The Escape of Judge Pender.

(PALL MALL GAZETTE.)

The Strand never sleeps. It is tireless as the sea and complex as the ...ds of Heaven. But there is a ... od—say, between half past two ... five—of comparative repose, an interval of hush, when the rattle of the railway subsides and hansom cabs are o rock, and the voice of the siren pervades Villiers street no more.

Escaping from the exuberant hospitality of the New Scribblers' Club to find the Strand in her most ge ... tle mood, I felt as one passing from the ...rch of the tropic sun to the deep ...ade of the over-hanging palm. It was as if a passing hay waggon had left its fragrant breath about the street, the air was so delightful. Albeit five good miles lay between me and my destination, Child's Hill, I felt positively inclined to walk. Then, perceiving no cabs, resolution followed upon suggestion. I told myself my energy was remarkable, and boldly footed it along King William street.

By the time I reached St. Martin's lane, I was confirmed in that estimate of my activity, but had then acquired grave doubts as to the feasibility of the task I had set myself. For, to tell truth, a certain vicious excitement had attended the Scribblers' festive proceedings, and my feet faltered on the march, while the last surviving lamps and candles of the night mixed in the distance before my tired eyes in what our Sir Morris would call "cosmic interlacing curves." Then of a sudden the apparition of a hansom in a kind of nook beside St. Martin's Church decided me in favour of a less fatiguing locomotion, and I approached the vehicle with a complete sense of satisfaction in the propriety of my altered views. The cab was in the shadow, and Jehu, defiant of police regulations, was slumbering peacefully inside, leaving his bony back to while away the time in quest of fodder at the bottom of a shrunken nose-bag. I called upon the sleeper, loudly. "Awake, dormouse," I said; "stir yourself, brother in tribulation.

Night is time for the toil and fret,
Day shall serve for the long regret."

The couplet (a stray recollection of the Scribblers' entertainment), if not the apostrophe preceding it, aroused him, and he hopped nimbly out of the cab—a dark man, with a broad bland face, clean shaven and not ill-dressed.

"Mr. H.?" he queried, peering inquisitively into my face.

"The same," I returned, not knowing what he meant. "I've tried to rouse you for ten mortal minutes."

"Jump in, then," he said, consulting a huge silver watch, "but don't grumble; you're a quarter of an hour before your time, and we can do the distance in nine minutes."

I recognized this had no reference at all to Child's Hill, but a devil of mischief possessed me, and I held my peace, asking no questions, while he divested his quadruped of the nose-bag. Then I leisurely entered the cab, the driver meanwhile clambering to his perch, and in another moment we were ambling along St. Martin's lane. The uncommon comfort of the cab immediately struck me—it was clearly none of your ordinary hansoms. But the fall of the horse's hoofs on the road distressed me by a sort of lilting irregularity of rhythm, arising, I assured myself, from a stiff hock. I tried to fit that broken rhythm to somebody's verses, but the task was exasperatingly difficult. Hood's "Haunted House" was the nearest, but that necessitated putting a dactyl in every fourth line, and I tried De Musset's "A la Sainte Blaise," with equally poor results. Then my mental struggles were interrupted by the opening of the flap above me, and a large hand, holding an open cigar-case, was introduced. I decided to take a cigar. "I will not be proud!" I said to myself. "I will not hurt the poor fellow's feelings. Better to smoke a dozen three penny weeds than to destroy the confidence of a cabman in his fellow creatures.

A philosophic mood had come upon me born of my bewilderment, and I really think I would have smoked a three-penny "—some of it—even had my worst forebodings been verified, but the first taste surprised and reassured me, and for the remainder of the brief ride, the odor of a delightful Murias floated out upon the morning air. Dimly enough I realized that some thing was wrong; less vaguely I concluded that it was not I. I had my cab and my cigar, and surely no dire events could hang upon the hiring of the one or the acceptance of the other. It was an amusing business, I sleepily decided, and it would be interesting and innocuous to see where it was going to end. We were in a dark side street, somewhere about the Euston end of the Tottenham Court road, and the lilting horse was beginning to slacken his speed. Then he broke into a lazy walk and finally stopped before a building which was something like a pianoforte warehouse and something like a stable—in either similitude an uninviting place to visit for unknown purposes in the small hours of a February morning. The driver gave a whistle, and forthwith issued from a small door a man who made certain inaudible remarks to the occupant of the box-seat and then stood at the horse's head while the other descended. I was still enjoying his excellent cigar and had no particular desire to get out. But Jehu was persistent. "Come on, Mr. H," he said; "You haven't any too much time, and they're all waiting inside to give you God-speed."

