THEY MAY BE LAUGHED AT, BUT WHERE IS THE PHILOSOPHER WHO WILL EX-PLAIN THEM ?

The following is a fairly good tale to beguile the tedium af a nocturnal mosquite hunt in early September. It is taken from the New York Sun, a paper that delights in the publication of sober negratives. nerratives: Propound the query, "Are there ghosts?" to one hunared adult people, as you come to them in turn, and ninety will return a prompt negative. Propound the query, "Is there anything dreams ?" to one hundred adults, and it is doubtful if one-fifth of them will reply in the negative. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that at least ninetysafely be asserted that at least ninetyfive adults cut of every hundred the
world over have had dreams which were
wholly or in part fulfilled. It isn't so
very worderful that the mind should
refuse to sleep with the body, and should
wander away from it into strange realms;
but "having dreams" and "seeing ghosts"
is placed so nearly on a level by scoffers
that one fears to own to a dream which
has come true. And yet 95 per cent of
us believe in dreams, whether we admit has come true. And yet 95 per cent. of us believe in dreams, whether we admit it or not. In my time I have had three remarkable dreams. While no more remarkable dreams. While no more remarkable than hundreds of others given to the public, I would not give them here except they had once been publicly talked about, criticised and shown to be remarkable. The first occurred when I was eleven years of snown to be remarkable. The first occurred when I was eleven years of age. At that time my father sold his farm in Lorain country, Ohio, and pur-chased another on the banks of the Ohio river, about twenty miles below Cincinnatti. This was in the spring of 1852. I had a felon on my foot—what is called a "frog felon"—when we moved, and was not able to be out of the house and was not able to be out of the house for two weeks. There was another period of ten or twelve days in which I had to use a crutch. The back end of our farm touched the river, and was quite heavily wooded. I wanted to go down there, boy-like, but was not yet able to do so, when I fell asleep on the lounge in the sitting room one afternoon and had this dream. I dreamed of seeing two men on the river in a skiff. One ing two men on the river in a skiff. One

VILLAINOUS LOOKING FELLOW with close cropped hair and whiskers. The other was a lighter and younger man, with black hair and a moustache, One had on a cap, and the other a hat The older man had a large silver ring on a finger of the right hand and he was using the oars. The name of the boat was the Gem. Had I been wide awake and looking at the two men and looking at the two men boat from a distance of five feet, I could boat from a distance of learly. What seemed queer to me in my dream, how-ever, was the fact that I could not hear their voices. I saw their lips move, but I could not catch their tones. The en soon landed in the mouth of a creek, where their boat was hidden by the bushes. When they stepped ashore the busines. When they stepped ashore they carried an old fashioned carpet bag between them. They walked away from the river into the timber until they came to a tree which bad been turned up by the roots. The cavity thus was full of dead leaves, and in this place they bid the bag. Then they looked about to fix the location, and after a few about to fix the location, and after a few about to fix the location. up by the roots. The cavity thus made minutes returned to their boat and rowed away. They were crossing the river when mother called to me and broke my sleep and the dream. I told her what I had seen, but she laughed at it. When father came in I told him, and he was at once interested. said there was a creek just as I had described, and he believed he had noticed an uprooted tree, and he promised to go to the spot next morning. He was called away, however, and three days later, and during his absence, limped out into the woods. I found I found the creek without trouble, and from thence I went straight to the upturned two bags containing 400 Mexican silver two bags containing 400 Mexican silver dollars each, together with silver knives, spoons and forks, and some costly jewelry. Father came home that night and at once notified the sheriff, and then we learned that the plunder was the result of two burglaries in Cincinnati.

