

AUGUST 28, 1907.

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Father Damen, S.J.

One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lectures of Father Damen on the subject of "The Private Interpretation of the Bible."

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PLUMBING WORK

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REMEMBRANCE OF ST. ANNE'S.

(For the Catholic Record.) Another day was dead—was gone away to eternity! Truly an ideal day it had been, and was followed by a clear bright evening. Reluctantly we left it to go to the arms of Morpheus, for it is the custom in St. Anne's "early to bed and early to rise."

Happy in hope away she flew, determined to get the key that would open the gate. Alas! she knew not where to find it. Long and perseveringly she sought. At length she brought the key of repentance. The gates are passed—

May such be our fate when we have passed the portal of death! Yet there are some for whom even the tears of repentance cannot open Heaven, because baptism has never washed original sin away.

"From world to luminous world, as far As the universe spreads its flaming wall. Take all the pleasures of all the spheres And multiply each through endless years. And minutes of heaven is worth them all."

"The Feast of the Roses"—This song is, as the critic (Faldiceen) says, "rather nonsensical," still we must admit such things will happen sometimes in real life.

"The Fire-Worshippers" is a very romantic little song. How sad the fate, how true the love of the Arab maid and her sorrowful husband!

Some days must be dark and dreary. Yet if we try to brighten the darkened lives of others, the clouds in our own are forgotten.

What a little (I might say) angel child she was, gitted with wisdom far beyond her years. How very sad is the description of her death! How beautifully the author speaks of death in this and many of his other works.

He says of little Nell: "She was dead, no sleep so beautiful and so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God waiting for the breath of life, not one who lived and suffered death. She was past all help

or need of it. We will not wake her."

In "Tale of Two Cities," "Even when the golden hair lay in a halo on the pillow round the form of the little boy he said with a radiant smile, Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both and to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go. Thus the rustling of an angel's wing got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of heaven."

"The dying boy made answer I shall soon be there. He spoke of the beautiful gardens stretched out before him with figures of men, women and many children, all with light upon their faces, and he whispered that it was Eden, and so died."

There was a something in this far-away view of death which reminded me of Tennyson. Have you ever thought that his poetry seemed in another world? It is so softly ethereal that one can only see it away in the distance. Some of it is like a message to me, perhaps because most of the poets have painted their poem-pictures so perfect that you can see them as clearly as if you looked on some of Michael Angelo's work.

"Paradise and the Peri" is short but very sweet. Sad and weeping was the Peri, for the gates of heaven were closed. A beautiful Angel came to her and said

"One hope is thine 'Tis written in the book of Fate 'The peri yet may be forgiven 'Who brings to this Eternal Gate 'The gift that is most dear to Heaven."

"Angels group in awe around Him, Round the throne whereon He stands." At the foot of the altar a priest kneeling, and on both sides of the chapel, dressed in white, with snowy veils around them, are the nuns bowed low in adoration, while to soft music low sweet voices are chanting the Vesper Hymn.

From the convent balcony we will take our view of rural life. The last rays of sunshine are bidding adieu to the busy village and beautiful church, yet they linger round its towers reluctant to go. The streets of the village wind in and out, far away amid the hills, but the centre of life—here people are hurrying back and forth. There are many little stalls, and those in charge are kept busy. The gently ebbing river waves are kissing the shores good night.

Away up the river we see a boat coming, and down the long pier vehicles are going in numbers to meet it. Round a curve of the river, Mount St. Anne rises its blue peak and the clouds have crowned her "Queen of the Hills."

Far away on the other side the sun has given a halo of glory to the spires in the dim distant city of Quebec. Which picture do you like best? I wonder. Perhaps you will condemn both.

"Let mercy season justice," for the artist is only Winnifred.

Sayings of Christ.

