AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SLANDER.

ARCHBISHOP RYAM, OF PHILADELPHIA, VERY FULLY VINDICATED FROM AN ABSURD BUT WIDELY SPREAD CHARGE [From the American Catholic Quarterly]

[From the American Catholic Quarterly]
Caristianity in the United States. From the First Settlement Down to the Present Time. By Daniel Dorchester, D. D. New York: Philips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Philips & Hunt. Cincinnati: This is a volume which, in the quality of its performance, falls lamentably short both of its large size and its still larger pretensions. It is a collection of biographical, historical, and statistical statement, which it has evidently cost the author of the work much labor to gather and compile, and which would make it valuable for reference could those statements be relied on as impartial and true.

In his perface the author says: "Conclous that the historian cannot too carefully guard lest be discolor or distort by his lene, the work has been undertaken with conscientious convictions, in the hope that the best interests of Christianity may b; subserved by it." As respects the Catholic Courch, he says: "The Roman

Catholic Courch, he says: "The Roman Catholic Church has been freely, fully, and generously treated." It is to be regretted that the work on examination entirely fails to verify these statements.

IT FREQUENTLY REVEALS A SPIRIT OF

INTENSE PARTISANSHIP AND A LAMENTABLE DISREGARD

of TRUTH
This, however, is not surprising when we learn from the author's preface that he derived from the late Dr. Robert Baird, whom he styles "that emirent historian of Religion in America," the inspiring spirit of his book, by correspondence held with him upon questions pertaining to the religious history and prospects of our equality."

These remarks are all the more neces sary because the writers of notices of the work in a number of newspapers and periodicals, trusting to the author's sincer ity, have repeated the statements of his preface, and thus have been misled into expressing a more favorable opinion of the work than a careful examination would

work than a careful examination would have permitted them to give.

He frames elaborate apologies for the exclusion of Episcopalians by the early Puritan colonists of New England; for their persecution of Baptists, Quakers, and Catholics, and for the slaughter and almost total extermination of the Indians. But it is in his treatment of the Catholic Church and its movements in the United Church and its movements in the United Church and its movements in the United States that his unfairness and intense prejudice become more conspicuous. He speaks of the earliest Catholic missionaries as "gif ed and devoted emissaries." The movements of the Church to propagate the faith are styled "plots" and "machinations." He attempts to belittle the labors among the Indian of the said. "machinations." He attempts to belittle
the labors among the Indians of the early
French missionaries, who he imagines
were all "Jesuits," by telling his readers
that they took no pains "to make the
Indians cleanly," and "were regardless of
filth, vermin, and immodesty." "The
religion they taught consisted of a few
simple ritual ceremonics, the repetition of
a prayer or chant and the hearitmal rite
a prayer or chant and the hearitmal rite a prayer or chant, and the baptismal rite. Thus the doomed heathen was easily turned into a professed Christian and an turned into a professed Christian and an enfranchised citizen of France. Didac tic, moral, and intellectual training was deemed unessential." The accounts of "Your country is great with a future "Your country is great with a future to the country of the country is great with a future to the countr deemed unessential." The accounts of the "Lay Trustee Contest," the "Common School Contest," the "Native American and Know Nothing Movements," are specimens of unfairness and untruthful ness. The falsifications of Dexter A Hawkins, in the New York Tribune, pretending that vast amounts of "public money and public property" were surreptitiously "bestowed upon the C.tholic Church" in New York City, are repeated, without allusion to the fact that those misrepresentations have been thoroughly misrepresentations have been thoroughly and conclusively exposed and refuted. THE AUDACIOUSLY FALSE DECLARATION

