### A Pinch of Dust.

I read of a king who sat on a throne, And ruled a nation in regal state, As great a king as the world has know Yet he had at last but a beggar's fate For hedded; as each and all of us must, And his royal fame is a pinch of dust.

I read of a warrior of great renown, From ocean to ocean resounded his name With a sweep of his sabre he mowed mer

And the world cried "Bravo!" and this was But he died, as each and all of us must, And his sword is idle and red with rust.

There was a lover who loved his love With all of passion and youthful fire— Loved with the love of goods above. With glowing rapture and fond desire; But he died; as each and all of us must, And the grave was the goal of his hope and

trust.
Out of my reading I gathered this
As every reader and thinker must,
Power and glory and earthly bliss
Are nothing more than a pinch of dust.

## TRUE TO TRUST.

## THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT. CHAPTER XXIII.

Snow-snow lying deep on the roads; snow crowning every hill and house-top, and clinging to every tree, and worse than all, blinding snow-flakes drifting rapidly along; such was the cheerless scene through which our travellers were passing a few days after the unexpected arrival of Larry O'Toole at Rouen. The lumbering wagon which conveyed them had toiled through the snow for upwards of two hours, since they had left the last village where the party had stopped to change horses. Urged by the postillions the tired animals struggled slowly on; more than once the clumsy vehicle threatened to fall over, its wheels sinking in the deep ruts, over which the snow had cast a treacherthrough which our travellers were passing over which the snow had cast a treacherous covering, and on such occasions much time was lost, while considerable efforts

were needed to extricate them.
"It's buried alive in the snow we will The surface arrive in the snow we will be!" muttered Larry, as he helped to raise one of the horses which had slipped. The Irishman's fears seemed likely enough to be realized, for at that moment a desperate plunge made by the frightened horses threw the wagon on its side. The screams of the women inside, the shouts of the postillions, the struggles of the horses, added to the confusion and alarm. One of the man had residually in the struggles of the horses, of the men had received some slight injury on being thrown to the ground. The on being thrown to the ground. The travelers were extricated with much difficulty from their perilous situation, and happily they were more frightened than

After fruitless efforts to right the carriage, one of the postillions made Larry understand that he would try to find his way to the next town, and there obtain

Unharnessing one of the horses, he mounted and rode away. Gloomy indeed was the situation of Lady Adelina and her party. The servants had succeeded in dragging out some of the cloaks and furs belonging to the travellers; wrapped in these they walked up and down, afraid to west lest the cold should benumb their limbs and the feeling of drowsiness which oppressed them be changed into the sleep of death.

It was becoming darker every moment, and still no one came to their help. Per-haps the postillion had lost his way; perhaps there was no town or village where he could demand aid; and s where he could demand aid; and so the unfortunate travellers would be obliged to spend the night where they were, should they persist in awaiting his return. Possessed by these fears, Larry proposed that they should endeavor to push their way on. Having thrown cloaks over the horses as a substitute for saddles, Lady Adelina mounted; Catherine and Barbara shared the same horse; the maids rode in turn the remaining one. Larry, leading the foremost horse, waded through the deep snow, now encouraging with his voice the tired steeds, now trying to allay the fears of his companions. "Sure, it is not far we will have to go now; we must come to a village soon," he would say and when Lady Adelina, after strainin he would say : her eyes in every direction, replied that she could descry nothing but snow on all sides, he would still bid her hope.
"It's so dark, that sure it's in a cottage

we might be before your ladyship could

Suddenly Larry stopped and the horses stopped, for in front of them rose a mountain of drifted snow, which complete-ly blocked the road, and forbade further progress. All hope of advancing was ne, and there seemed no alternative but death from cold and want. As well a they could, they cleared a space in the snow; when Lady Adelina, despite the recommendations and entreaties of her companions, laid herself upon the ground, declaring that she was too fatigued to stand walk any longer. Soon, indeed, her fellow-travelers, losing all hope of escape, followed her example, and yielded too to the drowsiness which cold and weakness had produced.

