To Nursing Mothers!

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes:
"During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty,

WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT

gives most gratifying results." It also improves the quality of the milk.

It is largely prescribed
To Assist Digestion,
To Improve the Appetite,
To Act as a Food for Consumptives,
In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

THROUGH FAITH.

When in the west we see the sun declining,
We know some land
Beyond our sight is glorious with his shining;
On mountains grand
He streaks the mist with gold and purple splendor;
Or in the vale
He softly parts, with fingers long and slender,
The petals pale
Of flowers hiding midst the flitting shadows;
Then flies away
To light the hill-tops and the low, green meadows
With full blown day.
He flies to where the stately river marches,
And in the spray
Of cataracts he stretches rainbow arches,
The roundelay
Of waking bird he tunes to joyous metre,
And all the white
New day is purer and full trebly sweeter
Because of night.
Thou soul, amidst the shades of sorrow faring,
Lift up thy face;
Somewhere thy brother is but duly sharing;
God knows thy place,
And in His own good time will still thy aching,
And lead the way.
And show thee where the dawn is grandly breaking
For thy fair day.

WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the grief I bear,
Which saddens the heart and whitens the hair?
About his throne are eternal calms,
And the strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife,
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes! to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And this busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be,
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above!
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bears me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares!

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from his throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for he is nigh.
Can it be trouble, which he doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care?

The Progress of Ritualism

Comparatively few of our Catholic people are aware of the progress which Catholic doctrine and practice are making in the so called Ritualistic wing of the "Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." That title of Protestant, by the way, which belongs to the recognized, official title of that church as we have given it, is a constant source of annoyance and irritation to these would-be Catholics. It stares them in the face and belies all their professions of continuity with the ancient Church. Perhaps the time may come when they will have a majority large enough to vote it out, but for the present they are obliged to insist upon their Catholicity in spite of this silent but most effective protest of the founders of their church in this country.

The most advanced advocate of the Ritualists in the United States we believe is the *Catholic Champion*, a paper published monthly in New York City. The editor is the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, the somewhat notorious rector of St. Ignatius' church, and it appears as the organ of the "Guild of St. Ignatius," which is an active and energetic society for the propagation of "Catholic" doctrine and practice.

We have before us four "Catholic Parish Tracts," published by this Guild, and we venture to say that the reading of those tracts would astonish most people, whether Catholic or Protestant, who were not familiar with the subject. They are in the form of a dialogue between an inquirer and a member of the Guild, and are written in a remarkably clear, plain, and upon the whole convincing style. They are thoroughly Catholic, yet some of the explanations and reasons given in justification of the teaching, especially in contrast with that of the xxxix. Articles, are very amusing and serve to bring out in a remarkably clear point of light the difficulties, the inconsistencies and perplexities of the "Anglo-Catholic" position.

The first tract, No. 1, is an able exposition and defence of "The Sacrifice of the Mass." The orthodoxy of the teaching is indicated by the following question and answer:

'Q.—Do I understand you to mean that under the forms of bread and wine the priest really offers our Lord's Body and Blood as a sacrifice to God?"

"A.—Yes, that is exactly my meaning; and by so offering the holy Body and Blood the priest perpetuates and continues among men the benefits procured for us by our Lord's sacrifice upon the Cross. So the sacrifice of the Cross and the sacrifice of Mass are one and the same thing, the offering to God of our Lord's Body and Blood for the sins of the world, and having a sacrifice to offer you see we ought to have an altar on which to offer it."

Tract No. 2 is an explanation and defence of the Catholic practices of St. Ignatius' Church, such as the holy water stoup at the church door, and the use of holy water blessed by the priest; auricular confession heard in a box; the use of the crucifix not idolatrous; an altar with a tabernacle for the safe keeping of the Blessed Sacrament; the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, with a curious explanation of the rubric which seems to forbid the reservation. "Father' Ritchie has a throne constructed in his tabernacle for the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, but he acknowledges that such exposition is not now allowed by the bishops, but he has built for the future.

