#### A Christmas Legend.

It was the holy Christmas-tide
In Ireland long ago;
The hills and vales were covered o'er
With newly-fallen anno.
It was a Christmas in the days
Of misery and fear.
When it was ceath to say a Mass,
and dauger Mass to hear.

There stood a ruined abbey church,
All open to the sky;
Happy the brethren to whom God
Had given the grace to die
And rest within their quiet graves
Before the day of woe.
That saw their peac (cil.) happy home
A prey to cruel fce.

A peasant woman from her sleep
Arose that Christmas day,
And from her cottege window looked
out on the twilight gray.
Forth from the 'ulised' church there
atreamed

atreamed
Across the spotless srow
Drilliant light, and white-robed forms
Were passing to and iro.

The holy music of the church
Fell on her raptured ear;
She roused her children and went forth
The holy Mass to hear.
They knelt within the ancient walls
Till Masses three were said.
But as they knelt and gazed in joy
The giorious vision fied.

No footprints save their own were seen Upon the new-fallen snow; They knew not whence the priest ha

come,
They never saw him go.
And whether he were mortal man
They would not dare to say,
Or one come back from 'mong the dead
To keep that Christmas day.

#### THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

A BEAUTIFUL STORY FOR CATHO LIC CHILDREN.

My little children, Christmas is your especial feast. You learn now that Jesus was once a little babe and a child like you. You are no longer frightened, nor think that God is too great to notice you. Your hearts are full of love; you kneel before the crib and lock at Him, and teel sure He knowseand loves you. Look at Him well, note His sweet face, His hands and His hair. Then think those eyes never looked cross or angry; those lips never uttered an unbecoming word; those outstretched hands were never raised in anger. Now look at yourselves, and see the difference; sometimes you are both cross and angry, you speak unkindly to your playfellows, and disrespectfully to your parents.

parents.

This is your feast, for when the kind

"Suffer

This is your feast, for when the kind Jesus lived on earth, He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and He loves you as much now as then.

How kind He is! He has sent a beautiful bright angel from heaven to take care of you, who is always close by your side; he knows and sees everything you do, and tells Jesus all. When you are naughty, he hides in his wings, and sorrows for your sins, but when you are good he smiles upon you and throws his wings around you. The next time you are tempted to do wrong, think about this good angel.

good angel.

Christmas is a happy time for little children, every one is so kind, and they get so many nice presents. The church looks so beautiful, you would like to be looks so beautiful, you would like to be always there. The snow lies upon the ground, and you have some fine sport with the snow-balls. There is no school, a long holiday, and nearly all play. But I am going to tell you about a little boy, who had no mother to make him nice things, no home, no bright fire; no loving little brothers and sisters; who scarcely knew what the name of God meant, and had never been inside of a church.

who had no mother to make him nice things, no home, no bright fier; no loving little brothers and sisters; who scarcely knew what the name of God meant, and had never been inside of a church.

The little boy lived in Londor; his mother was dead, and his father had gone far awar, no one knew where; and he was left with an old woman, who cared little whether he lived or died. His poor mother had been a Catholic, and he had been a Catholic, and he had been a prize girl gar haired boy with deep blue eyes and rosy lipe. He was thin, for he had not half enough to eat. You could see the blue veins plainly through the small white hands. Charlie was not seven years old; he was a good boy though no one had taught him his catechism. His guardian angel took care of him, and whispered in his car what was right and what was wrong, and Charlie always did the right.

The old woman who had the care of Charlie was called Nanny, and she was one of the crossest old women you would meet with. She was always scolding or beating the little fellow, and he had but a miserable life. Charlie sometimes went out into the yard to play with the child care was cone of the pard to play with the child less. One morning when he got up, he doorstep of a fashionable-looking house. He rested his head on his hands, and hand, and the was called Nanny, and she was one of the crossest old women you would meet with. She was always scolding or beating the little fellow, and he had but a miserable life. Charlie sometimes went out into the yard to play with the child case was considered on the property of the same than the top of the consent of the part to the had but a miserable life. Charlie sometimes went out into the yard to play with the child case of charlie was called Nanny, and she was one of the crossest old women you would meet with. She was alvays scolding or beating the little fellow, and he had but a miserable life. Charlie sometimes went out into the yard to play with the child chern had been a proper with the child chern hand had been a prop

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"What's that—why, its Christmas day, I tell you; every one has a plum-pudding; my mother cays we shall too."

