The Weeping Willow.

O have you e're looked at a flower,
Looked at a plant or tree,
And about them wove some fancies
Which shaped themselves to thee?
You fancy some majestic are,
You fancy some do frown;
But tell me what your fancy saw
In the willow, drooping down?
Yes, tell me what your fancy saw
In the willow, drooping down?
Yes, tell me what your thoughts are
About this slient of the proposition of the plant of the proposition of the plant of the proposition of the plant of the The Weeping Willow.

-By Kathleen. INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armor.

It became a custom, however, for a knight, upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet, signifying, 'I am safe in the presence of my

The official Papal directory, La Gerar The official Papal directory, La Gerarchia Cattolica of Rome, has just been issued for this year. It has some interesting details respecting the future candidates for the Papacy. It appears that there are seventy members of the College of Cardinals. The oldest is Cardinal Newman, who is ninety years of age. He is now infirm and in complete retire ment. The oldest from the date of nomination is Cardinal Martel, but technically, he is not the oldest member technically, he is not the oldest member of the College, because he belongs to the order of deacons, and the dean of the College must always be a Cardinal belonging to the order of Bishops. This honor belongs to Cardinal Monaco Lavalletts, who is also Secretary of the Congregation of the Index. Altogether there are in the College one member who is ninety years College one member who is ninery years old, six who are eighty, twenty who are seventy, twenty six who are sixty, ten who are fifty, and only four who are under fifty. These are Cardinal Rampolla, Cardinal dl Rende, and the Cardinal Archolshops of Prague and Lisbon.

An autobiography of "Mary Howltt," edited by her daughter, Margaret Howltt has been published. It is chiefly com-mendable for its thoroughly healthy tone and its suggestions of a wisely practical life. Mary Howltt and her husband were both Quaker-born, and to some ex tent they were both of them self-educated. No sooner were they married than they devoted themselves to literature; and, to religion, they seem to have had a liking for Unitarianism, with a side taste for Spiritualism and Swedenborgianism After fifty years of labor, chiefly in liter-After lifty years of labor, chiefly in literary grooves, the couple went to live in the south of Europe; and Mr. Howitt died in Rome about ten years ago. Mary Howitt lived till the beginning of last year. In 1882 she had become a Catholic. She seems to have been led to make the change in her religion from her observation of "the interior life of the Catholics she knew in Rome: intellectual, loving art, loving nature, but living, loving and enjoying all things in God." From the time of her conversion her Notes and Diary contain reflections which show the

The Falkland Islands produce no tress, but they produce wood in a very remark-You will see scattered here able shape. You will see scattered here and there, singular blocks of what look like weather-beaten, moth-eaten, mossy-gray stones, of various size. But if you attempt to roll over one of these rounded boulders, you will find yourself unable to accomplish it. In fact, the stone is tied down to the ground—tied down by the roots; or, in other words, it is not a stone, but a block of living wood. If you examine it at the right time you may be able to find upon it, half hidden among the lichen and mosses, a few of its obscure leaves and flowers. If you try to cut it with an axe, you will find it extremely It is entirely unwedgeable hard to do so. being made up of countiess branches which grow so closely together that they become consolidated into one mass. On a sunny day (if you are lucky enough to see a suney day in Falkland), you per-haps find on the warm side of the "balsam haps find on the warm side of the the living stone is called) a log" (for so few drops of a fragrant gum, highly prized by the shepherds for its supposed medi-cinal qualities. This wonderful plant is the Bolax glebaria of botanists, and belongs to the same family as do the parsnip and

DEAR LAND. Land on Fifth Avenue, New York, has sold for \$115 a square foot—not a front foot. In an acre of land there are fortythree thousand five hundred and sixty square feet, which at \$115 a foot would be \$5,009,400 an acre. This is presumably the highest rate for real estate yet reached in the United States. The day seems fast approaching when the New Yorker will be forced to come West to find a grave.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND FRENCH MIS-

SIONARIES, Quite an interesting interview has taken Victoria and Mgr. Leuilleux, Archbishop of Chambery. The prelate called upon her Majesty to thank her for honoring air la Barnes with a third wist, and he for the protection accorded by the British Government to French missionaries in the East. The Queen manifested a nvely satisfaction at the Archbishop's remark's, and entered into a long and animated Princess Beatrice, who was present, our darkest days we found time and inclina. Princess Beatrice, who was present, our daily joined. Another member of the royal family, the Princess Louise, has was the overflow of that generous spirit of her fair loveliness, though at times The words died a

been visiting the tomb of Pius IX, in the Basilica of San Lorenzo, Rome, accom-panied by Father Benedetto da Calitri, a Capuchin missionary who has spent some time in England.

