

DIocese of Hamilton.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT IN THE DIOCESE.

1. All days in Lent, Sundays excepted, are fasting days—no meat, and no milk, butter, cheese or eggs.

2. All persons who are twenty-one and under six years, are bound by the law of fasting and abstinence.

3. By virtue of powers granted us by Apostolic Indult, we permit the use of meat on all Sundays, except the Sunday of the Resurrection, and on all Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember week, and Holy Saturday.

4. Fish and flesh are not allowed at the same meal.

5. The use of milk, butter, cheese and eggs is allowed on all days.

6. The use of dripping, tallow or lard is allowed as a condiment in preparing food on all days except Good Friday.

7. Those exempted from fasting are: all persons under twenty-one, and all women of advanced age, who are unable to perform their usual duties, and all employed at hard labor.

8. All who cannot fast should give more abundant alms, be more assiduous in prayer, and attend more frequently to their religious duties, so as to make up for the want of corporal mortification.

9. Further dispensations, when occasion requires, can be obtained from the respective pastors, who are hereby empowered to grant them.

10. During Lent all public amusements should be avoided, and the faithful are exhorted to assist at the public devotions to be held in churches at least twice a week.

11. The following instructions are to be left given, followed by the recitation of the Blessed Sacrament.

For private devotion among families every evening the recitation of the holy Rosary is recommended.

Thomas Joseph, Bishop of Hamilton.

By order of His Lordship the Bishop, J. P. Holden, Secretary.

Sunday evening last His Lordship the Bishop was present at St. Mary's cathedral at Vespers.

He blessed a beautiful new group of statues representing the Holy Trinity, presented to the cathedral by Mrs. Thomas Duffley.

In the centre of the group is represented Our Lady of the Rosary seated on a throne holding the Infant Jesus on her lap.

On either side of the throne are kneeling the Rosary beads, St. Dominic, who is kneeling on his right, and St. Catherine of Siena kneeling on her left.

St. Catherine is kneeling; she bears a crown of thorns on her head, and she is receiving from the Divine Infant the Rosary beads.

There are a number of small emblematic figures also in the group.

The Sanctuary Boys' Choir chanted the Vespers, many of the blessing of the group of statues they sang the "Ave Maria Stella," with a correctness which reflects great credit on their leader, Mr. Laliberte.

The Bishop addressed the congregation, and he thanked the donors of the statues, and he said that one of the most suitable adornments of churches was statues representing or emblematic of the great deeds of the saints of God.

He said that the statues of the Holy Trinity, the beauty of the King's daughter was from within. So, too, the beauty of the house of God was principally from within, for it was there that our Divine Lord rested in the sacrament of His love.

He spoke of the adornments of some of the cathedrals of Canada and Europe, and he commended the zeal of the faithful who had done honor to His noble servants.

Since the nations took great pride in doing honor to their great statesmen, orators, poets, and others, so the Church of God adorned her altars with statues and paintings representing those who had been themselves, by their virtuous lives, great ornaments of the Church.

Some years ago a gentleman came to the Bishop and begged him to erect a monument to his deceased mother in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

He told him that the most suitable monument he could erect was to give an altar to the mortuary chapel of the Holy Trinity, and that was done, and it was a true memorial for whenever the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated there a memorial was made for the soul of the deceased lady.

He said that the altar was a beautiful stained glass window for the cathedral by the widow of the late organist who had devoted his great talents for so many years to the service of God at the cathedral.

He then went on to explain the meaning of the group of statues. For the origin of the Rosary we must go back to the twelfth century. It was a time of great trouble in the history of France, where the Albigensian heresy spread desolation on all sides.

After many vain attempts to extinguish it, Dominic, founder of the Order of Preachers, was sent to the infected districts of Languedoc. St. Dominic was remarkable even from youth for his great piety.

One day he had a vision of a woman holding a lighted torch in her mouth which set the whole world in a flame, and she was the holy soul was to illumine the world with a great warmth of divine love.

