

Written for the Record. The Priest of God.

Alone he stands the seraph of the earth, Peerless and beautiful in his golden worth! Grand with a grandeur that is all divine, Bright with a splendor that will ever shine!

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

LOVE FOR THE SICK POOR.—St. Robert, of the noble family of the barons of Aurillac, canon and treasurer of the church of St. Julian de Brioude, exhibited so tender a love for the sick poor, whose wounds he tended, for whom he solicited compassion and alms when his personal resources no longer sufficed, and in whose favour he founded the hospital of Brioude, that the entire population of this town went to draw him, almost by force, from the abbey of Cluny, whither he had retired out of a desire of greater sanctity, and brought him back in a body. He once more, however, quitted the town, accompanied by two soldiers, whom he had won over to God, in order to retire to a solitary spot five leagues distant, there to give himself up in peace to work of penance. The three servants of God established their abode near the ruins of an ancient church, and their piety attracting thither numerous companions, they founded there the renowned monastery of Chaise-Dieu, of the order of St. Benedict, where the holy founder died in 1007, full of days and good works.

MORAL REFLECTION.—"Stretch out thy hand to the poor, that thy exhortation and thy blessing may be perfected."—(Eccles. vii. 36)

CHRISTIAN TEACHING.—St. Mark, the Christian disciple of the Prince of the Apostles, who accompanied him to Rome, and is mentioned in the first epistle of St. Peter, not wishing to retain and keep for himself alone the lessons of his great master, reduced them to writing for the advantage of the faithful, and to the end that such precious teachings should be perpetuated through all generations. Hence it was that he wrote his Gospel, according as he had been taught by the apostle, and in this St. Peter calls "his Gospel." St. Peter sent Mark to plant the faith at Alexandria, the second town in the world, after Rome. The evangelist accomplished this mission with so much ardour that Alexandria was soon filled with Christians; but the unbelievers, enraged at such a falling away from their worship, excited the population to revolt. Mark was dragged through the streets during two days successively, as it is related; on the second day he expired, in the year 68 of Jesus Christ.

MORAL REFLECTION.—"To have a share in the preaching of the Gospel becometh every Christian, for to every one has it been said, 'Help the weak to grow strong in faith.'"—(Rom. xiv. 1)

ZEAL FOR GOD'S HOUSE.—St. Cletus, called also Anacletus, was the second successor of St. Peter; he is thought to have been converted and trained to the sacred ministry by this apostle. He governed the infant church about twelve years, having been promoted to the pontifical chair in the year 76, and was martyred under the persecution of Diocletian in 89. The details of his life and death remain unknown, with the exception of what is recorded by the "Pontifical" of Damasus; namely, that St. Cletus displayed during his whole life a great zeal for the construction of edifices destined for the celebration of the Christian worship. While he was still a simple priest he founded a church dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles; he had the glory of completing it when he became Pope, despite the difficulties and persecutions of the time. He exhibited no less zeal in giving pastors to the Church, and in ordaining bishops, priests, and deacons.

MORAL REFLECTION.—"Jesus Christ, the first of all, manifested his zeal for the glory of the house of God, and has bequeathed us an example to imitate. When He drove forth the money-changers from the Temple, His disciples beheld that of what was written: 'The zeal of Thy House hath eaten me up.'"—(John ii. 17.)

It is a fact that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has more well earned testimonials of praise for its virtues in curing Cholera, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, etc., than any other remedi-

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blisters, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mr. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: 'I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia; I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good.'

A peculiar virtue in Ayer's Sarsaparilla is that while it cleanses and purges the blood from all corruptions and impurities, and thereby roots out disease, it builds up and invigorates the whole system, and makes one young again.

LOURDES IN AUGUST.