"how nice penny!"
Some if

with a large altar in it, and full of pictures and flowers and candles; and Oh, Charlie, there is one picture so beautiful of the Blessed Lady and holy Jesus."

"Who are they?" said Charlie.

"Well, God lives up in heaven, you know, and He loves us all, and he sends a

will tell you. Good-bye Charlie, I must go in."

"Good bye," said Charlie, going slowly back to the nouse. All day he sat by the fire thinking about what Tommy had told him, and wondering if the angel really stood there.

"What on earth are you turning round in that way for?" said old Nanny.

"I am looking for my angel."

"For what?" said Nanny, frightened.

"My angel; but I can't see him;" and his little head dropped wearily.

"I'll cure you of that nonsense!" she said," and she gave him a blow which made Charlie fall.

"Oh, don't beat me, my head aches so bad."

But Nanny was a wicked woman; she

But Nanny was a wicked woman; she hated all things good and holy, she was the worst of all bad people, an apostate Catholic.

"Angels, indeed! Go up to bed, and don't let me hear that again."

Little Charlie went sobbing up to his

wretched room.
"On angel," he said, throwing himself

"On angel," he said, throwing himself on the dirty straw, "take me to God. I want to go away."

He cried himself to sleep. The next morning, when he awoke, his head ached, and he felt burning hot; his legs and arms hurt him, too, and he could hardly walk down stairs. When he got into the kitchen, old Nanny was in one of her dreadful cross tempers; he was afraid to speak, but after a little while he asked:
"Nanny, please may I go to church?"

"Nanny, please may I go to church?" Already furious, she grew quite sav-

down, "Why he's dead! starved to death, I

eclare!"
"I wonder," said the nurse, "what he ould have been smiling about when he

"I don't know," said another standing

Archbishop Ryan and a "Catholic

Charity Ball."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

exterior admitted.

declare!

died?

"Church!" she almost shrieked. "What "Church!" she almost shricked. "What does the boy mean? I'll send you to church, never fear!" and she seized the trembling boy by the arm. Dragging him to the door, she opened it, and pushing him into the yard, exclaimed, "There! Now go to church? Mind you had better not come here again. I'm not going to have you preaching about angels and churches. A pretty life I I should have of it. I'll beat you until you have done with all that."

Poor little Charlie! Out he went; down the dirty yard, and into the long.

Poor little Charlie! Out he went; down the dirty yard, and into the long, endless streets. The snow was thick upon the ground, and the cold so intense, he could not keep himself warm. He put his hands under his little ragged pinafore, and then blew upon them as little children do. But he could not warm them. He wandered on through the long streets. Grand ladies passed him, dressed in velvet and fur; troops of happy children, with beaming faces; big, stalwart men, wrapped in great coats; carriages and horses, loaded drays, cabs, porters; men with baskets full of game and poultr; till Charlie's aching head grew dizzy, and he sat down upon the door-step of a fashionable-locking house. He rested his head on his hands, and was just going to sleep, when a police-

to a shop around which stood a crowd of boys and girls. Hot pies, smoking and steaming, filled the whole street with went out in the yard to run about, and get warm. There, sliding up and down, he saw his companions.

"Oh, come along, Charlie, here's such fun," taid one of them, "the dey after to-morrow is Christmas day?"

"Christmas day!" said Charlie, "what that?"

"How I should like a pie!" he said; they mice they smell! I wish I had a their savory fragrance. What a picture were those hungry eyes and pale faces round the window! What a mixture of

"how nice they smell! I wish I had a

I tell you; every one has a plum-pudding; my mother says we shall too."

"And," said Billy Hopkits, "my father says I may slide all day, Christmas is such fun!"

"I thought people went to church on Christmas day," said a curly-headed little boy.

"Some do," said a big boy; "but that's not my way."

Little Charlie crept up to the curly-headed child and said, "Toumy, what is "church?"

"Church!—why it's a beautiful place, with a large altar in it, and full of pic tures and flowers and candles; and Oh," i am glad; I am sure my angel to say the winds whispered through them; and they seemed to speak to him. He came to a large house with a porch before a faint, he entered and lay down.

