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heart in my work, had his of melaneholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became moroe, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Suffering rilla, as thad wife of suffering rilla, as cured his wife of sia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the papitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disapceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regalated my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking the other strengths.

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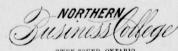
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## The New Man at Rossmere.

CHAPTER XXII.

LOTTIE, THE VOUDOO QUDEN.

That same lurid gleam of fading sunlight shot athwart the lake from under its leaden canopy of clouds, and touched the leafless branches of the trees in the yard at Thorndale with a pallid, transient glory, gilding the small-pained windows that looked out upon the western side of the house, where Mrs. Thorn sat alone, as usual, awaiting her husband's return with a feeling akin to interest.

The dull, dead monotony of her days rendered anything out of the regular routine interesting. This local elec-tion had stirred the pulses of the entire neighborhood, irrespective of age or color or sex. She was naturally anxious to know how it had gone.

Since that strange but evident avoidance of her in church that June Sunday, Mrs. Thorn had made no effort to sustain friendly or even social relations with the few planters' families within her reach. With a woman's keen perceptive powers in such matters, she had attributed the coolness she could not help noticing to malicious gosip concerning herself, and shrank from offer ing herself again as a target. view of the hopelessness of putting her-self right before a lot of people who had shown themselves cruelly prompt to jump at damaging conclusions, she simply ignored the gossip and the gossipers, and aimed at making herelf independent of the outside worlda dreary undertaking, in which she

achieved a dreary success.

So it had come to pass finally that Squire Thorn never found occasion o complain of his wife's propensity to 'gad," but found her developing a legree of domesticity that filled his

bucolic soul with delight. But the night had come, and work, that greatest of all panaceas for a sick and wearied heart, was no longer possible even as a refuge. Agnes folded the cup-towel she was hemming, and looked up at the clock. It was halfpast seven, and she felt surprised. Punctuality was a prime virtue with Squire Thorn, and he had told her that would be back by six, enjoining her to have something extra for super. She walked to the dining-room

and gave a glance over the tea-table o see if it was all right, stepped to the back door, and calling across the dark ard toward the fire-lighted kitchen, warned Lucy against letting things get cold, then walked out to the front steps to listen. Jim had taken the squire to the village that morning in the skiff. Old Whitey had enjoyed free day, and she could

him moving like a clumsy ghost out among the yard trees, grazing on the short grass still to be found in the sheltered fence corners. She knew Jim's long, rhythmic oar-stroke well. She had often kept time to it with a wordless melody when he had been rowing her on the lake. It was slow, deliberate, reliable—as Jim him-self was. But on this night she made more than one restless pilgrimage from her room to the sitting-room where the clock was slowly pointing off the unex plained moments of the squire's delay back to the front door again, before she heard it. It came at last! Slowly deliberately, rhythmically, the sound of oars dipping into the water then feathering its surface with a softly musical ripple that came distinctly to her in the stillness of the night. There

> A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.



This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of PEARLI-FOAM, THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRISERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome Gold Watch to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the fourth either a SILK DRESS PATTERN or a SWISS MUSIC BOX PLAYING SIN PIECES; to the fifth a beautiful pair of FRARL OPERA GLASSES; to the sixth an elegant MANTEL CLOCK; to the seventh a pair of SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS, with Padlocks, and to the eighth a COIN 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 30 cents in silver) for one package of Pearlifoam, before July 20th, 1802. The envelope postmarked first which contains the three-brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the first prize, the balance in order as received. For the fast correct answer we will also give a handsome Gold Watch; to the next to the last a complete RUSINESS EDUCATION; to the seventh an England MANTEL CLOCK, and a handsome Gold Watch; to the next to the last a complete RUSINESS EDUCATION; to the seventh an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third from the last a prize will also be given to specify to the sixth a pair of pearl of pearlife to the sixth a pair of pearly white teen when the sixth a pair of pearly white seventh an elegant manyel to help with a sixth or pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the sixth a pair of pearly white seventh and elegant manyel to help us introduce Pearlifoam cannot validate prize will also be given to exclusive who can show that it contains anything in offer extra premiums to all the only preparation whose manything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have easily of the sixth a pair of pearly white teeth is who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladi

was no mistaking that steady stroke. It was Jim. She heard the boat grate upon the sandy bank presently, and the oars drop with noisy clatter upon the bottom of the skiff.

