(WESTERN DIVISION)

The Pupils' Gazette.

Being a Series of Literary Specimens Written by Fourth Form Children.

Note.—The following pieces are the result of a circular issued by the Inspector at the beginning of the present session. The cordial response universally given by both teachers and pupils is worthy of the highest commendation. It is confidently hoped that the experienced reader will allow to these juvenile authors the indulence due their yet immature minds. The places are named in alphabetic order:

A Day of Pleasure.

Having enjoyed so often the pleasures of Belle I-le, I can find nothing better to describe than a day spent on this beautiful spot so well worthy of its name. We left Detroit about nine in the morning and crossed a bridge three quarters of a mile long, which spans the American Channel. From there the I-land seems but a small grove of trees, but as we draw near the end, we view the numerous canals which intersect everywhere, forming in places small lakes; these are dotted with islands, some mere rocks through which the water spouts, others but small beds of flowers, and again a few of considerable size covered with the choicest trees, such as weeping willow, which droops its branches far into the lake as if to form a tempting alcove for the passer by. Indeed so natural does everything appear that one would hardly realize that it is the work of man; these canals are crossed here and there by small rustic bridges, which have a very romantic appearance. After taking a general view of the scenery about us, we proceeded to the Casino, where we hired a phatton and drove around the island, passing the race course, lawn ton and drove around the island, passing the race course, lawn ton and drove around the island, passing the race course, lawn ton and drove around the island, passing the race course, lawn ton show the scene cleared and is reserved for the squirrels, "the natives of the island." We next visited the Central Park, where such animals as lend attraction to a well chosen collection may be seen, as the deer, bear, fox and eagle. Being somewhat tired after a drive of three miles, and as an hour y

No Place Like Home.

Once on a time a mother sent her little boy to school. He had not gone far when he overtook some boys who were playing truant. They asked him to go with them. At first he objected, but afterwards said he would go. Then those boys rowed him to the other side of the river, where they were to have their dinner. One of the boys took a squirrel and some potatoes from the boat. The little boy did not want to ask where they got them. But after they had finished eating they told him that they had stolen the squirrel and potatoes. They then told the boy that they were going to hunt, and to wait there until they returned. But it began to grow dark, and he became frightened. He looked around and saw the policeman catch the boys, and go away with them. So the little boy jumped into the boat, and tried to row himself across to the other side; but the oars fell from his hands, he was so frightened. He went to sleep and did not wake up till morning, when, looking around, he could see only sky and water. He was wishing some boat would come along and bring him home. One did come; it was going to China, but the little boy concluded that even this would be better than to float about at the mercy of the waves; so he went on board. The ship did not return for three years. All this time his mother was fretting terribly for her little boy. But one night she heard the dog growling in the yard, and in a moment her boy had his arms around her neck.—Lewis Gordon D'Aubin, Amherstburg.

One Friend to Another.

One Friend to Another.

Arthur, Sept. 22, 1893.

My Dear Maud,—When I look at the date of your letter, my heart reproaches me severely with ingratitude in neglecting so long to answer it. I will not trouble you with an apology, but do me the justice to believe that my delay by no means proceeded from want of respect to my best of friends. On the 5th of July I left Guelph and proceeded to Chicago. As this was my first visit you may rest assured that I was favorably impressed with the city and the citizens whose hospitality I enjoyed for four days. When the time for my departure arrived it seemed difficult for me to realize that they were only acquaintances for a short time; many of them accompanied me to the station, where, after bidding them "Good-bye," my aunt and I proceeded to San Francisco, where we were compelled to remain several days before a steamer would sail for England. This delay, though contrary to what we expected, was most welcome, for my aunt was very much fatigued from the journey. On the 8th of August we arrived at Portsmouth, but I did not go to school till the first of September. I visited London and Westminster Abbey. From London we came here, and I am now at school. I have not had one spare moment since the second of September, and I often think I have not time for all my lessons, as all my time is so employed. Expect a longer account next time from your loving friend, Teresa O'Donnett.

The Right Sort of Dog.

The Right Sort of Dog.

