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S a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course Ayer's Sarsaparilla - the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

he better; delay is dangerous.

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ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD. "Micet."

In Roman households, when their dear ones died,
Thrice by his name the living called the
dead;
And, silence only answering as they crief,
litet—"go thou then!—the mourners said.

Hiest! let her part! the poet's child, Herself a mistress of the lyric song; Hiest!—to a world to sad and wild To wish her back Were far less love than

Ilicet! hard the word for those to say who know what gentleness is gone from earth: Harder for those whose dwelling, day by day, Shone with her presence—schoed to her mirth.

Yet. if He wills it—whom she soars to meet
—The Lord of this world's vineyard—shall
we sal, in the burden and the heat,
A later wage for her—a longer task?

Iticet! let her go! 'hough it were brave-in the hot vintage, where the strongest weeding God's grapes from thistles—still to Her silver hymns or wearines; prevail!

To hear her gentle, co tain spirit of ruth
Share its great sureties with less happy
brothers,
And-from eyes bright with heav'n's light—
teach the truth
Of "little children pleading for their
mothers."

licet! Otherwhere they need those strains, Sounding so true for men-albeit low; A throne was vacant (though its step; were pains). For a soul, tried, pure, perfect—let her go!

Sigh not "so young!"—"such promise!"—
"sh! a flower
That longer life had sunned to fruit of gold."
Be still and see!—God's year, and day and hour, By lapse of mortal minutes is not told.

Who go are called - ilicat! let her go! Though a sweet harp is slient in the land, A soft voice husbed—and, never more belo w, Poet and poet's child's join song and hand.

llicet! Ilicet! nos ibimus!—
To that divinest region of the skies.
Whence with clear sight sees, she knows, pities us,
We shall attain!—Vex not the dead with
signs.

A GIRL'S DIARY.

BY ANNIE R. KEYES.

It was raining dismally, and I stood watching the drops fall wildly down, splashing against the window as they came. A despondent face I had, as I stood there thinking. Oh, the tiresome, dreamy day! Oh, for something to assay dreary day! Oh, for something to pass away the time! I turned and went out of the library and up the broad staircase. We lived in an old house on the outskirts of the city. This old place had been in possession of the family for over a cenpossession of the family for over a cen-tury now. A weather-beaten old rook-ery it was, but withat the most delightful place to live in, with its broad halls, great, winding staircase, and a perfect wonder of a garret extending the whole

wonder of a garret extending the whole length of the house.

It was a wonder in more ways than one. Old presses and trunks were stowed away against the walls, full of relics and fineries of the departed Huntingdons. Old books and manuscripts were piled on queer old chairs and tables and all sorts of odd, interesting things were to be found there.

tables and all sorts of odd, interesting things were to be found there.

Toward this place I wended my way that rainy morning Surely, thought I, in the garret I shall find semething to smuse me; it has never failed me yet. up I went till I came to the door. I stood on the threshold a moment. Such a ghostly old place it seemed, with its shadowy corners, and the wild rain without knocking at the windows!

For a second I stood there, half afraid to enter then, with a laugh at my own

For a second I stood there, has atraid to enter, then, with a laugh at my own fcolishness, walked boldly in.

I poked around among the old cheest for a while, and presently dragged forth triumphantly to the light a little escritoir. Such a pretty one it was, all inlaid with mother of pearl, with an ebony with the learner elegater and aning. lid. The legs were slender and apind-ling, and in the key hole was a tiny, worn, golden key, a faded blue ribbon hanging from it. I turned the key ex-citedly. It moved just a little hard, as if not liking to disclose the secrets within.

The lid opened and showed numerous little cubby holes and drawers which were locked, but which I found would open with the same key. By the side of a tlny ink stand lay a dainty penholder with the initials "D. H. H." cut in it. I took the key and eagerly opened the first drawer. A book with a golden clasp and the same initials on the cover lay

therein. I opened it excitedly—I think without feeling that I might be doing

without feeling that I might be doing wrong.