Barbara was beside her faithful guardian who had wrapped her own cloak around the child. "Let us pray," said Catherine At such a moment to her companions. when human aid seemed impossible, it needed no persuasion to turn the hearts of the forlorn travellers towards Him who alone could succor them, and from that dreary waste, where they were awaiting the cold embraces of death, rose the silent incense of prayer. The numbness which dulled the senses took from them the feeling of fear which their awful situation ould otherwise have created. The snow flakes continued to fall with bewildering

quickness.

Catherine felt oppressed by sleep; her weary eyelids closed of themselves, and in vain she strove to rouse herself; once or twice she pressed Barbara close to her, then drewthe clock more tightly round the poor little thing, and her look still resting

## "Their Occupation Gone."

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and general giving away of the whole system. Failing to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, nine-tenths of the doctors would, like Othello. find their occupation gone. ried your "Golden Medical Discovery." t effected my entire cure. Your medianes have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a rial, nine-tenths of the doctors would, like othello, find their occupation gone.

Your struly,

L. B. McMillan, M. D., Breesport, N. Y.

The property of the following property of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. Othello, find their occupation gone.

on the pale face of the child, "Heavenly Father have pity on us!" she murmured; when all recollection of the past, all thoughts of the future, vanished.

When she again opened her eyes, there was no snow wrapping her frosen limbs, and fatiguing her tired sight by its dazling whiteness. No shows your grant.

zling whiteness. No, she was now sur-rounded by dim pannelled walls, and she found herself lying in a bed; but she was too weakened even to feel astonished at the change; her limbs ached and her thoughts were confused. Still one thing she did recollect, which was that when she had fallen asleep Barbara was by her side; and she looked anxiously round for her little companion. At that moment a per son advanced across the room; her dress was peculiar, such as Catherine had never before seen; as she approached the bed of the sufferer the latter remarked the beautiful expression of her countenance. When she spoke her voice was grave and sweet; but the young girl could not understand

out the young girl could not understand what she said; so making a great effort she faintly ejaculated the name of the cherished child—Barbara.

The stranger guessed her meaning, and smiling, pointed to a bed, where Catherine could distinguish the golden hair of Lady Margaret's daughter. The charitable person now gave her some gravaluish. person now gave her some warm drink and making signs that she was to lie still, retired to another part of the room. The sound of footsteps along a stone corridor were distinctly audible for a few

corridor were distinctly audible for a few minutes, and then a soft and solemn chant floated round the bed of the young girl and lulled her to rest. So the days passed, partly in sleep, partly in a state of quiet consciousness, during which she saw women all wearing the same dress, moving to and fro. Occasionally she heard the same chanting, which seemed to her like the singing of angelic chairs. When wish singing of angelic choirs. When night came she fell into a deep slumber, and awoke the following morning feeling quite refreshed. Barbara was standing by her bed. She embraced the child with

"O, that dreadful snow!" she exclaimed "tis well, my little sister, that we did not die in it! Thank God you seem quite recovered! How are the others?"

recovered! How are the others?"

"They are all nearly well," replied Barbara. "And it was because you took off your cloak to give it to me that your sufferings were the greatest. But, O sister, this is such a beautiful place! I have been all over the house with one of the ladies who wear that curious dress. I went with her to the chapel, and they were singing so sweetly."

singing so sweetly."
"It must be a convent like those I read

Thriust be a convent like those I read about in the old life of St. Bega," said Catherine, thoughtfully.

The young girl was not wrong in her surmise. When, guided by the postillion, some charitable townspeople had discovered the unfortunate travelers, and brought them to Evreny, they could think to them to Evreux, they could think of no better place to lodge them than in the con-vent of St. Michael, whose doors were never closed against the destitute and homeless. There they received every attention and care which Christian charity

could suggest.
On the second morning after their arrival, Larry, who being known in the town, had been conveyed to Sir Reginald's, presented himself at the convent grill, and asked to be allowed to speak to the travelers. Lady Adelina went to see, and heard that Sir Reginald was acquainted with their arrival; that he had prepared for their reception at the chateau, and anxiously awaited their coming.

