Passing Away.

We dream and lo! our lives flow on,
We dream and lo! our dream is gone,
We rock the cradle of our days,
From morn till night we sing life's lays,
We stretch our hands across the years
That bind our hearts with joys and tears,
And dreaming kneel and kneeling dream
How swift they flow, how fast the stream!

We climb the hills by morning light
And gaze into the shades of night,—
The sky above, the waste below
Are vestments of the years that flow,
We lock our hearts with iron bands,
But ah! the work of unseen hands,—
Our hearts must flow, our years must go
And roses bloom beneath the snow.

We stand where burn'd the lights of youth,
We kneel before the shrine of truth,
We feel the breath of love and grace
Steal o'er our brow, anoint our face,
Beside the fire that warms our heart
We sit and watch the flames depart,
And rock the cradle of our years,
And dream our days in joys and tears.

Chatham, Ont. THOMAS O'HAGAN.

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

Saint Peter Lampsacus.

HORROR OF UNCHASTITY.—It was at Lampsacus, a town of the Hellespont, during the persecution of the emperor Decius, that a youth, named Peter, was denounced to the proconsul as a Christian. He was ordered to burn incense in honour of the goddess Venus. "Would you have me," replied the generous confessor of the faith, "honor her whom you yourselves acknowledge to be dishonoured by her vices? The actions you impute to her strike me with disgust, and are punishable even by your own laws. No! I despise a woman of bad life, and I honour only the One God, my Lord Jesus Christ, the God made man for the expiation of the sins of the world." The proconsul caused torture to be applied, which racked his limbs while wrenching them with most cruel grasp; but, at length, seeing his perseverance and the joy he manifested to suffer for the name of Jesus Christ, he shortened his torments by causing his head to be struck off.

MORAL REFLECTION—How is it that, while despising vice, the worldly-minded hold in respect the persons of the vicious; and, while condemning vice, pardon it in their own case? "Know you not," says the Apostle, "that the unchaste shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven?"—1. Cor. vi. 9.)

Saint John Nepomucen.

THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.—John Nepomucen was born in Bohemia about 1330. He dedicated to God and the Holy Virgin a life which had, in his case, been miraculously preserved from his very infancy, and embraced the ecclesiastical state, that he might devote himself wholly to the salvation of souls. The first efforts of his zeal having been attended with admirable results, particularly among the students of the town of Prague, the emperor Wenceslas wished to hear him preach, and named him his almoner. The empress and many of the greatest personages of the court put themselves under his spiritual direction; but as the pious empress had been accused of leading a disorderly life, the emperor wished to obtain information in that particular from her confessor. The latter, as duty required, withheld all explanation. Wenceslas, who was of wrathful temper and had become cruel by dint of misfortune, maltreated John Nepomucen, submitted him to a protracted torture, and caused him at last to be thrown into the Moldau. The body of the holy martyr, by means of a celestial light, was discovered, withdrawn from the waters and fittingly interred. This happened in 1383. Benedict XIII. canonized John Nepomucen in 1729.

MORAL REFLECTION.—When once initiated into the divine mysteries, the prophet Isaiah exclaimed: "My secret to myself!" That of the confessor being more sacred, belongs not to him, but is God's own.—(Isa. xxiv 16.)

Saint Tropesius.

INDEPENDENCE OF CONSCIENCE.—To follow God's service no authorization or permission from any person is needful. Neither servant, nor slave, nor child, have anything to ask for in this particular; for God is "the common Father," in whose presence all are equal. Tropesius, one of the chief functionaries at the court of Nero, and one of those converted by St. Paul, gave himself up fearlessly to prayer and the practice of Christian works, like unto Daniel at the court of the Assyrian monarch. He is one of those of whom the Apostle intends specially to speak when he says: "The saints salute you, and chiefly those of the household of Cæsar." Having been denounced on account of his religion, on occasion of the first persecution, he was bound to a pillar and cruelly scourged; then tied to the wheel of a chariot, and finally thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre. As he outlived all these atrocities, for the lions refused to touch him, he was at last beheaded by order of the tribune Satellicus. As he was one of the first martyrs of the Christian faith, he is held in high veneration throughout the Church.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Where religion is concerned, let us bear in mind that, "whether we live or die, we are the Lord's."—(Rom. xiv. 8.)