I thought the invitation sufficiently interesting to be accepted, and emerged from the cab with a vast show of complaisance. "Lead the way," I said grandly, with a slight lurch forward; "Time is for slaves, and Night for the reign of pleasure?"

We entered and traversed a roomy coach-house, at the back of which gleamed a vertical line of light, indicating a door ajar opening into a lighted room. My Cabby preceding me, we passed through, and an L shaped room, garish with gaslight and thick with tobacco smoke, revealed itself. Down the long side of the L ran a bar, at which stood sundry unshaven men drinking and arguing. The short side was occupied by a billiard table, at which two pallid foreigners were playing, surrounded by a group of polyglot spectators. The walls were plastered with posters printed in red ink. They were mostly headed "Brothers!" and invited every one to pull down the tyrant and degrade the rich. The largest posters commenced down "London arise," and went on to detail the crimes of "Victoria's vindictive judges," concluding with the expressive query, "How long should it be borne, brothers? Are we men or trodden worms, and dust of the earth beneath the tyrant's feet?" Immediately beneath one of these, at a small table against the wall, sat a small man, facing the door, at which he was glaring with quite a surprising look of eagerness.

As we entered he rose painfully, and, leaning on a couple of heavy sticks, moved slowly towards us with an ataxic gait—a small sinister person who reminded me of Mdme. Tussaud's Marat. Simultaneously a great silence fell upon the room. I noticed that all persons present except the lame man affected a complete disregard of our presence. The drinkers at the bar turned their backs upon us, the billiard players became engrossed with the niceties of play. I thought the place and its inhabitants the strangest I had ever known. Then my escort spoke. "I have brought him all right, Brother Saunt," he said, giggling nervously, "This is Mr. H. I warrant you'll find him up to the work. He was mighty early at St. Martin's. Volunteers aren't so anxious sometimes."

"Don't chatter, brother," snarled the lame man, in a voice as harsh and ugly as one need expect from a human being. "Evening dress and a cape," he said, scrutinizing my costume with no particular evidence of manners. Then he added to himself, as it were, "Not a bad idea. A swell going home after a dance, with a roll of music or something under his arm."

I did not perceive the point at all, and I did not take to the lame man in the least, so I merely said for conviviality's sake, "Come, brothers, let us drink to the cause," and then, gathering inspiration from the placard ed walls, I added, "Let us drink to the destruction of the Tyrant and the prosperity of our noble brotherhood!" I had done the right thing. The proposition met with instant favour, and we were soon seated at a small marble-topped table, where we were joined by two of the drinkers at the bar. They shook hands with me silently, and I thought approvingly, and when some one brought strong drink I was toasted with a fine tacit enthusiasm. We drank and smoked, saying nothing, till one of the new comers set me wondering by reason of the unique dirtiness of his appearance and attracted my close attention. He, seeing my fixed look and probably considering himself invited to speak, addressed me with a Southern accent.

"We work in the dark, brother, is it not?" he said, "but our work is no less sure."

"Night is our noon," I rejoined enthusiastically, and I gave him that couplet again:

Night is time for the toil and fret.
Day shall serve for the long regret.

The ataxic one snarled; he seemed to snarl at everybody and everything. "Regret," he sneered, "we do not regret our work. We spare our regret for those who fail in their performance." And he looked at the others significantly. I drained my second glass and assumed a blood-and-thunder air. Then the ataxic brother squirmed to his feet and hobbled to a small door opening out of the wall. Turning the handle he showed a sort of workshop, and beckoned me to follow him. I came a step into the room, and he hitched his arm in mine and whispered hoarsely: "Business, man, enough of this idling! You know the way," he went on. "The judge's house is 36 Caverton square. These are your instructions: you go straight up to the Tottenham Court road, and thence turn into Goodge street. Pass on the right side of the road into Mortimer street, and turn into Langham place. Then you take the second turning on the left and straight into Caverton square. You've got the funds we sent you, and had better go to Liverpool by the 9.15 to-morrow, and write from there. But make no mistake."

