he did so, "It may be so," he said; "I confess the common road contents my vulgar eff?" said her sister, over her orrow?

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In the portrait of Julian Wyvern which Beresford had sketched there was just that amount of truth which is to be found in a caricature; but, like all caricatures, it possessed no real ill. You'll id the best likeness. Neither was good Mrs. Houghton's appreciation of her son's ," growled haws, one Houghton's appreciation of her son's brilliant friend more correct when she called him "all things by turns and nothing long." Had Julian been questioned, he would, perhaps, have h a flunky said that he never followed but one obs. I pre-among my iect all his life. Almost from his cradle he had found stamped on his imagination an ideal of what was great and noble, and he sought for its realization think you the Ojibe as he grew to manhood, and found it nowhere. Its absence perplexed and for a time saddened him. For what ains Mary was original in him was not so much offrey have one or two about the ign himself ladyship's rn Briton. resence wil st a dozen igners, so

the possession of a noble ideal—a thing he held in common with a vast number of persons who never in practice soar above their native littleness-it was that, far from resting content with the theory of greatness, he was always seeking to carry his theories into action. So soon as he came to understand that the world set itself in the precisely opposite direction, then it became equally clear to him that the world and he must part company, and he threw off the bondage of its conventional restrictions, with a boldness which in some degree laid him open to he writing ring by his the charge of eccentricity. should it be considered extravagant or impletion of ridiculous to carry principles into practice Julian had no power to comprehend. If St. Martin of Tours were held in veneration for cutting his cloak in half to clothe a beggar in the fifth century, he failed to see why an ess mad, but English gentleman should be held wanting in common-sense for taking off his great coat and giving it to a poor man in the nineteenth. If one of his own ancestors in the Ir. Wyvern trie. Such twentieth generation had gained the reputation of a hero for taking the oss, why should he be laughed at for oining the Zouaves? And if the praises of the Protestant Howard reounded through the world for reform ng the prisons of Europe, why should brought his on, he com-Mary's more t be thought crotchety for a Catholic ayman to see for himself into the state f the Staffordshire bargees? se into him, se enough to ndeed! The deductions to which he ame on the questions seemed to himelf the strictest logic and common ense, while by the greater number of his acquaintance they were adjudged as overstrained and romantic; and dam has his detic fibre is this was the less extraordinary when we consider that he had not yet atern's wideained the maturing climacteric aid Geoffrey; l of himself, ing; and he ries to mend thirty, and that in the carrying out of his views he had not always been swayed by the golden rule of discretion. He had his friends, however, as well

TO BE CONTINUED.

as his critics, and perhaps in the eyes of the world the most singular feature

in the whole matter was the close

alliance which existed between him-

self and Geoffrey Houghton, two men

between whom, as these same critics were wont to argue, there existed no

single point of common sympathy. But whether the critics were right in

this conjecture is a point we shall re-

serve for the future judgment of our

Real Missionaries. It was a story of severe trial and adventures among the natives of icy Alaska which a member of the Jesuit order told in a Catholic church here last Sunday. He described the life of the Jesuit and the Sisters who have carried their faith to the Yukon and the shores of Behring sea. They ecome as Eskimos, build huts, wear the Eskimo dress, cat sealflesh frozen meats, endure all the hardship of the Arctic weather, and have munication with the outer world bu nce a year. They carry a knowledge of Catholicism to the Pagans, teach them to sing in Latin, and make them equainted with civilization. shop Seghers was murdered there by a madman, but recruits for the mission

bravery for the sake of religion. acrificing women and men, truly, are these missionaries in Alaska. abors remind us of those of the earl French missionaries in the wilds of Canada and in the frosty regions beond Hudson bay, though we must say that the climate of Alaska is even more

trying at some seasons that that of Upper Labrador. We hear so often that we live in au age of selfishness, mercenariness, and earthly mindedness that it is invigor iting to learn of the Jesuit missions of the Yukon. There are men and women of our generation who are as ready to brave the tropics or the poles the jungles or the deserts, for the sake of their religion, as ever were the men and women of any other generation of

Unlike most proprietary medicines, the formulæ of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsathe formulæ of Dr. J. C. Ayel salar parilla and other preparations are cheerfully sent to any physician who applies for them. Hence the special favor accorded these well-known standard remedies by the World's Fair commissioners.