My eyes fell on the first page, on which was written, in a man's hand: "To my little daughter." And then, underneath it, in a delicate, childish hand, in faded ink, the words: "The Private Thoughts and Reminiscences of Dorothy Helen Huntingdon," and below, the date:

December 25, 1730—Wednesday. I have wanted a diary ever so long in my thoughts, but I did not tell father till he did say to me yesterday: "Well, dear, what will you have on Christmas Day?"

"A diary, father, please," said I (only I said dairy. I think I rather got it mixed up with butter and eggs and cheese).

cheese).

And father did laugh so, and say:
"What! my little girl turn dairymaid?"
"Nay, dear father, a book I mean,"
and I did feel so foolish at my making such mistakes—a girl of twelve years—on Christmas Day. I turned my face

on Christmas Day. I turned my lace away, well nigh crying.
"Why, what's this?" said father, and he raised my head. "I will bring thee twenty books, but cry not, dear!"
"Nay, father, it is not that, but because I do make such feelish mistakes." And father with a market with all the leach

father, quite gravely, with all the laugh-ter gone from his face, took my hand in his and did say to me that this was noth-ing, only natural that I should make some little mistakes ; but it was the great mistakes that we must all guard against

mistakes that we must all guard against and pray against.
So this morning I found my diary on my pillow when I awoke, and father had put within it: "To my little daughter," and beneath it I wrote, as you see above: "The Private Thoughts and Reminis cences of Dorothy Helen Huntingdon," And I will write in it every day till next Christmes if I be spared.

French, that I am beautiful!" But it did seem to me very queer, for madame (though I mean nothing unseemly, but quite the truth) is not beautiful. She is quite yellow, tall and thin, and with a hooked nose. So I did say nothing but —Ah! when I think of it now I blush for shame at my wickedness—but I laughed. And madame did rise up with a most swiul look and swept from the room. Then I did feel the blood rising to my face, and my heart seemed like to choke me, and I did leave my chair and choke me, and I did leave my chair and the room of the but my Patience, for she will love it well, and I give it as the best I have?

go to father's room.

But the door was closed, and it did seem to me that everything would now be closed against wicked me. Then I did sit me down outside the door and put my head into my lap to that I would be the door and put my head into my lap to that I would be the door and put my head into my lap to that I would be the father within. But not disturb father writing within. But soon it did seem I could not keep my heart down longer, it choked me so father, hearing a sound, came out and

And father brought me in, and I did tell him all, and nothing said he but, "Little daughter, this is one of the small mistakes that sometimes cause great sorrows." And he did smooth my hair and take me to madame to ask for pardon, which most graciously she granted. And I now put this down so that I may never, never forget that the small mistakes do sometimes make

December, 27th, 1730—Friday. Father becember, 27 th, 1730 — Friday, father took me to the stables to-day, and there took me a most beautiful pony, bleck as night, and with a soft, eitken mane and tail. And father did seat me on her and say: "I bought this for a friend of mine, a little girl." I think I am most mine, a little girl." I think I am most fall, so heavy it was, and laid it on his mindred ever appry and isolous. And I am most fall, so heavy it was, and laid it on his mine, a little girl." I think I am most wicked, ever angry and jealous. And I did feel so envious, for I did want the pory so much myself, and nothing did I say but: "I am very glad for the little girl; I hope she may like it."

At that father did laugh cutright and say: "The little maid is not far away; maykap you know her?"

And then of a sudden it did flash across see that the little girl was my very self.

and then of a sudden it did ness account in the intile girl was my very self, and I did speak cut quite boldly and say: "Oa, sir, it is mine?"

And father laughingly did say: "Yes, little friend; it is a late Caristmas gift and an early New Year one. What will

you call her?"
"Gypsy', dear father," said I; and I
was so glad that I knew not what to do.

was so glad that I knew not what to do.
So I did think me what could I give father in return, and I did go into the kitchen and ask cook if she would kindly allow me to make a pie for father.

And I did make a most beautiful one albeit I did let it fall upon the floor in carrying it to the pantry. But I dusted it off quite cleanly, and father was greatly

I took a lesson in riding, and father did make me a present of a beautiful gold-handled whip that did belong to my

mother.