He stooped and fished out a thing like a carpenter's glue-pot. "Take it by the handle, and don't jerk it—it's timed for forty minutes, which will give you ample time. It's the compound, and ought to tear the house to pieces. Be sure to find a good place inside the railings, and neither turn nor look back from the moment you leave this place."

I was entirely aroused, I was wide awake and full of remorse for my idiotic recklessness. Great Heavens! What had I led myself into? It was Mr. Justice Pender who lived at 36 Caverton square, the judge who passed sentence upon the Ormsley dynamitards. I had drifted into impersonation of some foreign or provincial member of their league whose appearance was unknown to them, and that horrible glue-pot was a bomb which I was pledged to put upon the judge's doorstep. I do not doubt that my face fell as I began to think of making explanations. I was torn with perplexity. Even if I disclosed my identity, they might treat me as a spy and wreak summary vengeance. Nor would they have me excused on any plea, I was well assured, and the notion of a bid for flight I dismissed as futile. The pros and cons of the case flashed into my mind in that awful second, and I determined to take the thing, pitch it on to the grass inside Caverton square, and then fly for my life, trusting to Providence to let nothing worse befall than the wreckage of a few windows. The next half-hour was like the early phases of a cumulative nightmare. I stood outside the coach-house, holding the bomb concealed beneath my cloak, and the ataxic devil whispered in my ear for the last time, "We don't doubt your courage and fidelity, Mr. H.," he said, "we know your reputation. But we have not forgotten the traitor Anspach. We don't neglect precautions. The man who follows you from here to the Tottenham Court-road is armed with an air-pistol which carries excellently. So is the man in Goodge street, and another at a window in Mortimer street. There are one or two others, but you will not need any further warning. Good bye!" He gripped my disengaged hand and shut the door upon me, and I stood in the street with his last hissing menace in my ears.

I felt that my last chance had gone, for it would profit me nothing to pitch the bomb away and be riddled by air pistols. Pervaded by a dumb horror, I crawled along towards the Tottenham Court-road. I told myself over and over again that I could not walk to Caverton square in forty minutes, and I dared not run for fear of accelerating the diabolical machinery. When I reached the Tottenham Court-road, I looked with feverish anxiety at the clock opposite the Horseshoe. I had thirty-three minutes to do the remainder. Would it be enough at the small pace I was going? As I turned into Goodge street the footsteps that had followed mine from the plotters' den ceased, and I heard a low whistle behind me. It was answered by a similar signal from the opposite side of the road, and a man emerged from the shadow, and, looking curiously at me, followed me leisurely, without crossing the road, as I proceeded in the direction of Regent street. It was like a pilgrimage through the corridors of hell. The cold sweat poured down my back; I was beset with a thousand fears, and tempted by a thousand expedients. And at last I slipped and almost fell. The bomb gave out a kind of gurgle, and I resigned myself for lost. I had reached the German Club in Mortimer street, my silent watchman keeping pace with me on the other side. Glancing askant at him for a second, I noticed he had turned and was looking back in the direction from which we had come. And then I heard a vehicle moving rapidly towards us. Another second or two and I made it out a hansom; and the next the familiar lilting rhythm of a horse's hoofs came to my ears, and the hansom cab of St. Martin's, driven by the same bland faced Jehu, approached me. The direst alarm seized me. The real Mr. H. had arrived, I concluded, and he had been sent in pursuit of the personator with instructions to avenge the treachery. I resolved to defend myself by the only means in my possession, and clutched the bomb beneath my cloak in a frenzy of rage and despair. The next moment he had drawn up at the kerb beside me, and was calling to me in low and not unfriendly tones. "Hand the thing up at once," he said, leaning down from his perch, "the old judge went off to Churnfield this evening. Just had the news brought in. Got to pull it off on Wednesday." I heard him with amazement, but unspeakable delight, and handed him up the infernal machine with an expedition that brought an oath to his lips. He pulled out an instrument like a key, and performed certain operations on the bomb with it; occasioning a most alarming whirr. Then he slung the thing under his perch, and gathered up the reins. "They want you to-morrow," he said, as his horse turned. "Be at St. Martin's ten-thirty, will you?"

I said "Most certainly," but I meant otherwise, and no music on earth, could have sounded so sweet to me as the far off susurrus of that departing cab. I did get to Child's Hill. Part of the way I walked, the rest I ran; I would not venture in another hansom. And I did not go to St. Martin's at ten-thirty the next night. On the contrary, I shaved off my mustache and went a walking tour in Wales for the benefit of my health.