"His honor would have been here him-

self, but he thought it better to welcome ye at his own house. It is only a step; it is not snowing now, so perhaps ye will

They all agreed to start ; and, having thanked the hospitable nuns they set forth. The term of their journey was forth. The term of their journey was nigh. Adelina had frequently and earnestly wished to reach it, and yet now that so short a distance separated her from the much-desired goal, she would willingly have deferred approaching it. The thought of meeting her husband's brother brought to her mind many painful recollections she had nover heart him was the lections, she had never heard him spoken of but with a bitterness which had little inclined her to form a favorable opinion of him. And although she had since blamed Sir Cuthbert's want of feeling for biamed Sir Cutibert's want of feeling for him in his misfortunes, she figured to her-self that Sir Reginald was one of those stern individuals who rigidly accomplish what they consider to be their duty, but are devoid of the kindly and amiable seniments which render virtue pleasing, and this, she persuaded herself, was the cause of his brother's dislike to him. Thoughts of a different character occupied Cather-ine; thoughts which made her also serious. Her hopes and wishes were about to be realized in the return of Lady Margaret's daughter to her parent, and she could fancy that the loving mother looked down from heaven with pleasure to witness her little one restored to its father; and yet, despite her efforts to dispel the feeling, a sadness crept over her at the thought of ess crept over her at the thought of parting with that child, whom during so long a time she had regarded as her own

After about a quarter of an hour's walk through the snow, the party reached one of those picturesque old chateaux, with high-pitched roof and mansard windows, often to be met with still in the country parts of France. It was nestled amidst tall shrubs and evergreens; the place looked much neglected, and the condition of the house showed that it had long been unoccupied. The grounds were extensive, here and there rose clumps of trees and bushy underwood, while considerable space was devoted to orchards of apple-trees, from which the famed cider was trees, from which the lamed call pop-made; in the distance a row of tall poplars marked the course of a river. was the spot where Sir Reginald had fixed his abode

his abode.

Lady Adelina need not have drawn back trembling as the hall door opened; for no sooner had the father seen his long-lost child than, without noticing the rest of the party, he took her in his arms and carried her to the drawing room. Her aunt and Catherine followed; the latter retired into one of the deep recesses of the windows, glad to remain unnoticed while she quietly witnessed the joy of Sir Reginald.

forgiveness of him—"
"O do not speak of forgiveness," replied
Sir Reginald. "I have always had for
Cuthbert the affection of a brother; and I
shall only be too happy to be able to give
yent to my feelings side. vent to my feelings with regard to him.
Why has he not himself come, that I might embrace him at once? That would

might embrace him at once? That would complete the joy of this happy day."
Tears rolled down Adelina's cheeks; she no longer felt any dread of her brother-in-law, but the kindness of his manner touched her deeply. She briefly acquainted Sir Reginald with Cuthbert's position and as the fivited reaching hands the ted Sir Reginald with Cuthbert's position and as she finished speaking handed him the letter which he had written from the Tower, and which had determined her coming to France with Barbara.

"Poor brother, poor brother!" repeated Sir Reginald, who appeared much affected. "Would that I could relieve him! You Adelina, "in undertaking so long a jour-ney at this season of the year. May God reward your charity in risking so much to restore my little one to me!"

to restore my little one to me!"

"He was anxious that I should express
to you his sorrow for the past," replied
the lady. "Do, I pray of you, say that
you pardon him; he will be better pleased
to learn, when I return, that I have
exactly fulfilled his wishes."

"Well, then, to satisfy you and him
know that I do pardon him from my heart,
whatever grief he has caused me, but illwill I have never borne him. So much
for the past; now let us forget it, and

for the past; now let us forget it, and look only to a bright future, when our family circle, which has been for a time divided shall, I hope, be united; and if," he added in a graver tone—"if it be not granted in this world, I trust it may be in

Adelina was too much affected to make any reply, but her mind felt easier now that the object of her journey was accomplished. Barbara, while her father was speaking, had left the seat where he had placed her by his side, and going to the window, where Catherine was standing, took her by the hand and led her to Sir took her by the hand and led her to Sir

Reginald.
"Father," she replied, gravely, "this is Catherine.

