THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

"When Saw We Thee."

6

Then shall He answer how He lifted up, In the cathedrai there, at Lille, to me The same still mouth that drang the Passi

And how I turned away and did not see. How-oh, that boy's deep eyes and withered

In a mad Paris street, one glittering night, Three times drawn backward by His beauty's charm, I gave Him-not a farthing for the sight.

How in that shadowy temple at Cologne, Through all the mighty music. I did wring The agony of His last mortal moan From that bilad soul I gave not snything.

And how at Bruges, at a beggar's breast, There by the wind-mill where the leaves

whirled so, I saw Him nursing, passed Him with the Followed by His starved mother's stare of

But, my Lord Christ, Thou knowest I had not much, And had to keep that which I had for grace To look, forsooth, where some dead painter's to the the source of the source

Had left Thorn-wound, or Thy mother's

Therefore, Oh, my Lord Christ, I pray to Thee That of Thy great compassion Thon wilt Laid up from moth and rust, somewhere, for High in the heavens-the coins I never gave.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

A thousand years hence-so says a member of the Academy of Science-nearly all the stone buildings now standing in Europe will have crumbled to dust; so perishable is the material of which they are constructed that the process o decay is already evident in many con-spicuous edifices. The same thing is going on in America. Neither marble nor the favorite brown stone can with-stand the action of the elements. Even the Capitol at Washington is undergoing disintergration. It may not be impor-tant that an ordinary dwelling house should last a thousand years. For samitary reasons it is, perbaps, just as well that people should have to build their houses over again once every two o three centuries. But it is not agreeable to think that the Capitol and all the great churches in the country will have disappeared by the year of grace 2890.

A TELLING SPEECH.

A story used to be told of an old Irish

member of Parliament who, at first elec-tion after the great Reform Bill, was in-formed that his new constituents were not to be addressed in the rough and ready language which had done well enough before. On the hustings, accord ingly, he began :

though he tried more than once to get a word further on in his speech. His case seemed desperate, for the "gentlemen" were beginning to laugh, when snatching a big staff out of a by stander's band, he waved it around his head as if he were waved it around his head as it he were at the entrance of a fair. "Here I sm again, you blackguards !" He was re-ceived with thunders of applause, and in his old fashion made a most telling speech,

AN HUMBLE BISHOP.

La Motte, the well known Bishop of Amiens, was no less a humble man than a great prelate. When he desired to give up all his honors and end his days in a monastery of La Trappe, he wrote to the Pope: "If I have done my duty, I ask this as a recompense; if I have been re-

miss in my duty, I beg it as a penance." Some one said to him that he could cure a certain malady if he wished. He cure a certain instant if be wished. He laughed and replied: "Then you take me for a drug, do you?" When a friend compared him to St. Francis de Saler, he answered: "Would to God that I were worthy to occupy a place as his feet !' When he was advanced in years the Dauphin, son of Louis XV., invited him to present himself at the court ; but the Bishop declined the honor. "I can only serve to remind you that you are to die." serve to remind you that you are to die. he wrote in return; "s death's head placed upon your prie dieu will answer the same purpose."

days ago predicted a hurricane, and the reports from Havana verified the predic-tion. He is regarded by navigators and meteorologists all over the world as one of the most correct and reliable weather elements of the new

scientists of the age. For the past quarter of a century Father Vines has made this work purely a labor of love. He is a highly cultured gentleman, unassuming, and a profound scholar. Fully appreciating the valuable time since, the United States Govern-ment offered him a handsome salary in

recognition of his past services. offer he promptly declined, because the rules of the J-suit Order prohibited it. Captain J. McBaker, of the steamship Hutchingon, of the Southern Pacific sys-tem, is well acquainted with the Padre and in speaking of him to a reporter he said : "For the many years that I have been navigating the Gulf I have never touched at Hayana without calling on

the Padre when the opportunity pre-sented it. During the burricane season his opinion is always anxiously cought after. Before the connections with the Windward Islands perfected the Padre's predictions were always looked forward anxiously by navigators. To day the cables only recently laid give him a large scope and make his forecasts more reliable and important to commerce.

ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.

