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THOMAS CONFEY,
Office, - LONDON, Ont.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.
Low Sunday.
STEADFASTNESS.

"Jesus saith to him: because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." St. John 20: 29.

When our Lord appeared to the disciples and gave them the commission to forgive sins, and thus instituted the holy sacrament of penance, St. Thomas was not present; and when the other disciples told him what had happened, and that He had shown them the wounds in His hands and in His feet, He refused to believe them: He declared He would not believe unless He himself should see them also. He said: "Unless I shall see the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

This disposition of St. Thomas was very wrong. He ought to have believed without hesitation. He had seen our Lord work miracles without number: He had seen Him give sight to the blind, even those blind from birth; make the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak; He had seen Him raise the dead to life, raise Lazarus after being dead and buried already four days. He knew that our Lord had predicted His resurrection. He ought to have believed, and he sinned in not believing. He was obstinate in unbelief, refusing to credit the testimony of his companions, whom he knew to be honest and trustworthy.

Our Lord in the kindness of His heart forgave him, and made him put his finger into the print of the nails and into the wound in His side to convince him, and also to convince us by His testimony of the reality of His resurrection. But at the same time He rebuked him, and taught us all a grand lesson. He said: "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed: blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

We have the faith on the testimony of the apostles and disciples, who recorded it in the Gospels, and who sealed their testimony in their own blood. We have the testimony of all the disciples who repeatedly saw our Lord after His resurrection, sometimes a great number of them, over five hundred at once.

We have the testimony of the Catholic Church: of all those millions on millions who have lived from that day to this; of the wonderful providence of God and His care of His Church until now. This ought to be enough. This ought to be enough to make us say our act of faith, "O my God, I believe whatever Thy Holy Church proposes to my belief, because Thou hast revealed it to her, Thou who canst neither deceive nor be deceived."

This is the age of unbelief. Very great numbers of men are occupied in trying to undermine the faith. The newspapers are full of infidel objections. The press is teeming with works written expressly to destroy the faith. The fiercest reasons are brought forward with a bold face as if they were unanswerable. The very fact that the things of God and religion are so high and incomprehensible is brought forward as the principal reason why they are not to be believed.

We have believed once for all, on the trust and most solid evidence. Our business now is to "live by faith." To put in practice the precepts of our faith, and to follow the example of the Author and Finisher of our faith, our Lord Jesus Christ.

We are not of those who are to be "beat about by every wind of doctrine." We are not to be moved by the vain babblings of men, who are wise in their own conceit and think they know very little after all. We do not imitate St. Thomas in his unbelief, and refuse to believe the wonderful things of God because they are so high and wonderful, but imitate him when in wonder and admiration he cried, "My Lord and my God." Believing in the testimony of God and His Church, and putting away all sceptical and imaginative doubts, we shall receive the blessing pronounced by our Lord: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

"Next Parish to America."

Two Irish villages, one an Galway and one in Kerry, dispute, in amicable rivalry, the privilege of being "the next parish to America," but a glance at the map convinces us that Sybil Head, at the extreme west of the Dingle promontory, stretches out the longer arm into the Atlantic toward her sister country. A curious curve in the rocks beneath is popularly supposed to be "St. Patrick sending his blessing to America." Dreams of a distant land across the ocean have haunted the minds of men ever since the first settlers colonized Ireland. Out of those golden cloud islands among which, night after night, the sun has gone down, they have constructed happy realms of light and enchantment, free from the piteous touch of decay and sorrow. They have called them by many beautiful names. Hy Breeseal and Tir man Oge, the Isles of Blessedness and the Land of Youth, and they tell stories of heroes and bards enticed away by maidens in the golden land.

As old as Antiquity.

Either by accident, habit or heredity these old fies Scrofula and Consumption, must be faced generation after generation: but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. The greatest worm-destroyer of the age.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
Paddy.

I was in need of a useful boy, so I did what people generally do under the circumstance—I sent an advertisement to the daily papers:

WANTED—A Smart Boy, aged thirteen or thereabouts. Must know how to drive and make himself generally useful. Apply in person to Dr. K. K. K., No. 21, S. Street, between the hours of 10 to 12 a. m.

Well, they came in threes and fours for days, and yet I could not get one to suit. I had almost engaged a sharp little yankee, but in the course of our conversation he let slip the rather unwelcome piece of intelligence that he had run away from home, so after giving him a sound lecture on the duties which the fourth commandment imposes on children, I strongly advised him to go back to the shelter of the paternal roof. He seemed anxious to get out of the way as soon as possible after that, so, catching up his cap, he whisked straight out of the office. Seeing the determined expression of the face of the youthful "voyager" ere he disappeared, I had an unpleasant feeling that he would not take the good advice.

