

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT!

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil,
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens,
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and broil;
Through the long bright summer hours
Share with her the heavy toil.
See her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheeks the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant,
Now is feeble, weak, and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long.
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sobs above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain—
To the home so sad without her
Never to return again.

Street Arabs.

The most heartless of creatures are the so-called street arabs—beings who are the merest flotsam and jetsam of the surge of the civic sea, who are found strewn, as it were, the sides of the channels through which the torrents of human life run, or hidden away in the cavernous depths of the darker portions of our social system. In no matter what aspect viewed, they are peculiarly objects of Christian charity and pity. Many of the class to whom we refer have never known what it was to be other than waifs on the surface of organized existence, things buffeted to and fro by the movements of a current which they do not comprehend, and the depth and intensity of which to them brings naught but realization of their hopelessness and helplessness. The hardest thing in the world to fight against is the ebbing tide, whether of the actual ocean or of fortune. If those to whom the life-buoys of education or of position have been thrown know this to be so, how much harder must such conflict come to those others to whom the mud of the slums has been as their native heath and the chiefest ethics of whose moral code have been inculcated by parents who have learned them only from the lips of the policeman or the magistrate? To ask such questions is to answer it. We should, however, misunderstand the composition of the sands of human and city life if we thought that all its grains were such as these latter. Some, it is true, have been swept from the muddy depths, but others have been stricken from the cliffs above, where their kindred still stand proudly facing the storm of existence. All, no matter what their origin, have one common gift and quality. They glisten and glow beautiful in the light and warmth of God's love, and, lowly though they be, the Christian recognizes in them the fruits of the wrestlings of an ocean which is ever in torment, and whose writhing billows roll over human hearts. Rightly regarded, there is a something both precious and holy in such spoil of the striving seas as these, and both Christlike and angelic is the work which seeks to rescue them and make them something better than the mere wreckage which are as records of the sobs of the tempest-driven waters.

—Irish Catholic.

A POETIC POPE.

LEO XIII. HAS A COLLECTION OF HIS POEMS
READY FOR PUBLICATION.

M. Banoist gives in the Paris Temps an account of the Pope as the author of poetry. He is quoted by the Paris correspondent of the Daily News thus: As the audience drew to an end, the Pope went to a marble console that was behind his chair, and taking up from beside an ebony crucifix a little case, handed it to me, saying, with a smile: You wished to see a collection of my poems. Here it is, but not complete. The other volume will not be ready before the end of October." When I was in

the anteroom I opened the case, which was of cardboard, and found a volume in a white binding with delicate gold ornaments. Near the edge, and in the centre, were the Papal arms, in old gold. The back was in moiré silk. The Papal arms were repeated on a fly leaf, and there was also a poor portrait of the Holy Father. The volume is No. 12 of a second edition by Udine, of which but a hundred copies were printed by the presses of the Committee of Patronage for Catholic youths. It was beautifully gotten up, and the vignettes and ornamental letters were simply exquisite. They were faintly tinted, some in blue, or rose, or green, or slightly silvered. It was just the book in which a poet might long to have his thoughts presented to the world. A preface by Enrico Valle of the Order of Jesus says:

"The character of the Pope's verse is Virgilian, not only in the Latin tongue being employed and in the manner in which the phrase is managed, but in its sensibility, the nobleness of the choice of subjects, and the ideas. It is suave, elegant, deals with Latin as with his mother tongue. His epigrammatic poems are light, lively, and strike where they ought. They are well winged, but they have not poisoned barbs. The Pope as a satirist or wit brings balm to the wound he inflicts."

One of the verses has this subject: A youth asked one day for an audience, and avowed that his life had been too free for virtue. The Holy Father advised him to retire to a monastery for some time and to banish from his mind every thought that could defile it. This is a prose rendering of what he wrote.

"Florus, my child, a furious fever burns you, a foul plague softens your soul. You have been drinking, and without shame, of an infernal and poisonous cup. It is the cup of Circe. It evokes in your mind images of animal bestiality. If you care to be saved fly from the siren's song and from the inhospitable shore. Take good courage and fight temptation while fleeing from it. If you do, God will fight for you and look on you with a favorable eye. Already the hideous serpent, full of rage at the prospect of defeat, plunges into the black waters of the Styx. Florus, my son, be saved."

ALTOGETHER DISAPPEARED.

Dear Sirs,—About three months ago I was nearly wild with headaches. I started taking B.B.B. and took two bottles and my headaches have disappeared altogether now. I think it a grand medicine. Lettice Rodes, Lonsdale, Ont.