Catherine."

With the simplicity of childhood she judged that the name of her devoted friend needed no comment, and that others must know as she did that the word "Catherine" expressed all that was dear-est to her in the world. Her father smiled. It is more than probable that he smired. It is more than probable that he had forgotten the child who used to come to the Manor-house to work for Lady Margaret, or, at least he would have failed to recognize her in the young girl who now tood before him her. I have I are tood before him ; but Larry had alre told him that Widow O'Reilly and Cath erine Tresize had taken charge of his daughter, and that since the death of the good dame, it was the latter on whom the ole care of the child had devolved. therefore thanked her in words of heart-felt gratitude for her devotedness to Bar-bara, whom he hoped she would never

leave.
"I have, indeed, done nothing to merit rinave, indeed, done from girl, who such thanks," urged the young girl, who felt both surprised and confused at the praise bestowed on what she deemed but

Rouen, made her more willing than she would otherwise have been to agree to Sir Reginald's proposal, that she should remain where she was until the snow had melted. A sad trial to her patience, however, was the forced absence from London,

ever, was the forced absence from London, where so many interests called her. One afternoon Sir Reginald asked Catherine to accompany her daughter to the convent where they had received so

much hospitality. The child had been greatly delighted with the kindness of the nuns and the beauty of their chapel, and the quaintness of the house, so different from anything she had seen in England, had interested her; she had therefore begged her father to allow her to go and see them again, to which he readily consented. The estab-lishment was large as it reasons. lishment was large, as it possessed, besides an orphanage and a hospital, a school for the education of young ladies. With thes Barbara was permitted to amuse herself, while Catherine accompanied one of the nuns to visit the sick. The good religious soon remarked the willingness of the young foreigner to aid in their works of charity and join in their devotions and although owing to her ignorance of the French language, they could not exchange many words, they nevertheless conceived a great regard for her, and made her and Barbara understand that they were wel-come to visit them again when they pleased, a permission of which they readily availed themselves. The more Catherine saw of the holy and peaceful life of the nuns, the more she felt drawn towards the nuns, the more she felt drawn towards it, but she knew not to whom to disclose her wishes. To speak to the religious, whose kind faces inspired her with confidence, was impossible until she should have gained further knowledge of the language. Lady Adelina could not, of course, give any advice on this important matter, and then again. Beakers would be a speak to the state of and then, again, Barbara would be so

"Could Hardly Stand on her Feet." R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—I must tell you what your medicine has done for me. Before taking your "Favorite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but by following your advice, I am perfectly cured. The "Favorite Prescription" is a wonderful medicine for debilitated and nervous females. I cannot express how thankful I am to you for your division.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Cornelia Allison, Peosta, Ia.

As to Barbara, her face and manner bore impress of that sweet gravity which at all times characterized them; she readily replied to the questions of her father, but confessed that she did not recollect him, or her deceased mother, except by what Catherine and Bridget O'Reilly had told her of them.

In the life she was leading did not suit her. Sir Reginald, full of gratitude for the services she had rendered Barbara, wished that she should be treated in the same manner as his daughter; she had not.

The PARNELL VINDICATION FUND.

A Strong Opinion From Bishop Butler.

The following letter from the revered prelate of Limerick, appeared in the Freemanner as his daughter; she had not. Catherine and Bridget O'Reilly had told her of them.

"Pardon me," said Sir Reginald, turning to Adelina, "if the happiness which I experience at seeing my daughter has made me for a moment forget your presence. From what my servant told me I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to my brother Cuthbert's wife."

"Yes," replied Adelina timidly, "and I come," she added with some hesitation, "I come on his part, first to bring your services and then to implore your brother Cuthbert's wife." tion nor acquire the different accomplish-ments usually taught to those in her rank of life; and her straightforward conscientous nature made her anxious that Si Reginald, who trusted his daughter so en-tirely to her, should not be under the tirely to her, should not be under the mistake of imagining her possessed of a more extensive fund of information than was really the case. She expressed her fears on this subject to Lady Adelina, who, who while admiring the delicacy of her feelings, reassured her by saying:

"My niece is very young, and for some time at least will need no other instruc-

time at least will ne ed no other instruc time at least will need no other instruc-tion than that which you can impart; and when she is older her father can, if he wishes, have her taught those accomplish-ments of which you are ignorant.

