

FATHER BURKE SERMON ON CONFESSION

The Dublin Freeman gives the following sermon in continuation of the series of Lenten addresses now being delivered by Father Burke:—

The reverend preacher took for his text the Gospel of the day—At that time Jesus Christ was casting out the devil, and the devil was dumb, and when he had cast out the devil the dumb spoke, and the multitudes were in admiration at it. On this, the third Sunday of Lent, the Gospel of the Church puts before us—commemorates one of the very many miracles of our Divine Lord—a wonderful miracle, far more wonderful in its significance and its meaning than in the mere fact of its record. Jesus of Nazareth went through the city of Galilee, travelling everywhere, preaching to the people and teaching them, the Word of God because it came from His lips, and He was God. They brought Him every kind of infirmity; the blind were led to Him, and the sick and helpless, and they were told to kneel at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth; and the eyes that never saw the light of the day were opened to behold this beautiful world, and to behold, first of all, the shining face of God in the person of Jesus Christ. Yet no miracle was so significant or instructive to us as that which the words commemorate in to-day's Gospel: They brought Him a deaf and dumb man. He could not hear; not a word. He could not speak a word; and yet, when the doctors examined his ears and his tongue, they found that he was a sound man, that the drum of the ear was perfect, that the tongue was perfect in its organization, and they could not tell why this man was deaf and dumb. There was a power at work upon that man that no human skill or ingenuity could reach. There was an agency there that no man could find. What was it? It was the devil of hell, who had possession of the man so that he could not hear or speak. At that time, says the Evangelist, "Jesus Christ was casting out the devil, and the same devil was a deaf and dumb, and when he was cast out the man spoke, and the multitudes were astonished." Therefore it was the deaf and dumb devil that was in him. Reflect, my dear brethren and fellow-sinners, on this. When we consider it deeply we can scarcely realize what was the benefit that Christ our Lord conferred on this man. He was deaf and dumb. Now, would it not be well for some of us if we were deaf and dumb? What do we hear and speak? Is it not something sinful? When a young man is growing into youth or incipient manhood, and falls for the first time in his life into evil company, he hears double-meaning stories. Would it not be merciful of God if he was deaf and heard them not? When the evil tongue speaks impure of a man, uncharitable or revengeful of man—begins to speak hard and false of him—or stabs his neighbor to the heart by such uncharitable and wicked words—would it not be a mercy of God if that wicked tongue were dumb? To guard against this danger men and women should go frequently to confession. Is it a man that is sitting there in the confessional? Not one bit different from us except this, that he has the power of Christ, hears with the ears of God, under the Church. If that man should hear that which is most difficult to say—namely, the recall of every sinful thought, every filthy word that fell from his lips, and every action that we have been guilty of—there is nothing more difficult than this. I recognize that it is difficult, and in all its fullness I actually sympathize with the man I see weeping with agony at the very thought of going to confession. I have known strong men at home and abroad—I have seen them expose themselves to danger—I have seen in my experience a brave man stand upon a hill while a regiment of eleven hundred soldiers were firing at that hill. I saw him there as the bullets fell around him as thick as snowflakes. That was in Italy; and as brave as he was he had not the courage to go to confession. There are men who stare at death and expose themselves to danger, but they have not the courage to go to confession. It is hard for a man to bring back to his memory things that he is ashamed to think of much less to speak of. Oh, how often, then in his chamber when he thinks of these things does he shudder? "Oh, is it possible I have committed such crimes—that I am so bad, so degraded, so wicked?" and these things have not only to be recollected, but examined, scrutinized, and brought back to the memory as subject matter of confession; and then they have to be reflected upon—no longer as pleasing recollections, inciting to impure joy, but as the vilest, the filthiest, and most horrible—that which is only recollected with shame; and when we have viewed our own souls in this slavish examination, and put our very souls and hearts to shame at the recollection of these things, then we have something more terrible to do; we have to kneel down, and tell a man like ourselves these filthy things, that had passed away like a nightmare of hell. Our better nature recoils from us all, and Nature's manhood rises up against men, and protests that we would rather die than commit these to anyone again. "O Lord! spare us; you have seen them, and we acknowledge them. Spare us, and there will be no more returning." God says: "No, I will not forgive you unless you speak, and confess these to me. Unless you speak there is no remission of sins." I care not how much you sorrow for, for unless you go and speak them out there will be no remission. If the dumb devil takes possession of you, if the spirit is proud, say, as I have heard from the lips of many a man, "I am prepared for anything, but not prepared to kneel down and cast dirt at the feet of the confessor." Protestants—good men, intellectual men, generous men—have said to me, "I would become a Catholic, father, to-morrow, but you ask too much—to proclaim to you the evil sinner that I am." I know it; God knows it; but God will not give remission unless I go and confess these evil nameless sins. It is hard, it is hard, but that is the condition. "Confess your sins," says the Holy Ghost. Our Lord says to the Apostles—"Whose sins you shall retain they are retained." But how is the priest to know what sins are retained, unless he knows what sins are confessed? Consider, after this difficulty, the great advantages which God has given as a set-off. The man who sits in the confessional is not a man, in the ordinary sense of the word. I don't care how true a friend is, how dear a lover is, if you have any secret that you wish to be kept a secret from any man—from, if it was possible, God himself—take my advice and tell it to no friend. No man or woman is to be trusted with a secret, and once you let it out it is no longer your own. But in the confessional it is not so. The moment the priest hears