A Little Behind Hand.

Some people are always a little behind hand in all undertakings. Delays are dangerous and none more so than in neglecting what seems a trifling cold. Prudent people break up the ill effects by timely use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, thus preventing serious lung troubles.

What Does it Mean?

What is meant by "Secretions" in a medical sense? The "secretions" are the powers of certain glands and organs of the body to hold and distribute the healthful fluids of the system, such as bile from the liver, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates all the organs of the secretions to make pure blood.

Orion 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." Since Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has become celebrated, unprincipled persons are imitating it. Get the genuine.

DR. MACHALE'S SERMONS.

From the Dublin Nation we take the following able review of the late Most Rev. Dr. MacHale's sermons, edited by his nephew, the Rev. Dr. Thomas MacHale. We give the review in full, feeling that it will be read with genuine pleasure:

Dr. Thomas MacHale, in issuing a volume of the sermons and discourses of the late illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, has produced a book for which thousands of Irish Catholics must have been eagerly longing. The younger generation of Irish Catholics especially must have been wishing for a reprint of those utterances which procured for John of Tuam an almost unequalled reputation both as a patriot and a Churchman; for, though he has but recently passed away, his principal intellectual achievements belong to a date that is already old, and the works that contained them have long been inaccessible to the general public. In other words, the great archbishop's character rests, so far as most of the men and women of the present day are concerned, upon tradition. It follows that it is now to be submitted to a new test—the judgment, namely, of persons who, though predisposed to admit his claim to rank amongst the foremost sons of Ireland whom this century, at least, has seen, are still free from the overpowering influence which his personality must have exercised over his contemporaries, and who will be, therefore, it is only fair to presume, better able impartially to estimate his worth. If we may speculate from the book before us, he will emerge triumphantly from this new test; nay, we are inclined to think that henceforth, when people will be able to see more clearly than could have been seen in the past his far-sightedness, his power of penetration, his profound grasp of principle, and his unwavering devotion to religion and country, he will appear a greater and a grander figure than he has hitherto looked even to his warmest admirers.

The sermons and discourses in the volume now before us are arranged by the editor under the following heads:—"(1), Great truths of religion; (2), detached moral subjects; (3), festivals; (4), subjects for special occasion; (5), discourses in the College of Maynooth." The last-mentioned group of addresses are printed last, but we fancy that they will be the first read by most intelligent persons, who will naturally wish to see, first, what manner of man John MacHale was in the heyday of his youth, with the object of thence tracing the gradual development of his genius. The discourses in question are four in number, and they reveal the Professor MacHale of 1882 as a man singularly free from the intellectual drawbacks of youth. His literary style at that time, contrary to the usual rule, was freer than subsequently from rhetorical graces, while the matter which it clothed was evidently the result not only of a wide and generous scholarship, but of a profound and long study of human nature. He spoke to his pupils with the air of a master who was confident of his ground, but at the same time with a reasonableness, if we may say so, which was suited and must have commended itself to minds that were no longer puerile, and were fully capable of criticism. He was soon himself to engage in the life of a missionary, for which he had been fitting those pupils, and he put in practice his own tenets. His preaching was most effective, suited as it was both to the uneducated and the educated; and here it may be remarked that he must necessarily have been a man of genius who could at once appeal to the deepest emotions of the peasantry of the west and compel the respect and admiration of audiences that more than matched in intellect and culture those that assembled in the groves of the Academy. The fascination, however, that hangs round his words is easy explicable. It rose from the possession of that faculty of imagination which, nurtured amidst the inspiring scenery of his native Mayo, and afterwards trained by study of the highest models of eloquence, enabled him to put himself in communion with any audience that he had to face, and to translate its feelings into burning words. His mind, too, well stored with knowledge, took a comprehensive view of every subject on which it was brought to bear, so that everyone who reads him, however limited his own intellectual vision finds himself on ground not altogether unfamiliar. It is difficult in the case of sermons, which must be read in their entirety to be fully appreciated, to give extracts adequately illustrative of the style of the preacher, and we do not pretend to be able to overcome that difficulty in this instance. We shall, however, lay before our readers a few passages which may serve at least to indicate the power of Dr. MacHale in the pulpit. In a sermon preached in Rome on the terrible yet common-place subject of death, we find the following sentence:—