WHICH HE PUTS ITNO THE MOUTH OF MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, caps the climax of this on ranadespoid, caps the climax of this unscrupulous writher's untruthfulness, Referring to the action of the Vatican Council, promulgating the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church as a dogma of the Catholic faith, he says:

dogma of the Catholic faith, he says:
"The following recent utterance of Bishop
Ryan, of Philadelphia, is a direct logical
sequence of the doctrine of Papal infalli
bility." The pretended "recent utterance," which is put conspicuously as a
foot-note is as follows: ance," which is put conspicuously as a foot-note, is as follows: We maintain that the Church of Rome

is intolerant—that is, that she uses every

means in her power to root our herest But her intolerance is the result of her infallibility. She alone has the right to be intolerant, for she alone has the truth. The Church tolerates heretics where she The Church tolerates hereues where she is obliged to do so; but she hates them with a deadly hatred and uses all her powers to annihilate them. If ever the Catholics should become a considerable mejority, which in time will surely be the case, then will religious freedom in the Republic of the United States come to an end Our enemies know how she treated heretics in the Middle Ages and how she treats them to day where she has the power. We no more think of denying power. We no more think of denying these historic facts than we do of blamin God and the princes of the Church for what they have thought fit to

It is remarkable that in his foot-notes generally Dr. Daniel Dorchester has taken reat pains to mention distinctly the book, or pamphlet, or newspaper, with proper title and page or date, to which he refers or from which he professes to quote. But in this instance he omits all such reference whatever. Why this omission? Why not tell his readers when, where, on what occasion and in what discourse "Bishop Ryan, of Philadelphia" made this alleged "recent utterance," the exact words of which he pretends to quote? We challenge him to do it. We are familiar, we are in a position to be familiar with Archbishop's Ryan's "ulterances" since he came to Philadelphia, and we unhesitatingly and unqualifiedly pronounce the alleged "re-cent utterance" to be a base and impud-ent fogery. We denounce the writer as ent fogery. We denounce the writer as a reckless falsifier, and again we challenge him to cite even a sentence, or a line, from any of Archbishop Ryan's utterances, or not recent, that will furnish even a color of proof that the pretended quotation is genuine.

ANCES" HAVE BEEN MANY AND

They have attracted more than usual at. Circulated by Presbyterians and Orange use National F men, and was again exposed. It came great benefit,

tention on the part of the general public. They have been sought for, published, noticed, and favorably commented on by the non-Catholic secular press, far and wide. Is it possible that such an "utterance," had it been made, could have remained unnoticed by the secular press, or if noticed would have escaped its indignant denunciation? No intelligent person will believe it.

and denunciation? No intelligent person will believe it.

All the real utterances, too, of Archbishop Ryan flatly contradict the ideas which this falsifier has attempted to foist upon him. Instead of holding that the Catholic Church is opposed to the freedom, either religious or political, secured to all citizens by the Constitution of the United S ates, and that the Church would put an end to that freedom if she could, Archbishop Ryan has repeatedly declared that the Catholics of the United States have good reason for being ardently attached to our political institutions, because under these institutions they enjoy greater religious freedom than they do in Europe, and also because the Catholic Church in this country is less traumelled and less interfered with, and is much more prosperous than it is under most of the Governments of European countries.

These ideas, too, he has not only expressed in this country is

These ideas, too, he has not only expressed in this country, but also in Europe; and notably in Rome, only a few months ago, in his address to the Sove reign Pontiff of the Church at the formal presentation of a copy of the Constitu-tion of the United States by President Cleveland, in honor of the fifteth anni-versary of the priesthood of Leo XIII. Owing to the warm, eloquent, outspoken eulogium pronounced upon our country and its institutions in that address, and its emphatic placing of people before and above princes, the address attracted atten-tion everywhere in Europe as well as in

inis country.

In confirmation of this, we make the following brief quotation from that ai-

dress:
"In Your's Holiness's admirable Encyclical 'immortale Del,' you truly state that the Church is wedded to no particular form of civil government. Your favorite theologian, St. Thomas Aquinas, has written true and beautiful things concerning republicanism. In our American re-public the Catholic Church is left perfectly free to act out her sacred and beneficent

free to act out her sacred and beneficent mission to the human race.

"We beg Your Holiness, therefore, to bless this great country, which has achieved so much in a single century; to bless the land discovered by your holy compatriot, Christopher Columbus; to bless the brudent and energetic President of the United States of America; and, finally, we sak herelikes they was the states of the transfer of the control of the transfer of the transf finally, we ask, kneeling at your feet, that you bless ourselves and the people com-mitted to our care."