### A Catholic Bishop Running For Parlia ment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

We have been permitted to make the following extract from a letter received by relatives in this city from a Sister of the Sacred Heart at Timaru, New Zea-

"The last excitement in our part of the "The last excitement in our part of the globe was caused by Dr. Moran, Catholic Bishop of Dunedin, running for Parliament, (New Zealand Parliament). The Bishop's object was not to be elected, but to prevent the election of a Catholic named Mr. Donnelly, whose views on education were not Catholic. You know that the Bishops here, and Dr. Moran in particular, are heartily opposed to government schools, and demand that Catholics should not be taxed for schools to which they can not conscientiously send their children. Mr. Larkin, a Protestant candidate, was elected by a large majority, but the Bishop had gained his point, while he proved himself throughout a thorough gentleman. The Timaru Herald promised him a brilliant career if Herald promised him a brilliant career if he would engage in politics, for Dr. Moran is a man of no ordinary ability, but, of course, he has not the slightest intention of turning politician.—Milwaukee Catho-

## A Religious Newspaper.

Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any one that ought to take such a paper does not, I hope that some one to whom the circum-stance is known will volunteer the loan of this article.

Who is he? A professor of religion, and

not taking a religious newspaper? A mem-ber of the visible Church and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in the Church? A follower of Christ, praying daily, as taught by his Master, "Thy kingdom come," and yet not knowing, nor caring to know, what progress that kingdom is making? But I must not fail to ask if this person

takes a secular newspaper. Oh, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world, and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear then that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does such thanks," urged the young girl, who felt both surprised and confused at the praise bestowed on what she deemed but a very simple action.

Lady Adelina, her mission accomplished, was now desirous to return as speedily as possible to England; but the severity of the weather, and the danger which she had already incurred on the journey from Rouen, made her more willing than she good religious newspaper; and be certain of paying for it; let him pay in advance. There is a satisfaction in reading an interesting paper to reflect that it is paid for. But perhaps you take a paper and are in

## Catholic Family Life.

If we were asked what quality was lacking in many Catholic-American families, we should give the result of our observation in these words: The cultivation of family life. The family ought to be a little oasis of refreshment which, though surrounded by desert sands, would always be the one spot towards which children and parents could turn with the surety of find-

ing consolation and comfort.
School-life has usurped the place of family life. The child lives in the school, not in the family. The father and mother absorbed in their daily cares think they have no time to make home pleasant. The have no time to make nome pleasant. The apology for the precious family life which some good people make, forces on the ob-server the conclusion that they believe very firmly that man can live by bread

For one dime get a package of Diamond Dyes at the druggist's. They color anything the most desirable and fashionable color.

The "constantly tired-out" feeling so often experienced is the result of impoverished blood, and consequent enfeebled vitality. Ayer's Sarsaparilla feeds and enriches the blood, increases the appetite, and promotes digestion of the food, and the assimilation of its strengthening qualities. The system being thus invigorated, the feeling rapidly changes to a grateful sense of strength and

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Graven-hurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Pyspeptic Cure say that it Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organ, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggiste, Dundas at gists, Dundas st.

The following letter from the revered prelate of Limerick, appeared in the Freeman's Journal, of March 27th:

"The Palace, Limerick, Paster Monday, Control of the Palace of the Paster Monday, Control of the Paster Mo

Easter Monday. S

Easter Monday. S

To the Editor of the Freeman:

"My dear sir,—I have much pleasure in asking you to take charge of the enclosed £10 as my subscription to the Parnell Fund. In my opinion, which I know is shared by the vast majority of my flock, Mr. Parnell has entitled himself to a National testimonial. Through good and evil report, and is spite of truculent opposition and base calumny, he has continued to work with matchless energy and noble devotedness for his country's and noble devotedness for his country's weal, and it is to him we owe the instal weal, and it is to him we owe the instalment of justice—such as it is—conveyed to us in the Land Act of '81. He has won for himself, moreover, the bitter hatred of Ireland's enemies poured out upon him in the House of Commons, and in the English Press; and herein lies for us the crowning proof of his patriotism; for the instinct by which the tiger knows and springs upon its prey is not truer or more ferocious than that which actuates the Parliament of England and her Press when an Irish patriot of the genuine stamp is to be hunted down.

her Press when an Irish patriot of the genuine stamp is to be hunted down.

