

I Loved You Once.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.
And did you think my heart
Could keep its love unchanging?

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension.

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE.
Be prudent, therefore, and watch in prayers.

What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter-time through confession and Communion, and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue!

Be prudent, therefore, and do not let yourselves be ensnared again by evil. Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you were in danger of being lost for ever.

His wife put down her knitting as she answered:
'They do. I have often observed it, more particularly in my younger days when I had more time to watch them than I have now.'

Among the few rare men whom history records as standing above all others, the only one perhaps possessing a personal charm is Leo XIII. His staidness is always easy and natural; there is no attempt at mere show, nothing affected or theatrical, no semblance of having attained by effort the pinnacle of supreme power, but rather of having reached it by easy steps.

The Pope.

Get the Best.
The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, on the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.
Still Another Triumph—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using DR. THOMAS'S ELECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Secret of Success.

BY PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.
Choose thou, O youth, thy path in life;
Let not events decide;
Be not in life's momentous strife,

Determined what thy aim shall be,
Toil with that aim in view;
If circumstances hinder thee,
Make circumstances new.

Be not the iron that is bent,
And benten as it glows;
But be, through full and fixed intent,
The arm that gives the blows.

Remember this: We can attain
What fully we intend;
We for ourselves ordain
Life's destiny and end.

They win in life who will to win;
They fail who faint and fear;
To him with dauntless heart within
No obstacles appear.

There is no mount too high to scale,
No stream too wide to span;
For him who will he will not fail,
Who will and therefore can.

So choose, O youth, thy path in life,
With firm resolve decide;
Bring all thy powers into the strife;
Success shall thee betide!

Peter's First and Last Voyage.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

Peter Lincoln wanted to be a sailor. His father and mother, without actually forbidding him to think of it, did all they could to discourage him in what they knew to be a foolish idea.

But Peter had lived to be fifteen without feeling any great longing to be a sailor, when suddenly the taste seemed to develop and nothing could divert his boyish mind from its purpose.

One Autumn evening he sat beside the fire with his father and mother, his little sister Fanny on his knee. Peter loved Fanny dearly, and petted her a great deal. She was only four years old, and he thought nothing of carrying her on his back half a mile to the beach where he would fill her little basket with shells, and her brother told her of all the beautiful things he intended to buy her when he should be captain of a large vessel.

This evening Mr. Lincoln had been busy with some papers, but his work being finished he drew his chair close to the fire.

"What curious shapes the coals seem to take," he said, after a short silence.

"His wife put down her knitting as she answered:
'They do. I have often observed it, more particularly in my younger days when I had more time to watch them than I have now.'

"They all look like ships to me," said Peter, abruptly.

"Put that nonsense out of your head at once and finally," said his father, more sharply than was his custom to speak. "I am tired of hearing only ships, schooners and men-of-war, for breakfast, dinner and supper. One voyage would be enough to cure you of your delusions, foolish boy!"

A lump rose in Peter's throat, but he saw a shade of hope in his father's last words.

"O, let me take that one voyage, then," he said. "The Sally-Ann will sail on Monday for South America; they want a cabin-boy. I have seen the advertisement posted on the docks. Do let me go, father. O mother, please coax him, won't you?"

"I, Peter?" said his mother, with trembling lips. "It would break my heart to see it."

"Go to bed, sir," said his father sternly, "and never let me hear the word ship from your lips again, till I give you leave to say it, which will only be after I am satisfied that you are cured of your insensate folly."

Peter arose in silence, tears in his eyes and rank rebellion in his boyish heart. "Good-night," he said, solemnly, and left the room without looking around, though Fanny besought him not to forget her good-night kiss.

We will follow him to his chamber. For a long time he sat on the side of the bed, his face buried in his hands. After a couple of hours spent thus, he got up, and going softly from closet to drawer and from drawer to closet, he collected a few articles of clothing which he tied up in a large bandanna handkerchief that had lain around in the bureau ever since he could remember. In all the books he had read sea-faring men invariably carried their baggage in this way, and he meant to be true to their time-honored traditions. Then, taking a long-discarded sailor cap from a peg in the closet, he set it well back on his head, looking in the glass to see the effect. After removing his shoes, he was about to steal down stairs when he remembered that they creaked badly, and his father and mother might not yet be asleep.

