

DONE with good that's half

SOAP for wash them clean sweet, with

is and every

PRISE.

Tourist

Forwarding

AGENCY

treal.

Holland and Belgium

any, Austria, Russia

part of Ireland.

land and Scotland.

RATES for any special

For Holy Week)

Liverpool, Queenstown,

\$4.5. Return Tickets

LD.,

247, MONTREAL.

Favorite Devotions.

OVENAS.

ings.

feast of Our Lord, of the

like this has ever before

to the Holy Child, Incarnate,

the Precious

St. Almighty God, etc.

Blessed Virgin, of the

the Nativity, The An-

St. Joseph, St. Jo-

St. Anthony, St. Alphon-

one volume. By

50 60

90 25

0 50

0 75

1 25

1 50

2 00

2 50

3 00

3 50

4 00

4 50

5 00

5 50

6 00

6 50

7 00

7 50

8 00

8 50

9 00

9 50

10 00

10 50

11 00

11 50

12 00

12 50

13 00

13 50

14 00

14 50

15 00

15 50

16 00

16 50

17 00

17 50

18 00

18 50

19 00

19 50

20 00

20 50

21 00

21 50

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Twenty-Second Sunday After Pentecost.

MATRIMONY.

The worthy and regular reception of the sacraments during life, brethren, is our surest guarantee of saving our souls in the end. They are the special means of keeping us in close union with God, and unless we put an obstacle in the way, they will infallibly work for our sanctification. One of these sacraments St. Paul calls a great sacrament—the sacrament of matrimony; and with good reason, for on this sacrament rests the whole structure of civil society, and on its worthy reception depends much of the happiness which should follow every Christian marriage.

What you are to hear to day, brethren, is intended for all—for those who are already married, as well as for those who are not; for without doubt there is not one of the sacraments about which people give evidence of so little knowledge as about this, and I think you will agree with me when I say there is none other which is open to so many abuses, so much irreverence, so little respect. And there is a reason evident enough for this. Do what we may, there is no denying the fact that we live in a Protestant atmosphere, and that our outward conduct is more or less influenced by the tone of those about us. If the Reformation has succeeded in accomplishing anything decidedly positive it is this: that while it has destroyed in the minds of many of its followers the dignity and sanctity of this sacrament, it has substituted in its stead the fatal idea that marriage is simply a contract to be entered into and broken again at the whim or fancy of the contracting parties, if they can only do it under cover of some process of law.

Thank God! no one calling himself a Catholic holds any such notions of this holy and Christian state. But still there is the danger of our giving countenance to it in others, of making the plea for them that they know not what they do, since they have been brought up to believe that way. All of which, after years filled with such experiences, weaken our grasp of the true doctrine and induce a less exalted respect for the sacrament itself and of the responsibility connected with it.

The Catholic Church has always and by every means in her power, both civil and religious, upheld the sanctity of marriage. She has fought its battles against these in high places, and sooner than defile the strict command, What God has joined let no man put asunder, she has seen whole nations torn from her already bleeding bosom.

In such a spirit, brethren, must we love and venerate this great sacrament, and therefore I have a word of warning for all. And first for those who are still unmarried. There is undoubtedly among our young people too much levity, too little reverence exhibited whenever there is question of this sacrament. They speak about it in a light, frivolous and flippant way, and infrequently approach this sacrament with dispositions somewhat similar. Catholics do not approach the other sacraments in this wise. Have you not been edified as you entered a church on a Saturday evening and gazed on the crowd of men, women and children, all in silence, examining their consciences, meditating on their past offences, humbly invoking God's pardon, and thus preparing for a worthy confession? Such a sight has often of itself awakened the grace of repentance in a hardened soul. The same may be said of the edifying manner in which all prepare themselves for Holy Communion, for confirmation, for extreme unction. Why should they be different with marriage? Why should people rush madly into this holy state without thought, without respect, without due preparation?

When you think of getting married, let this be your first resolution: I am going to do whatever the laws of God and the Church require or advise: I must see the priest beforehand and make any arrangements necessary; I must prepare for this sacrament by a good confession and a worthy Communion; I am going to be married as a Catholic, with a Nuptial Mass, not in the darkness of night, as if I were ashamed or afraid of what I am doing.

