

to ignore, or even antagonize Catholic claims and interest, even when bidding for Catholic patronage by professions of broad-mindedness and fair promises. Several explanations of this phenomenon have been offered. The fair minded it is said do so unconsciously, through ignorance. If such be the reason, the fault is our own and the remedy in our power. Another explanation offered is that they know Catholics to be peaceable, law-abiding citizens, who act, not on the principle that the end justifies the means, but according to their judgment and conscience, and do not determine their political affiliations and opinions by religion; so the self seekers and time servers think it better policy to conciliate others who might cause them trouble. It is the reason, however, and we cannot conscientiously show them that much less will we take our religion from politics, and that we will make it unprofitable for them to interfere with our natural and religious rights under masks of business or politics.

"Still another reason is sometimes given; namely, that notwithstanding our numbers, we are weak for want of organization. Will the proposed federation help to remove this reason? "There is an object, then, a field in which even those not immediately engaged in educational work may contribute much to its promotion, and to Catholic interests in general; an object that calls for men, devoted and equipped with education, character, standing in the community; and wealth will be no drawback to their influence. Where are they? Have we seen them? Our one hundred and eighty Catholic colleges annually send to the United States and graduates. To whom can Catholic education and Catholic interests more justly look for champions? If after graduation the relations of the alumni with Alma Mater and with one another be only pleasant recollections or social evenings, then our colleges but create power to be spent or squandered, it not left to our enemies to be against us as they do in the noble field I have pointed out, they must be organized."

—Rev. E. J. Gleason, S. J.

THE IRISH HARVESTMAN.

LIFE OF THE VICTIM OF THE "WORST SYSTEM OF LAND LAWS THE WORLD EVER KNEW."

Dr. F. J. Greeves, writing in the Blackburn (England) Weekly Telegraph, says: "The death of Darwin of the Irish harvestman under such said circumstances—lying on a shakedown of straw with a sack for covering, no kind of hand to minister to his wants, and, judging from the reports, the state of his last hours by a clergyman of that religion to which the Irish peasant so fondly clings his whole life through, but never more tenaciously than when he is about to bid goodbye to the things of this life—calls to mind that strange and pathetic figure which every June appears in the streets of our large towns. Tall, wiry, dark-skinned, dressed in rough Irish homespun, carrying his personal belongings in red kerchief, or, mayhap, two or three companions sharing a carpet bag with him, of age anything from sixteen or seventeen years to over sixty. Such is the harvestman who migrates to England from the West of Ireland in the early days of each succeeding June to earn in the fields of this country a pittance sufficient to pay the rent of his own little holding for his father's, and satisfy the claims of a hard and greedy landlord."

WHERE LANDLORD GREED BATTENS ON HUMAN LIFE.

Let the reader wait himself in imagination to the bleak headlands and rock-bound coast of western Mayo, and there he will find our harvestman at home. His little cabin, one-roomed, or at most two, perched on a wind-swept hillside, or farther inland, sunk perhaps below the level of the "boreen" ("little road") which leads to his cottage, and surrounded with soft bogstuff which oozes a dark brown fluid at every step; leaning against one gable is piled turf for the winter's needs, and near at hand a raised mound of earth contains a supply of potatoes to last himself and family, and in very many cases provide their only food until the summer comes around again. View the surroundings. On this coast, exposed to the full fury of the numerous storms that sweep over the wide Atlantic Ocean, the word could adequately describe the landscape. Short, thin grass and stunted thorn bushes, interspersed with limestone rocks is what nature—here the veriest stepmother—holds up to our gaze.

HOG AND ROCKS FOR WHICH RENT MUST BE PAID.

Here through the dreary winter months, months of dripping rain and severe winds—months sufficient to crush all joy of life out of the average man, and rendered only possible by the high spirituality of the Irish peasant—the harvestman labors and toils, and the work may be done ere he departs for England to reap the harvest there, and can then be turned over to his womenfolk to complete, sometimes with the assistance of the very young boys or the very old men, who on account of their years are unfitted to cross the Irish sea to seek work.

