

He Ran the Night Express.

I met a little girl, one day,
Beyond the railroad bridge,
With pail of berries she had picked
Along the bank's high ridge.

"Where do you live, my child," I said,
"And what may be your name?"
She looked at me with eyes as blue
And then her answer came:

"The house upon the bluff is ours;
They call me Bonnie Bess;
My father is an engineer,
And runs the night express."

A sparkle came into her face,
A dimple to her chin—
The father loved his little girl,
And she was proud of him.

"Ten forty-nine, on schedule time,
(Scarce as a minute late),
Around the curve his engine comes,
At quite a fearful rate.

"We watch the headlight thro' the gloom
Break like the dawn of day—
A roar, a flash, and then the train
Is miles upon its way."

"A lamp in mamma's window burns,
Placed there alone for him,
His face lights up, for then he knows
That all is well within."

"Sometimes a fog o'erhangs the gorge;
The light he cannot see,
Then twice he whistles for mamma,
And clangs the bell for me."

"And you are not afraid," I asked,
"That he may wreck his train?"
That there may be a sad mishap,
And he no wiser to blame?"

A pallor crept into her cheeks,
Her red lips curled in pain;
They parted, then serenely smiled—
Her heart was brave again.

"God watches over us," she said,
"And He knows what is best;
So we have but to pray and trust,
And leave to Him the rest."

How great that childish faith of hers!
It made my coward's heart brave;
I bent my head, with throbbing heart,
And kissed her on the cheek.

I said to her in cheerful tone,
"God bless you, Bonnie Bess!
God bless your mother and the man
Who runs the night express!"

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Catholic writers were well represented in the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, there being no less than four Catholic lady contributors—Christian Reid, Louise Imogen Guiney, Mary E. Blake and Helen G. Smith.

The effect of example is one of the most terrible things in life. No one can possibly tell how far it extends. One man's life or one man's thought—influencing in turn multitudes of others—may go down through ages, gathering its tremendous harvest of good or evil.—*Christian Reid.*

A meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Scotland has been convened by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, Metropolitan of Scotland, for the purpose of drawing up the different offices for the old Scotch saints in use in Scotland in pre-Reformation times, and these will shortly be embodied in the calendar of the Church in Scotland. Archbishops Smith and Eyre, Bishops MacLellan and MacDonald, Very Rev. Dean Stapan, Administrator of Aberdeen; Canon Smith, Blair College, Aberdeen; Father Dowling, New Abbey; along with the Marquis of Bute, are all at present in Edinburgh and meet daily at the Archbishop's house to take part in the deliberations.

THE PAPESTICAL EMBLEM.

The well-known legend "Man proposes and God disposes" finds practical application in the following: On the occasion of the corner-stone laying of the observatory at Cincinnati, in 1843, John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, in the course of his speech made then referred to the cross as a "papistical emblem of intolerance and superstition," and expressed the desire that it would never be erected upon the hill occupied by the observatory. This was forty-seven years ago. Now, in 1890, upon the site of that building is erected a convent of the Passionist Fathers surmounted by the cross, and also upon the breast of each member of the order is seen the "papistical emblem." Near the convent is St. Mary's Church, upon the pinnacle of which is shining with beauty and effulgence that cross which Adams so dreaded to see. "The desire of the wicked shall perish," says our Lord.

HE KILLED RIENZI.

A very interesting incident in mediaeval history has just been brought to light by Signor Mariano Armellini in his *Monthly Chronicle (Chronachetta Mensile)* for February. He publishes the "Diary of the Rev. Gregorio Terribilli for the year 1744" a work in manuscript preserved in the Vatican Archives, and never previously made public. Under date of March 22, 1744, Terribilli writes: "I have learned that among the manuscripts of Queen Christina of Sweden there is a life of Mataleno Portacassa, a Roman of the district of St. Monti." Tois Mataleno was a doctor of laws, and received his laurea as doctor in Rome in the Church of St. Eustachia. He was a notary of the Capitol, and he killed Cola di Rienzi. The noted Tribune, whose adventures have formed the well-known romance on the last of the Roman Tribunes, was killed on October 8, 1354, at the foot of the Capitol when he was trying to escape disguised from a crowd who were shouting: "Death to the traitor, Cola di Rienzi!" It will in all probability be a novelty to readers of history to learn that his murderer was Mataleno Portacassa, a native of the city ward or district known as the Monti—always noted for its ready use of the knife—and a notary of the Capitol!

