談論



William A. Lehr of Kendallville, Ind., says Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla is King of Medicines And His Cure Was Almost a Miracle

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. "Gentlemen: When I was 14 years of age I was confined to my bed for several months by an attack of rheumatism, and when I had partially recovered I did not have the use of my legs, so that I had to go on crutches. About a year later, Scrofula, in the form of

White Swellings,

ppeared on various parts of my body, and for eleven years I was an invalid, being con-fined to my bed six years. In that time ten or eleven of these sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. Several times pieces of hone worked out of the sores. Physicians did not help me and

I Became Discouraged

"I went to Chicago to visit a sister, as it was thought a change of air and scene might do me good. But I was confined to my bed most of the time. I was so impressed with the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in cases similar to mine that I decided to try it. So a bottle was bought, and to my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better. This strengthened my faith in the medicine, and in a short time I was

Up and Out of Doors

To make a long story short, I continued to To make a long story snort, I continued to take Hood's Barsaparilla for a year, when I had become so fully released from the chains of disease that I took a position with the Flint & Walling Mig. Co., and since that time have not lost a single day on account of sickness. I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I endorse

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for it has been a great blessing to me, and to my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of all medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHIR, No. 9 North Railroad st., Kendailville, Ind. Mood's Pills cure Billousness.

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Caoch the Piper. One winter's day, long, long ago, When I was a little fellow, A piper wandered to our door, Grey-headed, blind, and yellow— And, oh! how glad was my young heart, Though earth and sky looked dreary— To see the stranger and his dog— Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag," Cross-barr'd with green and yellow, I thought and said, "in Ireland's ground There's not so fine a fellow." And Fineen Burke and Shane Magee, And Eily, Kate and Mary, Rushed in, with pa

Oh! God be with those happy times, Oh! God be with my childhood, When, f, bare-headed; roamed all day Bird-nesting in the wild wood. I'll not forget those sunny hours, However years may vary; I'll not forget my early friends, Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Coach and "Pinch" slept well that night And in the morning early He called me up to hear him play "The Wind that Shakes the Barley." And then he stroked my flaxen hair, And cried, "God mark my dreary." And how it wept when he said "Tarewell, And think of Caoch O'Leary."

And seasons came and went, and still Old Caoch was not forgotien, Although I thought him "dead and gone And in the cold clay rotten; And often when I walked and danced With Elly. Kate and Mary. We spoke of childhood's rosy hours, And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well-twenty summers had gone past, And June's red sun was sinking, When I, a man, sat by my door, Of twenty sad things thinking, A little dog came up the way, His gait was slow and weary, And at his tall a lame man limped— Twas " Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch! but ah! how woe-begone! His form is bowed and bending. His fleshless hands are stiff and wan, Ay—Tine is even blending. The colors of his threadware "bag"— And "Pinch" is twice as hairy And "thin-spare" as when first I saw Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer cried, Far, far, be hell's black viper; Does anybody hereaboats Remember Caoch the Piper?" With swelling heart I grasped his hand; The old man murmured "deary! Are you the silky-headed child, That lov'd poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept As if his heart was breaking—"
"And where, a thic machree," he sobbe "Is all the merry-making I found here twenty years ago?"— "My tale," I sighed, "might weary. Enough to say—there's none but me To welcome Caoch O'Leary." chree." he sobbed

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,
And wrong his hands in sorrow,
"Pray lead me in, asthore machree,
And I'll go home to-morrow.
My 'peace is made'—I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch," I watched his bed that night;
Next day his wish was granted;
He died—and Father James was brought,
And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
The neighbors came:—we dug his grave,
Near Eily, Kate and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
Gol rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

—John Keegan.

The New Man at Rossmere.

CHAPTER XVII. -- CONTINUED. "They have come back, Jim?" she said, speaking with an assumption of indifference she was very far from

"Wal! wal! yas'm "-Jim stuttered worse when most nervous—"an I reck—reck—reck'n—old boss done work done work-work - ed hisself up inter -inter-a-a-a mouty puck-puck-er 'bout you. I hope he fotch home--fotch home-plenty b'ar meat. He's mouty ap'-ap' t' be ugly when he's dis'p'inted-dis'p'inted bout huntin'." "I had no idea it was such a long ride to Rossmere," Agnes said, invol-

untarily entering upon her defense.
"It's a good bit—bit uv a ride, Mis Aggy, en you start — start — startid late," Jim answers in gravely apprehensive tones, which do not tend to re-

assure her. When she reached the hall door, having hastily thrown her bridle to Jim at the gate, she discovered by the familiar order of fried pork which greeted her nostrils that supper was on the table and that bear meat had not been added to their homely bill of fare. Throwing her hat and gloves upon the hall table, she did not linger to divest herself of

her habit — simply passed her hands over her tumbled hair as she moved toward the dining-room.

