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OCTOBER 21, 1893.
THE CATHOLIC RECORD,
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Ayer's Hair Vigor
Prevents hair from falling out.
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Prevents hair from turning gray.
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THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy.
I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is now, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.
A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.
My hair was rapidly turning gray, and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has restored my hair to its original color.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-Second Sunday after Pentecost.
THANKSGIVING DAY.
Giving thanks to God the Father. (Col. I. 12.)

This week, as you know, my brethren, a day has been appointed by the civil authorities, according to long-established custom, which we are invited to devote specially to thanksgiving for the many blessings which we have received from God during the year.

Even in the temporal order, however, we have abundant cause to be grateful to God. True, we have had our trials and sufferings, some more, some less; though even these we can perhaps even now see, and shall see more clearly hereafter, to have been blessings in disguise.

But this is just what we are too likely to do. Somehow or other, we are all apt to take things when they go right as a matter of course, and only to notice them when they go wrong. When we are sick we complain and make a great fuss, and perhaps are not satisfied unless we can make everybody else unhappy as well as ourselves.

So also in the common affairs of life, our industry and skill would avail nothing if God did not come to our assistance. If our work or business prospers at all, it is due to Him; it is His free gift.

But, above all, let us, whom He has given the signal and unspeakable blessing of the true faith, thank Him for that. To those who have just come from the doubt and confusion of the world outside this true Church this is a happiness which outweighs all troubles, a perpetual sunshine which drives away all clouds.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.
Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner than a Man"?) to Laver Bros., Ltd., 48 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertisement, and well worth framing.

Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup represents the virtues of Norway Pine and other pectoral remedies.

How They Worked Their Way.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

"You are very kind, Alice," Mary answered, "but I think we will be out of town by the 28th."
"So soon! When are you going?"
"Ah, dear," she cried as last, "you will kill me! Perhaps your papa may buy you a monkey, and then, you can go about the streets of 'l'Italiane and help to support the family."

"Not for good!" cried Alice, opening her eyes with the approved "society" stare of the season.
"Can't you mean it? What—are you to give up the riding club, and school, and the party you promised us? You certainly are crazy, Mary."
"The truth is," said Mary, with an effort and a slight blush, "we're too poor to live here."

"This is quite too awfully funny!" Fanny—she said "fawney"—"living in a house like this, with Mexican onyx mantle pieces and real lace curtains and Turkish rugs, and talking that way! Papa often does the same thing whenever I want him to buy me anything particularly smart. But mamma and I don't mind it! Poor! the idea! It's just your papa's talk!"

"Impossible!" Alice said, running her fingers through her "bang," to show a diamond ring she wore. "Poor people never can be nice. Just to think, of living in a little poky house, with no servants, and having always to ride in a street car. Poor people are always nasty."

"Our Lord was poor. Sister Hortense told us, over and over again, to remember that. And the Blessed Virgin was poor."
Alice was silent for an instant.
"O, that was a long time ago. Don't preach, Mary, please. Just think of it—this morning, almost before I was up, mother came and asked me if I had a white frock I didn't want. I was quite paralyzed by the question, for mamma knows, very well, that I want everything I have. It seems that a poor woman who lives back of our house, in the court, you know, had the impudence to ask mamma for a frock, so that her daughter could make her First Communion in white, like the other girls. To be fair, she only wanted to borrow one, and, having heard that I went to the convent school, she thought mamma might lend her one of mine! Fancy! She said it would be great favor, as she could not afford to buy a white frock. Did you ever hear of such a thing! I was real mad."

Mary was silent. A slight color came to her face.
"You aggravating thing," continued Alice, "you don't give a girl a bit of sympathy. Fancy your washerwoman asking you for a gown. I guess you'd be real mad too."
"No," said Mary, "I would not."
"But you see," cried Alice, "how insolent the poor are! And the woman and her daughter actually seemed surprised and mortified, when I told them I could not lend my clothes to strangers."

