The Promise 'Neath the Remorstrance

A strange and beautiful message
Came in the Forty Hours',
As I knelt in our sweet, hushed chapel
'Mid the incose of glowing flowers,
High up in the marble columns,
The remonstrance, blazing with light,
Stool like the promised foreshadow
Of the great Beatific Light.

7ith my "white cloak" folded about me, At my hour of prayer I knelt, fidst the unseen, throbbing angels, In the place where His glory dwelt, felt the invisable harpers Were there with their golden strings: almost felt the contact Of their snow white, rustling wings.

III. y heart was full of thanksgiving— Too full to utter a prayer: could only kneel in stlence, And love Him for being there, Ils mercy to me was so gracious, His love so tender and sweet, longed to draw closer, closer— To lie at His wounded Feet.

and then my eyes I lifted.
To the 'monstrance throned in light;
the tapers shone on the crystal lens,
Illuming the Host so white.
Lad this thought came like a message
Borne by the angels above:
Those you love on earth, like that crystal

Then I made, ere I left, a promise
That whenever I knelt in prayer,
at the hour of Senediction,
Their names should be whispered there.
Pil never see the remonstrance
Thronged in a blaze of light
But I'll think of the strange, sweet promise
That went from my heart that night.

you Jesus, your dearest Love."

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Bury thy sorrow, O, hide it with care! Bury it deeply; the world has its share. Think of it calmly; when curtained

night,
Tell it to Jesus and all will be right.
Tell it to Jesus, He knowsth thy grief:
Tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief:
Hearts grown aweary with heavier woe,
Drop into darkness; go, comfort them, go.
Bury thy sorrow, let others be blest,
Give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.

Around the throne of the kingdom of Around the throne of the kingdom of the Resurrection we shall see by faith those whom we shall bereafter see in vision—the Blessed Mother of God, sin-less always; the beloved disciple, who was without spot; Mary Magdalene, once stained through and through, now white as snow. There they stand, the type of saints and penitents, in the kingdom of God, redeemed by the same Lord and Saviour, washed in the same precious blood, arrayed in light; the penitent, blood, arrayed in light; the penitent, white as the sinless, because sinless forever, for all sine are done away.—Cardinal Manning.

PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

Cardinal Manning reports such a spread of Roman Catholicism that he has been obliged to appeal for tunds for a training college to provide the necessary clergy. Englishmen, converted from the English to the Roman Church, are gradually replacing the Irish or Belgian priests who used to fill the London parishes. It is add that there is accreely a Roman Cath. said that there is scarcely a Roman Catholic Church in London where one or more of the priests has not at one time been in English orders,—New York Sun.

WE SHOULD BEAR OUR CROSS.

Those who love most suffer most and to such the cross is often sent through the affections. Well for them if, casting aside the dross of human passion, they are made to discern the false from the true, the wise from the unwise, the dangerous from the secure; for the heart of man is never safe in its attachments unless it leans, like the Beloved Disciple upon the Heart of Jesus Christ,

ONE OYSTER MAKES A MEAL.

The biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. They are as large as a dinner plate, and the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell; and the oyster fits his shell so well he does not leave much margin. It is a new sensation, when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide, to have one oyster set before you fried in butter or egg and bread crumbs. But it is a very pleasant sensation, for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial in that land of luxuries,

TALLEYBAND'S MEMOIRS.

It is thought that Telleyrand's memoire It is thought that Telleyrand's memoirs will at last see the light. The Revue d'His tore Diplomatique publishes, by permission of the Duc de Broglie, a number of letters written by Talleyrand to Mme. de Stael in the years 1793 and 1794. Talleyrand would not allow the publication of his memoirs during his life, and he intrusted the task to Mr. Audral. The latter, for one reason or another, failed to execute his trust and left it to the Duc de Broglie. his trust, and left it to the Duc de Broglie. whom he appointed his heir. In French literary circles it is thought that it is now about to be carried out.

FOR THE SICK ROOM.

There is a French legend connected with the preparation called Vinaigre a quatre Volcurs. During the plague at marseilles a band of robbers plundered the dying and the dead without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned tried and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the following recipe, which makes a delicious and refreshing wash for the sick room: Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage and mint a large handful of each. Place in a jar and turn over it one gallon of strong cider vinegar, cover very closely and keep near the fire for four days, then strain and add one ounce of powdered camphor gum. Bottle and keep tightly corked. It is very aromatic, cooling and refreshing in the s room, and is of great value to nurses.

A CLEVER BOY.