St. Dominic explained this explains the origin of the Rosary, and he explained the torch at the foot of the group of statues. The Bishop told a number of anecdotes which show the extraordinary feelings of zeal, disinterestedness and abnegation with which the saint was possessed.

The saint put his heart in the protection of Mother of God, and invoked her aid and night. His prayers were heard. She appeared to him, and she taught him the devotion commonly called the Rosary, promising great and lasting results from the preaching of it.

The effects were marvellous. More than one hundred thousand heretics abjured their errors; and the conversion of an immense number of nations were testified to the power of this kind of prayer.

The good work has ever since gone on. Millions of Catholics are daily reciting the Rosary daily from the Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, all through the Church its faithful members in great numbers recite it in the recital of the Rosary. He then spoke of St. Catherine of Siena, who lived in the fourteenth century, and who was a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic.

She had great devotion for the holy Rosary. She lived a life of great austerities, and it is said that from Ash Wednesday until Ascension Thursday of one year her only food was the Blessed Eucharist which she received in Holy Communion every morning.

She had a vision once in which our Saviour appeared to her, showing her His wounds. She begged our Lord that if He wished to confer on her the stigmata that she should not be manifested externally. Our Saviour then showed her His wounds from which, instead of blood, great rays of light issued, and penetrated to her hands, feet and heart.

She then experienced the sufferings of the stigmata without showing the exterior signs, and she is often represented in pictures as spoken of in this vision. She was a woman of great learning, and she was consulted by very learned men, and even by the Holy See in matters of great importance.

In conclusion His Lordship exhorted the faithful to have recourse to the Rosary often and they would find it a most powerful means of obtaining God's favors for themselves.

LEO LITERARY SOCIETY. On Friday night last the members of the Leo Literary Society gave a concert and dramatic entertainment in Freelon, for the benefit of the church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

A BEAUTIFUL MEMORY OF THE POET-PRIEST AND HIS CONQUERED BANNER.

Perhaps no poem ever touched and thrilled the hearts of the people of the south as did "The Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan. It came from the heart of the poet at a time when the southland stood in grief and in untold sorrow.

Though his face wore a serious and almost sad aspect, he dearly loved to gather children about him, as he seldom spoke to older people. He always held that little children were angels who walked with God and it was a privilege for a priest to raise his hand and give spotless childhood a blessing, writes Aquila, in Colorado Catholic.

It was several years ago that Aquila met with a young lady from the south who related to him the following beautiful and touching incident in the poet's life.

The little story I gladly write for the Colorado Catholic.

"One Christmas (I was then a little girl," says the young lady) "I came to Father Ryan with a book-mark—a pretty little scroll of the 'Conquered Banner,' and begged him to accept it. I can never forget how his lips quivered as he placed his hand upon my head and said (a little kindly remembrance touched him so):

"Call your little sisters and I will tell them a story about this picture."

"Do you know, my little children," he said as we gathered about his knee, "that people said that the 'Conquered Banner' is a great poem? I never thought so," he continued, in that dreamy, far off way so peculiarly his own.

"But a poor woman who did not have much education, but whose heart was filled with love for the south, thought so, and if it had not been for her this poem would have been swept out of the house and burned up, and I would never have had this pretty book mark or this true story to tell you."

"Oh, you are going to tell us how you came to write the 'Conquered Banner,'" I cried, all interest and excitement.

"Yes," he answered, "and I am going to tell you how a woman was the medium of its publication." Then a shadow passed over his face, a dreamy shadow that was always there when he spoke of the 'Lost Cause,' and he continued:

"I was at Knoxville when the news came that General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox court house. It was night and I was sitting in my room in a house where many of the regiment of which I was chaplain, were quartered, when an old comrade came in and said to me: 'All is lost—General Lee has surrendered.'

"I looked at him. I knew by his whitened face that the news was too true. I simply said: 'Leave me,' and he went out of the room. I bowed my head upon the table and wept long and bitterly. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. I could not control them.