That death is the common doom of all mankind is a truth so clear and palpable that to dwell on it for a moment would be to engage your attention without adding to your knowledge, or perhaps, awakening any serious reflections. God himself has issued the warrant of our death in the judgment pronounced on the crime of our first parents, and the experience of six thousand years has witnessed its solemn and invariable execution. But surely it is not necessary for me to expatiate upon this truth after the solemn attestation of the inspired witness that He has "filled all things with death!" Yes, the dismal emblems of mortality meet us everywhere, and especially in this place, which, with better reason than the far-famed Necropolis of Egypt, might be called the City of the Dead, where every stone is a sepulchral monument and every letter is a fragment of a sepulchral inscription; where the lottiest columns that rise amidst the desolation of the past serve but as the gnomons of time by which you might count the fleeting generations that glided across their shadows into the vaults beneath, since, to use the fine language of Job, "the kings and consuls of the earth built to themselves these solitudes," which, apparently by accident, but to me it would appear by a superior providence, are now abandoned to the sports of wild beasts, that they who sought in life no higher happiness than the indulgence of their brutal desires should now be associated to them in the same ignominious end, thus realising the sentence of the inspired writings, "Man when he was in honour did not understand; he hath been compared to the senseless beasts, and made like unto them."

No one, assuredly, familiar with the sights of Rome and their history could fail to be aroused by those words, which give an air of grim reality to considerations the truth of which all admit, but few contrive sufficiently to realise. The doctrine of purgatory is another very familiar subject, but in Dr. MacHale's hands it is made exceedingly attractive by reason of the graceful and affecting illustrations it suggests to his imaginative mind. For instance:—

Good God! how sublime is this doctrine of the Catholic Church, which not only appeals to the convictions of the most gifted intellect, but likewise sympathises with the finest feelings of our nature, strengthening and refining our affections by the spiritual charity which springs from the communion of saints. This is the spiritual link that binds all its members together—a link that is not sundered by distance nor by death, but stretches to the other world, uniting heaven and earth and purgatory in the amplitude of its connection. The stroke of death inflicts a bitter pang and conveys a silent warning that everything this side the grave has an end. Yet for this very pang the doctrine of purgatory offers a consolation which is sought for in vain in the cold and cheerless teaching of a different religion. Of the religions which embrace or exclude this tenet the one resembles the state of savage life, where all live in sullen independence, neither assisting to the aid nor ministering to the wants of each other, and thus unconnected by any community of mutual interchange of kindnesses: while the other resembles society in the fullest tide of civilization, bringing together regions the most remote and people the most dissociated, diffusing the fruits of its connection to every tribe and nation, and pouring over the barrenness of one country the superfluous riches of another.

In a sermon on St. Patrick's Day—preached like that on Death, in Rome—Dr. MacHale is tracing with fondness the progress of St. Patrick through Ireland, when he suddenly stops to encounter a criticism, at once ignorant and unfounded, flung by some anti-Catholics at the Catholic sentiment which makes the landmarks of the saints objects of veneration. He answers such critics in language which they, as well as Catholics, can understand:—