He mourns lest a wet summer may bring ruin to his only crop; the potato; for then his money earned in England will of necessity be spent on the foodstuffs which he can purchase in the towns and villages, and when rent day comes around he will be unable to face the landlord or his agent, and eviction—cruel, merciless eviction—stares him in the face. Eviction! What must that word mean, what memories must it conjure up from many an Irish laborer toiling by docks or in colliery, or in one of the large English or Scotch towns, or three thousand miles away in what has been aptly termed "the greater Ireland beyond the sea"—the United States—where something like twenty millions of my people proudly

style themselves "Irish," though the vast majority of them only see their Motherland in dreams, and where they are as resolutely opposed to English misgovernment in Ireland as any of their people at home who have never left the shores of Erin.

WHAT AN EVICTION IN IRELAND MEANS.

In my boyhood days evictions were of common occurrence. The landlord had served his notices on the poor-law authorities that he was on a certain date to evict so many families from their holdings. A wet, cold, gray morning broke, and from the nearest town or village a company of military, a posse of police, bailiffs, etc., were seen coming on side cars, or many times on foot when the car owners refused their vehicles for such service. The people from the countryside assembled around the doomed home, where for generations the ancestors of the unhappy occupants had been born, had lived and had died. The forces of the Crown (and these were the usual circumstances under which the peasant of Ireland came into contact with the Crown) formed up for work of protecting the bailiffs, sub-sheriff, etc., in their work of unroofing or demolishing by the battering ram the poor mud walls of the hovels. The doors are broken open, and out into whirling snow storm in mid-winter are thrown the aged father or grandfather—already tottering towards the grave—his sons or his son's wife, she probably holding an infant in her breast, and their children and their few and scant household goods; the few doors are barred to prevent them from getting again inside the bare walls of what was once a happy though a poverty-stricken home, and this devastating avalanche in all the pomp and panoply of war marches onward to repeat again and again—until the darkness of night falls on the land—this heartrending scene.

FAMILIES WITHOUT A ROOF TO SHELTER THEM CROUCHING BY THE WAYSIDE.

Our little homeless group crouches by the wayside, no shelter to be had except that of the far off workhouse—a shelter that no self-respecting Irishman at home ever dreams of seeking—as a landlord has, under penalty of eviction also, forbidden his other tenants to succor them in any way, and thus the night goes by and day and night comes round again, and bereft of food and cover the weakest succumb and die, and the survivors if unroofed, or not sent abroad to England or America by friends almost as poor as themselves, drift into the neighboring town and eke out an existence as best they may.

Divorced from the land, harshly as that land treated them, they and their descendants often become beggars that to the astonishment of the English tourist haunt the towns of Galway and Mayo and the adjoining counties. But if the tourist from England will try and get back to the first causes that have produced this class he will find that the beggar men and women he sees are the fruits of his Government having first killed the most profitable Irish industries and then inaugurated what the Irish Secretary, Mr. Wyndham, described as "the worst system of land laws the world ever knew."

THE HELLISH SYSTEM THAT PRODUCES THE IRISH HARVESTMAN.

To save himself and those near and dear to him from such evils and to hold on to their little piece of land we have in our midst each recurring summer the Irish harvestman, who comes over here to make enough to pay his rent; comes over to work on other men's lands so as to earn money sufficient to pay a yearly toll on his own. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is none the less true, and, furthermore, there are in America today, as there have been for half a century, thousands of young men and women who under a happier regime should be their country's backbone at home sending their little savings, a few dollars now and a few dollars again, so that their parents in Ireland may have it as rent day comes around to keep a roof over their heads on their poor plot of ground, and so on, year after year, this toll is extracted by a class of absentee landlords for land which, Mr. T. W. Russell says, "possesses no economic value. These Irish lands which have thus 'wrung' £3,000,000 (£30,000,000) per annum to be squandered at the race meetings of England or on the demimonde of Paris, are now, after years of weary, hard, unremitting toil for the Irish peasant, getting to the end of their rope—the rope of which they have had such a lot that they have practically hanged themselves, or at least have been hanged by their friends in power in this country."

THE DAYS OF LANDLORD RULE IN IRELAND ARE NUMBERED.