A little boy who was fond of dogs asked his father to get him one. The boy being small, his father thought a little dog would be the best, and soon got one for him. When the boy saw his dog he was very proud of him, and called him Fido. One day the boy asked his father why Fido was not growing. His father said, "Fido will not grow to be a large dog; he is only a pet." "I don't want him then," said the boy; "we will give him away, and you can get me a large one." His father got him another, that was nearly as tall as its little master. The boy chose to call it Rover. He and Rover went to the pond every day to fish. One day while fishing the boy fell into the pond, and went out of sight. Rover followed and soon brought him out. The boy ran home and told his father about his bravedog, and said, "that is more than Fido would do." He told all his companions that if they would ever get a dog to be sure and get one like Rover, and not a pet.—Gertrude Sullivan, Ashfield.

There was a picnic in aid of our Catholic Church at Barrie on the 28th of August. It commenced at 10:30 a. m. There were two bands and two stands: in the latter were sold ice-cream, candies, fruit and nice drinks. The most enjoyable feature was the games—racing, dancing, jumping, a shooting match, a tug of war and an Irish jig. The prizes were given free. The 1st prize for the girls' race was a grand fan that was valued at \$2.50, which was won by Miss Mary Brennan, of Allandale. The music was conducted by Mr. McMorran, of Allandale. There was an organ and a violin. The prizes for the shooting-match were presented by Dean Egan, the pastor of the church. The tug of war was between Barrie and Vespra, in which Vespra was victorious. There was a man who performed some exercises on a rope, in which great interest was taken by some people. There was a grand prizes givenfor the one who danced the Irish jig the best, which was won by Mr. Travers, There was a grand easy chair presented by Byron and Ryan, which was won by Mr. Wedlock. Everything turned out very well. They made between seven and eight hundred dollars.—Jennie Byrne. Barrie Pienie.

Reading.

Reading.

It does a person good to read sometimes; but it does not do any good to read dime novels; nor for a person who is intending to be a doctor to read books about law; nor for a person who intends to be a druggist to read books on theology. In reading, a person should always be able to understand what he is reading about, and then he will learn a good deal very soon from it, providing that it is a good book. When one person is reading to another he should always speak distinctly, so that the person to whom he is reading can easily understand it. When a person reads a newspaper he can find out about the affairs both of his own and toreign countries, so that he can have some idea of their state. In writing a letter to a person, if he could not read there would not be much good in sending it to him, unless there was some one else with him who could read; but every boy should be able to read his own letters.—Alfred Crossland, Barrie.

The benefit to be derived by visiting a county fair is that the people can there see what progress the county is making.—Blanche Freeman, Berlin.

Fishing.

If a boy goes fishing the whole neighborhood knows about it. He asks his mother it she can tell him where he left his pole last, and asks her to help him to look for it. He then gets his hooks and lines and hunts the bait. He has told his mother several times not to forget his lunch. The next morning he is awake before anyone in the house. After he had his breaktast, he starts off with some of his friends and has a long march through swamps and woods. As they go along they chase chippunks and squirrels. They are scared by a little noise in the neighboring bushes, perhaps at a little squirrel. Now they reach the river. They fish till something tells them that their lunch baskets are in the neighborhood. After they eat their lunch they fish awhile tall each of them has a nice string. They then make a fire and fry some fish and crabs as well as any cook could under the same circumstances. After this they make a raft and go out on the river and take a bath and play until it is time to go home. Each carries a nice string of fish, and some of them forget their poles in their eagerness. After a hard hour's march they reach home tired and weary. They take their supper, go to bed and have a good night's rest. The next day for dinner they have a fine appetite for their fish. Alexander Mayer, Berlin.

My Dear Uncle,—I take the pleasure of writing to you on receipt of your last letter. Things have changed since you were here. In the place where Kerr's wood yard used to stand there has been built a fine drill shed. A new dam is in course of construction, and the dam and canal employ quite a number of hands, especially the canal, whose "boss" is advertising for more. We had our annual southern fair, which was a very poor one on account of the people going to other fairs. The Farmers' Binder Twine Company have removed to their new shops here. Mr. Patterson, the confectioner, has had an addition built to his factory. An iron flume is being built, which is to be attached to the canal. The Goold Bicy. ac Company works have been removed to their new shops in the East ward. The electric cars that came here last summer are a grand success. The Bishop of Hamilton was here last Sunday, and confirmed about one hundred children. He made an impressive address, referring in touching terms to the death of Father Bardou. That is all I have to say at present. I remain, yours affectionately, David Richards.

