buy the title-deeds; but the abstract right of ownersbip would remain with the farmers who tilled the land."

"I don't understand you," said Lord

"I propose to sell the deeds to the men who already bold the land by right."
"You will break up Broadwood, and sell it to your farmers?"

Lord Somers was seriously effected by this extraordinary announcement; but he knew Hamerton too well to remonstrate

Mr. Wyville, looking across his paper

observed both speakers, and listened to the conversation, evidently pleased. "You will be no nearer to your repub

lican idea when this is done," said Lard Somers, at length; "you will have sold

the land; but the money it brings has not been earned by you." "Quite true," answered Hamerton.

"Why Hamerton—what do you mean? What will you do with it?" "I shall invest it in schools and a library

for the people of that section for ever, as the lawyers say. Mr. Wyville and I have been looking at the matter, and we think this money will establish a school with three technical branches—chemistry,

engineering and agriculture.
"And you? will you teach in the

"Oh no; I am going to Australia."
"To Australia!" said Lord Somers and

Sheridan in a breath. Then Sheridan

never return here,"
"I am glat," cried Sheridan, starting
up and seizing Hamerton's hand. "Aus-

trails is going to send out the largest-hearted men that ever owned the earth. You will be at home there. You will breathe freely in its splendid sir. Oh, I

am proud to see such men turn by nature

with a look of intense pleasure. He laid with a look of intense pleasure. He had his hand almost caressingly on Will Sacri-dan's shoulder. As they were placed, these three men — Wyville, Sheridan, and Hamerton — they formed a remarkable

Mr. Wyville had approached the table

"You are dangerous company," said Lord Somers, looking at them with ad-miration. "You almost tempt me to fol-

ow you, or go with you, to Australia

When do you sail?"
"Mr. Sheridan and I will sail on the

convict ship in three weeks," said Mr. Wyville. "Mr. Hamerton will take my steam yacht, and follow when he has

the command of your steamer."
"Thank you; that is my intention."

been talking together, at the other end of been taking together, at the content to the room, now approached, and the conversation became general. Soon after, Lord Somers said "Good morning," and

CAPTAIN SAMUEL DRAPER.

ping agency in London, on the day following Mr. Wyville's conversation with Lord Somers, the former gentleman sat while one of the clerks in the office

"Yes; No. 37 Horton street, East."

"Yes; No. 37 Horton street, East,"
Mr. Wyville left the cilice, and the
clerk collected his papers, from which the
visitor had taken notes.
Mr. Wyville halled a cab, and said to
the driver, "Horton Street." It was a
long way off, and during the slow progress through the crowded streets Mr.
Warnile avanuated his notes and arranged

brought him books and documents.

address in London ?"

In the inner office of Lloyd's great ship.

proceeded to his Department.

to the magnificent South!"

" Are you going to settle there?"

"Why keep it, then ?"
"I shall not keep it."

chools for a living?"

IRELAND'S DEVOTION TO THE

BLESSED VIRGIN.

The following quotation from a sermon of the gifted Father Burke, O. P., shows how Our Ludy has always been loved and honored in Catholic Ireland:

"One great feature in St. Patrick's preaching was devotion to the mother of God. Of this we have abundant proofs in the numerous churches built and dedicated to God under her name, Teampoill Mhvire, or Mary's Caurch, became a familiar name in the land. In the far West of Ireland, where the traditions of our holy faith are still preserved enshrined

our holy faith are still preserved enshrined in the purest of our grand old Celtic lan-

LUTHER'S SUICIDE.

AMPLE EVIDENCE OF THE HAT HE HANGED HIMSEL

ING PAMPHLET - EXPOSURE O DOCTORED REPORT ISSUED BY LU COMPATRIOTS AT EISLEBEN—CAI BELLARMINE S TESTIMONY—STO

Reverend Paul Mejanke, who Reverend Paul Majunke, who, years ago, was editor of the mania, and is a very able writer, it meanly a year, been keeping the tants of Germany at the fever it excitement by a pamphiet, which already gone through four edition in which he pretty conclusively estable fast that Luther ended miles have that it is most necessary. Ine may, he shows that it is most proba Luther committed suicide by h The most redoubtable champions testantism in Germany, as well most insignificant defenders of the have taken up arms against him in of their idol, Martin Luther. But proven himself more than a ma proven himself more than a mit them all, and their assaults have of the effect of giving him the opport of strengthening his position and ing it, in fact, impregnable by the cation of supplementary pamphle Rev. Paul Majunke states in