"Daniel O'Connell had proof of this in the 'beastly bellowing' of the House of Commons, and he guaged its import truly when he publicly thanked God that he had been abused by the Times. The same Times, while gloating over the vile and spiteful attack recently made in the House of Commons, and made with unclean hands, on Mr. Parnell, says:—'Mr. Forster's stern interrogatories fell on Mr. Parnell like the lash of a whip on a man's face.' How little it occurred to this wise-Parnell like the lash of a whip on a man's face.' How little it occurred to this wise-acre that every lash of that savage whip was to an Irishman but a new proof of Mr. Parnell's worth, and an additional title for him to the confidence and gratitude of his country was to an additional title for him to the confidence and gratitude of his countrymen.

"I am, dear sir, your faithful servant, +George Butler, Bishop of Limerick.

# Why Catholics Respect their Clergy.

It is a frequent matter of remark, and indeed sometimes of reproach, that Catholics think a great deal of their clergy follow their advice, and respect their opinions.

As there is no effect without a cause, a few of the reasons for this may not be out of place.

In the first place, then, the clergy, by In the first place, then, the clergy, by the virtue of their sacred office, hold a very high place. They are the heralds and ministers of God, expressly authorized to teach His law and administer His Sacraments. They have not taken to themselves this dignity and honor, but are called by God, "as was Aaron." (Heb. v, 4.)

Their higher prerogatives are many, but chief among them is the power of secritical contents.

chief among them is the power of sacrichief among them is the power of sacrifice by the consecration and offering of the Body and Blood of our Lord, and the power of remitting sin, both of which are done by every duly authorized priest—the first, when he celebrates Mass, and the second, in the Sacrament of Penance or Confession.

Every priest represents, in a particular manner, Jesus Christ Himself, especially when celebrating Mass. Now, tesides these reasons for respect, there exists

others.

For every priest has passed through a special training for years, before being admitted to the Sacred Orders, and consequently may be supposed to be, and really is, fully experienced and qualified to train souls. For this reason they are called "Father" to express their gravity of manner, learning, and prudence, as it is

When the people were oppressed, so But perhaps you take a paper and are in arrears for it. Now, suppose you were the publisher, and the publisher was one of your subscribers, and was in arrears to you, what would you think he ought to do you, what would you think he ought to do you, what would you think he question. I fact—for what is an Irish priest but the son of some Irish mother, cradled in the same arms and nursed at the same breast with brothers who have chosen other professions, schoolmates and neighbors to a whole country side.

These are the reasons why Catholics, and especially Catholics of Irish blood, respect and venerate the clergy.—Catholic Fireside.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best medicine that can be employed to correct irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Gentle, yet thorough, in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the digestive organs and appetite, and cleanse, build up, and strengthen the system.

First Rate Evidence. "Often unable to attend business, being subject to serious disorder of the kidueys.

After a long siege of sickness, tried Burdock Blood Bitters and was relieved by half a bottle," Mr. B. Turner, of Rochester, N. Y., takes the pains to write.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it lone me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

## Why be Downcast.

True, you may be in a miserable condition—you may be weak, palid, and ner vous. You cannot sleep at night, nor enjoy your waking hours; yet, why lose heart? Get a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. It will restore you to health and

peace of mind.

The aim in the manufacture of Messrs.
Tuckett & Son's, "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is to develop and retain the natural aroma of the tobacco. This requires great skill and a knowledge of very interesting chemical laws but the results attained are vastly superior to all forms of flavoring to the superior to all forms of flavoring to the sale of the superior to all forms of flavoring the superior to be all that you claim it to be."