Tract No. 3 is on Transubstantiation and is not only a clear and decided argument for the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence, but the writer frankly acknowledges that the "Roman" doctrine, which he had explained properly, was not repugnant to the plain words of Scripture. "Nor is it true that the doctrine has given occasion to many superstitions, for though there have often been many superstitions concerning the holy gifts of the Altar, the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation is not responsible for them, but is really directed against them."

Tract No. 4 is on the confessional and is a very able defence of the true Catholic doctrine with pointed answers to popular objections. It is only fair to say that these tracts were published in 1889, and that very great advances have been made by these imitators of Catholic doctrine and practice may reasonably be inferred from information contained in the *Catholic Champion* above alluded to. In the number for July we have this statement:

"A noteworthy sign of the times is the frequency with which our bishops say Mass. Bishop Hall of Vermont (late 'Father' Hall of Boston) reports that in four months he has celebrated 62 times. Bishop Knickerbocker, of Indiana, during the past year celebrated 80 times. Bishop Whitehead of Pittsburg celebrated 75 times." With self-gratulation the writer contrasts this showing with that of the Low-Church Bishop Randolph of Southern Virginia who during the year "administered Holy Communion 14 times." The writer very suggestively remarks: "There are 365 days in the ordinary year, and the Eucharist is the service concerning which our Lord said, 'This do in remembrance of me.'"

The late ordination to the "priesthood" of the Rev. Robert Codman, in the Church of the Advent in Boston, by its old rector, Grafton, now High-Church Ritualistic Bishop of Fond du Lac, is described in glowing terms as the "most imposing and withal reverent function" ever witnessed in Massachusetts. "Low Mass was said at 7.30, 8 and 9 a. m. Matins at 9.30 a. m. There was a grand procession in which the bishop appeared vested in cope and mitre and attended by his acolytes to his throne. At the proper time he was divested of cope and mitre, vested in chasuble, with the Rev. Fathers Frisby and Daniels vested in dalmatic and tunicle as deacon and sub-deacon, and proceeded at once with High Mass. Cope and mitre were again assumed for the ordination, and after that the chasuble was resumed and the High Mass finished."

In the issue of the *Catholic Champion* for July there is a list of the churches in which there is a daily Mass, from which it appears that there are 15 in New York City; 9 in Philadelphia; 6 in Newark, N. J.; 7 in Chicago; 4 in Baltimore; 4 in Boston, with a large number of scattering parishes throughout the country, East and West, amounting in all to about 100. This is indeed a most encouraging showing for the progress of Catholic doctrine, for though these, our left-handed brethren, are struggling hard to maintain a position independent of the true Catholic Church, and may not improperly be described as "Apists," not "Papists," yet the position cannot logically or historically be maintained. When a man can sincerely write: "To us Peter is still [as Holy Scripture styles him], *Ho Protos*, the Primate, and Rome to us is the Apostolic See of the West and to it is to be given the first place of honor," as the editor of the *Catholic Champion* does in the July number, he cannot be far from the Kingdom in matter of doctrine at least. He may never have the grace to enter the true Catholic Church, but he has certainly done good service in helping others on the way. He and many others who for the present pin their faith to his sleeve, may continue to please themselves with the delusion that union with "*Ho Protos*, the Primate," is not necessary, but we are well persuaded that he is preparing the way for a great accession to Holy Church in the future, and the best wish we can cherish for him and his friends is that they may have that great grace before they die.—Sacred Heart Review.

The Lesson of the Great Strike.

The recent labor troubles at Chicago, deplorable as they were for many reasons, have brought certain truths to the attention of the public with far greater force than lies in speech or pen. There are lessons full of ominous significance for the monopolist, who hears without pity the cry of hungry humanity, while he stretches his comfortable legs under mahogany tables in the enjoyment of luxuries bought with the sufferings of the poor. There are lessons for the statesman, who lounges idly in the halls of legislation, whither he has been sent to guard the interests of the public, and where he too often proves a traitor to the trust reposed in him. There are warnings against lawlessness and tyranny, against the vices of the rich and the violence of the poor, against undue restraint and unbridled license.