LIFE IN FAR SHETLAND; The houses here are much the same as crefters' houses all over Shetland, with low walls, an arch shaped roof, thatched with straw and weighed down with heavy stones, to secure it against the hurricanes of winter. The fire is on the floor, a little to front of the wall farthest from the door. in front of the wall farthest from the door, in front of the wait farthest from the door, and the smoke finds, or at least is ex-pected to find, its way out an open chim-ney in the roof. In some houses there are internal chimneys of word, which arrange

ment adds much to the comfort of the

In all, there is the spinning wheel and the ever-clicking knitting-pins, as also the ancient stone quern for grinding their bere into meal. The meal so prepared is called "burstin," small cakes baked of it are "burstin broonles," and when eaten with cream it is known as "burstin-pram," all which words may exercise the etymol more cows and poales, with a number of sheep corresponding to the extent of his holding. Some families are, in their rank, sails, too, mither. They said it was gaun ogist. Each crofter has, as a rule, one or evidently comfortable and well to do. Others are as evidently poor.

WISE KITTENS, INDEED. The Catholic priest and the Episcopalian clergyman of a small town in Ireland were in the habit of taking tea with each other on alternate Sundays.

One Sunday while the priest was being

entertained by the minister, the latter answered a knock at the door and discovered a small boy, who asked him if he wanted to bay some kittens.
"What would I do with the kittens?"

queried the minister.
"O, sir," said the boy, "they are good Episcopalian kittens."
"Well I don't want any," laughed the

minister, and shut the door.

The following week, while the priest in his turn was entertaining his friend, the same boy appeared and asked the priest to

"Why should I buy them?" the priest asked.

"O, sir," exclaimed the boy, "they're good Catholic kittens."
"Why, you little rascal," the priest exclaimed, "only last week I heard you tell Mr. S. they were Episcopalian kittens. What do you mean, you young rogue?" "Yes, sir," sagely answered the boy "but they hadn't their eyes open then."

MARRIAGE OF MR WM. O'BRIEN.

It gives us pleasure to day to be the medium of announcing that Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., is engaged to be married. O Brien, at. r., is engaged to be married: Speaking for the Irish people, as we may do without healtation upon this occasion, need we say with what heartiness they congratulate William O'Brien? During all those years, while he has been battling and suffering for their cause, he has been totally without family ties. All who know Miss Raffslovich well (and they are many) declare that to the rarest intellect ual gifts and to sympathies the most generous and intense she unites a nature sweet, so gentle and so modest that it wins almost more by its timidity than by its strength. She has long been an arden sympathizer with the Irish cause, and has even rendered it valuable help. ing literary capacities of a high order, she has for several years past contributed to Continental newspapers and periodicals articles on Ireland and displaying the most minute and accurate knowledge of the phases of the Irish struggle in every stage of its progress; and these articles have been amongst the most potent inflaso that when the passed away at a great age, she may be said to have left behind her a memory of sweet simplicity; and this, indeed, is the lesson of her good life. There is nothing, perhaps, quite new in this autobiography, but its reality and its simplicity make it winning.

The state of opinion in favor of the Irish cause which now exists among the press and public men of France and other European countries. Our readers will particularly appreciate the effort of Miss Raffalovich when we mention that it was largely with her help and that of her indeed when is as a standard a friend of Ireland than she—that Mr. E. Dwyer Gray was able to procure the remarkable expressions of opinion of eminent Frenchmen against the treatment and the procure which were of Irish political prisoners which were published for the first time in the Free man's Journal, and afterwards in Mr. Gray's pamphlet .- Dublin Freeman's Journal, May 3.

HOW TO ESCAPE SORROW. We often spend a great deal of time bewailing grievances, which might be employed to much better advantage. There is a "luxury of woe" in which people indulge which rarely benefits others or themselves. We do not mean sourness, grumbling, or melancholy. It is not that; it is of those secret thoughts of the heart that we speak, which, like dark outlines of some rock in the depths of a pool, lie only on the bottom, and are entirely unseen on the surface. We are entirely unseen on the surface. We ponder on our many trials, when it would be much better, figuratively, or even literally, to be on our knees thank. ing God. If we but step to think what He has done for us we can hardly help smiling, even in the midst of tears—it is too much! Why, He has given us a soul to know how useful shadows are in their contrasts and reliefs. He has revealed to is our own power to meet and to wrestle with and compel His angel, Sorrow, to bless us! Although it may be presumed hat we treat all our fellow-creatures with kindness and consideration, if we would but go a little farther and make some real sacrifice for one of them, we should begin the most charming of pleasures, in some instances at least; to forget our troubles, not, perhaps, to remove them, but it would help us to bear them. Nothing is so certain to bring genuine, happy smiles to our own faces as to watch them grow in those of others, as the result of our sympathy, our gentle words or hopeful deeds. Who ever did a real place at Aix-la-Bains between Queen Victoria and Mgr. Leuilleux, Archbishop Victoria and Mgr. Leuilleux, Archbishop kindness for auother without feeling a kindness for feeling a kindness for auother without feelin and mignonette into the button-hole, just where their perfame may rise de-