marks prefatory to the second ed his pamphlet on the unfortunat of Luther, that none of his crit even the most actimonious, he seeded in bringing forward a single against the authoriticity of the do referred to in his pamphiet, nor the credibility of the facts adduced. pamphlet he states that immediat Luther's death on February 18, E sleben, the three preachers, A Justus Jonas and Michael Coult were in close communication w during his stay at Eisleben, asser order to agree on a common re-cerning the death and last days master, Luther, and that this reoccasioned by the various rumo, were in circulation at Eisleben ately after Luther's demise, relati manner in which Lather had d corroboration of the fact that sa was agreed on in consequence rumors, Rev. Paul Majanke ci lines from the funeral serm on over Luther on February 20— after his death. In said sermon MICHAEL COLLIUS SAYS among other things, that Luther buried, is dead not more than

and aiready there are found pe on by the evil spirit, who re Luther was found dead in bed. moreover, says that he does no that he, who was a liar from t ning, will invent many other lies; for the devil, he says, is cerned about Lather, but abou What were the reports that What were the reports that circulation immediately after demise? Although differing details, they all agreed in this: thad died a very sudden and death. These reports, of cour ally passed beyond the narrow of Eulebean and arread far and

Eisleben, and spread far and

the most prudent and learn Catholic writers and controver not hesitate later on to embod

not nestate in the most of their writings.

It will be sufficient to quot words of the celebrated Cardii mlne, who says: "Martin Lui lived after the epicureau fash"

not also die after the epicurea

not also die after the epicurea For having one night taken a meal, as was his custom, and woked all the guests to laugh stories and jokes, he after a gave up his soul to the devil, hance being distorted." These found in Cardinal Bellarmice delivered at Louvain from 15 and winted at Cologne in 161

and printed at Cologne in 161

of the most prudent and learn

writers about the sadden and w

ing of Luther's life, the manuf doctored report of Justus Jon

the contrary notwitstanding Luther is said to have died th

saint, yet the exact manue Luther died was still shrouded

and the vell of this myster lifted only by those who we of the death scene. The mained unsolved well night

years, when, at last, in the ye

and historian, the learned Thomas B. zius, cleared up th

Publishing the testimony of mess, who was no other ti servant. This servant was when Luther died. After J. he returned to the Catholic

thereafter had personal re-thereafter had personal re-bozius himself or his friend time when Bozius was wri-brated work, "Ds Signi (Rome and Cologue, 1592 an

In the chapter (tom. 2, lib.

in which he treats of the se herestarche, Bozius says that

ing feasted sumptuously in and having retired to rest ch

the same night by suffocation ago he had heard that it he

CELEBRATED CONTROVE

p. 562). While there was no doubt i

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is heredited and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of discovering the strong property of the strong property we asso accumulate poison and germs of discase from breathe, we eat, or we drink. Nothing clusively than the salt rheum, removes the taint catarrh, neutralizes

catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. Thousands testify to the superiority of Hoodies.

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work turned out. Prices always moderate.

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MOONDYNE.

BOOK FOURTH. THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

II.-CONTINUED

"Does the prisoner speak to any one ked Mr. Wyville.
"No; there's no one to speak to her

but me; and she never hopens her lips to Can I see her, and speak with her?"

"Yessir," said Officer Lodge; "but be carefu -sho's not safe." officer Lodge carefully locked the outer door, and then approached the lockup. He knocked on the door heavily

with the key, as if to rouse the prisoner.

No sound came from within. He turned
the key in the lock, and opened the door.

