THE GREAT I



2

THE NIGHT, Consumption comes. A slight cold, with your system in the scrofulous condition that's caused by impure blood, is enough to fasten it upon you. That is the time when neglect and delay are full of danger. Consumption is Lung-Scrofula. You can prevent it, and you can sure it, if you haven't waited too long, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the most potent blood-cleanser, strengthrestorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. For every disease that has to be reached through the blood, like Consumption, for Scrofula in all its forms, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe, lingering Coughs, it is the only guaranteed remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

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The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy know that their medicine perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh. To prove it to you, they make this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter what your case is, they'll pay you \$500 in cash.

__THE__

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eal, March 27th 1889. N. FAFARD, M. D. Professor of chemistry at Laval University

"I have used *PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR with success in the different cases for which it is advertised, and it is with pleasure that I recommend it to the public." Montreal, March 27th 1889. Z. LAROQUE, M. D.

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(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.) MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER.

M. FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS IN CEN-TURY MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

"T won't hu't nuthin' ef you hev," rejoined the mountaineer, indifferently.

"You take life at a leisurely pace very wise indeed. I hope that becoming a rich man will make no alteration in your primitive habits," agreeably observed Judge Hexham, seating himself in a chair, and resting his beaver on his knee.
"Dunno es it will. Shill git new

spec's es'll stay on 'thout jerkin' off my hat ter slip that ar string ovah my head, en I'm goin' ter git a new gun en two mo' settah pups. It's turrible extravagant, but I 'low ter pay fer it squanderin' foxes. They're pow'ful bad, our way," replied Frederick Gadsbury, with unusual loquacity.

"Fine sport, I grant you; nothing more exciting than a fox in full run," enthusiastically cried Mr. Jonas, who had never seen a live fox in his life, except in a collection of animals.
"We don't run 'em fer aftah we

wunst draw a bead on the varmints,' was the slow answer. "Well, we must finish up our business now; then you can get your

new gun," pleasantly interposed Mr. Asbury.

"And your spec's—don't forget your spec's," added Mr. Jonas, facetiously.

"Come right down to business, no

haff ; what do you say to two hundred and sixty thousand-just ten thousand more than we offered yesterday, more than a quarter of a million of money "So 't is ; but I hev n't nuthin' ter T wa'n't nevah nuthin' gained say.

by a singin' the same chune ovah en Two hundred en sixty thousing career. won't git my foddah fiel's.' The unhurried, monotonous drawal of the mountaineer seemed clipped

sharply off by the brisk, acrid tones of Mr. Jonas. "What will get them then? Tell

us that, and be done with it. "Sence you arsk me, I'm a-goin' fer ter say es my ole foddah fiel's en cattlegrazin' kin be got fer fo' hundred en eventy-five thousing dollahs.'

You're a madman, a sharper! cried Mr. Jonas. "You offered it for four hundred and fifty. "Jes so, kurnel," rejoined the mountainteer; "but I said that yistid

day-er were it the day befo?" "Yesterday you said four hundred and fifty thousand, and now you go back on your own offer," savagely retorted Mr. Jonas.

"You don't understand business, sir," fiercely added Mr. Asbury. "An

offer is an offer."
"Dunno es I un'erstan' much 'bout business," admitted the mountaineer in his unaggressive, spiritless manner. 'It were yistidday I made that offahwa'n't it?"

Yes, sir, it was." "Yistidday were yistidday," was the logical reply; "'s mornin' fo' hundred en seventy-five will fotch 'em '

"It's ruinous. You are plucking us unmercifully," commented Mr. Jonas, to all intents vanquished by

such dense stolidity. "It's too much. "It's too much, soon be exhausted, and there is very little coal," dejectedly urged Mr. Asbury, leaning his chin on the Asbury, leaning his smooth golden head of his cane.

The mountaineer pulled at his

grizzled fore-lock pensively, then tore off a formidable piece of home-grown tobacco-leaf.

hickory logs, with a sight o' fat pine knots chocked un'er 'em, a bu'nin euyus, beats coal ; but ef you hanker aftah it, you won't nevvah root ter bottom o' that coal.'

"Your figures are above us. Suppos now, my friend, that you take back that offer," began Judge Hexham in insidious persuasion. "You want to leal generously with us."