Lucy Hamilton Hooper, in a Paris etter, tells the following anecdote of Jenny Lind : Baron told me of a scene he wit-

time in its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually nessed at the opera long years ago, at the this hearing of a pale plain girl, with abundant lair tresses and great blue eyes. He brought by his description the scene vividiy before me - the dimly-lighted house, the fair-haired child upon the stage, and in the proscenium box, superb and baughty, the splendid prima donna of the day, Rosina Stoliz, whose empire over the opera and the heart of its manager was so supreme that none of the operas composed for the Grand Opera in those days contained more than one female role of any importance, as witness 'La Favorita,' 'La Reine de Chypre,' etc. "The song ended, Madame Stoitz leaned month of the Nagara mass. So closely a solid impenetrable mass. So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet to the lake was completely choked up, and little cr was completely choked up, and little cr was completely choked up, and little cr time to take care of the mother who spent time to take care of the mother who spent time to take care of the mother who spent time to take care of the mother who spent time to take care of the mother who spent time to take care of the mother who spent time to take care of the mother who spent over and said something to the manager who advanced to the young singer, expressing in polite and empty phrases his regret that her talent and her voice were unsuited to the requirements of Grand olding her modest shawl about her, she

glided from the stage. Arrived at the exit door, she looked back. "'I bid you adieu, Monsieur,' she tald quietly. 'One day you will implore me to return, but I never will return, I shall never sing again in Paris.' "A few years later, when every opera director in Paris was at that young girl's tions. The news quickly spreal, and crowds of spectators flocked to view the

feet, praying her to accept any possible terms, the memory of that night stood ba-tween her and the Parislan public, and deprived Paris of the delight of ever listening to the greatest singer of the century, and Niegara was itself again. for the pale, blue eyed maiden was Jenny

A STORY OF MOUNT BLANC.

I am very impulsive and need to be led. I specially needed it when young. I specially needed it when young. I learned a lesson, in short sentence, a few years ago, I have never forgotten. We were at the foot of Mt. Blanc, in the yillage of Chamonni. A sad thing

Lind."

had happened the day before we reached the village. A young physician, of Boston, had determined to reach the heights of Mt. Bianc. He accomplished the feat, and the little village was illuminated in his honor; the flag was flying from the little but on the mountain tide-that all who have visited Chamouni well remem-

ber-that told of his victory. But after he had ascended and descended in safety, as far as the hut, he wanted then to be re as far as the hul, he wanted then to be re-lieved from his guide; he wanted to be free from the rope, and he insisted that he could go alone. The guide remon-strated with him, told him it was not safe, but he was tired of the rope and declared he would be free of it. The guide had to calumet is one of the signs of showing that they are resigned to God)

afterward went below and gave each singer a handsome diamond scarf pin, thanking each at the same time for the rendering of the song. back to my German lesson at 5 o'clock." "No, you can't help me, dear. You hok worn out yourself. Never mind, if I the up my head, perhaps I can finish If I tie up my head, perhape I can finish

"Through at last," said Eina, wearily, firing a faishing touch to the essy, at the same time giancing at the clock. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing. That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's The white-banded mocking bird of of southern South America-the finest feathered melodist in the world—is one of the species that accompany music with pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

of the species that accompany music with appropriate motions. And just as its song is, so to speak, inspired by an improvia-tion, unlike any song the bird has ever uttered, so its motions all have the same "What made that weary look on this "What made that weary look on this woman's face ?" asked the stern, strange-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters ?" "Yes," replied the other, "but they

character of spontaneity and follow no order, and yet have a grace and passion and a perfect haimony with the music uahave no time to take care of their mother." "No time !" cried the other. "What paralleled among birds possessing a similar

"No time !" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have ?" "Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hearts and bands full. They are affactionate daughtero, much admired for their good works; but they do not know they are letting the one they love most sin from my arms into yours. most slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs come from overwork and acxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded wh le the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin.' The dark angel frowned. "Young ladies must be accomplished

now." explained the other. "Those eye grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages ; those wrinkles came because the girls had not time to share the cares and worries of everyday life. That tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study, or spent at the concert; those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk around the house all day." "Surely the girls help too ?"

"What they can. But they have their studies and so many other things to occupy them.'

"No wonder." said the Augel of Death "so many mothers call me. This is indeed esd : loving industrious girls giving their

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Dath, bending

over the sleeping woman. "No! no!" cried Eins, springing from her seat: "I will take care of her, if you

only let her stay !" "Daughter, you must have the night-

mare-wake up, dear, I fear you have missed your history class." "Never mind mamma, I am not going

to day. I am rested now, and I will make those button-boles while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll eand word to the German professor that I must be excused to-day; for I am going to see o supper myself, and make some of those muffias you like."