That was not at all like Jim. It was his methodical habit to shoulder the oars on landing, bring them to the house, and deposit them always in the same spot under the front steps. She had placed a lighted lamp on the hall table, and the front walk was illuminated by it nearly to the gate. Up this lighted pathway she presently saw Jim advancing toward her - alone A nameless anxiety seized upon her at

"Is that you, Jim?" she aked, by way of precipitating any information he had to give.
"Ya-a-sm! hit's me, Miss Aggy.

"Where is Mr. Thorn?" she asked, as he stood before her, hat in hand, evidently laboring under great and hardly suppressed excitement.
"He—he's all right, Miss Aggy, but

-but he won' be home t'night, mos' -but he won be home thight, mos like. He's all right, doa'!"
"Not coming to-night! What does that mean?" she asked, sharply.
"Well, well, he's all right, Miss

Aggy. But-but, Missy, did you keer much fur-much for t'other one? Wuz he yo' ve'y 'tickler frien' ?-You know old boss sot a heapin' store by him-Mr. Craycraf'—he did."

A sharp pain seized upon Agnes Thorn's heart. A film seemed to gather over her eyes, but her voice was as

clear as a bell as she asked: "What do you mean, Jim? If you have any bad news to tell me, tell it straight out and be done with it.

'Missy, dar's trubble over yonder. He nodded toward the village. Manton, he's a-lyin' on on de grass in de co't yard, col' en white en stiff. No mo' trubble fur him. Old Marsa wuz a-kneelin' by his side a-moanin' en aaxin' him t'come back. Dar's trubble in his heart. Sam Faythliss is de shurff uv de county, but his 'lection has cos' blood a'ready. Dar's misery in his buzz'm. En de worst uv de trouble ain' over wid yit. Missy, dar's mis chief in de a'r. I want's to see you safe out'n harm's way, Missy, 'fore I goes back up yonder. Dar's a big sight o' trubble brewin' over dar dis

night. From these many words Agne seemed to have grasped at one idea. She had walked slowly backward into the hall, and now stood with the lamp light falling full upon her blanche

"Is Mr. Manton Craycraft dead, Jim?" she asked.
"Dead, Miss Agnes, en may God A'mighty have mussy on de souls uv

dem which is his slavers. He raised his hand impressively toward heaven, and stood before the stricken woman with reverently bared

head. "Dead! My love! my dear!" Na ture would not be denied in that supreme moment of her agony. 'En he died to save the old man

Jim said, softly.

Agnes folded her hands with pathetic patience and stood with her large, tearess eyes bent upon his agitated face.
"Tell me all, Jim. It was good o

you to think you me so promptly. had rather you had the telling of i than anyone else. Tell me'all.

And he told her all. But when the dismal story had been told, with all its harrowing details, she stood before him with her hands still folded in pathetic patience, and her large, tearless eyes still bent hungrily

upon him.
"She did keer," Jim said pityingly to himself, then to her, "Miss Aggy, please m'am, cry. Don' stan' thar please m'am, cry. tarin' so col'en still lik. Cry, please, ny sweet missus, or you'll break po

de Jim's heart. Instead of tears, a wintry smile lighted up the sad eyes of his mistress. Even then she could accept this humble devotion gratefully.

A wild, victorious, prolonged, swelling yell, as of many voices in unison mote upon the stillness of the outer larkness, and echoed through the quiet nouse. Again and again that yell, and the quick trampling of many hoofs. It starled the squire's wife from her stony

composure.
"What is that?" But Jim made no answer. Casting one hurried glance about, he seized a arge traveling shawl that lay on th ounge in the hall, and, wrapping i about Agnes until she was completely enveloped in it, he seized her in hi arms with a hurried explanation, given

in a pleading voice : Trus' yo' nigger Jim, Miss Aggy

he's gwine t' put you in safety."

She felt the cold night air strike through the shawl as Jim strode across the rough ground of the yard, carrying ner as easy as if she had been a baby She heard him, after a hurried tramp of five minutes probably, give a vigorous kick against an unbolted door and he next moment she was placed upon her feet in the middle of the floor of a cabin, which, although it was on her husband's place, she know of only by hearsay. It belonged to old Lottie, the onjurer or Voudoo queen, as she was called by her own color.