hiclously to our sense all day. And what a pleasure it will be, when the present

trouble is over, to remember even in darkest days we found time and inclina-

which finally bore us through it all to a happy and peaceful ending. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."—Golden Rule.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

They sat together on the warm, spark-Iney sat together on the warm, spark-ling sand, the mother and the child. The tiny golden head against the protecting breast, the wan face lit by the evening sun; the eyes were closed, and a smile parted the bloodless lips. The madden The mother watched beside her sleep-

ing child-and she, scarce more than child herself—murmured a mother's prayer, "Lord Jesus, save my little girl."

Softly she drew the threadbare tartan shawl round the slender frame, Gentle was the motion it roused the sleeper The great blue eyes opened.
"Did I wake ye, Jeannie?"

"No, no, mither, ye didna wake me; I woke my ainsel. I had a bonnie dream, mither.

"Ay, dearle; what was it?"
"Afore I went to sleep I was watchin'
the ships wi' their white sails flittin' owre the water, and I wondered whar they were sails, too, mither. They said it was gaun to heav'n. The sky was black owre my heid, an' great waves tossed my boatie to an' fro. But far away the sun was glintin' on the water, an' there were steps of goad gaun up, up, up. They said that was the way to heav'n. Is't soo, mither? Are ve llet'nin' ?"

ye llst'nin'?"
"Aye, aye, Jeannie, I'm list'nin' to ye."
"I saikd a lang, lang time. I came
nearer an' nearer the steps. I was almost
there, mither. They said: 'Gae Jeannie,
an' ye'll no be tired ony mair.' I was
gaun, but they said ayain: 'No Jeannie, an' ye'll no be tired only mark. I wan gaun, but they said again: 'No Jeaunie, the next time.' Was it no a boonie dream, mither?' "My wee lamb." The mother pressed the frail form to her. The golden head

"The next time." The sun set in crimson glory over the sands and sea; heavy purple night-clouds overshadowed the earth. Ere the glory had faded the little maiden was far away on her journey up the golden stairs. Still the mother watched and prayed: "Lord Jesus, save my little

> Written for the Catholic Mirror. QUEEN OF THE MAY.

BY RMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

Great was the sensation in the town o Ardine when the 'Squire of the Manor stooped from his high estate and took for his bride Atleen O'Connor, the daughter of his Irish gamekeeper. She had been educated above her station the people of Ardine said, when she came back from her convent school, and the 'Squire was bewitched by her beauty—the rose-leaf akin, the Irish violet eyes, the gold-hued hair. The girl yielded up her heart to her lordly lover, but she shrank from the high estate to which his love would lift

"No, no!" she would murmur," I am ot fit. "Tis better you forget me."
But he smiled at her fears; for, though she had no noble blood in her veins, che was very beautiful, and she was stainless and pure of heart. So he made her the lady of the Manor, and the people of Ardine marveled indeed when a pries married them. For a Catholic was a thing unknown in the whole history of the Manor ; and it was well known to all save his fair bride that the 'Squire had but little faith in anything pertaining to God, and none at all in a religion which h and none at all id a rengion which he considered a mass of superstition and humbeggery. What they did not know, and would have been slow to credit, was that the girl would have shrunk from him in horror had she known this; for, dearly as she loved him, she loved God and her religion far more. The 'Squire's proud lip curled when he stood before the white-haired priest on his wedding day; the helef caremony over he turne with rapture to the fair bride by his side, with rapture to the fair order by his side, so beautiful in her white bridal robes. He waited impatiently while the old priest laid his hand on her golden, flower-crowned head and asked God's blessing on her new life.