Brantford is situated on the banks of the Grand River and is surrounded by a fertile and picturesque country. It contains many large manufacturing establishments, employing hundreds of hands, the principal being the Massey-Harris agricultural works, the owners of which ship their goods to all parts of the world; the carriage works, fanous for their lines of handsome burgies; the cordage works, Patterson's large biscait works and many others. Among the many public buildings are the Institution for the Blind, a beautiful building in the northern part of the city, surrounded by many large trees; the hospital, a substantial building situated on a hill overlooking the city; the central school, one of the finest; the Young Ladies' College, situated on Brant avenue, in which a great many young ladies from all parts of Ontario receive their education; the County Buildings, which cost \$80,000; the new Drill Hall, a handsome building situated at the southern end of Brant avenue and opened on the 26th of September, on which night a grand promenade concert was held; the Power House, situated on the southern side of Colborne street, with its beautiful works and machinery that runs by electricity; and finally Brantford has electric street cars, which are a great improvement to the city. It also has a beautiful park, situated on Market street, which contains large shade trees and beautiful lawns; in this park there is also a monument of the famous Indian chief, Joseph Brant, from whom Brantford derives its present name. There are also many churches, among which is St. Basil's, a large brick building, which occupies the space of one block. The other churches, too numerous to mention, are also very pretty. There is one that may be specially reterred to, the Mohawk, noted for being the oldest church in this county; it was erected by the Indians many years ago, and is situated about two miles from the city.

Approach of Winter.

When summer is over and winter is approaching, the apples and other fruits are gathered. The vegetables are also taken in. The leaves begin to turn and fall from the trees. Some of the animals burrow in the ground and gather a supply of food for the winter. The birds fly to the south, where the climate will be warmer. The framers thresh their grain and bring it to market. Their teams are also engaged in doing the fall ploughing, to have the ground ready to sow the seed in the spring. They also examine their dwellings and repair wherever it is necessary, against the cold winds and frosts of winter. They also provide fuel for the fires to warm their dwellings. Some of the farmers have not much to do in winter except attend to their stock. But others go to the bush for employment. At the first approach of winter the ground freezes up and a light covering of snow comes on the ground. Then that snow goes away and another fall comes and generally stays.—Rose Barker, Brechin.

The Two Little Italians.

Two children, named Pippo and Nina, were on their way to a little church dedicated to Our Blessed Lady of Many Dolours, in Roselta, in order to assist at Mass before they went to gather herbs for their little sister, who was very ill. They were followed by a very disagree-able-looking man named Pietro, who told them he had given their mother some herbs and she gave them permission to go to see the ship in the harbor. So they went at once, and in a short time they came to it. They went all round the vessel, but all at once they felt an unusual motion, and, looking out, they found that the vessel was already many yards from the shore. The children were very sad, but Pietro cheered them by saying he would buy them a marmott and organ. In a few days the vessel reached Florence, and the children went through the streets playing in order to get food and a bed for themselves. They travelled towards the Alps, but one night Pietro wandered out on the rocks and was hurt. Pippo at once went for the priest, but as he did not return Nina went after him. She found him lying in the snow not far from the house. The two half frozen children sat down by a large cross stiff with cold. Soon as Nina made an effort to rise she saw one of the monks of St. Bernard by her side. The children were sent to the hospital at once and the good monk went to Pietro. He made his contession and begged that the children were on their way to Roselta accompanied by the monk. When they were passing the little church they went in and they saw their mother kneeling before the image of our sorrowful Mother and their little sister by her side. If those poor little Italians had not wandered through the snow on a mission of charity they would not have been discovered until perhaps too late to receive assistance from the charity of the good monks of Mount St. Bernard — Jose phine McCarthy, Chatham.

News From Home.

else with him who could read; but every boy should be able to read his own letters.—Alfred Crossland, Barrie.

A county Fair.

