in its stillness. It is the face of your victim. But he is powerless now to reproach you, or to sneer, or to slain him brutally, savagely, senselessly! But the end is not yet come. You may slay me, too, for with every reproach I hurl at you I give you ten thousand times more provocation to murder me than he did in his whole life. But the end would not come then. You may silence every voice that shall be raised in righteous wrath at this day's foul work, but the end will not be yet! Behind the offender is the offense. Behind the offense is the law. Behind the law are the men who have sworn to Almighty God to uphold it in all its majesty and dignity. Behind their oath is that God whose name is invoked to give them weight, and so surely as that God is the God of justice, as surely as that God lives, you shall suffer for this day's work. I hear your groans. They are wrung from terror, not contrition. I see you slinking away into the darkness that lies beyond the fires you kindled to celebrate your triumph as citizens. Can you slink away from the darkness that is in your souls this night? Can you find a spot in all this green earth where the memory of this deed will not haunt you? Only one of you did this thing, you are wanting to say to me. Only one hand held the knife that spilled the blood now staining the grass under your feet. But every man that joined in the mad uproar that nerved that hand was as much a murderer as he. Yes, murderers. A thousand cowardly murderers to silence one brave voice pleading for an old man's life. Men, this is but a poor beginning of your career as citizens. You have forfeited the title to be called men. There is but one extenuating circumstance to the horror of your guilt—that is, your profound ignorance. You have had evil counsellors—men who knew better, but who used you for their own wicked purposes. I hope they may be within sound of my words. That dead man was my friend. I cared for him in life, I shall care for him in death. His slayer shall not go unpunished. I do not know the name of the man who struck that fatal blow; I do not ask you to give it to me. I do not ask you to give the names of those who have tried to make you see in your old masters enemies, rather than your friends. The men whose hands you till, whose ready sympathy you call for in the time of sickness and trouble, and get. I demand of you the names of the evil counsellors who have tried to inflame you to hatred by reminding you of the hardships and injustice that fell to your lot when slaves. The man you have killed to-day was born where I was. He helped to give you your freedom; you have given him—death! I warn you against arraying yourselves as black men against white men. You have purposely been misled into thinking you can better your lot by violent means. What do you purpose

to do next? You have a sheriff of your own color and selection. Before that sheriff can officiate, he takes the most binding oath to maintain law and order. Do you imagine he can protect you in your lawlessness? I pity your ignorance. And while I abhor you for the deed you have done, I pity you enough to advise you as a friend. Go back to your homes—go back to your every-day labors. Forget the bad advice you have swallowed only too eagerly; make yourselves worthy of the confidence and respect of the men among whom you have lived all your interests. Do not try to crowd into a day the work of years. It is the work of years to educate yourselves into fitness for the positions that now make you ridiculous. Sam Faythill, as an upright, capable lessee of Mr. Harris's land, was an object of respect and liking to every one, myself included; Sam Faythill, as a helpless, ignorant, incapable sheriff is an object of scorn and derision to every one, myself included. He will have to be helped in the routine of his office, and he will have to go to the white men who have been whispering poisonous lies into your ears for months past."

"'Dev done left a ready'" said an excited voice in the crowd.

"Who has left?"

"Boss Upps on boss Gays!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Why did they leave?"

"Skeerd, I reckon."

A profound silence followed, broken finally by Stirling's concluding words.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth. I charge you disperse, and return to your homes quietly, and soberly. I shall not leave this spot until you have shown whether you are sorry for what you have done. If you remain massed here, I shall summon the officers of the law to arrest every man found within this courtyard at the time of Manton Craycraft's murder." He deliberately took his hat and held it in his hands.

"Five minutes to choose between dispersion or arrest!"

They did not doubt for a moment his perfect ability to carry his threat of wholesale arrest into execution. He had aroused their benumbed consciences to a spasm of remorse for their brutality. Their leaders and counsellors were already beyond reach of harm. Conscience did not lash them with over-severity, but the brute instinct of self-preservation dictated compliance and conciliation. A restless movement agitated the close-packed mass of humanity. It increased, and the ranks opened on every side. With the suddenness of magic the crowd stirred, thinned, vanished.

Before half an hour expired, Stirling Denny, the stricken squire, and Jim Doakes alone remained by Manton's bier. Jim and the major lifted it and bore it into the office behind them. The old man followed with a feeble, tottering step. In vain they urged upon him that he ought to go back to Thornedale, back to his wife. He looked at them stupidly, and said:

"She don't need me, she can't help me. She warn't kind to him, 'pointing to the shrouded form. "I might say something hard to her if I saw her now. He cared enough for me to give him for me. I wasn't worth it, but he done it all the same." And on his knees by the bier he mourned as David of old mourned over Absalom.