Her husband and Manton were still sitting at the table, although it was evident from the emptied cups and the general disorder of the dishes that their appetites had been appeased, if not sat-

'We are waitin' for you madam,"

NO PRIZES FOR STUPID PEOPLE.

who the the form hir

without 37

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tions, an elegant Diminout Broson (sound go a) for each of the rext ten.

Every one sending a solution must enclose with the same ten it too copt stamps for to contain sivery for one month's telat subscription (five coptes) to THE LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY, Conda's high-closs, i instructed newspaper. The envelope which contains correct solution bearing first postmark will receive first reward, and the balance in order as received.

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57 Cut the above advertisement out.

upon me." Her voice came out of the was the squire's ominous greeting, delivered in his harshest voice.

"I am sorry," she began, with the polite intention of apologizing, when her husband raised his eyes to her face with a look of such savage displeasure that the words froze upon her lips, and she seated herself dumbly behind the tea tray, in a state of mental perturbation that excited contempt in her breas

for herself.

Manton had risen courteously on he entrance, and, after bestowing one stare of undisguised admiration upon her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes directed a glance of peculiar signifi-cance towards her plate behind the tea things. On the starched surface of her napkin he had traced these words:

'He is already aware of the fact that

you have been to Rossmere. Do not stoop to any suhterfuge."
With one defiant glance into the handsome eyes bent upon her in evident anxiety, she shook the napkin from its folds, spread it across her lap, and asked, as she proceeded to pour

herself out a cup of tea: "Is there absolutely nothing left for me to do for you two gentlemen ?". Her voice was unnaturally cheerful. Perhaps it was that exasperated the squire

beyond the bonds of propriety.
"I'll be hanged, Mrs. Thorn, if you don't carry it off with a pretty high hand! What do you suppose I am made of, madam, that I will submit to

such goin's on?" Agnes looked into the old man's bloodshot eyes with an unwavering glance, although she was conscious of flinching, as one would from a blow, at the sound of his loud, coarse voice.

"If you find any thing to object to in my conduct, Mr. Thorn, we will reserve the discussion of my indiscretion for a more private occasion," she said, icily.

"Find anything to object to? Your indiscretion! By Julius Cæsar, Cray craft, what do you think of that for

Mrs. Thorn rose, and pushing her untasted tea from her, drew herself up

in outraged dignity.
"Mr. Crayeraft is not at liberty to express any opinion concerning my actions: at least, not in my presence. Then she went away from them in swift

Manton leaned forward and laid his hand commandingly on the old man's arm

'And you, sir," he said, in a voice quivering with suppressed passion, "are not at liberty to insult your wife in my presence. You are in no condition to-night to sit in judgment upor anyone's shortcomings, supposed or real. I advise an immediate retirement to your bed.'

This advice partook so largely of the nature of a command that the old man, over whom Manton had gained such boundless influence, rose with the ac quiescent meekness of a coward in presence of his master, and laughed in the silly fashion of a half-tipsy man.

"You're right, Craycraft. You're always right, by George, you are, Craycraft. She's a high-stepper, now though, ain't she, Craycraft?' supported himself by a tight grip on the back of his chair as he waited for an answer. "Now, ain't she, though, Craycraft? Don't you think she's got "Now, ain't she, though,

"I think you will make me forget you are an old man and the master of this house, if you say another word,' Manton thundered, with such efficacy that the squire turned himself stagger ingly about and shuffled off in the direction of his own room, turning upon the threshold of the dining-room to say, with drunken iteration :

"Now, ain't she a high stepper, though, Craycraft? Don't you think she's got a spice of the devil in her?" Manton turned disgustedly toward the front gallery, where, lighting his cigar, he began to pace restlessly to and fro. That portion of the house The lamps was in total darkness. were only alight in the dining-root and the squire's bedroom. In his second round he heard a suppressed sigh in the direction of the iron lounge. "Are you there, Agnes?" he stopped suddenly to ask.