### WHAT SAVED HIM.

A young wife had just settled in he A young wife had just settled in her new home. All seamed fair and promising, for she did not know that her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house his wife, who was very much shocked, told him he was sick and must lie down at once; and in a meant to the staggered in the shocked. down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortable on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was a reddish purple, and altogether he was a pitiable looking

mustard applied to the patient's feet and hands. When the doctor came, and felt hands. When the doctor came, and felt his pulse and examined him, and found that he was only drunk, he said:

"He will be all right in the morning."
But the wife insisted that he was very

sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for some one who will."

some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved close, and blisters were applied.

The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters were eating into his flesh, it was not till near morning that he began to beat about disturbed by pain.

disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to the most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.
"What does this mean?" he said, put-

"his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still; you mustn't stir," said his wife; "you have been sick."

"O, yes, you are; you have the brain ever. We have worked with you al

o, yes, you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you al night."
"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my

"They are blistered."
"Well, I am better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded, piteously.
He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his hands and feet still worse.
"Dear." he said greening. "He I head!

"Dear," he said groaning, "If I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor, and above,

all, don't blister me again."
"O, indeed I will! All that saved you were the blisters. And if you have another were the bisters. And if you have another such spell I shall be more frightened than ever; for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you are likely to die, unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defence. Suffice it to say that he never had another attack

### THE DECLARATION OF INDEPEND-ENCE A CATHOLIC DOCUMENT

Notre Dame Scholastic. The Declaration of Independence was written by young Jefferson, who, though not a Catholic, penned a Catholic document, for every word of it breathes Cathment, for every word of it becames cam-olic sentiments. This is attested by the writings of the great men of our holy faith. St. Bernard said: "Princes should be informed that they do not own the people as slaves." Lactantius said that "civil authority has no right to outrage the fundamental laws of justice; its whole object is to observe the public good, and where there is no justice in the civil authority, it is not the private but public authority, it is not the private but public outrage that is accomplished." St. Jerome said: "Rulers only have supreme power for one end, which is the public good; and when they ignore it, they open the way to their own removal." Albertus Magnus: "The rights of the people are a Magnus: "The rights of the people are a conclusion derived from the natural law," Alcuin—"Positive laws cannot be made unless for the good of the people;" Bellarmine—"Whether men should be governed by kings or consuls, by one or by the a persential or a temporary magnetic statement of the people when the appropriate of the people with the people wi many, by a perpetual or a temporary mag-istrate, depends upon their own wishes." Thomas a Becket—"The common good is the grand end for which nations are formed;" Eginhardt—"An evil public power has no right to continue;" Fenelon "Tyranny, military aggression and destic laws, being void of right in the potic laws. esign which brings them into existence they are void of right to remain in existence they are void of right to remain in existence;" Savonarola—"Despotism, the more it is borne with, the more it must be borne with, nothing can appease its inclination endowed with right." Are not endowed with right." Are not these words of eminent Catholic churchmen paraphrased in the great character of our

Female Friendship. It is a wondrous advantage to a man in every pursuit or vocation to procure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensible regard for your character, honor, and repute. She will seldom counsel you to a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitu-tional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore seldom counsels you to an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart whom he loves, and who loves him. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships where disparity of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle age has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendship have. We may have female friendship with those much older and those much younger than ourselves. Female friend-ship is to man the bulwark and sweetest ornament of his existence.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

An Excellent Report. Hon. Jos. G. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—"I cannot express myself in sufficiently praiseworthy terms of Bur-dock Blood Bitters which I have used for

FATHER TOM BURKE

The Church and Her M On Sunday the formal open new organ of St. Peter's, B. place, and the occasion may be as a red letter day in the hist