Speaking of papyri recently discovered which contain sayings of Christ, a London correspondent writes: "These papyri are strange looking refuse. Some of them are in rolls perhaps fourteen inches in length and a couple of inches broad, looking something like a huge old cigar, dry, dusty and weevil eaten, crushed flat by a heavy weight. But those that have been dampened and opened assume their look like pieces of fine yellow meringue—not a bright yellow, but a dark brownish hue. But what strikes one most strongly is the ink. There are these leaves dug out of the soil where they have been lying utterly unprotected for 1,800 years, and yet, where the surface of the papyrus is uninjured, the ink shows up as black as though it had flowed from the pen only a week ago. The writing, too, is beautifully clear, especially in the ecclesiastical manuscripts, which are the work of educated men."

Comfort Sometimes.

When health is far gone in consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is better than to take this medicine in time to save your health.

STORY OF "ROBIN ADAIR."

Written From the Heart and to a Real Robin Adair.

The famous song, which has sung itself into so many hearts, was written from the heart and to a real Robin Adair. The little tale reads like a fairy story and ends as happily.

"Robin Adair was a wise and energetic young man, and took full advantage of the lucky turn in his fortunes to study assiduously, and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection at the best end of the town. He was frequently at the dances given by this lady and others, and one night at a party he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case of love at first sight, mutual love, and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden. Her kinsfolk were stupefied with amazement. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her of her folly, but without avail, and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health (about 1750) she wrote the verses now so popular and adapted them to the melody of "Eileen Aroon," which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her.

At last the separation from Adair and the importunities of her relatives caused her to become so dangerously ill that, upon the doctor's despairing order, her life and sense of the danger of more of the heart, and mind than of the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to."

Some Women Who Were Professors. In view of the foundation at Washington of the proposed Trinity College for the higher education of women, and because of the fact that such an institution has been spoken of in some places as "a new departure" on the part of the Catholic Church, it may not be amiss to recall certain matters which are proven by the pages of history.

In the life of St. Teresa we find it recorded that she was made a doctor of divinity because of her great knowledge of theological questions, and it is also stated that she wore at times the doctor's cap. Norella d'Andrea, the daughter of a celebrated professor of the University of Bologna, who lived in the 14th century, was so well versed in philosophy and law that she often lectured on those subjects to the students of that institution, filling her father's chair when he was obliged to absent himself from the classroom. Four centuries later this same university had a professor of mathematics and philosophy Laura Bassi, who had previously won her doctorate by passing a brilliant examination in those studies, and in the same century, but somewhat later in it, Clotilda Tamboni was appointed professor of Greek at Bologna, and the chair of anatomy and surgery was filled by Madame Manzolina.

One might mention St. Catherine of Siena, the patroness of philosophers, as another example of the highly educated Catholic woman, and she is by no means the only one that can be cited. The truth is that ages and ages ago the Church opened to all women who desired to enter them the doors of the great universities that were founded under her auspices, and she stands ready today to do the same whatever it is feasible, as the proposed chair of Tamboni in the evening establishment of Trinity College at Washington proves.—Catholic Columbian.

Relieved.

The Congregationalist tells a story of the old and the new way of giving out church notices. An old-fashioned clergyman supplying a church had announced in the habit of making the announcement, and everyone was couched in a manner like this: "If it be in accordance with the will of Divine Providence, there will be a meeting in this house this evening. The subject will be 'Scripture Promises,' and there will be a short address by the pastor, no unforeseen accident preventing." After this sort of thing for several weeks everybody drew a long breath when his successor remarked in a pleasant, conversational tone: "I haven't yet decided whether or not it's advisable to continue the evening meetings during the coming month, 'tennately, we'll hold one to-night, and let's all try to be there."

One of Mr. Pulitzer's young men called on a New Haven minister some time ago and asked him to give the "World" a fifty-word interview on "Hell." He didn't get fifty words. He got just nineteen, but they expressed more sense and more truth than would one thousand other words. Here is the interview: "Hell in my opinion is the place where the Sunday edition of that paper should be published and circulated.—Boston Republic.

Nervous Prostration

Is a deplorable condition of body, to which the mind to some degree responds; the sufferer becomes a victim to a legion of disagreeable sensations, arising from the impairment or exhaustion of nerve or vital force. Sleeplessness, too, comes to rob the sufferer of nature's sweetest solace and restorer, and a disordered digestive function contributes its quota to the already full cup of misery. Cure is possible in one way only—the nervous system must be strengthened; the digestive and assimilative functions must be restored.