Mr. Wyville entered the lock-up,
which was a room about twelve feet

square, with one window. A wooden bench ran round three sides of the room, and in the farther corner, upon the bench, was something like a heap of clothes. It was the prisoner, who sat upon the bench, her back to the wall, her knees

drawn up, and her face suck upon them.
A tattered shawl covered her, so that she presented the appearance of a heap of wretched clothes
She did not move as the door opened, nor, for a minute afterwards. But as some one had entered, and the door had not been closed, she became aware of the intrusion. She raised her head, and looked around on the floor, slowly, till

her glance fell on Mr. Wwville's feet.
Then she raised her eyes till they rested on his face.
She seemed to have been in a sort of daze or waking dream. She did not take her eyes away, but looked at the strange face before her as if she were not yet

She was a woeful wreck of womanhood Her eyes had cavernous circles around them, and her cheeks were sunken, as if with consuming disease. Her hair, unwith consuming disease. Her hair, un-kempt, was covered with the old shawl but its etraggling locks fell across her forehead. As she locked at Mr. Wyville hand and pressed backward the tangled

hair from each side of her face.

Wretched as she was, and lost, there was something beneath all the stains that spoke of a face once comely and soft and

"Harriet Draper!" said Mr. Wyville with unusual emotion in his deep voice, and speaking in a subdued tone. She moved uneasily at the name, and

her large eyes grew fearfully bright. "Harriet Drsper, I have been searching for you many years. May God pardon the man whose crime sent you here!"

"Ach!" gasped the woman, suddenly burying her face again, as if she had been stabbed in the breast. Then she started, and sprang to the floor, and put her hands

"O God! what did he say?" sh hoarsely whispered, as if speaking to her-self; "O God! God! to pardon him, and She took away her hands, and looked

severely for a moment at Mr. Wyville. He met her gaze with a severity greater "Yee; God pardon bim, for through him you have been made guilty," he

"Who are you?" she cried, becoming excited.; "Who are you that present to know me? No man made me commit crime. You lie! you lie! you don't know me—you don't know him!"

Her acies became high with excitement, and her ever blead as with france.

and her eyes blazed, as with frenzy.
"Harriet Draper, I know you and I know him—your guilty husband. I have searched for you for years, to ask you to lighten your toul of one gravious crime. Before long, you will need repentance; for your health is broken, and you cannot die with this terrible burden on your con-

she cried, still fiercely, but in a lower have such deadly enemies!" tone "What have I done?"

"You have committed murder!"
She looked at him without a word, and lucreased the pitiful fixity of her gezs by relsing her hands to press her temples, as if to keep down pain.
You murdered Alice Walmsley's child !"

Her eyes closed, and she grasped at her breast with both hands, and tottered back-ward, sluking on the banch with a long

You killed the child, and you saw the innocent mother dragged to prison for your crims. You have remained silent for nine years, and destroyed your own life, while she has borne your punishment. You shall now confess, and save her who has suffered so much to save you "
"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" screamed the

woman, in a laugh so sudden and hellish that Mr. Wyville stepped back appalled. He had expected a different result. Again and again the horrid laugh rang through the place, till it had exhausted the strength of the ferocious and most miserable being no uttered it, and the tank heavily on the bench.

Save her!" she cried at length, clenchirg her hands, and shaking them over her ead. "Ha! ha! save her! Save the false woman that sent me here! I hate her! She brought her suffering on herself by stealing my husband — he was only a fool in her hands!"

She rocked herself to and fro for a time, and then cried wildly:
"Why should I forgive her? Why

should I save her? Am I to bear all the misery she made? He was my husband, and he loved me, till she made him false!"
Here she became wildly excited, almost

screaming her words.
"If she were free to-day she would seek him out, and go back to him. Why
should I save her to do that? Begone!
I will not! I know nothing about her.
I would rather die than speak a word to

A fit of coughing, that almost convulsed the miserable frame, now seized the woman; and when it had passed she sank it?" Mr. Wyville remained eilent; he feared that more excitement might effect her

reason, or her life. He looked down upon the unfortunate being with profound pity. He had expected a depraced and selfish nature, shrinking from confession through selfish fear. He saw, instead, a woman's heart, criminal through its own love and truth, and cruelly u. just through jealousy of its rival.

Dirkest and saddest of human eights —

the good tortured from its straight course until it actually had become evil; the augelic quality in a heart warped by decelt and wrong until it had become the fiendish part.

fiendish part.

