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#### SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brothet Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

Before his departure for Albany Florian seemed so satisfied about his relations with Ruth that Linda forebore to question him. But she gave Ruth no peace until she had worried some information concerning their midnight adventures.

"We sailed to that little island where Scott lives," said Ruth, "and sailed back again. There was nothing more to do."

"Where is the island?" said Linda.

"What is its name?" THE SICK ROOM.

"What is its name?"
"It has none that I heard of. It looked so lonely and small that I named it Solit-ary Island in my own mind."

And so the island was thereafter called

by all who were concerned in the Squire's escapade.
"I must go see it some time," said
Linda. "And Florian did not get spiteful
once the whole evening, nor say harsh
things now get mody.""

once the whole evening, nor say hards things, nor get moody?"

"Why should he?"

"Well, he was in a queer state of mind that night," said Linda, "although he didn't show it, nor tell me why. I thought something was going to happen."

She said this so roguishly that Ruth

"I see I must out with the whole thing you stubborn heretic," Linda went on.
"Now tell me, please, haven't you and
Florian come to any agreement about your

future life?'
"Long ago," said Ruth.
"But that's the old story," pouted
Linda, "it was 'if' here and 'if' there.
What I am dying to know is, if you have
done with 'ifs.'"

"No," said Ruth briefly.
"Then his heart failed him at the las "Then his heart failed him at the last minute, for as sure as Florian rowed across the bay so sure was he of ending suspense that night," said Linda; "and I must say I am glad of it, for while you remain on the fence, Ruth, he will put off his departure for New York."

"He will not have to delay long," Ruth

"He will not have to delay long," Ruth said. "I am pretty near a decision now."
"You are going to stay on the Methodist side. I can tell it by the length of your face. And you so sensible, so tender about public display, and all that. I credity ou with better sense. Well, I'll go to see you sit on the conviction bench and hear you shout glory when the spirit series. you."

seizes-you."
"There are Methodists and Method-

ists," said Ruth, meekly.

"Forgive my impertinence," Linda

"Forgive my impertments, Extract pleaded.
"You would make Mormonism sweet if anything could. I shall not pester you with questions any more, but leave everything to time and le bon Dieu. But ob, my heart is just bound up in the idea of being your bridesmaid, and it will break into little bits if I am disappointed."

Florian returned from Albany successful, and the girls met him at the depot. "It's all settled," said he. "All your father has to do, Ruth, is to deliver himself up to the marshal, when he will be released on parole and no further trouble given him."

"How can we ever thank you?" said Ruth tearfully; for her anxiety had been very severe.

"It was none of my doing. The gover-nor was only too glad to hear my proposi-tion, and there was no diplomacy required. I had dinner with him afterwards, and found out the true inwardness of the whole matter."

whole matter."

"I should have been there," said
Linda. "I do so want to dine with a governor! What a place this is--not a distinguished man in it!" "And what did he say to you?" asked

"So many things that it will take som time to relate them. When we have had dinner you shall hear every word."

But events had been happening in his absence of a week, and before dinner his mother felt urged to call them to his at-tention. Mrs. Winifred was full of anxiety with regard to many things, but never found it necessary to make any parade of her feelings before her family "Seemingly, dear," she said to Florian, who was most patient with her, "we're going to have trouble in various ways, and I was wondering if you noticed any-

thing."
"Did you notice anything, mother? said Florian. "Well, I can't say that I did, but it's

hard sometimes to decide. Now, there' "Linda?" said Florian, smiling. wasn't aware there was anything the No, to be sure not," said she, abashed

that no other had found anything amiss with Linda; "but seemingly, Florian, she doesn't eat much, and she grows thin and white with every day; but of course I'm wrong."
"No, you're not, mother," said Florian,
"I did take notice, not so umping up.

jumping up. "I did take notice, not so very long ago, either."
"Then, Sara," began Mrs. Winifred with more hesitation—"I don't know. I'm not sure, but seemingly she's quite indifferent to her religion lately. I may

e wrong—"
"No, no," said Florian; "but that's a gentle way of saying a very serious thing,

oother. Go on; you're not wrong."
"She has a great liking for Mr. Buck, seemingly; of course I wouldn't say that she had, but her actions—and then if

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our father saw anything wrong he would

your father saw anything wrong is would be put out."