"I am glad; I am sure my angel to say the winds whispered through them; and they seemed to speak to him. He came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before a single property of the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came to a large house with a porch before the came

with a large altar in it, and full of pictures and flowers and candles; and Oh, Charlie, there is one picture so beautiful of the Blessed Lady and holy Jesus,"

"Who are they?" said Charlie.

"You are a funny boy; don't you know about our Lord and the Blessed Virgin? I do; and my mother often talks to me about them."

"Ah! but I haven't got a mother."

"Doesn't old Nanny tell you about God?"

"No," said Charlie with a reverent face, "will you?"

"Well, God lives up in heaven, you faint, he entered and lay down.

"I am glad; I am sure my angel brought me here;" and he put his cold and not know it. His head felt so fiery and light, and his little limbs were so heavy that he could not stir. Then his senses began to wander. The darkness frightened him, and he thought he really saw his angel standing by him.

"Oh, take me to God," was his moaning, pitiful cry. "I am so cold and hungry."

A Wedding Present

The untidy appearance of a grizzly beard should never te allowed. Bucking had at any drug store. A continuation of change their color to a brown or black, at discretion, and thus keep up your reputation for neatness and good looks.

A Wedding Present

A Heavy Load.

A Heavy Load.

A Heavy Load.

When I ate, my food was like a lump of lead in my stomach. I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The more I took, the more it he honey moon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitation for neatness and good looks.

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W J. THOMPSON.

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beautiful abgel to take care of us. You've got one and so have I."

"Have I? Where is he?"

"By your side. My mother says the angel never goes away; he never leaves you for a moment; he is by your side now."

"I wish he would nurse me, my head aches so bad."

"Nurse you! why, you can not see him."

"I wonder," said Charlie, after musing some moments, "why God didn't give me a mother, if he loved me so much."

"That question puzzled Tommy, and he answered "I don't know. I don't know much about anything, but my mother will tell you. Good-bye Charlie, I must go in."

"Good bye," said Charlie, going slowly back to the nouse. All day he sat by the fire thinking about what Tommy had told him, and wondering if the angel.

Where speaking to him. Then he though the sargel knelt by his side, and placed his cool hand on his head. There is no more besutiful custom in the Catholic Church than this long continued one of her bisheps going to and returning from the Apostoic See at regular intervals of a few year.

"My dear Charlie, I am going to take you to our good God in heaven, and you will be an angel there."

"I am so glad," said Charlie; "my head is so bad, I want it to reat in heaven. Will old Nanny come too? Will she beat me there?"

"There is no more besutiful custom in the Catholic Church than this long continued one of her bisheps going to and returning from the Apostoic See at regular intervals of a few year.

Thus go as St. Paul went to Jerusalem to ree Peter, as the people of Corinth came to consult Chement (although an Apostle was still amongst the living) in old Nanny come too? Will she beat me there?"

"There is no beating in heaven, my will old Nanny come too? Will she beat me there?"

"Shall you be there, dear angel?"

"Yes, my child, I will take you and show you to our Blessed Lady, and to all the asints."

"Yes, they will love you very much."

"Yes, they will love you very much."

For, who is it we now honor in Rome? Certainly not the good citizen of Perugia as such, who sgainst his desire is elevated to the chair of Peter, not the sged man, who, worn out with anxious care, is tottering to the grave, not the weak mortal, who despite his many virtues, makes daily confession of his faults to God. No, he who is honored there is not the man, the mortal or the sinner. It is the Vicar of Christ; as such superhuman, immortal and infallible. About the Supreme Pontiff, in as much as he is vested with the title of Christ's Vicar on earth, all that is personal, all that is weak, "Will they love me ! No one loves me here."

"Yes, they will love you very much."

The music grew louder and sweeter, and a great light shone in the porch.