A county show is held in a park in the county. There are several buildings put up in it, where the many different productions and works of the county are exhibited. A county fair is held to show the people what is manufactured and grown in the county. The people that intend to take any thing to the fair, do not wait until the last few weeks before the time; but they prepare things during the whole year. There are different manufactured articles there, such as machinery, farming implements, also furniture, boots and shoes, organs and pianos, etc. The farm products are also very attractive, but particularly so is the vegetable exhibit. The domestic animals shown there are of the finest and best. The dairy manutactures are also to be seen there. Different sorts of horses may be seen there, such as agricultural horses, carriage horses, roadster horses, ponies, etc. There may be seen also a fine assortment of the finest and best fruits, all sorts of beautiful flowers and plants. In the woman's department may be seen a great display of needle work, and also fancy work, beautiful paintings and other fine arts, such as pen and ink portraits and pencil drawing.

My Canary Bird.

Great was my joy when Uncle Charlie made me a present of a dear little canary bird, closed up in a beautiful cage. Oh: how proud I felt of my pretty little songster, and how much time and pleasure I took in feeding him and tending to my pet. My kind mamma often told me not to give him too much food, for I was always looking for things to give my pet the sweetest of everything. One day I did not as usual hear his sweet little voice, and, running to his cage, I found him on the floor cramping with pains. My poor, poor birdie had eaten too much food, and such that he could not digest, and I only came in time to see my only pet die. Oh! how I cried and ran to tell my mamma. The tears could not make my birdie alive, but I learned to listen to the good advice of my mother.—Cecelia Reindl, Deemerton.

I suppose you would like to know something about our town. Dundas is situated between two mountains. There is a canal at the east end, which steamboats may navigate, and it has two railways, the Grand Trunk and the Hamilton and Dundas street railway. Dundas is a very busy town, with its manufacturing places, such as tools of every kind, stoves, screws, cotton and woolen mills. The sights are wonderful and beautiful. The two large hills on either side are covered with woods, which in the fall make a very pretty sight. If you go up on top of the mountain on the lett you may see Hamilton and Burlington Beach on a clear day. Some people do not know Dundas' nickname, but I will tell you: it is the "Valley City." The streets are very regular and most of them have maple trees planted on each side. King street is the principal street, where a great amount of business is carried on; it is about three miles long. I think I have told you all I know about the town.—L. A. Wardell.

As Elora is a place of much local interest, you may be pleased with a description of some of its beauties and attractions. The place most noted for beauty is "The Rocks," a wonderful treak of nature; they are very high, being from seventy-five to one hundred feet. The Grand and Irvine rivers run through those rocks. Standing near the junction of these two rivers we get a grand view. Looking up we see huge piles of stone covered with trees and shrubs of different varities. There is a species of fern which grows on them that cannot be found any where else on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Walking along the stony banks of the Irvine river we see several caves, and after a short distance come to a spring, which is continually giving a stream of water which flows freely even in the depths of winter. Retracing our steps to follow the dark waters of the Grand river we see the wonderful basins, supposed to have been formed by the Indians many years ago. Further down will be seen the Cascade, with deep water and swift current. Now let us return and go up past the Junction, or the "Meeting of the Waters" (as some style it); we pass the Indian path which leads from the "Rocks" up to the commons. Near this path several rocks project out and look very much like vessels. Further up are the Falls, which so many poeple go to see when the river breaks up; standing in the midst of those Falls is a rocky island called the Lone Rock, which is covered with trees. Elora, taken altogether, is one of the prettiest places in this part of the Province.—Maud Golden, Golden.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

This is a true proverb. It does not only mean a "stitch," but many other things. There are many stories told which prove that it is true and worth while to remember. Once a man went to town. On the way his horse lost a nail out of his shoe, but the rider, instead of stopping and driving it in again, rode on without even looking after it. One nail came out after the other, but he did not care. By and by the horse lost the shoe. It stumbled, threw off the rider, who was wounded. The people who saw him ran to his aid. They carried him to a neighboring house. He had to suffer severe pains for a long time. Had he driven in the nail, neither he nor his horse would have been injured and the expenses saved. When dresses, stockings, or any articles of clothing are torn, we should mend them at once, otherwise the holes soon increase and will require more time, more material and more trouble to mend them. And when they are mended they will not look half as good as they would if they had been mended at once.—Susannah Wilhelm, Formosa.

Formosa in Brief.