"Jes so ; I've tuk it." "And my good friend, you are an honest, long-headed man, a man of shrewd intelligence, willing to do the fair thing by us;"—the judge smiled gently, and dropped into confidential accentuation — "now, suppose you make another reasonable offer of the We have left it to you all property. along — we leave it to you now—to say what you will take. We all know the open-hearted !iberality of whaffer about We won't chaffer about your section.

The banker's brother lifted his gaze rom an earnest contemplation of the big watch.
"T won't hu't ter tek back my

offah," he agreed. The shrewd faces enlivened at this reiterated acquiescence. They eyed him hopefully, as he stretched his legs to their full length, indifferently.

HOW BABIES SUFFER



and economical cure, and act to use them, is to fail in your to use them, is to fail in your use the suffering from torturing and disfiguring crup-lons. Curroura Rembules are the greatest acres, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of addern times. Sold everywhere. Potter Decadem times. Sold everywhere. Potter Decadem times. Sold everywhere. The Decadem times are to the sold purifiers and humor remedies of addern times. Sold everywhere. Potter Decadem times. The sold purifiers are the sold purifiers and humor remedies of the



"Not at all. Reconsider by all means, my dear sir," urged the judge. "Bein' as you arsk me ter tek back my offah, I've 'greed es I'd do it. I'm land

a-goin ter say, you kin get my ore en the balance o' truck you're aftah fer five hundred thousing dollahs, en face. not a penny un'er. One instant of dazed, intensified he asked, a quiver of feeling in his silence evinced the shock of this voice.

announcement; then the manufacturer brought his cane down upon the floor with a ferocious force. "Give him the five hundred before he gets up to

a million, he said angrily.
"Yes, yes; give it to him! Take
him up!"cried the others, in apparent haste to escape.

"We will give your price. "Jes es you choose; 't won't hu't nuthin'," assented the mountaineer,

without moving a muscle of his weather-browned face. Half an hour later the ore lands had passed from the possession of Mr. Gadsbury's brother to that of the

company of New York capitalists, and those enterprising gentlemen appeared in no wise dissatisfied with their bar-"Come out en tek a hunt, en kick up yo' heels on Piney Ridge," the mountaineer hospitably urged, with

an inclusive wave of his hand toward the dignified citizens buttoning their overcoats as they hastened away to other schemes and speculative investments. "Time's a-gittin' on, Hugh," he

added, facing the banker, as the door shut out the strangers. "Me 'n' you must squaire up moughty fas'."
"Yes; sit down, Frederick. I have

some explanations to make. Mr. Gadsbury spoke in faint tones. Dismay and cowardice overpowered him in this supreme moment of his

"T ain't no time fer explainin things that can be writ," replied the mountaineer. "You hed a moughty sight o' money them furnacemen paid

you on my say so."
One hundred and fifty thousand dollars," stated Mr. Gadsbury, shifting his gaze to avoid the keen eyes.

'En seventy-five cents," supple nented his brother. "Yes-yes; in God's name take the eventy-five cents, Frederick, lest I

forget it. The banker laid three silver quarters on the desk before him, breaking into an angry laugh as he did so. It struck him as grimly humorous that these three coins were all his brother would ever see of the great sum intrusted to him for deposit in bank. The mountaineer eyed the modest sum doubt-

fully.
"That seventy-five cents oughter drawed intrus'," he said, without touch-'Sommut mo' 'n what I fust ing it. loant oughter come back.

"How much is it?" feverishly demanded the banker, a look of fierce despair on his countenance, as her nerv ously twisted the tiny key in the lock of a small drawer of his desk.

"Ef it hed been a dollah, 't 'u'd 'a me six cents intrus', bein' it 's been out a yeah an' two month," was the per plexed response. "Reckon five cents intrus' mought mek it right."

"There it is, if you want it." Mr. Gadsbury laid a nickel on the pile of quarters

"I want it sho, 'ca'se it b'longs ter me," the mountaineer replied, gather ing in the money carefully.