Jim approached the fireplace where Lottie was seated on a low steel, stewing something in an iron skillet set upon the glowing coals. His tempest ious entrance had not attracted her attention as she sat with her back to the door. She was very deaf.

"Mammy!" he called, then put his mouth close to her ear to repeat, "Mammy!" She turned upward a face mild and

benevolent enough in expression to give immediate contradiction to the charge of witchcraft or anything uncanny about her to any one less benighted than a negro.

I'se mos' gone, Jim. I'se jus' bilin' me a little fennel, son, dey do say some is ben he'p'd by it." She wheezed like a confirmed asthmatic, and shook the skillet that contained her decoction.

"Mammy," said Jim, turning her forcibly around to face Agnes, "I've prought de boss's wife here for you to take keer of until I fotch old marster nome hisseff. Our folks is done turn fool, mammy, en der's lots uv trubble a-brewin' up yonder. Miss Aggy's safe wid you, mammy.

tinet and horrible that one fact stood Lottie got up from her low stool with the courtesy of a lady, and placed her best hide-bottomed chair close by the yawning chimney-place, saying, as she turned her mild eyes on the mas-

You's mo'n welcome, mistus. you down, deary. i'se ben wantin' to see you dis long time, but I'se pas' gittin' up t' big house." Then to Jim, as if taking up his thought: "I knows it, chile. I ben feelin' it in my bones dis long time. "Dar's blood on de meen lim!" moon, Jim !"

Agnes shivered and recoiled. Heavens! was this the only refuge she could find? These two her only friends? Jim caught the action, and hastened

to reassure her. "Miss Aggy, please, m'am, don't be afeard. Ef wil' dogs were arter a nigger, en dis room were his only show fur 'scapin' dem, he'd tek his chance wid de dogs fus'. Mammy's a good ole ooman. She wouldn't let a ha'r uv yo head be hurt, nor nobody else's, but kase she's ole, en sorter rickity en tizicky, en b'iles pipes en dog-fennel en udder truck fur de mis'ry in her lungs, dese fools uv niggers 'lows dat she has dealin's wid Ole Nick, en dey's worse feared uv her den dev is uv de Miss Aggy. Mammy'll take de best sort uv keer uv yer, en Jim wouldn't 'ceive you fur all de lan' in de bed uv

"Thank you, Jim. I know you wouldn't.' But she shivered once nore as the distant yell of the excited and inflamed negroes, galloping mules, floated to her ears.

nuthin' but w'at she can tek keer uv you to night purty chile. Jim, spread yo' missus' shawl over de back er dat ch'r en put dat strip er carpetin' down Jim obeyed both orders, spreading

the shawl so as to exclude the draughts from the many chinks in the cabin wall. Agnes dropped wearily on the chair. Now den, git you gone," said old

Lottie peremptorily, to her stalwart son, "en don' you come back widout de squar.' Jim came back from the door to ask

anxiously: "You ain'skeered or nothin', is you, Miss Aggy?" She turned her tearless eves up to

him and said, slowly: "No, Jim, not afraid—not afraid of any thing. You can go. You's mighty right, chile," says old Lottie, comfortably settling down

once more on her low stool; "dar ain nuthin' to be skeert uv now. Ole Lottie's all right, you's all right, ole Mars' 's all right, en my Jim's all right my chile.

with old Lottie, the Voudoo queen who was a terror to her own color and a jest to the white people who knew her or of

She had been born as a slave on the squire's place. She had the height and muscular development of a large man, and, despite the fact that she had been useless invalid for many years, she retained enough flesh on her large frame to preserve her from gauntness Of a light griff complexion, her features were unusually intelligent and pleasing in expression. It was from her that Jim had inherited his gentle and affectionate nature. Lottie's days almost exclusively to experiments with every procurable herb, in a vain effort o find some palliative for her terrible complaint. Her cabin shelves were loaded down with unlabeled bottles, that Lottie nosed at when deciding their individual excellences. It was this oursuit and its evil smelling re sults that had gained for her the repu

tation of being a "cunger" woman.
"You ain' col', honey, is you?" she sked, as Agnes drew her chair closer to the log fire and spread her white hands out over the skillet. They were trembling and so was she.

she said, absently, "I'm not cold. Aunt Lottie.

'Nor skeert? "No, nor scared."

