

Better Things.

By FATHER RYAN.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A hand to lend help to a fallen foe,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to unfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though tolling for bread in a humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in Nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the soul of toil when their labours close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep
And the balm that drops on his aching head,
Than sleeping draughts on the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head—
The toiler's simple repose deserves
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is the thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage alone and the poet lay,
The glories of empire passed away,
The world's great dreams will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside characters come—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Five Minute Sermon.

The Three-Fold Duty Laid Down by St. James.

"Let every man be quick to hear, slow to speak, and slow to anger."

In this sentence St. James lays down a three-fold duty. Let us examine them one by one. First, we are told to cultivate the habit of prompt and close attention. By this is meant that we ought to be ever on the watch to catch the divine whisperings whenever and wherever uttered. This attitude of listening comes from an earnest desire to do the will of God perfectly at all times and in every place. The soul that is bent on serving God faithfully He frequently visits with words of warning or encouragement, as the occasion might arise. Such communications are part of the spiritual life, and enjoyed by those only who are striving to reach perfection.

Again, the apostle bids us be careful of hearing the word of God. This is a matter that cannot be insisted on too strongly. We all stand in need of instruction—some unhappily more than others. He, therefore, who has in the past failed—from neglect or want of opportunity—to acquire that knowledge of religion which Holy Church expects her children to possess, should now, without any further loss of time, set to work diligently to find out the things he is obliged to believe and to practise. This is easily able to be done by the steady reading of books especially written for that purpose and by paying heed to sermons on Sundays and other days. Moreover we are enjoined to keep the company of the wise and good and to receive from them lessons of wisdom and virtue, so as to grow wiser and better ourselves every day. On the other hand the apostle's intention is to warn us against the disposition to give willing ear to every rumor, report, gossip or scandal, and accept it as true. We do not need any urging in this direction from St. James, seeing that we are naturally so prone to take delight in idle tales that are commonly unprofitable and not unfrequently harmful as well.

Secondly, we are exhorted to be slow to speak. This is important advice, as we all know. An unbridled tongue is the worst enemy human happiness has to suffer from. What boundless mischief has been produced by men and women letting their tongues run on

without placing any check upon them. What untold injuries it has wrought on the reputations and prosperity of individuals. Let us then be constantly on our guard and hasten to curb the activity of this unruly member before it gets us into trouble by becoming the instrument of harm to others. There is an old proverb well worth remembering and carrying out too. It says "speech is silver, but silence is gold." Yes, though we might sometimes do good by a proper exercise of the voice, we can oftener perform a greater service by a discreet closing of the mouth. The rule we should follow ought to be this: when in doubt as to whether we shall benefit our neighbor by speaking or not, it is safer and better to preserve unbroken silence. In such a case it is always a lesser evil to withhold a good intended than to run the risk of conferring a wrong not meant.

Lastly, we are commanded to be slow to anger. We are to understand by this that we are bound to restrain the angry passion as much as possible. Here we have a fault that is generally committed on account of not practising self control. The man that gives way readily to his heated feelings betrays indeed great weakness. Self-control is the basis of all virtue, and especially so in the effort of holding in one's temper. The first impulse is what is mostly to be feared, and when once that is overcome the rest will be comparatively easy. What we want in such a crisis is a moment for reflection to enable reason and divine grace to exert their sway over the passion.

Reason and the grace of God will, if allowed, be sure to master any desire for revenge that our animal nature cries for in satisfaction for hurt or affront received. Let us then be more like angels than brutes in the exercise of our nobler and spiritual faculties. Let us observe the teaching of St. James more closely by refraining from foolish and injurious conversation, by endeavoring to bring into subjection our lower instincts, and being quick and zealous to learn what are useful and ennobling. Then will we experience joy and tranquility of mind and conscience and be assured of daily advancing in the path that leads to holiness.

An "Ex-Nun's" Retraction.

We have been requested, says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, to publish the following statement of Sarah McCormack, who recently lectured in Scotland as an "ex-nun" and who is now anxious to repair the evil she has done. The document demands no comment. It speaks for itself:

"I, Sarah McCormack, who have falsely called myself the White Nun, wish to make this public statement. I was born of Catholic parents, brought up in the Catholic religion and attended St. Margaret's Catholic School, Airdrie, from the time I was 7 years of age until I was 14. I worked for one year in Airdrie weaving mill and then took a situation as general servant in Glasgow. It was as servant or as mill hand that I lived until September, 1893. I then met Mr. ——. He induced me, for the sake of making money, to lecture against nuns and convents and he gave me a book called 'Maria Monk,' telling me to read it and obtain my facts and knowledge of convents from it. I have since learnt that the statements in that book were proved to be utterly false by the daughter of the authoress. I now wish to state solemnly and publicly that I never was a nun, that I was never in a convent except when I went there for an hour in the evening to receive instruction, and that all my statements about nuns and convents were taken from that book given to me. I now wish humbly and publicly to beg pardon for all the scandal I have given, to implore forgiveness of those I have slandered and to devote my life to penance and reparation for the past."

A GRATEFUL GIRL.

The Experience of a Young Lady in Montreal who Expected to Die—How Her Life was Saved.

From *La Patrie*, Montreal.

The full duty of a newspaper is not simply to convey news to its readers, but to give such information as will be of value to them in all walks of life, and this, we take it, includes the publication of such evidence as will warrant those who may unfortunately be in poor health giving a fair trial to the remedy that has proved of lasting benefit to others. *La Patrie* having heard of the cure of a young lady living at 147 St. Charles Borromeo Street, of more than ordinary interest, determined to make an investigation of the case with a view to giving its readers the particulars. The reporter's knock at the door was answered by a young person neatly dressed, and showing all the appearance of good health. "I came to inquire," said the reporter, "concerning the young lady cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"In that case it must be myself," said the young girl smiling, "for I have been very sick and laid up with heart disease, and some months ago thought I would soon sleep in Cote des Neiges cemetery. Won't you come in and sit down and I will tell you all about it?"

The young girl, whose name is Adrienne Sauve, is about 19 years of age. She stated that some years ago she became ill, and gradually the disease took an alarming character. She was pale and listless, her blood was thin and watery, she could not walk fast, could not climb a stair, or do in fact any work requiring exertion. Her heart troubled her so much and the palpitations were so violent as to frequently prevent her from sleeping at night, her lips were blue and bloodless, and she was subject to extremely severe headaches. Her condition made her very unhappy for, being an orphan, she wanted to be of help to the relations with whom she lived, but instead was becoming an incumbrance. Having read of the wonders worked by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Sauve determined to give them a trial. After using one or two boxes she began to revive somewhat and felt stronger than before. She slept better, the color began to return to her cheeks, and a new light shone in her eyes. This encouraged her so much that she determined to continue the treatment, and soon the heart palpitations and spasms which had made her life miserable passed away, and she was able to assist once more in the household labor. To-day she feels as young and as cheerful as any other young and healthy girl of her age. She is very thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her, and feels that she cannot too highly praise that marvellous remedy. Indeed her case points a means of rescue to all other young girls who find that health's roses have flown from their cheeks, or who are tired on slight exertion, subject to nervousness, headaches and palpitation of the heart. In all such cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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