

The Blighted Life.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF THE DARKER HISTORY.

...by dear, "and the two lovely young women were in a fond embrace. Their lips met for a moment in each other's blushed eyes, and with an earnest expression of mutual remembrance...

It seemed strange, indeed, that they had ever grown fond of each other. When years before, Arlene Stewart entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart as a pupil under the care of the Madams, she was scarcely more than a child, and a spoiled child at that. Although but twelve years of age, she had the ways and habits of a woman. She was moreover proud, self-willed, almost cruel in her treatment to others.

As we draw near the large cheerful building and grounds we see many of the rescued ones enjoying the warmth of the glad spring day. Most of them are still young and beautiful, but with that indescribable something about them that tells of a life of suffering and need to slum the degrading world and to cling to Christ and His...

Arlene fell sick about the Christmas holidays, and she could not go home for what she looked forward to as a period of great pleasure. Irene, moreover, did not intend to go home, as her folks lived a great distance from the Convent. So on Christmas morning Irene carried a huge mass of presents into Arlene's room, and the two children spent a joyous day looking over the many choice gifts from home and friends.

Arlene was not unaffected by the same influences, but they reached her more through the medium of her friend's companionship. Here was a soul of vigorous cast. Religion, at least its details and forms, had not much attraction for her. But in her great generous heart she felt the communion of nature, and her highest ideal of religion was the service of life for the good of the vast human family.

Then she stopped. Her head fell into her hands and her beautiful hair drooped about her like a lovely willow weeping over the grave of the child-dead.

"Perhaps," she murmured with a tone of half despair, "perhaps—is it only perhaps? And is there doubt even in eternity? Is my hope not to find its realization there? Shall even Christ prove faithless to fallen, outcast women?" She had now dropped on her knees, her hands and head for a moment rested suddenly on the keys and the mixed discord of the notes startled her, and she sprang to her feet, clasping her hands and moaning in almost a frenzy: "Ah, and is this the answer! Discard! No more rest forever? Oh cursed hour that led me to the brink! Oh cursed hour that opened my too confiding heart when I had thought it sealed! Why should I not drown it in a sea of mad indulgence, rather than grow mad in bearing company in the hopeless remembrance of failure?"

It was but a few years after the occurrence of the above scene. It was a bright spring day, and nature seemed to realize the joy and vigor of her re-awakening energies. Out in the beautiful country, far from the dirt and confinement of the city, was the home of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, one of those heavenly havens for poor fallen and almost hopeless women.

As we draw near the large cheerful building and grounds we see many of the rescued ones enjoying the warmth of the glad spring day. Most of them are still young and beautiful, but with that indescribable something about them that tells of a life of suffering and need to slum the degrading world and to cling to Christ and His...

Arlene fell sick about the Christmas holidays, and she could not go home for what she looked forward to as a period of great pleasure. Irene, moreover, did not intend to go home, as her folks lived a great distance from the Convent. So on Christmas morning Irene carried a huge mass of presents into Arlene's room, and the two children spent a joyous day looking over the many choice gifts from home and friends.

Then she stopped. Her head fell into her hands and her beautiful hair drooped about her like a lovely willow weeping over the grave of the child-dead.

"Perhaps," she murmured with a tone of half despair, "perhaps—is it only perhaps? And is there doubt even in eternity? Is my hope not to find its realization there? Shall even Christ prove faithless to fallen, outcast women?" She had now dropped on her knees, her hands and head for a moment rested suddenly on the keys and the mixed discord of the notes startled her, and she sprang to her feet, clasping her hands and moaning in almost a frenzy: "Ah, and is this the answer! Discard! No more rest forever? Oh cursed hour that led me to the brink! Oh cursed hour that opened my too confiding heart when I had thought it sealed! Why should I not drown it in a sea of mad indulgence, rather than grow mad in bearing company in the hopeless remembrance of failure?"

As we draw near the large cheerful building and grounds we see many of the rescued ones enjoying the warmth of the glad spring day. Most of them are still young and beautiful, but with that indescribable something about them that tells of a life of suffering and need to slum the degrading world and to cling to Christ and His...

Arlene fell sick about the Christmas holidays, and she could not go home for what she looked forward to as a period of great pleasure. Irene, moreover, did not intend to go home, as her folks lived a great distance from the Convent. So on Christmas morning Irene carried a huge mass of presents into Arlene's room, and the two children spent a joyous day looking over the many choice gifts from home and friends.