A Wicked Imposition.

The course taken by Archbishop Ireland of Minnesota, says the New York Sun, in regard to the "miracle window" at Canton, in that State, has been justified. As soon as he heard the report that a miraculous image of the Virgin and Child had appeared upon a pane of glass in the window of the church at Canton, and that infirm persons were making pilgrimages to the church, he gave orders that the matter should be investigated by a scientific expert whom he appointed. When the result of the investigation was made known to the Archbishop a few days ago, he took the action in the case which is required by the laws of the Church, and the "miracle window" will not hereafter be seen.

The expert found that a fraud had been perpetrated by a photographer of the place, who had subjected the pane of glass to a kind of treatment under which, by means of certain apparatus, the images were made to appear upon it. The expert also found that though many infirm pilgrims had been drawn to the place by reports that miraculous cures were performed there, not one of them had been relieved of his infirmity. He furthermore ascertained that a number of conscienceless men in Canton were allied with the photographer, and had mercenary reasons for trying to keep up the delusion. The priest of the church was blamed by some of the pilgrims for his lack of faith in the power of the miraculous apparitions, but he had to confess that he was unable to account for them.

Archbishop Ireland has rendered a service to the priest, the pilgrims, and the cause of religion by making the investigation through which this gross and shameful fraud has been brought to light. It is reported that the church at Canton

NO BOGUS testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell **HOOD'S Sarsaparilla**. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true.

has been temporarily closed by his order. He has done his duty in the case as a faithful prelate.

Last month there was a "Healing Evangelist" in Wilkesbarre, who was credited with working scores of curative miracles upon people afflicted with all sorts of maladies. It is to be regretted that his operations were not subjected to an investigation like that which Archbishop Ireland instituted at Canton.—*Catholic Columbian*.



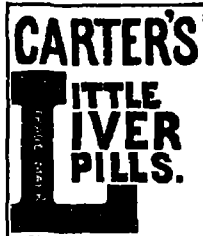
Oh in the still night,
When Cholera Morbus found me,
"Pain Killer" fixed me right,
Nor wakened those around me.

Most OLD PEOPLE are friends of

Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER

and often its very best friends, because for many years they have found it a friend in need. It is the best Family Remedy for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache. To get rid of any such pains before they become aches, use **PAIN KILLER**. Buy it right now. Keep it near you. Use it promptly.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price.

THE SUNBEAM, a monthly paper for Catholic youth; 50 cents a year, send for sample copy. 761 Craig Street, Montreal, P. Q.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—	
Patent Spring.....	\$4.25 @ 4.35
Patent Winter.....	4.10 @ 4.25
Straight Roller.....	3.80 @ 3.75
Extra.....	3.10 @ 3.25
Superfine.....	2.70 @ 2.80
Fine.....	2.35 @ 2.40
City Strong Bakers.....	4.00 @ 4.15
Manitoba Bakers.....	3.50 @ 4.10
Ontario bags—extra.....	1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers.....	1.80 @ 2.00
Superfine.....	1.30 @ 1.45
Fine.....	1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—In a jobbing way prices are quoted as follows:—Rolled and granulated \$1.00 to \$1.05; Standard \$2.80 to \$3.85. In bulk, granulated \$2.00 to \$2.05, and standard \$1.90 to \$1.95.

Milk Feed.—The market is firm for bran, which has sold at \$13.50 to \$14.00, which sales have been made in car lots at \$12 in Toronto.

Wheat.—No. 2 hard Manitoba is now quoted at 70c to 72c at Port Arthur. White and red winter wheat has been sold West of Toronto at 65c to 66c being an advance of 3c per bushel from bottom prices. No. 2 hard is quoted at 68c to 69c.

Corn.—The price of corn in Chicago is quoted at 62c to 63c, duty paid.

Peas.—Prices having gone up 1c to 2c in the West, with sales in the Stratford district at 55c to 56c per 60 lbs. l.o.b.

Oats.—The market is steady, and 32c per 34 lbs have been made for car lots of No. 2 white. Two cars of mixed oats have been placed at 31c per 34 lbs. There is a little scarcity reported in the West, with sales West of Toronto at 27c to 28c.

Barley.—Here prices are steady at 40c to 56c for milling grades and at 39c to 43c for feed.

Malt.—We quote 65c to 75c as to quality and size of lot.

Rye.—Prices are more or less nominal at 55c to 60c. Sales have been made in the West at 51c f.o.b.

Buckwheat.—Prices are more or less at 48c to 50c.

