

If your children are well but not robust, they need Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil.

We are constantly in receipt of reports from parents who give their children the emulsion every fall for a month or two. It keeps them well and strong all winter. It prevents their taking cold.

Your doctor will confirm this. The oil combined with the hypophosphites is a splendid food tonic.

Scott & Bown, Chemists, Toronto.

AT ST. REGINA'S.

BY R. A. STARR.

Above the dim horizon line
The sun darts up its latest beams;
We linger till the vesper star
In azure spaces gently gleams.

The rosette that of dying day
With softest glooms of evening blends
We know not when the night draws on
We know not when the daylight ends.

A peace, exceeding nature's calm,
O'er all the lovely landscape broods
The chapel walls dissolve in mists;
We kneel in sylvan solitudes!

The altar, with its hidden Guest,
The sole reality remains;
A Heaven on earth, where God Himself
"The Word made flesh"—serenely reigns.

It is Just as Important

That you enrich and purify your blood in the Fall as in the Spring. At this time, owing to decaying vegetation, a low water level, and other causes, there are disease germs all about us, and a weak and debilitated system yields to attacks of malaria, fever, etc. By purifying and enriching your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, you may build up your system to resist these dangers, as well as coughs, colds, pneumonia and the grip, which comes with colder weather. To be on the safe side, take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, and always be sure it is Hood's and not something else represented to be "just as good."

(Continued from first page.)

text, which another Hebrew, who spoke English imperfectly, translated as it fell from the master's lips. There is a colored preacher, of old standing; his raven hair is as black as his face, longer far than conventionality admits, though not out of keeping with the pitch of his voice, and the spasmodic explosion of his lungs. A smooth, oily, smiling talker of St. James' West End Mission comes with a splendid standard, escorted by a party of devout ladies, who bring their voices and their smiles to help him, while the orchestra which has marched with him to the Marble Arch will take the strains there again to march the conquering hero back in triumph, when his smiles shall have melted hard hearts, and his oily eloquence flowed with his honey. It may be interesting to note that the site of the old Tyburn, with its recollections of the hanging and quartering of old Catholic heroes, is just there, outside of the gate, hard by the scene of all these religious demonstrations. Then there is the anti-Catholic zealot, who is being nagged and badgered by some innocent-looking young questioners; and I have a strong suspicion that they are Catholics and Irishmen to boot—a suspicion which becomes a certainty, on my finding one of them subsequently setting up the speaking stand for Mr. Moore and the Guild of Ransom. There is the talker about things in general, the funny man at the far end of the line, who can joke and blaspheme like Ingersoll, and has always a large crowd; but I observed, on one occasion at least, that he was having a hard time of it, from I could not see who; only I did see that the Park policeman came to the rescue. Particularly striking is the Protestant monk of the John Street community, alone by Park Street; he is dressed in cloak, cowl, scapular, triple cord round his waist, and a dark habit. The head of the community is the son of Aberley, Lord Norton. Not to mention others there, we have our own preacher, a layman of the Guild of Ransom. It is Mr. Lister Drummond or Mr. Moore, who take the stand on alternate Sundays.

This Guild of Ransom, like the Catholic evidence lectures in the town hall, is under the general management of Mr. Vaughan, whom the Cardinal has commissioned with the charge of this apostleship. The Guild had some three sets of lectures going on in the parks, to wit, Hyde Park, Regent's and Victoria. The subject, which the lawyer, Mr. Drummond treated, was the Bible as a Rule of Faith; and he handled it extremely well, talking as laymen to laymen, and drawing copious illustrations from his profession of law. He talked with great deliberation and courtesy. Mr. Moore, whose profession I do not know, was treating, while I heard him, the popular fallacies about the Catholic Church; and the vivacity, point and vigor, with which he disposes of such ideas as persecution by the Church, the condemnation of every one outside of her pale, etc., were marred to my mind by only one drawback, that he spoke with such rapidity as scarcely to allow his excellent points time enough to come quite home. Both lecturers announced at the begin-