ANECDOTE OF FATHER BURKE.

While undergoing a most agonizing operation, Father Burke was more brisk and full of fun than ever. When he was about to be literally cut open, with a view to discover the character of the ulceration, he told the doctors a most absurd story during the preparations. He absolutely refused to take chloroform. While the operation was being performed, Father Burke, under stress of the pain, uttered a groan. "Poor fellow!" said a Protestant doctor, who was holding his head in kindly pity. "Don't pity me," replied Father Burke quickly; "it is the best thing that could happen. If you and your friend Martin Luther had had a touch of this when he first began his tantrums, he might have been in heaven now!" When the operations reached the seat of the ulceration, some one asked him whether he would like one of the Fathers, who

was his confessor, to be sent for. "No," was the answer, "it is not necessary; he has known my interior for years. Besides, there is an axiom in theology: *Ecclesia non judicat de internis.*"

THE NEW GUINEA CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

By the *Maranoa* which leaves Sydney for Thursday Island to day, says the Sydney, N. S. W., *Freeman's Journal*, March 1, the Archbishop and Bishop of New Guinea—His Grace Dr. Navarre, and His Lordship Dr. Verling—take their departure for their field of missionary labor. Their stay in Sydney, which now terminates, has extended over a period of several weeks, during which time both prelates have been busily engaged in arranging future operations. The experiences through which the missionaries have passed in the dark island have been in some regards unique. Up to the present, the only means of communication with the civilized world has been by a quarterly service, a small schooner plying between Thursday Island and Port Moresby. The head mission station is situated some sixty miles from this port, and thence all supplies are carried by means of a whale-boat, which has to be rowed and navigated by the missionaries themselves, who find it impossible to obtain any practical help from the natives in such fatiguing labor. The same means of communication—the whale boat—must also be availed of for river services, many of the stations being situated over one hundred miles from the seaboard. The time having arrived when modern means must be availed of, to enable the missionaries and the devoted nuns of the Sacred Heart to reach the stations, and communicate with the world, a steam yacht was purchased, at a cost of £850, one admirably suited for the work required. A steam tender of the class obtained, exactly fitted for river and sea service, was purchased, and will be especially built for less than £1300. The purchase of the steam yacht being a draw on the slender resources of the mission, monetary contributions are urgently needed. The object is a practical one, as hitherto missionaries and nuns, besides braving the ordinary dangers of a malarial climate, have had to remain exposed to the elements for many days, and nights successively in an open boat, without sleep. With the aid of the yacht now obtained, stations may be reached in a few hours' steaming, instead of a week being occupied, as formerly, rowing a heavy whale boat against the swift current of the long rivers of the country or over many miles of ocean. Subscriptions may be sent to the Rev. Father Merg, M. S. H., Randwick, Mr. T. M. Slattery, Bank Chambers, Market street, or Messrs. Hepburn and Spruson, 84 Elizabeth street, Sydney.

JOSEPH HAWORTH.

"Who is that young man," said Edwin Booth, as he slipped behind the scenes one morning, some fourteen years ago, "dark complexion, strong musical voice, and emotional manner?"

"Why, that's Haworth."

"Haworth? Where did he come from?"

"Why, he's a pupil of Charlotte Crompton."

"Oh, that's it," said Booth. Well, that boy has genius, he'll be heard from yet."

So he has; only a few years have since passed and there are but few stars more loved and applauded than Joseph Haworth.

Apart from public life Haworth is one of the truest and most honest of men; a sincere and practical Catholic, irreproachable in character and of most worthy fellowship. He is the artist and the man. Where is the actor who knows Haworth and does not love him?