"O, man, man!" murmured Mr. Wyville, as he looked upon the wreck, bat
only saw the evil doer beyond her, "your
sin is deeper than the sea. Not here, not
here must I seek to right the wrong."

He walked from the place with bowed head. Officer Lodge, without speaking, locked the door and followed him. Mr.

locked the door and followed him. Mr.
Wyville sat down in the court-room, and,
after a long pause, said to Officer Lodge:
"Has this man, Draper, ever been here
—eince the crime was committed?"
"No, sir, be han't never been seen;
but they say as he has been here; that he
came in the right to his own folks once. He can't never live in Walton, sir."
"Has he been outlawed?"

"Has he been outlawed?"
"No, sir, there was no one to go sgain' him. The law let him pass; but the people couldn't stomach him—though they never thought he was as bad as this."
"You have heard, then, what I have said to this woman? It will do no good to said to the woman? It will do no good to
speak about it. She has made no confession—nor will she confess till the hand of
death is upon her. When is she to be
tried for this last offence?"

"In two weeks, sir; and she'll get at

least seven years."
"Well, my kind friend, remember she has been cruelly wronged; and so long as she is in your charge, treat her with mercy. She is not the author of her crime and

Officer Lodge promised to be kind, though his heart overflowed when he thought of poor Alice Walmsley and her great wrong. He also promised to send by mail to Mr. Wyville a report of Harriet Draper's sentence.

Mr. Wyville thanked him, but offered "I shall see you egain before long," he

raid, as he left the little court room. His journey to London that night was mainly consumed in reflection on the tangled web of crime and injustice in which he had

become so deeply interested.

Two days later Mr. Wyville eat in the effice of the governor of Millbank, relating to him the story of Harriet Draper and Alice Walmsley.
"Good heavens!" cried the kind old

governor; "the case must be brought at once before the Directors." "No," said Mr. Wyville, "not yet—and

not at any time before them. Release cannot right the wrong of this injured woman. She must be cleared by the confission of the criminal—and then we shall send her case to the Queen."
"Well," said the governor, "but how are you to get the confession ?"

"Tale woman, Harriet Draper, will come to Millbank within two weeks. If she does not confess before the convict hip sails, she must be sent to Western Australia next month. "We never send convicts in their first

year," said the governor.

"She must go," taid Mr. Wyville,
warmly; "break your rule for the sake of igetice

"I'll break it for your sake, Mr. Wy-ville," said the governor. "I shall put her name on the roll." others. Oan this be done?"

"Yes; we can enter her on the hospital list, and send her before the others to the ship. She will be confined on board in the hospital."

Mr. Wyville held out his hand to the

governor.
"I thank you sincerely," he said; "I am deeply interested in this cess."

When he had gene the bluff old major walked up and down his office, and mopped his head with his big handker-chief.

hief.
"It's like good health and a good con--what are you talking about?" science to come near that man," he said to himself. "Howstrange it is that he should

> III. A CAPTAIN FOR THE HOUGUEMONT.

In Mr. Wyville's house, in the library or study, sat Mr. Hamerton. He had been writing for hours. On the table beside him lay a heep of documents, with large red seals, like title-deeds; and in another heap lay a number of letters, addressed

nd stamped.

Mr. Wyville entered, and they talked for some minutes in a serious vein. It was evident that Mr. Hamerton was engaged in some more important business than usual, and that he had advised with Mr. Wyville during its progress.

Lord Somers called, as usual, on his way to the Department; and shortly after-

ward Sheridan arrived, Mr. Hamerton continued to write, and a cursory conver eation began, the gentlemen glancing at the morning papers.

An exclamation from Lord Somers

broke the commonplace.
"Hello! What the deuce! Why, Hamerton, this must be your place. Are you going to sell Broadwood?"

'Yes," said Hamerton, and he went on

with his writing.
"The whole estate and manor house?" asked the peer, in plain astonishment.
"The whole thing," said Hamerton, in

the same prosaic tone. Will Sheridan took the paper, and read the advertisement: Megnificent and historic demesne and manor house of Broadwood — 400 acres of rich land — entire village of Broadwood — valuable church living—intique furniture, pictures, armor, etc—in a word, the entire surroundings of an English aristocrat of the first standing, advertised in the daily papers to be sold by suction, not as a whole, but in lots.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Lind Somers; "why not sell the right to one purchaser?"
"Because he couldn'; buy it." answered ecause he couldn': buy it," answered

the stolid Hamerton, who was in a mood for anothegms.
"What! you want too much money for

gress through the crowded streets Mr. Wyville examined his notes, and arranged them carefully in a certain order. At last the cab stopped.