Another little fellow soon afterwards walked in. He had a smart air about him, and appeared in rattling good humor with himself and the world in general. The youngster informed me that he had been out to service before, but he had been dismissed for taking the liberty of going for a long ride on one of his employer's best racehorses.

"My word, sir," said he, "it was jolly, I can tell you!" and as he spoke the little urchin's face actually lit up with joy at the recollection of this past prank.

I thought such a merry young gentleman would scarcely suit a staid doctor like myself, so the office door soon closed on him too.

On the morning of the seventh day I was sitting in the office writing when I was startled by the sound of a sharp rap on the door. "Come in," said I. A smart little fellow stepped into the room, and on being questioned gave his name as "Paddy."

"Paddy what?" I asked.

"Only Paddy, sir. Got no other name as I know of."

"Have you no parents, my boy?"

"No, sir. Died when I was a baby."

"And how have you lived since then?"

"Oh! Old Nan took me sir, but she turned me out on my thirteenth birthday to work for my living, so here I be."

Well! he had no references, but I had taken a fancy to the boy's bright face and pleasant respectful manner, so I engaged him on the spot.

In his hand he carried a mail carpet bag containing all his belongings. My trap was waiting outside. We both got in, and I after directing Paddy, told him to drive home. And that boy could drive! He handled the reins in a manner which would have done credit to the best whip in the country.

We all grew very fond of Paddy, especially the children. They loved him, and he returned their affection, but his favorite was our delicate little girl Daisy, or Miss Golden hair, as she liked to call her. Often when she was sick and restless, Paddy was the only one who could comfort any soeche her. For him she would gladly take the nastiest medicine. Many a night when she would lie awake on her bed tossing and moaning, I have seen Paddy sitting by her side, her delicate little hand clasped tightly in his strong brown one, singing all his dear old Irish songs to try to lull her to the much-needed sleep. He never tired of carrying her about in his strong arms, doing all in his power the while to amuse her and make her forget the weary limbs and aching head.

And when Daisy grew up healthy and strong we all said the change was due to Paddy. Then he taught her to ride and drive, and never weary of praising Miss Daisy's fine horsemanship. I sent Paddy to a night school. He improved rapidly and soon the master told me he had left the other boys far behind. We all hoped that in the distant future "our boy" would play an active part in the great world, for he had splendid brains, and a brave heart beat under his rough jacket. But alas! how often are human hopes blasted and promising buds, instead of blossoming forth, wither and die away.

What I am going to tell you about now happened five years after the date of the appearance of my advertisement. Strange to say it was on the anniversary of the very day on which I engaged Paddy—how well I remember it! Daisy (a bright girl of fourteen) came into my surgery one sunny afternoon in June.

"Father," she said, "Miss Holmes wants me to go for a ride with her. She is waiting at the door. May I go?"

"Well! darling," I replied, "I do not altogether like your new pony. He seems to me inclined both to shy and to bolt."

"O! I think she is all right, father. I rode her yesterday and she went splendidly. Paddy says I could manage any horse now," she added laughingly, "do let me go."

"Very well, my dear, but be careful and don't stay too long. Be back in time for tea."

She kissed me and hurried away, but I felt very uneasy about her. Something one of my patients told me later on about the pony increased my alarm.

An hour later, I was waiting for Paddy. He had gone on an errand for me, and as it was important, I was

anxiously awaiting his return. I waited and waited—still he did not come. It was so unlike Paddy not to be in time. I looked at my watch—a quarter to six. I got up from my seat, but ere I reached the door I was startled by a quick sharp ring of the special alarm bell.

"Doctor, you're wanted, an accident down the road," cried a voice in those quick accents that always be taken danger.

My heart beat almost to suffocation. Quickly I caught up my bag and hat, jumped into the trap, and drove away. I dared not ask my companion what the accident was. We reached the scene of the disaster in less time than it takes to tell. A large crowd had gathered round the spot. Half mad with anxiety, I glanced around. Someone was holding the bride of a restive pony. "O! God! It was Black Princess, Daisy's pony. I pressed forward expecting to see my darling's mangled body. But no! thank heaven! here she is safe and sound.

"O! Father," she cried, catching sight of me, "his saved me! Paddy did it, but come quickly, he is hurt."

The people made way for us, so we soon reached poor Paddy. He was dying. I saw that at a glance. Already death's ashen hue had begun to spread over the bright, manly face. I knelt down and bent over him. The blue eyes opened and looked up into mine.