"I am here. Perhaps it accords with your ideas of chivalry to add one more to the insults already heaped

darkness to him laden with disdain.
"You shall not pretend to misunder

stand me any longer," he said, in a low, passionate voice, moving so close to her that she could have touched the gleaming spark of his cigar had she so willed it. You know that I neither wish to insult you nor will allow anyone else to do it. would have been my wife to-day if it had not been for that scrape of Leslie's, for which you sold yourself to that coarse old man in yonder."

"That coarse old man, as you are pleased to call your host, is my band ; you are not privileged to crit cise him under this roof.

Worse than folly. "This is folly. In all the days and weeks of my intim acy here, have I once transgressed the proprieties?"

"I have been happier for being near you. It is not wicked to say so. I have been happier and better and stronger. You think I exert an evil influence over your husband. There you are wrong again. The kind-hearted, rather brusque wooer who asked you to marry him on condition of his looking after Leslie was Squire Thorn abroad. Squire Thorne at home

"Hush Not one word more. I there is nothing within you to deter you from outraging every rule of pro-priety, every law of hospitality, spare seless woman the knowledge of it. As matters now stand, there is but one honorable course left you. I leave you to discover it.

The hand that he stretched out in passionate entreaty to stay her quick flight was unavailing. With the last ew words she rose from the couch and swept pass him into the house; pas and into the room where her husband lay in the heavy, motionless slum ber of a drunken man.

She took the lamp from the mantle

shelf and held it aloft over him. He breathed in long-drawn, audible respir-ations. His wrinkled and knotted hands were lying on the white spread, doubled up into pugilistic fists. short gray hair bristled around his furrowed forehead with irate stiffness giving a savagely uncompromising look to the hard lines of his face, even in slumber. The lips that were firmly compressed under the grizzled, squarecut mustache were lips given to words and cruel injustice. But Agnes Thorn was made of the stuff the olden Roman matrons were made of.

She gazed long and intently down upon the face of the man to whom she had given herself, perhaps from a wrong motive, but not lightly. almost wished he might wake up then, so that she could say to him how truly and lovally she wanted to be a help mate to him, but that he must help he too. She prayed for the strength to be true to her own high ideal of wifehood acking this help from him. prayed that the way to mutual respect and liking might grow plainer rather than more difficult to follow. prayed for ability always to meet his infirmities of temper in the spirit that turneth away wrath. The light from the lamp disturbed the sleeper. He turned and muttered audibly

"You're right, Craycraft, she's go -a spice-of-devil in her.

Agnes started violently. Could it be possible that these muttered words gave a clew to the manner in which her nam vas handled by these two men? Manton Craveraft really trying to poison the old man's mind against her? Such a degree of baseness was hard to comprehend. She replaced the lamp on the table, and seated herself by a window. She had known, when giving that desperate "yes" to the squire that the marriage bore very much th aspect of an expedient on her part. Hers was a healthy organization, however, and she had never voluntarily wasted one hour in sickly retrospec tion. She honestly meant to be all to her husband that was conveyed in the words, "honor and obey. only after her home-coming that she had discovered how hard a task she had imposed upon herself.

"When he makes it too hard for me. she murmured, wrestling with the sor-row and groping helplessly for a remedy, "I will bear in mind that the first wrong step lies at my door.

Squire Thorn awoke the next morn ing with a sense of failure strong upon Imbued with all the self-import ance of a common place egotist, he could forgive anything sooner than an occur rence calculated to lessen his import ance in the eyes of others. The impression that he had captivated the friend of the new man at Rossmere even to the extent of making him abandon Rossmere for Thorndale, had been a source of immense satisfaction to the narrow-souled old man. In a burst of enthusiasm over his new friend he had been heard to declare that he'd never had a son; he only wished he might have had one, in every respect like Manton Craveráft.