December 28th, 1730.—Saturday, I rede forth upon my dear Gypsy this morning with father. It was beautiful. My Cousin Patience comes this day. I am very glad, for Patience is my favorite

Father did tell me that her mother Father did tell me that her mother was my dear mother's sister. Patience has hair that shines gold-like in the sun, and her eyes are blue as speedwells.

She hath some years more than I, being twenty. She doth ride like the wind on a milk-white steed, and she hath a most beautiful habit of green velect trimped with silver lace.

hath a most beautiful habit of green vervet, trimmed with silver lace.
"But you will not have Patience long, mayhap," said father. "I think some one is going to take her away."
"Nay, dear father," said I; for it grieved me sorely to think any one should come and take my dear Patience away. "It cannot be true."
But father did laugh, teasingly, and did go off and leave me quite miserable to think that after all it might be true.
Desember 29th. 1730.—Sunday. Pa-

to think that after all it might be true.

December 29th, 1730.—Sunday. Patience has come. I was standing on the staircase last evening, when I heard the coach wheels and, in a moment, there was my dear at the door looking so beautiful!

But with her was a coallege.

and eyes all a laughing, that somehow I was not a bit afraid till it came to me that he might be the one who would take that he might be the one who would take
my Patience from me. Then I did go up
to him right boldly, and when he did take
my hand, said, "Are you to take my
Patience away?"
And he did laugh and say, "If thy
Patience wilt but come with me."
And she, with a most beautiful red all

over her face, did take me in her arms But I feel much better about it now, for Patience did tell me she would often come

We went to church this day. I wore my new pelisse, trimmed with fur, that Cousin Patience brought me. I greatly fear I did think more of that than of the sermon; but I am truly penitent, and wore my oldest pelisse afterward, to mor

wore my oldest pelisse afterward, to mortify my vanity.

December 30:h, 1730.—Monday. I have told my dear about the diary and shown it to her. Not the inside, yet, but I did say to her: "When I am with my mother, then, Patience, you must have my book and read it." And Patience smiled, and her eyes seemed so bright and sparkling that methought there were tears in them, and she said: "Sweet-heart, I thank thee; but may the time be far away."

away."
Last night I did dream of my mother. Methought I saw her holding out her arms to me, with a smile, and the bright angels round about her were emiling also, and I thought I did start to go to her, but, hearing a cry, I turned back and saw my father weeping, his face upon his hands, and I

I have begun to ride with my Patience and the captain. Father comes also at times. The captain is part of his name—he who came to take Patience. We have fine times, and it does seem I like

him every day the more.

But the great secret is, and I tell it to you, for you will never say aught about it, my dear is to be taken away, married, on New Year's Day, Margery says. That is why Patience came here, and I

Christmas if I be spared.

December 26th, 1730.—Thursday. I have been greatly angered this day and very wicked. Madame did say to me

The space of the spared it so, and everything is too expect to be so beautiful. I did see the lace, the reliable space of the space

never knew it until last night, and she told

this morning: "Tell me, ma chere, in French, that I am beautiful!" But it Margery did tell me people always give Margery did tell me people always give presents to those who are to be married. And I did think me what I could give to

well, and I give it as the best I have"
And father did kiss me and say, as though
speaking to himself: "Thy mother's self,
thy mother's self."
And Patience coming into the room, I

placed the ring upon her flager.

January 2-t, 1731.—Wednesday. I never, never, thought it would happen.

I feel much stronger now, and will tell all

It was yesterday; my dear and the captain and I did go out riding. We rode along right gayly, for a time (Margery is saying not to write more, but I say to her that I must tell you ell), and then somehow Gypsy did slip and fall, and threw ms on the ground, and when growing frightened and trying to rise, methinks she hurt me in the side. But she did not mean it. I think I forgot everything for a time, then, and only remembered my dear's white face and Gyesy putting her pretty head down, and then I must It was yesterday ; my dear and the capher pretty head down, and then I must have gone to sleep.

Then I did find myself upon my bed at

And father, quickly raising his head, did cry out, "Dorothy!" And said I, "Father, dear, it was not Gypsy's fault"—for I did think me they might blume my pretty Gypsy.

My head doth feel so queerly now.
Here comes my dear and the captain.

"Father—"?