"Mr. Major," said Jim timidly, when their task was done, "please, sir, I'd like to shake your hand. You saved our wife folks from de wrath of heaven on 'em, w'en de floods was a threaten' 'em us, an' you've saved 'em ag'in from worse. I'd like to clasp you 'o' hand." And the two men clasped their hands across Manton's bier.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

Following at one and the same time the major's advice and the desire of their own hearts, the men whom Stirling had left behind him promptly took their departure by diverging roads for their own homes. A sense of painful uncertainty filled every breast. This matter might possibly flame into a riot of alarming proportions, or it might end with that one victim to an outbreak of senseless wrath. There was no telling. It was impossible to predicate the probabilities of to-morrow from the act of to-day, where a people so totally devoid of stability or the power of concentrated thought was concerned.

The white men were afraid to trust themselves to any sort of action in the matter. Their indignation and fierce wrath were so largely in the ascendant, and the habit of unbridled expression still so strong upon them, that no good could possibly come of their presence among the enraged negroes, and more harm might accrue.

It was nearly midnight by the time Mr. Southmead turned the door handle of his own bedroom, where the lamp was burning low on the hearth, where Mrs. Southmead had placed it before going to bed, having "freed her mind" several times during the evening on the subject of men not being able to go to the village for what ought to keep them an hour, without making a day of it, and might too, it would seem.

The profound stillness that reigned in the dimly-lighted room reassured Mr. Southmead. Mrs. Southmead had evidently heard nothing. If she had been frightened, he argued from past experience, she would have greeted his appearance, even at that hour of the night, with meek gratitude, instead of lying there, with her face turned studiously to the wall, feigning sleep.

ber, until he should be in a position to receive the full force of her batteries.

He instantly resolved to reserve his ill tidings for the morning. They could be better borne by daylight. If this disturbance among the freedmen showed any signs of increase to-morrow, he should promptly remove his family from the county; if not, if things should have quieted down, his wife would have been spared a period of unnecessary discomfort. Having thus determined, he began his preparations for bed, in moody silence. This unusual reticence was the last feather on an overloaded camel. This was not the first time since there had been a Mrs. Southmead that Mr. Southmead had turned the door-handle of his own bedroom with discreet gentleness, in the small hours, to find a smoky lamp upon the hearth and an irate wife lying in bed! But the formula on like occasions in the past had generally been a tentative—"Sleep, dearie?" asked with a brave show of cheerful indifference to consequences. It then rested with Mrs. Southmead to enter a wordy protest against such scandalous goings-on, or to maintain a dignified display of voiceless indignation at discretion.

To-night she heard her husband come in and sniff the kerosene atmosphere disgustingly, then the lamp flamed higher and she could see his shadow on the plastered wall towards which her outraged eyes were turned. She could hear him wind up his watch and hang it in the perforated paper slipper, with the blue ribbon quilled around it, "O Lordy, coo!" said she, "that she had made for his watch when Fred was a boy. She heard one shoe after the other dropped heavily on the floor. And not a word-ye. A sudden upheaval of the bed-clothes, and Mrs. Southmead's wide-open eyes were where the black of her night-cap had been a second before.

"Well, Mr. Southmead?"

"Are you awake, my dear?"

"Am I awake! Do I look or sound as if I was asleep?"

"Not the least in the world. You'd better try it now, though."

"This was not according to precedent. It was evident intimidation of the present occasion. Mrs. Southmead was a woman of infinite variety.

"Haven't you a single thing to tell me, George, now that you have come home? I would like you to be one to stay, and I'd like to be one to come home as dumb as an oyster, and see how you'd like it."

"I haven't very much to tell," he answered, unresentfully, "and what little I have will keep. I satisfy you at the breakfast table. One telling must do for the family. We've had a hard day of it, and been beaten."

"Beaten!" Mrs. Southmead sat bolt upright in bed. "George, you don't mean to tell me that Sam Faythill has been elected sheriff!"

"Beyond a doubt."

"Then it is all that Major Denny's doings!" she cried, in passionate injustice. "He is the only man in the county that has a particle of influence with the negroes, and every body says he has them completely under his control. If he is such a friend of every body's as the easily gullible ones are so anxious to believe—thank goodness, I'm not one of them—why didn't he make the election go to suit us? I never did more than half believe in him, and now I don't believe in him at all. George, you are nursing a viper in your bosom!" After which tragic peroration Mrs. Southmead threw herself back upon her pillow in unconstrained wrath.