WINTER LECTURES.

Rev. Dr. Treacy on Catholicity in Means of Salvation.

Necessary for the Fulfilment of the Divine Mission of the Church. The Way of Salvation Pointed out to the Ignorant Man and to the Philosopher, to all Races and all Classes of Men.

On Sunday evening the 13th, Rev. Dr. Treacy continued the Winter Lectures at the Cathedral, addressing himself to the "Catholicity in means of Salvation a mark of the True Church." In opening his discourse he said:

That the saving truths of Salvation might be placed within the reach of all men Christ, our Lord, established a religious society or Church. The Church which Christ established was not only His representative on earth, and the duly authorized exponent of His doctrines, but she was also the channel of all the graces and blessings which He merited for mankind by His Passion and Death on the Cross. It was for the true Church to apply the saving merits of the Redemption to Christians of every age and of every nation, and consequently, she should be co-extensive with every age and consistent with every nation. In other words, she should be Catholic in time and in place. "Go ye, teach all nations, and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." But the true Church must not be Catholic in her resources of sanctification. She

MUST POSSESS UNIVERSAL MEANS

of salvation—founded as a religious society for the salvation of all men she must possess the necessary means to fulfil that mission. These means must be universal; they must be adapted to all classes and conditions of life. For as God wished all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of truth, and as Christ died on the Cross for all men, so the true Church, which is the representative of God on earth and the channel of the merits of Christ, must contain means that are both sufficient and adequate for the salvation of all men. This follows as a logical sequence from the nature of the true Church as described in the Scriptures. The true Church is the church of all classes and individuals, and she must therefore possess means of salvation suitable to all classes and proportionate to each individual. She is, according to divine dispensation, the church of the sinner and the saint; of the poor man and the rich man; of the foolish and the wise; and therefore she must possess means of salvation adapted to all and suitable to the various needs and exigencies of all. In the army different weapons are employed. There are arms for long range and arms for hand-to-hand combat; there arms for the infantry and arms for the cavalry; arms for the soldiers and arms for the officers. So also in the true Church there must be different weapons, different means of salvation adapted to all classes and suitable to all phases of individual life. The true Church must have means of salvation suitable to the child and appropriate to the strong man. She must have means of salvation that are useful for the sick, and others necessary for the dying. In one word the true Church must be Catholic in her means of sanctification. Suppose that the true Church is limited in her means of salvation; that she has the same means of salvation for persons of all classes of life, it would logically follow that

SHE COULD NOT FULFIL HER MISSION

of saving souls. For it would be absurd to suppose that the means which are adapted to a full grown person would be equally suitable to the newly-born child. It would be impossible for the dying consumptive to observe the same law equally with the strong and vigorous man. The ignorant man cannot be obliged to do as much as the philosopher who is conversant with all science. And yet the infant and the sick and the ignorant man have souls to save as well as the others. There must be, therefore, different means of salvation in the Church of God. These means must be adapted to the different grades of humanity and to the different needs and exigencies of every class and of each individual. As God is the Father of all men, so the Church is the Mother of all men. She must be able to teach the proud philosopher and stoop down to the level of the humblest peasant. She must be adapted in her means of salvation to the child as well as to the full grown man. She must be able to guide the saint to the transcendent heights of Christian perfection, and the next moment she must be prepared to lower herself to the sinful condition of the fallen woman on the street. "Many men of many minds," is an old proverb. Only the true Church of God must be church of all men according to divine dispensation, she must have means at hand capable of leading all minds sweetly but effectively under the yoke of Christ. And as God himself makes use of different methods to lead men to salvation, so the Church, which is His representative on earth, must be endowed with many and varied means adapted to all classes of human life, and even to each particular phase of individual life. She must become

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

in order to fulfil her mission of saving all men. In one word she must be Catholic in the resources of salvation. This is one of the marks or signs by which the true Church of Christ may be recognized in every age and in every nation.