"What number?" asked the driver.

"I shall get out here," said Mr. Wyville. "But you may wait for me—say half an hour."

He walked down the quiet little street, with its uniform brick houses, green blinds, and white curtains. It was a street of comfortable residences of small business men and well to-do mechanics. Number 37 was in no way different from the neighboring houses.

Mr. Wyville rang the bell, and an old lady, with glasses pushed up to her forehead, and a piece of sewing in her hand, opened the door, and looked inquiringly at the caller. "Does Captain D:aper live here?" he

I am naturally interested, independent of my sincere interest in your affairs."

"Well, you spoke of buying the right, Now, Somers, no one mau could buy or hold the right to so much land as Broadwood, in this populous and poverty-stricken country—yes, poverty stricken—there are only a few rich people. Eighty out of every hundred are miserably poor. The best a rich man could do would be to hur the title-deeds: but the abstract right

asked.

"Yes, sir; but he is out at present," said the intelligent old lady.

"I am sorry; I will call sgain," said Mr. Wyville, turning to go.

"He will be in soon," said the old lady; "he comes in to dinner always."

"Then I shall wait, if you please," said Mr. Wyville, and he entered the house, and sat down in a comfortable little parlor, while the old woman, drawing down her glasses, went on with her sewing.

her glasses, went on with her sewing.
"Captain Draper is my grand-nephew," sald ebs, after a silent interval.
"Indeed!" said Mr. Wyville. "Then
you will be pleased to know that I come

to offer him a good command." to offer him a good command."
"Oh, I am delighted!" said the old lady; "he is so good, so conscientious. I always said as Samnel would come to something "igh. He has been waiting for a ship for nearly a year. I know be doesn't please his owners, because he is too consciention."

too conscientious."

"You will also be pleased to bear, madem, that his owners this time will be quite conscientious, too."

"I am so delighted?" said Captain Draper's grand aunt.

At this moment the outer door opened, and immediately after Captain Draper entered the room. It was rather a chilly day, and he had buttoned his coat close up to his throat. He was not a robust figure—rather slim, and bent forward. ing to his throat. He was not a robust-figure — rather slim, and bent forward. The past ten years had laid a strong hand on him. The charm of his younger man-hood, the bolsterous laugh and hearty on n.m. The charm of his younger man-hood, the boisterous laugh and hearty manner of waving his hand, was much lessened; but the cold watchfulness of his prominent blue eyes was proportionately

He had a long and narrow face, thin ne had a long and narrow face, thin jaws, covered with faded side whiskers, worn rather long. His upper lip and chin were shaven, showing his wide mouth. His lips were dry, as of old, but now they were bluer, and more offensively cracked. On the whole, he was a decentioning man in actuary appearance. looking man in outward appearance : as he walked rapidly through the streets, with shoulders bent forward, one would say be was a consumptive burrying home. accompanied with a quick watchfulnes f eye, and an ugly sneer in the muscles f the nose, that would make his face de testable to any one who had the power of rapidly perceiving character.

Mr. Wyville read the face as easily as if were a printed page. "Captain Draper, I presume?"

"That is my name," said the other, with a wide and unmeaning smile of the cracked lips, in which the rest of the face

ook no part.
"I have come from the Treasury to offer you command of a vessel in the service of the Government."

"Ah—that's good. In what branch of the service, may I ask?"

"Tree, may I ask !"

"Transport," said Mr. Wyville.
"Troops, I suppose?" said Draper, still emiling.
"No; convicts."

settled his plans — perhaps a week later."
"I am dumb-founded," said Lord
Somers. "I cannot speak on this new
thing. I only forces that I shall be very
lonely, indeed, in London when you have
gone." Captain Draper placed a chair so as to see Mr. Wyville's face in the light. As he After some further conversation on this took his seat he had ceased to smile.