"I should think so," said Florian; "and Sara would be locked up, as she must be, I fear, before this unhappy affair is ended. She hasn't enough mind to know what religion is, and I fear—I fear—"

He passed into a meditation without finishing the sentence, and tapped the table with his fingers. A sob aroused him. Mrs. Winifred was weeping and was plainly ashamed of herself for the action. "Well, I don't think the matter re

quires—"
"I know it," said she; "but then
I couldn't help thinking of her being a
minister's wife, seemingly."
"Time, time," said Florian, "give me
time and I'll move Mr. Buck in another direction. He is afflicted with the desire of converting us all, Pere Rougevin in cluded. Was the Pere here to see us

"No," said Mrs. Winifred.
"I must tell him, then. He is good at devising sharp manoeuvers. Perhaps he will think of something. But now Linda must be looked after. If we lose that flower—"

He went out to hunt her up, without finishing a sentence whose import he did not realize while he thought of it. Linda

not realize while he thought of it. Initial was eating grapes in the garden.

"That looks well," thought Florian, and called her to the veranda. "You are to come with me this afternoon," said he, "and make one of the Squire's triumphal procession homeward. Here, what's this? procession homeward. Here, whose your You are too pale. And why does your dress fit so loosely, Miss? I noticed it a week ago, and to-day I noticed it still

more."
"I never fatten till winter," said she soberly; "and then I am thinking a good deal lately."
"Sleeping, you mean. What about?"
"About your visit to New York, Florian," she said, holding up some grapeleaves to shade her face.
"You needn't hide it. I know you're more than ever determined on going

more than ever determined on going there, and I was thinking how I should

there, and I was thinking how I should amuse myself when you were gone."
"I won't deny your assertion, Linda, but my going is far off. There are too many obstacles in the way."
"I know them, and I feel wicked enough to wish they would stay in your way a long time. What nonsense," she added, "to borrow trouble! While Ruth wayers and Sare is under Mr. Ruck's

wavers and Sara is under Mr. Buck's spells we shall not lose you."
"You remind me of my chains," he
said smiling to hide his real annoyance.
"And there is another more binding than

they."
She looked at him inquiringly.
"I won't tell you. Be content that
while Ruth wavers and Sara affects Mr.

Buch I shall remain--and then longer perhaps, he said sighing.

Linda stood looking and thinking a random, and questioning why these things should be. In a few months the most perfect object of the perfect scene would make part of it no longer. That would make part of it no longer. That sun and sky above her; those marvelous islands, whose perfumes the fresh winds fanned to the shore; that water whose beauty was beyond that of jewels; the quaint town, so old and so clean and so loved, its white-headed and dark-headed people, its green foliage and antumn fruits, its bells and sweet and harsh poises; the stars that heaprinkled the noises; the stars that besprinkled the river firmament as well as that of heaven the ghostly moon, the white-winged boats, and a thousand other loved, familiar things, would all be just as they were to-day and last night, but her brother would be gone. Nay, there was a time when she herself would make no part of the scene, and yet the glories of it would remain; newer eyes would gaze upon it and see, perhaps, all that remained of her—a white stone in the graveyard, and a name. white stone in the graveyard, and a name. How could that little world of which she

was the center ever get along without her? Would it not be strange to feel that Linda Wallace lay out of sight in the earth, and children played thoughtlessly on her grave, and no one spoke of her more? She began almost unconsciously to weep. "This is all there is of earth," said she, and one might as well live in a desert

Heaven is the only thing worth striving 'A correct sentiment," said Florian.

"Dry your tears and come in to dinner. Your liver is plainly out of order when you become so religious. She laughed and went in with him, and

was gay enough for the rest of the day until the boat was fitted out and the three were sailing to Solitary Island. The wind was quite fresh at 3 o'clock in the oon, but not too much so until they entered Eel Bay. There some caution was required up to the very landing-place in front of the hermit's dwelling, for the wind blew straight down the channel. It was very awkward of Florian that he should have thrown his hat into the air as the hermit and the Squire both came

the door.

He was so vain of his good news!