your sins, that moment he retains it in his infirmity, judges it, and says, as it were, in his legal knowledge, that it is of such and such a degree, and when he has fixed it as mortal or grievous he is done with you. He hears the next sin, and judges in like manner; and when he has heard their confession, he turns round and says a few words of encouragement or rebuke, as it may be, and, if he finds the man repentant, that moment, no matter what his sins may be, he lifts his hands and says, "From all these sins you have confessed, and all others you have been guilty of, I, invested with the authority of Jesus Christ the Son of God, hereby absolve thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." That minute every sin of that soul perishes, as if they had never been committed, and at the same moment every sin that that man may have escaped the penitent's mind perishes—no violation, no fear under any circumstances, no matter what provocation, or under any persecution, even though they were to tear the heart out of his living body. Until the man representing God be heard as the representative of God, the dumb devil came; and no wonder the proud man came and said that it was too much—"Don't degrade yourself in going to confession." In this way the devil comes, and, under the shape of ability, says that no man can forgive you your sins; God alone can forgive sins. This was what the Jews said when the Lord had said to the paralytic man that his sins were forgiven. "Who is this man? No man has such power." And He turned upon them and said, "Do you think I have no power to forgive?" And He said to the paralytic man, "Take up thy bed and walk." And He thereby proved that man, as the representative of God, can forgive sins. The dumb devil says to the man, "Don't mind going to confession now. It is time enough in a few months." Now, listen to me. Every single week, every month, that the Catholic stays away from confession makes confession more difficult, and the validity of the sacrament more doubtful. Believe me, it is very hard to make even a month's confession if it ought to be made. What about a year's confession? I go every week and find it hard enough to remember what I have been saying and doing last Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—very difficult; and if I put it off for a month, I confess I would give it up as an impossibility, and fling myself on the mercy of God. Therefore, I say, considering the weakness of memory, the will will be recoiled around and around with sin, the more one stays away from confession the more difficult he finds it to prepare himself and go to confession. The penitent thief on the cross made no confession; but he had this advantage, the Son of God was his confessor, and he said, "O Lord! forgive me." He could not recollect his sins; but, believe me, that man who imitates the penitent on the cross, that man will find it morally, perhaps physically, impossible to make a good confession in the last hour. The dumb devil comes and says, "You are not a great sinner; you don't rob or plunder anybody, nor you don't hold ill-will to any living man. Why need you go to confession?" Believe me, that man will be a great sinner, and won't have the strength to go to confession. In the name of God, I ask you, let this dumb devil be cast from us—the demon that will silence our lips in prayer, that makes us dumb in prayer; let us cast him from us by the power and might of Him, the Lord, who cast him from the man in this day's Gospel. We may be confessing our sins to-morrow but worthy of becoming the chanter of prayer at the glorious throne of God for ever and ever. Amen.

THE FASHIONS.

What was formerly known as the headress or coiffure, composed of lace and ribbons, has disappeared. Even elderly ladies wear nothing on their hair. Ladies who have not full suits of hair resort to wigs and braids, if they purpose to be fashionable. Some of the newest chair backs are made of alternate squares of linen and satin, the linen being worked with large conventional design in crewels of one tone. Satin sheeting is also employed, and embroidered with passion or sunflowers, poppies or Japanese lilies. Patchwork has taken a new start of late, and is becoming more elaborate and more difficult, but at the same time, far more satisfactory. Some of the fashions found in carved ceilings of the Sixteenth Century are being reproduced in patchwork for cushions and chair covers, loose embroidery sketches being laid upon it here and there. The simplest petticoats for the streets are made of fine wool, commonly of vigogne, and trimmed with three narrow plaited flounces, the middle one embroidered with silk. Narrow galloon of the same color as the embroidery is set on the heading of the upper flounce. White petticoats are only worn with evening dresses, they are never seen in the daytime, even with the richest toilet. Skirts which open or seem to open over a tablier are much worn. They permit a multitude of combinations and are particularly adapted for making over a dress. Beautiful cashmere dresses make up prettily having a tablier of black satin ornamented with pleated scarfs, trimmed with jet fringe and held in place by bows of violet satin or plush. The body is trimmed with the violet and black satin. French and English prints for morning wear now come in cashmere colors and invariably have a border strip. The richer mixtures resemble delaine fabrics, and are in stripes of all the mode colors upon white grounds, or in small flowers and buds in lighter blue, or else in white. Fresh looking lavender and lilac grounds have buds, leaves and blossoms set closely together on a ground of similar coloring. CATHOLIC PRIESTS IN GERMANY. Two events in the diocese of Posen illustrate the religious situation. The parish of Xions, the revenues of which are enjoyed by an intruded schismatic Kuleczak, the priest Wisniewski has been arrested on the charge of having exercised priestly functions in the parish. Of course the parishioners know well that their nominal parish priest is not merely useless, but mischievous, and consequently will have nothing to say to him. The other case is this: A clergyman, Dr. Surzinski, has just served his full time as a soldier in the standing army, and has been discharged. But previously he was tried by Court Martial for the offences of having twice said Mass, and once baptized a dying child. He was sentenced to nine days' imprisonment, and the alternative of a fine of 45 marks. Ladies of our day take particular pride in setting off that greatest of all charms, a beautiful head of hair. Some, indeed, succeed in imposing on their admirers by substituting locks, but the generality rejoice in donning locks of their own. We have been told that by those latter that they use nothing but Lohy's Parisian Hair Renewer. Sold by all chemists.