"Discretion is the better part of valor," said the misguided boy, in a tragic tone, also learned from his visits to the library. "I will bide my time; from which preparations it will easily be inferred that he meant to run away. He sat down on the bed again and waited till he heard the town-clock striking midnight, then he quickly

THE RUNAWAY BOY.

Glad he Came Back When he Found out that he was not Missed.

This is how James Whitcombe Riley introduced Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston to an audience:
'There was once a boy—an aggrieved unappreciated boy—who grew to dislike his own home very much and found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. He brooded over the matter, and one morning before breakfast climbed over the back fence and ran away. He thought of the surprise and remorse of his parents when they discovered that he had indeed gone, and he pictured with rained colors the place he would make for himself in the world. He would show his parents that he would not brook their ill-treatment, and that he could get along better without them. Some way this feeling of exhilaration died out as the long, hot hours wore on. There came a time when other boys went home to dinner. He raided a neighboring orchard. The afternoon seemed endless. A knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot came into his throat that seemed to hurt him worse when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opinionated sort of a pain.

It was nearly dark when the struggle was given up and the boy slowly walked along the dusty road toward home. When he reached the wood-pile he gathered up a load of wood and carried it in with him. The hired girl was washing the supper dishes, but she did not seem to have noticed that he had been away. He sauntered carelessly into the pantry, but the cupboard was locked. He went out to the back yard and washed his feet at the rain barrel. Everything seemed pleasanter than it ever had before. The trellis flitting among the grape vines, the reflection of the stars in the rain-barrel, were soothing to the tired boy. Then he walked straight into the old sitting-room. His father didn't look up from his paper; his mother was so busy sewing she didn't notice his entrance.

He sat meekly down on the edge of a chair. Why didn't somebody say something? He was ready to be scolded or punished, anything rather than this terrible silence? If the clock would only strike it would be a relief. He heard the boys shouting far down the street, but had no desire to join them—no, never again in the world. He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

"That boy," said Mr. Riley, "was Richard Malcolm Johnston, in whose heart still abides a love for the simple homes and firesides of the humblest of his fellows."

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

"That boy," said Mr. Riley, "was Richard Malcolm Johnston, in whose heart still abides a love for the simple homes and firesides of the humblest of his fellows."

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

OPPOSE RITUALISM.

St. Louis Episcopalians Are at Loggerheads Over High Church Practices—Low Churchmen Classed as Thugs.

A war has broken out between the 'High' and 'Low' Church Episcopalians in St. Louis. It grows out of the formation of the Protestant Episcopal association in that city, whose object is to combat the ritualistic practices and aping of Catholics which has been in such vogue among Episcopalians recently. The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Guild of All Saints are particularly objectionable to the new organization, as it is claimed these societies are active in the propaganda of peculiarly Roman Catholic tendencies.

The clergy who are opposed to the societies say its members intend to strike at ritualism through the contribution box and the diocesan treasury. So acute is the tension that the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Holland, rector of St. George's parish, has taken up the fight for the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Guild of All Saints and gave out for publication this searching criticism of the new anti-ritual Low Church association:

To lie in wait and strike from the dark is base enough among assassins, but to consecrate it with the religion of Christ and to make it a method of propagandism in the Church of God, beats the baseness of thugs whose craven cruelty shares those of their own tribe if it does use stealth and guile in striking down its outside foes.