"Look out, boy!" said Scott and the

quire together. But it was too late. The boat capsized and threw the crew into the rough water. There being no danger, the Squire raged and became profane. The girls both swam into shallow water and were helped ashore, laughing and yet a little fright ened. Florian was cast down with

shame. "The house is open to you," said Scott, "and you young ladies had better light a
good fire and dry you clothes or you'll
ketch a tall cold. And when you go
a-sailin again jes' look out who runs the
boat."

boat."
"It never happened before," muttered

"Two sure."
"The sure."
"The sure."
"The sure."
"Two it is," said Scott; "mighty big pay for so little value. "Twon't hurt the girls, I'm sure."
"I'm not." said the youth briefly on he." 'm not," said the youth briefly as he

"I'm not," said the youth briefly, as he ooked apprehensively at Linda climbing the rock in her wet clothes. However, they appeared at sundown with clothes dried comfortably, and none the worse for their ducking. Florian had also put himself in proper shape and was entertaining the admiring Squire with his account of the admiring Squire with his account of the square of the same of the world not suit the condition of one so near death."

He walked suddenly to the window choking. "Do I realize it, Linda, that I may lose you?"

He took out Bonaventure's Life of Our Lord, and when he had gone to the sick-room and had announced the safe. looked apprehensively at Linda climbing their ducking. Florian had also put minself in proper shape and was entertaining
the admiring Squire with his account of
Albany and its notables.

"Ah! Florian," said he, "there's where
"Ah! Spaning kindred spirits,"

"It is so appropriate," she murmured:
"It is so appropriate," she murmured:

"If I were a young man—" Scott said.

"But you aren't—you never will be.
When you were, you didn't follow your own opinions; so what use to inflict them on the young fellow, who doesn't care a button for your solitary way of living?" said the Squire.

"It is so appropriate," she murmured:
"I am having my passion."
He read to her until her eyes closed in uneasy slumber, and then sat watching the flushed face and thinking. Mrs. Winifred was the only other person who said the Squire.

said the Squire.

"I don't want the lad to give solitary, Pen'i'ton," said Scott; "let him double up, if he wants to, but let him stick to

Clayburgh and happiness. He'll go wrong sure, if he gets out into these dizzy conventions. He hasn't got the right—well, I don't know what to name it, but here's the place for him to thrive."

"Theory, theory! Scott, I'm obliged to you for what you've done, and if I could make you a sensible man I'd do it; but I cau't, so call and see me and Ruth—she's sweet on you—when you feel like it. Come, girls—home, home to that confounded government." He ran down the shore to the boat after a hearty handshake with the hermit, while Ruth poured her gratitude upon the solitary.

"It's all right, Miss," said he. "I'm content, and I hope you'll pray for me that I may never be more unhappy than I am now. Go ahead. I'll call to see ye some time."

me time."
He stood on the rock in front of his

some time."

He stood on the rock in front of his house long after they started.

"It makes me lonely to look at him," said Linda—"we going to our cheerful homes, he to his solitude."

"He is like a man dead," said Florian. The next morning Linda awoke with a high fever and a slight cough as the effects of her wetting the day before, and Florian felt a severe twinge of grief as he saw the extreme pallor of her countenance and its faulty bloom. She had taken a chill during the night, but a little addition to the bed-clothing had banished it. No alarm was felt. In healthy people these little irregularities occur and pass away, and so it would be with Linda. Mrs. Winifred, however, was anxious. The girl was not strong, she said; a doctor could be easily summoned; and then no one knows what might happen.

Youth laughed at these anxieties until pain came to add its warning—pain in the lungs sharn and distressful—and the

pain came to add its warning—pain in the lungs sharp and distressful—and the the lungs sharp and distressful—and the cough grew more racking with every hour. Towards night it grew serious. They tried their old house remedies and wished to treat her illness as a cold, a mere cold, which youth and health throw off so easily. But in vain. Linda grew more feverish and caught her breath more frequently. She was banished at last to bed and the doctor called in.