There is danger in neglecting a cold.

Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

DOROTHY FROM DIXIE'S LAND.

FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

Maud Regau, in Walsh's Magazine In the days so long gone that they have passed into the realms of tradiwhere their memory shall be green for evermore; when Virginia was the home of opulence and ease, and as many lackeys and outriders attended the outgoings and incomings of her great landed proprietors, as follow the progress of some modern European sovereigns; when her great estates were measured by the mile, and her palatial homesteads numbered by the score, not one was more widely famed as the abode of luxury and openhearted hospitality than the old Vernon

mansion, "Gray Gables." It was the fairest place in all the country side, with, on one hand, the green meadow lands stretching far beyond the gray roofs of the cabins in the "quarters" nestling against the the strife was ended, to the charms of side of the hill. Surrounding the the loveliest of rebels, Dorothy Fairhouse were the long sloping lawns, a fax. wide stretch of velvety green, broken from gate to entrance door by the white line of the avenue, shadowed by oaks of a century's growth, down which there rolled, amid a cloud of dust, many a gorgeous equipage in the days when Virginia's aristocracy loved to foregather at "Gray Gables."

The house itself was a quaint old place; imposing by reason of its massive solidity, and yet redeemed by a certain quaint irregularity of outline from the severity, bordering on barrenness, characteristic of many of the old colonial mansions. Successive generations had added to it from time to time; a room here, a wing there, in the prevailing fashion of their day, and about the older portions the ivy trailed and climbed and flaunted its swaying tendrils from the overhanging gables which gave the house its

There was no ivy on the side where the state drawing-room lay. It was sacred to the climbing pink roses, the "Fairfax Roses" planted by the fair hands of "Gray Gable's" first mistress whose memory was inseparably connected with their sweet old-fashioned

High over the entrance door were carved the grim stone dragons up them the proud motto "I Conquer Fate." For they were proud men, those early Vernons, loyal friends, re-lentless foes, generous to extrava-gance, brave to recklessness, never staying to count the cost when friend brave danger or privation in the cause of either.

With the latter half of this century began the decline of the family for The war and the emancipatunes. tion of the slaves completed the ruin which extravagance had be-gun, until at the period of which we write, shortly after the close of the war, little was left to the surviving Vernons save an estate shorn of all its glories, the fine old homestead, and the traditions of de-parted grandeur. Fortunately there were few of the name left to lament were strictly interdicted. Thrown their fallen fortunes, the entire family being comprised of the widowed misyears' standing, stern and cold by nature, and still more embittered by suffering and constant chafing against nature, and still more embittered by suffering and constant chafing against the cruelty of her lot, and her daughter Dorothy, a fair-haired, blue-eyed tot of six or seven with whom she had little in sympathy. She had passionately loved her handsome, dark eyed boy, of before, and with whom had been buried her last interest in life. With his death had begun an indefinable feeling of estrangement between Mrs. Vernon and her surviving child. There was always in her mind the half defined him endowed with motion - keen dark question whose existence, had she been taxed with it, she would have indignantly denied, that if the fate which had successively taken from her, husband and fortune, claimed yet another victim, why should it have been Ralph,