In answer to Archbishop Ryan His Holiness Leo XIII. spoke as follows: "As the Archbishop of Philadelphia has said, they (the Americans) enjoy full liberty in the true sense of the term, guaranteed by the Constitution—a copy of which is presented to me. Religion is there free to extend continually, more and more, the empire of Christianity, and the Church to develop her beneficent activities. As the Head of the Church, I owe my love and solicitude to all parts of the world, but I benefice

full of hope. Your nation is free. Your Government is strong, and the character of your President commands my highest admiration. It is for these reasons that the gift causes me the liveliest pleasure It truly touches my heart and forces me, by a most agreeable impulse, to manifest to you my most profound sentiments of gratitude and esteem." We add that

ARCHBISHOP RYAN HAS NEVER BEEN SUP-POSED TO BE WANTING IN PRUDENCE

On the contrary, the general public have given him credit for possessing these qualities in high degree. By their exerqualities in high degree. By their exercicles, along with moderation and unaffected genial courtesy, he has won for himself hosts of friends among non Catholics as well as Catholics. Yet, had he made the utterance this uncorrupulous falsifier and forger pretends he did, he would have forger pretends he did, he would have the declaration of the sound of a shottel guo, would have the sound of a shottel guo, would have echoed and re-echoed far and wide, and would have brought down upon him the woods."

"Do you find any difficulty in governing them?"

"None whatever, if they keep away from the whites. They are very obedient, and they esteem the missionary as veritably the representative of God. And we have to be doctor and magistrate as well as teacher and preacher to them. They take very easily the leading ideas of Caristianity, and follow them pretty well; and they are very regular in their religious duties, even in the woods." would have brought down upon him swift and indignant denunciation from every quarter.

every quarter.

And now we still more effectively "nail to the counter" this base forgery, by giving its history. The pretended "recent utterance" of Archbishop Byan is a greatly utterance." enlarged and newly coined version of an old and often exploded slander, originally gotten up against another person. Its history in this:

Nearly in this:

Nearly forty years ago—and long before any one could have forseen that the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church would be declared a dogma of the Catholic faith—a newspaper was published in St. Louis, called the Shepherd of the Valley. Its editor was a Mr. Bakewell, a Catholic layman, then a young man who, afterwards became a very dis-tinguished citizen of St. Louis, and until tinguished citizen of St. Louis, and until a few years ago was Judge of the Court of Appeals. Referring to misrepresentations of the Catholic religion by its enemies, Judge Bakewell, wrote in his paper as follows—we give the exact words:

"If Catholics ever attain, which they surely will, though at a distant day, the immense numerical majority in the Luited States religious liberty care and

United States religious liberty, as at present understood, will be at an end—so say our enemies."

THE SENTENCE WAS MUTILATED AND ITS MEANING ENTIRELY CHANGED

by leaving out the words we have italicthis mutilated form it was published by anti-Catholic newspapers as an expression of Judge Bakewell' belief. The misrepresentation was exposed, and for a time passed out of notice. Soon, however, it was revived in an anti-Osthole publication; and again it was attempted to fasten it on Archbishop Kenrica,
Again it was exposed. Then again it was revived and exposed some ten years ago in the Catholic Standard. Then it travelled to Australia and was attributed travelled to Australia and was attributed castor oil for me—I'd rather fight it out with the pain!"

Ages and Conditions of people may Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, Again it was exposed. Then again it

back to this country, and was attempted to be foisted sgain on Archbishop Ryan, then recently installed as Archbishop of Philadelphia, and with the evident intention of exciting prejudice against him in his new See. It was not, however, pretended to be a "recent utternance" of his, but an editorial utterance of his in the Shepherd of the Valley, in St. Louis, though at the alleged time, so far from being editor of that newspaper, he was not even in this country, but in Europe. It was again thoroughly exposed in the Cathotic Standard in 1886, both by its editor and in a published letter of Judge Bakewell.