But of all the voices that rise above the clatter of confusion and anarchy, the strongest and wisest is that which counsels the laborer to embrace and forever to cherish the gospel of thrift. The man who toils with his hands, as a rule, is notoriously underpaid; but investigation has shown that the number of laborers whose wages in prosperous times do not permit them to live in frugal comfort with a small margin to spare, is remarkably small. The real cause of so much suffering at such times as this, is the improvidence of the poor, who have no care for the morrow, who take no thought as to what they shall eat or wherewith they shall be clothed on the inevitable rainy day—a disposition which might be beautiful and heroic if inspired by a religious spirit, but which in reality is simply criminal, because it is the result of indolence or extravagance.

The other day the secular papers told of a New York Engineer who was on his way to Chicago to replace one of the strikers. When he was warned of the danger such a course would be sure to entail, he answered that, while he was in hearty sympathy with the railroad men in their demand for higher wages, he had a wife and three children, who must starve unless he could secure employment. He was obliged to face danger and even death to avert an evil which might easily have been prevented had he been wise in the day of his prosperity. This engineer is not an isolated instance: he is a type. There are thousands of workmen like him, who spend their entire income when wages are high, and who, when a reduction of ten per cent. is ordered, manage very well with less money. Now, if the laboring man could be induced to forestall such 'reductions,' and save ten per cent. of his earnings, there would not only be less distress in times of panic and sickness, but he would be better prepared to cope successfully with the vicissitudes of a protracted strike.

Extravagance in dress is one of the current follies of the poor. Foreigners who visit our country would be unable to distinguish the prince from the peasant, the daughter of the millionaire from the daughter of his gardener, were it not for the fact that the rich, as a rule, dress more simply than the poor. Young men who toil in the mines or sweat in the furnace are seen attired in all the gorgeousness of Solomon. Young women with merely nominal wages study the fashion-plates as industriously and as fastidiously as the professional milliner; and as the demands of fashion become more exacting, the difficulty to meet them is correspondingly increased. Here lies a great and needless burden for the poor. No one need be conspicuous for the poverty of his attire. There is a decent respectability which is worthy of admiration, but the attempt of the poor to catch and keep the pace of the vulgar rich in the matter of dress is always absurd and often criminal.

Another cause of the impoverishment of the poor is the saloon. The amount of money which is yearly expended for liquor if we may credit statistics, is amazing. If these millions had remained, as they should have remained, in the possession of the poor; if the savings-bank and not the saloon-keeper's till were made the receptable of the workingman's surplus earnings, the terrors of sickness and panics would be materially lessened, and the strength of organized labor proportionately increased.

Thrift is a virtue which is easily acquired and easily practised. The exercise of it imposes no special discomfort and implies no extraordinary hardships. He who could induce the poor to practice it, would do much to simplify the science of political economy, and render an important service to the cause of labor. With a thrifty and industrious peasantry, the wage problem would soon become a forgotten issue.—*Ave Maria.*

Is your digestion weakened by all-grippe?" Use K. D. C.

For immediate relief after eating, use K. D. C.

The Woman Bore.

She abounds in all parts of North America, and in those parts of other continents where the death penalty is not too freely enforced. She is more abundant than that other pest, the man bore, and having more time is infinitely more aggravating.

She appears in many guises, and thus increases the difficulty of exterminating her. She may appear as a round, cheery little woman, with an empty head and valuable tongue, or she may loom upon you with solemn visage, and lank, bony structure encasing her specialty—brain; or she may rise before you in the majesty of a stolid countenance, imperturable dignity, and massive personality.

These are the three prominent types, each with many variations that experience and instinct will aid you to recognize for yourself. Have you a choice?

The dignified bore is the most difficult to get on with; she petrifies you with her silence, and hypnotizes you into enduring her hour after hour, till you are ready to shriek with nervousness, or weep tears of pity for your luckless self. The only consolation she affords is that her colossal proportions and heavy tread give warning of her approach, and if you are at all nimble you can flee before her. If she once gets in the doorway you are done, escape is hopelessly cut off.