I am aware that, like other practices of Catholic piety, this feeling of reverence for the footsteps of the saints has been much misrepresented. But surely it is not necessary to dwell, especially here, on its vindication—surrounded, as I must be, by generous individuals who have resigned all the solace of their domestic circle to come and meditate among the monuments of those ancient masters whose lofty deeds and ardent language first kindled in their own hearts the like aspirations. Those who would loiter an entire day along the fabled fountains where a benevolent monarch studied those lessons of wisdom by which he subdued a turbulent race to the arts of civilized life, or gladly forego their morning's repast to look for those spots on which the violation of female virtue was avenged, and utterance was given to those burning appeals to a nation's justice and a nation's freedom of which the warmth has not been chilled through the transit of ages—men who would risk all the perils of distant voyages to visit those fields in which their fancy might behold the spirits of the heroes of Marathon thronging round them, invoked by the Athenian orator, and awakened by the magic of that invocation—yes; those at least who have a heart can understand (and for those who have not preaching is useless) what must be the feelings which burn within the breast of a Catholic when he touches those hallowed spots that streamed with the Redeemer's blood, or were sanctified by His baptismal immersion; or what must be the similar sentiments, though fainter in degree, that must fill his mind as often as he treads over ground which bears the monuments of the benevolent power of Christ's Saints and Apostles? Do we not view with admiration every trophy which a country has erected to those warriors who conquered its enemies and protected its freedom? And are we to evince no gratitude to those who conquered vice and error, the deadliest of man's foes? Nay, they are deserving of a more heartfelt homage, since such is the vicissitude of war that the glory and the greatness of one country cannot be purchased without a corresponding depression and misery in another, whereas the saints of God are the only heroes whose laurels were never soiled with a single tear, and whose success has not cost mankind one solitary execration.

Similarly intelligible to non-Catholics, as well as to Catholics, is the following passage from the sermon on "The Consecration of a Bishop:"—

How simple and how safe is the way in which the Catholic walks: whilst others wander to and fro amidst devious paths entangled as in a labrynth, they have only to grasp the clue supplied by the line of their bishops until they find it spring from the great and central apostolical tree of Rome; some nearer the root, as those of Italy and Spain, others at a higher distance, like those of Ireland; some at still remoter intervals, like those of Germany; and others, like those of America, branching from near its top, still green and vigorous like the palmy monarch of their own forests, and enabling thousands to find repose under the amplitude of its shade. Yes; some of the goodly branches which bore it in its early growth have withered like the rods of Core as soon as they were cut from the apostolic stem, and deprived of its nutriment, while all that have clung to it are still sound and healthful as the rod of Aaron, and bearing evidence by the abundance of their fruit, as well as the beauty of their foliage, of the vigorous principle from which they draw their growth.

It is needless to say that Dr. MacHale was thoroughly penetrated with the spirit aroused in every Catholic mind by a full knowledge of the Church, and especially of the Papacy. So much is clearly evidenced in the last of the foregoing extracts; but the fact is brought into even greater prominence in other discourses, such as delivered at the opening of the Synod of Thurles. On that occasion he chose, appropriately, as his subject the nature of the government of the Kingdom of God on earth and the character of the chief legislators on whom its administration has devolved; and in the course of his review he sketches in a passage of stately and masterful eloquence the achievements of the Roman Pontiffs in striking at religious errors and asserting the principles of morality and virtue from age to age. With what magnificent and at the same time evidently reasonable scorn he sweeps aside the calumnies of those who would turn Gregory and Innocent into mere despots of the Middle Ages! "Little," he says, "do those shallow sciolists who caluminate those Pontiffs know their characters—persons who were by nature the meekest of men, and generally seated with a sincere reluctance on the Pontifical throne. They remind us of the language of Jeremias, which we read as applied to St. John, in the liturgy of this day—men, who interposed the apology of their own feebleness as unable to utter the first unformed sounds of infants; but when called by God, and filled with His spirit, those infants of embarrassed speech spoke in the presence of kings and were not confounded; and from the position and grace of their office became as vigorous as giants in defence of the trampled liberties of the Church." Here speaks a Churchman who might well have lived in the ages of faith; yet he was a patriot as well as a Churchman—affording a fresh and most conspicuous illustration of the truth that there is no antagonism whatever between devotion to the Church and devotion to country; and he demonstrated his patriotism in his sermons as well as in his professedly political deliverances. We might give several illustrations on this head, but one or two must suffice. Preaching once at the dedication of a church, he referred in the following remarkable terms to the cold-blooded policy of those who would depopulate Ireland for the purpose of spreading the true faith in foreign lands:—

The Almighty draws good out of evil, it is true, and makes of the sufferings of our people and the cruelty of their oppressors an instrument for propagating our holy faith among distant nations. But that should not justify us in being silent upon the manifest iniquity of their forcible expulsion. We should not be of those who have no reproaches but for the poor, and no forbearance but for the powerful. We should in the spirit of the Church apply oil and vinegar judiciously tempered, with which she heals the festering wounds of her penitents and not cast all the acids on the sores of the poor, reserving for the heads of their oppressors all the oil of our adulation. God's designs in the Crucifixion of our Lord were designs of benediction and mercy to mankind: no one would, on that account, refrain from expressing horror and execration of the crime of His executioners. The expatriation of our people may eventuate in benefits to our religion; that is no palliation for the wickedness of those by whom they are disported; and though I rejoice as much as any one in the extension of the Church, I will never be one of those who will turn the Catholic colonisation of other countries into an unprincipled apology for the Catholic desolation of our own.