With the boastful swagger that char acterized all his narrations concerning himself, he had given Manton to under stand that the killing of a bear, when he was one of the party, was never a matter of peradventure. But the bear had seen fit to give practical denial of the squire's infallibility; and he had lost prestige as a hunter in the eyes of

the wisdom of their advice.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

other side of the lake, the squire had drifted into one of his favorite conver-sational topics—"wives, and how to manage them," he having, ostensibly, undertaken to prepare Manton for the for mastery when inevitable struggle his own hour should come. It was pos itively a hobby with him, and, return ing from the bear hunt empty-handed, he was just in the mind to mount it and ride recklessly.

"I tell you, my boy," he had said, in conclusion, as they left the skiff and walked toward the unlighted house, "if you ever want to live in peace as a married man, give 'em (wives understood) to understand at the beginning that you've got the whip hand of 'em. Don't stand no foolishness. Don't stand no gadding. Keep 'em busy if you want any peace in your home or prosperity in your business. An woman is a first-class noonsance." idle

Immediately following this eloquent peroration, the knowledge that Mrs. Thorn was not at home, although the sun had long since set, came with something of a shock, giving another practical denial of his infallibility, and the squire's soreness thereat was im mense. Taking refuge in the coward's unfailing resource — bluster — the defeated bear-hunter and wife-tamer endeavored to patch up his tattered repu tation by the explosiveness of his wrath. Whatever else Manton thought, he should not think he was to be defied with impunity; which third effort of the impressionist resulted in his being virtually ordered to bed in his own house by his unimpressed disciple.

Small wonder, then, that he awoke the next morning with a sense of fail-ure strong upon him. When he did finally make his appearance, it find was in the hall placidly at work. She looked cool, dainty, and quietly self-possessed. She was thoroughly in earnest in her desire to give him full and satisfactory account of the ride and the visit that had occasioned him so much unreasoning wrath. She took a note from the stand by her side. was addressed to her husband. had found it on the hall table, where Manton Craycraft had left it.

Agnes rose as her husband closed the door of their room rather noisily behind him, and walked toward him with the note in one hand; she extended the other for a morning greeting.
"I angered you last night," she b

gan, with gentle dignity, "for which I am very sorry; but I think I can ex-" for which plain every thing to you satisfactorily and will, after you have read this note from your friend. Perhaps-

"Note from my friend. Has Cray-craft left? Then, by George, madam, you're at the bottom of it all. You've treated him worse than any nigger or the place, just because you thought I liked him. I suppose you took occa-sion of my goin' to bed early last night to insult him out of my house. Yes, madam, my house. Every stick of timber in it owned and paid for by my money. And every blasted thing in it And if I'm not at liberty to say who shall come and who shall go in it as long as my head is warm, then the

ooner I clear out the better."

He had snatched the note from he left hand without noticing the right one held out in token of a desire for peace to be restored. He had grasped at a shadow, and thrown away forever a most precious substance. noment he lost his last opportunity to bind his wife to him in closer bond

than those of simple duty. A weight had seemed lifted from her heart when she had found her home purged of Manton Craycraft's presence. ettled down suddenness at sight of that anger-inflamed face, and at sound of words so cruelly, brutally unjust that she flinched as under a lash.

Whenever Squire Thorn was seen stumping through his field afoot, with and ax over his shoulder, slaying with wrathful precision every intrusive shrub that had sprung spontaneously in his cotton or corn fields, laying low the budding hopes of many a tiny oak and infantile pecan, it was understood to mean that something had gone dreadfully wrong with him, socially, politically, or financially, this whole sale slaughter of unoffending shrubs being a sort of safety-valve with him.

"An' a Gawd's blessin' it is, folks, dat he takes it out on dem growin'things, 'stead of critters wid blood in dey veins," Aunt Lucy had often been heard to declare, in a spirit of thank-

On the day when Manton Craycraft had penned his short note telling the squire that his "conscience smote him for his long neglect of his friend Denny," the squire's ax did great ex-ecution, and his fields were relieved of a quantity of unsightly shrubs. His sense of failure did not follow upon the swinging blows of his sharp-edged ax.
But the spirit of conciliation had fled forever from his home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

That Tired Feeling Is often the foreruner of serious illness, which may be broken up if a good tonic like Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken in season. This medicine invigorates the kidneys and liver to remove the waste from the system, purifies the blood and builds up the strength.