"Father," said a hopeful sprig, "how many fowls are there on the table?" "Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner table. "Why my son, there

'Three," replied young smartness. "Three, sir?" replied the old gentle-man, who was a plain, matter of fact man, and understood things as he saw 'I'd like to have you prove

"E sily done sir; easily done! Isn't that one?" laying his knife upon the

"Yes, that's certain," said his father."
"And isn't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two make three?"

"Really." said the father, turning to the old lady, who was listening with astonishment to the learning of her son : "really this boy is a genius and deserves encouragement. Here, mother, you take one fowl and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learn-

TWO UNBELIEVERS. TWO UNBELIEVERS.

The following story is told of Littre, the great French savant: Legouve says that shortly after Littre's daughter was born he (Littre) said to his wife: "My dear, you are a good Christian. Bring up your daughter in the ways of religion and plety which you have always fol lowed; but I must exact one condition, and that is that when she is fifteen years of age you will bring her to me. I will then explain my views to her, and she can choose for herself." The mother accepted the condition; years rolled on, the fifteenth birthday of the child soon came, and the mother entered her husband's study. "You remember what you said to me and what I promused," said she. "Your daughter is fifteen years old to-day. She is now ready to listen to you with all the respect and confidence due to the best of fathers. Shall I bring her in?" Shall I bring her in ?"

Shall I bring her in?"

"Why, certainly! replied Littre, "But for what special reason? To explain to her my views! Oh, no, my dear; no, no. You have made of her a good, affectionate, simple, straightforward, bright and happy creature. Happy, yes; that is the word that in a pure being describes every virtue. And you fancy that I would cover all that happiness and purity with my ideas! Pehaw! my ideas are good enough for me. Who can say that they would be good for her? Who can say that they would not destroy, or at least damage, your work? Bring her in so that I may bless you in her presence for all that you bless you in her presence for all that you have done for her, and so that she may

"I, too," added Legouve, at the close of his little anecdote, "have around me believers whom I love, and I would consider myself a criminal if I troubled their religious convictions with my doubts and my objections, especially when I know that they find in those convictions nothing but joy, consolation and virtue.'

AN OJIBWAY CHIEF'S QUICK RETORT. The Indian has a keen appeciation of humor, and is like a child in his mirthful ness. No orator can see the weak points in his adversary's armor, or silence a fool-

in his adversary's armor, or silence a fool-ish speaker more quickly.

Old Shah bah-skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to de-fend Ft. Ripley in 1862. The Secretary of the Interior and the Governor and Legislature of Minnesota promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the Government and never be removed. A few years later a special agent was sent from Washington to ask the Oilbways to cede their lands and to remove to a country north of Leech Lake. The agent asked my help. I said: "I know that country. I have camped on it. It is the most worthless atrip of land in Minnesota. The Indians strip of land in Minnesota. The Indians are not fools, Don't attempt this folly. You will surely come to grief," He called the Indians in council and said: "My red brothers, your great father bas heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the North, the South, the East and the West. When he saw me he said: 'This is the honest man whom

this treaty."

Old Shah-bah-skong sprang to his feet devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Angela had passed more the have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, but they have not blown my brains away."

Tae council was ended.

CHARLEMAGNE AT HOME. Many young people, and perhaps many old once, have thought: "If I were only a rich and powerful king in what splendor would I live! I would always wear the finest garments and eat nothing but delicacies. I would be just as idle as I pleased, and associate only with those who I would be just as idle as I ould do the same.'

There is a notable instance in history of a powerful sovereign who held different opinions. One could not well, even today, be greater than Charlemagne. He had the whole civilized world at his feet, and a word from him could, if he chose, make a million subjects tremble; yet he was a man of the simplest tastes. He pre-ferred a book to a feast, and would rather

them, through a pleasant whim of Char-emagne, took a new name in that court emagne, took a new name in that court academy, the Emperor himself being called David. It is amusing to think of Alcuin calling out: "Davy, my boy, if you insist upon whispering in study hours you cannot go out and play ball at recess." At night, when all the royal household were sleeping, Caarlemagne would steal out upon the house top, Alcuin by his side, to study the courses of the stars.

great Emperor's dress, in winter, was a woolen tunic and a sheepskin coat.

Over his shoulders was throw a mantle of blue, and his shoes were not shoes at all, but sandals—strips of strong cloth wound round and round his feet, as was the custom at that period. When he noticed that any one of his courtiers was of the stars.

An ancient historian tells us that the

you dressed as I do you would not be in such sorry plight. Clothes are for use, not show.

not show."

The tastes of the Empress were as those of her husband, and she was never happier than when keeping her household accounts and stopping the waste in the royal kitchen. She attended personally to all the palace expenses, and had an eye on every department of the servants' labors. She took an especial pleasure in looking after the kitchengarden; and, after the needs of the palace table were served, she always sent every vegetable and all of the fruit to the poor of the neighborhood.—Ave Maria.