"Scarcely strangers, Alice. You must remember that—that—" Mary paused, afraid that she was "preaching." "I mean, that, as the girl was about to make her First Communion, it brought her nearer to you, or, at least—"

"What piety!" cried Alice sarcastically. "I should like to see you lend her one of your white frocks—the new one, for instance!"
Mary walked over to the book-case and looked at the pretty rows of gilded books. Alice's words had struck home.
"The girl's name is Anna Doran. And she lives in Wilbert's Court. There, my dear child! Don't preach to me unless you practice. To change the subject, I shall have my new fan painted for your party. I have already finished a bouquet of jacquemont roses, on a pale blue ground."

"Alice, believe me, there will be no more parties, such as rich girls have, for me. We are poor. We shall all have to work."
Alice went close to Mary and looked into her face. She was struck by its gravity.
"I declare, Mary, you look quite old! Are you really in earnest?"
"Indeed I am!"
"Bosh!" cried Alice, "come live with me. You can have half my room and half the village cart, except on Saturdays when I take papa out. Let the boys be poor; if they want to. You come and live with us."

All night. I know Sister Hortense will give me a list of books. I will practice a great deal, too."
"Perhaps father may let me keep mine."
Alice threw herself back in her chair and laughed. She mimicked Mary's last sentence, over and over again, with much apparent enjoyment.

"Oh, dear," she cried as last, "you will kill me! Perhaps your papa may buy you a monkey, and then, you can go about the streets of 'l'Italiane and help to support the family."
Alice saw a dangerous sparkle in Mary's eye, for Mary had by nature what is called a "temper," but she had been taught to subdue it.
"Well, good-by, Mary. If you will take summer boarders when you go on the farm I'll come. But I think it's real mean about your party. And all the girls will talk it over and say unkind things. It will be quite too awfully foolish!"

Alice kissed Mary on both cheeks and then bounded away.
Mary, left to herself, knelt down near the wide window-seat and cried. Her grief may seem a small thing to older people occupied with affairs that seem greater, but to her it was very bitter. To have all the girls, to whose entertainments she had been invited, over and over again, saying that Mary Beresford was too mean to keep her promise about the birthday party. They would talk about it in school. Sister Hortense would give her comfort, she knew; but then, Sister Hortense was not the girls, and she could not control their thoughts and speeches. It did look mean, Mary admitted to herself. She had talked so much about the party and her new gown.

She opened the box that enclosed that precious article. She said to herself that she would wear it; she would speak to her father and tell him that he ought to give her a last party, and how mean the girls would think her. How lovely the dress would look! If she could only wear it and have one more good time, in spite of everything. Some how or other, just then, little Kathleen's sing-song tune ran through her mind, repeating the answer in the Catechism to the question, "Why did God make you?"

Would it be serving God to worry her dear father just now, and, perhaps, coax him into spending money for luxuries that he really need for necessities?
But Alice said she had promised to invite the girls to a party.
But then, her father had been rich. Now he was poor. She had talked of the party as a fixed fact, but she had not invited anybody. No, she had not promised anything.

"Well, Mary?" she said.
"Mother, Alice Howe has just been telling me of a poor girl who has no frock to wear at her First Communion and I thought—"
Mrs. Beresford looked a little troubled.
"You know, my dear, we are not as we used to be, and I am afraid I have no white stuff that I would do for such a dress. And I don't think you have any that would suit."

"Oh yes I have," said Mary, eagerly. "My new one!"
"But, my dear, it is so pretty, and too expensive for a poor child to wear."
"Nothing is too pretty to give to Our Lord, is it, mother? And I am only a poor child now."
Mrs. Beresford smiled.
"Would it be a great sacrifice, you know. It is not a duty for you to give your lovely dress away."

"I want to make some sacrifice," said Mary, "because God may bless the future more and more, and make father well."

Mrs. Beresford said nothing for a time.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Used With Satisfactory Results.
PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC is the very best I have ever found. I certainly deem it a great blessing to all persons afflicted. May the blessing of God be upon it. Yours most respectfully, SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS, G. S. F.

A young man 28 years old who is subject to a rush of blood to the head, especially at the time of the full moon, and he at such times raves and is out of his mind. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic helps him every time. So says VAL. FATHIER WM. SCHOLL.

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Sold by Druggists at \$1 per bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.
Agent, E. W. Saunders & Co., Druggist, London, Ontario.