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver. lost prestige as a hunter in the eyes of a novice whom he ardently desired to impress. Then, in the long homeward ride, partly through the woods on horseback and partly by skiff from the Since it is now a well-established fact that catarrh is a blood disease, medical men are quite generally prescribing Ayer's Sarsaparilla for that most loathsome complaint, and the result, is nearly every instance, proves the wisdom of their advice.

store this action and invigorate the liver.

ONE of the sights of the City of Hamilton is the factory in which the celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is made. Some people may suppose that putting up plugs of tobacco must be a very simple matter, but a walk amidst the ponderous and complicated appending up and the product of the city of Hamilton is the factory in which the celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is made. Some people may suppose that putting up plugs of tobacco must be a very simple matter, but a walk amidst the ponderous and complicated appending to the city of Hamilton is the factory in which the celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is made. Some people may suppose that putting up plugs of the city of the sights of the City of Hamilton is the factory in which the celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is made. Some people may suppose that putting up plugs of the city of Hamilton is the factory in which the celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is made. Some people may suppose that putting up plugs of the city of the city of Hamilton is the factory in which the celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is made. Some people may suppose that putting up plugs of the city of Hamilton is the factory in which the celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is made. Some people may suppose that putting up plugs of the city of Hamilton is the factory in which the celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is made. Some people may suppose that putting up plugs of the establishment would speedily undeceive them. Here are fact that catarrh is a blood disease, medical men are quite generally produced in the celebrated "Myrtle Navy"

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

WHO ARE SAVED?

The Infinite Merits of the Redeemer are Before the Mercy Seat of the Father for the Salvation of All.

The appended passages are from an The appended passages are from an axceedingly interesting lecture recently given before a large audience in Washington by Philip J. Garrigan, vice-rector of the Catholic University f America:

I confess at the very outset of this lecture, ladies and gentlemen, that to inswer this question satisfactorilythat is logically and olbgically-is a that is logically and delicate task. It is difficult and delicate task. It is difficult because of the mystery that surrounds men's lives and motives, and delicate because it mainly concerns those who are, externally at least, outside the Church, but who have, nevertheless, a right to both justice and charity defining their relation to the society outside whose pale there is no salva-tion. We freely admit that in treating this question which is of the deepest interest, men may go, and in fact have often gone, to excess in argument and judgment, and have misunderstood God's economy in dealing with His creatures, and have misrepresented religion in its mission to men. Moreover, many of those who are not of our Church, misconceive what we hold in regard to them, and some of us, and not a few, are mistaken as to what we are bound to hold, while many on either side have no clear conception of how the case stands or how to give an intelligent answer to this important and oft-repeated question.

The general question resolves itself into these: Has the Catholic Church defined that outside her pale there is no salvation? By what authority has she so defined, and what is the meaning of the definition? The Church has con stantly taught from the beginning, that in order to be saved we must belong to her communion. The fourth Lateran council, held in the comme the thirteenth century, and Pius IX cation to an assemblage of Cardinals and Bishops from all world, have defined that it is to be held of faith that outside the Apostolic Roman Church

NO ONE CAN BE SAVED "Nevertheless," Pius IX. adds, "it is to be held as certain that those who are ignorant of the Christian religion, if that ignorance be invincible, are not, therefore, held to any account of guilt before the Lord, for it is known to us and to you that those who are in invincible ignorance about the holy religion, and who carefully observe natural law and its precepts im printed in the hearts of all men by God, and who are prepared to obey God, leading honest and upright lives can obtain eternal life with divine light and grace, for God, who fully penetrates, examines and knows the mind, the spirit, the thoughts and the lives of all men, because of His infinite goodness and mercy, cannot suffer anyone to undergo eterna punishment who is not guilty of voluntary sin." In addition to the voluntary sin." In addition to the explanations of this doctrine by the ast saintly Pontiff, two other Popes have condemned the following assertions as heretical: "That the heathen and Jews and heretics receive no influence from Christ.' 'That there is no grace given to any

one outside the Church. Now, we may belong to the Church by actual and by virtual membership. One is actually a member when he is validly baptized and living in obedience to the authority and in the union of its communion—that is, in the joyment of the sacrament, the sacred rites, prayers and privileges of the household of faith. A man is virtually a member of the true Church, even without baptism, when he is disposed ready and anxious to do all that Good requires him to do, even to enter the Church, could he find it in the order

to please God and save his soul. All those are outside the Church who, recognizing the true Church, will not enter it, and who, through culpable neglect, of which God alone knows and judges, do not wish to find it, and would not become a member of it if they did. This class of persons is in what we call bad faith-that is, they reject what they know or suspect is right and true;

SHUT OUT DIVINE LIGHT from their minds, are disobedient to the promptings or guidance of their own conscience, and live in intellectual convictions.