A DETECTIVE CAME DOWN to see us. He was a hard head, who wouldn't believe in anything I couldn't see, but he had to go down before my dream. My description of the men tallied with that of two fellows under suspicion, and a watch was at once placed at the mouth of the creek. It was ten days before the men returned and were taken into custody and they had not been under arrest ar hour when they confessed to the rob bery. The detective hated to give into the dream theory, and I think he went away believing that I was out in the woods and saw the men land. I could not have walked there to begin with, and mother was in the room all the time I lay you, and the jeweller sent me down one hundred of those big silver dollars to show his gratitude at recovering about \$2000 worth of his property. About three years later I went to visit an aunt in eastern Kentucky. It was near a hamlet of half a dozen houses, and of course I soon knew all the people. Four or five miles away lived an old bachelor who was known as the hermit. He was then fifty years old, lived all alone, and people said he had money buried under his fireplace. He went in rags and went barefoot, and was always a subject of emark. My aunt had a farm about a lile and a half from the town, and one afternoon, as I was returning home after making some purchases at a store, a man who sat in a fence corner called me over to him and asked if I knew be seemed much interested and to served: "I think he is my brother George, who leit home thirty years ago and has not been heard of since." I

hermit had had money, and of my replying that our hired man said that he had thousands of dollars hidden away. He asked it I had ever been to the hermit's saked it I had ever been to the hermit's relace, whether he was known to have a gun, and other questions which had no great interest for me until several days afterwards. When I went home I told the folks about meeting the stranger, but the matter excited little comment, and it was not in my mind when I went to bed. I slept with the hired man. I was asleen, and had been for an hour was asleen, and had been for an hour was asleep, and had been for an hour, when he came to bed. I was also asleep when he turned out in the morning. Now, then, that night I had my second singular dream. Mind you, I had never been

nor heard it described. All at once I found myself in front of his little log house, and knew that it was his. The place looked poverty poor. I noticed the single window in front, a leach in the yard, an old scythe hanging up in a tree, a grindstone with its face broken, and a path leading heat to a wright. path leading back to a spring. surveying the place when I heard loud and angry voices in the house and saw a light at the window. I climbed over the pole fence and looked in. The hermit was down on his knees, and a man stood over him with a club. They were talk ing, but I could not hear what they said ing, but I could not hear what they said That is, while their lips moved, no sound reached my ears. I understood, however, that the man was the stranger I had met down the road that day. He was after the hermit's money, and was threatening his life. By and by, seemingly out of patience, the stranger gave the hermit a blow on the head which laid him out. Just at that moment the clock in the cabin struck eleven. The man stood for a moment, looked around man stood for a moment, looked around him as it startled, and first began runag-ing. He took the bed first, but found out of an old chest looked in a cupboard, and being still unsuccessful, he went to the door for a spade leaning against the logs. With this he pried up the hearthstones, but no money was to be found. Then he searched the body, and brought to light a purse with a small amount of silver in it. I could see that he was greatly put out over his failure for he kicked the body at his feet severa imes, and slammed things around with heavy hand. I think he the place, for he was emptying the straw out of the bad, when some noise outside alarmed him. He started up, looked wildly around, and after a minute passed out doors. He came within three of me, and I saw blood on his hands. He ran to the fence, sprang over, and was soon lost on the highway to the north. The first thing I did after getting my clothes on in the morning was to tell my aunt and the hired man. The latter had aunt and the hired man. The latter habeen to the hermit's place, and he was well aware that I had not.

wen aware that I had not.