There is his knock at the door. Every one looks cheerful on hearing it, and the

one looks cheerful on hearing it, and the physician, smiling as he enters, gruffly desires to know what people have been doing to get sick this fine weather. Why, even the old are full of silly thoughts of escaping this year's rheumatism! And Linda there with her brows contracted with pain! Pakaw! nonsense! Pain in with pain! Pshaw! nonsense! Pain in the lungs? How do you know it's the lungs? What do women know about the lungs? Lungs, indeed! Pains when you breathe, hey? Ah! where have you caught cold? Ducked in this weather? Yacht upset? Who upset it? Never mind who? But I will mind, and I'll call him a donkey, an ass. a mule, to upcall him a donkey, an ass, a mule, to upset a yacht with a woman in it? Why not have drowned at once instead of coming home to take a pain in the lungs, and get a fever and a pulse at one hundred and ten? Why go out on the water in

stormy weather?
"Why do anything naughty and nice?"
says Linds between two frowns of pain.
"There's Eve over again," says the "There's Eve over again," says the doctor, writing out prescriptions with a laugh. "I'll call at 2 o'clock in the morning," said the physician. "I'm going out ten miles into the country, and I'll call coming back: have the door open for me. Good-night, Miss Linda. You have the prince westerday, you are have for me. Good-night, Miss Linda. You had the 'nice' yesterday; you are having the 'naughty' to-day."
Outside he looked significantly at Flor-

Poeumonia" said he-"not necessal ily fatal, but apt to be. Follow my directions to the letter until I return. W

tions to the letter until I return. We may bring her through." Florian stood holding the door and looking out into the glowing night. The cherry voices of sailors came up form the river, and the lights at the mast heads shone like colored stars. He was hot and disturbed. Linda's days were over perhaps, and that one dear obstacle to his ambitions was to be removed by death. He went in again with a smiling face, and ran against Mrs. Winifred crying silently. What could he say? Death was bitter What could he say? Death was bitte

What could he say? Death was bitter enough, but she was to suffer death so often that he hastened on into the sick-room and left her unconsoled.

"Shall I stay with you," he asked, "or do you prefer to sleep, Linda?"

"I can't sleep," she answered with a hushed voice; "and if I doze it is better to have some one near and the lamp.

to have some one near and the lamp burning. I am very ill, Flory, and I am

"Afraid, dear?" trying successfully to steady his voice. "Afraid of what? though he knew right well the cause of her fear, and trembled because of its truth. How sad he would feel if death stole on him so suddenly, and he so

"Of death," she answered. "We talked of many things, Florian, but never of that, never of that? And it is so hard to die. Tell me something of it, Florian; you have read of it many times."

"If you are near to it," said he, "you

own feelings can tell you more than books or men. Mostly the dying are indifferent to the agony, particularly where they have led good lives or innocent lives like yours, Linda."

Linda."

"Yes, yes, I lead an innocent life," she said simply. "Thank God for that! Innocence is something."

"It is all, 'said Florian; "it has never known sin, and does not know suffering. But what a subject for a patient who is to get well. It would be better to go to electric a shall I read to you?"

leep; or shall I read to you? "Read to me, Flory, and talk as you

He went down to his study to select a volume. There were many books in his possession and he knew them all by heart; dangerous books none of them,

only the best and purest grain of the world's harvest. What should be select? "Nothing too pious, for that would frighten the poor child; nothing frivolous, for that would not suit the condition of

and light colors, and her chamber was fitted up accordingly. In the dim light it looked like a dream. Her pale forehead and flushed cheeks on the pale were more an outline than reality. It scared him when he thought how short the time until they might be on another pillow in the graveyard.

"Linda!' he called suddenly in an overflow of anguish. She awoke with a start, and at the same instant he heard a carriage at the door.

arriage at the door.
"The doctor has come again," he said

"Did I frighten you?"
"No," looking around in amazement, and then, with a sigh, realizing her sad

When the news went out of her dan when the news went out of her dan-gerous illness a number of friends called, but Rath and Pere Rougevin alone were admitted along with the doctor, and see-ing them Linda began to fear because of all the trouble in her behalf. Three all the trouble in her behalf. Three visits from a doctor in so short a time, one from the priest, and the distant sound of doors closing so frequently, with many little circumstances to which she had hitherto paid no attention, were at the least ominous; and even while they stood about her smiling cheerfully, she closed her eyes to keep back the bitter tears that would fall in spite of her determination to be brave and hopeful. They tion to be brave and hopeful. They understood the reason of the grief, and

understood the reason of the grief, and could say nothing.