She is generally a prominent public character, and as such has divers business in city offices, where men meet her with the stoicism of an Indian, or the faint-heartedness of a chicken, according to individual character. Not even "an engagement to meet" will free them from her ponderous presence, and few of them have the nerve to hew their way out. It's a noble revenge for all the wrongs, real or fancied, inflicted by man, just to see one master-mind growing helplessly stupid, eyes gazing pitiful into the corridor looking in vain for relief, collapse indicated in every line of an erstwhile athletic figure. She is like a blunt battle-axe, kills by sheer weight.

K. D. C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

The brainy bore ranks next in destructibility. It's a fearful experience to have her bear down upon you, freighted with ideas, and equally possessed of words; her topics may range from "Thought reduced to its elements" to "Elections as factors in developing man's spirituous nature." There's a crumb of comfort in the thought that you are not expected to do more than listen and exclaim, now and again, as the profundity of her depth forces you to speech.

Sometime ago one of the species bore down upon two helpless women, hurried with work, and for two mortal hours harangued them on herself, her thoughts, and works. She read them extracts from countless pages of manuscript, and called for opinions that she wouldn't let them express. At last, having done her wicked best to aid the heat in making life intolerable, she gathered up her literary tools preparatory to departure. "We've had a delightful time," she remarked, blandly. "I'm so glad we met: you're so congenial" [this to the elder woman; the younger one had gradually changed from the "at bay" attitude of a deer to an apathetic, numb condition]. "I'll know now where to find a kindred spirit when my thoughts begin to flow."

"If they flow here again," muttered the younger woman, suddenly rousing to life as the bore vanished, "they'll drown us out of business. Two of the best hours of our day gone for nothing."

'Leave her to me,' remarked the 'congenial' one. 'If she comes round again I'll settle her.'

She did come round in a few days, bland affable as usual, with a bag and bundle of manuscript for the mental improvement of her compulsory audience.

'I've a few little things here,' she began pleasantly.

'Oh, excuse me,' interrupted the 'congenial' one, rising grandly to the occasion, 'but I'm so afraid I'll forget again, if I don't tell you just now. We are quite a literary family ourselves, and I do want your expert opinion of some of our productions, little gems that we threw off at odd intervals. Why, even our baby when she was only eight years old wrote the most remarkable poem,—every one commented on its cleverness; but there, you shall judge for yourself. I have it here somewhere, with some other grave and gay thoughts woven into verse,' and, with a movement as rapid as her speech, she dragged into view a formidable-looking box, bulging with the stored-up school exercises of a family of mine.

The bore looked at the collection with undisguished alarm, and the sisters exchanged a guileless, happy smile.

'Some other day,' began the visitor, feebly.

'Why not to-day?' asked the 'congenial' one forcing her advantage. 'It's so sweet; the originality is startling; the darling had some difficulty in getting a line to rhyme with 'Walking on the lea,' but you see she rose to the occasion by imagining a voice interrupting her music, 'A-calling me to tea.' Think of the fertility of resource in so young a brain! Now, here's something entirely different. You wouldn't think that quiet little girl over there,'—nodding to her sister—'has poetic aspirations, but she has. This ode on Easter is like hidden jewels, wanting only the light. You needn't blush, Belle; the time will come when you must obey the divine impetus to put forth your soul.'

'I must be going,' gasped the bore, reaching for her bundle and bag. 'I—'

'Oh, no,' protested the 'congenial' one, 'not till you have seen some of my work; it's strong. I believe that to be effectual we must supplement tenderness with strength. Now here's this 'Wails of Women,' there's almost a martial ring stirring its depths—marring its pathos some, critics have said. I should like—'

'She's gone,' gasped the Easter poet, as the bore took advantage of her proximity to an open door; 'but don't ever do it again, Blanche, you might get into the way of it.'

'I won't have any need,' the strategist made answer; 'that womam will never again darken our doors.'

And she hasn't.