In the days of Dr. John Grimm, Joseph Haworth was born in old St. Mary's parish, Providence, R. I. It was in 1856, third youngest of a family of seven. Very soon afterwards the family left Providence and located in Southbridge, Mass., one of the prettiest towns in New England.

It was in Cleveland, Ohio, where the family had removed early in the sixties that Joseph first gave indication of his special talents. Here, while a mere boy, he was church organist, and soon the public gave its plaudits to the young man who pleased it so well at civic gatherings. Among others who were attracted by the display of elocutionary talents by young Haworth was the famous Charlotte Crompton. Speaking of this gifted woman, McCready said, after seeing her at Lady Macbeth: "If she was but a few inches taller she would be the most famous actor of the world."

So gifted was she, so powerfully did she enact her role, that even as one of the witches in the opening scene of "Macbeth" she was known to have thrown so much effect as to rob the stars of all glory and hold the audience spell-bound.

Under Charlotte Crompton's tuition grew apt in the use of his gift. At seventeen he began stage life, making his debut at Louisville in 1873. So rapidly did he advance in his art and win popular favor that three years later, when but twenty, he scored a hit in the role of "HAMLET."

It was at John A. Ellsler's theatre in Cleveland.

Afterwards he became associated with Edwin Booth in leading roles. To figure on the stage of the East at this time induced him to visit Boston. Here he joined the Boston Museum Co., one of the first leading stock companies of the country.

The characters of *The Bait* and *"Pin-afore,"* and *Groenow* in "Patience" were his creation at this house. Soon he gained favor with Bostonians, who have learned to call him "Boston's favorite actor." So intense grew his popularity that it has given rise to the mistake that he was born and bred in Boston.

It was at John A. Ellsler's benefit that Haworth won all hearts; "Romeo and Juliet" was played to a thronged house, Miss Anderson and Haworth in the leading roles. Nine times he was recalled before the curtain. Miss Anderson speaks of the event as one of the most remarkable in her career. We refer to it with great pleasure, for she, "Our Mary," and the "Boston's Favorite," are typical artists and model Catholics. It was asked at that time how they scored so great a success. "Why, don't you know, they are

both Catholics," Mated in art, they are matched in religion.

JOHN McCULLOUGH was at the south of his fame in these days. He engaged Haworth as leading man. He appeared as *Iago*, *Ossius*, and the various leading characters with McCullough for three years.

It was a mild, balmy evening in April, eight years ago. The "Gladstone" was running at McVicker's in Chicago. A crowded house rang with applause. McCullough was at his best. That strange, wild speech telling of the Roman Crucifixion had just ended; the Gladstone recognized his long separated brother. McCullough threw himself on the shoulders of Haworth. There was a strange trembling that made Joe look up—he saw a face ghastly pale; great beads of perspiration, like dew upon a marble bust. So sudden was the shock, Haworth stood speechless—the long, long moment seemed an hour still McCullough moaned, "for God's sake Joe, give me the next line," and so he asked for line after line until he became so bewildered that he turned on Haworth, "Why man you're saying my lines and yours!" This was heard through the house. Wild shouts, huzzas, hurrahs mingled in uproar. The curtain fell upon a scene of laughter and derision.—It rose upon the next act. McCullough was himself again.—He, the Gladstone, was seated. McCullough stood grinning at his audience, when he should have fallen to the ground. Again there were derisive applause and bleats from the pit. The curtain fell,—to rise! never again for the great McCullough. He had played his last part. Never to strut the boards again. Next morning "Spartacus and Virginius" were rehearsed. McCullough drew cheers from his support by his strong impersonation. Everyone was surprised at his regained strength. The applause ended—McCullough was staring wildly; parents were doing his fatal work, memory was playing truant. But a few months and the great tragedian was cast among the world's great dead.

HAWORTH AND McCULLOUGH were closely attached; his last letter was written to Joe—he treasures it as the most precious of souvenirs. "You have a future my boy, venture only in the highest and greatest roles. Work hard, fame and fortune must come to you," were poor McCullough's last words to him.