Formosa is situated between the townships of Carrick and Culross, in the county of Bruce, in the Province of Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada. It has seven or eight hundred inhabitants, the majority of whom are Germans. The climate is delightful and the water is good. Formosa is encircled by hills which break the storm and add to the picturesqueness of the place. In Formosa there are four hotels, three stores, two blacksmith shops, two tin shops, three shoemaker shops, three tailor shops, two weavers, a cooper, a mill, a brewery and many other small places of business. On the hill north of the village stands a large, beautiful Roman Catholic church (St. Mary's), and northeast of the village are two Separate schools and a convent—Notre Dame. The boys' school is taught by Mr. John Gilmore and the girls' school by the Sisters. If whilst standing near the convent you look over the village a pretty sight meets your gaze. The large rocks, higher than the houses, covered with evergreens, shrubs, flowers, mosses and grasses; and the maples, poplars, willows and fruit trees in the gardens and along the street present a handsome picture. In the lower part of the village there are more rocks than in the upper. The mill pond in the lower village with woods adjoining is a rendezvous for all sorts of game, so the report of a hunter's gun is familiar. The houses are mostly of brick and stone and neatly surrounded by lawns and gardens. We have a daily mail; but the nearest railway station is Mildmay.—

Peter W. Kuhry.

Galt and Chicago.

om the ground. Then that snow goes away and another rail comes and generally stays. How Barker, Ereckin.

A Social Letter.

Carrick Tp., Oct. 4th.

DEAR FRIEND.—I received your welcome, and long expected letter, a few wooks ago. I was glad to hear you got home safe. I how enjoyed your visit, and although you have one or the next wonderful sights of the world in view-Niagara Fall there might be scenes around here that would areast you. I have been enjoying myself immensely this sail of my old acquaintances. I spent a happy evening own all analma's Island with some of my friends. I am glad to hear you are making such progress in your musical action mile. I wish you would come to see me this winter, as our teacher promises us a concert. I am going to school all the mine. I wish you would come to see me this winter, as our teacher promises us a concert. I am going to school all the mine. I wish you would come to see me this winter, as our teacher promises us a concert. I am going to school all the fourteen the first of next July, and I intend to spend my next birthday with you. As it will be in holidays I can make at longer visit. This is all the news I have for you this time, so looks are considerable made overlooking Lake Michigan, and are very flee and discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. The buildings from thome, for they are a very plentific crop around here this year. I forgot to tell you I will be fourteen the first of next July, and I intend to spend my next before the promises us a slid the new I have for you this time, so the promises us a slid the new of the promises the school all the proposed and all my friends. Good-bye. Your loving friend, Mary great Kelly.

The Two Little Italians.

The Two children, named Pippo and Nina, were on their way to a little church dedicated to Our Blessed Lady of Many Dolours, in Roselta, in order to assist at Mass before they were to greate the fourteen the proposed of the control of the proposed of the control of the proposed of the control of the proposed of the p

The Inspector Hears From an old Friend.

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Goderich, Oct. 16th,
DEAR SIR.—As I have a little spare time to-day, I thought I would write you, knowing you would be glad to get a letter from me. I go to school regularly and I like it very much. I am in the fourth class and I am twelve years old. Our school is built on the bauk of the river. It is very pleasant to go over on the hill to play and sit. There is quite a number of children coming to our school now. There is going to be a mission in our church this week, and I am very glad. The weather has been fine this last week; although the leaves are coloring and falling rapidly, it seems more like summer than fall. There has been a great deal of fever in town this fall, but nearly everyone who had it is now better. I would be so glad to win one of your "Certificates of Merit," but if I work hard and obtain the greatest number of marks for the year then I may have it. I hope you will soon come back to see us at our school. Sincerely yours, Bessie MacCormac, Goderich.

The Lord Mayor of London Serves Mass.