"Charlie." whispered the angel, "speak after me." And the angel said, 'Our Father," and Charlie repeated it me! Have I got a father in heaven? Shall I see my mother there?" "Yes; your mother is waiting for vested with the title of Christ's Vicar on earth, all that is personal, all that is weak, all that is mortal vanishes. In him we see ever the same infallible one, and with the Fathers of the great councils we exclaim "Peter speaks through Leo," "through Gregory," "through Hormisdas." In him we see realized the grandest ideal of the legislator and executive, whose laws reach up to heaven and whose sway extends to the ends of the earth. Nine-teen contunies have not weakened his arm Then the angel bent down his head and leaned over Charlie, and a sweet per fume floated over him. The music grew louder and the light clearer. "Will you go with me, Charlie?" said "Yes," he whispered.
The eyelids quivered, the little frame shock, and then all was quite still.
Charlie was dead; his soul had gone to heaven.
Suddenly the house door opened and a powdered footman came out.
"Hallo!" he cried; what is here? "Get

extends to the ends of the earth. Nineteen centuries have not weakened his arm
or tainted his doctrine. Above him ever
hovers the Spirit of God to quicken his
words with holiness and fortify them with
truth. He still fulfills the mission "to
confirm his brethren." From his lips still
fall words as pleasing to the Divine Master as when he said "Thou art Christ the
Son of the living God."

His prerogative of infallible authority
and universal jurisdiction are as staunchly
defended to day as they were in the days
of Isidore, Augustine or Optatus. It is
as true now as in the days of St. Jerome,
that "whoseever does not gather with
him, scattereth." Standing on the watch
tower of God, he has seen the jarring eleup, little boy," and he touched the life-less body with his foot. It did not stir; then the man was frightened and stooped near. "People do say that children often see angels when they die." Three days afterward they carried the cradle and the shroud of all the former heresies, and the last has battered itself to pieces against the rock on which he stands; nothing but the spray of Protestantism now remains to tell of the once great tide which seethed and dashed around his feet.

And through all these conflicts what has been his strangth? What were him

Three days afterward they carried little Charlie to the cemetery, and there buried him. He was left in his snow. covered grave; the leafless trees waved over him, silent stars shone down upon him; the birds sang cheerily in the colo, clear frost; but the little boy was unconscious of all; he had joined the band of angels in heaven.

There was a paragraph next morning in the newspaper, telling how a fair-haired boy had been found dead. Papas and mamae, over their comfortable breakfast table, sighed, and said it was a pity such things should be. Brighteyed children paused for a moment and looked sad. And then he was forgotten. None knew of the aching head and weary himbs, or guessed how hard blows or harder words had driven the helpless child from the wietched place called his home.

The night Charlie died old Namer had nordes of the North, before whose chilling breath kingdoms and empires vanished? What gave him light to dispel the darkness of error, or vitality to withstand the crushing weight of nineteen centuries? This unconquerable power is furnished by a few words—they are but words uttered by the Son of God, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Charch."

The night Charlie died, old Nanny had gone out to look for him; but he was many miles away. After a long search she returned, and the next day she heard how he had died. His pale face haunted her; his meek replies, his earnest, "Don't beat me, Nanny," were ever in her ears. She never forgot the sorrow of his eyes, and his pitiful little voice; and the result was that, after a long life of dark sin, she returned to the faith she had so long foreaker. The prayers of the angel child were unswered, and old Nanny endeavored to repair the scandal she had caused. Dear reader, my story is ended now. Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church."

All hail, then, to the Chief Pastor! With our good Bishops we send our greetings. Through them we profess our allegiance to the Vicar of Christ, certain that he alone is the divinely constituted one with whom we are to stand and without whose strength as must fell. out whose strength we must fall

A NEW TREATMENT.

from one to three simple applications made at home. Out of two thousand patients treated during the past six months fully ninety per cent. have been cured. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per contract the meaning of the contract of th The "Catholic charity ball" was for several years a social event in Philadel phia. It was as well-managed as any gathering of the kind can be where tickets are sold, and anybody of decent deafness, and hay fever should at once correspond with Mesrs. A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King street, Toronto, Can-ada, who have the sole control of this new The Most Reverend Archbishop has stamp. - Scientific American.

called the attention of the managers of the ball to the decree of the Third Plenary Council, prohibiting balls and like entertainments for charitable pur-Plenary Council, prohibiting balls and like entertainments for charitable purposes. He has likewise announced that none of the proceeds of such entertainments can be received by Catholic charitable institutions.

"This," the New York Sun says, "has caused much commotion in Pailadel. phia." But we are sure that it is, among thoughtful people, a commotion of approval.

The Philadelphia Catholic charity ball, under the management of the gentlemen of the Pailadelphia Institute, was one of the best of its kind. It was the occasion of no scandals, and respectable people attended it. But it gave occasion for late hours and round dancing. The American girl could go to it, attended by her "gentleman friend," at nine o'clock, and not return home until two in the morning. This custom is sanctioned by usage; but it is a bad custom.