Thus far we have written without having seen Archbishop Ryan, and supposing that we could not see him before this would appear in type, owing to his being with his clergy on their annual spiritual retreat. But since writing the forgoing we have succeeded in seeing him for a few minutes at the close of the first week's retreat. And now we are authorized by him to declara in his name.

first week's retreat. And now we are authorized by him to declare in his name

that the pretended "utterance" is a forgery—a Forgery in part and in whols We add, in conclusion, that by a comparison of the alleged "recent utterance" with the garbled words of Judge ance" with the garbled words of Judge Bakewell, published nearly forty years ago, the deliberate malice of the forgery will appear. Its conscienceless author has not only changed the language of the original misrepresentation, so as to give it a sharper and more venomous point, but he has coined additional sentences, both preceding it and following it, so as to enlarge it into a paragraph, for the plain purpose of giving an appearance of plausibility to its pretended connection with the decree of "Papal Infallibility."

CONVERTING INDIANS.

JESUIT PRIEST'S OPINION OF THE RED MEN IN CANADA

C. H. Farnham, in Harper's Magazine. "Was it not very difficult to give them Caristian principles? How did you be-

gin ?"
"It was all very simple," said the priest;
"it had to be simple, for an Indian of
eighteen is not above a white child of six
years. It was hard work for them to
learn to read their own tongue; but a few
learned to read and sing from manuscript
books written in the characters of our
related alophet. printed alphabet. As they are exceedingly fond of music, and liked our melodies far better than their own dull chants, they at once took to copying these hymns. Music octet than their own dull chants, they at once took to copying these hymns. Music led them on, till, finally, nearly all have learned to read their hymns and catechism now printed for them. They write agood many letters for me to carry from post to post. And in the woods they frequently give news and make appointments in the hunting grounds by writing on hiest back. give news and make appointments in the bunting grounds by writing on birch bark, which they put into a split stick erected on some frequented route. This primitive postal service is quite reliable, and brings me news often from even the most remote families; and you would be surprised at the delicacy and strength of sentiment in some of those letters. Their earliest literature, so to speak, is geography, very accurate maps of their country drawn on birch bark to guide the first traders and missionaries; some of them are still premissionaries; some of them are still pre-served by the Hudson Bay Company, at Montreal. But to return to their conversion, their progress was comparatively easy after they became interested in the hymns.'

"What do you try to teach them?" "Simply to read the hymns and cate-chism. Then our preaching is upon the most elementary duties and morality of Christians. They need nothing bey this in their simple existence; in fact they are with us so little, and have such slow minds, that it would be impracticable slow minds, that it would be larger to do more. They can not count even beyond ten, excepting by additions to

ten, as ten one, ten two, etc."
"Do you find any difficulty in govern-

"But why don't you give them more of the material advantages of civilization, and extend their education more?"

"That is scarcely practicable. They will not change their mode of life. The only way to help the Indian is to give him the simplest code of moral and religious conduct, make him feel the constant criticism of God even in his isolation, and then let him continue his natural life in the woods. They must be kept firmly under control, but only through kind and sympathetic relations, and through the influence of religious duties. I think that your Indians and every wild race could be governed peaceably by such means, instead of by armies and industrial civilization that

they will not accept."

The winter life of these Montagnals is essentially the same as that of their heathen forefathers. They all start for the woods in August in their canoes, loaded down with provisions, etc. They travel slowly up the various rivers of the travel slowly up the various rivers of the coast in companies to the far interior; there each family leaves its companions as it reaches its hunting ground, and sets up its lodge on its ancestral domain. They spend a month or more preparing snow shoes, toboggans, etc, for winter; then, as navigation closes, they put up their caroe and begin the winter's hunt. The game is too small and serve to allow The game is too small and scarce to allow more than a family or two to live in given locality; so the arctic winter passes in dreary isolation,

"When I Was a Boy !"

an expression almost every lad has heard his father use as a basis for bombastic self-adulation. But the boy of the last quarter of the nineteenth century may retort, "when you were a boy, and had an attack of green and attack of green and attack." attack of green apple stomach ache, you

ALL AGES AND CONDITIONS of people may use National Pills without injury and with

THE ABBE'S FORGIVENESS.

At the door of one of the churches of

At the door of one of the churches of Paris an old beggar, known by the name of Jacques, came every day to sit on one of the steps and ask for alms.

He seemed a miserable old man, and scarcely ever spoke, only bending his head when anything was given him. A gold cross might be seen on his breast, partly hidden by his tattered garments.