"Doctor, I am done," he whispered faintly, "but—but I saved Miss Daisy."

"O! my boy, my brave boy, may the good God, whom you are going to reward you for it."

He smiled and tried to speak. At that moment Daisy came sobbing wildly. She knelt down on the other side of Paddy and took one of his hands in hers. "Dear, dear Paddy," she sobbed. "You have saved my life. But you are not dying—you must—must live for us all."

"Don't grieve for me, Miss Daisy," said the poor fellow, trying to raise himself. "It's all right. I can be better spared than you."

I could do nothing for Paddy beyond moistening his lips now and then. The golden rays of the setting sun were shedding a bright halo all around us. Paddy had not spoken for several minutes. Suddenly I felt his hand press mine.

"Doctor I am going—!" His voice was so weak I could scarcely catch the words. "Good bye—!" Miss Daisy sometimes pray—for Paddy, and so with a last look and smile for one whom he had given his life to save, the brave fellow breathed his last. We buried him under the yew trees shade, in the little cemetery whose shores are washed by the wild blue waves. When we had laid him to rest and the last clod of earth had fallen on the coffin I turned away with tearful eyes and an aching void in my sad heart which can never be filled.

Now and only now does it occur to me that I have forgotten to relate the particulars of Daisy's accident. She was returning home from her long ride when her pony became very restive and shied at an old diseased cart which had been thrown aside and left on the road. She bolted, and Daisy, tired out, had not the strength to check her. Paddy, who it happened was just then returning from his errand, heard the sound of quick hoofs, turned and in his horror saw the peril in which his loved young mistress was placed. He threw his package aside, sprung forward and seized the animal's bridle. The pony, infuriated at the restraint, plunged terribly and kicked Paddy several times, but he, though faint and weak with pain, held on manfully until Daisy had dismounted and summoned a passing stranger to his help. On letting go of the reins, Paddy fainted. Some one out of the crowd that had gathered offered to go for the doctor. You know the rest.

This all happened years ago, yet as I sit here writing everything comes vividly back to me telling of the faithful and devoted service of a good Irish boy. Every week we visit our dear Paddy's grave and place there just above his head, a wreath of sweet field daisies—the flowers he loved the best, and we say, as he desired it, a prayer to God for him. Neither time nor change has altered our sentiments of reverence and reward my kindness by a more than faithful service and gave up his own life to save my child

"We can not always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act is acceptable to God."

"Half a span of angry steel" will produce no more fatal results than a neglected cold or cough. For all throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy. It is invaluable in cases of croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and influenza.

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parrot's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor."

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

Whenever the sun shines Dr. Chase's remedies are known and music so sweet to many a poor soul as the song of rejoicing over restoration to health in the use of them. Ask your dealer about them.

Tired Mothers find help in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives them pure blood, a good appetite and needed STRENGTH.

Great sales prove the great merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla sells because it accomplishes GREAT CURES.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

In reply to a young man living in the country on a farm who asks advice as to whether he should remain where he is, or give up the farm and go to the city to seek fortune in some other line of business, the *Catholic Universe* says: This is a difficult question to answer when the one whose opinion is solicited is ignorant of the facts affecting the particular case. In some circumstances it would be highly advisable for a person to exchange agricultural pursuits for another occupation, in the city. Everything depends on the circumstances, however. Our readers are too intelligent not to understand what we mean. If, for instance a young man reared on a farm finds that he possesses a bent for a different kind of work and is enabled to secure an opening to cultivate his taste or talent which ever it may be, generally speaking, would be acting unwisely if he did not take advantage of the opportunity. A person, any person, stands a better chance of success in a business for which he has a marked inclination, than in an avocation that is uncongenial. But to give up the farm simply to escape the drawbacks of comparative isolation in the country, without having any fixed plan or reasonable hopes of employment in the city, is a great blunder. It is a mistake which thousands of young men and women have lived to deplore and in every city and town of the country there are legions of young fellows eating out their hearts in bitter disappointment because the dreams of ambition which lured them from the tranquillity of the farm have vanished utterly amid the strife and hurly-burly of crowded centres of population.

It is quite true that the ranks of successful professional and business men have been recruited from the rural districts, but it is equally true that where one farmer's land has achieved reputation and fortune in the city, thousands have exchanged the honorable independence of the farm for the hopeless slavery and obscurity which falls to the lot of a great city's impoverished masses. As we have said, where a country boy happens to be endowed with exceptional abilities for affairs he will naturally find in the city larger opportunities for their exercise and for the development of his talent, but it remains to be said that the same intelligence and industry required to achieve fame and position in trade or the professions would, if expended in agricultural enterprise, produce a proportionate measure of success in what Washington termed the noblest calling of man.