At present Mr. Haworth is writing the biography of John McCullough. Those who remember the great actor, his generosity, tenderness of heart, mingled with so many oddities await the production with great pleasure.

From the witty, sprightly pen of the generous, whole-souled Haworth we expect a high, and honest and intensely interesting story of a great actor's career.

Since the death of McCullough, Haworth has started in many roles. After five others had failed to make "Paul Kruvar" acceptable, Haworth drew crowded houses that gasped and cheered and applauded to his magnificent impersonation. He is a thorough artist. His every stroke has a finely finished touch. Divine Providence has gifted him with a rarely musical voice, over which he has gained perfect mastery. His elocution is superb, smooth, natural, striking; now strong in emotion, now touchingly pathetic, now playfully humorous, Haworth is never tiresome.

He is possessed with that inextinguishable gift of industry; naturally grasping a subject; loving art with deep passion; he is now aglow with some new thought; in physique a perfect athletic compact and sleeky.

The crown of all his gifts is the grand moral character, upright in principle, open in conviction, fearless, whole-souled in friendship, pure in life and practical in the faith he loves so dearly.—*Current Number Catholic Review.*

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The organization of the Catholic Truth Society at St. Paul is a direct outcome of the favorable commendation of united law action in the Catholic Church by the recent Baltimore congress. Its mission is to aid in doing what Archbishop Ireland believes is the mission of the Church in this country, viz., to make America Catholic. The principal means to be used for the attainment of this object, as set down in the prospectus of the society, are:

1. The publication of short, timely articles in the secular press (to be paid for if necessary) on the fundamental doctrines of Catholicity.

2. The prompt and systematic correction of misstatements, slanders or libels against Catholic faith.

3. The promulgation of reliable and edifying Catholic news, as church dedications, opening of asylums and hospitals, the workings of Catholic charitable institutions, abstracts of sermons, and anything calculated to spread the knowledge of the vast amount of good being accomplished by the Catholic Church.

4. The circulation of books, pamphlets, tracts and Catholic newspapers.

5. Occasional public lectures on topics of Catholic interest.

6. Supplying jails and reformatories with good reading matter.

The affairs of the society are managed by a board of seven directors, who are elected annually and hold monthly meetings alternately in St. Paul and Minneapolis. The work has list hearty approbation of Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul.

There can be no question as regards the usefulness of this society. It has a large field in which to work. In our own city there is a society organized for no other purpose than to attack the Catholic Church by means of literature of the most pernicious character. This work must be counteracted, and the best way to do it is by means of efficient organization. Every Catholic in the United States should lend his aid to the new society in its endeavor to bring his Protestant fellow citizens to a right understanding of the true Catholic position.—*Boston Republic.*

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THE POPE INTERVIEWED.

HE GRANTS AN AUDIENCE TO AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.

AMERICA A LAND WHERE HE IS RESPECTED—CHRISTIANITY RULES HERE—SLAVERY AND SOCIALISM THE TWIN EVILS OF THIS AGE—HIS PLANS—HE TALKS FRANKLY OF HIS INTENTIONS—THE CONDITION OF EUROPE.

An unparalleled event in the history of the Vatican was the granting on the 19th inst. of a personal audience to the Roman correspondent of the New York *Herald* by His Holiness Leo XIII. As the correspondent says, it must be taken as an expression of the Pope's friendship for this country, his confidence in its free institutions, and his faith in the dignity of modern journalism. The correspondent tells his story as follows:

Early in the morning I received from one of the Papal chamberlains a document informing me that the special audience would be at 11 o'clock. Dr. Rooker, vice-rector of the American College, was named to accompany me. Long before that hour we were driven to the Vatican.

No man can make that journey from the ponderous bronze door of the Vatican into the presence of the sovereign who 250,000,000 people hail as Vice-Rent of Heaven and Earth without being thrilled from head to foot. I care not whether he be Protestant, Catholic or Pagan; whether he believes the Pope the infallible Vicar of Christ or regards him simply as the head of a universal school, he is bound to be moved by the solemnity and suggestiveness of his surroundings.