ning, or when occasion required it, at plenty of time should be allowed for questions or objections at the end. Still, either of them might stop a moment to notice an intrusive remark from some irrepressible interloper, and that with perfect self-possession. Someone interrupted Mr. Moore, who answered with a word. The other rejoined that he could not stand there and listen to such a thing. "Then go elsewhere," resumed the lecturer, quietly taking up the broken thread of his discourse, as if no interruption had occurred. These two speakers and the cultured Protestant monk were totally apart, in style of language and thought, from the ordinary run of talkers round about them. It was a positive pleasure to listen to them. The monk spoke of faith once Sunday, of hope on another, and so forth. I was told he had fallen into this ministry by accident. He and another happened to be passing by, when one of the preachers attacked them. They stood and listened awhile, then one of them replied; the crowd gathered round; he continued speaking; the first talker tried to reclaim his auditory; but they would not come, and the monk started a course. It takes but a small looking crowd of men, standing shoulder to shoulder, to make a company of three hundred listeners. Certainly, at any given time on a Sunday afternoon, there must be several thousand listeners, massed in a dense line round the speakers. From the moment when the young man planted the little stand, inscribed "The Guild of Ransom," for Mr. Moore to mount, there formed a solid company of hearers, six feet deep, within thirty seconds; and in another minute or two they were nine deep. While I stood there I heard someone speaking behind me. I looked round, and saw the monk addressing a crowd fully as deep as our own. It was no longer the same speaker as on former Sundays; another of his community had taken his place. While the park is all alive with people taking their Sunday walk, various feelings, no doubt, bring individuals within the circle of the preachers. But I believe the religious sentiment, for or against the speaker, is the predominating motive, and that it is not merely a barren curiosity. When our lecturer made some statement about the means of salvation being within the Church, and not outside, a man behind me exclaimed in a subdued voice of great indignation: "Just hear him! Did you ever hear the like?" As I walked away with a young American, who had lately been received into the Church, I asked him whether he thought in America a man could stand up in a street, and gather at once a throng to hear about religion. He thought there was only one person who could do so, the Anarchist in Chicago, and his subject would not be religion; nor would his auditory be any respectable part of the populace. I will add only one more item. When I was passing rapidly by the open square in front of Great George's Hall in Liverpool, on a Wednesday night, I saw as many as three crowds round as many speakers, but I could not certify myself whether their subject was religion.

The Catholic evidence lectures were held after Easter in the town hall of West Kensington, every Wednesday night. Earlier courses had been held during the year in other quarters of the metropolis. After Easter the season rapidly became very warm; yet that did not seem to interfere with the attendance. At the very beginning there was something uncomfortably warm, that came in the shape of Protestant alliance, bigotry and obstruction. That, however, cooled down much before the season was over. The hall was hired at the expense of the Catholic management, and I fear the casual collection held each evening on the stairs did not relieve much the drain upon the management's resources. Everyone was free to attend. A large body of sympathizing Catholics were always on hand. They were more than sympathizing; they were proud of what was going on, and the regulation promulgated from time to time in the earlier part of the course, that no one should give expression to his sentiments by applause, proved quite ineffectual. An element of excitement was experienced in the solid body of Protestant Alliance men, who correspond to our American Protective Association, but with much more of the Bible and religion about them. They could hardly be kept in order; and I do not think the gentle chairmanship of Mr. J. S. Vaughan, or the refined habits of the different lecturers, had ever undergone the training to cope with such an element. In defiance of law and regulation they interrupted, and they unbecomingly themselves, in no measured style, of the Bible which fermented in their breasts, until, about the second or third evening, one old man who stood by the door, and could not repress the spirit that was bursting within him, nor could be repressed by all the orders or moral authority of the chairman, was summarily shoved out of the door by a more personal physical agency, and, for all I know, was kicked down the stairs outside. This was done with more native fiber than valor than discretion. And it may have been the same avenging hero who moved across the hall where the solid phalanx of Protestant Alliance men sat, and

suddenly made one of them spring to his feet in angry protest, crying to the Chair, "He is threatening me with a stick!" This may have been only a pretext for another interruption. But the evening was stormy, and I feared that, if any scuff took place, the quiet, moderate and inquiring Protestants might be frightened away altogether. One venerable-looking clergyman, by name Stirling, who had been very obstreperous on a previous evening, kept perfectly quiet this night, though evidently in touch with the Protestant Alliance men. When the lecture and questions were nearly over, he came forward and asked permission to say some words from the platform. His request was declined. He insisted; and something like an altercation was beginning between him and the Chair, when we observed that the finger of the clock pointed to the hour of closure, half-past ten, and we rose. On the next Wednesday evening, the chairman began by announcing that, whereas, the Rev. Mr. Stirling had in defiance of authority and regulation mounted the platform on the previous evening, and had spoken from there, he was henceforth excluded from the hall during the course. The Protestant Alliance appeared no more in a body. They continued to distribute their libelous leaflets at the door of the town hall on our evenings. And they started in the same place a series of "Reply Lectures," to which our speakers scarcely condescended even to allude.