So gentle Aileen was made lady of the Manor, and went from her humble cottage home to the stately one of her husband's She had a certain gentle pride, and soon bore the honors of her husband's house as gracefully as any of the proud, high-born ames who had ruled before her at Ardine

Manor. Then, one morning, the joy-bells rang out announcing the birth of the 'Squire's child, but the 'Squire's heart was filled with bitter disappointment when they told him 'twas a girl. But he gave no sign of it when he bent over his wife, and, as he kissed her beautiful, white face, met the wistful, questioning look in her soft, violet eyes. And he said nothing when the white-haired priest was sent for and the child made one of the fold of the Catbolic Church. But the mother, clasping her little one tightly to her heart, large with the said with the said. "Then there is but one thing left for me to do; and, remember, you bring it upon yourself; and that is to separate you from the child until your teachings are eradicated from ing her little one tightly to her heart, sfeer the waters of baptism had been poured upon it, would have been stricken with anguish and fear could she have read

his thoughts. For thus they ran:
"This child is a girl; therefore, 'tis but
fair that the mother should ordain its future; but when the boy comes, his future is mine, and I'll have no priestly mummery or superstitious folly about

But the years went by and no other children were born to the 'Squire. It was a bitter disappointment to him; but when ten years had passed he buried that disappointment deep in his heart, and turned all his hopes upon the little girl whom it seemed was destined to reign some day at the Mauor. She was a beautiful child, with all her mother's fair loveliness, and as pure and sweet, under that gentle mother's training, as the lillies after which they had named

It was a bright Sunday afternoon in early May, and the 'Squire and his wife were sitting in the stately drawing room of the Manor. The child had gone to the Catholic Sunday school in the vil-

there came a sad, wistful look into her soft violet eyes. Her gentle life knew but two sorrows: One, that she had never given her husband a son to succee him, and the other, that her husband had not become a Catholic, which was her daily prayer. But both these sor rows were tempered by her faith in

God's wisdom, and the thought: knows best," was her consolation. Suddenly the proud face of the father and the beautiful, gentle one of the mother softened into infinite tenderness as the door was thrown open and a small white robed figure, with golden, flowing curis, bounded into the room. A charming, childish face was upraised for the father's kiss, and then two arms encircled

'Oh, mamma, paps, what do you think? to be crowned to morrow on the lawn in front of the church, and you both must

"So my little girl is to be a queen," when she has grown to be a woman, she will be queen of the Manor. A wise, gracious, and brilliant queen I hope she will make too."

her clear, violet eyes:
"When I grow up, papa," she said, gravely, "I am going to be a Sister of Charlty, like those who nursed the poor people who were hurt in the factory last winter. I would rather be a Sister than queen of the Manor.

She paused suddenly, for there gathered won the "Santac's bear and a dark"

the 'Squire's brow such a dark, black frown that mother and child shrank back in sudden fear. And when he saw that he turned and walked away to the other end of the room and stood with his

back to them. "Mamma," half sobbed the child, "Is

papa angry with me?"
"No, darling," amswered the mother,
sofily stroking the golden carls, while her
own heart heat heavily with a sick feeling "Bat run away now, I want to of dread. speak to papa. The child kissed her and then went,

The child Hissed her and tach went, obediently, away. Alicen arose slowly, and, going up to her husband, laid her hand gently on his arm. He turned, and as he met the wistfal, questioning look in her beautiful eyer, the frown faded, but and raised the golden, rose crowned head there was a stern, determined look in his upon her breast. There was a smile on eyes she had never seen there before.

"Affeen, I have something to say to you," he said. Then he took her hand

and led her back to her seat. Still she did not speak, but her eyes never left his

"Aileen," he began, "I have never interfered with your religion either in regard to yourself or our child. I never should ave done so if I had a son to succeed ma. But I have not; the girl is the last of my sace. She will reign here in the home o rear her so that she will be in every way suitable for her position. The words she spoke a few moments ago have suddenly lady of the Manor, like a broken lilly, opened my eyes to the dauger to this hope in allowing her to be raised in this religion. in allowing her to be raised in this relig of yours. Of course they were only words of an untbinking child, but an say to what this training may not lead when she has become a woman? Therefore, I have decided she must not be raised

in the Catholic faith." A low cry from the mother's lips inter rupted him. She started up, a look of auguished fear in her violet eyes.

"No, no !" she cried, "you cannot mean You cannot put this sorrow upon Do you not know the agouy ma, little one dead would be less seeing my little one dead would be less than that of knowing she was lost to God and her falth ?"

"Do not say such things, Alleen," he tied, more sternly than he had ever cried, more sternly than he had ever spoken to her before. "You do not realize what you say. You can bring up your child to be a pure, good woman, as have been all the women who have reigned here without this religion; but What I we will not dwell upon that. What I wish to say to you is this: Alleen, will you promise to teach Lilly no more of this religion? Reing her yourself are, good, pure and true; but no more of the Catholic religion." "But," she panted, "whatever little goodness or virtue I may possess is due to

my religion."
"I do not agree with you; but we will not discuss it," he replied. "Will you make me this promise?"
"I cannot," she murmured, with white

Hls brow darkened. "You refuse to

his brow darkened. Four religion does not appear to teach your awife's duty."