LOURDES is beautiful both by nature and grace, but never more so than in a summer twilight, when the pilgrims visit the long procession up the consecrated hillside, and thousands of tapers sparkle in the purple gloom of the southern evening. At eight o'clock the pilgrims from strange towns, together with a large number of private pilgrims and inhabitants of the town, assemble before that wonderful cave, where the mother of God appeared to the lovely peasant girl, and raise that strain which has been gloriously verified in this spot: *Fecit Mihi Magna qui potens es, et sanctum nomen ejus.*—*Deposuit potentia de sole, et exaltavit humilitatem.*

Between each verse of the "Magnificat" it is much the custom to sing the favorite hymns of the French Catholics, which sound like the plea of a nation on the brink of destruction, yet bound to the throne of God by the prayer of seven thousand who have never worshipped matter or their own diminutive intellect.—  
"O Dieu, notre Esperance, Eclairer nos tenebres, Sauvez, sauvez la France, N'abandonnez pas la France."

and the other yet more touching cantique where the petition includes the capital of Christendom:—  
"O Dieu de la clemence, O Dieu veigneur; Sauvez, sauvez la France, Par Votre Sacre Coeur."

Thus singing, the pilgrims walk two and two up the wooded path which leads to the Basilica, their heads bowed low, above the railing of the Gave and the sigh of the warm wind in the fir trees. The two long lines of light stretch out beyond the church, down the farther side of the hill and round the crowned and illuminated statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, till the glittering chain has encircled the great cross, marked against the gloom in tapers, which is the utmost limit of the procession. It returns to the statue in front of the large building where poor pilgrims are housed; here a sermon generally terminates the evening.

But, morning, too, is beautiful in its spot where heaven and earth are brought so near together, and where faith is merged in sight. Mass after Mass, sometimes six or seven Masses at once, are said in the gorgeous little church which crowns the hill, and which, after Loretto, is probably the richest in Christendom in *ex voto*. "Reconnaissance Marie" is the burden of the tablatures crowded together on the marble walls, while above, in wreaths and hearts and circles, are ranged the jeweled offerings, every one of which marks a cure wrought by the mighty hand of Our Lady. The golden gates of a church have opened many a time to admit the celebrant of a Mass of Thanksgiving in her honor; the beat of prayer beneath that lofty roof is seldom interrupted except by the "Magnificat" of praise and gratitude.

The one cult of this church, beautiful in proportion, in design, and in finish, is that it is too small for the crowds who gather there every day. On occasions of pilgrimages there is hardly standing room; the side chapels are crowded, the passages blocked; the heat becomes intolerable. The coolness and freshness await the throngs when they descend to the grotto by the riverside, where the beautiful presentation of Bernadette's vision stands among the flowering wild roses and the long mountain grasses. A delicious breeze blows from the Gave, and makes the long walk which leads along the valley to the convent of the Immaculate Conception a pleasant resort even on the hottest days. In front of the grotto, a pavement extends to the parapet on the river; marked at the spot where Bernadette was kneeling in 1858, and at the ancient *course d'eau*. The natural beauty and romance of the spot are much destroyed by the water being turned out of its original course to supply the taps and fountains for the convenience of the pilgrims; and even the taps within the grotto, where the course being had to the seven in the wall to the left. Beyond these again are the *picnics*, around which a devout crowd kneels while the sick bathe within. The water of Lourdes, delicious to drink, is icy as a bath; but it is wonderful how soon warmth is restored on issuing from it, even in the damp bath-house.

The face of the statue in the grotto is pale as a lily; it looks up to Heaven, but the head is not thrown back as in most of the innumerable imitations. The expression is one of marvellous sanctity and sweetness. Below, in the grotto, burns a perpetual pyramid of tapers kept alight by the devotion of Christendom. Pilgrims pass round the altar to kiss the rock, and to press their rosaries and medals against the dampness that exudes from it, though this is only a natural moisture and not the miraculous source of which every one knows, rose from the ground when Bernadette scraped it at the Blessed Virgin's command.