A new era is dawning, and though the solution of the Irish land problem is not by any means the best, still it was the best that could be obtained from a Government that is a landlord Government. A few thousand landlords will be swept away and replaced by an infinitely greater number. But who will say that when the Irish laborer, the Irish artisan, and the Irish tradesman settle down into building up their country, will not see that there is a land question to be still solved; a land question which will be settled by Irishmen in Ireland on the old Land League basis. "The land of Ireland for the people of Ireland," not for any one section of it, but for the property of the whole people as a homogeneous Nation must have been intended to be? This would undoubtedly have been the solution found by a Home Rule Government, and then we would have seen Ireland, so long the Cinderella of the nations, unfurling a banner which would lead the van of all the countries of the earth in a true, just, and equitable settlement of this world-wide question, and would endow every child born with something that very few of us now possess—an interest, a direct stake in the land of its birth. The harvestman comes year after year in one instance to the same farmers, and is expected to stay in the same place. He is known to the writer "Johnny" as he was called, had come for nineteen years. Two years ago his arrival as usual was being awaited. Johnny failed to appear, and a neighbor who came over to an adjoining farm called to say that in

the dark months of winter "Johnny" had been called to his last long rest. EXPOSURE AND HARSHNESS IN ENGLAND KILL MANY IRISH HARVESTMEN.

A large number return after one or two seasons' work in the English fields suffering with what is known in Galway and Mayo as "the English cold," but the English cold is unfortunately consumption. In a few months the poor fellows are laid under the ruins of some old abbey or in some village churchyard beside the dead and gone. Can one wonder at such developments bearing the Darwin case in mind? They usually sleep in barns and outhouses; house accommodation is not provided, and they begrudge paying for lodgings out of their pittance, which they wish to save for the purpose I have stated above.

However, the causes that produced the Irish harvestman are rapidly passing away, and a few summers more and he will be known no more in our streets or on our farms. Likewise the young men and women who through the American-bound emigrant ship will be reduced in numbers to within what one might call the bounds of healthy emigration—rovers and people of large ambition we shall ever have with us—and instead we shall find them laboring in content and amidst happier surroundings in their own land, developing new and reviving old industries, Catholic and Protestant, orange and green, joining together in Davis' ideal of building up a new and prosperous Ireland.

REFORMATION AND WORK.

FORCEFUL ADDRESS OF BISHOP SPALDING TO INMATES OF ILLINOIS STATE REFORMATORY.

A broad and kindly, yet forcible address was recently delivered by Bishop Spalding to the Catholic boys who were confined by him at the Illinois State Reformatory at Pontiac. The great reformatory force in the world, according to the Bishop's idea, is work. It is in order to give wayward and indolent boys an opportunity to acquire a habit of work, to be trained in industry, that reformatories are established.

"The wisdom in the young," he said, "they are bright, full of spirit and health and physical force; but they lack the power to weigh, to look into the future. Liberty is good only when given to those who are able to use it. To be free to jump from some high precipice would be no privilege. It would be a great calamity. Now, it is equally a misfortune to throw one's self into the company of the criminal. You are here, my dear young friends, not because it is the wish or intention of our State to deprive you of your liberty. It is the aim of our institutions to prepare all to make the right use of their freedom; and you are here to be trained, to be educated, to go into the world, and to be obedient to the law. The man who does not obey reason is a fool. The first thing, then, is to train you to obey the laws of God and of the world. But all of the young people of the United States and enlightened foreign countries are in schools? It is the very mark of a progressive people that they are keeping their boys and girls in school. If their parents did not keep them there, they would grow up unable to partake of the blessings and pleasures of life, and to pass them on to the next generation. You are here to be taught. Do not think it a hardship that you are here. Think it God's blessing over you. Had you not come here, forty evils might have befallen you. There is no earthly power that can prevail against the strength of the law. A great number of individuals try, but they are simply crushed. They are thrown aside in the world."

"You are here, it is always best to do something with the youth. If you went on and became hardened criminals, then it would be hopeless. But day comes around to keep a roof over their heads on their poor plot of ground, and so on, year after year, this toll is extracted by a class of absentee landlords for land which, Mr. T. W. Russell says, "possesses no economic value. These Irish lands which have thus 'wrung' £3,000,000 (£30,000,000) per annum to be squandered at the race meetings of England or on the demimonde of Paris, are now, after years of weary, hard, unremitting toil for the Irish peasant, getting to the end of their rope—the rope of which they have had such a lot that they have practically hanged themselves, or at least have been hanged by their friends in power in this country."

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ard. Speak the truth at all times. Here, in this institution, learn to speak no false word. Then, after this, I will say, learn to love what you do. If you learn to do that which is disagreeable, it prepares you to pick up the work you like when you go out in the world. Learn to love some one of the books in the library that will appeal to you. If you once learn to read the better books, my dear boys, you will never need to be on the streets or with evil companions. I speak to you the best I can. Would to God I could so influence you that, after twenty, thirty or forty years, you could look back over your life and say I had influenced you for the better, and to live in the straight and narrow way."