And to you who come to witness such marriages let me say one word. Don't act as if the church were a theatre and you were present at a play; don't act as you would never think of acting when the other sacraments are administered: in a word, behave yourselves on such occasions as becomes good Catholics.

Where Specialists Failed Dr. Chase Cured Cataracts. James Spence, Cleburn, Ont., writes:—I had been a sufferer from Cataracts for fifteen years. It became chronic and I had given up hopes of ever being cured when advised by a friend to try Dr. Chase's Cataract Cure. I at once started and am pleased to state three boxes effected a complete cure, and I heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from Cataracts.

"It is a Great Public Benefit."—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits on his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW AMY'S PETITION WAS ANSWERED.

Mary Dayton, in the Poor Souls' Advocate.

It was the month of November. The rain had fallen heavily all day, seeming to increase as night's shadows darkened. The wind tossed the branches of the leafless trees, making progress slow and difficult for the few travelers who chanced to be abroad. The gas lights burned dimly, casting shadows in every crevice of the way. On C—street, a man of some twenty years was seen pushing his way forward, until he halted at the door of a cottage brightened by the ruddy glow of a fire that crackled on the open hearth. He paused on the threshold, his dark eyes peering forward. The room was neat and cosy. A large rocker was drawn close to the grate, waiting the arrival of its evening occupant. Two girls were busily engaged embroidering a piece of linen, while naught broke the silence except the ticking of the great clock that had marked the flight of time for many and many a year. The silent observer at last entered, and was welcomed by the industrious inmates.

"We have been waiting a good while, Charles, but thought perhaps good fortune detained you." "No good fortune to-night, Nell, in the line you mean, and if it wasn't for you girls and your busy fingers—" "Hush, now; don't give up hope. You will soon forget your troubles when you have a draught of this," and his sister gave him a large cup of tea, sure of the result. He eagerly began to sip it, and at the same time to recount the disappointments of the day. Perhaps it would be wise to acquaint the reader with the little family he has met.

Years ago Mr. Clifford was a wealthy merchant in the metropolis of England. Fortune seemed to smile upon her child and his undertakings. Luxury reigned in his home, and as wealth grew more and more the present finally enjoyed, the future forgotten. Finally came the blow that leveled all the joys of this happy circle. False friends had proven treacherous, and James Clifford was without money or home. Day by day he planned to again conquer, but to no avail. All that remained was the cottage we have seen. Accustomed to luxury, he sank under the blow, leaving his children, Charles, Nell, and Amy, to fight the battle he had failed to endure. The girls had obtained work from a large firm, but Charles had been less fortunate, and for this reason was as we found him on that November evening. After they had finished their slight repast and put their tasks in order the girls resumed their room, leaving their brother to watch them with anxious eyes. Out and in flew their busy needles, till at last Amy broke the silence.

"I've thought of a plan, brother, and we will carry it out won't we?" "What is it, baby? (a pet name by which Amy was called)." "Tell it, and then we'll decide."

"Well, since it seems impossible for us to succeed, let us ask the holy souls to work in our behalf, and—" "A capital idea," broke in Charles. "Why had't we thought of it before? Why not take now for a beginning? Surely they will help us," and he went on his knees ready to pray with all good will to those who would never forsake him. The girls followed his example, and soon the three lonely orphans were seeking aid from a higher power, drawing consolation from that divine weapon, prayer.

After the heartfelt supplications were ended they renewed their work, and all joined in Amy's words: "I know the holy souls will not forsake us!" Thus passed day after day, till at last all grew hopeless save Amy. Over and over again she begged the suffering ones to hear her prayers. The last day of November came, and yet nothing had happened to strengthen on the hopes of the little petitioner.