DAUGHTERS.

HOW MANY OF THEM DO THEIR WHOLL

It all that mothers are to them came home to the perceptions of daughters at an earlier period they would be more anxious than they generally seem to be to spare those mothers, to prolong their days, and save them from much of the exertion and anxiety that are likely to shorten their lives, and that if only from merely selfish reasons, says Harper's Basaar.

How many daughters are there who, if it lies between them to do it, do not let their mothers rise in the morning and make the fire and prepare the breakfast; who, in the interim between cooks, do not let the whole burden of care and the chief endeavor of work come upon mother; who do not let the mother get up in the night and attend to the calls of sudden ills; who, if it is necessary to watch with the sick, do not hold them selves excused, and the duty to be a maternal one; who do not feel it their privilege to be ready for callers and company while the mother is still in working deshabille; who are not in the habit of taking the most comfortable chair, and who, in the matter of provis-How many daughters are there who, if chair, and who, in the matter of provis-ion of toilet, do not think almost any-thing will do for mother, but they them-selves must be fresh and fine in the

How many daughters are there who, when pleasure taking comes in question, do not feel, even if perhaps unconsciously, that the mother has had her day and ought to be contented, and they should be the ones to go and take the enjoyment? It would seem as if the mere sentiment of self-preservation would teach daughters a better line of conduct. It is the mother making the central spot of the house usually that makes home possible. It is the mother from whom the greater part of the happiness of the home proceeds. It shed dies the home disintegrates, or it is not unusual that another comes in to take her How many daughters are there who usual that another comes in to take her place—a foreign alien element, before whom the old union and happiness may

possibly fly.

To preserve this home and this hapiness one would imagine, should be the first effort of the daughter, that she should out of regard for her own comfort and grat ification, as well as for that of others, every means to make life easy to the mo every means to make life easy to the mother to insure her health and length of days. Never again will any daughter have such a friend as this mother; no fond adorer's eyes will ever follow her with the same disinterested love as this mother's eyes do, nor will any give her the sympathy she does. It is a wild folly on the daughter's part that lets the mother waste her strength, instead of seeking by every means possible to save and increase it, for while a good mother is with her family they are entertaining an angel. whether they are entertaining an angel, whether

THE GLORY OF JUNE. WHEN WAS IT FIRST CALLED THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART ?

The month of the Sacred Heart wa years have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, and in all that time I have never done wrong to any man. As your friend, I ask you to sign this treaty."

Old Sleek L.

asid: "My friends, look at me! Angela had passed more than eight winds of more than fifty winters blown over my head and silvered it with gray, but they have not blown brains away."

Angela had passed more than eight years in her convent school without having obtained the only title for which she longed—that of a Child of Mary. What could she do to touch the heart of our Blessed Mother, and through this dear mediator induced her companions to admit her to their number?

"Suggest to me," she said to one of the religious, who possessed her confidence, Mary's honor during this month, and I shall do it, in order to gain admission into her sodality."

"It seems to me," replied the nun,
"that one means of pleasing the heart of
Mary is to honor that of her Son; do you

pray to It every day?"
"Yes, my mother, for a long time past
I have not allowed a day to go by without repeating the Act of Consecration which is in our hymn book: and it is this little practice, I think, which has contributed to inspire me with a little love for the Sacred Heart and with a ferred a book to a feast, and would rather have a talk on philosophy with his friend, the scholar Alcuin, than to be the centre of any royal pageant.

There was a school in the palace, of which the illustrious Alcuin was head master and the Emperor chief pupil.

The princes and princesses belonged to during my thanksgiving after Holy Com-The princes and princesses belonged to during my thanksgiving after Holy Comit also, and no doubt they learned their munion, I asked myself why there is not lessons like any other scholars. Each of a month of the Sacred Heart, as well as a month of Mary. There is nothing to prevent it, it seems to me; but a book would be necessary, and there is none

the close of the month of Mary of that year—1834. She obtained leave to make

able moment, and encouraged by a sign from the Mother, advanced towards the Bishop and laid before him the object of her request. Not only did he offer no objection to her petition, but he approved the new month, with those benevolent words which fell so naturally from his lips. "We will institute it," added he, "for the conversion of sinners and the salvation of France."

You may judge for yourself how much

vation of France."

You may judge for yourself how much this last intention increased their fervor. Monsigneur de Quelan, not content with giving his approval of the month of the Sacred Heart, volunteered to regulate its practices. Angela was full of joy; her hopes had been realized beyond her expectations. The month of the Sacred Heart, as we may well imagine, was celebrated with great devotion in this favored convent. Such was the humble orgin of this salutary practice of piety.