She raised her anguished, violet eyes to his face. "You ask me to be a party

until your teachings are cradicated from her mind and she is old enough to be no longer influenced by you in this respect." She started back as though his words

had been a blow, her white lips parted to speak, but as she looked into his stern, determined face she realized that she might as well dash her frail strength against a rock as hope to move him; so, with bowed head, she turned, and in silence left him. She went slowly through the stately corridors to her own luxurious room, and there she sank upon her kness and butled her face in her hands. long time she knelt thus; twilight had deepened into night, when at length she deepened into night, when at length enrose, and, pushing the heavy, golden hate
back from her white face, passed into an
adjoining room—a pretty, dainty, blue
and white room, dimly lighted, and upon
the white, lace-draped bed little Lilly lay
sleeping. The mother knelt down and
looked with sad and loving eyes upon the little sleep-flashed lovely, little sleep flashed face, then pressed her quivering lies to the mass of golden carls thrown back over the pillow.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" she whispered. Then she raised her hands clasped above the little sleeper. "My God," she murmured, "do not let my little one be taken from the shelter of Thy faith. Rather," and her lips grew color-less as she spoke the words, "take her to Thyself, if it be Thy will, as she is now, "tour dicesse."

\*\*JOHN WALSH. Rn. of London.\*\*

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The words died away, her eyes foll from

heaven to the fair, sleeping face, upon neaven to the lair, sleeping race, upon which a faint smile seemed to rest then; a smothered cry of agony broke from her lips, and, crouching down, she covered her eyes, shutting out the sweet children face.

"And we crown thee Queen of the May." A chorus of white-robad children sarg the words as one of their number sarg the words as one of their number placed upon the head of the 'Squire's little daughter's wreath of white roses.

The little Queen of the May was destined to be remembered for many long years as she sat on her throne of flowers in her white robes, with the roses crowning her curly, gold-colored ha'r.

Side he side the 'Squire and his wife sat.

Side by side the 'Squire and his wife sat, as white as the roses which crowned the father's kiss, and then two arms encircled as white is the too the silent and grave. After the mother's neck, and breathlessly, she little queen; he silent and grave. After a little while he aroze and went toward a little while he aroze and went toward his little daughter. The other children I am going to be Queen of the May. All fall back to make room for the 'Squire, the other children choose me, and I am and, with a smile softening his stern face, be bent his knes at the foot of the flower. throne and kissed the hand of the little

"Allow me to salute your Majesty," he

said, with mock gravity.

The child langued aloud merrily, and a shadow fell across the father's face at the sound. For very soon now that sweet, chil-dish laugh would echo no longer, perhaps will make, too."

The child looked up into his face with her clear, violet ayes:

"When I grow up, papa," she said, was to be sent to a foreign school; but there gravely, "I am going to be a Sister of was no relenting in his heart. The long, poor sunny day drew toward its close, and y last about sunset—it was the time for the little Queen to go into the church alone and lay down ber crown of roses at the fact of the Blessed Virgin's statue. With a smile upon her sweet, childish lips she disappeared within the door of the little church. The minutes passed and she did not return, and, when ten of them had passed, those outside began to grow rest-

ess and curious.

Then suddenly the lady of the Manor se, and, crossing the lawn, passed into the church. Impelled by some strange power, the 'Squire and the others fol-lowed. At first there was no sign of the child in the church, but when they reached the foot of the altar they found er. For, in her white robes, with roses still crowning her golden head, she

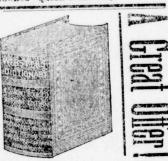
lay as though she were sleeping.
"She has fallen asleep," cried the Squire, while the mother knelt in silence and raised the golden, rose crowned head the childish lips, but a strange pallor on the lovely, still face.
"Wake up, little Queen," said the

Squire, laying his hand on the soft But the heavily fringed lids were not

lifted; only the mother's eyes, heavy with woe, were raised to his. "She will never wake again," she said, in a low, hushed voice; "for heaven has

taken her." Through the stately halls of the Manor moments ago have suddenly lady of the Manor, like a broken lifty, eyes to the dauger to this hope har to be raised in this religion. If course they were only the a unthinking child, but who what this treining may not lead for no other woman can fill his heart when the manufacture of the suddenly and the proud 'Squire will be the last of his race; when beautiful, gentle Aileen is gone;

no other woman's children reign in the place of that first-born child sleeping under the May flowers, whom the angels The same of the sa



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