That banner was conquered, its folds not to be furled, but its story had to be told. We were very poor, my dear little children, in the days of the war. I looked around for a piece of paper to give expression to the thoughts that cried out within me. All that I could find was a piece of brown wrapping paper that lay on the table about an old pair of shoes that a friend had sent me. I seized this piece of paper and wrote 'The Conquered Banner.' Then I went to bed leaving the lines there upon the table. The next morning the regiment was ordered away, and I thought no more of the lines written in such sorrow and desolation of the spirit on that fateful night. What was my astonishment a few weeks later to see them appear above my name in a Louisville paper. The poor woman who kept the house in Knoxville had gone, as she afterwards told me, into the room where I had slept and was about to throw the piece of paper into the fire when she saw that there was something written upon it. She said that she sat down and cried, and copying them she sent them to a newspaper in Louisville. And that was how 'The Conquered Banner' got into print. That is the story of this pretty little scroll you have patting for me."

"When I get to be a woman," said the young lady, "I am going to write that story." "Are you?" he answered. "Ah it is dangerous to be a writer, especially for a woman, but if you are determined, let me give you a name," and he wrote on a piece of paper the word "Zona." "It is an Indian name," he said in explanation, "and it means a snow bird. You will always remember like a snow bird, to keep your white wings unsullied. A woman should always be pure, and every mother should teach her boys to look upon a woman as they would upon an altar."

Thus far the incident related to me by my southern friend.

Many and many a time in the hurry and bustle of the noisy world the words of the gentle poet-priest come back to me, and in writing this little sketch for the Colorado Catholic, of how it was through a woman's thoughtfulness that the great southern epic was given to the world, I cannot refrain from repeating this little talk, which was the outgrowth of this story and which might prove a help and a benediction in many a woman's life.

No aspiring column marks the spot where the priest, patriot and poet is sleeping, but his words still live in the hearts of the people, and the regard, the respect, the high esteem, he held for women bespeak the purity of his soul.

Rest thee, saddest, tenderest, most spiritual poet, heart that has sought

OUR HEARTS AND BREATHED IN IT A MUSIC THAT THE LAPSE OF YEARS CANNOT STILL; SLEEP AND REST ON. THE VISIONS THAT CAME TO THE MIND OF THE PRIEST AS HE "WALKED DOWN THE VALLEY OF SILENCE DOWN, THE DIM, VOICELESS VALLEY ALONE" ARE LIVING ON, FOR THEY ARE PRAYERS.

THE LATE BROTHER JOSEPH.

Some of the Accomplishments of the Christian Brothers' Superior.

A Month's Mind Mass for the late Brother Joseph, Superior-General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, was celebrated on January 31 in the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville.

Two hundred Christian Brothers, many of the clergy of New York and several prominent citizens were present in the church. A choir of forty Brothers chanted the solemn Gregorian service. The Very Rev. Father John, Provincial of the Passionists, was celebrant, assisted by Fathers Alexis, O. P., Conway and Culmoe. The Rev. Father McMillan, C. P., preached the panegyric.

Brother Joseph, died in his seventy-fourth year, near Marseilles, France, and his body was interred in the Mortuary Chapel, near Paris, used as a sepulchre for the Superior-Generals of the Congregation. Brother Joseph will be deeply regretted by his conferees, not only because, according to the testimony of those who had known him and had come near him, he was a most estimable man who knew how to make virtuous amiable and to conciliate his opponents; but also, because the order whose member he was, is much indebted to his active faith and to the zeal expended in its behalf during more than half a century.