The point is that young men in the country should be wise enough not to attach a fictitious value to the outward show and glamor of city life. They should not permit themselves to be captivated by the artificial splendor which surrounds "society" as to many of them evidently do. Before turning their backs permanently upon the country for the sake of the more natural mode of life, they should study well the conditions that prevail among the less fortunate multitude in the city's crowded precincts. There, stripped of the external attractions of luxury and artificiality, the surroundings, circumstances and necessities of social existence, would go far to disillusionize the most enthusiastic youth with regard to the reality of urban delights. It is well to remember, too, in this connection that money-getting is not the highest or noblest aim which a young man can set before himself as the goal of ambition, though we admit it is very hard to get away from this influence in an age so thoroughly imbued with the material spirit as ours is.

Inspiration to great and useful service can find a way in the country as well as in the town, and if our purpose is unselfish the very solitude of which so many thoughtful young people complain is most conducive to accomplishment. The advantage of living in close communion with nature and away from the atmosphere of selfishness which pervades the busy haunts of men, is evinced in the noblest works of human intellect. One thing is certain, the young man who has within him the germ of true greatness will not fail by reason of his surroundings, whether he be of the city or the country. A casual study of the careers of those who have achieved eminence in American public life from the earliest history of our young republic will thoroughly demonstrate the truth of this statement. Of all the statesmen, publicists, writers, scientists, inventors and professional geniuses of every description whose names figure in the

One reason why Scott's Emulsion cures weak throats, weak lungs, makes rich blood, and strengthens puny and delicate children is because all its parts are mixed in so scientific a manner that the feeblest digestion can deal with it. This experience has only come by doing one thing for nearly 25 years. This means, purest ingredients, most evenly and delicately mixed, best adapted for those whose strength has failed or whose digestion would repel an uneven product.

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We Save Cost of New Tools.

By continuing into 1897 the manufacture of 1896 Waverleys, bringing them fully up to date wherever required, we save to the buyer the cost of expensive machinery, and so can furnish these matchless bicycles at \$75. They have no equal at their price.

The Most Advanced Type of Bicycle Construction.

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INDIANA BICYCLE CO., MAKERS OF WAVERLEY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

records of our national progress a very large proportion came from the farm and were of the stock of simple sturdy yeomen who till the soil to which they owed the robust mentality and strong physical characteristics on which was founded the success and distinction achieved in wider fields of human effort. These men did not leave the farm for the frivolous attractions of the city.

Not one of them was actuated by the mere desire of escape from the monotony of country life, but each was inspired by a higher impulse, the result of study and contemplation common to thoughtful minds engaged in the peaceful pursuit of agriculture.

To our young readers who live in the country we would say by all means stick to the farm or at least until they have thoroughly convinced themselves that they possess a talent for some other special line of work and are reasonably assured of finding in the city an opportunity to practically test the matter.

A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.

So Doctors Sail Concerning Richard B. Collins.—He Spent Months in the Toronto Hospital Without Any Benefit.—Pink Pills Cure Him After All Other Treatment Failed.

From the Echo, Warton, Ont.

The Echo presents to its readers the following plain statement of fact, with the simple comment that a medicine that can perform so remarkable a cure is simply invaluable, and it is no wonder that the aggregate of its sales throughout the country is enormous.

I, Richard B. Collins, hereby make the following statement, which can be confirmed by any number of witnesses in this section of the country. I first began to complain about five years ago. I had then been working in a fish shanty, and was wet almost the whole time, summer and winter. I was then confined to the house for three months. This was my first attack and on getting better I commenced work again the first of the following February and continued at it until the next January when I took a much worse attack. The doctors pronounced it rheumatism, and after treating me for that disease until about the

able to do light work in a short time, and in January last (1897) I commenced working in the woods and have no trouble from the hip unless over-exerted. During the last three years I have spent \$300.00 in doctors' bills, and medicines, trying everything recommended, but without any good results until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to which I owe my restored condition, as the doctors gave up all hopes of ever seeing me out of bed alive and well. I may say that before I began taking Pink Pills during my last attack, I put in many a night so bad that I never expected to be alive in the morning.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

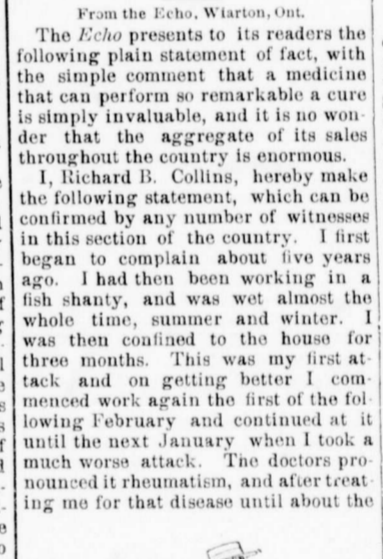
Miraculous Events at Our Lord's Death.