Mr. Gadsbury looked on, despair mingling with bitter amusement in the "It's my idee," he said patiently, es coal is wuthless. A couple of inch or two Mr. and opened it an inch or two Mr. expression of his countenance; then the small drawer, and opened it an nch or two. He could see what the States, owe nothing to Columbus, other could not, the black muzzle of a Whatever his thought or inent, he had unlocked the drawer, and

the drawer contained only a pistol. "Now we 've settled bout that eventy-five cents, we kin talk bout the balance. I don't git no intrus' on anythin' savin' the seventy-five cents, esumed his brother, opening a huge wallet, and dropping the quarters one by one into it. "Thur now, I've by one into it. "Thur now, I've dropped that five-cent piece!" he exclaimed, as the nickel bounced from the desk and rolled out of sight. 'Whur kin it hev got ter?" he reiterated helplessly, while he crawled on

hands and knees over the carpet in fruitless search for the missing coin. Seems like I'm unlucky; fust lose my mule critter, and now that fivecent piece. With a deep and dismal sigh, he

rose reluctantly from his quest for the

nickel.
"We must settle the balance now. Mr. Gadsbury folded his arms on the desk, and dropped his head upon them, in an attitude of misery painful to behold.

"I was a going t' say, Hugh," his brother said, casting his eyes over the carpet in evident recollection of the "that hundred en fifty thouost coin, sing which come ter me fer r'yalty on

"Yes ; your royalty per ton, until you sold out," corrected Mr. Gadsbury, without looking up. "Jes so-that hundred en fifty thou-

sing, en the five hundred thousing t'day, seein' I hev sol', meks six hundred en fifty thousing, don't it?"
"Yes," was the low, unsteady re

ply. "En it 'll draw intrus' wunst it 's put out, won't it?" "Yes

"En it's a powah o' money, ain't "Yes.

"T u'd be a fohtin' mongst city folks, 'u'd n't it?" "Yes. Lower and lower the monosyllables

sank. "Harf of it 'u'd be wuth hevin'?" "Yes.

"I'm ga-oin' t' say es harf that money is youn; harf of it, savin' the money I give you fer y'ur shur o' the Mr. Gadsbury raised his head, the

color reddening and surging over his "What do you mean, Frederick?"

"I'm a goin' t' say furder "-the mountaineer paused to raise the waste basket, to satisfy himself that the nickel had not lodged beneath-"es narf that big claim fathah lef' us was youn. You sol' it out t' me, en ginme my own time ter pay fer it es I could git the money. 'T were hard 'nough, savin' fer the cattle; they was lucky on it. Dunno es I could 'a' done it ef you had n't 'a' eased me 'long fer nigh on ten yeah. You was a-wantin' it yerself too, 'ca'se you were po' then but ef you 'd 'a' pushed me fer the money I'd 'a hed ter sell the lan' t' git

"I could work along without it then, Frederick.

The banker's voice was tremulous and husky

"En I kin do 'thout mo' 'n harf this money now," answered his brother.
"I hol'es you hed rights ter shur whatsomdevah's top er bottom o' that claim fathah lef' us two boys, en mos'ly do what I hold is hones' ter do. "God is my witness, it is fairly and

Mr. Gadsbury gave the assurance earnestly, almost pleadingly, the flush deepening on his cheek as he gazed into the homely, rugged face confront-

ing him.
"Fathah's meanin' were as on should n't git no me' from him en t' other. I bought the lan', but I didn't

buy the truck un'er it." A passionate intensity of perfect relief, of tender, grateful, how great, how deep, no living crea-ture guessed—seemed to overwhelm the

"Thank God! Thank God!" he whispered.
"I'll jes write my name ter this

heah check," he found the mountaineer saying. "It's fer yo' shur o' the balance o' the money; then I'll ook ag'in fer that five cent piece." Mr. Gadsbury laughed in boyish

glee, as he had not laughed for years. "I'll bring it when I come to shoot partridges this fall," he said gaily or, better still, I'll give you a nickel now, and take yours when it turns

up."
The mountaineer laid down the pen, and handed the check to his brother. "I al'ays fo' git ter put a 'r' in Gadsbury," he said, "but I've put it ovah. We're squaire now, Hugh— shur en shur ekil. I mus' be a-goin', ter that alavated railroad, es they call it. Me 'n' Ab'um Moonlight 's off fer home. Thanky fer the five cents. Ef you don't fin' mine, jes write. I'll pay it sho. Goodby; come in shootin

time : don't fo' git. On the rough hearth, in the remote little study, the logs of hickory and oak are always aflame when nightfall brings Mr. Gadsbury to sit in the splint-seated chair, and to gaze into the red glow. The features limned in the blaze, the tones resonant in the hum of the burning, are perhaps those of Mr. Gadsbury's brother.

A Word About Bishop Ferry.