Sara, coming in as her sister's tears were falling, was impressed, as only her shallow soul could be impressed, with a wild fright that prompted her to scream. Fortunately she restrained the inclination, since it was purely personal, and a little thought convinced her that it was another's, not her owndeath-bed she was attending. Pere Rougevin prevented a scene by banishing the whole company, himself included, from the room, leaving Ruth to attend the patient.

Ruth to attend the patient.

"Wait," said Linda, feebly. "If I am going to die I must get the sacraments."

"I can do nothing more than hear your confession," said the priest; "you are not in sufficient danger for the reception of the others." "The look in Linda's eyes was a very

pleasant one at this precise, official de-claration, and it said clearly that she re-garded Pere Rougevin, stout, flushed, and short though he was, as an angel. "I thought I was dying," she stam-"Nonsense, child! But you may die

and its well to be prepared," he said.
"You must be ready to live or die, as God wills."

"Alas!" murmured Linda, with a fresh flood of tears, "I am only too will-

ing to live."
"There's no sin in that," was the sen tentious remark, and she proceeded with her confession.
"I must be very bad," she said to

"I must be very bad," she said to
Ruth afterwards when they were alone.
"I am terribly afraid of dying."
"Who is not?" said Ruth. "And then
it is so near us always. I have tried to
get used to the thought of it, but I can't.
I suppose it does indicate a lack of some
good religious feeling that we ought to
have."
They were all surprised one day at a
visit from Scott, the hermit, who walked

They were all surprised one day at a visit from Scott, the hermit, who walked in as informally as a friend might, and found his way to to the sick-room. In his solitude Scott looked picturesque, with his rough ways and dress, and curly red hair; but in the dainty sick-room he was as much out of place as an Indian in full war-paint. All were startled, and Mrs. Winifred so much so as to lose her senses. Old habits are strong, however, and she offered him a foot-stool instead of a chair, vainly feeling for its absent back while vainly feeling for its absent back while her eye sstared rudely but helplessly on

the apparition.
"No, thank ye. I'll not come in," said "No, thank ye. I'll not come in, said the hermit, with his eyes fixed on Linda." I jest heard the little girl was sick, and I thought it might have been the duckin'. I'm glad you're better, Miss. Take care of yourself. Good-morning."

He was off in an instant, but Florian seized him almost rudely and pushed this intent bin study.

him into his study.
"You are very kind," said he, "and

you must not go until you are thanked and hear all about Linda." "She's gettin' well," said the hermit.
"I reckoned so from her eyes." Scott began to examine the books in

the room with interest.

"All of 'em good, sound ones," he said, if their names mean anything. Would you like to borrow some?" "No, thank ye; I han't no need of 'em, but I'm right glad to see you with sich books. I guess I'll be goin'; I'm kind of hasty in my call, but usually I don't

"We're so obliged to you," Florian replied, "and would be very glad to see you

The hermit made no remark as he left the room and ran against Mrs. Winifred outside in the hall. The lady evidently wished to say something but was discon certed at the right moment.

"What is it, mother?"
"Linda!" gasped Mrs. Winifred—"the gentleman—seemingly—"
"Oh! Linda would like to see you

a rain before you go, Scott,"
"Anything to oblige the young miss,"
said the hermit, and he followed Florian into the sick-room. "I wanted to thank you," whispered Linda; "you are very kind. Send me some wild flowers—the very latest."

"You'll have 'em to-night, Miss," said the hermit. "Good-day, ma'am—good-And he hurried awkwardly from the

room.
"I shall call on you soon," said Florian
as they parted. He merely bowed graveas they parted. He is TO RE CONTINUED.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs
Are extremely frequent in this climate, and
their danger lies in the opinion too often entertained that they will wear themselves out.
That they do not and that hundreds are being
furried in consequence to untimely graves
is one of the most patent facts of our existence. The only rational treatment is to employ Maltine with Cod Liver Oil, a preparation of inestimable value in all pulmonary
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#### CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

Meeting in Dumfries.

London Tablet

The annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland was held in Dumfries on Tuesday in last week. private business sitting was held in the afternoon in the new Catholic school and in the evening there was a public gathering in Brook street Hall, pre-sided over by the Archbishop of Edinburg.