The merry, empty-headed bore is a tenacious creature, but more easily grappled with than the heavier type. It may be said of her that she commands more love and less respect. Women handle her without gloves, and for that reason she selects men as her prey. She comes among them in their busiest moments, and drives them to the verge of madness with her bubbling laughter and senseless remark.

'You must think I'm a little silly,' one of the species murmured, five times in a half-hour, to a man pressed with work, and five times he courteously assured her that he didn't think she was 'silly.'

Now that man may have been chivalrous, but he wasn't either sensible or truthful. He should have accepted her opinion of herself, and confirmed it by showing her how much better employed both parties might have been.

The domestic bore is, perhaps, a type apart from the other three. She is the woman who waylays you on the street, drops in before your breakfast dishes are washed, or may be after supper, and discourses for hours on her family affairs, the peculiarities, of her husband, the many perfections of her children, and the superiority of her housekeeping methods. If you aren't too dead sleepy to absorb knowledge, you will acquire a varied stock, from the brand of tobacco smoked by Jack or Fred, to the reason why Tottie's toes turn out or in. You have no doubt about the direction you would like her to take, and can't keep from yawning; the meaner members of the family sneak away one by one, and as they stretch themselves luxuriously on their beds, chuckle with glee at the thought of the clock and you keeping the bore company.

An instinctive knowledge of this fact doesn't add to your comfort. You feel your wrath rise, and when at last the bore does likewise, and departs, you find a little difficulty in saying your night prayers with the proper amount of fervor. If she should happen to leave her rubbers or gloves behind, you hastily extinguish the light, crawl into bed, and dream that she is breaking down the door in her efforts to recover her property. She may be trying to ring you up, and if she doesn't succeed, will probably return with the milkman at break of day, and unctuously explain that new rubbers may be replaced by ones gone in the heels and that gloves have been known to change in a night, from brand new to a shocking all-over shabbiness, suggestive of years of wear.

K. D. C Pills tone and regulate the liver.

If you are thin-skinned or sensible, you will pick a fight with her then and there, and rid yourself, for a time, at least, of her aggravating presence.

It would be impossible to go into detail on the doings and different varieties of feminine bores, and besides it would, perhaps, be more pertinent to suggest some means of defence. We all know them; but, to our sorrow, be it said, we don't all know how to get rid of them.

There's just one point where you can get a grip on bores—through their selfishness. That makes them vulnerable.

The next time the bore drops in upon you, take the initiative; talk incessantly of yourself and your own affairs; don't give her a chance to get in a word. Talk sense or nonsense, it doesn't much matter which, but talk—and the bore will speedily vanish to babble elsewhere about your unsympathetic nature and disgusting self-conceit; that won't hurt you half as much as the loss of your time.

Garrulity is your only safeguard, till some genius shall spring upon a grateful public a patent fender or improved barbed fence for arresting the course of the greatest obstacle to human progress—the merciless, unmitigated bore.—[Donahoe's *Magazine* for August.]

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My feet were so badly swollen that I could not wear my shoes. I got Yellow Oil, and to my astonishment it gave instant relief, and two bottles completely cured me.
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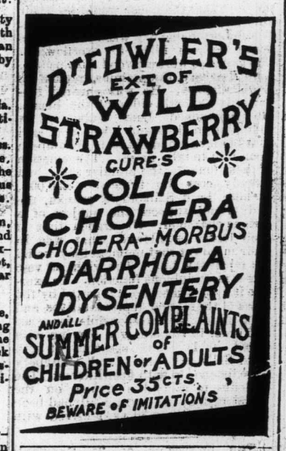

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DON'T buy low grade, inferior Oil because it is a little cheaper in price than the highest grade. It is false economy as you will find it to be the dearest in the long run.

Poor Oil will not burn nearly so long as the better grades, and besides it will smoke your chimneys and make a very disagreeable odor in the house.

This fall we are selling the BEST AMERICAN WATER WHITE OIL cheaper than ever before, and we guarantee every gallon of OIL we sell TO BE THE BEST AMERICAN WATER WHITE.

Bring in your can and have it refilled at

BEER & GOFF'S.