My eyes were so blurred with tears that I could scarcely see the faded trembling writing. Once more they fell upon the yellowed page, where, underneath, was written:

"My little Dorothy! She died this morning. The sunshine of the new year falls sofuly in upon her as she lies asleep!

dear; I have read the gentle story through, and so I close the book." The rain that had been falling wildly wept softly now. The brenches of the dead tree swept against the window, and my tests fell on the tender story of a young life, while the darkening shadows filled the room.—Frank Lesile's.

IN HEAVEN WE KNOW OUR OWN

We shall rise again with the same persons, with the same countenance, only freed from all defect and made light by the light of Jesus; with the same characters, only with a perfection coming from God; the same as we are in child-hood and manhood we shall be; and we shall know each other. Every one will know every one they have known in this Not only shall we know each other life. Not only shall we know each other and all the saints, but, moreover, we shall know all the saints who are not yet born; we shall all know each other in the light of God's countenance. There fore, do not mourn for these who are dead as those who mourn without hope. Do not ask, "If we meet, shall we know one another?" Fathers and mothers, children who are gone before you, you will meet them; they will know you, and you them in the they will know you, and you them in the kingdom of God. Brothers and sisters, they will know each other. Do you think that Martha and Mary and Luzarus do not know each other?—that Andrew and Peter are not brothers still ?_that Philip and James do not know one another? One great proof is this, that Jesus, the Sm of God, and Mary, the Mother of God, are side by side in the kingdom of God, in all the perfection of But with her was a gentleman, so tall maternal love, and in all the perfection of filial love, and will be for all eterot filial love, and will be for all eter-nity. These bonds and the spiritual sanguinity of pastor and fick, all these will be eternal in the kingdom of God. Then, lastly, there is an eternal home for Then, lastly, there is an eternal home for you. This earthly home is passing away. To you that are young, and think little of death, it is like the great ocean which is far on, and the sound of which you cannot hear. But as life goes on the sound comes to you, as the sound of the sea when you are drawing near it. It is like going to the seaside. First we hear the distant murmur, and this grows and grows until we hear the full dash of The home that is not the waves. The home that is now so full of bright faces, of memories of the past and hopes of the future, all that will be gone before long. But when the day of desolation comes, and you may be all alone in that home is now so full of happiness, say to your selves, I have an eternal home which will never pass away. My Father's house has many mansions, and in that Father's house is the home of all His children. Tuey will meet once more in perfect identity, perfect recognition. That home will never be desolate, and none shall evermore go out, for it shall be full of the children of God to all eternity.—Cardinal Manning.

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NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTES.

New York Freeman's Journal. NTERESTS OF THE HUMAN RACE DEMAND THE POPE AS ARBITER.

Voltaire: "The interests of the human race demand a Church to restrain sovereigns and to protect the lives of the people. This check of religion could by universal agreement have been in the hand of the Popes. These first Pontifs, by not medding in temporal quarrels, by not meading in temporal queries, except to appease them, by admonishing kings and peoples of their duties, by reproving their off-nees, by reserving excommunications for great crimes, would have always been regarded as the images of God upon earth. Put men are reduced to the contract of their determinant, the laws of God upon earth. But men are reduced to have for their detence only the laws and morals of their country—laws often despised, morals often deprayed."—Essais, it., ch. ix A PAGE FROM THE RECORD OF THE

A PAGE FROM THE RECORD OF THE PAPACY.

William Roscoe: "After the pages which have been already devoted to enumerate the services rendered by Leo X. to all liberal studies, by the establishment of learned seminaries, by the recovery of the works of the ancient writers, and the publication of them by means of the press, by promoting the knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and the munificent encouragement bestowed by him on the professors of every branch of science, of literature, and of art; it would surely be as superfluous to recapitulate his claims as as superfluous to recapitulate his claims as it would be unjust to deny his pretensions to an eminent degree of merit. That an asto an eminent degree of merit. That an astonishing proficiency in the improvement of the human intellect was made during the pontificate of Leo X. is universally allowed. That at a preficiency is principally to be attributed to the exertions of that pontiff, will now perhaps be thought equally indisputable. Of the predominating influence of a powerful, an i accomplished, and fortunate individual on the character and manners of the age, the history of mankind furnishes inual on the character and manners of the age, the history of mankind furnishes innumerable instances; and happy it is for the world when the pursuits of such in dividuals, instead of being devoted, through blind ambition, to the subjugation or destruction of the human race, are directed toward those beneficent and generous ends, which, amid all his avocations. Lee X. appears to have kept contions, Leo X. appears to have kept con-tinually in view."-Life and Pontificate of Leo X.