If we look at the various creeds of to-day we must acknowledge that the only church that is adapted not only by her nature, but also by her means of salvation to persons of all classes, is the Catholic Church, and she alone contains means of salvation suitable to the spiritual exigencies and religious needs of every class. Other churches cannot claim that right. Their rule of faith forbids it. According to their teaching which is also the teaching of the so called reformers, man is saved by "faith alone." I emphasize "faith alone" because these are the express words of Luther himself. Each person must acquire that faith from his own private judgment on the Scriptures. According to this method, there are no means of salvation for children and for those who cannot read. For how can children exercise private judgment on the Scriptures? And for the unlearned, and they form a large majority—faith is impossible because they cannot read the Bible. And yet even they have souls to be saved. During the ages that elapsed between the death of Christ and the publication of the Gospels, Scriptural faith

BY INDIVIDUAL PRIVATE JUDGMENT

was impossible. And during the centuries that intervened between the promulgations of the books of the New Testament and the discovery of the art of printing it was likewise impossible, for the simple reason that Bibles were then very rare and could only be perused by the wealthy. And even after the discovery of the art of printing it was impossible for the large majority of people to read the Scriptures, and therefore for them there were really no means of salvation. If faith obtained by private judgment on the Bible be the only means of salvation it follows as clearly as the night the day, that such a means was never adapted to the salvation of men; that it never can be applicable to persons of all classes and therefore it was not the means established by Christ for the salvation of all men. Consequently the churches that make use of such a means of salvation are not adapted either by their method of teaching religion or by their means of salvation to persons of all classes and conditions of life. Their means of salvation is limited and is appropriate only to a certain class and therefore they cannot possess that

CATHOLICITY IN RELIGIOUS RESOURCES

which is one of the visible marks or signs of the Church that Christ established for the salvation of men. Christ commanded the Apostles to "preach" the Word of God to all men: "Go ye, teach all nations." The Apostles obeyed this command and for, going forth, they preached everywhere, the Lord co-operating with them and confirming the Word with signs that followed (Mark, 16 20.) Teaching by word of mouth was the means adopted by Christ to promulgate His saving doctrines. It was the method practiced by the Apostles. "Faith comes by hearing." (St. Paul.) It is the rule of faith in the Catholic Church, and it is the only way that the doctrines of Christ can be brought within the reach of all classes. By virtue of her constitution the Catholic Church is the representative of Christ and the successor of the Apostles. She speaks with the authority of Christ: "As the Father hath sent me, so I also send you." She acts with Apostolic jurisdiction, and hence she is listened to by all classes and commands the respect of all. She can teach the peasant as well as the king, the sinner as well as the saint, the unlearned and the learned the rich as well as the poor. Endowed with authority from on high, enriched with the merits of Christ which flow in perennial streams in the channels of the Sacraments, she alone can minister to the spiritual wants of all men. In the person of her supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., she lays down the law for

THE CAPITALIST AND THE WORKING MAN

and commands the homage of both. To the one she says: "Your money gives you no right to grind the wage-earner. His must have fair wages for the work he has done; you must not look upon him as a slave but as a brother. Both of you are my children and both are equal in the sight of God." To the working man she says: "You must respect your employer. You must give him fair work for fair wages. If you earn the bread he gives it. Look to him therefore as to a kind father knowing that both of you are children of our Father who is in Heaven." The Catholic Church is the mother of the rich equally with the poor; but she is in an especial manner the friend of the poorer classes. As the spouse of Jesus Christ and the imitator of His life and example one of her most eminent titles is to be called the "Church of the poor." Through her as formerly through Him "the poor have the gospel preached to them." It is one of the signs of the true Church of God. It is the distinguishing trait of the Catholic Church. Do we find this outside the Catholic Church? Mr. Kay, a member of the Established Church in England, writing on the "Social Condition of the English People" says: "Only the Catholic Church and the Ranters do anything for the poor. The working men of Lancashire are in the habit of saying that there is no church in England for the poor but the Catholic." Of Ireland he continues: "In the Romanist churches all are treated as equals in the presence of their God. In them the poor are welcomed with eagerness. It behooves us to consider these things if the English Church is not willing to give up the poor to the Church of Rome." Fair

TESTIMONY OF A PROTESTANT.

writer to the religious adaptability of the Catholic Church to every grade of society carries great weight with it, and more especially as the writer was far from having any leniency towards the Church whose methods he endured. But when the poor man in Ireland showed the cry of the brother in England for the helping hand of religion he was not refused it. The Church was there by his side to help him and in the person of her priests she gave him all the love of a mother's heart:

"Who is the Winter's night,
Who in the cold hath died site
Soggarth Aroon,
Come to my cabin door,
And on my curse be poor,
Knelt by me sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?"