That morning Charles started out again on his search for employment. Nell remained at home to finish her work, but Amy wandered her way to the little church, resolving once more to repeat her petitions. The cool, crisp air had begun to warm with the sunbeams and Charles Clifford was still hopeless. At last, quite abandoning himself to gloomy thoughts, and not caring whether he went, he wandered on. As he turned the corner of G—street he was touched on the arm and thus addressed:

"Where are you going, young man?" "I am in search of employment," he answered, "and, being most unfortunate, am well nigh hopeless." "Hopeless! and so young? Come, my son, you must not speak thus." "My hopes were high, but since—" "What is your name?" "I am Charles Clifford, an orphan, with no one to care for me but two sisters, who now await my return." Charles then proceeded to tell his new acquaintances of his family and his troubles. Meanwhile the sun kept sinking lower and lower, and for the first time he noticed it growing late.

"Are your sisters of better cheer than you?" Charles then related with what firm faith Amy had confided in the holy souls. "And they have rewarded her." As the stranger spoke he drew a card from his pocket, gave it to Charles, and then laid his hand upon his arm.

"Now, my boy, your sister's prayers are heard. Come to-morrow to my office and be content to be secretary to Mr. Joseph Worth." Charles' eyes, man as he was, filled

with tears, and he murmured: "I do not deserve it. Amy's prayers have done this." "Well, go now cheer her confiding heart, and thus make amends for the past." Charles, with hastening footsteps, returned home. The news was told, and the three orphans again knelt, not in petition, but in thanksgiving to the holy souls who had thus rewarded Amy's humble and earnest petition.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"If we only knew how much our actions in supreme moments of life—in times of crises—depend on the little thoughts and acts that preceded them, we should keep vigilant watch on the little foxes that make way through the gaps in our hedges. It is the careless-ness of mental sins that make mortal sins easy. We, in this world, are like the violins in a great orchestra. If we are not kept in tune, we lose in fitness of quality, and when the great Leader of this wondrous earthly orchestra waves His baton, we are found wanting; we make discord. To be at our best always, we must keep ourselves in tune with the best of the instruments near us. And the best of these instruments are good books."—Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D., in "Literature as a Factor in Life."

Font Fancles. In God's name, in the name of love and truth and purity, when any evil or impure thought so much as casts the shadow of its approaching presence on your soul, then in all the strength of your manhood, arise and thrust it out, ere it be too late! Argue not, delay not, listen not, hurl the loathsome whisper from you as though it were some poisonous reptile, and bid it begone forever.—Conlon Kernahan.

Causes of Business Failures. Of the whole number of business failures the Bradstreet company assign the following causes to the proportions stated, viz: Incompetence, 16.4 per cent.; inexperienced, 6.1 per cent.; lack of capital, 23.5 per cent.; unwise credits, 4.7 per cent.; speculation (outside), 1.2 per cent.; neglect of business, 3.2 per cent.; extravagance, 1.3 per cent.; fraudulent disposition, 7.4 per cent.; dissipation, (commercial credits), 22.3 per cent.; failures of others, 2.9 per cent.; undue competition, 1.2 per cent.

Where There's a Will, There's a Way. Balliol, the most exclusive of Oxford colleges, has among its undergraduates a married Laureate mill hand twenty-three years of age, who worked his way into the university by studying after factory hours, with the help of free libraries and university extension lectures. He passed his Greek examination eighteen months after learning the alphabet, and within six weeks after admission to college won the Brackenbury history scholarship worth \$100 a year for four years. He is trying for an honor degree in history.

He had a Hard Fight. This word of warning was given by one business man to another. "You are drinking too much whiskey, and it is getting the better of you." "Pshaw!" was the reply, "I can stop at any time." "No, you can not," said the first. The suggestion that he was thought to be becoming a weak drunkard stung the second to resolve to stop drinking. The struggle was terrific—worse than a severe illness—but the man had realized his danger, and the victory was won after an intense battle with an appetite which had grown strong in indulgence. The strength of an indulged habit is only realized when the effort is made to break it, and then it may be too late but for the grace of God.

To be Remembered. Thousands of people breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them: none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; none, in a line they recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.