"But, dear, I dislike to take your

"Seeing you have never given me any time! Now go to sleep, mamma dear as I did and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages or classes in the world." So, after having been enugly tuck in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from her daughter, usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Henson fell into a sweet, restful sleep. "I see we might have lost the best of

mothers in our mad rush to be educated in this hurrying, restless day and genera-tion," Eina soliloquized, ss she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. After this what time she does not need shall devote of outside work and study. Until she gets well restored, I will take charge or the house, and give up all the societies, too, except one-and that I'll have by myself, if the other girls wont join-a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers,"

And Edna kept her word. A few t they are resigned to God) The invitation was discretily declined, to her: We miss your bright essays so the lesson was not missed



OCTOBER 25, 1890.

OCTOBER 25, 1890.

"Farth to Earth and Dust to Dust," and

pron bell

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BY GEORGE CROLY. "Earth to earth and dust to dust," Here the evil and the just, Here the youthful and the old, Here the youthful and the hold. Here the matron and the maild In one silent bed are laid; Here the vassai and the king Side by side, He withering; "Earth to earth and dust to dust."

the R Age on age shall roll along O'er this pale and mighty throng: Those that went item, those that weep, All shall wint these sleepers sleep, Brothers and sisters of the more, Summer's sun and winter's storm, Song of peace or battle rose, N'er shall break their slupther more; Desth shall keep his slient trust— "Earth to earth and dust to dust." liber

But a day is coming fast; Earth, thy michtest and thy last; It shait come in fear and wonder; Heralded by trump and ibunder; It shait come in strife and toil, It shait come in shood and spoil, It shait come in nemptres' groans, Earning temples, trampled thrones; Then, amistikor, rue thy lust!

Then shall come the judgment, Then shall come the judgment, In the East the King shall shine, Fisshing from Heaven's golden gate, Thousands, thousands, rouad His state, Spirits with the crown and plume; Tremble, then, thou sullon tomb; Heaven shall open to our sight, In a bizz of glorious light, Kingdoms of the rankomed dust— "Earth to earth and dust to dust."

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem, Then shall, gorgeous as a gem, Shine thy mount, Jerusalem ; Then, shall, in the desert rise, Fruits of more than paradise; Earth by angel feet be tred, one great graden of ner God; Till are dried the martyr's tears, Through a glorious thousand years, New in hope of Him we trust— "Earth to earth and dust to dust."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS

FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review. TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. "The man believed the Word which Jesus said to him."-St. John iv. 50.

The Gospel of the day shows to us the power of faith. The ruler believed and thereby merited the healing of his dying son. Our Lord, therefore, did heal him. My dear brethren, who are they most renowned in this world for their faith? By what name are they called the world over? Who are they who astound atheists, infidels, hereitcs, heathens and worldly men, once filled with the faith of Christ, but who have lost it entirely? They are Roman Catholics. Through us as a body, God has shown to the world what men can and do accomplish who

live according to the light of faith. To each of us individually has He given the virtue of faith to believe without doubt ing all that which He has taught and does

teach us through Holy Church Do we believe this? We do indeed believe it, and without a single doubt. We rejoice, exult and glory in this faith. It is our life, our all in time. It is our guard and protection from evil in the days of success and prosperity. It is our strength in the time of weakness. It is our consolation under trial, suffering and persecution. It is the foreisste of eternal salvation, of the glories of heaven, of the unspeakable happiness of future union with God, to be ours forever in eternity. This faith, to us, makes time a part of eternity, and in fact in a certain sense turns time into eternity, so that we may be said to live in eternity in this short mode of existence here on earth. The virtue of faith is as a glass, through which we see eternal truths. We then live according to these eternal truths. Is not this, in a manner, leading an eternal