A Heavy Load.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The Cure of drunkenness is a task withwhich the regular practitioner has been unable to regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nither a dia with the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nither a data with the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nither a data with the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nither adhabit, we all admit the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nither a data with the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nither adhabit, we all admit her explicationers as a social stake with the regular practitioner has been unable to explain the regular practitioners as a social stake of well admit her explain practitioners as A Cure for Drunkenness The Philadelphia Catholic charity ball, under the management of the gentlemen of the Philadelphia Institute, was one of the best of its kind. It was the occasion of no scandals, and respectable people attended it. But it gave occasion for late hours and round dancing. The American girl could go to it, attended by her "gentleman friend," at nine o'clock, and not return home until two in the morning. This custom is sanctioned by

# AYER'S PILLS

CURE HEADACHE.

Headaches are usually induced by costiveness, indigestion, foul stomach, or other derangements of the digestive system, and may be easily cured by the use of Ayer's Pills. Mrs. Mary A. Scott, Portland, Me., writes: "I had suffered dreadfully from Sick Headache, and thought myself incurable. Disorder of the stomach caused it. Ayer's Pills cured me entirely."

CURE RHEUMATIOM.

Rheumatism is among the most painful of the disorders arising from vitiated blood and derangement of the digestive and biliary organs. Ayer's Pills relieve and cure Rheumatism when other remedies fail. S. M. Spencer, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I was confined to my bed, with Rheumatism, three months, but, after using a few boxes of Ayer's Pills, became a well man." CURE BILIOUSNESS.

CURE INDICESTION.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

him, scattereth." Standing on the watch tower of God, he has seen the jarring ele-ments of the world form into line, reel and then break again and again, whilst he alone remained immutable. He assisted at the last gasp of the old civiliza-tion, he ushered in the new. He saw the cradle and the shroud of all the

has been his strength? What gave him power to rest his feet on the banks of the Tiber, where the ancient empire could remain only by force of arms? What gave him strength to subdue the barbarous hordes of the North, before whose chilling breath kingdoms and empires wanted?

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafuess, and Hay

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and custachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are cured in from one to three simple applications. Sufferers are not generally aware that cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. In fact this is the only treatment which can possibly effect a permanent cure, and sufferers from catarrh, catarrhal remedy, and who send a pamphlet explain-ing this new treatment, free on receipt of

CURE RHEUMATISM.

CURE COUT.

CURE BILIOUSNESS.

John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebr., writes:
"I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice. I was so dangerously ill, that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor. I feel certain that I owe my recovery to your invaluable Pills."

CURE COUT.

S. Lansing, Yonkers, N. Y., writes:
"Recommended to me as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me not only from that trouble, but also from Gout. If every victim of the disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. Those words would be, 'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

CURE PILES.

Ayer's Pills aet directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, influencing health-ful action, imparting strength, and eradicating disease. G. W. Mooney, Walla Walla, W. T., writes: "I have suffered from Dyspepsia and Liver troubles for years past. I found no permanent relief, until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, disagreeable disorder, but gave me new life and health."

Sold by all Druggists.

# Bell ORGANS

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THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS, invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the

aged they are priceless.

THEEL OINTEMENTAL

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers, It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
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and are sold at 1s. 13d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may
be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

\*\*Furchasers should took to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not
Oxford Extract London, they are superious.

# WANTED I

smart, energetic person in every town, to whom a most liberal arrangement will be

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## The Usual Course.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The world was made when a man was born; He must taste for himself the forbidden springs,
He can never take warning from old-fashioned things,
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear
to the truth
Of the friend of his soul; he must laugh to

Of the friend of his John; he must laught to soon morn. The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes That are clear as the wells of Paradise, And so he goes on, till the world grows old. Till his tongue has growneautious, his heart has grown cold.
Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his laugh.
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff; He grows formal with men and with women polite. And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight.

Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head.
And loves for his pleasure—and 'tis time he were dead!

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian. Catholic Columbian.