Ralph? So little Dorothy was left almost entirely to the care of the few servants in whom affection for the family in whose service they and their fathers before them had been born and bred, had been stronger than the restless desire for change and a glimpse of the world lying beyond the boundaries of the estate, which, when the war was over, drove the majority of their fellows northward. Those who remained possessed in an eminent degree of the family importance and jealous care for all that affected its well being. They rather disits well being. They rather dis-approved of "Mis' Dorothy." Per-haps Mr. Vernon's view of her bereave ment had suggested itself to them also, for "Not a bit like Mars' Ralph, more's the pity," was the general ver-dict, one which in Dorothy's serious moments weighed heavily upon her mind. The children adored her, and not one little wooly-pated darkey on the estate but would have braved fire and water in her service. Truth to tell, their devotion was often put to severe test, for she was an autocratic little mistress, with the hot Vernon temper, but when her anger was expended her bursts of penitence and eager strivings to make amends to those upon whom the vials of her wrath had been expended, were de-lightful to witness. Many were the

early Vernons coursing through the veins of their far away descendant.

She never wearied of hearing tales of the heroes of the race, of their prowess in war, their courtly ways in time of peace, of the great days at the house when the state drawing room had been that treasure house of the past, where She never wearied of hearing tales of when the state drawing room had been always open, and the halls had echoed away to the cluster of woods, a relic of the forest primeval, which formed the western boundary of the estate; on the other the broad fields of cotton the other the broad fields of cotton to the tread of many of the belies and beaux whose names had since passed into history. Her hero of them all was her great grandfather Ralph Vernon, a gallant young officer of revoluto the tread of many of the belles and and tobacco, where the dusky figures tionary fame, who, after fighting for of the negroes fitted to and fro, and the republic with might and main, capitulated, as well became him, when the strife was ended, to the charms of

> Dorothy would often wander off to the little grass-grown churchyard, where two marble slabs set forth in quaint Gothic lettering for the benefit f all whom the knowledge might con

She and little Ralph had been named after those quiet sleepers so long done with the world's "wearisome turmoyle," and folk said she was very like" Dorothy his wife," whose picture framed in time-tarnished gilt hung over the fire place in the state draw-ing room. Dorothy remembered a beautiful game Ralph and she had had one day, when the drawing-room had been open and they had stolen in and sat mighty prim and grand playing at being the Ralph and Dorothy of the olden time, till Dinah had recalled them to the living present by ignomin-iously expelling them from those hal-lowed precincts. That was her most vivid recollection of the brother her total lack of resemblance to whom was a matter of such general regret. Her next memory of him was of the day when he lay sleeping in the state drawing-room, sleeping so soundly with

the Fairfax roses strewn all about his bed, that he never wakened, although people from half the countryside bent over him, and his mother called his name in a voice so strange that it rang in Dorothy's ears for many days. He was still sleeping, no one had showed Dorothy just where, but out in the church yard he always or country was in peril, ever ready to had a place in her dreams beside the Ralph and Dorothy of the long ago. Out there one day the oft reiterated sentence "Not a bit like Mars Ralph more's the pity," kept singing itself drowsily in her head till she fell asleep and there were no more Vernons, an no Gray Gables, and no church-yard, but only herself and Ralph chasing butterflies across the sun-lit meadows.

Dorothy lived more in the past then in the present. A visit to the invalid's room night and morning constituted upon her own resources, she selected her playmates from among the personfoot of the stair, a little boy in anti-quated garb, holding stiffly between his hands the ruddiest of apples. It whom fever had robbed her two years | was because of this that she had chris tened him the Apple Child, knowing no other name by which to designate him. She used to have great games of hide and seek with him, or rather with eyes always fixed earnestly upon her when she emerged ever so little from the dusky corners of the hall, and shadowy nooks on the stair, no matter how secure the hiding place she had never once eluded them.