"Den you's sleepy, honey. Dat's w'at's de matter." And Lottie looked deprecatingly toward the humble bed

which she knew the mistress could not lie upon. "It's a shame you's ben pestered so to-night. I'll fix dem niggers!" She chuckled audibly. It was evident Lottie enjoyed her reputation as a sorceress and made capital of it. "You were singing when I came in Lottie. I think if you'll just not mind me, but go on as if I were not here, I should like it better," Agnes said, very gently

And Lottie complied, with true courtesy. Addressing herself once more to the contents of her skillet, she courtesy. dropped when Jim aroused her, and crooned it softly while she stirred the mixture of dog fennel and red-oak.

The wild maleky of it words are the dropped when Jim aroused her, and fro and tells her beads. How great is the love of the Blessed Virgin Mother!

How it whispers hope and drives away described. The wild melody of it wove despair! itself in and about the somber woof of

fantastic tricks with the shadows of the two women who sat before it in such strange and unequal companion

Agnes was stunned beyond the possibility of connected or intelligent thought. She bore with her through all her after life a vivid recollection of the confined medical product. of the confused medley that passed for thought with her on that fateful night as she sat by the dancing flame-light in old Lottie's cabin. Manton Craycraft was dead! Dis-

out. He had been brutally murdered. Why, she had not yet come to under stand. What a statuesque object Lottie was, with her strong profile entlined by the blazing logs, and her white-turbaned head set so firmly on her massive shoulders. Poor Manton! She had been hard with him in that last decisive interview. He would never anger her again. If her husnever anger her again. band was all right, as Jim insisted, why did he not come to protect her from the nameless horrors of that night? How sickening the smell from that skillet. Dog-fennel was that woolly, flannely-leaved thing that grew so thick in the fence corners. She wondered if it really was good for asthma. What was the trouble that was brewing? Were the rest of the white women being cared for as she was? Why had they killed Manton? What had they against him? He had always been so merry and friendly with the blacks. Did no one but Jim care to protect her from danger? If Lottie would only fall asleep. If day would only break. Was Stirling would only break. Was Stirling Denny caring for Ursula Ralston this frightful night? Some of these days she expected to hear of their being married. If Lottie's mixture tasted as badly as it smelled, she would rather have asthma than swallow it. through it all ran the wail - Dead ! Dead! Beyond hope of recall! Beyond power to anger! Why had she not been as safe in her own house as in this lonely cabin? mattered it whether she were safe any-where or not? Life had proved such a dreary failure. She had meant always to do her duty, in whatever station in life it had pleased God to

manner of man could her husband be, to have her endure all this alone Poor Manton! so young and so strong, a sacrifice to-what? Her eyes never left the flickering flames of the ash logs. Her hands wined themselves restlessly about the ong ends of the black ribbons that fell in a cascade from the front of her overskirt. She absorbed old Lottie's crooning so that the melody of it dwelt n her memory for all time to come The ashen logs burned low. decoction was set aside softly Lottie as if fearful of frightening slumber from the wide, dry eyes of the master's wife. The old woman's hands were folded in her ample lap; her mild, dark eyes closed; the white-turbaned head fell forward on her preast; the weird melody was hushed. A rooster crowed in the far distance heralding a morrow to that tragic

place her. Why did Providence make the path of duty so thorny? What

yesterday. A cold gray beam of pallid light found its way slowly through the open logs of the cabin wall. norrors of the night melted into the suspense of another day. The logs fell apart, and the ashes grew cold. With clasped hands and white lids

closed, Agnes too slept and forgotfor a little while. TO BE CONTINUED.

## Religious Motives.

rom a religious motive. His act may be his salvation ; it certainly ought to be an act of virtue. It is a sacrifice, it is self-denial. Is not this what our blessed Saviour wants in His disciples 'Let him deny himself and follow me. We know that some professed total ab stainers are not models of other Chris tian virtues. We know, also, that there are many who sneer at total ab stinence who are not models of Christian life. One virtue does not make man's salvation secure, any more than one swallow makes a summer; but we do know that for many, total abstinence is a key that opens the door to all the other virtues. It is a safeguard to faith, hope and charity. path that leads to Church and Heaven. All total abstainers are not saints, but many will be saints who would not be such were it not for total abstinence. which preserves them from many of the dangers of life. Courage to all preserve the young. Our Saviour preserve the young. We cannot be far His exfrom the truth in following His example. - Catholic School and Home Magazine.