Cor Cordium.  
(A Night in June.)  
Rich is the scent of clover in the breeze,  
And from the woodland moonlight  
Draws their essence, than the daylight  
How murmurs and an insect  
Who speaks? Ah! surely in the grass  
A subtle hand came from the purple  
That mounts wistaria nupts, in the  
That strange creature, soft and  
Or more:

Silence itself has voice in these June days  
Who speaks? Why, all the air is  
Of God's own choir, all singing  
He quies and listen: hear the verities  
In some quaint vase, to scent the  
The maples' shades—cry of the  
Or more:

On such a night spoke raptur'd J  
From out the balcon; and then young  
Wandered in Arden, like the April  
And Jessica the bold Lorenzo meet  
And Perdita her silver lilies set  
In some quaint vase, to scent the  
The maples' shades—cry of the  
Or more:

Sad tales, and from them bitter  
To all of these the silence sang  
Upon the jasmine?—'Tis I, I love  
And passionate contrary, oak  
All sing the thought we bring  
The heart of love into His Heart  
Or more:

With sweetness and this silence  
With longing and dull pain, that  
Some chord within my heart, and  
Life out of life, and then young  
Wheels upon the road, the disc  
Of bells within the town; that  
Or more:

Life waxes to life; and all the lo  
Their airy wings, and the mute  
Again the silence, and the m  
Begin their speaking; I alone  
What are you singing? O come  
Upon the jasmine?—'Tis I, I love  
And you, clear, but out of that  
The heart of love into His Heart  
Or more:

O chime of silence, without noise  
A human voice would break the  
Of wavering shades and sounds  
Then, your feet, your staccato  
And clearer than the voice of an  
Yes, even that, which in the  
Hill in the hedge; all the world  
In truth and triple notes that  
"O Lordy, coo!" said she,  
Or more:

"O Heart of All" deep sighs th  
"Am I awake! Do I look or sound  
I'm in love; in love; and from  
Last night of the Lake, the  
The tenor of the reeds—"Love,  
—Maurice Francis Evans  
Or more:

#### CATHOLIC P...

A prominent Philadelphian showed an anti-treating posed the absurdity of to offer liquid refreshment acquaintance within six months one feels personally this as the often is frequent, of mere compliment, man can trace the ruin of aceter to this false notion of courtesy.

Even in this day of e is not common to find poet, in a Protestant m R. Campbell, in the Y ion," over the bound so far as this in praise

Mother of God, what is thy t As a heart, patient face ungo Moist with the dew of unguo More than the prophet's eye t To scan afar the world's noj Art thou rejoicing in the joy Filled out of that thou The mother's heart still

"Give me my Child, if all t And through the shadows of Streams moaning, rushing r years. Upon thy breast the smiling At all the happy days in t Break on their through t years.

Were it not that a n can not reach the Compassion of Our Bie pretty comet might pe into a collection of Ca Pittsburgh, O.

The mope in his re will never make pro narrow road. He m but his place is a Providence will give only when you wor sleeves and shoulder the mope this seems practice makes easy sure.

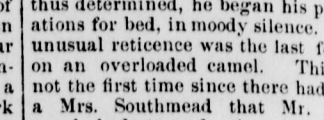
Oratory in the pul sary for the salvati what is needed in t estness. When the f herd is on fire with h that his language is a soul imbued with a flame inspiration is of flame; it kindled in which is destined nee need of fine sen imagery of language, but earnestness, a which is full of This will do the w the pulpit the lever

Appropos of the re the relic of St. Ann the cures reported h have followed, the M 29 devotes a Groo the first moment of there to the child present time, when grinnings to the sp the world, compris instances persons who nor even member religion. Among been seen praying Turks. The article secular standpoint Catholics, and is a newspaper narrati of literature has be lation to Lourdes a and the testimony is of such a chara does profoundly person of religion members of the medi phenomena present following, in num use of the Lou things, so surpris to Catholics, the omnipotence miracles are not N. Y. Cat

The humor of sists principally are asked to lau replies of childr

IT RESTS THE BACK

Most women know all about the misery of wash-day. To many it means Backache, Sore Hands, Hard Rubbing over a steaming tub, and long hours. This falls to the lot of those who use poor, cheap, and injurious soaps.



SOAP

IS USED

This Soap does away with Hard Rubbing, Tired Backs, Hot Steam, and Sore Hands. It brings comfort to millions of homes, and will do so to yours if you will use it.

Remember the Name

"SUNLIGHT"

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