To get to this sovereign of a shadowy empire, whose predecessors have turned sceptres to dust and blotted out kingdoms, I passed the historical portal that looks out upon the wide square of St. Peter's. Here were grouped a squad of the Swiss Guard in their brilliant red, yellow and black costumes, designed by Michael Angelo over three hundred years ago. Going along the royal staircase that leads to the Sistine chapel, turning by a flight of venerable stairs to the right, I was saluted by the Papal gendarmes at the entrance of the open courtyard of St. Damasus, which is flanked by corridors and halls, glorified by the genius of Raffael, the glowing colors showing here and there through the windows.

In one corner of the sunny court stood a cardinal's carriage, a monsignor in purple silk rustled by, and a pigeon wheeled in alarm through the air as the great chimneys began to strike the hour. Leaning on a tall halberd a picturesque sentry guarded the door of another immense marble stairway on the opposite side of the square. This led me to the Hall of St. Clement, a spacious room, whose ceilings and walls are marvels of the decorative art.

Here figures of Justice, Mercy, Religion and Charity looked down upon a company of

THE POPE'S SOLDIERS sprawling comfortably on a wooden bench in a corner, their glittering halberds leaning against the wall. There was a ringing command uttered by some invisible officer, and the next instant the red, black and yellow guards were erect, saluting as a stately cardinal passed.

In the next chamber we were received by an attendant, clad in crimson silk and knee breeches, at the outer chamber of the Pope's apartments. Through one gorgeous room after another we were conducted, among historic tapestries and princely trappings, until we reached the Throne Room. Here we sat until His Holiness was ready to receive us. The great golden throne under the canopy was presented to the Pope by the workmen of Rome. On its apex are the keys of St. Peter and the triple crown, surmounting the aureole shield of the Pecci family, with its cypress tree and silver bar. The Pope is proud to sit upon a throne given to him by the toilers of his own country.

A chamberlain in purple silk preceded me into the presence of the august head of the Christian world. There, behind the pomp and ceremony, sat a gentle old man with a sweet face and the saddest eyes that ever looked out of a human head. The Pope sat in a chair of crimson and gold set against a table.

Behind him a figure of the Virgin, and at his right a small throne. He wore upon his head a skull cap of white watered silk, and a snowy cassock flowed about his frail figure. It was a presence at once appealing and majestic. As we advanced to salute the Pope he held out his thin, white hand, upon which gleamed the emerald ring, and bade us to be seated beside him.

The stories about his weakness are absurd. There was a surprising vigor in his gesture, and his voice was clear and unwavering as he spoke of America. "I have

A CLAIM UPON AMERICANS for their respect," he said, with kindly eyes, "because I love them and I love their country. I have a great tenderness for those who live in that land, Protestants and all. Under the constitution religion has perfect liberty and is a growing power. When the Church is free it will increase, and I bless, I love Americans for their frank, open, unaffected character, and for the respect which they pay to Christianity and Christian morals."

"It pleases me to say this through the *Herald*, which is a great international journal and represents so much. The press and the church should be together in the work of the elevation of mankind. American journalism especially should be amiable and benevolent (*amabile benivolus*) toward me, because my only desire is to use my power for the good of the whole people, Protestants and Catholics alike, and to increase their prosperity and happiness. I have no other aim on earth than to benefit them, and I will never do anything that is not for their good. Journalism is now very powerful, and it should help me to spread the spirit of religion and charity and to teach sound morality."

His Holiness asked how the Protestants of America received his utterances, and was assured that the people, without respect to particular churches, listened with deep respect and sympathy to his appeals for a more charitable and unselfish spirit in society.

"I feel sure that it is so," said the Pope, "I want the Protestants as well as the Catholics to esteem me. They may all be sure that I have a very deep and real affection for them. In America the VICAR OF CHRIST IS RESPECTED, but it is not always so in Europe. Here there are in control those who have nothing but hatred for the head of the Christian world and offer insults to the Holy See. Enemies of God who occupy high places desire not only to offend the person of the Holy See, but utterly to break down the influence of religion, to disorganize and obliterate the Church, and to overthrow the whole system of morality upon which civilization rests."