Seeds.—A few sales have transpired of Canadian timothy is quoted at \$3.25 per bushel. Red clover is steady at \$7.80 to \$8 per bushel of 80 lbs. alsike \$8.40 to \$8.50 per bushel. Flax seed remains steady at \$1 to \$1.25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—	
Canada short cut mess pork per brl.	\$21.00 @ 22.00
Canada clear mess, per brl.	20.50 @ 21.00
Chicago short cut mess, per brl.	20.00 @ 20.50
Mess pork, American, new, per brl.	23.00 @ 23.25
India mess beef, per tierce.....	00.00 @ 00.10
Extra mess beef, per brl.....	00.00 @ 12.50
Hams, city cured, per lb.....	12 1/2 @ 13
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....	11 1/2 @ 12
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....	10 @ 10 1/2
Bacon, per lb.....	12 @ 12 1/2
Shoulders, per lb.....	11 @ 11 1/2

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:—	
Creamery choice fall.....	22c to 24c
do good to fine.....	21c to 22c
Eastern Township dairy, choice fall.....	20c to 21c
do do good to fine.....	19c to 20c
Morrisburg & Brockville.....	19c to 21c
Western.....	17c to 18c

About 1c to 2c may be added to above prices for choice selections of single tubs.

Roll Butter.—At 18c to 20c for Morrisburg in baskets.

Cheese.—Crept up to 55s 6d, which is still 2s 6d to 3s under actual sales of fine cheese.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Montreal hmed selling readily at 21c to 22c, held fresh 22c to 24c, and boiling stock 30c and upwards.

Beans.—Choice hand picked at \$1.35 to \$1.40 per bushel, and good ordinary lots at \$1.15 to \$1.20.

Hay.—No. 2 Ontario hay in car at \$8.25 to \$8.50 f.o.b. in the West. Sales at points east of this city at \$8.25 to \$8.50 for No. 2, and at \$10 for No. 1. Here we quote \$9 to \$9.50 for No. 2, and \$10.50 to \$11.50 for No. 1.

Honey.—Comb honey 13c to 14c for choice white clover, and dark honey at 8c to 11c as to quality. Extracted 8c to 8c as to quality and quantity.

Hops.—Prince Edward County hops are offered at 19c to 20c. Yearlings are quoted at 14c to 16c and old at 5c to 8c.

Apples.—First lots are in good demand with sales at \$4.20 to \$4.25; seconds are quoted at \$3.65 to \$3.70, and pears at \$5.20.

Dressed Poultry.—Turkeys brought from 13c to 14c in cases, poorer kinds selling at 12c to 13c. Chickens have sold from 9c to 12c, and fine large geese at 10c to 11c.

Game.—Partridge sell at 70c to 75c per brace, and hares have sold at 20 to 25c per pair.

FRUITS.

Apples.—At \$2 to \$2.75 as to size and quality. Some poor returns have been received from Liverpool.

Oranges.—Fancy Florida, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Valencia \$4.00 to \$4.25; Messina, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Jamaica in barrels, from \$5.00 to \$6.00 as to quality; Mandarins, boxes, \$4; half boxes \$2.25.

Lemons.—Messina at \$3.80 to \$3.50, prime \$2.75 to \$3.00, common \$2 to \$2.25 as to quality.

Figs.—Are from 5c to 5c per lb. crystallized in 5 lb. boxes \$1.

Dates.—We quote, finest in 60 lb boxes 5c to 6c, old stock 3c to 5c.

Grape Fruit.—At \$1 per case.

Grapes.—At from \$7 to \$8 for Almerina.

Bananas.—At from \$2.75 to \$3. per bunch.

Dried Fruit.—We quote:—Dried apples 4c to 5c, evaporated 6c to 7c; Dried peaches steady and meeting with good demand at 14c to 15c; apricots good demand at 14c to 14c; evaporated vegetables in large cases at \$4. Evaporated peaches are selling at from 13c to 14c per lb.

Cranberries.—Prices ranging from \$7.50 to \$10 per bbl according to quality.

Cocoanuts.—Lots of 100 at from \$4 to \$5.

Nuts.—We quote:—Pecans 11c to 12c per lb. Filberts 10c to 10c, English Chestnuts 10c, Almonds 12c to 14c, Greenoble and Marbot Walnuts 12c to 14c, Brazil 15c, Taragona 16c.

Onions.—Red and yellow in barrels, \$2 to \$2.25.

Potatoes.—Car lots having been sold at 95c to \$1.05. Jobbing lots have sold at \$1.10 to \$1.15.