Dorothy often thought what a dehad lightful playmate he would have made if he could only have stepped down from the frame; indeed his eyes were so bright that she sometimes almost forgot about his not being real and spoke to him about her pony Gipsy, lamenting the impossibility of their eve becoming acquainted owing to an ex

isting prejudice against the presence of even dogs in the hall. Fortunately Gray Gables was a veritable paradise for a child of such a southern servant's exaggerated idea temperament, for, shorn of half its glories, it was still rich in its historic associations, and precious relics of a bye gone day. It had been a rendez-vous for all the Virginian celebrities of a century ago, and their spirits still seemed to haunt the halls, their faces to peer from the shadowy places. Often when it was growing dusk, Dorothy would steal softly into the dining room and picture to herself an assemblage of "fair women and brave men, such as of yore was wont to gather round the mahogany table. She could almost hear the swish and rustle of the ladies' silken gowns as, with obeisance half stately, half playful, they swept out through the open door. She could see the eager faces of the men, as turning from the gallantries to life's sterner issues, they eagerly discussed the Indian depredations, or perchance the latest exaction of the mother country. There had been grand doings at Gray Gables a form wild escapades of the dusky children, instigated by "Mis' Dorothy," and one of them was always at hand to saddle her pony Gipsy for one of those Gables a few years later, when the

mad stolen rides, expiated by hours of dent, their gallant neighbor George leafy, unfrequented lane skirting the mad stolen rides, expiated by hours of penitential confinement; in the shadowy attic. But what, on the whole, occasioned Mrs. Vernon the greatest uneasiness was what she was pleased to style "the child's plebeian tastes," her habit of fraternizing with the "butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," and her utter unconsciousness of the gulf which separated a demoiselle Vernon from the rest of the work-a day world. Yet there must have been some of the blood of the early Vernons coursing through the leaves the surface of the sarly vernons coursing through the ing slowly forward, then slowly courted. ing slowly forward, then slowly court seying back again," she treaded the stately measures of the minuet with the

> memories, there was always the attic, that treasure house of the past, where the shadows took wierd, ghostly shapes, and the dust lay thick on many a quaint relic of the long ago. It was the spot where she always paid the penalty of her misdeeds, but it is probable that had those charged with the correction of the little madcap guessed how delightfully were spent the hours supposed to be employed in meditating saddle. upon her manifold delinquencies, they would have chosen some less pleasant cene of solitary confinement. She unearthed all manner of things curious and lovely, now a costly, fan with carved ivory sticks brought from the far east to some fair ances tress, again, only "a little tin soldier red with rust," mounting guard over the battered toys of one of the little Vernons sleeping out in the sunshine. One day it was a veritable treasuretrove, a great box, inscribed in faded characters with her great-grand mother's name. She scarcely breathed as gathering all her little strength she wave raised the lid and with eager hands removed the light coverings which for more than half a century had guarded the treasures from the sifting dust and the ravages of time. There were filmy laces yellow with age, still wafting abroad a subtle perfume as the shrivelled rose leaves scattered among their folds fluttered to the floor. There care of the patient sufferer. For a were queer, long-necked vinaigrettes long time the issue seemed doubtful, in filagree cases, and little satin slip and then the life principle strong within her conquered, and Dorothy pers with buckles of tarnished silver, and under all a gown of stiff brocade, wonderfully made with the shortest of old life. waists and the longest of trains, prob ably the identical dress wherein great grandmother had been resplendent on

the night of the state ball. When, some balf hour later, Dinah came to release her charge, she stood for a moment trembling in every limb, believing that some supernatural agency had been at work in the attic. Far off in one of the shadowy corners was the ghost of "ole Mis' Dorothy," mincing to and fro, now pausing to sink low in a sweeping curtsey, now turning towards a dilapidated mirror as though surveying her phantom charms. As one of these turns brought the face within range of Dinah's frightened eyes her fears gave place to righteous indignation, for above the stiff silken folds looked out the sweet baby face of the little pris-oner, and a quaint little figure holding

voice trembling with excitement, "oh. Dinah, isn't it beautiful!" Long after Dinah remembered the picture, and thought that she had never seen a daintier; but at the time her stern sense of duty and regard for discipline overbore all softer feeling, and with a stern reproof she bore Dorothy off to divest her of her anti-

high in one dimpled hand the end of

the heavy train, ran towards her in

most undignified fashion, crying in a

It was long before Dorothy visited That last after seemed to have had a salutary effect, and for almost a week she was quite as stately and gracious in her small way as any Vernon of them all. giving for her own especial delectation, a little impersonation of "Dor-othy, his wife." The memory of the stiff old gown was ever present to her, and her progress up and down the stair, formerly accomplished in leaps and bounds, was so subdued and slow as to be almost processional; accom-panied by many a backward glance at the expansive breadth of her imaginary