Peter's. Additional importance ed to the ceremony owing to t

ed to the ceremony owing to the pulpit was to be occupied brated Dominican preacher, Rev. Thomas N. Burke. To of the organ, which has cost o is only one of the many in which the zealous and energet trator of the church, the Pev. Phas identified himself with the interests of his people. The

interests of his people. The short time has elapsed since I St. Peter's Father Convery has ficent and spacious schools er cost of about £700 to meet the ments of the district, which has crowded working peopletic. crowded working populati-schools were opened for the first Monday. In many other was shown himself alive to his duty snown himself alive to his duty having the care of souls. The Sunday had been looked forw some time past, and the numer may be added, influential and r tive congregations which asse witness the opening of the orga with the large amount realize collections, testify in a striking the esteem in which the Re Convery is held by all classes i The church was taxed to its utr city, and it was observable tha number of strangers were prese the great Dominican orator. built by Mr. John White, of one of the largest and finest in dom, having 2500 pipes, four ro and forty-three stops. The mu dom, having 2500 pipes, four roy and forty-three stops. The mu occasion was Beethoven's Mass occasion was Beetnoven stime in any church in Belfast), time in any church in Belfast), orchestral accompaniment. A o'clock High Mass (Coram Pontimenced, the Most Rev. Dr. Bishop of the diocese, pontification in the first Gospel, Father Burkethe pulpit and preached an elocimpressive sermon from Cantick 16, "Let thy voice sound in my thy voice is sweet and thy fac My beloved to me, and I to feedeth among the lilies."

In the course of his remarkance of the service In the course of his remark were listened to with breathless by the vast congregation, the Dominican said: We know Mother-Church is holy, and th stain, nor blot, nor wrinkle of

anything approaching to sin, into her, no lie be permitted t upon the sacred demesne of her No sin can enter within her. S only holy in all that she teacher all that she commands us to do all the help that she administers the Catholic Church is so holy Almighty God. Almighty God, her very prodestruction to all that is bad or u She is untolerating. If the tolerating one small sin were to insure t temporal wealth and glory, the would fall, the sun refuse its stars disappear from their pl wander meaningless through the ment, before the Catholic Church tolerate one small sin, even at the ther own existence. Her whole epitomized in that event which duced the Protestant heresy in countries. A wicked king we repudiate a virtuous and holy to take to him one younger an He came to the head of the Church and said: "You must commit this sin, or else I will i such power as the world neve beheld, and crush you in my d The Catholic Church knew well before her. Well she knew that of martyrs' blood would flow; hnew that a powerful nation whost to her for ages—that her to was to be contradicted—that her mas to be disputed—that her m the heathen was to be no longer ar ised but a disputed mission. could she do if she were capable unboly? She might assent to the of the adulterous tyrant, but she do it, for Christ had made her l put His sign on her brow. earth shall pass away," says He, Word shall not pass away." The is not only one and holy, but she three beauties of Almighty God. SHE IS IMMORTAL AND IMPERISE She is the only institution on the God's earth that cannot die o No matter how pow

stroyed. No matter how pow nation, its day of glory wanes in ing. The sun of its splendor set is night upon the land that was bright. What is the history of the world but a history of change and tion? What testimony can these the far East bear, and what testif the ruins of Athens and Rome be voice crying out, "We were one the most powerful nations in the we have passed away out of date, day of our glory is gone for ever. Catholic Church can never say thi the institutions of earth may pass deluge more dreadful than that w visited the earth from an angry of visited the earth from an angry of sweep over the mountain-tops, at the storm has subsided and left urin, in the midst of that ruin stand the Catholic Church, as yefresh, and as fair as in the da Christ came to call her spouse, beloved, not only does the spouse beloved one that her face is ebeautiful, but he also says to he the voice of my beloved resound ear, for thy voice is sweet bey sweetness." He gave her a splen stateliness and grandeur of worshithe Catholic Church. Behold the the Catholic Church. Behold the of her altars. See how she lave

RICH AND BEAUTIFUL BEFORE HE See the details of that Pontific which you are assisting at to-day minutest movement around that from that of the Bishop and past is upon his throne down to the acolyte—is prescribed by law and e by the discipline of the Catholic The living and eternal God is u altar. Take Him away, deny His p and the whole thing becomes a r greater than ever insulted the integrater. of man. But presuppose, as you know, that the living God is the

that He comes down from heave His eternal throne, and comes i