HE BEGAN TO SNEER
as I started to relate my dream; but
when I began to describe things as he
knew they existed, he took a horse and rode over to see a constable. The officer came and heard my story, and then the two rode to the hermit's place and found everything as related. The hermit was everything as related. The hermit was at first supposed to be dead, but a closer examination developed faint signs of life, and the doctor who was sent for succeeded in restoring consciousness after a couple of days. It was to find, after a couple of days. It was to find, however, that the hermit, never more than half witted, was now clean data. Meanwhile the sheriff and his officers were at work. There wasn't a railroad or telegraph line within one hundred place, but an alarm was sen out by the stage routes and by all travel-lers, and in about a week the would be murderer was caught. He had not travelled over thirty miles. In my dream
I saw bleed on his hands. It was his
own blood. In ransacking the house he
out his right hand severely on some
object, and this had not healed when he thence I went straight to the upturned tree and found the bag. Everything looked as familiar to me as if I had seen it before. The satchel was not only there, but it was so heavy that I could not lift it. I returned to the house and told mother, and we took a hand sled told mother, and we took a hand sled to the house and told mother, and we took a hand sled to the hermit, as I have related. Curiously enough, no one else had seen him. The sheriff believed the man guilty, however, and gave him to under stand that the son of the hermit's nearest neighbor had witnessed the whole affair. I was taken to the jail to confront him. He was sullen and defiant, but as charged him with the crime and detailed the circumstences, he broke down and confessed. While he was being held to await the death await the death or recovery of his victim he died of typhoid fever in jail. My evidence, based on a dream, would not have counted for a feather in court, and, although he had confessed the crime, a smart lawyer could have cleared him had he lived. The third dream occurred on the night of the 17th of June, 1872. was then at Laredo, Texas, having arrived two days before. I was in bad health, and had been in bed most of the two days, stopping at the house of my brother. On this night I dreamed that I was abroad in the night on a lonely highway on foot. I noticed a grove of trees, several turns in the road, two or

three ranch houses and other things, and by and by I saw ahead of me and off to the right. I left he road to approach it, and as I drew the road to approach it, and as I drew near I saw a man sleeping under his blanket, while his horse was picketed near by. I stood gazing at the sleeper when two men came creeping up, and one of them raised an axe and brought it down with all force on the victim's head. I saw him quiver and straighten out, and then the murderers proceeded to go through him. They took his watch and money, saddled his norse, and then rode off on their own, leading the extra one. Before going they covered the dead man with his blanket. I perceived that they were talking, but not a word could I hear. As an offset, however, my vision was very acute. I saw tha watch was a gold hunting case, and that revolver they took had a pearl hermit, I told him what I knew, and handle, with silver arrows let in on the he seemed much interested and ob sides. I had started to follow the man sides. I had started to follow the men when some noise awoke me, and I found the house astir and breakfast going. I at once asked my brother to send for the was a green country boy, and he had no sheriff, and when that official came I

asking if it wasn't reported that the here on which there is a grove of trees erished blood.

to the right, just before you come to a ranch house?"

"There is," he promptly answered.

"The intelligent and thrifty trader, the ranch house?"
"There is," he promptly answered.
"That is the one leading toward Corpus Christi."

"Beyond this the road bends to the left?"

"And after a bit there are two mor

houses?"
"Yes, sir; they belong to Dutch farmers." "And then comes a long stretch of

prairie ?' "A quarter of a mile off the road to

the right you will find the body of a murdered man." He did not scoff at my dream. On the contrary, he seemed much impressed. When he asked me to describe the men

said : "One had long black hair, long whis kers, black eyes, a large nose, and one corner of his mouth was drawn up." "That's Texas Joe to a dot!" he ex-

"The other was dark, had high cheek

"The other was dark, had high cheek bones, a moustache, very white teeth, and he lifted his eyebrows when speaking."
"That's Mexican Jim, Joe's partner, and its a piece of their bloody work."
He started at once for the scene of the crime, which was about eight miles away, but he had not gone half way when he met men bringing the body in. The murderers had crossed the Rio Grande, and they were never taken for the crime. and they were never taken for the crime; but within a week the sheriff got hold of the watch and pistol, which they sold, and there could be no longer any doubt that my drawn that my dream was authentic in all details. The reader may scoff, as men w l! at the mysterious, but I have given

CHURCH OF THE POOR.

HERITAGE OF WHICH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH MAY WELL BE PROUD.