The place is like no other in the world. The faith and the devotion and the union of spirit are alone enough to convert an unbeliever, even without the visible answers to prayer which are witnessed here. A priest begins the rosary; a sea of fervent voices responds. At the end of each decade the appeal rises: *Notre Dame de Lourdes, priez pour nous; Saint Michel archange, priez pour nous; Cœur Immacule de Marie, priez pour nous.*

Suddenly there is a cry, and a rush towards the railing in front of the grotto; a paralyzed girl has arisen and walked. The awe on her young face, as pale as death beneath the hand of God, contrasts with the eager and curious joy of the crowd who press forward to see her walk unassisted. Then arises the psalm, "*Laudate Dominum omnes gentes.*" sung by hundreds of voices.

The Feast of the Assumption is the feast of Lourdes itself. There is no pilgrimage from strange parts of the world, the priests being engaged in their parishes, but the inhabitants of the town have their own procession of the Rosary in the daytime, and with tapers at night. The church is lighted with chandeliers, like the churches of Rome on their feasts. Benediction is given with the greatest pomp, and largest in the world, weighing sixteen kilograms, but so beautifully proportioned that it is possible to use it, notwithstanding its great size. It is in gold, enamel and jewels, and contains 2,810 precious stones. The idea is "The Immaculate Conception given to the world

the Eucharistic God;" and this is carried out by representations of the contest of good with evil, of Our Lady crushing the serpent's head and turning the chalice; of Our X. proclaiming the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and of St. Joseph, patron of the Church; while the glorious murals around the Sacred Host is enameled with the mysteries of the Rosary. When lifted up in the light, the magnificent monstrance has a marvelous effect. It is the work of several artists, of whom M. Arnaud Calliat, of Lyons, is the chief.

The month of August terminates with the great national pilgrimage, which this year filled eight trains. From 1,000 to 1,200 persons visit annually to Lourdes at the time of this pilgrimage, and each, separately, is dipped in the water. The bath-houses are enlarged with tents, and tubs are brought into requisition in default of a greater number of piscines. At eight thousand and more men and women are bathered by thousands of forget-me-nots. The one drawback is the hotels, with their high prices and crowded accommodations. The town lives on the devotion of the faithful, and takes care to profit by it largely. Twenty-five years ago Lourdes was an out-of-the-way, simple, forgotten place; now it is a centre to which all the Catholics of Europe continually tend; and in such circumstances the inhabitants have no idea of keeping down their prices.

But, notwithstanding this drawback, there is no one who does not leave with regret this fair valley, the exquisite image in the grotto, the crowds of pilgrims, the beautiful basilique, the quaint town with its dark old church, where Bernadette used to hear Mass; the verdant clads rocks of Massabielle, the convent bells, and the chattering of the pigeons. The train runs down hill to Pau, and too fast the stumps of the mystic cave, with the blue river before it, and the mystic purple mountains behind, disappears from the eyes of the pilgrim returning northward.—A. G. M., in Liverpool Catholic Times.

ARTHEMUS WARD. No more amazing anecdote is told of Artemus Ward than the following: One day while traveling in the cars, and feeling miserable, and dreading to be bored by strangers, a man took a seat beside him, and presently said: "Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?" "Greeley? Greeley? Who is he?" The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said: "George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row in England. Do you think they will put him in a lunatic asylum?" "Train? Train? Who is that?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him."

A FAULTY COLLECTION.

The collection of Luther relics, made by Dr. Ginsburg at the British Museum, has received further additions, and it is now, unique in its interest. Thousands of people throng to see it, endangering thereby that dogma of Protestantism by which the veneration of relics is denounced as a folly or a crime. The collection is, nevertheless, an incomplete one, with an inconspicuous hole in the daily papers, quite new to all in the letter which Pope Leo XIII. has just addressed to three of his Cardinals, the first duty of history is that it shall not dare to lie; and its second duty is that it shall not fear to speak the truth. Judged by this noble standard, the Museum collection at the British Museum must be judged a sorry and sectarian affair, unworthy of habitation in a national museum, which is supported for educational purposes, by Catholics and Protestants alike from the public funds.