"These are times of social unrest and impending disorder. There is no power that can deal with the anarchist, socialism and discontent but organized religion, which will restore morality to society. The result of the efforts which have been made to throw aside Christianity and live without it, can be seen in the present condition of society—discontent, disorder, hatred and profound unhappiness. I have studies how to bring about a change, and while I live, I will labor to relieve the suffering and helplessness of the working people are sources of great anxiety and grief to me. Their troubles have been largely due to the enemies of Christian morality, who want to see Christian history ended and mankind returned to Pagan life."

"There are two things in the world at present that need especial attention—slavery and the social question. To abolish slavery I have established colleges in Africa and wherever men are held in bondage. The true way to free them is to educate and Christianize them. An enlightened man cannot be enslaved. For that reason I shall devote the energies of the church to.

THE SPREAD OF KNOWLEDGE among the poor savages. Humanity must aid me to teach these unfortunate and save them from slavery. The social question can only be solved by increasing the morality of the world. While Christian morals governed there was no such condition of affairs as we see to day. But with the efforts to destroy religion began the evils which are agitating society. The social troubles cannot be cured unless mankind comes back to the same principle. But if the foe of Jesus Christ and His Church continue to attack and revile the religion which teaches correct morals and has civilized the world, these disorders will increase and overwhelm them."

"The government of the various nations must do their work and I must do mine. Their work is local and particular, such as the enforcement of the laws of labor or such amelioratory measures as seem wise. But my work, as the head of Christendom, must be universal and on a different plan.

"It is for the Church to Christianize the world and teach morality and charity. The moral condition of both the workingman and his employer must be raised. I intend to have committees formed in every diocese in the world. Each committee shall have the Bishop at its head and shall consist either of workmen or those who sympathize and associate with them."

"On fast days and whenever there is rest from labor these committees will call the toilers together, discuss their duties and teach and inspire them with true morality. Sound rules of life must be founded on religion."

His Holiness spoke with emotion about his desire for the disarmament of Europe.

"The existence of these vast armies is a source of displeasure and sorrow to the Holy See. The military life is injuring hundreds of thousands of young men. It surrounds them with violent and immoral influences, it crushes all their

HIGHER SPIRITUAL LIFE and tends to harden and degrade them. These armies are not merely full of spiritual peril, but they drain the countries of wealth. So long as Europe is filled with soldiers so long will all this labor be withdrawn from the soil and the poor will be overburdened with taxes to support the system. The armies of Europe are impoverishing the population."

"These great military establishments have another deplorable effect. They set one people against another and intensify national jealousies. The result is the growth of a spirit of anger and vengeance. I long to see a return of peace and charity. Huge armies confronting each other in such times as these cannot leave a good spirit behind them. They are anti-Christian."

Here I suggested that the doctrine of arbitration, for which the Vatican is laboring, was accepted as a national principle in America.

"Yes," said His Holiness, "that is the true principle, but most of the men who have got control of affairs in Europe do not desire the truth."

"See how they exalt godlessness! Look at the men whose names are selected in Italy for honor after death! Men who did opposing Christianity like Mazzini and Baffi!"

At the close of the audience His Holiness thanked the *Herald* for the good it had done for mankind and gave the apostolic blessing. It was the longest audience ever given to a private individual. From first to last the Pope spoke constantly of America and her bright future. As I left the presence of the Pontiff the Assistant Secretary of State, Monsignor Mocchini, entered the ante-chamber.

I talked to a Cardinal later on and he was amazed at the length and character of the audience. Nothing could show more clearly the Pope's fondness for Americans than this extraordinary privilege.

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HOW A SCHOOLMASTER BECAME A CATHOLIC.

We especially recommend its perusal to our Protestant friends, who seem to be so sincere, but in error, as was our friend at one time.—Western Catholic News, Chicago. The work must be had by the Rev. Fr. Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London.

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