Wrapped up in her little dream world she was as unconscious of her sudden accession of dignity as of the commendations it elicted. Only Dinah was sceptical. She was sage with a wisdom born of long experience; she knew human nature, and she knew Dorothy, and on general principles she distrusted extremes. Either it was lull before the storm, a truce before come fresh outbreak, beside which all her former escapades would pale to in significance, or else it was measles in an incipient stage. Having in this wise evolved from her inner conscious ness two theories, one of which was certain of verification, Dinah philoso

phically awaited the progress of events tions. It was on one bright June Dorothy's exemplary conduct, she was graciously permitted to exercise Gipsy, in the saddle all her newly sequired dignity was thrown to the winds, and it was decidedly the old madcap that urged Gipsy at topmost speed down the long avenue through the gate and out

into the sunshine. She was going to visit a friend of hers, a little cripple who had found the way to her easily won affections by the short road of her ready sympathics. Little Chloe lived in a queer tumble-down cottage by the side of one of the prettiest roads in all Virginia,

it happened, although Sambo and Ton and all the darkies tried to explain afterwards. They thought that perhaps a rabbit darting across the path artled the pony, and Gipsy the sure-footed, true to her in many a reck less ride, had this once failed her. All that was certain was that an hour later oped madly home with empty and that soon after the search ing party, led by the frightened Dinah, found Dorothy half way down the road very pale and still, but yet faintly breathing. Dinah's strong arms lifted her, and tenderly bore he Dinah's strong to Gray Gables, through the hall that still seemed to echo with he clear, childish laugh, past the blandly smiling Apple Child, and up the broad stair to her mother's room. There, when the great blue eyes opened for tion.

Dining with Mr. Carpenter one day a moment on the unfamiliar surroundings, then closed wearily as the little face was shadowed with pain, a great of tenderness welled up in the mother-heart long closed to all save the memory of its own griefs, and Mrs. Vernon realized with a keen pang how precious to her was the little trembling in the balance. Then ensued long, anxious days when the mother, to whom a short time before the slightest exertion had been imole, vied with Dinah in untiring

awakened to a renewed interest in her It was a beautiful time that last summer at Gray Gables, when the children came to see her every day, bringing bunches of wild flowers that came like a breath from the woods, and romping noisily in the halls without let or hindrance. It would have been perfect, only that sometimes when the glee was highest there came a queer catch in Dorothy's throat, as she remembered that she was always to be lame, like Chloe, and that everything was ended, her rides on Gipsy, and even her quieter plays with the Apple Child. But as the weeks passed, and Dorothy grew stronger, the doctors gave hope of her cure. There was a great physician in New York, who had made a study of such cases, and Mrs. Vernon, eagerly grasping at the faint est chance, resolved to bring Dorothy north for treatment. When the child grew quite strong she was to be placed at the convent where her mother's childhood had been passed until her education should be completed; so the orever ended.

rove the carriage to the station on that August evening when Dorothy bade farewell to Gray Gables. All the children, white and black, had turned out to see the last of her, and Dinah succeeding very ill in her unselfsh endeavor to look cheerful, was furtively wiping her eyes with the bright bandana she had bought to wave in gay good bye. Dor-othy was very miserable when they carried her into the train which was waiting to whirl her away from the old life, with its countless tender associations; and she began to wonder, in a dim, childish sort of way, whether it would not be better to stay at home and be lame, than to leave behind her all that made life worth the living All her soul was in her eyes as she gazed long and earnestly at the fam liar scenes, at the old house whose dis tant gables glowed rosy-red in the dving light, till everything blotted out by a mist of homesick tears, and when she looked again Gray Gables was only a dark blot against the glory of the sunset.