A Matchless Story. An American magician tells an amusing story of an encounter he had some years ago in a village in Boloohistan with a native conjurer. A competition between them was agreed upon. When the American party reached the clump of palms where the great struggle was to be held they found the native necromancer surrounded by the darkest and most impressive array of magical concomitants. Very different was the attitude of the magician, who sailed up with a smile on his face, a cigarette between his teeth and a magician's patent satchel slung across his shoulders. The competition was short but decisive. The American while waiting for the competition to begin took a lucifer out of his pocket, struck it on the sole of his shoe and lit his cigarette, where-

upon the entire Oriental contingent that its inhabitant plays the fool, but there is no visible barrier against low vices. His mind is empty and ready or any visitor—the first to come may be sin. What leads many a man wrong is simply the deadly dullness of me describe another interior life. Here is a hanging book case of two shelves, with forty volumes, the beginning of a library. The Bible (a mother's gift) is supported by a good Shakespeare, a pocket edition also of some favorite plays for a walking tour; do you notice dear old Don Quixote, who jests at the dying chivalry with a tear in his eye, has a place, and he is supported on the right and left by Lowell and Kingsley. A felicitous idea, for more than any other poet has the American taught us to do our duty by the oppressed, and the English person was most truly a knight of God. Two or three cents one now expects, and "Henry Esmond," of course. Charles Lamb—but that is enough. One is satisfied, and is introduced to this man before he enters the room. It were an unpardonable gaucherie to warn this man against the dangers of idleness and folly. His armful of books have naturalized him in another world."

Don't Fold the Arms. Don't fold the arms. By doing so you pull the shoulders forward, flatten the chest and impair deep breathing. Folding the arms across the chest so flattens it down that it requires a conscientious effort to keep the chest in what should be its natural position. As soon as you forget yourself down drops the chest. We cannot see ourselves as others see us. If we could, many of us would be ashamed of our shapes. The position you hold your body in most of the time soon becomes its natural position. Continuously folding your arms across the chest will develop a flat chest and a rounded back just as certainly as will clasping the hands behind the back and doing much postural chest weight work develop a flat back and a deep, full, rounded chest. You can't think of all these things? Do you think of folding your arms across your chest? No, it's a habit. Make these things habits and you won't need to think of them; you will do them unconsciously.

Should be Habits: Keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar at all possible times. Always carry the chest farther to the front than any other part of the anterior body. Draw the abdomen in and up a hundred times a day. Take a dozen deep, slow breaths a dozen times each day. To do these exercises properly, dress loosely. You cannot do them properly otherwise. Never wear shoulder braces to keep your shoulders back. They weaken nature's shoulder braces. Develop nature's braces and you will breathe more deeply and have a better form physically.

The Test of a Great Soul. In reading the history of great soldiers or sailors, that which strikes the reader most forcibly, as a rule, is not the brilliancy with which certain achievements were made, but the infinite patience and skill with which antagonisms, obstacles and failure of support at critical moments were neutralized or overcome. The story of such men as Wellington and Nelson is largely made up of reports of the failure to secure adequate support of money, troops or provisions, with jealousies on the part of other commanders, with intrigues against them at home and abroad. This part of the story is so full that the reader begins to feel that the real greatness of these men appears behind the achievement rather than in it, and that pack of the fame of great victories lie those sterling qualities of character which are greater than fame.

A man who is to accomplish a great work must have infinite patience in dealing with all manner of obstacles. These very obstacles are the test of the greatness of his aim and the steadfastness of his soul. If he survives them, he is worthy to achieve; if he yields to them, he is not the man to win the victory. That is reserved for men of greater insight and stronger grasp. It is easy for raw recruits to make a charge, no matter how forlorn, but it is every difficult to keep them steady under continuous fire. There is a certain joy in a dash, however dangerous, which is absent from a perilous position long maintained. There are many men who can brilliantly and successfully lead a short and quick movement, but the men who can successfully guide a long and stubbornly contested reform in any department are few. For such men must possess, not only clear moral convictions and the ability to make those convictions contagious, but also the reserve power of soul which is the base of supplies to a commander on a long march in the face of numberless discouragements, obstacles and failures of support. There is something divine in patience, because it is the quality which makes great works possible.

The Young Man's Room. That clever writer, Ian Mac Laren, says: "When a young man's room has nothing in the shape of reading material beyond a fourth rate novel and an evening paper, it is not a promising interior. It does not follow

SUNLIGHT SOAP Wrapper Competition.