Meanwhile the conferences proceeded well. Some eight hundred or a thousand persons, I should judge, were present at eight p.m. each evening when the lecture began, and this number was generally enlarged by several hundreds more before 10:30 p.m. The expository address, delivered by one speaker after another on successive nights, took an hour more or less. This was followed by the written questions, handed in there and then upon the subject treated, and afterwards, if any time remained, the oral questions were in order. But, except on one night in my experience, there never was time for viva voce questions; and then, when there was, none were presented, and we adjourned a few minutes before the time. The answering of many questions by the priests on the platform naturally consumed much time. They tried to be as succinct as possible, and to escape the inconvenience which they absolutely prohibited on the part of persons in the auditory, that of taking occasion to deliver little subsidiary lectures. The impression I received from the whole enterprise was most favorable; and, in justice to it, said, not the least so to the deep religious sentiment which evidently stirs the English mind and heart. The Catholic body seems to be much gratified; and now there is more reason than ever for a sense of gratification, when the whole Anglican Establishment is seen to be hanging on with its ritualistic tendencies and feigning to the minutest forms and ceremonies of the Catholic liturgy; when a parliament of laymen is trying to rise to the occasion, and exercise its lofty papal powers of spiritual jurisdiction over what its infallibility declares to be the wilderness of a Church of Romanists; when even the lowest churchman, as in Dr. Ryle, bishop of Liverpool, cannot offer to stir against this invasion of Romanism. In fact, only two alternatives stare all parties in the face. They must either let clergy and laity have their way with mimic Mass, adoration of the Cross, vestments, lights, incense, etc.; or else they must stand by and witness a wholesale exodus from the Anglican Establishment of the flower of both laity and clergy. The Catholic Church, says Cardinal Vaughan, never stood so high in England, as she does today.

This is the only melancholy feature in the present religious agitation. It is the entrapping of good souls in a mimic and spurious Catholicity. The devout person on a death-bed, glad to see a Catholic priest who may happen to call, feels no need of his services, because "the priest" (that is, the ritualistic clergyman), "has already been here and heard my confession, and administered the Most Holy Sacrament." Still not all are thus caught. "The tide of good souls quietly flows into the haven of the Church. And Catholics may well feel thankful to God, and proud of the power of His grace."

Queen Victoria has approved of the grant of a good service pension to Father R. Brindle, senior chaplain to the forces, and at present serving with the expedition to Khartoum. Many years have passed since any similar reward was conferred upon a chaplain; but perhaps few have ever been more worthily bestowed upon either combatant or non-combatant officer. Indeed, Father Brindle can hardly be described as a non-combatant, having a record of war service in the official army list of which many a general officer would be proud, and the present commander-in-chief has described him as the finest soldier-brother he ever knew. He has the British medal and the Khedive's bronze star for services with the Egyptian expeditionary force of 1882, and clasps for the later battles of El Teb and Tamai, in the Eastern Sudan, and was mentioned in despatches for his zeal and devotion in connection with these events. He was also with Lord Wolseley's Nile expedition of 1884-85, with the frontier field force at the battle of Ginnis a year later, and with Sir Herbert Kitchener's expedition to Dongola in 1896, being mentioned in despatches in each case, as well as receiving other honors. Last year he again accompanied General Kitchener's force, and received special mention in despatches after the battle of the Atbara.

52 BOILS

"Three years ago I was troubled with boils, and tried several remedies recommended by friends, but they were of no avail. I had FIFTY-TWO BOILS in all, and found nothing to give me relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle I took made a complete cure and proved so very satisfactory that I have recommended B.B.B. to many of my friends who have used it with good results." A. J. MUSTARD, Hyder, Man.