A young clergyman, Abbe Paulin de ______, celebrated Mass regularly at this church, and never omitted, as he entered, to give some small offering to Jacques.

acques.
Belonging to a rich and noble family, Monsieur Paulin had consecrated him self to God and spent all his wealth among the poor. Without knowing him, Jacques grew to love the young priest. One day Abbe Paulin missed the old beggar from his accustomed place and as he saw that his absence continued from day to the same that his absence continued from day to day, he grew uneasy about the old man, and made inquiries as to where the old man lived; and having learned his address, one morning after Mass, he turned his steps towards the dwelling of old Jacques. He knocked at the door of an attic on the sixth floor. A feeble voice answered within and he

Jacques was lying stretched upon a miserable bed; his face was as pale as death, and his eyes were dull and heavy.
"Ah! it is you, Monsieur l' Abbe," he said to the priest when he saw him. "It is very good for you to come and see a miserable man like me; I do not deserve

"What are you talking about, my good Jacques?" said the priest. "Do you not know that the priest is the friend of the unfortunate? Besides," he added, smiling, "we are old acquaint ances."

"Oh, monsieur, if you knew, you would not speak to me like that. No, no; do not speak to me kindly; I am a miser-

able sinner."

"Ah, my poor Jacques, if you have done wrong, repent, contess; God is infinite goodness; He pardons everything to him who repents."

"Oh, He will never pardon me!"

"And why not? Do you not repent?"

"Repent, Do I repent?" cried out Jacques, raising himself from his bed and gazing wildly at the priest. "For thirty years I have been repenting. And yet I am cursed—cursed!"

The good priest tried to comfort and

The good priest tried to comfort and encourage him but in vain. A terrible mystery was hidden in his heart, and despair prevented the gality man from confessing his crime. At last, conquered by the gentleness and goodness of the abbe, the miserable Jacques decided to confess, and in a broken voice he told the

contess, and in a broken voice he told the following story:

"I was a steward in a rich and noble family when the revolution of the last century broke out. My master and mistress were goodness treelf to me. The tress were goodness treelf to me. The count, the countess, their two daughters and their sor, I owed everything to them—my position, my education, all the comforts I enjoyed. When the revolution came I betrayed them. They were hidden; I knew where. I denounced them so that I might get their possessions which were promised to me. They were condemned to death—all except the little

condemned to death-all except the little boy Paulin, who was too young."

A sharp cry came from the lips of the priest, and a cold sweat stood upon his

forehead.

"Monsieur l' Abbe," continued the old beggar, who did not notice the emotion excited by his words, "Monsteur it was horrible! I heard them condemned to death. I saw them all placed in the military cart, and I saw their four heads fall beneath the knife. Monster, monster that I am! From that time I have neither known peace or rest. I weep. I pray for them. I see them always there before me. See, they are beneath the curtain!" curtain !"

And speaking thus, Jacques pointed with his trembling hand to the curtain which covered part of the wall.

"And this crucifix which you see over

my bed belongs to the count, and this little cross around my neck was the one which the countess always wore. Oh! what crime! what agony! what repentance, Oh, Monsieur l'Abbe, have pity on me! Do not repulse me! Pray for the most miserable and most criminal of

The priest was kneeling by the bedside pale as death. For many minutes he remained motionless. Then rising, perfectly calm, he made the sign of the cross, and drawing aside the curtain he saw two pictures.

Old Jacques uttered a cry when he saw them, and threw himself back upon his bed. The priest was weeping. "Jacques," he said, in a trembling

"Jacques," he said, in a trembling voice, "I am come to bring you pardon from God. I will hear your confession," and sitting by the bedside he received old

and sitting by the bedeside he received old Jacques' confession.

When the dying man had ended, the Abbe Paulin sald: "God has just forgiven you, but there is more yet. I, too—I forgive you for the love of Him, for you have killed my father, mother, and my own slater." own sister."
An expression of horror passed swiftly

over the face of the dying man. He opened his lips, murmured some distinct words, then fell backward on his bed. The priest approached. The beggar was dead.