PEACEFUL ABOLISHMENT OF SLAVERY BY THE CHURCH.

William Edward Hartpole Lacky William Edward Hartpole Lecky:
"While Christianity broke down the contempt with which the master had regarded
his slaves, and planted among the latter a
principle of moral regeneration which
expanded in no other sphere with an equal
perfection, its action in procuring the
freedom of the slave was unceasing. The
law of Constantine, which placed the
ceremony under the superintendence of
the clergy, and the many laws that gave
special racilities of manumission to those
who destred to enter the monasteries or who desired to enter the monasteries or the priesthood, symbolized the religiou the priesthood, symbolized the religious character the act had assumed. It was cale brated on Caurch festivals, especially on Easter. St. Melania was said to have emancipated 8 00 slaves; St. Osidius, a rich martyr of Gaul, 5 000; Chromatius, a Roman prefect under Diocletian, 1 400; Hermes, a prefect in the reign of Trajan, 1 250; Pape St. Gregory, and many of the 1,250; Pope St. Gregory, and many of the clergy at Hippo, under the rule of St. Augustine, and great numbers of private ndividuals, freed their slaves as an act of individuals, freed their slaves as an act of piety. It became customary to do so on occasions of national or personal thanks-giving, on recovery from stckness, on the birth of a child, at the hour of death and, above all, in testamentary bequests Numerous charters and epitaphs still record the gift of liberty to taphs still record the gift of liberty to slaves throughout the middle ages. In the thirteenth century, when there were no slaves to emancipate in France, it was usual in many churches to release caged pigeons on the ecclesiastical festivals, in memory of the ancient charity, and the memory of the ancient charity, and that prisoners might still be freed in the name of Christ."—History of European Morals.

of Christ."—History of European Morals.

THE BENEFICENCE OF THE ALPINE MONES

Str Archibald Alison: "Universally it has been observed throughout the extent of the Alps, that the carillest vestiges of civilization, and the first traces of order and industry which appeared after the everthrow of the Roman empire, were to be found in the immediate neighborhood of the religious establishment; and it is to the unceasing efforts of the clergy, to the unceasing efforts of the clergy, during the centuries of barbarism which followed that event that the judicious historian of Switzerland ascribes the early civilization and humane disposition of the Helvetic tribes. We would not, perhaps, be inclined to credit the accounts of the heroic sacrifices which were then appropriate the propriets of great and good man made by numbers of great and good men who devoted themselves to the conversion of the Alpine tribes, did not their institu-tions remain to this day as a monument of their virtue; and did we not still see their virtue; and did we not still see a number of benevolent men who sociude themselves from the world, to dwell in the regime of perpetual snow, in the hope of rescuing a few individuals from a miserable death. When the traveller on the summit of the St. Bernard, read the warm and touching expressions of gratitude with which the Roman tra ellers recorded their thankfulness for vellers recorded their thankfulness for having escaped the dangers of the pass, even in the days of Adrian and the Antonines, and reflects on the perfect safety with which he can now traverse the remotest of the Alps, he will think with gratitude of the religion by which this wonderful change has been effected, and with veneration of the saint whose name has for a thousand years been affixed to the pass where his influence first reclaimed the people from their barbarous life."—Miscellaneous Essays.

The People

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\$500 Reward offered by the proprietors re not slow to understand that, in order to \$500 Reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incur-

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The Fairer Gift

On the eve of Corpus Christi.
In the subset's mellow glare,
Came a group of little children
To rensarse the morrow's prayer;
Each brought flowers for the silar—
Costly gifts of wealth and pride—
Lillies some, and roses others,
Violets with carnations vied.