Any one troubled with Boils, Pimples, Rashes, Ulcers, Sores, or any Chronic or Malignant Skin Disease, who wants a perfect cure, should use only

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A lovers' youth had quarreled with his ladylove, and with bitter, angry words they parted, and he decided that life was no longer worth living. Abruptly turning into a barber's, he sat in a vacant chair and calmly requested the barber to cut his throat.

The barber acquiesced, and, tucking the cloth around his neck, fixed the head rest so that the customer's chin was well elevated. Then drawing a cut-throat razor from the corner of his waistcoat and holding it firmly between his finger and thumb, he drew the pin quickly across the neck of the man.

Immediately, with a scream worthy of a red Indian, the despairing one leaped from the chair, shouting: "Surely, surely you have not done it?" "Oh, no, sir!" said the barber. "Sit down again, sir. I've only marked it out!"

WORMS cannot exist either in children or adults when DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP is used. See All Dealers.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

DEAR SIRS—I have GREAT FAITH in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ring bone, with five bottles.

It blistered the horse but in a month there was no ringbone and no lameness. DANIEL MURCHISON, Four Falls, N.B.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds.

Backache

THE BANE OF MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE.

A Berlin Lady Tells How to Get Rid of It.

Doan's Kidney Pills

The Remedy.

Mrs. Eliza Keltz, 33 Wellington St., Berlin, Ont., says, "For ten years I have been afflicted with kidney and back trouble, suffering greatly from dizziness, nervousness, weak eyesight, loss of sleep, and appetite, and an almost constant head-ache. In February last I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and received so much benefit from them that I continued their use until I had taken three boxes in all, and was completely cured. They removed every vestige of pain, dizziness and nervousness, and enabled me to get restful sleep; so that from being a sick woman I am now strong and well again."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Gravel, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Catarrh, and all Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, six cents a box or a box for \$1.00. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Farmer (to young thief)—What are you doing under the tree with that apple?
Bright boy—I was just going to climb up the tree to put back this apple, which I see, has fallen down.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria.

Cucumbers, Melons, Beware!

You may have an attack of Cramps and Diarrhoea after eating them. Just keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and you're safe. It cures Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and all bowel complaints.

Teacher (to new boy)—What is your name?
Boy—Mick Sullivan.
Teacher—Kick! Why I never heard of any one being named Mick.
Boy (eagerly)—Oh, there's more besides me, teacher. Didn't you ever hear of Mick Kinley?

GRAND REMEDY FOR COUGHS.

"I have used Hagar's Pectoral Balm and found it a grand remedy for coughs and colds and highly recommend it." O. M. DOHERTY, Camille, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

SORES HEALED.

Sores and ulcers of the worst kind are readily healed by Burdock Blood Bitters. Take it internally and apply it externally according to directions and see how quickly a cure will be made.

Martyr to Heart Trouble.

Mrs. Selina E. Gore, Amherst, N.S., says: "At times I suffered intensely from palpitation and fluttering of my heart. I was weak and my nerves shattered. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have regulated my heart, toned my nerves and built up my health."

"Now Harry," asked the teacher of the juvenile class "what is the meal we eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," was the little fellow's prompt reply.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP is death to the worms every time, safe for the child, and so nice to take the children lick the spoon. Price 25c.

In the sixteenth century frogs were considered fish and allowed on fast days.

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LOOK—\$1.25.

Ladies' Dongola Laced Boots for \$1.25. Dongola Shoes 89c.

GOFF BROTHERS.

If It's Newson's It's Good.

In Fitting Out The House

One of the first things to think about is the

Bedroom Furniture.

Perhaps one of our Suites will be what you want. We have the latest patterns, handsome in design and finish, and strong and firmly put together, in all the different woods, viz.,

Birch,

Ash,

Elm,

Oak,

Mahogany

and Walnut.

Our prices on these are away down. Ask to see our \$21.00 Suite—cash price \$20.00. It's a beauty.

JOHN NEWSON.

FLOUR.

FLOUR HAS DROPPED

Away Down in Price

THE LAST FEW WEEKS,

Which is a good thing for those who have to buy on account of the partial failure of the wheat crop.

We have just received a new lot of Flour

Direct from the Mills,

Comprising such well-known brands as Beaver, Kent, Monarch, White Coat and Parkdale, which we are offering at rock-bottom prices. Call and see us before buying elsewhere.

BEER & GOFF.

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HAMMOCKS

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COME FOR SNAPS

HASZARD & MOORE,

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