Commenting upon an article, "The Church and the Classes," in the July number of the Catholic World, the learned editor of that popular and valu-

We are the Church of the Poor. We claim this as a heritage, and there is none to dispute our claim. The work ingman is ours. What a blessing! What privilege!
O God! we feel like crying—O God!

thanks to Thy blessed Providence that the poor belong to us and we belong to

The greasy mechanies are ours, and The greasy mechanics are ours, and the todusty car drivers are ours; the tired factory girls, and the drooping shop girls, and the weary seamstresses—all ours. The strikers are ours, the dangerous classes are ours, and we are theirs; the toding millions make up the bulk of our toiling millions make up the bulk or our Catholic people—those multitudes to whom the words "give us this day our daily bread" have the significance of the dearest reality-earners of the daily wage. How others may feel we cannot tell; but for ourselves we are proud to belong to the poor man's Church. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them" is a mark that the Christ is indeed come and that men need not look for another But if it be true that they are ours, it is also true that we are theirs; we are more theirs than they are ours; that is to say, nearly all our people are wage earners, and yet there are multitudes of wage earners who are not our people. Take away from the Church in America the working class, and what is left. How few there are in every congrega tion who are to be ranked above or apar from the working classes! On the other hand, in each of our industrial centres there are large numbers of daily wage earners who are Catholics. Of the eight millions of American Catholics all but a few hundred thousand are the men and women who stand over sgainst the rich as the "poorer classes," "the masses of the people." But there are fully as many more who are not of our own Cnurch, and who are not more than one of the different Protestant churches, and who are therefore of ne church at all. What religion they have is natural, or a lingering influence of some form of Protestantism previously held by themselves or their parents.

It follows, therefore, that the solution of the social problem is in our hands, Our non Catholic fellow citizens look to the Catholic Church to effectually leaven "the masses" with the love of order and with the virtues of good citizenship—to conquer the saloon and the boodle boss. conquer the saloon and the boodle boss.
We can reach the whole body of the
common people with the influences of
religion if we are alive to our providential missions and in delivered. tial mission; and in doing so we shall maintain the rights of the poor man, we shall secure the stability of the social order, and we shall gradually spread among "the masses" the only form of Christianity which embraces all classes

in its organism. The very test question about either s religion or a government is, What does it do for a poor man? The true religion must answer: I make the poor man love must answer: I make the poor man love and worship God and live at peace with his neighbor. The true form of govern-ment must answer: I give the poor man a fair share in the gifts of Provid-

The religion which sifts out of the working classes the bright, thrifty and successful, leaving the masses of dullness and poverty and ignorance to rot and fester upon the body politic, is not the religion to solve the social problem now pressing upon us. It cannot unite all classes in one church. It cannot make men of divers social states in civi the altar. It does not work for equality before God and the law. The rich man's church is not the religion for a

emocratic state. Look at the Protestantism among us. It cannot be denied that it has no hold on "the masses;" "the wage earners" are not found in Protestant churches, No auti poverty society can compare with Protestantism. The most evident facts show that it is a religion which ex-

Canker humors of every description, whether in the mouth, throat, or stomach, are expelled from the system by the use officulty in pumping me to his heart's inquired:

content, I remember afterwards of his "Is there a highway running out of diseases originating in impure or impovof Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other remedy with this, as a cure for all

The intelligent and thritty trader, the frugal money saver are at home in a Protestant church and the poor man is not. The real truth is that the thrifty and the successful citizens of this republic find Protestantism a congenial religion, and the shiftless and unfortunate are not inclined tojit. It deals too conspicuously with present happiness as the reward of with present happiness as the reward of virtue. Its war upon luxury is too

Brethren, we feel like saying to the Brethren, we feel like saying to the Catholic clergy, here is your portion of the inheritance, the common men and women of this land. Bear in mind these many busy, thinking minds, these many throbbing, loving hearts who run up and down the world's highway gaining a hard living—they are yours and you are theirs. Be we worthy of them, Be not lovers of luxury. Be poor bishops and priests, for you are pastors of the Be not lovers of luxury. Be poor bishops and priests, for you are pastors of the poor people. Beware of the parade of wealth and the patronage of the rich and the smile of the powerful. Let your only palace be the house of God and let purple and gold be reserved for the sacred vestments of your ministry in the sanctuary of the great King.