"Ah! — convicts. Where are they

"You have engaged a captain for the convict ship?" he said to Lord Somers. "Yes; Captain Rogers, late of the P. & O. Company's service."

"You were not aware that I whated to recease him for we ware that I whated to recease him for one wash?" said World! "Western Australia." Captain Draper remained silent so long that Mr. Wyville spoke again:
"You are willing to take such a versel,

engage him for my yacht?" said Wyville.
"No; I should be sorry to take him
from you. But his articles are signed
now, and good commanders for such a
service are not easily found." are you not?"
"Well, I want a ship — but these convict ships I don't like; I don't want to— Are they male convicts?" he asked, inter-"If I find you a suitable captain, and guarantee his command, will you oblige me by cancelling Captain Roger's com-"Yes, mainly; there will be three hundred men, and only fifty female convicts on board."

"Fifty." Draper stood up and walked "Certainly-if you give him, instead, across the room to the mantel piece. He leant his elbow on it for a time; then he took up a little glass ornament in an absent-minded and nervous way.

Mr Wyville sat silently watching him.

As Draper raised the piece of glass his hand templed and his face worked. He

"But have you found another captain for the convict ship?" asked Lord Somers.
"Yes—I have been looking into the matter with the view of saving you further trouble. I have settled on a man hand trembled and his face worked dropped the glass to the floor, and it was shattered to pieces. This recalled him. He smiled at first, then he laughed aloud, who is classed as a first rate master mariner and commander, and who is now in Lon-don, disengaged." "I shall make a note of it." said Lord his eves watching Mr. Wyville.
"Well — I don't want that ship," he

Somers, taking out his pocket-book.
What is his name?" said; "I don't like convicta."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Wyville, rising;
"you were highly recommended, Captain
Draper; and as the duty is considered "Draper," said Mr. Wyville ; "Captain Samuel Draper."
"That will do," said the Secretary. "I "That will do," said the Secretary. "I shall have new articles made out. Will you see to it that he is engaged at once, and sent to the ship at Portland?"
"Certainly. I shall attend to it toonerous, the voyage will be quite remun-erative for the commander."

Draper's cupidity was excited, and he

seemed to hesitate. "Do you know anything about these day."
Mr. Hamerton and Sheridan, who had convicts ?" he asked.

"Yes; what do you wish to know?"
"How long have they been in prison! "On an average, about three years."
"Three years; did you ever know any to be sent after nine or ten years?"
"No; not one such case has occurred

for the past twenty years. It would be Yes; well, you know, I don't care about them — but I have a curlosity. I suppose they're all right—all about three

"That will be the average, certainly."
"Well, I think I'll take the ship.
Where does she lie, and when is she to

"This completes Captain Draper's record," said the clerk, handing a paper to Mr. Wyville. "It is from his last Mr. Wyville gave him all the particulars; and when his questions ceased Mr. Wyville drew out a set of articles to be "Thanks. Now, can you give me his

"You came prepared, eh?" said Draper.
"Yes;" said Mr. Wywille, gravely reading over the form. "We were anxious to
secure your services, and I thought it just as well to save time. Please sign your name here—and here. Thank you. Now I shall say good day, Captain Draper."

"The ship is ready, you say?" said Draper, following him to the door; "then am expected to take command at once "No; not until the day of sailing.

"No; not until the day of sailing. Your officers will see to the preparations for sailing. At 2 o'clock, p. m., on the 10:b, you will take command, and sail."

"Well," said Draper; and as he looked after the strong figure of Wyvilla, he muttered to himself: "Well—just as well; they only average three years. But I'd rather go on board at once, and see them before we sail."

TO BE CONTINUED.

STANDING IN FRONT OF CATHOLIC OHURCHE'S BEFORE AND AFTER SERVICES TO GOSSIP.

A BAD PRACTICE.