Brother Joseph's life is identified in such a manner with the history of the contemporary development of the Christian schools, that it recounts, so to speak, minutely its smallest details. When Brother Joseph was born, in 1823, at St. Etienne, the order was rising again from its ashes, at Lyons; and it was indeed a complete resurrection; for never had any institution seemed more entirely crushed. Included in the proscription of 1792 the Institute beheld its property confiscated and its members dispersed. However, many of the Brothers continued to live according to the spirit of the Blessed De La Salle, and when the storm had passed remembered their origin, and sought to re-establish the scattered pieces of the broken body. The first gathering was at Lyons, where the Municipality in 1803 placed a large building at the disposal of the Brothers, to establish there the seat of their Institute. When the existence of this small nucleus was known, some Conseils Generaux expressed a desire for the official restoration of the Brothers. Great, indeed, was the need of teachers in France. The First Consul hastened to comply with the public demand, and he issued a decree restoring the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

The Brothers established their novitiate at Lyons, in the building granted by the Municipality, and began to increase rapidly, wherever feasible accepting the call of the Communes for teachers. Their difficulties and hardships were many, but they were aided and encouraged by the protection of Cardinal Fesch, who once wrote to a relative: "Had I but a piece of bread, I would divide it with the Brothers of the Christian Schools." If the history of the second beginning of the Institute is recalled it is only to offer an opportunity of measuring the extent of the progress realized by the disciples of the Blessed De La Salle, from the time when they started from nothing, down to the present year, 1897, when they reckon fifteen thousand members and nearly half a million of pupils, distributed in more than two thousand schools throughout the world. Such phenomenal growth deserves the closest study: for if considered in a spiritual view, it can be attributed to the Divine protection; it must also have a raison d'etre in matters merely human. Considering the method used by the Brothers, the explanation of their success is perceived.

These educators, supposed by their adversaries as bound by the rules and customs of another age, have marked the time of every reform in methods of pedagogy. Much importance is attached to technical education in our day; but the Institute of the Brothers was the pioneer in this field. Their school of St. Nicholas, Paris, existed long before all municipal attempts to establish technical schools. Brother Joseph was the founder of the famous Ecole des Freres burgeois. Says a recent biographer: "Contemporary with the Ecole Purgot, which, like it, was founded for the special benefit of the middle class, whence came that army of employees of the various industries and commercial houses opened its doors with a due appreciation of the present and future requirements, so much so that it seems to correspond to all the exigencies, even the most unexpected, which find a place in the most modern school programme of the day. It follows, therefore, that Brother Joseph has proved himself to be a most modern, progressive educator, indeed a precursor. It was, no doubt, in recognition of his rare merits as an enlightened educator that the government appointed him, in 1881, a member of the superior council of public instruction."

The obsequies of Brother Joseph were of the most solemn character. The leading men of Church and State were present or by deputy. The President of the French Republic was represented, and Cardinal Richard

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

He was one of the fellows Who could drink or leave it alone, With a fine, high scorn for common men Who were born with no back bone.

"And why," said he, should a man of strength Deny to himself the use Of the pleasant gift of the warm, red wine Because of its weak abode?"

He could quote at a banquet, With a manner half divine, Full fifty things the poets say About the rosy wine.

And he could sing a spirited song About the eyes of a lass And drink a toast to her fair, young worth In the sparkling, generous glass.

And, since this lordly fellow Could drink or leave it alone, He chose to drink at his own wild will Till his will was overthrown.

And the eyes of the lass are dim with grief, And the children shiver and shriek, For the man who once could leave it alone Is a pitiful slave to drink.

—Sacerd Heart Review.

TWO MONTHS TO LIVE.

That was what a Doctor Told Mr. David Moore—the Remarkable Experience of one who was an Invalid for Years—Six Doctors Treated Him Without Benefit—He Owes his Renewed Health to Following a Friend's Advice.

From the Ottawa Journal.