## Devotion to Our Lady.

Fathers and mothers teach your chil-Iren to lisp and love the name of Mary. What a gush of joy wells up in our hearts as we hear the children's voices singing hymns to Mary! brings back the past-long ago! How old faces come and go! It reminds us of when we were young and innocent as they. We love and cling to the prayer and sweet, loving "God bless you," of the devout old woman, the client of Mary, fast verging to the

She turned upward a face mild and nevolent enough in expression to ve immediate contradiction to the surface of witchcraft or anything unny about her to any one less beginned than a negro.

"Well, chile, w'at you want, Jim?"

"Well, chile, w'at you want, Jim?"

"Itself in and about the somber woof of the melancholy reverie that engaged such powers of reflection as were left to Agnes. The light from the burning ash logs in the sunken hearth was the only light in the cabin. The flames will be above is from Modern Truth, it is an ancient fact that for the cure of pain St.

Jacob's Oil has no equal.

## Mass in Christ's Native Tongue.

To assist at Mass celebrated in the anguage of Our Lord on earth is a privilege granted to the dwellers in Rome at this season of the year, During the octave of the Epiphany, in the great Church of St. Andrea della Valle, Masses are celebrated in the various Oriental Rites having communion with the Holy See. Amongst these is the Syro-Maronite Rite, of which M. Gui lois says: "Maronite, disciples of St. Maro, who founded a great number of convents in the vicinity of Mount Libanus, and was elected Patriarch about the year 700, adopted at the same period the Latin Rite, preserving, however, the Syriac language; and this custom endures even to-day amongst them, although they speak Arabic. The Syriac was the language which was spoken in Galilee at the time of Jesus Christ, and there fore the Holy See exhorted the Maronites to preserve this language in their liturgy, in order to preserve in all its purity the idiom spoken by Our Lord. The last words of Our Saviour open upon the cross: "Eloi, eloi lamma sabactani," are Syriac, and on this account the soldiers did not under stand, and thought that Jesus called on Elias.

The Masses during the eight days of the octave are celebrated as follows: Chaldean, Armenian, Greek, Armenian, Greek-Melcrite, Armenian, Syro-Maronite and Greek Ruthenian. Each day, after these strange and unfamiliar rites—at least to Western eyes there are sermons in various lan-guages, as follows: German, Cardinal Melchers, formerly Archbishop of Cologne; French, Mgr. Demenuid; English, the Rev. William Lockhart, Procurator of the Rosminians or Fathers of Charity; Polish, the Rey, Anthony Lechert ; French Mgr. Puyol, rector of the Teutonic College of St. Boniface: German, Mgr. Anton De Waul, Teutonic Hospice near St. Peter's; English, the Rev. Dr. Michael Kelly, rector of the Irish College, Rome; and Spanish, the Rev. Father Mijan, of the Franciscan Fathers of Spain.

Behind the high altar groups of collossal figures against a well-painted packground represent, most naturally and effectively, the scene of the Epiph any, the Magi, or Three Kings, bringing gifts to the new-born Saviou of the world.

### A Lesson from Lower Canada

In these days of excessive laxity oward the users of profane language, t is refreshing to pick up a recent Quebec paper and there read, in the proceedings of the Recorder's Court hat two men were fined and sentenced to a month's hard labor for the crime of blasphemy. Those who are found of shaking their heads at the sad and slow shaking the sad at the Those who are fond of state of things in Lower Canada would do well to make a note of this. certain parts of the United States blasphemy is, according to the code, a crime : but where is that law remem In the city of Quebec it was bered? enforced as a matter of course, and the record of it was published without other comment than the remark that the Re

Concerning that same habit there is not much in our land to encourage the optimist. Profanity is getting so wide spread as to become unnoticed, and the best of us find our hearing dulled. We no longer shudder at words which once would have seemed like dagger thrusts. Actors emphasize their rhetoric with curses intended to raise a laugh; Every man who takes a pledge, and joins a total abstinence should do so imaginary conversations in the same maginary conversations in the same nauner; and the youngster who apes the manners of men of fashion copies first the objectionable phrases of their vocabularies. If this state of things were confined to the dwellers in cities, there would, perhaps, be more hope of its abatement; but it is not. People in remote districts or on secluded farms are not behind their brothers of the crowded towns in this respect, as all frequenters of city streets on market