Consumption Surely Cured.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor;—
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any ef our readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

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PURITY OF INGREDIENTS and accuracy of compounding, make Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine the criterion of excellence. It Can do no Harm to try Freeman's Worm Powders if your child is ailing, fevarish or fretful,

Writen for the Catholic Record. CHANCE MEETING AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

SCENE—A busy thoroughfare in the city of Halifax.

TIME—A sunshiny afternoon in August,

A lady in morning attire was walking slowly along Barrington street in a southerly direction, when she espied an old woman clad in rusty black garments, old woman clad in rusty black garments, who was standing with both arms clasped round the trunk of a Lombardy poplar tree, and shaking violently as though in a fit. It must be confessed that the lady's first idea was a rash judgment. She thought the old woman had been drinking. However, being of an enquiring turn of mind, she accosted the dame, asking if she were ill. "Yes, my dear," was the answer, 'just out of bed after a bad typhoid fever, and I've walked close upon two miles, I want to see the people in that house, but I can't get there." To take the poor old thing by the arm and deposit her upon the door step was the first thing to be done. Then the lady, whom we shall call Miss A, began to arouse the echoes with a venerable door knocker, but nobody answered. She peeped in the windows and shook the back door, and even investigated the coal-hole, but all to no avail—the house was clearly unoccupied. This was sad news for the old woman, who explained that she had not seen the friends of whom she was in search for a year, when they were residing in that house. She then informed Miss A, that she knew some people living at a little distance, to whose home she wished to be conducted. who was standing with both arms clasped some people living at a little distance to whose home she wished to be conducted. The way led past the military hospital. The gay world was abroad, and it must be confessed that Miss A. gave a weak and feminine sigh to her soiled and dusted cambric gown, but charity de-manded that assistance should be given manded that assistance should be given to the poor old woman. There was ro course open but to take her arm and begin the ascent of the cross street, Every few moments did the old lady find it necessary to sit down and rest, and the climax of Mies A.'s trials was reached when she elected to rit week!

the climax of Miss A.'s trials was reached when she elected to sit upon the steps of the military hospital. There was nothing to be done but stand and wait until the spasm of weakness was past, and, to render the occasion profitable, Miss A. began to speak of religion. "Are you a Catholic," she said. "No, dear, I'm not," was the answer. "I often thought to be one, when I was younger, but I always let the chance slip. My father, he was a soldier, and when we were living in Malta we knew some good Catholics, and I often thought some good Catholics, and I often thought to be one, but I didn't."

Miss A said a few words setting forth

Miss A said a few words setting forth the privilege it was to be a Catholic and the chance that yet remained to her, and the walk was resumed. After numerous halts, on boxes and bales and steps and blocks, the desired haven was reached—a small house on Brunswick sireet. Miss A. pulled the bell, the door was opened by a trioj f youngsters, who exclaimed: "Why, here's old Charlotte! She hasn't been here these two years!" To which they added, "Mother's out."

Miss A, however, led old Charlotte in and seated her; then started off to an adjacent convent for a good Sister of Charity, who came, bringing some restoratives for the poor old soul. It transpired that she was a pensioner of an Anglican parson in the south end of

ranspired that she was a pensioner of an Anglican parson in the south end of the city, who had been paying her board for some time. Whether she had got into debt during her illness, or what was the cause of her leaving, she did not explain, but she had quitted her lodgings and apparently did not wish to return to them.

The Sisters soothed and cheered her, and, when the mother of the family re-

and, when the mother of the family re-turned, made arrangements for her remaining where she was until a lodging could be found for her. This good woman, who was a fervent Catholic, consented, and, to further assist, opened a subscription list for the benefit of poor old Charlotte, to which the Archbishop, the clergy, and others gave generously. A room was taken for her in the neighborhood, and the services of a doctor her; their kindness and goodness made deep impression upon her, and she very soon expressed her desire to possess their religion. Then the good Father B., came upon the scene. He found her disposition excellent, and began instructing her. Although her bodily strength failed fast, her mind seemed to become clearer; she learned rapidly, and in a few weeks Father B. baptized her, and gave her Holy Communion. Some days later Miss A, and a friend calling to see her, found her in the first fervour of her conversion, bless-ing God for her sudden seizure of illness on Barrington street, which had led to the great happiness she was then enjoy-

Within two months from the day on which she was so providentially found, poor old Charlotte died, and was laid to rest beneath the symbol of that faith, which had been granted to her at the eleventh hour.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and all Wasting Disorders of Children

cott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York. Put up in 50c and \$1 size. A Rai way Smash Up

calls vividly to mind the appalling spectre of death, and yet no thought is taken of the thousands annually dying through disease caused by wrong action of the stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels, and which might be remedied by the use of B. B. B. attre's great restorative tonic and B. B., nature's great restorative tonic and

blood purifier. Is Cholera Coming !