Mr. David Moore is a well-known and much esteemed farmer living in the county of Carleton, some six miles from the village of Richmond. Mr. Moore has been an invalid for some years, and physicians failed to agree as to his ailment. Not only this, but their treatment failed to restore him to health. Mr. Moore gives the following account of his illness and eventual restoration to health. He says:

"My first sickness came on me when I was 69 years of age. Prior to that I had always been a strong, healthy man. I had a bad cough and was growing weak and in bad health generally. I went to North Gower to consult a doctor, who, after examining me, said: 'Mr. Moore, I am very sorry to tell you that your case is very serious, so much so that I doubt if you can live two months. He said my trouble was a combination of asthma and bronchitis, and he gave me some medicine and some leaves to smoke which he said might relieve me. I took neither because I felt sure I had neither trouble he said, and that he did not understand my case. Two days later I went to Ottawa and consulted one of the most prominent physicians there. He gave a thorough examination and pronounced my ailment heart trouble, and said I was liable in my present condition to drop dead at any moment. I decided to remain in the city for some time and undergo his treatment. He wrote a few lines on a piece of paper giving my name and place of residence and trouble, to carry in my pocket in case I should die suddenly. I did not seem to be getting any better under the treatment, and finally left the city determined to consult a doctor nearer home. I was again examined, and the idea that I had heart disease was scouted, the doctor saying there was many a man following the plow whose heart was in a worse shape than mine. I remained under the treatment of this doctor for a long time, but got no better. Then my case was made worse by an attack of the grippe, which left behind it a terrible pain in my neck and shoulders. This became so severe that I could not raise my head from my pillow without putting my hand to it and lifting it up. I doctored on until I was trying my sixth doctor, and instead of getting better was getting worse. The last doctor I had advised me to wait until the heat of summer was over when he would blister me for the pains in my neck and shoulders, which he felt sure would relieve it. I was on my way to Richmond to undergo this blistering when I met Mr. Geo. Argue, of North Gower, who told me of the wonderful cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had wrought in him, and advised me strongly to try them. I went on to Richmond, but instead of going to the doctor's I bought some Pink Pills and returned home and began using them. Before I had finished my second box there was no room to doubt that they were helping me. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and my malady, which the doctors had failed to successfully diagnose, was rapidly leaving me. The pain also left my neck and shoulders, and after a couple of months treatment I became strong and healthy. I am now in my seventy-seventh year and thank God that I am able to go about with a feeling of good health. I still continue taking the pills occasionally, feeling sure that for a person of my age they are an excellent tonic. After the failure of so much medical treatment I feel sure that nothing else than Pink Pills could have restored me to my present condition."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade-mark around the box.

C. M. B. A.—Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, Albion Block, T. J. O'Meara, Street, G. Barry, President; T. J. O'Meara, Vice-President; P. F. Byrne, Recording Secretary.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. — Wheat, 72 to 76c per bushel. Oats, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2 per bushel. Beans, 20 to 22c per bushel. Barley, 14 1/2 to 15 1/2 per bushel. Buckwheat, 15 to 16c per bushel. Rye, 28 to 30 1/2c per bushel. Corn, 22 1/2 to 23 1/2c per bushel. Beef, was easy at 54 to 55c per cwt. Lamb, 7 1/2 to 8c per lb. Dressed calves, 5 to 6c a pound. Dressed hogs, 5 1/2 to 6c per cwt. Turkeys, 7 1/2 to 8c per lb. Butter, 10c per lb. Poultry, 50 to 60c a pair. Eggs, 15 to 16c a dozen. A large number of apples were offered at 50 to 60c per bushel. Potatoes, 30 to 35c a bushel. Parsnips, 40c a bushel. Hay, unchanged at 37 1/2 to 40c a ton.

TORONTO. — Wheat, 72 to 76c per bushel. Oats, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2 per bushel. Beans, 20 to 22c per bushel. Barley, 14 1/2 to 15 1/2 per bushel. Buckwheat, 15 to 16c per bushel. Rye, 28 to 30 1/2c per bushel. Corn, 22 1/2 to 23 1/2c per bushel. Beef, was easy at 54 to 55c per cwt. Lamb, 7 1/2 to 8c per lb. Dressed calves, 5 to 6c a pound. Dressed hogs, 5 1/2 to 6c per cwt. Turkeys, 7 1/2 to 8c per lb. Butter, 10c per lb. Poultry, 50 to 60c a pair. Eggs, 15 to 16c a dozen. A large number of apples were offered at 50 to 60c per bushel. Potatoes, 30 to 35c a bushel. Parsnips, 40c a bushel. Hay, unchanged at 37 1/2 to 40c a ton.