Let the enemies of your people be your enemies: infidelity and intemperance—in other words, the godless schools and the saloon. Let us push forward the building of Christian schools; let us make them the best schools in the land, to give the poor man's child that

land, to give the poor man's child that treasure of heavenly wisdom: how to have a solid hope of eternal joy. Let us of the pulpit tell the truth about the loaths me sin of drunkenness and voice the people's best thought about the

Lock at the state of Europe and ask yourself which is better: To be the beyourself which is better: To be the be-loved clergy of the common people, as in Ireland and in America, or a clergy with the people against you, as in many parts of the continent of Europe?

DEAN STANLEY'S SISTER A CATHO-LIC.

It may not be generally known that Miss Mary Stanley, sister of the famous Dean Stanley of Westminster, became a Catholic, and devoted herself to work among the London poor. We quote this interesting reference to her, which we find in the Life of Lady Georgiana
Fullerton, lately published by Richard
Bentley & Son, London, Eng:

"The high intelligence and generous
is and of the Disagraph approach to the property of the property

views of the Dean were shared by his sister, but she had, besides a manly courage and a firm and logical mind, not content to remain forever in the vague uncertainties which satisfied him. Mary Stanley loved ber brother with an affection which was the dominant pas sion of her life. But neither her admira-tion nor her affection for him kept her in boundage. She acted and reflected for herself She purposely put action before reflection in this sentence, be-cause it was in the midst of an active work of charity of an unusual kind that she was struck by the logical beauty of the truth. She had not confined herself to ordinary services of beneficence.
At the beginning of the Crimean War,
she was one of those ladies who set out, under the direction of Miss Nightingale. to give to the wounded such succors as English soldiers had never before re ceived on the field of battle or after the battle was over. The Catholic revival in England had drawn attention to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, an atten-tion which they had hitherto not received on account of the wall of pre judice which had hidden from English men so many Catholic institutions.
That wall is now, happily, in great part
demolished, and those who wish to see
what passes on the other side of it, are moleoner shut out from the sight.

Mary Stanley then was of this courage ous company of ladies, who found in the amoulances of the French army the Saurs Gardes Malades, and learned to catch their spirit and follow their exam ple." When she returned to England she embraced Catholicity.

Truth is Tough.

Does not Mr. Bryant say that "Truth will get well if she is run over by a loco-motove, while error dies of lockiaw if she scratches her finger." The truth about Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will be found hard to suppress. All who take them find them gentle in their action but true in their work. Don't be afraid of mercury or anything harmful in them.
They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Liver Pills) are scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, D zziness, Constipation, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks; 25 cents a vital, by Druggists.

Is Cholera Coming ? When symptoms of cholera appear, prompt remedies should be resorted to. Miss Mary E. Davis, of Luskville, Ont., says—"My brother was bad with chelera morbus and after using one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, it cured him entirely."

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blotches, Biliousners, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia. I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good." one that has done me any good."

The Double Liability.

A weak and low constitution, impure blood, etc, causes a double liability to contract disease. Purify the blood and contract disease. Furly the blood and remove all worn out matter and disease-breeding impurities from the body by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which thoraughly cleanses, regulates and tones the entire system.

A Helping Hand

is most appreciated where it is most needed, and thus it is that Burdock Blood Bitters gains more favor yearly by lending the weakened system valuable assistance impurities and building up strong, healthy body.

Orn Catlin, 49 Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y, says: I tried various remedies for the piles but found no relief until I used Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which entirely cured me after a few applications.

THE POPES ON SLAVERY.