Episcopal Bishop Perry, of Iowa, lectured in Buffalo a short time ago Among some other funny things the

nothing to Spain, nothing to Rome.' We, the people of the United States seem to think differently. They be that Columbus opened up the New World to the over-crowded inhabitants of the Old, and that he did it intentionally. Don't they owe it to Columbus that the Episcopal Bishop Perry, of Iowa, is an American? If Columbus had not discovered America would Perry now be Bishop of Iowa? And if he were not, who can contem plate without a shudder the dire re sults? Is that not something? And if we do not owe it to Columbus, to whom do we owe it? The Bishop's modesty prevented him from giving these considerations their due importance. His historical insight reminds

us of the English school boy's composi-

tion on the discovery of America.

ran somewhat in this fashion: "The King of Spain sent for Colum bus and asked him: Columbus, do you hink you can discover America? think I can, said the Admiral of the Ocean, if you give me some ships. Well, take the ships, said the King, and go and discover it. So Columbus started, and sailed about in the Atlantic for so long that his men said they did not believe America was there at all, and wanted to go back. But he went on sailing and sailing and sail ing, until at last he saw land, and some Indians with feathers on their Columbus stood on the bow o heads. the ship and yelled out, hello there Is this America? And the chief gave war hoop and yelled back that it wa So Columbus landed, and the chief asked him: Are you Columbus? And Columbus admitted it him-Then the chief turned to his followers and said in a broken voice boys, there is no use to dissimulate, we are discovered.

And so we say to the Bishop of Iowa, there is no use to dissimulate, you are discovered. - Philadelphia Catholic Times.

Found—the reason for the great popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla—simply this: Hood's CURES. Be sure to get HOOD'S.

CHAPPED HANDS AND LIPS, cracked skin, sores, cuts, wounds and bruises are promptly cured by Victoria Carbolic Salve.

FATHER RYAN THE POET-PRIEST

Interesting Reminiscences of One Dear to Southern Hearts.

Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin gives some interesting reminiscences of the Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest. In a communication to the Mobile News she

As a little girl, I often left the school room to copy his poems and editorials for the press. I assisted him in gatherng together his poems for publica tion; and had carte blanche to make all necessary additions and corrections. Of this privilege, I availed myself During these many years, when he honored me with his friendship,—and I may say without egotism, with that special friendship that minds of the same intellectual direction, always hold—"a dreamer like mythe good old poet often said, self, Father Ryan frequently and unreservedly spoke of his past life, his family and many personal matters. I re-member his telling me that he was thirty-three years old, and added: "This ought to be a holy year for me for that was Christ's age upon earth."
I think this was about 1870, so that would coincide with the poet's age, as

ecorded in the Hagerstown church. For many years I have known the circumstance of his baptism in Maryland, so that fact is not a recent dis When I visited Hagerstown in 1884 I had it in my mind to look into the record in St. Mary's church, so I could tell Father Ryan I had seen I thought it would please him, as he often told his friends that he had journeyed, when an infant, all the

way from Norfolk to Hagerstown to be baptised. My stay in Hagerstown was so short that I found no opportunity of ooking over the record. Now as to the poet's name. He him-Jefferson Ryan." He never used the form "Abraham" in his letters or any

other way. The J. in his name stood

The Ryan family seemed to be scriptural in taste and strongly democratic. Father Ryan's brother, who was killed in the war, was also named "Jefferson" with the prefix "David." It is to him that the poem, "In Memoriam, D. J. R." was written.

The strongest sentiment of family

love, in the poet, seemed to be centered in this younger brother, killed in battle at the age of sixteen. Father Ryan loved to talk of him ; spoke enthusiastically of his great talents, and said: "If David had lived, no one would ever have heard of me; he so much more gifted." One of this brother's poems is in Father Ryan's He insisted on publishing volumes. it with his own. It is in no way equal to any of Father Ryan's, and gives no indication of great talent. Still, to the poet-priest, all that touched "David" vas sacred, and viewed through the vision of tenderest affection and grief wanted to ask him to leave out his brother's poem, but did not like to risk wounding his pride in the young This brother's death mark soldier. an era in the poet's own life, a strong influence on his career. As he said himself, "the war meant a little to me, studying theology in college, until David was killed and then I was another man." This may cast a new light of grief and love on Father Ryan's strong war poems. Thou art sleeping brother, sleeping, In thy lonely battle grave;