Now, the Catholic Church never taught that no one is saved who dies out of her communion by invincible necessity-for instance, a person who did not belong to that communion became sensible of his error, and earn estly desired to be admitted to the true Church, but had no opportunity, an thus died before the minister of God

could reach him. It is needless, I trust, to say here that as to the state of conscience of this or that individual we have no right at any time to hazard a conjecture make a judgment, and all through this paper I wish to be thus understood but we may judge of a body or class of men from their principles or their fruits: and the judgment of the Son of God and His Church, on man and prin ciples and methods, we must accepand re-affirm. Farther than this no man is justified in judging. The re-proach of uncharitableness is often madeagainst Christians and the Church,

Other sufferers from cold in the head and Other sufferers from cold in the variation of the catarrh have been promptly cared, why not you? Capt. D. H. Lyon, manager and proprietor of the C. P. R. and R. W. & O. cat ferry, Prescott, Ont., says: I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of cold in the lead. Two applications effected a complete cure in loss than 24 hours. I would not take \$100 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it.

as I remarked in the begin cause of their attitude towar and unbelievers. Would the prefer Barabbas to Christ efer Barabbas the ey have us stand with the rabble and cry out, "A Christ, we have no king bu Would they have us forgi Would they have used by prove the teachings and by Prove the teachings and by Voltaire, Tom Paine of Voltaire, Would they have used by Property of the Property of the Proventies of the Provent e between truth and e and darkness, forsooth, b tic is gentle and the be at times refined and Would they have us believ charity, but against truth a that they cannot know God mited powers, their culties? They are too in expect us to admit these su , no, we cannot admit oh, no, we conseque ignorance, nor conseque faith, in any reasonable asserts that he cannot There are men so narrow that no soul AMONG THE HEATH can be saved, while they of the modern Agnostic of inbeliever. The perfecti the attributes of mercy, l ness, justice and equity, al array against so dark a the

There never was yet a so the world that had not

reason and the light of co

These are the word saintly and learned Cardin The reason and the conscient exercised, can see and reence of God, His Glory, in the works of His hysalmist says: "He his psalmist says: abernacle in the sun." glory and the majesty an God fill the whole world, things, and all men are Every living sou has an illumination in nature by the light of con by the light of reason, working of the spirit of head and in his he him, if he will, to God and to obey Hin not wish to be us say or imply in this because of the infinite m for His creatures, it is n ance whether one worshi actual member of the tru serve Him "in spirit ar outside. No, I could not For, although t many byways, there is and royal highway leadi the way which the Mantraced out for those who Him and be saved. It the Church of Christ which safe, and guarantees the support and unerring g enters into the home rest. It still remains tr nercies, unknown to us His works, and the infin the Redeemer of the wor the mercy seat of our He who follow the little ligh order of nature, they re

PERE DIDON'S S Thousands Unable to Crowds Wait for

Remarkable in man the series of Lenten C livered at the Madeleine inspired preacher Per recount in brief the curred at his third con day, March 20th : Croy midday Mass and kep the sermon at 3 o'clock, fore that hour was re not even standing ro The vast buil with human beings to i ity; every side-chapel chairs, the pulpit step into service, and was fi ranks of male listene

steps of the high altar. it, on the whole, t -which consisted of a sand people-was won and reverent. Vespe half-past two, and on hour the gorgeouslywas seen emerging f door and pushing through the vast thro followed by the whi whose fiery eloquence magnet powerful eno Paris within church d

Le Pere Didon has a very attractive face termination are i characteristics, as i square forehead and rows; but the lower shaven face is so heavy, and the gener little stern. After th of prayer he remaine the bigh altar in sile Then he drew himsel throng of expectant not until absolute through the whole cough, the la ment had died away began to speak, and without text, took up discourse where he the previous Sunday The methods that I by the modern oppo eligion in their Church," a subject Pere Didon to carry

the enemy's camp, with ruthless sarcasi and misrepresentati The belief in th Christ," begun the