The present Lord Mayor of London, as our readers are aware, says the Ave Maria, is a devout Catholic, and he has often made emphatic profession of the faith that is in him. The Bonn correspondent of th Germania relates that during his visit to that city the Lord Mayor asked as a privilege to be allowed to serve Mass in the chapel of the University. He performed this duty with great devotion, to the no small edification of those who were present. Sir Stuart Kuill is not the first of the world's heroes who esteemed it a high favor to kneel upon the altar steps ; but this incident, though seemingly a trifling one, is in reality very significant. It affords th truest insight into the man's character, and ranks him with England's great Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, and our own Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

The Swiss Catholic Bishops have published a letter in favor of total abstinence, pointing out the terrible consequences of intemperance.

no way is this snobbery so much shown as in the raising of children. The education of the child is followed only to benefit it for a position in society.
Its mind is stored with learning adapted to the worldly sphere in which it is to move; its ambition is excited by the history of some fortunate indi vidual, who, emerging from obscurity has risen to wealth and importance Nothing, in fine, is omitted to impres upon the child's youthful mind the obligation of living for this world, and this world alone. He hears the rich admired and the poor despised. His models are the worldly wise. His associates are selected on account of their respectability in society, not on ac unt of their acceptance with God. His parents would shudder at finding him in contact with the honest and virtuous poor. Their child may admire the purple and fine linen of Dives, but must not approach the rags and sores of Lazarus. Worse than all, the child is allowed to associate with those who know nothing of its religion except to sneer at it. The consequence of such principles is very obvious You meet him in the swaggering fashionable loafer who has been ruined by the criminal indulgence of his snobbish parents. You meet him in the shrewd business man, who is ever prostrate before the idol of Mammon to which his youthful heart was conse crated. You meet him in the polishe professional character, who has long since discarded his father's faith be cause it was a bar to his worldly advancement. You can trace it in the cold, undevotional countenance of that vomen whom evil communications have many a year ago made ashamed of her scapular and her beads; and who is now, perhaps, meditating a final separation from her Church, as the only way to escape the heartless persecution of a non-Catholic husband or, if not absolutely lost to God, pining to death at the prospect before herself and children.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Catarrh in the Head

as undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh oftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

iently. 25c.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten it fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes, and must expect to have coughs and and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Auti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

A Business Letter.

A Business Letter.
Tilsonburg, March 15th, 1887.
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Yours truly, C. Thompson.
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A Business Letter.

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oest resuits.

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FIVE-MINUTE

NOVEMBER 4,

Twenty-fourth Sunday

In our course of instr riage, my dear friends spoken chiefly of the ca be taken in the selection who is to be one's cons through life, and show earthly happiness, but tion of the soul, may choice being made w now go on to consider marriage itself. Some people, thou always been Catholics accatholics, seem to be es

Church on this subject to think that nothing but to call on the pries then and there. And venient to go to the makes any difficulty then a Protestant mini the mayor will do at a Now there are seve these people need in and several mistakes v in this very importa shall have to consider And we will begin w mistake of all which c

and that is to go to a l ter for the purpose. What is, then, the going to a Protestant married? Is it that a ister is an immoral or ter, with whom we sho more likely to be to errors in religion tha he has, from his great religious matters, a know the truth : but may be in good faith trine. And in other be a worthy and estim

by Catholics who wish

But the reason why avoid going to him that marriage is on sacraments which ou trusted to the keepin These sacraments, th Church, and we cann right of those who sep administer them or to them, though they power to do so valid ough marriage be when contracted bef minister, and though of course, are not to b faith, for availing t services, we cannot this would be the case religious rite or ceres allow the ministers o ated from the Church us in any religious f would be to allow th in the name of Chri sacraments are conce Another, and a very

why Catholics cannot ister for marriage, i the Catholic clergy ca

be sufficiently acqu laws of God and of th ing Christian marris impediments, as they make marriage inva pensation is obtained source. Some of the known, such as the from a near relations known even by name of the faithful, and v minister, even shou know them, would no regard. Catholics, go to a minister to ried at all, owing to not being detected or the law of the Stat may be a good and r sight of God it will such impediment sh en removed and this holds, ever picion of such an i have arisen. You s portant it is in this those who are com

For the cure of h all derangements of assimilative organs invaluable. Being are pleasant to tak

Burdock Blood Burdock Blood Burdock Blood Burdock Blood Burdock Blood Burdock Blo

a new man of me is such hold from the propriet my gratitude.

my gratitude.

Obstinate Co
GENTLEMEN.—I ha
which I could not get
Hagyard's Pectoral B
two or three days. It
cough medicine I know
JOSEPH GARR

Where can I get som Cure? I was entirely this remedy and I wi my friends. So writes Chicago.

THE WILD CHERF burn's Cod Liver Oil delicious in taste and power.

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