Equally remarkable is his vindication of the action of the Irish clergy and the Irish laity in, for centuries, keeping aloof from and making no compromise with the English Government in matters of faith and morality. We quote from the sermon on St. Patrick's Day which, be it remembered, was delivered in Rome, with the approbation of the Roman authorities of the day:—

The whole secret of the fortitude of the Irish people lay in the deep-rooted sentiment so well expressed in the language of my text: "We are the children of saints, and look for that life which God shall give to those who never change their faith from Him." Yes, they looked forward to that life which their faith clearly revealed to them, and in the brightness of that vision every other object disappeared. No courtly arts, no crooked intrigues, no cunning schemes of a wily and tortuous diplomacy, were suffered to insinuate themselves into their councils. Their purpose was single and straightforward—the preservation of their faith; and compared to this one object every other consideration was valueless. Hence no compromise with a hostile Government in the nomination of their chief pastors; for they knew from the history of Alcimus, the unprincipled high priest of Judea, as well as from the present melancholy experience of other countries, that those whose sins should exclude them from the sanctuary would be the most unremitting and successful in their canvass for an appointment to the high places of God's temple. Hence no compromise in the education of their children by suffering them to drink out of those impure fountains formed by the experiments of a chemical theology combining the various ingredients of error in stated proportions. Hence, in fine, no compromise on the part of the priesthood in bartering the affections of their flocks for the gold of the Government, well knowing that the measure was fraught with the Macedonian policy of purchasing by bribes that unconquerable attachment to the country's faith which open warfare was not able to subdue. But, like the victorious Fabricius, they have hitherto rejected the bribe; and, like him, they might conduct the diplomatists of corruption into their humble cots to show whether those who could be content with the most homely fare were likely to be seduced into the betrayal of their country's faith or freedom. It was this virtuous poverty and ascetic independence which, like the similar early virtues of Rome, achieved all the triumphs of the Irish Church; and if ever the lust of money succeeds such pious disinterestedness—a curse which may Heaven avert—it is then, and only then, like the same Roman State, it shall be seen to verge to its decline. It was only by keeping aloof from the contagious atmosphere of kings and courts that the faith of Ireland burned with so much brilliancy, and whoever looks on the contrast between two lamps—the one scarcely winking its dark and flickering flame in the midst of halls laden with the effects of intemperance, and the other streaming its bright and unbroken blaze in the pure air of heaven—will not be surprised at the incessant splendour that has played around the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland. If we wish to transmit to after ages the purity of the faith of our fathers we must labor to imitate their virtues, to follow the same process under which they have thriven.

Here we must bring to a close this inadequate notice of a book of singular interest. We have touched on but a few of its many noteworthy features; but if we have aroused our readers' curiosity and induced them to examine the work for themselves we are satisfied. Let us hope that Dr. Thomas MacHale will not rest content with this collection of his illustrious relative's literary compositions, but will, as time and opportunity may enable him, add to it out of the store that must be at his command. He may rest assured that he will thus best perpetuate a memory which Ireland, in any case, will not soon or willingly let die.

NAPOLEON I.

And the Price He Paid for Two Potatoes in 1805.

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon I., in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking *incognito* through the camp and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off an Irishman, who was a grenadier, roasting some potatoes before a fire of red ashes.

"I should like a roast potato above all things," said the emperor to the marshal; "ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. The huge Irishman stepped forward and said, "They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Berthier.

"I have only five," said the grenadier, "and that's hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two Napoleons if you will sell me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the grenadier; "I shall be killed to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to Napoleon, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let's see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going up close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot," said the grenadier, "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price," said Napoleon. "Come, I am hungry and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself," repeated the grenadier. "Besides all that, do you think I don't know you in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I, then?" inquired Napoleon.