What might excuse these conspirators against their own Church is their ignorance of that Church's doctrine and polity. I doubt if one of them knows what ritualism means; I doubt if one of them has read a history of his Church; I doubt if one of them could give any reason why he is a churchman at all. I am quite sure that none of them knows that nearly every practice he opposes has already been adjudicated by the highest courts of the Church and decided to be legal. If candles on the altar are ritualistic, then St. Paul's cathedral in London is ritualistic and Bishop Potter's private chapel in New York is ritualistic, and these ought to be evicted at once from the Church of which these blockheads would be landlords. Poor things, poor things! They will soon wriggle out of their brief spasm. But what is it in the church of St. Louis that makes it possible that only here, of all cities in America, such maggots should be bred?"

Why, you are not undressed," she said. "For once I forgot to come in before I went to bed, and here you are lying on the bed outside the clothes. And with that old sailor-cap beside you. Well, well, undress quickly now and get into bed."

"Mother!" said the boy, clasping her tightly in his arms and kissing her again and again. "I have had a horrid dream. I do not want to go to sea. I shall never want to go again. Tell father so, and sleep in peace."

Before she left him he had told her all, how in waiting for midnight he had fallen asleep, and had dreamed the dream in which he made his first and last voyage as a sailor.

He could not sleep again until he had untied the red bandanna and replaced the articles he had intended to take with him; for now, and ever after the thought of going to sea became as repugnant to him as it had once been delightful.

Nervous People
And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength, and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25c.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

THE RUNAWAY BOY.

Glad he Came Back When he Found out that he was not Missed.

This is how James Whitcombe Riley introduced Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston to an audience:
'There was once a boy—an aggrieved unappreciated boy—who grew to dislike his own home very much and found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. He brooded over the matter, and one morning before breakfast climbed over the back fence and ran away. He thought of the surprise and remorse of his parents when they discovered that he had indeed gone, and he pictured with rained colors the place he would make for himself in the world. He would show his parents that he would not brook their ill-treatment, and that he could get along better without them. Some way this feeling of exhilaration died out as the long, hot hours wore on. There came a time when other boys went home to dinner. He raided a neighboring orchard. The afternoon seemed endless. A knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot came into his throat that seemed to hurt him worse when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opinionated sort of a pain.

It was nearly dark when the struggle was given up and the boy slowly walked along the dusty road toward home. When he reached the wood-pile he gathered up a load of wood and carried it in with him. The hired girl was washing the supper dishes, but she did not seem to have noticed that he had been away. He sauntered carelessly into the pantry, but the cupboard was locked. He went out to the back yard and washed his feet at the rain barrel. Everything seemed pleasanter than it ever had before. The trellis flitting among the grape vines, the reflection of the stars in the rain-barrel, were soothing to the tired boy. Then he walked straight into the old sitting-room. His father didn't look up from his paper; his mother was so busy sewing she didn't notice his entrance.

He sat meekly down on the edge of a chair. Why didn't somebody say something? He was ready to be scolded or punished, anything rather than this terrible silence? If the clock would only strike it would be a relief. He heard the boys shouting far down the street, but had no desire to join them—no, never again in the world. He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'

He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:
'I see you've got the same old cat.'



SURPRISE SOAP. THE CHEAPEST SOAP TO USE.

Why Don't You Use Surprise Soap?

It does away with hard work. Don't boil or scald the clothes nor give them the usual hard rubbing. (See the directions on the wrapper).

It gives the whitest, sweetest, cleanest clothes after the wash. It prevents wearing and tearing by harsh soaps and hard rubs. Rub lightly with Surprise Soap—the dirt drops out. Harmless to hands and finest fabrics.

VERY LIBERAL OFFERS. An Opportunity to Possess a Beautiful Family Bible at a Small Outlay.

THE HOLY BIBLE (WITHOUT CLASP.) Containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin vulgate. Diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in divers languages. The Old Testament, first published by the English College at Douay, A. D. 1609. The New Testament, by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1682. Revised and corrected according to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, with annotations by the Rev. Dr. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Calmet's Illustrated and Explanatory Catholic Dictionary of the Bible, each edited by the Rev. Erasmus F. Horstmann, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Liturgy in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and prepared under the special sanction of His Grace the Most Rev. Jas. F. Wood, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references, a historical and chronological index, a table of the epistles and gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year and of the most notable feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elegant steel plates and other appropriate engravings.