"I will meet you after Mass in So said a Catholic young man when asked by a companion where he was to see him on the following morn ing. This, and many similar statements, has led to a very disagreeable condition in the surroundings of local Catholic churches at the close of services. Young girls and young men stand grouped on sidewalks and roadways until the imme-diste vicinity of sacred buildings take on anything but a Sunday appearance. Indeed the crowds that have been seen standing on some of the streets in the city on Sunday, have led strangers to remark that the front of the church is a centre from which all gossip spreads The gathered crowds would remind one of scenes in a country village where parishioners have travelled miles to parishioners have travelled miles to church and gladly and justly avail themselves of the chance to exchange greet-ings, compare notes, wish each other good heath and then depart.

While in small towns the practice of gathering around church doors is not a

disagreeable one, in cities made up of a cosmopolitian population the best that can be said is that it affords young men and young women a chance to pass slangy compliments perhaps or allow a favorable time for the criticism of the manners and time for the criticism of the manners and styles of other less pretentious church go ers. In front of some churches in the city the practice has become almost scandal ous. To pass the time of day, to express pleasure at the health of a neighbor of pleasure at the health of a neighbor or friend, to wish a continuance of the blessings which a common Father gives to another in a common family, will not cause sin or scandal in any; but it has been noticed by many people here that Catholic young men stand in front of church doors to egle and smile at young girls, while the latter stop ou a side walk to answer the flippant talk of irreverent

young fellows.

Then, again, it is noticeable around and about the environments of Catholic churches here, that the younger people proceed from the doors with a great ush and a jump and walk away rush and a jump and walk away in hilarious groups, apparently totally for getful of the size and spiritual import-ance of the sacrifice they have attended. In some instances this kind of thing has been known to continue until the de-parting worshippers are well on their way toward home. To those who ob-serve those things and feel keeply the pain which irreverence brings to a religious heart the sight of so much pengious near the sight of to muca abandoned joyousness is anything but pleasant or edifying. Much of the trouble arises from thoughtlessness, and yet it would seem that Catholics above all others should be most careful and thoughtful. A change would be wel come certainly, and those who should strive to make it are the young men and young women who feel guilty.

FAITH PROMOTES CIVIL LIBERTY.

Archbishop Ryan. In regard to civil liberty, faith promotes it by giving a divine sanction and dignity to our obedience to civil authority. "All power is from God," and in observing the civil power we submit to God's ordinances. I believe republicanism to be the most rational form of Government, but it a not I believe republicanism to be the most rational form of Government, but its success depends upon the personal goodness of its citizans. Justice elevates a nation, sin makes people miserable. Hence the permanence of our institutions depends on the consciences of citizens, but the conscience of the citizen is most powerfully if fleened by father and religion. irfluenced by faith and religion. In days of old God sent His prophet with a vessel of oil to anoint the brows of kings, in this new world He will send him to anoint the foreheads of the people who shall be as Kings and shall be governed by themselves with power from God, and glortous Christian faith shall give sanctity

HAPPINESS.

The latter half of the 19th century will pass into history as one into which is crowded more inventions and discoveries for the benefit of mankind than in all the centuries that have preceded it. Among centuries that have preceded it. Among these discoveries none will take higher rank than those in medicine, calculated to relieve "the ills that flesh is helr to," restore vitality, and prolong life. Ladles everywhere will rejoice at the discovery of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, undoubtedly the greatest remedy for their peculiar allments yet discovered. These pills are the result of an almost life study and are the result of an almost life study, and are a certian nerve tonic and blood builder. supply the elements necessary to enrich the blood and transform pale, sallow or the blood and transform pase, sanow or greenish complexions to the pink and glow of perfect health. These pills are an unfalling cure for nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, loss of appetite, paintain or the near, loss or appette, headache and all the irregularities of the female system that entail so much misery and distress. Every suffering woman should give them a trial For sale by all dealers, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box — by addressing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co, Brockville, Ont. Beware of imitations.

Editorial Evidence.

GENTLEMEN, — Your Hagyard's Yellow
Oil is worth its weight in gold for both internal and external use. During the late
La Grippe epidemic we found it a most
excellent preventive, and for sprained
limbs, etc., there is nothing to equal it.

WM. PEMBERTON,
Editor Dubis Description Editor Delhi Reporter.

An tractive or Torpid Liver must be aroused and all bad bile removed. Burdock Pills are best for old or young. FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat and general toilet purposes, use Low's Sulphur Soap.