But one child—the very smallest—
Keelt apart a little way;
With the rich, she, patched and threadbare,
could not find a place to pray;
In her hand she clasped a nosegay
Of wild flowers from the wood—
Pale anecones and forn leaves—
Humbly offering all she could.

When the good priest came to gather All the flowers in costly row, She too bravely gave her pess, Faded from its woodland glow; But the tears arose uvbidden 'Mid the iaughter of the band; 'Tain't so vice," she whispered. "Father; The good God will understand."

Silently the priest accepted
The poor offering of the child:
Christ the Child was poor and lowly;
Was the gift to be reviled?
And amid the adoration,
Next the Host all can there stood,
Honored above all the others,
Fadew wild-flowers from the wood.
—B A, in Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs.

THOUGHTS FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS ON THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

The virtue of the Sacrament of the Euchsrist is to give man salvation; therefore it is useful that we should participate in it every day, so as to partake

each day of its fruits.

The Eucharist preserves from mortal sin, acting as a support, a remedy, and an interior weapon against the attacks of the devils, which attacks it enables us to

Our Lord has not deprived us of His Bodily Presence during our exile here below, but He invites us to Himself in this Sacrament by the true Presence of His Body and Blood. Hence, this Sacrament is the sign of His supreme love, be-cause of so familiar a union of Christ

with us.
The Hely Eucherist is at once a sacrament and a sacrifice. It is a sacrifice inasmuch as it is offered; a sacrament inasmuch as it is received; consequently, he who receives the Holy Eucharist receives the effect of the sacrament; and he who offers it, and those for whom it is

offered, receive the effect of the sacrifice. There are two ways of receiving the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist—apritually and sacramentally. All are obliged to receive it at least spiritually, for this incorporates us with Christ; but the spiritual teaching includes the desire of really receiving the Blessed Sacrament; and therefore, the desire of receiving it is necessary to salvation. offered, receive the effect of the sacrifice

sary to salvation. No tongue can express the sweetness which the fervent soul finds in the Hely Sacrament. It is enough to say that true spiritual sweetness is drunk at the fountain

As baptism is called the Sacrament of Faith, which is the foundation of a spirit nal life, so is the Holy Eucharist the Sacrament of Charity, which is the bond of perfection. As in baptism we are regenerated in Christ, so in the Holy

Eicharist we eat Ohrist.
O sacred banquet in which Christ is received, the memory of His Passion is renewed, the mind is filled with grace, and a pledge of future glory is given us !

CATROLIC NOVELS.

The distinctively Catholic novel is of recent growth on Eaglish soil. Cardinal Wiseman saw in "The Last Days of Pompeil" the model of an idea which, carried out, might prove most fruitful in bringing before the minds of the people a vivid please of the Christian church passing through ture of the Christian church passing through the various stages of her struggles and her triumphs. His fertile brain accordingly triumphs. His fertile brain accordingly projected a series of novels intended to rehabilitate the past, and with his usual versatility, he turned aside from his Orlental and scientific studies, and led the way in that delightful story of "Fablola," which continues to be read with unabated interest. Then followed Cardinal Newman's 'Callista,' a classic of finer fibre and more delicate structure, abounding in subtle traits of character, and penetrated with that keen sense of the beautiful so that grows upon one with every successive perusal. Other works of merit were modelled on these, and though the list is short, it is select.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which anpeared in our column some time since, an-nouncing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will swall themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenominal sale throughout the United S. ates and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." I. KENDALL Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt.,

Joy In Jasper.

I can recommend Burdock Blood Bitters as a sure cure for scrofula. I had it for four years, and was so bad at one time that I was almost a solid sore. I commenced taking B. B. B. last summer, have taken three bottles, and am entirely cured now.

MISS ELLEN PIPE, Jasper, Ont.

Miss Eller Pipe, Jasper, Ont.

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I
was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for
eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at
times very distressing, caused a dropping
and languid feeling, which would last for
several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Popplewell, Chemist of
our city, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Curs, and I
am thankful to say that I have not been
better for years; that burning sensation
and languid feeling has all gone, and food
does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others
of my family have used it with best results,
Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich.

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a tea-kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and the effect was to immediately allay the pain. I was cured in three days. Is there anything more annoying than

having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.