It was a very sober little pony that

They Shall Obtain Mercy.

If you find a man disposed to comlain of the coldness of the world, be ure you will find that he has never ought anything into the world to warm it, but he is a personal lump of e set in the midst of it. If you find man who complains that the world is all base and hollow, tap him, and he will probably sound base and hollow. Then something happened which had not entered into Dinah's calcula-will probably find kindness everywhere will probably find kindness everywhere about him. The merciful man, as a morning, when, in consideration of general thing, will obtain mercy. He who has always had a kind excuse for others-who has looked at the brightupon whom prolonged inactivity had est side of the case; he who has ren had a very demoralizing effect. Once ever he could, who has never brought his fellow-man into any strait reason of not helping him-will find that the mercy which he has bestowed flows back upon him in a full and spon taneous spring. He will make a mer ciful world by the mercy he himself shows.

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AN INTERVIEWER REVIEWED.

S. H. Horgan writes as follows in the New York Catholic Review, concerning Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, the clever weekly contributor of the Buffalo Ex

Your publication last week of those interesting replies of Cardinal Gib-bons' to questions put to him by Mr Frank G. Carpenter, the noted inter viewer of public men, might make this interview with the interviewer of interest. Mr. Carpenter, it may be recalled, made his early reputation a 'Carp" of the Cleveland Leade This paper was edited by Mr. Cowles whom the New York Sun christened the hebitudinous crank The avowed purpose of Mr. Cowle was, through the agency of the Cleveland Leader, to prevent the Catholic Church from amounting to anything in the State of Ohio. Mr. Cowles lived to see his obstruction to the Church failure, and his own daughter became a Roman Catholic. It can there-fore be understood how careful so bigoted an editor would be in

the choice of a correspondent at the National Capital. Mr. Carpen-ter being the son of a Presbyterian minister was surprised to possess Mr. Cowles' ideas sufficiently to be trusted to represent the paper at Washington, and so popular became his correspond-ence, that "Carp of the Cleveland Leader," was most quoted of Washing. ton correspondents, and through him his paper acquired a national reputa-

I asked him how it was that writing for such an anti-Catholic paper he should treat the Old Church with such fairness. He seemed pleased to know that I had remarked it, and told me in his interesting way how it came about

He admitted having been brought up with all the traditional prejudices common to those opposed to the Catho lic Church and her priesthood. His spirit of investigation which makes him so successful as an interviewer, likely led him to probe this matter for likely led him to probe this matter for himself, and the opportunity came on his first trip to Europe. There were two benighted priests on board the steamer. He made their acquaintance expecting to note their superstitions, their narrowness and other peculiarities. To his surprise he found them broad minded, whole souled, patriotic Americans, poswhole souled, patriotic Americans, pos sessing strongly a quality which made a strong impression on Carpenter's mind because it was so unexpected and so refreshing, to one coming from Washington, and that was their unmistakable sincerity. He found their company so exhilerating that he enjoyed it during the remainder of the voyage. Supposing these were excep-tional priests he intentionally cultivated the acquaintance of others that he met during his travels in Europe, and found them the same intelligent,

interesting travelling companions.

There was a mistake somewhere He could not square his preconception of the Catholic priesthood with personal knowledge gained by frequent contact with them. On his return from Europe, he called on Father Chappelle, then at Saint Matthew's church in Washington, now Archbishop of Santa Fe. This meeting settled the question for him: he realized that early training had narrowed his own mind, and resolved then, in justice to the spirit of fairness which governed him in other matters, never to write anything derogatory to the Catholic Church from hearsay.

Would that other writers could become so broad-minded, for to paraphrase

Tennyson:

"It would seem that through the ages
One fact is sure forsooth,
That the thoughts of men are indued
With the searching of the truth."

of all the people need to take a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season to prevent that run down and debilitated condition which invites disease. The money invested in half a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will come back with large returns in the health and vigor of body and strength of nerves.

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