Again, St. Paul tells us, " Faith is the substance of things to be, " substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not;" also, "We see now through a glass in a

dark manner. Now, what do we hope for ? What do we see ? We hope for and we see in a ste sa dark manner things that are eternal, the happiness of heaven, the graces and glfts of God to our souls, which make this happiness. These graces and gifts begin and are given in small allowance in this life. They constitute the happiness and peace of the truly Christian soul during life on earth. It is, indeed, the happiness of heaven begun, and truly begun, in this life. The gifts and graces are, in their own nature, eternal, and those who are faith-ful take these with them to heaven, receiving as they enter it more graces of the They are all same kind added to these. supernatural, divine, and heavenly. It is this glorious faith that secures them to us. Without this faith no one can possess them. We have now recalled to your minds, dear brethren, the consolations and fruits of the faith God in His infinite love and mercy grants to the Christian soul. These things ought to make us value the Christhings ought to make us value bond tian life above everything else-value it above every other kind of life, and above every human affection, every relation in life, and above all this world containe-of life, and above all the world containe-of things beautiful, desirable, and most to be valued here, but what will perish in time, and that have nothing eternal in them. For we belong to eternity even in time, and things eternal can be secured by us even in this life. He who dies filled with these eternal graces passes through death into eternity as easily and naturally as one passes through the door of his house Into the light of a glorious day. What constitutes the strength of our faith? Its own virtue and the knowledge we have that the God who gives it is so true that He will not and cannot deceive us. We know that the idea of ever us. We know that the idea of ever deceiving us can never begin to be sug-gested to His mind; that, if it could be, He would cease to be God. This is im-possible. We know that every single word from Him shall be infilied perfectly infinite perfectly best being the set of th winout the least exception, hesitation or change from what He had declared. This is another and the greatest conso-lation of our faith. This is the reason that our hearts are filled with so much joyous expectation. This gives infallible certainty to the souls of those who look for the fulfillment of the promises of God. But stop here a moment, dear brethren ! Call now to mind the certainty of God's word. That word is not half understood if we look only on the bright side. Those glorious promises of God are only for the a good, only for those who lead a good life a

time."

often the missionary in his apostolic duties receives letters but once a year. The In dians, seeing the tears flow down his cheeks, whilst he was reading one of the letters, asked him the reason.

stances it was not well to cry, but to sub-

ran dry. Nevertheless it is an established fact that this occurred on March 29, 1848, and for a few hours scatcely any water passed over Niagara Falis. The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Ede. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass, and drove the ica far up into the lake. About sunset the wind suddenly veered around and blew a heavy gale from the

west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and, bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara river, piled it up in

this frezen barrier passed over the falls and the next morning the people residing

in the neighborhood were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle. The roaring, tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and nothing but the cold black rocks were visible in all direc-

scene, the banks on each side of the river being lined with people during the whole day. At last there came a break in the ice : it was released from its restraint : the pent up wall of water rushed downward,

PIOUS IX. AND THE INDIANS.

It was in the month of February, veara sgo, says the Montreal True Witness, Father Lacombe had been encamping with

a tribe of Indians for a long time, when one evening a courier arrived from St. Albert, bringing him letters at the request of Bishop Grandin. At the time there were several Indians in the hut of Father Lacombe. The Father immediately be-

gan to open his correspondence, because

"Because," snswered the missionary, "this latter tells me of the death of my father and other sed and painful news." "But, Father," answered the chief, "you have told us that in such circummit with resignation to the will of the Great Spirit. Nowto give us the example, take a few smokes from the calumet." (Among these redskins, to smoke the

coming Ecumenical Council came to his

In reading it his feature bright-

parameter a mong order possessing a should habit. While singing he passes from bush to bush, sometimes delaying a few moments on and at others just touching the summits, and at times sinking out of sight in the foliage, then in an excess of sight in the longe, then in an excess of rapture scaling vertically to a height of a hundred feet, with messured wing beats like those of a heron, or mounting sud-denly in a wild, hurried zigzag, then slowly circling downward to sit at last with tail outspread fanwise, and vans, glistening white in the sunshine, expanded

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE WHIRE BANDED MOCKING BIRD.

and vibrating, or waved languidly up and down, with a motion like that of some broad-winged butterfly at rest on a flower. WHEN NIAGARA RAN DRY. It seems almost incredible that at one

the same purpose.

5

A GLASGOW MUSSULMAN TURNS UP AMONG THE IURKS.

good many years sgo, said an old colonel, we were going out to join the Turk ich service. The most enthusiastic of us all was an Eaglishman, a joily, empty headed, good natured sort of a fellow, who was going out as an interpreter, having some how picked up a smattering of Turkish though of Russian and the other languages of Eastern Europe he knew no more than I did.