"Where do the people Alice spoke of, live?"
"Back in the court. Their name is Doran."
Mrs. Beresford's face brightened.
"O, yes—a very respectable family. The father is a chronic invalid in a hospital. The mother did some work for me when Sarah was sick. You can go over and see them. I think though, that, if you give the young girl your frock, you had better take the silver lace from it. It would look conspicuous and out of place."

"Very well, mother. Can I go now?"
Mrs. Beresford smiled, and Mary ran off to get her hat.

A LESSON OF THE HOUR.

In the course of an editorial on the Parliament of Religions the Pilot makes a sad reflection—as salutary, however, as it is sad. We have read nothing on the subject more worthy of being pondered than these words of our sterling contemporary:

"The Parliament of Religions is sadly eloquent to the Catholic of apostolic spirit of what Catholics might have done had they kept everywhere alive the spirit of the apostolic days; of what they failed to do because they so numerously fell away from the zeal and disinterestedness of the early Christian age, and so numerously sought everything before the Kingdom of God."

There can be no greater delusion than to expect that the American nation will ever be converted solely by the means we seem most disposed to employ. Controversies and conferences and congresses, books and papers and tracts, are as nothing to the persuasiveness of Christian example. "I know the best way of converting the world," said Pius IX. to one who proposed a new scheme of apostleship; "the best way is for every Catholic to convert himself." What men hear in the din of discordant voices, what they read of the vast amount that is being printed, is next to nothing in comparison with the influence of what they see. Seeing is believing. The importance of the press is grossly exaggerated. There is hardly one who reads the ten thousand who skim over the printed matter that comes in their way; and of the ten thousand who read, a single one reflects. It is remarkable how few of the prominent converts of our time and country have been led into the Church by controversies or books. How few, according to their own testimony, have been influenced by learned arguments! It was almost invariably the good example of some faithful Catholic friend—perhaps that of a servant,—or the education received from a chance acquaintance, which first touched the heart, and opened the mind to the

understanding of what before was hidden or incomprehensible. People are not always disposed to read or willing to hear, but what passes under their eyes can not fail to be heeded and to make an impression.

The number of our fellow countrymen outside the pale of the Church; the many denominations of Christians; differing among themselves, though united in opposition to the one true faith; the spread of agnosticism and religious indifference, the increase of crime, may well sadden the stoutest heart. But when it is considered that it is in the power of every Catholic to aid in effecting a change, that, furthermore, he may be in some measure responsible for the existing order of things, the feeling of pain is quickly followed by a sense of responsibility, and the heart swells with hope and zeal. Every man has a vocation to help his fellowman. The highest service that can be rendered is to spread the Kingdom of God. To contribute to this noblest end it is not required to be a writer or a speaker, an editor, a publisher or a priest,—simply a doer of good deeds.

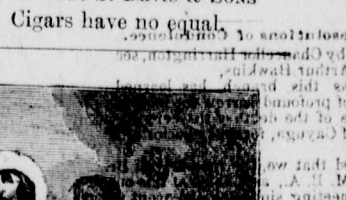
How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
Better than the best books, more persuasive than the highest eloquence, more convincing than the strongest arguments, are lives well lived. Cardinal Newman, in a letter to the late Marquis de Salvo, points out that "our Saviour did not strive nor cry when he lifted up His voice. He drew hearts amongst us, whether educated or uneducated, rich or poor, ill or well—man or woman,—who set the example of honesty, sobriety, charity, purity, and heavenly-mindedness, are true apostles for the conversion of America.—Arch. Brown Maria.

Mr. J. McCormack, Macquary, Mass., writes: "I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me of dyspepsia and other ailments. They are a grand remedy. Sold by all dealers or by mail for a box of six boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations."
Mr. Jacob Seales, of Toronto, writes: "I was in short time ago suffering from kidney trouble and complaint and dyspepsia, soon stomach and I will have back; in fact, I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Dr. Northrup's Lymphatic Vegetarian Pills. I used one bottle and the pain and complaint passed in my mind in which I had entered and made a new man of me such that I cannot say to withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

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So rapidly does lung irritation spread that it is often, that often in a few weeks a simple but cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough. Haygarth's Pectoral Tonic is a powerful and reliable remedy for all cases of Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption. It is a medicine which is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting its own and all long diseases.

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