Then she stopped. Her head fell into her hands and her beautiful hair drooped about her like a lovely willow weeping over the grave of the child-dead.

LITERARY NOTES.

By THOMAS O'HARA, M.A. The lectures delivered on the Sacred Scriptures at the last session of the Catholic Summer School by the Rev. Thomas O'Hara, professor of Sacred Scriptures at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., and editor of the 'Catholic Biblical Review,' have been published in book form under the title of 'Chapters of Bible Study, by the Cathedral Literary Association of New York. This work is unquestionably have a large sale for its publication at the deepest interest to every intelligent Catholic student of knowing something of the life, history and meaning of the sacred books.

Some of the chapters are particularly pertinent, such as the one dealing with the 'Book of Job,' the 'Book of Psalms,' and the 'Book of Ecclesiastes.' The book is published in book form under the title of 'Chapters of Bible Study, by the Cathedral Literary Association of New York. This work is unquestionably have a large sale for its publication at the deepest interest to every intelligent Catholic student of knowing something of the life, history and meaning of the sacred books.

This excellent work of Dr. Bourinot's, which is being introduced into the schools as a text book, will surely remedy the defect of giving young Canadians an opportunity of knowing something about the government and institutions of their country. The book is divided into seven parts, the first being devoted to the growth of the constitution, and the second to the relation of the Imperial Government to the Dominion Government, the fourth with the powers of the Provincial Government, the fifth with the Municipal Government in the provinces, the sixth with the School Government in the provinces, and the seventh with the Government in the North-west Territories.

Prof. Archibald McMechan from the height of his professional chair in Dalhousie College, has in the Toronto Week in a recent issue of the Toronto Week to the belittlement of a poem from the pen of James Jeffrey Roche, which appeared in the September number of the Century. The whole criticism is conceived in exaggeration, and is directed to the effect of a national government has for subject a naval engagement between the United States and England, and is entitled "The Constitution's Last Fight." Prof. McMechan rings in at its historical truth as well as literary treatment. "You conceive nothing so pretty in a professor of English literature in one of our leading Canadian universities? Neither all Canadian history nor all American history is fact when dealing with the battles on our frontier, nor has any history of the American Civil War yet been written which deals impartially with both north and south. Imagine some professor in Cornell, Yale or Harvard devoting a column in the New York Critic to the hearing up of a ballad having for its subject say the battle of Lundy's Lane and written from a Canadian standpoint. What Dr. McMechan! Surely Johns Hopkins trained in one something more than the mere gift of writing literature. Your stentorian no matter how eloquently put, are unworthy of a scholar. Mr. Roche's work in American literature as a writer of ballads is secure. The Review of Reviews, quite equal to the Dalhousie College journal, is a most excellent regard to him as one of the best writers of ballads in America.

The Holy Father has been pleased to grant a special benediction to a little book of "Devotions to St. Thomas of Canterbury," recently compiled by an Anglican lady at Cambridge, with a preface by the Rev. Dr. Dixon, and a foreword by H. G. Worsley. The appearance of the work both these writers have been received into the Church. The work itself is entirely Catholic, and is recommended by several of the Bishops as an excellent manual of devotion to the greatest of English saints. It is published by Knott, Brook street, Holborn, and is already in the second edition.

Mosses, T. O'Brien & Co., the well-known Catholic publishers and book-sellers, etc., at St. John, N.B., are agents for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. All persons who desire to subscribe, or renew their subscriptions to this paper, may do so through that firm. Single copies of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER may be obtained at their store, 52 Germain street.

A BROAD-MINDED DOCTOR.

RELATES SOME EXPERIENCES IN HIS OWN PRACTICE.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He knows that he knows his Patients—Think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He knows that he knows his Patients—Think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery. He knows that he knows his Patients—Think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery.



J. D. Albright, M.D.

was first brought to prescribe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, after having seen some remarkable results from their use. Ruben Hoover, now of Reading, Pa., was a prominent contractor and builder. While superintending the work of creating a large building during cold weather he contracted what was thought to be sciatica, he having first noticed it one morning in not being able to arise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he failed to improve, but on the contrary grew rapidly worse, the pain developing into hemiplegia, or partial paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics, and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to hear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and concluded to try your Pink Pills.