Tuesday's cable brought us the news of the ordination by Cardinal Manning of a former Anglican clergyman. On the same day was chronicled the conversion of the widow of Hon. W. H. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy in Garfield's cabinet and afterwards Minister to Russia. Last week was ware harmy to

field's cabinet and afterwards Minister to Russia. Last week we were happy to mention the resignation of Mr. Bowne from a Protestant pulpit to embrace the faith of our fathers'. And so the spread of the light goes on. There is often, however, an unjust outcry against the man who changes his views, be the inducements ever so strong and beyond logical resistance. Orestes A. Brownson, in January, 1844, his own views on religion especially then undergoing a salutary January, 1844, his own views on religion especially then undergoing a salutary change—sketches the morale of the whole matter in these words: "He who really has an object to gain, independent of his own reputation, will change his views often as to the means to be adopted; but changes of this kind imply no fickieness or want of stability; they imply merely an collecting experience of more practical an enlarging experience of more practical wisdom. There is fickleness only where there is frequent change of purpose.

Colorado Catholic.
We are sure the editors and managers of the daily papers would not let their own children read the sensational fiith that is being dumped over from London. For God's sake, keep such rot away from the young. They will learn vice soon

enough.

Fathers who spend the Sunday fishing and hunting instead of going to Mass ought not, be surprised if their boys go to play base-ball or loaf around saloon. and nutting instead of going to blass ought not, be surprised if their boys go to play base-ball or loaf around saloon on that day. It would be a surprise were it otherwise. Like parent like child, like child like parent, is an old but true saying Sunday is the Lord's day and those who devote it to indolence, pleasure and unnecessary work to the exclusion of God'honor commit a grievous sin beside scandalizing their neighbors and the families, and for this scandal and sin in occasions they are held accountable. Parents should so conduct themselves at the the guide for the emulation of the children; and if thay did so, there would be far less sin, trouble and suffering for them in this life, and probably a more hopeful prospect for them in the next.

Catholic Times.

If a statement that a Berlin correspondent who is usually well informe be correct, Emperor William cherished the desire to ratify the re establishmen of religious peace in his dominions by personal meeting with His Holiness Lex III. The following report appeared in a recent issue of the Osservator Cattlotic Wa hear from Berlin toat Mgr. This

a recent issue of the Osservatore Callolic
"We hear from Berlin that Mgr. This
the learned B shop of Varmia, has he
an interview with his Majesty th
Emperor. The Minister of Worsh Emperor. The Minister of Worshi Baron Gossler, was present during ta sudience, which lasted about an hou The Emperor, in the course of the coversation, said to the Bishop: 'I a glad to have restored religious peace my country. I wish to see the Popbefore I die, but how can I do it.' Aft the interview, the Bishop dined with the Emperor.'

Emperor."
N. Y. Freeman's Journal. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It is of great importance that the quition of the rights of laboring peoshould be disassociated from the ruin
theories of Communists whose theor
would end in confusion and despotis
The interests of honest labor, looking The interests of honest labor, looking the acquisition of some little property the reward of industry, has a deameny in Communism, that would dest all independent organizations of rig and leave nothing but the weak, unaid individual in face of "the State," organizas ever, by the most unscrupulous grasping of its most adroit members. Christian organization of society grathe State only the powers of a high poto protect the law abiding, and to pur law-breakers. It is of pagan origio, moted by the system of pagan Rome, reproduced by the legists that destroliberty in Europe in latter centuries, it the entire property of the people below to the State.

to the State.

Baltimere Mirror.

One of the bitterest reproaches advan against the Church by the shallow thinl of the day is, that she represents principle of authority, of "despottem," they call it. She, forscoth, is out of j. with the times, a relic of medievalist spectral form of the powerful organizal which once controlled the social elemn of the civilized world. We are "en cipated" now; mind is free; every it thinks and does what he likes, so lon he refrains from breaking the laws of land. Yet there could not be a feview of the world as it now ex Thomas Carlyle touched the keynot the situation when he declared that it was less individuality now than the situation when he declared that was less individuality now than before. There has simply been a shi of authority. One man no longer his fellows; the majority rules ins And this authority, be it noted, ha effect of crushing individuality. Ferly, the rulers at least had a chan leavelon their neculiarities; but now develop their peculiarities; but now a thing is not allowed. And this tend a thing is not allowed. And this tend towards the strongest and most substr form of authority increases every We behold working men enrolling t selves in organizations for the purpo-securing higher wages. On the hand, employers are forming similar ciations to keep wages down. Whe

Paltimore Mirror.