Our Museum authorities, we are informed, "took up the idea of the spirit in which it was conceived, and no time was lost in putting it into execution." As to the nature of that "spirit," we are cautiously kept in the dark, both by Dr. Ginsburg himself and by those who have fallen in with his plan. But if it was a spirit bigotry, the Catholic part of the nation has a right to be indignant; and if it was a supposed spirit of historic inquiry our Protestant fellow-countrymen have every reason to complain.

It is to the omissions in the collection that we desire an attention of the censorious visitor to be called. The indulgence which Tetzel promulgated is there; but where is the diabolical document in which Luther gave his sanction to the violation of Philip of Hesse's marriage? An illuminated Bible which belonged to an Elector of Saxony is in view; his plan, if possible, the old superstition that the Bible was Martin Luther's gift to man; but we ought also to have—we do not say a table of the Reformer's perversions of the Sacred Text—but at least a copy of those aspirations of his soul which we yet cannot call the divine nature of prayer, inscribed on the margin of his own Bible. "My God, of Thy goodness, provide us with coats, hats, hoods and cloaks, with good fat calves, oxen and sheep; with many women and few children." His "letter to Henry VIII," is here; but not his letter to Jerome Weller, full of the power, by which he was religiously asked for spiritual direction. "Poor Jerome Weller," wrote Luther, "you have temptations but you must have done with them. When the devil comes to tempt you, drink, my friend, drink deep, forget yourself, be merry and sin in your own way. Beware of giving up drinking, answer him, 'I will drink deeper just because you forbid me; I will drink bumper in honor of Jesus Christ.' Imitate me: it is only out of contempt for Satan that I drink so well and eat so much and enjoy myself so powerfully at table. I should really like to find some good new sin which might prove to him how I laugh at all that is sinful, and how entirely I consider my conscience unburdened. Do with the Deacon who the devil comes to torment us! He breathes in our ear, 'But you are sinning, you are sinning by death and of Hell.' Of course I am! I know that only too well. Is that all you have to tell me? 'But you will be condemned in the next life.' 'That I shall not! I know one who has suffered and satisfied for me. He is named Jesus Christ, Son of God. There, where He is, I shall be.'"

The portrait of Melancthon (with its suggestion of Mr. Gladstone) is curious enough; but a still more instructive exhibit would be the text in which Melancthon records his own observation of the effects of his teaching as contained in Luther's letters to Jerome Weller.

Melancthon's testimony, and that of many others, has already been quoted in our columns; but more remains behind. This same Jerome Weller learned his lesson from Luther so well, that he denounced a fellow-Reformer who maintained the necessity for personal holiness; yet even he complains that men joined the Lutherans and have become impious, not fearing God, and despising their pastors as street-sweepings and dust to be trodden under foot." A Prince's evidence does not differ much from that of one of these despised pastors. "Our people use the Sacrament of the Eucharist as a charm, not for amending and sanctifying themselves, but for cloaking their errors, their frivolity, insubordination, and fleshly liberty. It must be owned, however humiliating the confession may be, that our doctrine is far from having produced in hearts or lives the fruits expected of it." John Belzuis is said to have died of the depression caused by this same kind of humiliation and disappointment. Paul Ehrer complains that "our Evangelical Church is disfigured by disorder and scandalous habits." Sebastian Froese found his flock at Wittenberg "brutal and savage." Cruciger himself, in despair, allowed that many persons had in disgust already "separated themselves from the Gospel." Dugenhagen, who organized the Lutheran Church in Denmark, lamented that "the majority of the Evangelical had become worse than when they were Papists;" and Naogeorgus, whom Luther loved because he satirized the most august Priest in Christendom, surely never used his pen with more effect than he unwillingly did against his own fellows when he wrote that "the world is full of men who, under the name of the Gospel, lead a most guilty and scandalous life." These, and such as these, are the documents we miss from the collection which Dr. Ginsburg "conceived," and his friends "carried out" in a "spirit" rather difficult to divine.