The Catholic Church is the Church of the classes and also of the masses. By her constitution as well as by her varied and multitudinous means of salvation she is

WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL MEN

and adapts herself not only to the different states and conditions of human life but even to the different periods of individual life. She has means of as various suitable to childhood and appropriate to old age. She has religious resources for the sinner as well as for the saint. She has sacraments for the living and a sacrifice for the dead. As on the day of Pentecost the inspired words of Peter were accommodated by the Holy Spirit to the understanding of men of every language, to Parthians and Medes, to the inhabitants of Egypt equally with the citizens of Rome, so the sacraments of the Church though limited in number are nevertheless adapted by God to the spiritual necessities of every state and condition of life. The child who comes into the world with original sin on its soul is purified by the regenerating waters of Baptism, so that dying in that state it is certain of salvation. The young person who needs strength and courage to profess his faith and to resist the combined assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil, receives the necessary assistance from the Church by the Sacrament of Confirmation, where, like the Olympic athletes of old, it is anointed with oil to fit him for the Christian's combat in the arena of life. And then for all classes, but

PROPORTIONATE TO THEIR NEEDS,

she ministers the Bread of Angels, the sweet manna of the Eucharistic banquet, to strengthen and invigorate their souls on the weary pilgrimage to the promised land of Heaven. No wonder that the Fathers of old have compared the Church to Church to as hospital. A divine hospital she really is, where remedies of every description are always on hand for the healing of the wounds of sin. Because a man is a drunkard, or a robber, or a murderer, he is not therefore expelled from her society. On the contrary the Church weeps over him as Jesus wept over Jerusalem; she folds him to her bosom and exhorts him to return to God in the Sacrament of Penance. And then renewed again to virtue and to grace she leaves him with the loving words which Jesus addressed to Magdalen: "Many sins are forgiven thee because thou hast loved much." There is no passion so dominant that she cannot subdue. There is no vice so inveterate that she cannot remedy. There is no sin so great that she cannot pardon. There is no virtue so noble which she does not find room for by her doctrine and leaven by her means of sanctification, and no saint is so holy who may not become still more so by the means she places at his disposal. Within her fold are

MEN OF ALL RACES AND OF ALL RANKS

of life, and she is equally mother of all. She has room for the science of a St. Thomas as well as for the humble simplicity of a St. Francis. She has a place for the culture of a Newman as well as for the abject lowliness of a Benoit Labre. She has made them all what they are in the sight of God, by means suitable to the needs and appropriate to the character of each one. Following in His footsteps who loved His little ones even to the last, her love accompanies her children along the pathway of life and does not even forsake them at the verge of the grave. For when the warm sunshine of life has passed away and the frost of old age has set in she comes again to help the dying man to his last resting place. She does not ask him to read the Scriptures for he cannot do so. She does not ask him to lie on to it being read, for the fever of death is upon him; but she anoints him with the Apostolic oils of the Christian Church and thus prepares his soul for its

LAST SAD JOURNEY THROUGH THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

"Is any man sick amongst you? Let him call in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." (James v. 14.) And even after death her children are remembered in the sacrifice which she offers to God in their behalf that being purified from sin they may have eternal rest with Him in Heaven.

"Mighty our Holy Church's will
To shield her parting souls from ill
Jealous of Death she guards them still."

Miserere Domine.

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Innocent as doves, you will harm no one; but wise as serpents, no one will harm you.—Haug.

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In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail.—Bulwer Lytton.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief one gets after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

Every day, every hour, shows us our nothingness, and reminds us by some new token, when we forget our frailty.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of October, 1895, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close. a.m.	Close. p.m.	Due. a.m.	Due. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.45	7.20	9.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.00	8.00	7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30	12.25	12.30	8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30	4.15	10.10	6.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.50	6.30
C. V. R.	6.30	3.00	12.35	6.50
G. W. R.	a.m. 12.10	p.m. 9.00	a.m. 2.00	p.m. 7.30
	6.30	4.00	10.45	6.30
		9.30		
U. S. N. Y.	a.m. 6.30	p.m. 12.10	a.m. 9.00	p.m. 3.45
		4.00	12.45	6.30
U.S. West'n States	6.30	12.10	9.00	3.45
		4.00		6.30
		9.30		

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplemental mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are dates of English mails for the month of October: 1, 3, 5, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 29, 31.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their business, such as letters and money Order business, at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

T. C. PATTESON, P.M.

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