As a PICK ME-UP after excessive exertion or exposure, Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine is grateful and comforting.

Snug little fortunes have been mades work for us, by Anna Page, Austin Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio See cut. Others are doing as well. Wh-not you? Some earn over \$500.00 3 3 8

in the purest of our grand old Celtic lan-guage, the sweet name of the Mother of thod is heard in the prayers and songs of the people, in their daily familiar con-verse, in the supplications of the poor, not under the title of 'Our Lady' or of the 'Blessed Virgin,' but by the still more endearing name of 'Mary Mother.' And so it was that St. Patrick sent his Catholic detailing home to the hearts of the nearly doctrines home to the hearts of the people. He preached Jesus Christ under the name by which He is still known under and adored in that far Western land, 'the Vir-gin's Son,' thus admirably illustrating the gin's Son,' thus admirably illustrating the mystery of the incaroation, and preaching Jesus through Mary; and Mary herself he preached with all her graces and glories as 'Mary Mother.' The example of virginal purly and maternal love he made the type of the Irish maiden as d mother; and so well did they learn their high lessons that they have been for ages the admiration of the world and their sfilleted country. The devotion to Mary sunk deep The devotion to Mary sunk deep the heart of the nation. So well had try. The devotion to Mary sunk deep into the heart of the nation. So well had they already learned to love and appreciate her that in a few years after their conversion to the faith, when they would express their love and admiration for the first great Irish Virgin saint—Brigid—

SEXTON'S ELOOURNT WORDS.

they thought they had crowned her with

glory when they called her 'the Mary of Ireland' This devotion to Mary was a

protecting shield over Ireland in the day of her battle for the faith."

There are few, if any, incidents on of any representative assembly that can be compared in thrilling dramatic interest be compared in thrilling dramatic interest to the pa-sage of arms between Mr. Sexton and Mr. Parnell during the stormy debate of December 1st. The former had been, together with the members of the opposing majority, openly, formally accused of having allowed "their integrity and independence to be supped and destroyed" by the radical wing of the Liberal party. "Integrity" proudly replies Mr. Sex.

"Integrity," proudly replies Mr. Sex-ton, "is not an unconditional acceptance of the views of any man. Independence is not submission to the will of any man. We are your colleagues, Mr. Parnell, but we are not your alaves. I claim in the face of the world; I claim in the presence of the Most High, that the integrity of the Irish party is unstained, and that its independence is absolute. The question—the urgent question—is between the leader we have loved, whom we never can forget and whose useful tenure of his position circumstances have rendered impossible—and between the Cause to which our fealty is due. If the leader is retained, in my judgment, the Cause is lost. If the Cause is to be won,

the leader must retire."

This is the very soul of the Irish question: the Cause of Ireland must be the supreme law of every National leader. The leader must be guided by the vital in-terests of that Cause; nor should these interests and that Cause ever be made secondary or subservient to the interests of any one man or party.

LUCKY MAN —Among the guests at the St.
Lawrence Hail is Mr. J. Maccolmson registered, Toronto. This gentleman is the holder of the ticket that has drawn the prize of \$2,500 of February drawing. He presented himself at the office of the Province of Quebec Lottery. The check was already filled up and/eashed five minutes after at La Banque du Peuple." Contrary to many people who refused to have their name known to the public, he has cheerfully authorized Mr. S. E. Lefebyre, Manager of the Province of Quebec Lottery, to publish his name.—Montreal Herald, Feb 24, 1891.

than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all diseases of the blood. This medicine, when fairly tried, does expel every trace of scrofula or

ago he had heard that it he tained by the testimony of want, who was then a you later years embraced the C that Luther had caused his hanging himself, but that a of the household who wer the effair were immediate take an oath not to divulge fact, lest, they were told, the newly invented gospel mig Not only do his Cati Not only do his Car praise Boz us without at Protestants allow him a do commendation. Thus the testant encyclopædia, prin (Halle and Letpz g, 1733 that, although he was well sciences, especially in theolhimself, however, mosti Res. Paul Majunke here

respect to the servant's statement, authentic on trinsic reasons, not improb among Catholic writers. exact phraseology of made by Luther's servant copies of it were made a. It was first published in pr