Throat Trouble Cured.

"I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for severe throat trouble," writes Mrs. Hopkins, of 24 Bathurst Street, Toronto. "It proved most effective. I regard it as one of the best household remedies there is. It is easy and pleasant to take and drives out the cold with surprising celerity."

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25-cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

A PRIEST'S HEROIC SACRIFICE

Endured Exile Rather Than Break the Seal of the Confessional.

In the year 1853 Father Kobzlowicz, was a Catholic priest at Orator, in Ukraine, in Russian Volhymia. From the time of his ordination he was regarded as one of the most pious and zealous priests of the diocese; he had considerable reputation as a preacher, and was generally esteemed as a confessor. He rebuilt his parish church and decorated it, and from the time he was placed in charge of the parish he seemed to redouble his zeal. All at once, to the amazement of everyone who knew anything about him, he was accused of having murdered a public official of the place. The piece of evidence against him was a double-barrelled fowling piece, which was found hidden behind the high altar, which was proved to belong to him, and one barrel of which had been lately discharged. He was convicted of the murder, and the court sentenced him in penal servitude for life in Siberia. His hair was cut off, he was clad in convict's apparel, and incorporated in the chained gang of criminals who made their long weary march to Siberia.

Years passed away, and everything about the occurrence had been forgotten, except by a few persons. Then the organist of the church of Orator, sent for the principal persons of the district, and in their presence confessed that he was the murderer of the official. He added that he was led to the crime by the hope of marrying his widow. After committing the murder, he took the gun with which he had shot the unfortunate man, and hid it where, upon his suggestion, the police found it, and he ungenerously managed to fix suspicion on the priest. But the strangest part of the story remains to be told. After the arrest of the priest, being torn with remorse, he visited him in prison and went to confession to him, disclosing that he himself was the criminal. He had then the purpose of acknowledging his guilt before the tribunal, but his courage failed him and he allowed things to proceed on their false course.

Thus the poor priest, Kobzlowicz, knew well who was the real murderer, but he knew it only through the confessional. A word would have set him free from the terrible chain of the confessional, and he preferred to undergo penal servitude for life, and lose his good name and be regarded as a shameless criminal.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Grave.

The memory of John Boyle O'Reilly still lives. The grave of the poet in Holywood cemetery, at Brookline, constantly bears floral emblems, mute testimony of a lingering affection, says the Boston Globe.

The ample burial lot, which is 88x40 feet in extent, is located in the handsomest spot in Holywood. It is planted with Irish grass, while the real shamrock and the beautiful Irish daisy grow round it in profusion. The lot is shaded with shrubbery transplanted from the poet's native land. Among the trees are golden cedars, from Newtown Ards, County Down, Irish junipers, Irish yew trees, rhododendrons and many young Irish purple beeches.

The beds beneath the shrubs and trees are studded with a wealth of pansies and forget-me-nots. Nature herself, however, has given O'Reilly his most appropriate monument in the ledge underlying his burial lot. This huge pentagonal mass of stone springing about seventy-five feet, represents better than any work of art all that O'Reilly's life and nature meant. His face as sculptured in the rock makes as complete an emblem of remembrance as could be desired.

The 100 ives from Louth Castle, the poet's native home, planted three years ago, together with the two ivies from the grave of Martha Washington, have clambered around the rock in mingled profusion, giving the boulder the appearance of a huge green bush. The poet sleeps beneath a luxuriant floral bed a few feet in front of the bronze medallion, and at some distance from his grave two bronze vases will soon be filled with palms and flowering plants of all kinds. The scenery around the grave is very attractive. Open wooded and rugged hills, it recalls his intense love for the beauties of nature, while the cultivated flowers in the burial lot brings to mind the poetic development which surrounded his later years.

The face in the medallion is shown in profile. The shapely head, with close cut hair, is firmly and gracefully poised on the shoulders, which are more than life size, stands out from the medallion in prominent relief. It is altogether one of the most beautiful of graves.

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