An event so extraordinary as the death of a God Man was necessarily accompanied by portentous signs, whereby God intended to glorify His Son, to manifest His anger against those who had crucified Him, and to express, in a material way, the spiritual effects which were to follow His death. These events are described in the gospel as follows: "And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top to the bottom: and the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent. And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints, that had slept, arose, and coming out of the tombs after His resurrection, came into the holy city and appeared to many. Now the centurion and they that were with him watching Jesus, having seen the earthquake and the things that were done, were sore afraid, saying: Indeed this was the Son of God." (Matt. xxvii. 51-54.)

In the temple, between the sanctuary and the space reserved for the people, there hung a veil, to conceal the Holy of Holies; and only once a year, on the day of the great atonement, the high priest, and he only, was permitted to enter behind this veil, when he went to immolate the sacrifice of expiation. According to Jewish accounts this curtain was forty yards long and twenty wide, heavily embroidered with golden and purple threads, and so artistically wrought that it required a whole year's work at the hands of several thousand young girls to finish it. And now, at the very instant, when the veritable High Priest on Golgotha is entering, with His own sacrificial blood, into the sanctuary, this veil of the sanctuary is rent in twain from top to bottom. This was a sign that admission to the Most High—that is to say, reconciliation in and through Christ—was now granted to all men; that the ancient figurative sacrificial worship of the Old Law had been abolished, and that the Jewish temple had lost its meaning for evermore.

The Modern Prodigal.

"I dunno as the prodigal son was so very bad, after all," said the farmer's wife. "He wasn't no good to his family," her husband rejoined. "That's a fact. But when he got home he didn't hev no more to say. If he'd been like most of the men folk nowadays, the first thing he'd done would a been to find fault with the way the fatted calf was cooked."



first of May, they discovered that my trouble was disease of the hip joint, and advised me to go to an hospital. I went to Toronto and stayed in the hospital five weeks, and then returned home. I, however, did not recover, and was compelled during the following summer to go back to the hospital where I remained three months, getting worse all the time. I was told I could not be cured and when I left was only able to walk by the aid of crutches. I then came home and was not there long before I was taken to my bed. I continued in this state until January following, when I was advised by several friends to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took their advice, and before I had finished the fifth box I began to improve, and by the time I had completed a dozen boxes I was able to walk without crutches, and have never used them since. I was

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WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap; that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name SURPRISE.

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Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Miraculous Events at Our Lord's Death.

An event so extraordinary as the death of a God Man was necessarily accompanied by portentous signs, whereby God intended to glorify His Son, to manifest His anger against those who had crucified Him, and to express, in a material way, the spiritual effects which were to follow His death. These events are described in the gospel as follows: "And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top to the bottom: and the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent. And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints, that had slept, arose, and coming out of the tombs after His resurrection, came into the holy city and appeared to many. Now the centurion and they that were with him watching Jesus, having seen the earthquake and the things that were done, were sore afraid, saying: Indeed this was the Son of God." (Matt. xxvii. 51-54.)

In the temple, between the sanctuary and the space reserved for the people, there hung a veil, to conceal the Holy of Holies; and only once a year, on the day of the great atonement, the high priest, and he only, was permitted to enter behind this veil, when he went to immolate the sacrifice of expiation. According to Jewish accounts this curtain was forty yards long and twenty wide, heavily embroidered with golden and purple threads, and so artistically wrought that it required a whole year's work at the hands of several thousand young girls to finish it. And now, at the very instant, when the veritable High Priest on Golgotha is entering, with His own sacrificial blood, into the sanctuary, this veil of the sanctuary is rent in twain from top to bottom. This was a sign that admission to the Most High—that is to say, reconciliation in and through Christ—was now granted to all men; that the ancient figurative sacrificial worship of the Old Law had been abolished, and that the Jewish temple had lost its meaning for evermore.

The Modern Prodigal.

"I dunno as the prodigal son was so very bad, after all," said the farmer's wife. "He wasn't no good to his family," her husband rejoined. "That's a fact. But when he got home he didn't hev no more to say. If he'd been like most of the men folk nowadays, the first thing he'd done would a been to find fault with the way the fatted calf was cooked."