MONTREAL. — The only business in grain was done in oats, which were sold at 22c. Flour was dull and unchanged, and there was no sale of oatmeal and hay. White bran advanced, and a small trade was doing in provisions, except a small trade in smoked meats at steady prices. Dressed hogs were firm, and last quoted at 54c. Beans and potatoes were unchanged.

PORT HURON. — Grain. — Wheat, 72 to 76c per bushel. Oats, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2 per bushel. Beans, 20 to 22c per bushel. Barley, 14 1/2 to 15 1/2 per bushel. Buckwheat, 15 to 16c per bushel. Rye, 28 to 30 1/2c per bushel. Corn, 22 1/2 to 23 1/2c per bushel. Beef, was easy at 54 to 55c per cwt. Lamb, 7 1/2 to 8c per lb. Dressed calves, 5 to 6c a pound. Dressed hogs, 5 1/2 to 6c per cwt. Turkeys, 7 1/2 to 8c per lb. Butter, 10c per lb. Poultry, 50 to 60c a pair. Eggs, 15 to 16c a dozen. A large number of apples were offered at 50 to 60c per bushel. Potatoes, 30 to 35c a bushel. Parsnips, 40c a bushel. Hay, unchanged at 37 1/2 to 40c a ton.

Vegetables and Fruits.—Potatoes, 15 to 20c per bushel. Onions, 10 to 12c per bushel. Cabbage, 10 to 12c per bushel. Carrots, 10 to 12c per bushel. Apples, 10 to 12c per bushel. Peaches, 10 to 12c per bushel. Plums, 10 to 12c per bushel. Grapes, 10 to 12c per bushel. Strawberries, 10 to 12c per bushel. Raspberries, 10 to 12c per bushel. Blackberries, 10 to 12c per bushel. Currants, 10 to 12c per bushel. Elderberries, 10 to 12c per bushel. Huckleberries, 10 to 12c per bushel. Raspberries, 10 to 12c per bushel. Blackberries, 10 to 12c per bushel. Currants, 10 to 12c per bushel. Elderberries, 10 to 12c per bushel. Huckleberries, 10 to 12c per bushel.

Prepared Meats.—Beef, Michigan, 55 to 60c per cwt. Live weight, 55 to 60c per cwt. Pork—Light, 55 to 60c per cwt. Choice, 55 to 60c per cwt. Fat, 55 to 60c per cwt. Bacon, 55 to 60c per cwt. Lard, 55 to 60c per cwt. Tallow, 55 to 60c per cwt. Butter, 10c per lb. Cheese, 10c per lb. Eggs, 15 to 16c a dozen. Poultry, 50 to 60c a pair. Hay, 37 1/2 to 40c a ton. Straw, 35 to 40c a ton.

Latest Live Stock Markets. — Toronto, Feb. 25.—Receipts at the Western cattle yards, 1,200 head, including 1,300 sheep and lambs, 25 calves, and a few milkers. There was a fair trade in shipping cattle, and prices ranged from \$5.50 to \$7.25, and one load sold at \$4.50, while from 10 to 12 more per 100 pounds was freely paid for choice selections. Butchers' cattle sold around 3c and 4c, while for milch cows, 10 to 12c per hundred pounds. There was a steady enquiry for some choice bulls for shipping, at from \$1 to \$2 per pound. Milk cows are slow at from \$3 to \$3 per head. A few good cows will find a ready sale. Lambs—Prices ranged from \$1 to \$1.10 per pound. Sheep quoted nominally at from \$5.50 to \$7 each. Calves are unchanged, at from \$1 to \$2 each. Hogs were in extra good demand to-day at from \$5 to \$6 per hundred pounds for choice, with a little higher for a few bunches of 50 or 60. Prices next week will be 75 to 100 lbs. for the very best, and \$5 for thick fat hogs; sows \$1.50, and stags \$1.50 per cwt.