HER VOICE HAS BEEN RAISED MANY TIME IN DENUNCIATION OF THE TRADE

Quoted from the Universe: When Guizot wrote these words, "No on doubts that the Catholic church struggle obstinately against the great vices of the social state, for example, against slavery," he did not foresee the evangelical intellectuality which was to reach so high a pitch as to be able to give to the world once a week such a creation as the Rock (a fugitive Lendon publication). It could never have occurred to Guizot, unfair and short-sighted as he often was, that Protestantism, of which he was called the Pope, could allow its hatred

of the truth to prevail so far as to per-suade its teachers to bring down upon themselves infinite ridicule by the vehe-ment denial of world-established facts rather than admit anything true of an adversary. "We have known many of adversary. "We have known many of ours who have devoted themselves to ours who have devoted themselves to captivity in order to ransom their brethren." Thus wrote St. Clement (Pope and marryr) in the year 100 (first letter to the Corinthians, c 55), and here we have the evangelical "philosopher and friend" sublimely informing its victims that "all this time the Pope has stood aloof," but that now "that Protestants have educated public opinion the Pope wants to get all the credit for the abolition of slavery." Through all the Cath. tion of slavery." Through all the Cath-olic centuries the redemption of slaves was considered such a primary duty by the rulers of the church that the work is found carefully regulated for in the canons, which even go so far as to allow the sale of the sacred vessels of the altar in order to rescue from bondage those WHOM CHRIST HAD SET FE It would occupy a column of our space

merely to enumerate the councils (approved of by the Vicar of Christ) which have labored all over the Catholic have labored all over the Catholic world for the smelloration of slaves and for the abolition of slavery. We may be excused for having thought it possible that the evangelical (ignorant as we know him to be upon most religious questions) might have read somewhere that at a council held in London in the year 1102 the barbarous custom of deal ng in men like animals was proscribed as a sort of homicide, which decree, however, was only a repetition of the sectence of much earlier canons, notably of those of the council of Coblenizin the year 922 "Since our Redeemer, the Creator of all things, has deigned in His goodness to assume the flesh of man in order to restore to us our pristine liberty, by breaking (through the means of His Divine grace) the bonds of servi-tude which held us captives, it is a salu tary deed to restore men by enfranchise ment their native liberty, for in the beginning nature made them all free, and they have been only subjected to the yoke of servitude by the law of nations. —St. Greg, 1, 5, letter 72." The above, from the pen of a Pope and a saint of the Catholic church, and written a good many years before "Uncle Tom's Cabin," before the time of the Dutch and Eog lish Calvinistical slaveowners and breed ers, contrasts strangely (we use a mild sidverb) with the standing "quite aloof" on the slavery question which the Rock brings as a charge against the Roman See. When we add the fact that, as a rule, the Sovereign Pontiffs have also labored,

AS DID ST GREGORY. for the destruction of the slave trade, and where that was not at the time pos sible, for the bettering at least of the condition of its victims, and that they have done this with a wisdom and a dis cretion and a charity and a daring which the Protestant (comparative) neophyte has not yet displayed, the reader, not familiar with its intricacies and perplex ities, its unfairness of spirit and its general cowardly manner of attack and defence, will perhaps wonder, in his simplicity and candor, how the low church party can exist for a single week. But should he, after his first surprise. proceed to question heresy, and to say to its various modern fragments, "Where were you, and what were you about while the Popes at the head of the Catholic civilization completed the work of the abolition of slavery in Europe?" We really do not know what sort of answer heresy will contrive to make Let the reader, however, remember that it was the Catholic church alone which abolished slavery in Europe in the old times. Has she labored for the same glorious object with respect to slavery in other parts of the world up to our own age? The question will sound tire some in Catholic ears, but we are writing be it remembered, for the uninformed