"Bah!" said the grenadier, "The Little Corporal, as they call you. Am I right?"

"Well," said Napoleon, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No;" said the grenadier; "but if you would have me dine with you when we get back to Paris, you may sup with me to-night."

"Done," said Napoleon, "on the word of a Little Corporal—on the word of an emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier. "Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones, the rest I'll eat myself."

The emperor sat down and at his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking, "The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager."

. . . . . .

Two months afterwards Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the Palace of the Tuilleries, and was sitting down to dine, when word was brought him that a grenadier was without, trying to force the guard at the door, saying he had been invited by his majesty.

"Let him come in," said Napoleon.

The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the emperor, "Do you remember once having supped with me off my roast potatoes?"

"Oh, is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the emperor; "and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustan, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms and said, "A grenadier of the guards does not eat with lackeys. Your majesty told me I should dine with you—that was the bargain; and trusting to your word I have come hither."

"True, true;" said the emperor, "lay a cover near me; lay aside your arms, *mon ami*, and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and, turning to the emperor, presented arms. "A mere private," said he, "ought not to dine at the table of his emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon. "I name you chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and lieutenant in my company of guards."

"Thank you heartily," returned the soldier. "Vive l'Empereur," he shouted, and then withdrew.

M'Mahon was the soldier's name. One of his nephews played an important part in French history later.

Dr. J. Corlis, St. Thomas, writes: "During ten years active practice I have had occasion to prescribe Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Since Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda came under my notice, I have tried it, and take great pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction, and is to be preferred to any I have ever used or recommended. I have used it in my own family almost as a beverage during heavy colds, and in every instance a happy result has followed. I cheerfully recommend its use in all cases of debility arising from weakness of the muscular or nervous system."

The Bad and Worthless

are never IMITATED or COUNTERFEITED This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy IMITATED is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostroms put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

SETH GREEN.

What the Great Fish Culturist Says:

Last winter I went to Florida and while there contracted Malaria in a very severe form. When I returned home I went to bed and remained there until spring. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching pain in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt a lack of energy such as I had often heard described but had never experienced. Anyone who has ever had a severe attack of Malaria can appreciate my condition. As I failed to get any better I determined to try a remedy made by a gentleman in whom I had the greatest confidence. I am happy to say it effected permanent relief and that I am well to-day through the influence of WARNER'S SAFE CURE. After such an experience I can most heartily recommend it to all sufferers.

Seth Green

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long 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 Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

PATENTS NO PATENT! NO PAY. R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Full instructions and Hand-Book of Patents sent FREE.

AGENTS wanted for The History of Christianity, by Abbott. A good chance. A $4 book at the popular price of $1.75. Liberal terms. The religious papers mention it as one of the few great religious works of the world. Greater success never known by agents. Terms free. STINSON & Co., Publishers, Portland, Maine.

EGGLESTON'S SENSIBLE TRUSS. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the rupture is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

THE LETTING OF THE WORKS AT the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal, and those at the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, advertised to take place on the 13th day of November next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until Tuesday, the Fourth day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination, at the places previously mentioned on and after Tuesday, the Twentieth day of November.

For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until Tuesday, the Eighteenth day of December. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after Tuesday, the Fourth day of December.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY.
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883. 265-6w

PATENTS BOUGHT SOLD OR Procured. Books free. A.W. MORGAN & CO., *Patent Attorneys and Brokers, Washington, D. C.*

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me.

CATARRH To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

BENNET SCHOOL FURNITURE CO
Manufacturers of
School, Church and Office
FURNITURE
LONDON, ONT.
Designs and estimates furnished for Altars pulpits, pews, &c. We are also prepared to give low estimates for church furniture where architects plans are supplied.
REFERENCES—Rev. P. Molphy, Strathroy Rev. Jos. Bayard, Sarnia.

THE LONDON BRUSH FACTORY
MANUFACTURERS OF
BRUSHES
of every discription. All kinds of Mill and Machine Brushes made to order. To secure a first-class article, ask for the London Brushes. All branded.
THOS. BRYAN,
and 75 Dundas street, west.