EAST BUFFALO. — Cattle—1 car mixed steers, Feb. 25.—Giltie 1 car mixed steers, 800 lbs. sold at \$3.50, and several bunches in broken lots sold at \$3.50 to \$4.50. There was a fair trade in shipping cattle, and prices ranged from \$5.50 to \$7.25, and one load sold at \$4.50, while from 10 to 12 more per 100 pounds was freely paid for choice selections. Butchers' cattle sold around 3c and 4c, while for milch cows, 10 to 12c per hundred pounds. There was a steady enquiry for some choice bulls for shipping, at from \$1 to \$2 per pound. Milk cows are slow at from \$3 to \$3 per head. A few good cows will find a ready sale. Lambs—Prices ranged from \$1 to \$1.10 per pound. Sheep quoted nominally at from \$5.50 to \$7 each. Calves are unchanged, at from \$1 to \$2 each. Hogs were in extra good demand to-day at from \$5 to \$6 per hundred pounds for choice, with a little higher for a few bunches of 50 or 60. Prices next week will be 75 to 100 lbs. for the very best, and \$5 for thick fat hogs; sows \$1.50, and stags \$1.50 per cwt.

NEW YORK. — Cincinnati: Chicago: 36 & 38 Bay St., 745 Main St., 115 Monroe St. Sold by all Catholic Booksellers.

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At which is served a Feast of Excellent Stories.

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A Valuable Present.

The bell which the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, decided to donate to the Point Church, in recognition of the marvellous escape from drowning of the latter and the kindness of the residents of the Point, has arrived in Ottawa, and will shortly be put into position in the steeple. The bell bears the words, "Gratias Domino, Aberdeen, 1841." It was cast by Means & Stainbank of London, and weighs 1,400 pounds.

OBITUARY.

MISS TERESA MULLINS, SOMBRER, ONT. On a Sunday night, Feb. 14, after only a short illness, Teresa, aged seventeen years, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mullins, passed away. Universal regret for her early demise is felt in this section. Always of a delicate constitution, she knew not the so-called pleasures of this life; her pleasure was home and the numerous friends she welcomed there. Her ever gentle disposition, her charming politeness, made her loved by every one. Her greatest ambition was to form a choir, and her efforts were rewarded by the appreciation the people of Sombrer church manifested when she had singing on Christmas day.

She has been called to a better home, and no one enjoys the reward of a pure life. For many days she will be missed by fond parents, whose grief would be unexpressed were it not for the resignation their Holy Faith brings them in consolation for their loss.

To the parents we tender our sincere sympathy in this hour of trial.

The funeral—the largest one seen in this village—will take place on Wednesday the 17th, at St. John's church, when a High Mass was sung, and a sermon on the Future Life preached by Rev. Father Aylward of Port Lambton.

May her soul rest in peace! Sombrer, Feb. 23, 1897.

The nearer we get to the lives of other people, the better we understand the kinship that links all human hearts together. It is one of the lessons the years teach us. Thoughts and fancies and impulses we deemed peculiar to our own hearts and natures, we find living in the hearts of others—they, too, reach out, as we have done, toward the light and beauty of life. It is this that makes the true man or woman grow sweeter and deeper and more tolerant as the years go by, the realizing of our kinship; the beautiful sympathy that can reach out of its own experience and help others; and there is no truer way of helping ourselves than by helping others. — Dorothy Deane.

If we can not govern our own tongues, nor endeavor so to do, how can we hope to regulate the utterances of others?

THE NEW VOICES.

in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. See, as you are both the Illinois and the Quigley, falo, first 15, 1855 miles of Lake O. Bishop of infant in parents, from Ca esque v county, for three the city early T. and the place of Rocho father a hale and at a rounded of child Jame the hou pious I as he