I found out by chance that his ruling passion was an unquenchable hatred of everything Scotch. We encamped at some unpronouceable place on the Lower Dan ube, with old Suvarcy's gray coats quar tered within three miles of us. It was a few days after our glimpse of the enemy that the first taste of retribution overtook our friend,

We were strolling through the camp with a Turkish officer, whose acquaintance we had made the day before, and the interpreter was abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, as usual, when to his utter astonishment (and mine, too, for that matter), Hassan Bey turned upon him, and broke out fiercely :

" I'll tell ye what, ma mon, gin ye daur lowse yer tongue upon ma country like thot, I'll gie ye a clout o' the lug that'li meke it tingle frae this to Halloween." You should have seen the Englishman's

face—I think I never saw a man ready thunderstruck before. "Why, good gradious !" stammered he at length, "I thought you were a Turk !" that sas I am a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel," retorted the frate Glasgow Musanlman, "and a better ane than yo'll site the front terrace. At a signal agreed upon they were to begin their song. They heard talking in the apartment which ways than my father's auld leather breeks, that ne'er traveled further than just irac Glaisga to Greenock and back agin; but when I gang hame (as 1'll do or laug, if it be Heaven's wull), I'll jost be Wally Forbes, son of auld Dady Forbes, o' the Gorbais, for a that's come and gane."

be Heaven's wull), I'll jost be Wally Forbes, son of autd Dady Forbes, o' the Gorbais, for a that's come and gane." A JESULT METEOROLOGIST. Padre Vines, a celebrated Jesuis priest in Havana, has for the past quarter of century been making weather predictions at Havana, says the New (cleans Times-Democrat. It was the Padre who several

entang down the included toy steeps. The rope was gone so the guide could not hold him or pull him back. And out on a shelving piece of ice lay the dead body, of the young physician, as it was pointed out to me. The bells had been rung, the vil-lage illuminated in honor of his success, but, also in a fait moment he refered to Continuing to open his package of letters, the Bull of Convocation of the hand. ened. The Indians watched him in stience. The old chief, named the "Oderif-rous Herb," said to him: "The paper but, also, in a fatal moment he refused to be guided; he was tired of the rope. Do we not get tired of the rope ? God's you are reading, Father, must bring you good news, for you appear so content providences hold us, restrain us, add we get tired sometimes. We need a guide, "Yes," answered the missionary, "this paper comes from the head of the faith-ful, the representative of Jesus Christ on and shall, till the dangerous paths are over Never get disengaged from your Guide ; let your prayer be "Lead Thou me on," and some time the bells of heaven will earth, and these words carry joy and con-solation to all his children. The good news I have received is that the Great ring that you are safe at home !

sliding down the inclined icy steeps. The

A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE. A surprise which was prepared by the Emperor and Empress for the Archduchess Valerie on the eve of her wedding i now being talked of in Vienna. Ou

Our correspondent there tells us that Baron Bezeeny, the director of the court theatres, was asked to invite a famous Vienna quartet to come to Ischi on July 30, and to tell no one of their coming. From the station they were taken to the house of the master of ceremonies, put into a room

alone, and given four copies of a love song, and accompaniment. This song, which bore neither the name of the poet nor the composer, they were asked to study. An ample repast was served them, and they

ALL Y

Master of Prayer (among the Indians religion is called prayer) calls around him all the other masters of prayer." "What is the name of the Great Master of Prayer ?" "He is called Pius IX." "Then no one but the pure lips of the

faithful will be sliowed to repeat so grand a name; is it not so? We can not do

"Yes," said the Father, "you may ; because you are catechumens and soon will also be children of Plus IX. "Repeat then the name of Pius IX. several times." Then, said Father La-combe, "I saw the most unique spectacle in my life. The old chief raised himself

his whole figure seemed transformed." "Pius IX." he cried in a strong voice. Then turning to the Indians, he said: 'Lift up your voices and say, Fius IX." "Now," said the 'Oderiferous Hero," "Show me the place where the chief has laid his hand." (Has made his sig-nature.) The missionary pointed to the writing of the Holy Father. The old chief kissed it with a love and venora-

tion that no words can express, "I wept," added Father Lacombe, "in seeing the simple name of our Holy Father so profoundly touch the minds and houst of my asymp anota?" and hearts of my savage guests."

much, Miss Edna. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly edu cated. You are letting your sister get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters I never saw her looking so well." Then Edna felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S. P. C. M."

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