"He had given up hope and it required a great deal of begging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly. "He, however, did as she desired, and if appearances indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis. "Why," says he, "I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work. "Having seen these results I concluded that such a remedy is surely worth a trial at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a doctor told me later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering with palpitation of the heart and great nervous prostration, after the usual remedies failed to relieve, I ordered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was simply astonishing. Her attacks became less frequent and at last in severity, until by their use for a period of only two months, she was the picture of health, rosy-cheeked and bright eyes, as well as ever, and she has continued so until to-day, more than one year since she took any medicine. I have found these pills a specific for chorea, or, as more commonly known, St. Vitus' dance, as beneficial results have in all cases marked their use. As a spring tonic any one who, from overwork or nervous strain during a long winter, has become pale and languid, the Pink Pills will do wonders in brightening the countenance and in buoying the spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth.

Yours respectfully,
J. D. ALBRIGHT, M. D.

Irish Catholic Benevolent Tales.

The 2nd open meeting of our Lady of Good Counsel Society and Catholic Debtors League was held on the evening of Dec. 21st. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many had to be refused admittance for want of room, no doubt owing to the hearing up of a ballad having for its subject say the battle of Lundy's Lane and written from a Canadian standpoint. What Dr. McMechan! Surely Johns Hopkins trained in one something more than the mere gift of writing literature. Your stentorian no matter how eloquently put, are unworthy of a scholar. Mr. Roche's work in American literature as a writer of ballads is secure. The Review of Reviews, quite equal to the Dalhousie College journal, is a most excellent regard to him as one of the best writers of ballads in America.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OINTMENT, do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, restores the power of the paralyzed limbs, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

The secret of success lies in knowing how to make use of it. But what we have chosen, but what is forced upon us.—Light Rev. J. L. Spalding.

A Child (Carol of Keenan by Chase's Ointment: "My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema of the face, and the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, but found innumerable medicines and soaps, and took an excellent medical specialty in skin diseases, but without result. The doctor advised the use of Chase's Ointment, and since using the eruption has all disappeared, and I am so contentedly say my child is cured. (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSON 112 ANNE ST., Toronto.

GEO. J. FOY,

—IMPORTED BY—

Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars
47 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO.

MARSALA ALTAR WINE
SOLE AGENT IN ONTARIO.

JOHN REGAN
TAILOR
ROOMS 1 & 2,
63 KING ST. EAST, COR. LEADER LANE
TORONTO, ONT.
Over Ed. Sullivan's Cafe.

F. ROSAR, Sr.
UNDERTAKER,
100 KING ST. EAST,
TORONTO.

THE BUSINESS OF THE LATE
M. McCABE,
UNDERTAKER.
Will be carried on by his widow Mrs. M. McCabe
843 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.
Moderate charges. Tel. 160.

J. YOUNG,
(ALEX. MILLARD),
The Leading Undertaker
847 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO.

MONUMENTS
D. McINTOSH & SONS
Manufacturers and Importers of
Granite and Marble Monuments,
Mural Tablets, Fonts, Etc.
524 Yonge st., opposite Millland st.
—Telephone 4849—

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of December, 1895, mail close and are due as follows:

Table with columns for location, class, and time. Locations include G. T. R. East, G. T. R. West, U. S. N. Y., and U.S. West's Stages.

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9:30 p.m., and on Tuesdays at 7:15 p.m. and on Wednesdays at 12:30 p.m. Supplemental mails on Tuesdays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:30 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of December, 1895: Dec. 1, 3, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 16, 17, 19, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31.

M. B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should apply to their respective Post Office Money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence. Failure to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch Post Office.



PURE WATER. In addition to the many modern improvements recently introduced into the O'Keefe Brewery, the latest is a powerful water filter, erected by the New York Filter Co., having a capacity of two thousand gallons per hour, and rendering the water absolutely pure before being used in their Ales, Porter and Lager.

Appendix is a copy of analysis just taken: Toronto, Nov. 19, 1895. Dear Sir,—I hereby certify that I have made an analysis of water taken from your filter and find it of first-class purity, being bright, clear and free from all suspended impurities. Yours truly, (Signed) THOMAS HEYS, Consulting Chemist.

A. O'KEEFE, Pres., and J. W. HANKE, Vice-Prest. and Asst. Mgr. JOHN G. GIBSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LTD.) 33 ADAYSURE. SEND your address and we will send you a bottle of pure water. You will see the difference between the work and the work you do. You will see the difference between the work and the work you do. You will see the difference between the work and the work you do.