This Bible will prove not only useful in every Catholic household, but an ornament as well. The size is 12x10x1 inches, weighs 12 pounds, and is beautifully bound. For SEVEN DOLLARS (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible by express to any part of the Dominion, charges for carriage prepaid; and besides will give credit for one year's subscription to THE CATHOLIC RECORD. The Bible and The Record for a year for Seven Dollars. Subscribers who live where there is no express office can have book forwarded to the one nearest their residence. Please note that if, on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sold by agents for ten dollars each.



THE HOLY BIBLE. A SMALLER EDITION. Translated from the Latin vulgate. Neatly bound in cloth. Size 10x7x2, and weighs 3 pounds 6 ounces. This book will be sent to any address on same conditions as the larger edition, for Four Dollars, and a year's credit given on subscription to THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

It is always better to send remittances by money order, but when cash is sent the letter should in every case be registered.

Address THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

HEALTH FOR ALL. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE PILLS. Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are precious.

THE OINTMENT. Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. It cures all Skin Diseases, such as Scald-head, Ringworm, Itch, and all other Diseases of the Skin. It is also a powerful remedy for all Stiff Joints, and acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 35s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

The Pope and the Sunday's Rest. The Holy Father has sent to M. Keller, President of the Association for the Sunday's Rest in France, the following letter, just published in the Roman journals: Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction!

Very grateful to Us have been your letters, especially that which gives Us information dear to Us concerning the Association for the observance of the Sunday's repose. It is true that France abounds in pious works usefully founded by the generous activity of her sons, but it pleases Us to point out that over which you preside among those which are especially distinguished for the nobility and holiness of their aims.

This your Association tends directly to cause to be rendered to God, as is just, a due homage by the cessation of work, as He Himself rigorously ordered even from the beginning of the Old Law. Hence We commend your work, and all the more readily do We look upon it with love, since contempt for the holiday of the Lord, is, day by day, the cause of new and great evils, both for men and nations.

As to you, Beloved Son, and to your companions, who are so well inspired, We think it just to give you Our exhortation. We wish that what so far you have been doing spontaneously, and upon your own initiative, you will continue to do in the future in compliance with Our invitation.

May God look with complacency upon your organization and the manifold works done by you for His cause, and may you find a pledge of Divine favors in the Apostolic Blessing which We impart to you, Beloved Son, and to all those who, with you, devote themselves to so salutary an enterprise.

Given at St. Peter's, etc. Leo XIII. Pope.

Father Damien, S.J.

One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lectures of Father Damien. They comprise four of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church, the only true Church of God," "Confession," and "The Real Presence." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Orders may be sent to Thos. Coffey Catholic Record Office, London.

A GRAND OFFER.

If you have catarrh and desire to be cured without risk of losing your money we will send you a Germine Inhaler and medicine for that disease by mail post paid, without asking a cent of you in advance. After trying it a fair trial at your home and you find it a genuine remedy you can send us \$3 to pay for same. If the remedy for any reason should not prove satisfactory you can return the Inhaler and need not pay one cent. Good anything before fair? You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Just think of being cured of Chronic Catarrh for \$3, and that on such liberal conditions. Remedy mailed on above terms by addressing MEDICAL INHALATION CO., 65 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That the "Alliance Nationale" a body politic and corporate, incorporated by virtue of the Provincial Statute of Quebec, 55 Victoria, chapter 80, will ask the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at its next session, for a charter incorporating the same as a benevolent society, with power to give assistance to its sick members during their sickness, and also to pay to their legal heirs, after death, a certain amount in money, and also for other purposes pertaining to the same.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for the society "L'Alliance Nationale." Montreal, 19th Dec., 1894. 858-9

DR. WOODRUFF, N. 183 QUEEN'S AVE. E. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and it-irritation of throat. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

LOVE & DIGNAN, HARRINGTON, ETC. 418 BATH STREET, LONDON. Private funds to loan.