corder was evidently bound to cure the

days well know. The Pilgrims of New England were a grim sort of fanatics, and seldom tempered their justice with any show of mercy; but there was much in their enforcement of the mortal precepts to which the world at large might to-day turn with benefit to itself. but a small modicum of profanity in the New England colonies, partly on account of certain disagreeable ways the authorities had of dealing with the breakers of the Commandments. good man said the other day: "I am in favor of hanging married people who quarrel." "Why," said a liswho quarrel." "Why," said a listener, surprised at so harsh a verdict from so gentle a being, "would that not be rather severe?" "Not at all," he answered. "If they knew they would be hanged, they would not quarrel." Perhaps if the stocks and the scold's bridle of our forefathers were conspicuously displayed, there would be less use for them.

But meanwhile, as they are not, we can learn a lesson from our cousins in " mediæval Quebec."

Taking experience as the test there can be no question about the superior quality of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. From the first year of its manufacture the demand for it has steadily grown. Even in the years which were marked by our business depression, there was no pause in the increase of the sale of it. In the dull years of is 76-77 and 78, the sales of it were vastly greater than in the prosperous year 1873.

ENDIGHTHE BLOOD by the use of Miles.

ENRIGH THE BLOOD by the use of Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine, which supplies the necessary blood-building material. OCCASIONAL DOSES of a good cathartic like Burdock Pills are necessary to keep the blood pure and the body healthy.

Satisfaction is guaranteed to every con sumer of Hood's Sarsaparilla. One hunired doses in ever bottle. No other does this.

A PROTESTANT'S VIEW MASONRY.

JUNE 25, 1892.

In order to show that Catho not the only ones to recognize t of Masonry we here give an delivered by a distinguished tant, Charles A. Blanchard, P. of the Chicago Protestant The Seminary: Secret societies are out of the

Secret societies are out of the teristics of the age in which Within a few weeks I ga address in a town where the three churches, all of them w living by permission of the while at the same time, in the there were said to be sixteen secret orders. In another tow I recently spent the Sabbai were two churches, both of then sustained by men who do no Christianity, and ten secret various kinds. The Mason claims in the United States m six hundred thousand member Odd Fellows claim nearly a The Knights of Pythias cla than half that many. These three out of scores of differen some of them professing good most of them composed exclu men, and all of them drawing hundreds of thousands from the earning of the peop

In Chicago there are repor directory something like a lodges. There are, I belie ing everything that prete religious, only about three churches. The figures in Boston, New Orleans, Cinci St. Louis will not differ mate think it safe to say to-day th United States there are fou every church. I do not a for it would be difficult to count, but from facts k would seem to be a fair inf Counting, as they do, the ship by hundreds of thous

revenues by millions, a chapters, councils, command tens of thousands, it is o they are one of the great fe ing men for good or evil. ent that these organizati known by persons who choo themselves. The public which they hold, the litera they put forth and the te conscientious men who, ha with them in ignorance, ha from them and borne their against them, afford a fu plete guidance for every who desires to know the tr ing them and to act as Ch

requires. Availing ourselves of of information, there are which we think the can will speedily arrive at. place he will see that whill rituals, forms of obligation essentials generally of the organizations vary, thei substantially one. There which a person can consis one of them and conde Even a secret temperan Free Masonry, and the faithful and enthusiasti one of these organization consistent enemy of the

In the history of the G ample, we are told that who organized that fra Masons; the Knights of in our cities and town promoted by a little of Masons and Odd Fellov largely different in mer the Masonic order, they have a little circle of i who are members of both This is true, so far as I a

all modern secret orders Another fact which y antly appear to the c after truth, is that these are religious in characte is true of all of them, it degree true of Free Ma this organization is mo of other lodges, a detail of its professions and cl gard seems needful.

In the first place, the

who had never read at at the conclusion that was a religious orga various Masonic bodies prelates and priests. what they call an alta has a baptismal service children of members o tion are in a sense while yet in infancy. vices which are prepa zation intimate that has belonged to it an an eternity of happi his relation to the or this impression that who have no interest truth, say without h man who lives up to more frequently put good enough religion These religious off ments, together with

services of the orde that this lodge is relig But the most decisive tained in the stateme and influential men of Free Masonry, pa entitled "Prayer "All the ceremonies prefaced and termin Mr. Daniel third degree Mason.

many if not most of in his notes on the

produced upon com