In thy lonely battle grave;
Shadows of the past are creeping.
Death, the reaper, still is reaping.
Years have swept and years are sweeping,
Many a memory from my keeping,
But I'm waiting still and weeping,

ut I'm waiting still and weep For my beautiful and brave. Of his mother he often spoke tenderly and reverently; saying that his separation from her was a daily sacrifice. She was living at the time of the publication of his poems, 1881, in St. Louis, I think. Father Ryan, one day remarked that he was puzzled about dedicating his book; and when I said Dedicate it to your Mother, seemed greatly pleased that I should appreciate his devotion to her; and as volume itself shows, he followed the dictates of his own heart and my suggestion. Another member of the family, of whom Father Ryan often spoke, was his young sister, an accomplished musician, who died suddenly while the poet was completing his theological studies at the Barrens,

The Foolishness of Treating.

in Misssouri.

The Troy (N. Y.) Times has the folowing remarks on the vice-breeding, though foolish, habit of treating:
"There would be just as much;

fellowship in asking one to have a cake of soap, a pound of crackers or sugar, a gallon of oil or a clean shirt as there is in inviting him to turn himself into a tank or a smokehouse at your expense. When a group of hale fellows get together they no monly line up before a bar and in turn 'stand treat' until each has 'set 'em ' and then they separate, uncom fortably full of soda, sarsaparilla and ginger ale, or something stronger. The ends of companionship would

have been served as well if they had visited a men's furnishing store, and loaded up with collar buttons, cuff buttons, neck scarfs, hosiery and like accessories to the toilet of a gentleman "At first it might sound a little strange to hear 'What'll you have?' answered 'A pair of socks, thank you,' but

the novelty would soon wear off, and mankind would be the gainers by the Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results. innovation.

HOAST is the old Scotch name for a cough The English name for the best cure for coughs is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

MARRIAGE AND CIVIL CON-

The devil is not satisfied with his work in Italy. After all his heroic measures to tear the people from God and his Vicar on earth, he finds alto-gether too much Catholicity among the living and entirely too much among the dying and dead. He introduced cremation. It was a flat failure. He introduced civil marriage, it proved only an old vice under a new name t promoted concubinage by making it a little more respectable than it had been before. But decent people would have nothing to do with it, and those who presented themselves before the civil magistrate by their frivolity brought the law into disrepute. For several years he had tried to enact from Italy a law of divorce. He has not succeeded. People who would no go to the State to be wedded. would not go to it to be divorced. Parlia ment after Parliament have wrestled with the question, but it is as near being enacted into a law as it was ten

vears ago. Lately the devil has concluded to adopt more stringent measures. Here tofore the State refused to acknowledge or recognize any Church marriage, and made the civil contract the only one binding and enective Children only of civil marriage could in one binding and effective. herit. Wivesofonlycivilmarriage could claim a share in their husband's estate. But comparatively few Italian fathers had any estate to leave their children; consequently none to divide with their The law had no terror for them wives. It has been discovered that the only effect of such legislation was to diminish the number of Church marriages without inceasing the number solemnized by the officers of solemnized by the officers of the State. This meant simply that officers the people were practicing concubinage and the vice was on the increase to an

alarming extent. Within the past few weeks the devil suggested to the Italian parliament that it enact penalties for all concubinarians, including in that category all those who lived in Church wedlock alone. A bill is now before that body to make it a misdemeanor to live as man and wife without the sanction of a civil marriage. Priests are to be fined and imprisoned who marry people who have not a certificate of a previous marriage before the magis The police are to be instructed trate. to watch the priests who visit the sick and see if even on their death-bed they are united by a religious cere

Cardinal Capecelatro has written a letter to all the members of the Italian parliament, exposing to them the cruelty and useless impiety of the measure. He assures them that the priests of Italy have no objection to offer to the civil ceremony. The Pope tells them they may tolerate it, and they do, as they do in France. further informs them that the people are becoming more and more different to the forms of wedlock and are herding together in many places like cattle; that the new law will simply increase the abomination with out securing any indemnifying re-