USEFUL PRACTICES FOR SANCTIFYING THE

MONTH OF JUNE.

1. Before reading the exercise for each day, implore the assistance of the Holy Ghost, begging of Him the grace to render it profitable to you; then read each chap stance of the Holy

it profitable to you; then read each chapter attentively, pausing to let those sentiments which touch you most appealingly sink deeply into your heart, there to take root and blossom forth into life giving virtues. Conclude each day's exercise with an Act of Consecration.

2. Endesvor to enkindle within yourself, from the commencement of this month of June, an ardent desire to obtain of the Sacred Heart of Jesus the grace of which you stand most in need and the overcoming of your predominant fault.

3. Assist every day, if possible, or at least every Friday, at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, for this intention; also, in a spirit of gratitude for the ineffable love of Jesus, and in reparation for the ingratitude of men. tude of men.
4. Perform all these plous exercises in

order to become worthy of communicating oftener than usual. Do not permit the month to pass without at least once prouring the happiness of uniting yourself to the divine Heart of Jesus in the sacrament of His love, with the best possible

dispositions.

5. Place in your room, or carry on your person, a figure of the Sacred Heart; kiss it reverently, look upon it with affections.

6. Repeat frequently, during the day, the beautiful ejaculatory prayer: "May Where.

7. Apply the indulgences you may gain, during this month, to those souls in Purgatory who, while on earth, were most devoted to the Sacred Heart, 8. Contribute, as far as in you lies, to the propagation of this touching devo-

9. Make often, during this month, especially on Fridays, a visit to the Sacred Heart.

10. Make a resolution, on the last day of these pious exercises, to continue to honor the Sacred Heart during the entire year, to recommend to that divine Heart your dearest interests, to consecrate to If your family, your friends, all those to whom you are united by the bonds of charity.

IN THE DEPTHS. THE HORRORS OF THE MARCH, THE ETER-LASTING MARCH THROUGH AN AFRICAN

The following is an extract from the peech of H. M. Stanley at the reception endered by the Emin Relief Committee in London, giving an account of his terrible journey through the heart of a tropical forest:

"Day after day, week after week, from dawn of morning to near eve, with a noon interval of rest we are urged on unrestingly. Step by step we gain our miles, and penetrate deeper and deeper into that strange conservatory of nature, the inner womb of a true tropical forest. Toe warm vapors rise from it as from a great fermenting vat, until so dense are the exhalations in a few days that only the flaming bolt can let in the sunlight on that impervious and endless that impervious month's unbroken march we halt for rest, and for the first time attempt to question natives who have hitherto art. fully eluded our efforts to gain intelli-gence. We asked them if they knew of any grass land lying east, north, or south of their district, and they reply in the negative in a manner that seems to imply that we must be strange creatures to suppose that it would be possible for any world to exist save this illimitable forest world to exist save this illimitable forest world. Taking a blade from the river bank—for only a few straggling blades can be found—we hold it up to view. 'What, no field—no limited stretch of land with something like this growing?' 'No,' they reply, shaking their heads, compassionately withing our absence (All like pitying our absurd questions. 'All like this,' and they wave their hands sweepingly to illustrate that all the world was alike, nothing but 'trees, trees, and trees!' Great trees rising as high as arrows shot toward the sky, uniting their crowns, interlacing their branches, press ing and crowded one against the other until neither sunbeam nor shaft of light may penetrate it.
"No sooner are these words heard by

our men than their imaginations conceive the forest under the most oppressive and forbidding aspect. Hitherto it has been a tract of land of uncertain extent growing trees, which a few week's march would enable us to pierce through, a mere pleasant variation in the experiences of an African journey maker; but a month had already elapsed, and they now heard with their own ears that the forest was without end. The little religion they knew was nothing more than legendary lore, and in their memories there dimi lore, and in their memories there dimiy floated a story of a land that grow darker and darker as you traveled towards the end of the world, and drew nearer to the place where a great serpent lay supine and coiled round the whole earth. Ab, then the ancients must have referred to this, where the light is or gheatly where the Over his shoulders was throw a mantle of blue, and his shoes were not shoes at all, but sandals—strips of strong cloth wound round and round his feet, as was the custom at that period. When he noticed that any one of his courtiers was uncommonly well-dressed he would take him on a hunting excursion, and make him leap hedges and thickets until his fine clothes were ruined. Then Charlemagne would remark, naively: "If felicitations. Angela, grasping a favor-

ing thunder burst and the rolling echoes and the wonderful play of the dazzling lighting. And when the night comes—with its thick palpable darkness, and they lie cuddled in their little damp huts, and they hear the tempest overhead, the howling of the wild winds, the grinding and graning of atoms tossed grinding and groaning of atorm-tossed trees, the dread sounds of falling giants, and the shock of the trembling earth,

trees, the dread sounds of falling giants, and the shock of the trembling earth, which sends their hearts with fittel leaps to their throats, and a roaring and a rushing as of a mad, overwhelming sea—oh! then the horror is intensified.