GROSSLY IMPOSED UPON Evangelical. In the apostolic letters of Pope Gregory XVI. of November, 1839, can be seen what spirit the church and her Pontiffs have always displayed on the question of the slave trade. This is how Gregory XVI. wrote to the Christian world: "We consider it belongs to our world: "We consider it belongs to our pastoral solicitude to exert all our efforts o prevent Christians from engaging in the trade in the 'blacks,' or in any other men, whoever they may be. We say it with profound sorrow, men even among Christiaus have been found who, shame fully blinded by the desire of sordid gain, have not hesitated to reduce into slavery unfortunate races or to assist in this scandalous crime by organizing a traffic in these unfortunate beings." The Pope in these unfortunate beings." The Population proceeded to state that his prede cessors in the chair of Peter have matized with censures all engaged in the Hattled with consumers an engage in the state trade, mentioning particularly Paul III (1537), Urban VIII (1639), Benedict XIV (1741), Pius II. (1482), Pius VII. (1800). We venture to think that we ave urged enough to convince all, ex. cept such as are beyond the reach of vidence, that the Evangelical party in ts late remarks upon Cardinal Lavigerie and his mission to London, in addition to that vulgarity which is part of its nature, contrived to display a clumsiness of ignorance which we trust augurs wel for its speedy and wholesale rejection by all that is intelligent and cultivated in the various ranks of Protestantism.

Take Ayer's Pills and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the sufferings of body and mind, caused by habitual constipation. A moderate use of Ayer's Pills will invariably regulate the bowels.

The First Symptoms

Of all Lung diseases are much the same : feverishness, loss of appetite. throat, pains in the chest and back, headache, etc. In a few days you may be well, or, on the other hand, you may be down with Pneumonia or "galloping Consumption." Run no risks, but begin munediately to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Several years ago, James Birchard, of Darien, Conn., was severely ill. The doctors said he was in Consumption, and that they could do nothing for him, but advised him, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine, two or three months, he was pronounced a well man. His health

remains good to the present day.

J. S. Bradley, Malden, Mass., writes: "Three winters ago I took a severe cold, which rapidly developed into Bronchitis and Consumption. I was so weak that I could not sit up, was much emaciated, and coughed incessantly. I consulted several doctors, but they were powerless, and all agreed that I was in Consumption. At last, a friend brought mo a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose, I found relief. Two bottles cured me, and my health has since been perfect."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

TO THE CLERGY.

The Clergy of Western Ontario will, we teel assured, be glad to learn that Wilson Bros., General Grecers, of London, have now in stock a large quantity of Sicilian Wine, whose purity and genuineness for Sacramental use is attested by a certificate signed oy the Rector and Prefect of Studies of the Diocesan Seminary of Marsaia. We have ourselves seen the original of the certificate, and can testify to its authenticity. The Clerky of Western Ontario are cordially invited to send for samples of this truly superior wine for altar use.





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Alifelong study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE Of my INFALLELE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address & Dr. H. G. ROOT. 87 Yonge St., Torento, Ont.



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MASSES.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR

SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

[Delivered by the Rev. James] hoe, rector of the church of St. The Aquinae, Brooklyn. N. Y.]

XXXVI.

EXTREME UNCTION. DEAR PROPLE: On the matter, and minister of Extreme Unction have only a few words to say, matter of this sacrament is oil. To is blessed every year by the Bish Holy Thursday. The form of the ament is the prayer which the pries when anointing certain parts of body: "By this holy unction and b own most loving mercy may the forgive thee whatever sins you may committed by sight," etc. The m ters of this sacrament are Bishops

priests only.

The effects of Extreme Unction The effects of Extreme Unction generally said by catechists to be to In the first place it assists and street as the soul of the sick person age the difficulties that accompany the ness of death. These difficulties many and have various causes. It is nothing so much feared as death, when that there me moment arrives. when that supreme moment arrive tremble in its presence. The met of one's past life and the reproach conscience increase this fear, thought of God's judgment, the trit before which we must soon ap affright the soul. The fear of et punishment augments this fear. cevil, who has been trying to lead u hell during our whole life, knows this is his last chance, and conseque puts for ward all his ingenuity to acplish his end. Read the lives of sipts and you will find that the he persons have trembled with the fe

moment.