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

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Is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alterative and Blood-purifier.

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Rev. T. G. A. Coté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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MADONNA OF THE E

HOW FRA ANGELICO CAME

PICTURE OF THE MADONNA From the Little Messenger Heart. One afternoon, about five ago, the podesta or mayor of making a tour round his cit is a very old city, as the ap great thick walls now test

rests upon one of the lower Appenines, and looks dow tance on the Arno and on Superb. But the podesta h just then of admination for past then of admiration for panorama thus unfolded. he passed by the gurden Preschers. It was not yet at as the monastery had only built, and locking in he saw of Saint Dominic bad a grawhich he thought unmatch and fragrange.

and fragrance.

These roses were due t
Brother Simplicius, who,
orders, devoted his time to Joung plants and flowers. not a dector of canon law, an humble and faithful law wrought out his perfection water from a fountain. He simple soul, beyond reproach the Ave Marias of his rorary ber of times his waterit emptied and filled.

If ever a sin has staine innocence, it must have polde, in locking at the flowers which he lovingly the decoration of the sanct not a dector of canon law.

the decoration of the sanct recitation of the Office, them admining the Tabern celebrant's feet, he found it a temptation to vanity. omile with more than her use are on his parlands. It course, the enthusiasm of the delightful freecoes, without the delightful freecoes, without the first one of the delightful freecoes, without the delightful freecoes, without the delightful freecoes, with the delightful freecoes, without the delightful freecoes, with the delightful roses was purer and sweeterderly received by the

Poor Simplicius! What s the erisen in his soul, so its innocence, could be have the success of his garden to give such a turn to the n

mayor.
The mayor had stopped "How this piece of grotimproved!" he murmured I see the city did not know her lawful prefit from the p is why I let the fathers instr-in this foresken spot without I had imagined they could beautiful garden of it, I sho have asked of them a l crowns. The money would just now in our treasury; Foligno they are asking Roman crowns to paint twhich we want on the high

cathedral! "But stop a bit. Is it re Not a single document con render of the city property, the duty of a good executi some compensation before

Preschers in this place?"
These thoughts continue podesta's mind on his wa during his supper, and ever fees, during his evening pra-ever, he was not an unbelied mincd, before he exposed h city council, to have an with the Friers, and in this be able to offer his fellowed tion which would at once Interests. The next morning the convent to open his th

Reverend Prior.

His demand was wholly and the Prior was overcome rassment. He was not a p easily granted the rights o had occupied a deserted and piece of ground, concerning benevolent silence of the ar the effect of a tacit surrende

"All will happen," he could bly, "as it may please G Lordship. But your Lordsh we are merdicants by your fersion, that our holy Father forbidden us to make barge we have not a penny nor a s are driven out, we will le poor garden and buildings, a our tent where the good Go The podesta had not consid of the case—that the Fri

much beloved in the city, as had only respect and attachm He protested, therefore, with he expected nothing of the se 'Yet," he sdded, "you must want a title to the prospite of our good will, the treasury will not allow us to

pure donation. So let us tr A compromise was accordi and the first one informed young painter monk. The lind him on his ecasfold in

"Brother," he said, "leave the present. The gift of an hes given you must now be of the safety of our house. Th of the city ask for an impo —a picture of tha Virgin M which you must put your wh are to off r it to the city for the in its cathedral, and the city in exchange the ground on monastery stands, which, it yet ours. Shall you need a r "The model is there," sa

looking with a seraphic g "Be quick, then," said "Brother Simplicius will be direction, to break the color

wise help you in the mate tion of your work." The young monk bowed away immediately to lock hin his assistant in his humble first knelt down and prayovently, and gradually, as the