"It may be that the next morning, when they hear the shrill sounds of the whistle and the officers' voices ring out in the dawn, and the blare of the trumpet is heard, and there is stir and tumult of preparation, and action, that the morbid thoughts of the night and memories of terrible dreams will be effaced for a time; but when the march has begun once sgain, and the flies are slowly moving through the woods; they renew their morbid broodings, and ask themselves, 'How long is this to last? Is the joy of life to end thus? Must we jog on day after day in this cheerless gloom and this joyless duskiness, until we stagges and fall, and rot among the toads? Then they disappear into the woods by two and threes and size, and after the caravan has passed return by the trail, some to reach Yambuya and upset the young officers by their tales of woe and and war, some to fall sobbing under a spear-thrust, some to wander and strey in the dark mazes of the woods hopelessly lost, and some to be carved for the cannibal feast. And those who remain. in the dark mazes of the woods hopelessly lost, and some to be carved for the cannibal feast. And those who remain, compelled to it by fears of greater dangers, mechanically march on, a prey to dread and weakness, the scratch of a thorn, the puncture of a pointed cane, the bite of an ant, or the sting of a wasp. The smallest thing serves to start an ulcer, which presently becomes virulent and eats its smallest thing serves to start an ulcer, which presently becomes virulent and eats its way to the bone, and the men dies. These sores range like an epidemic, and dozens are sufferers. Then the recklessness with which the men eat up their stores of provisions! What might have lasted ten days is eaten up in two or three, and they starve the rest of the time, for the spaces between the banans plantations may be only a day's march, but they may be twenty days. But it requires a calamity to teach blacks as well as whites how to live.

THE LEPER QUEEN.

STORY OF THE THISTEENTH CENTURY A STORY OF THE THISTENTH CENTURY. Isomo, cloth, 50 cents.

This is the story of a Christian maiden, daughter of a Hungarian noble, who, when leprosy, introduced from the East by the Crusades, was desolating the provinces of her father, Dagobert, resigned her patrimony and devoted her young life to the service of the persecuted lepers. The plot is well wrought out; and the minor incidents prior and subsequent to her great act of heroism are related with exquisite graces and devotional feeling. The story, unlike others of a like nature where religion is the motif, is intensely interesting and pathetic. We cheerfully recommend this book, not alone to children, but to the larger class of adults, whose appreciation of a charming literary style will save "The Leper Queen" from being lightly read or thrown aside. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

THE PASSION PLAY.

the Manchester Guardian two interesting articles on the Passion Play at Oberammergau, in which he describes, in sym pathetic and picturerque language, the impression made upon his mind by what he calls the dress rehearsal of the sacred he calls the dress rehearsal of the sacred play. He stayed at the humble home of Joseph Mayer, who represents the part of Christ, and after repelling the assertions made against Mayer as being an averacious hypocrite, charged with ambitious self-seeking and the abuse of the sacred feelings for personal ends, he states that he believes him to be "an entirely devout surgere, humble, minded the players." tirely devout, sincere, humble-minded man, who does not love that fame of the world which is always half disfame, and then draws a picture of the simple artizan as a man and a portrayer of Christ in words of exceeding sweetness and strength. The Archdeacon believes with words of exceeding sweetness and strength. The Archdeacon believes with Mayer and his comrades that the world has outgrown the needs of the Passion Play, and that the vulgar curlosity of the tourist in his thousands tends to rob it of all reverence. Some months ago the ancient cross on the summit of Kobel was destroyed by a great storm, and the tradi-tion runs that when it should fall the peacants of the little Tyrolean valley and they are said to accept the omen.

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—D. M. Fisher, O:wego, N. Y.

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Moses had Asthma.

Moses had Asthma.

Moses had Asthma.

My husband had asthma for eight years with severe cough, and his lungs also were affected. He could neither rest, work, nor get relief from any medicine he tried. Scme time ago we got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and after taking six or eight bottles his cough is entirely cured, the asthma greatly relieved, and his lungs greatly benefited. MRs. Moses Couch, Apsley, Ont. Yellow Oil Iras done good work for 30 years in curing muscular rheumatism,

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