AGAINST SOCIALISM.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Scranton, preaching in his cathedral on Sunday week, spoke out against Socialism.

In his sermon he said: "It is indisputable fact that the Socialists are seeking to gain the ascendancy in many of the labor organizations of this country. The ordinary Socialist is a free thinker and a free liver and an enemy of the Catholic Church."

I call upon the Catholic young men who are members of labor unions to refuse to let any infidel or any schemer posing as Socialists lead them away from the Church and the religion in which they were instructed. I also call upon the Catholic young men in the labor unions to see that every day's labor they give their employers is an honest one. That is the first prerequisite if they would hope to better their condition."

"The Catholic young men need not be fearful, either, that an honest man cannot succeed in politics."

There are four striking thoughts in the above extract from Bishop Hoban's discourse, and every reader of this paper would do well to master them.—Catholic Columbian.

THE LONDON "ATHENAEUM" AND THE REFORMATION.

The London Athenaeum has some sharp criticism of Vol. II. of the Cambridge Modern History—that volume which deals with the Reformation. Its criticism covers many points, but principally it calls attention to the lack of general supervision. Various writers have contributed articles on different phases of the Reformation, and while the result may be brilliant, the lack of centralized direction, to use the Athenaeum's phrase, is everywhere manifest. This shows itself in inconsistent historical statements, some of which the Athenaeum mentions, giving as the worst example the following important passages which have been allowed to remain in the volume although in flat contradiction to each other. At the beginning of Dr. Fairbairn's chapter on "Calvin and the Reformed Church," we read:

"The navigators who, by finding new continents, enlarged our notions both of the earth and man, seemed but to add fresh provinces to Rome; but by moving the centre of intellectual gravity from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Atlantic, they inflicted on her a fatal wound. Moreover, by the easy acquisition of the wealth which lower races had accumulated there was begotten in the Latin people so fierce and intolerant an aversion that their highest ambitions appeared ignoble in contrast with the magnanimity and the enterprise of the 'Teutonic nations that became Protestants.'"

Side by side with this "strange sentence" as the Athenaeum well calls it, one esteemed London contemporary places the statements of Mr. Pollard summing up the results of the Reformation in Germany. Mr. Pollard says: "The Reformation began with ideas and ended in force. . . . No ideas, in religion or politics, could survive unless they were cast in the hard material mould of German territorialism. . . . Henceforward Germany was but a collection of petty states whose rulers were dominated by mutual jealousies. From the time of Charles V. to that of Frederick the Great, Germany ceased to be an international force; it was rather the arena in which the other nations of Europe fought out their diplomatic and military struggles. . . . With the decay of civil life went also the ruin of municipal arts and civilization, and in its stead there was only the mainly formal culture of the petty German court. . . . An end of universal latitude followed; intellectual, moral and politically, Germany was a desert."

This passage by Mr. Pollard, the Athenaeum declares to be "a masterly summary of the situation which the Reformation left in Germany"; and reverting to Mr. Fairbairn's "amazing lines," in which the ignoble ambitions of the Latin or Catholic races are contrasted with the magnanimity of the Teutonic and Protestant, this scholarly London paper says:

"England and Holland alone of Teutonic races that became Protestant showed 'magnanimity and enterprise' in generations succeeding the Reformation; while it is surely odd history to talk about the highest ambitions of the Latin peoples being ignoble at the period in which France produced an unparalleled series of writers who exalted the standard of human thought and aspiration. . . . The fact that Spain and Italy fell into decadence while the British race started on its career of world conquest at this epoch is no reason for misleading generalizations about Latin and Teutonic peoples. What, too, does Dr. Fairbairn mean by 'moving the centre of intellectual gravity from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Atlantic?' This puzzle we give up. Neither England nor France can accurately be said to be on the shores of the Atlantic; Portugal and Ireland are the only European countries in that case. Perhaps Dr. Fairbairn has some vague vision of the future of America which at all events has not been realized three and a half centuries later than the Reformation."

The Athenaeum concludes its criticism

of Dr. Fairbairn's statements by declaring that, with the exception of a few excellent passages, they are of a tone better fitted to the lecture-room of Mansfield College, Oxford (an Evangelical institution of which he is the principal), than to the pages of unsectarian history. "His sincere devotion to 'the Protestantism of the Protestant religion,'" says the Athenaeum, "exceeds his familiarity with the details of the subject."