The Right Rev. Dr. Turner, Bishop of Galloway, on behalf of the meeting and in his own name, extended a cordial welcome to the delegates of the Society in coming to Dumfries to hold their annual demonstration, which gave them an opportunity of becoming acquainted with one of portant movements which had taken place in the Catholic body for many years. They certainly esteemed it a very high privilege that the Catholic congregation in Dumfries should be so specially marked out by the Central Council to receive a special visit for

the purpose of promoting the great work which that Society had in hand. The Rev. J. Stuart, Edinburgh, submitted the report of the Central Council. It mentioned that a depôt for the Society's publications had been opened sy thoroughfare in Glasgow, and had already yielded good results. It had been the aim of the Council to issue a penny pamphlet each month.
They conducted their business on trade principles at a fair profit. The finanes were flourishing, the turnover last year amounting to £160. At an anti-Catholic meeting of ex Priest Slattery's one of the members had sold six hundred Catholic pamphlets, and advantage had been taken of other hostile meetings for a similar purpose.

The Archbishop of Edinburg, speaking on "The Catholic Truth Society and its Work," said it aimed at instructing the more ignorant Catholics n the truths of their religion, and at removing misconceptions among outsiders, not by controversy, but by friendly explanation. He remarked that the hostility shown to Catholics in this country was due to ignorance, for which non-Catholics were not to be blamed, for they had been reared in an atmosphere of prejudice, but as they came to be better understood, those bitter feelings were passing away. great change in this respect had occurred during the last twenty years, and had been brought about alm perceptibly, Much of the hostility was directed against a state of things which was non-existent except in the imagina ion of those people.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE. The following paper on this subject, written by the Rev. George Angus, St

Andrews, was afterwards read by the Bishop of Galloway: In his recent Letter to the Bishops of Scotland our Holy Father, Leo XIII. observes that "great praise is due to the Scottish nation, as a whole, that they have always shown reverence and love for the Inspired Writings." And the Pope adds, "We find that, in revering the Sacred Scriptures, they are in agreement with the Catholic

Church. There are two points in which Scot land and England are, more or less, agreed. The first is the respect due to the Lord's Day; the second, the reverence for the Bible. We should, I think, be careful in both these matters to strengthen the things that remain," and not in any way, by pre cept or example, to weaken spect and reverence for both God's Word and God's Day. Lord Braye it more truly of Scotland, that the people cling "at least to one Catholic law, the observance of Sunday. Every seventh day our beloved country makes one grand national Act of Faith in abstaining from servile work. The late Archbishop Smith, who sent me to St. Andrews, strongly depre cated "all such practices as tend to interfere with the due observance of Sunday;" and condemned certain growing customs, "which in Scotland, of all countries in the world, are apt to give grievous offence to the religiousminded of the community, to alienate from the Church those inclined to look favorably upon it," and added that it was "the Bishop's duty to see that the sanctity of the Sunday or trenched upon, that the feelings of those who may not always think with us be not wantonly injured." And a higher authority reminds us that all things may be lawful but not always

expedient. Now as our fellow-countrymen, our kinsmen after the flesh, although, alas not belonging to the household of faith, make an act of faith in the obs rvance of the Lord's Day, the Christian Sabbath, so too do they make another act of faith in their respect for the Holy Scriptures. They pride themselves upon their knowledge of the Bible. They say they are Bible Christians. I remember, a quarter of a century ago, hearing Father Kenelm Vaughan say to the late Cardinal Manning, "We, my lord, are Bible Christians." And I think that Catholics are the only real Bible Christians in the world. But as regards non-Catholic submission to the Bible my friend, Father Humphrey, S. J., says in his "Divine Teacher" that this submission and reverence are "the nearest approach to the act of faith which is, or can be, made out of the Catholic and Roman Church. There is a submission of reason and will to something Divine

as Divine. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that this submission, this reverence and respect for the Bible are, however praiseworthy, as the Pope says, yet hope-lessly illogical. How and where, we

may affectionately ask, do you get the which Bible? And what of the multitude of Christians who lived, and believed, and died, before the New Testament was written? It was not until the fourth century that the Bible, as it the lady now is, was collected into one whole, occasion and proclaimed to be the Inspired Word of God. It could not be to these early Christians the Rule of Faith, for of the it did not exist, and we see that those over of who try to make it out to be so differ served, who try to make it out to be so differ served, widely amongst themselves as to its true interpretation and meaning. The Bible is the Word of God, but as the Word of God it requires a Guar Protest.