The best to offer them these suggestions while there is still time. Perhaps before the larger Luther celebrations are upon us, they may be able to consider whether at least some of them should not be carried out.

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EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

The tendency which the mind indulges in early life inclines to follow in advancing years. Our first impressions take the deepest root, and seem almost to become incorporated with our nature. Hence it is that every individual is so set in his first opinions. Our early impressions would prevail with us through life if our opinions could not be altered. But the mind can be affected and the understanding influenced; therefore our first opinion of things can be changed and eradicated. The most powerful way, perhaps, to effect a change in these impressions of example. The school-boy that is fond of mischief, while at school, generally commits more or less crimes during his lifetime, unless induced by good example to mend his ways. Thus we see the great importance of forming habits only as will render us happy in life and guide us smoothly through that short space of time which is allotted to man.

At the Church of the Oratorians, in London, Eng., the entire Vesper service is sung by the congregation and the choir. The choir sings one verse of the psalms, and the congregation another. The hymns are sung in alternate verses, and the Magnificat is sung in the same manner.

R. C. Bruce, druggist, Tara, says: I have no medicine on my shelves that sells faster or gives better satisfaction than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and the sale is constantly increasing. Last year being the largest I have ever had. One of my customers was cured of catarrh by using three bottles. Another was raised out of bed, where he had been laid up for a long time with a lame back, by using two bottles. I have lots of customers, who would not be without it one night.

Dr. W. Armstrong, Toronto, writes: "I have been using orthop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda for Chronic Bronchitis with the best results. I believe it is the best Emulsion in the market." "So you experience little difficulty in the execution of your duties now, Mr. Curtin, do you?" "None whatever. Our department was never in better condition than at present."

"And do you never have any fears of the desperadoes whom you have been the means of bringing to justice?" "Not in the least. Such men do not try to retaliate, partially because they have not the courage, but often because they respect an officer who does his duty." The policemen, firemen, letter carriers and other public employes in this country have a particularly trying life. When, therefore, a simple and pure remedy that

Loveliness. "Beautiful thoughts make a beautiful soul, and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face." Once I knew a little girl Very plain; You might try her hair to curl, All in vain; On her cheek no tint of rose Paired and unpaired, or sought repose: She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain Came and went, As a recompense for pain, A single sentiment, So full many a beautiful thing, In her young soul blossoming, Gave content. Every thought was full of grace, Pure and true; And in time the homely face Lovelier grew; With a heavenly radiance bright, From its own sanctified light, Shining through. So I tell you, little child, Plain or poor, If your thoughts are undefiled, You are sure Of the loveliness of worth; And this beauty not of earth Will endure. St. Nicholas for September.

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

His Successful Undertaking and Escape from an Impending Fate. (Buffalo, N. Y., News.) One morning several years ago, just as the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the east, a small band of men might have been seen deployed about a house on Ferry street, in Buffalo. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intention, but it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and, swinging himself outward with wonderful quickness, scaled the roof of the house.

This man was Tom Ballard, the notorious counterfeiter; and, armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied justice and the officials below him. Some of the officers, knowing the desperate character of the man, proposed to shoot him until he was killed, but one of the number promptly protested, and declared that if his brother officers would assist him to escape, he would capture the man alive. Accordingly he began the difficult and dangerous task, and succeeded in bringing his prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present superintendent of city police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands pre-eminently in the front rank of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he possesses a courage, combined with marked physical powers, that make him the terror of evil-doers and the pride of law-abiding citizens. Few people can realize, however, the trials, exposures, and even privations, to which the members of every municipal police and fire department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at uncertain hours, subjected to the most inclement weather, and often necessitated by the nature of their duties to protracted undertakings, they endure anervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Curtin in former days; and it is not surprising that he found himself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. In relating his experience to a representative of this paper he said: "At times when I was on duty I would feel an unaccountable weariness and lack of energy. My appetite was also uncertain and my head seemed dull and heavy. I did not fully understand these troubles, but supposed as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might overcome it, but found I was mistaken, and I finally became so badly off that it was almost impossible to attend to my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I doubt not there are to-day hundreds similarly troubled who, like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

"Your present appearance, Mr. Curtin, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer as he looked at the 220 pounds of bone and muscle standing nearly five feet eleven inches in height before him. "No, not that; it is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect health, although I now realize that I was on the road to certain death by Bright's disease of the kidneys and travelling at a very rapid pace."