The purpose of the devil in our day is to debauch the Christian family, that glorious monument to the Church and the crowning glory of our Christian civilization. They can never have an Infidel State made out of Chrisian households. The great powers of Italy and France are afraid and jealous of the village cure. As long as the parents of the rising generation have their unions blessed by the parish priest, and the little ones continue to make the day of their first Communion the greatest of their lives, the burgo masters may fame and the legislators may meditate vain things; Infidelity is only riding for a fall; every village church is a stronghold from which sooner or later will issue armed men bent on their destruction. The devil made a fool of himself when he inspired the rabble on Good Friday to ask for Barrabas. He made another fool of himself when he put it into the head of the Pharisees to ask for a guard to watch the sepulchre. All the wisdom of men and devils is vain against the counsels of God. The Church will endure and the sacraments survive all the laws of parliaments and congresses and the future historian of the Church will be given a wide field for speculation and fresh ground for the repeated and trite saying of the Psalmist: "Unless the Lord build the house, in vain do they labor who build it."

Western Watchman. Trusts and Combinations

Are unpopular. But there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust which the public reposes in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the best of it is the trust is fully justified by the merit of the medicine. For, remember, HOOD's Sarsaparille, CLUESS. the medicine. · Fo saparilla CURES.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

druggists.

For the thorough and speedy cure of all Blood Diseases and Eruptions of the Skin. take Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Mrs. B. Forbes, Detroit, had a running sore on her leg for a long time; commenced using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and she is now completely cured. Her husband thinks there is nothing equal to it for Ague or any low Fever.

A Complicated Case.

A Complicated Case A Complicated Case.

DEAR SIRS—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children.

MRS. WALTER BURNS,
Maitland, N. S.

Scraped With a Rasp. Scraped With a Rasp.

SIR—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotic, Ont. The Roman corresponding Boston Pilot, P. L. Conn from Rome, under date following letter, w ticularly significant at time:
The Pontiffs have always

France's Tribute to H

or less, according to the of the Holy See and of promoters of learning. greatest, Nicholas V., "t the restorers of learni Macaulay terms him, an Glasgow University, es Vatican Library on a n basis. This library, as cribes it, was then and most precious and the r collection of books in t him-Pope Nicholas - v preserved the most valual treasures which had from the wreck of the I pire. His agents were everywhere - in the b farthest East, in the mon farthest West-purchasing worm-eaten parchments, traced words worthy of were introduced edge of Western Europe unrivalled models of hist tion-the work of Hero

work of Mucydides. By him, too, our ance made acquainted with and lucid simplicity of with the manly good ser It is almost a certaint historian will have a tell of Leo XIII. The

such a judgment were f audience granted by Pontiff on Thursday, A in that hall of the Ta Vatican, that great tr splendid specimens of that owe so much of thei genius of Raphael, the THE DIRECTORS OF THE

and of the French School at Rome: the Command and Geffroy. They ha name of their Governm His Holiness, on occasion copal Jubilee, with a m olendid copy of the ce tion of engravings, name of Chalco grap. issued by the French C believe this is the fi which such a collection peen presented to an Each Director, in prese delivered an address i from the first of these of the Commandeur Go learn how France appr vices rendered by Leo ing and scholarship. for the Academy of Fra that of historic science

"We study classic here, Most Holy Father with a threefold benefi and fruitful Pontifica Library, so rich in scripts, rendered more ever, thanks to the numerous catalogues-consultation which, hands of workers her than 30,000 volumes, passes by its ingenior the modern perfection libraries of Europe; memorable opening Archives (Archivio treasures of which are year, 10,000 Registers scripts, taken from the Lateran. Your Holin that these acts of ge should turn to the hon

COMMAND & GEFFRO

and of the Holy See. "By the help of thes our French school, by published in about series of consecutiv Arts and Letters at t Popes—the first learn Liber Pontificales—th of a first learned edit Censuum; and a serie already considerable. "Your Holiness one tell us-'These labors

sonally.' Such words

ambition in our hea

these same labors,

rivals, as the numer

due to the initiative

inspiration of Leo X

to be counted in the g ficate, in permitting benefit to be gauged rendered to science.
"The work of ou tines is resumed little Many corrections ha signalized in the Gall the Art de verifier les torie Litteraire de F tical chronology and completed and mad age of St. Louis, of S Alighieri, that of In so many great Popes The history of the Cr lourishing of the reli of some of the chief of the Middle Ages thrown upon them.

historian begins to h ture of this vast a ernment of the Chur than once in the succe the moralist and the as the firm believer, with the best title, sion of Plutarch on t

peace: 'An anchor to float away.'