SEPTEMBER, 1897. The following are the Winners in District No. 1, Western Ontario. Winners of Stearns' Bicycles. Mr. T. W. Dutton, 148 Queen street west, Toronto. Mr. J. Wilson, 160 Queen St., east, Toronto. Winners of Gold Watches. Mr. A. O. Parker, 112 Geneva street, St. Catharines. Mr. Wilbert Livingstone, 87 Agnes street, Toronto. Mr. H. J. Clancy, 159 Palmerston avenue, Toronto. Mr. T. R. Morris, 120 Arthur street, Toronto. Mr. Edward Dallimore, 320 Wilton avenue, Toronto. The above competition will be continued each month of 1897. LEVER BROS., Limited, Toronto.

HOW CONVERTS ARE MADE? What Led Cardinal Manning to the True Faith. The late Cardinal Manning, in his "Religio Viatoris," gives a splendid idea of how and the series of reasons by which such men as he became converts to the Catholic Church: I know that I am; I know that I have the light of reason, the dictate of conscience, the power of will; I know that I did not make all things, nor even myself. A necessity of my reason compels me to believe in One higher and greater than I, from whom I come, and to whose image I am made. My perfection and welfare consist in knowing Him, in being conformed to Him. I am sure that He is good, and that He desires my happiness; and that therefore, He has not hid Himself from me, but has made Himself known to me, and that I may love Him and be like Him. I find that the light of the knowledge of God has filled the world, and has been ever growing by fresh accessions of light, waxing brighter and clearer until it culminated in the face of Jesus Christ. In Him God and man were perfectly revealed. In Himself, in His words, and in His Commandments, I find the most perfect knowledge of God that the world has ever known; the most perfect knowledge of Himself that man has ever reached; the most perfect law of morals towards God and towards man, that men have ever received. All this is to be found in Christianity alone. Christianity is, therefore, the fulness of the revelation of God. Moreover I find that the maximum of human and historical evidence proves this true and perfect Christianity to be coincident and identical with the world wide and immutable faith of the Catholic Church.

"On these foundations—four square and imperishable—rests the faith to which God in His mercy has called me, in which I hope to live and die, for which I also hope that, by God's grace, I should be willing to give my life." A Premonition of Death. The daughter of Otago Feuillet tells the story of her father's conversion. One day he told her that he felt quite sure that the hour of his death was near at hand, and he did not wish to be taken by surprise. "I have always believed in God," he said, "but for many years I have ceased to serve Him. The time has come when I must be reconciled to Him. To-day I went to confession and to-morrow I shall receive Holy Communion. If your mother sees this from heaven, it will rejoice her heart; she will say: 'He has fulfilled my dream, he has realized my ideal.'"

The next day, in the little Lady Chapel of our old cathedral, we were all busy carrying flowers, and decorating the altar. Carpets were spread, and candles lighted as if for a wedding. Beautifully gilded priedieux stood before the altar rail. On one of these my father knelt. All his children knelt around him. My father desired that not only his own family, but also his kinsfolk, friends, servants and dependents should be present on this joyful occasion. "I wish," he said, "that my return to my religious duties should take place in the light of day and serve as an example. In times like ours it becomes the duty of respected citizens to set an example for those who have still to fight the good fight on earth."

Fever and Ague and bilious derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmele's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results. Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmele's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Derby Cigarettes 5 Cts. Per Package. SUNLIGHT SOAP Wrapper Competition. SEPTEMBER, 1897. The following are the Winners in District No. 1, Western Ontario. Winners of Stearns' Bicycles. Mr. T. W. Dutton, 148 Queen street west, Toronto. Mr. J. Wilson, 160 Queen St., east, Toronto. Winners of Gold Watches. Mr. A. O. Parker, 112 Geneva street, St. Catharines. Mr. Wilbert Livingstone, 87 Agnes street, Toronto. Mr. H. J. Clancy, 159 Palmerston avenue, Toronto. Mr. T. R. Morris, 120 Arthur street, Toronto. Mr. Edward Dallimore, 320 Wilton avenue, Toronto. The above competition will be continued each month of 1897. LEVER BROS., Limited, Toronto.