"How did you come to recover so completely?" "That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession who may possibly hear of it. I began the use of a popular remedy at the earnest solicitation of a number of friends in this city, and found to my great gratification that I began feeling better. This feeling continued and I gained in strength and vigor until now I am perfectly well—and wholly through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure which I believe to be the best medicine for policemen, firemen, railroad men or any other class of people exposed to danger or change of weather, ever discovered. Since my recovery I have recommended it everywhere, and never knew a case where it failed either to cure or benefit. I would not be without it under any consideration, and I am positive it is a wonderfully valuable and at the same time entirely harmless remedy indeed. I see that Dr. Gunn, dean of the United States Medical College of New York, indorses it in the highest terms."

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can restore and sustain the health of all such men is found, it should be cause for great congratulation, especially when recommended by such a man as Superintendent Thomas Curtin of Buffalo.

C. S. Judson, Wallaceburg, says; Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for Summer Complaints, is a splendid preparation, and I do not know of a single case in which it has not given satisfaction, but on the contrary have had many testimonials to its efficacy.

Remember This. If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are constive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters. If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemics, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or scaly skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health, and comfort.

In short, they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?



FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER & URINARY ORGANS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these organs to their only way by which health can be secured. Hence where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has relieved the kidneys and liver, it has placed them in a healthy condition, removed disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. It is a powerful purifier, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE. For sale by druggists.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Proprietors. Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approval in every city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, and an attack of vertigo that I could not move from my bed, or dress, without pain. I tried several remedies without much relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have sold large quantities of your Sarsaparilla, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The most notable cure I have effected in this vicinity convinces me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. River St., Buckland, Mass., May 11, 1882.

SALT RHEUM.

GEORGE ANDREWS, a barber in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, writes: "I was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum, the worst form. My operations actually cured me more than half the surface of my body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1882."

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

NEW FALL DRY GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED AT J. J. GIBBONS, New Dress Materials, New Dress Trimmings, New Hosiery and Gloves, New Flannels and Blankets, New House Furnishing Goods, New Gents' Furnishings, etc. A CALL SOLICITED.

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W. HINTON UNDERTAKER, & CO.

The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage. 202 King St., London, Private Residence 254 King Street.

YOUNG LADIES CONDUCTED BY SACRED HEAD

Locality unrivalling peculiar seven delicate constitution pure and good whole afforded every facility vigorous exercise thorough and practical faces unimpaired.

French is taught in class, but practical. The Library contains works—Literary and Scientific—of the most eminent feature. Musical and Instrumental feature. Musical and Instrumental feature. Musical and Instrumental feature.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY. This school is situated in the city of Toronto, and is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Family. It is a boarding school, and is open to young ladies of all ages and conditions.

USULINE. This is a new and improved method of writing, and is taught by the Sisters of the Holy Family. It is a simple and easy method, and is suitable for all ages and conditions.

ASSUMPTION. This is a new and improved method of writing, and is taught by the Sisters of the Holy Family. It is a simple and easy method, and is suitable for all ages and conditions.

CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION. This is a new and improved method of writing, and is taught by the Sisters of the Holy Family. It is a simple and easy method, and is suitable for all ages and conditions.

WOOLVER. This is a new and improved method of writing, and is taught by the Sisters of the Holy Family. It is a simple and easy method, and is suitable for all ages and conditions.

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