Hear St. Cyril of Alexandria on reparation of soul and body: "I death because it is cruel and bitte ter hell because it is eternal. I d the fires of hell because they are deving. I fear its darks e s because it not admit the least ray of life. I the river of flames, the worm that in dies, the weeping and gnashing of te The hour of death is a sorrowful, gerous hour. It is an hour of te St. Eusebius says that every day should live in dread of that ter mement when scul and holy are mement when scul and body are a to be separated. St. Gregora exclassification of the moments eparation, when all the sins of a time will crowd up on the memory, the thought of meeting our Judge st the mind. Lord, Lord, who shall e into the Kingdom of Heaven?"

The grace of Extreme Unction cor

to the soul of the sick person, robs dof its terrors and banishes fear. It tains and comforts the soul through In. God's goodness. "God created God wishes to save me. Jesus C died for my salvation. He loves me will not suffer me to be lost if I only to Him. The Bleesed Virgin is interest in my salvation." These are the coning throughts which Extreme Unc causes to spring up in the soul. It me the dying Unistan an athlete of Ch How admirably ail this is signified by exterior sign of the interior grace. ains and comforts the soul through exterior sign of the interior grace veyedito the roul! Oil sweeters, hetrergthens. When the form is adde to matter the sacrament is perfected, internal unction of the Holy Ghost trace in the soul. What dew is to fading flower, what rain is to the pare pining in the shadow, the grace of when the failing senses announce approach of death.

The Argelic Doctor, from whom deliable to protect the senses announce approach of death.

delight to quote, speaking on this subjects: "Each sacrement is chiefly in tuted for one particular effect, though way of consequence it produces make the consequence of produces of the consequence of produces of the consequence of a second of the consequence form of a remedy, as Baptism under form of an ablution. A remedy be intended to cure, Extreme Unction chiefly destined to cure the infirming produced in the soul by sin. Bapti therefore, is a spiritual birth, Penantesurrection, and Extreme Unction a convenient.

The second effect of Extreme Unc the second enect of extreme Unct is a remission of all sins, even mortal not yet committed. Suppose a sick recn forgot a mortal sin in confess without any fault of his; or suppose t without any fault of his; or suppose a after confessing he again commits a mo sin which he forgets, and consequer will not confass; or suppose that, with knowing it, he forgets having done so all these cases, if Extreme Unction received with sorrow and no obstact placed to the grace of the sacrament, faults are remitted by this sacrament. In the summarize the admirable teaching ne summarize the admirable teaching St. Thomas on this subject. A corporemedy supposes the life of the body. remedy supposes the life of spiritual remedy supposes the life of soul. Extreme Unction is not give against the defects which destroy phitual life, namely, mortal sin, l gainst the defects which make the se sick, certain weaknesses and unfitness which are the remains of original or act it, but because this effect is produced grace; and, as grace and sin are inco petible, it follows that if it finds in t oul any mortal or venial sin it effaces t ein as to the guilt, provided it meets w receives it. Brethren, considering the effects of Extreme Unction, it is necessary

for me to say to you that in case of sit hess it is of the highest importance to the priest should be called in before to sick nesson becomes unconstant. ck person becomes unconscious? The third effect of this sacrament to restore the health of the body whi it is useful for the soul's salvation. The is certain. It is implied in the words St. James: "The prayer of faith we have the sick man." It is defined as ave the sick man. It is defined in the council in the believed by the Council in rent. If it were generally know Trent.

Catarrh is a common disease, so cor mon that snuffing and "hawking" read you at every turn. Your foot slips in pasty disgrace, in the omnibus or church, and its stench disgusts at the beauch, and its steller disgusts at the ceture or concert. The proprietors Dr. Sege's Catarrh Remedy offer \$5 leward for a case of Catarrh which the sent of cure. Remedy sold by druggist