For ourselves we should say that from what is limited in the Athenaeum's castigation, Dr. Fairbairn is not only lacking in a knowledge of details, but that he has failed to grasp the entire sweep of the subject which he has attempted to describe in those sentences which the Athenaeum well calls "amazing" and "strange."—Sacred Heart Review.

PREPARING FOR THE BREACH.

Writing from Ghent, Belgium, to the London Catholic Times, Rev. James O'Haire, Missioner Apostolic, says:

All the Catholic journals of France are preparing the people for the coming breach of the Concordat when the Bishops and priests will receive nothing but forward is this: (1) How are the Bishops and priests in England and poor little Ireland, and in America and Australia supported, and by whom? And the answer forthcoming is: They are well supported by the people, who would scorn State money for their pastors. (2) How is it that the congregations now expelled from France acquired so much property in France within the last fifty years—whose money did all that? The answer is: The money of the people given freely to all the religious orders. Then comes the practical question: Why may we not expect that the same people of France will be at least equally generous to the secular clergy who now, or the first time within a century, will have to depend upon the free offerings of the faithful? This mode of thrashing out the question is making great headway, and the Catholics are beginning to say determinedly: We are able and we shall support our pastors.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

The Catholic Church is the house of God. How it is so, and why, might be explained by an incident which happened some years ago in the little Church of St. Mary Magdalen in this city. A Catholic engaged in night employment, at about 3 o'clock in the morning of Good Friday sought the little church to adore the Blessed Sacrament, which is exposed after the Mass of Holy Thursday in the tabernacle of an altar other than the high altar. Usually the exposition does not end until the host is again placed in the high altar at an hour before services begin on Good Friday. The pious custom of selecting watchers from sodalities to remain all through the night and hours of the early morning obtains in Eastern cities. Our Catholic friend was a recent arrival from the East.

Entering the church, all was darkness except for the little red light before the high altar, which is never extinguished. No watchers. No one present but himself. Yes, One other; and that other, God. God in the Blessed Sacrament. God all alone and waiting for him. What a transcendent privilege was this, he thought, to be alone with God. Even he could hear Him say, as He said in the Garden of Olives when He found the apostles asleep: "What could you not watch one hour with Me?" With joyful heart, the Catholic replied: "I, Lord, will watch beside thee here."

And so this Catholic remained at the exposition altar in prayer and meditation until the light of day shone through the windows of the church. He did not know that the host had already been removed, and was even then concealed in the tabernacle of the high altar.

No matter. His faith beheld the Master before him as clearly as the apostles saw the Saviour in Galilee. Therefore the adoration was just as complete as if the host were really exposed.

Such is the faith which presages the victory over the world. And this faith it is which makes the Catholic Church the house of God.—Intermountain Catholic.

It is possible to be kind without giving crooked counsel or oily flattery; and it is possible to be true without magnifying faults and indulging in cruel rebukes. What a desert."

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AN IRISH FINANCIAL COUNCIL.

THE IMPORTANT SCHEME RECOMMENDED. London, Sept. 25.—The report of the committee of the Irish Reform Association, which was adopted at a meeting presided over by Lord Darnley at Dublin on Friday, was issued to-night.

The report outlines an important scheme for the devolution of the Irish government in finance and local business.

It suggests the constitution of an Irish financial council composed of 24 members under the presidency of the Lord Lieutenant, and with the Chief Secretary for Ireland as vice president.

The report further suggests that a statutory body should be created, consisting of Irish representative Peers and Irish members of the House of Commons in addition to the proposed financial council, and to which should be delegated all private bill legislation affecting Ireland and any other Irish business that might be referred to it by Parliament.

The report concludes with suggesting the submission of its proposals to a royal commission.

London, Sept. 26.—Except for the awfully long rule morning papers which comment on the surprising fact that opinion should have veered so far in a few years as to permit a body of landlords to propound what is virtually a scheme of home rule, Lord Darnley's proposals embodied in the report of the committee on organization of the Irish Reform Association is universally condemned. The Morning Post declares "it is fraught with disastrous consequences for the plan is a body of amateurs, not representative of the Irish people. Sensible Unionists regard the report as an amiable dream."

The League of the Sacred Heart is doing a great work by training its members to make the morning offering of the thoughts, words and deeds of the day to God, whereby they spiritualize their actions and make them meritorious for Heaven.

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