dian and an Interpreter.
THE CHURCH THE GUARDIAN OF THE St. Paul tells us that the clergy are "dispensers (or stewards) of the mysteries of God." In other words,

guardians or caretakers of the Sacra-ments. And, again, that "the Church is the pillar and ground of the truth. And we say that the Church is the form guardian of the Bible, and that it be-conden ongs to her, and her alone. There is, of course, a certain controversy as to more what is, or is not, part of the Sacred
Scriptures. Thus the Church of Scotland does not accept the Apocrypha, or Deutero Canonical books, as inspired. Nor does the Church of England, although she allows portions of them to be read in church for edification. Many years ago when the late Prince Consort died, the Queen caused a verse from, I think, the Book of Wisdom, to be inscribed upon a memorial stone erected in the Highlands to the memory of her husband. And this at the time raised a considerable outery among certain of our Presbyterian fellow-countrymen. But I might ask them, as Cardinal Newman did long ago, why do you accept the Book of Esther, and not the Book of Wisdom? On what authority is the Song of Solomon inspired, and the Book of Wisdom net inspired? Why accept the one and reject the other? And, again, if you take the Bible only as a rule of faith you will find it difficult to prove plainly and distinctly the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and a good many other verities which you happily, and rightly, believe. In a word, you do not learn the Christian Faith from the Bible you learn it, as a matter of fact, from your parents when you first begin to

is, as I have often heard a distinguished ex Moderator of the General Assembly, say, "the Mother of us all—out of which we all came." At her knees, then, we learn the "Our Father," and the "Hail Mary," and the Creed, and a great many other things, and she gives us the Bible as a source, and the chief, but not the only, source of the chief, but not the only, source of theological doctrine, and as a devetional manual. We all know that the Missal and Breviary are really, for the most part, selections from Holy Writ, and the same may be said of what are called Popular Devotions. Take the two are not actually mentioned in Holy Writ-and as to the last of the Gloriou Mysteries most non-Catholics agree with us in believing in, and hoping to share, "The joy and glory of all the saints," in the heavenly country. So of the Way of the Cross, and other nonliturgical services, which need not be enumerated. If Catholics, or some of them, do not actually read the ipsis sima verba of Holy Scripture as much as do Protestants, they are quite familiar with the Life of ou sacred mysteries connected with the same, as recorded in the Bible. Moreover, our religion is not antiquarian :

unto salvation.

who died 1800 years ago.

But it may be objected, if the Catholic Church is the Guardian of the Bible, why do you not encourage the whole of the Scriptures to be read by everybody? Well, the answer issimply because the Church is the Guardian, and people may sometimes as St. Peter tells us, "wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction." Guardian must guard, and must inter pret. Philip the Deacon said to th Ethiopian who was reading in the Ok Testament: "Understandest thou Testament: "Understandest the what thou readest?" And the repl was: "How can I, unless some ma show me?" If forty different people read the Bible and interpret it fo themselves, they may quite easile evolve from its pages forty difference religions. But does anyone reall want to read the whole Bible through chapter after chapter, book after boo It will be allowed that there are certa passages in the Sacred Writings whi are hardly suitable for mixed congr

gations, or virginibus puerisque, hear read, or to peruse : and surely is not absolutely necessary to salvati to be able to give a correct list of Kings of Israel and Judah, or an curate account of the journeys of Paul. As a matter of fact, in put worship at least, all denominating agree with the Catholic Church, choosing what shall, and shall not, read to the people. Both the Church Scotland and the Church of Engla select chapters, or lessons, for Sun or week-day services. And in private devotions, I image, there is a sim process of choice. I remember, a small boy, being on a visit to s friends in a country house: they longed to the Established or

Church of Scotland, I am not

Scriptur Testame favorit

people,

hymns is qui least there not bo

Our Father" at your mother's knees, before you ever saw, or could read the Bible; and then you go to the Holy Scriptures, which make Christians-not other people - "wise Now the Cathelic and Roman Church

Of the fifteen mysteries only it is a present living belief in a present living Christ, holding actual com-munion with a living Lord and Saviour, and with His Blessed Mother and the Apostles and Saints, as real living beings, and not merely men

Th

women whose names are men-

tioned in the Epistles and Gospels, but

I remember, a