THE "WANTAGE SISTERS."

A correspondent writing from Matherton to the Bombay Catholic Examiner says: "I have very joyful tidings for our Catholics of Bombay and Poona. I witnessed this morning the solemn reception and baptism of Sister Beatrice, hitherto one of the religious ladies of the English mission; they are, I think, called the 'Wantage Sisters.' This lady has been undergoing instruction here for some weeks past. She was this morning most solemnly received and baptized by the Rev. Father De Souza, assisted by four other Rev. gentlemen of Poona and Bombay. The few Catholics here were all in attendance, having been invited by our good priest to witness the ceremony. There were also a few other ladies and gentlemen present who seemed to view with much surprise the ritual of our Church. After the baptism, the Very Rev. Vicar-General in a few words exhorted others to follow the glorious example of good Sister Beatrice, asking them to put aside all self-thought, and with unbiased minds, in earnest prayer to seek God in the only place where He is to be found, the Holy Roman Catholic Church. The ceremony closed with High Mass and Benediction; there were many communicants, the new elect included. There are mean men in the world. A while ago a 'living skeleton' in a circus—the thinnest one ever known, he was—got religion. And a society educated him for the ministry and sent him as a missionary to the Cannibal Islands. Imagine the disgust of the Cannibals.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

The New Ross correspondent of the Daily Express says, in Monday's issue of that paper:—Some time ago I sent you a paragraph giving you an account of a flag. 'The Green above the Red,' which was placed on the top of St. Mary's Abbey, and was taken down by the Rev. Mr. Le Hunte, rector. About a dozen young men were summoned by the police for throwing stones at Mr. Le Hunte while taking down the flag, but the summonses were all dismissed by the magistrates for want of sufficient identification of the parties who actually threw the stones. Since then the police were in the habit of remaining up all night in the church to watch and arrest the parties who, it was expected, would re-erect another flag in place of the one taken down. The watch was kept up by the constabulary until a few nights ago, when, as the wall was smoothly plastered over, and as the excitement had apparently died out, it was thought not necessary to watch any longer constantly. But the force of Mr. Gibson's words in the House of Commons when alluding to the temporary quiet and cessation of the outrages a few months ago—viz: 'That the serpent was not dead? It was only in a coma'—were equally applicable in this case. Early on Saturday morning a green flag was found replacing the green above the red. I do not know yet whether any attempt will be made to remove it, but if there should be we will have a similar scene to that which was exhibited here not long ago.—Dublin Freeman.

RECIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Take of grated chocolate, milk, molasses, and sugar, each one cupful, and a piece of butter the size of an egg; boil until it will harden when dropped into cold water; add vanilla; put in a buttered pan, and before it cools mark off in square pieces. PEA SOUP WITH CELERY.—Boil split peas till they are in a thorough mash; melt a little finely chopped suet well in a pan, and fry in it a finely chopped onion; mix this with the peas, add more warm water to make soup, pepper, salt, and powdered sage, and let it simmer well for 20 minutes. ELDERBERRY WINE.—Boil three gallons of water for 20 minutes, then strain through a fine sieve, not bruising the berries; then measure the liquid into a boiler, and to every quart add one pound of moist sugar, and the peel of four lemons; place on fire and heat scalding hot; add the whites of four eggs, well beaten, stirring into the liquid. When the liquor is cool place it in a keg; place a piece of toasted bread, spread with compressed yeast as you would butter, in the keg; bung the keg air-tight; a quart of a pound of bruised ginger placed in the keg gives the wine a fine flavor; let it remain in the keg from six to eight weeks, when it will be ready to bottle. ORANGE PIE OR PUDDING.—One pound of sugar, one pound of suet beaten to a cream, one glass of brandy, wine, or rose-water, ten eggs beaten to a high froth; half two oranges and boil the rind until it is tender; change the water two or three times while it is boiling, then heat it in a mortar and squeeze the juice in, together with the rind of one lemon grated and the juice of the same; mix all well together with the other ingredients, and bake in a puff paste without an upper crust; half this quantity is sufficient for two ordinary-sized pies. TOMATO SOUP.—Place in a saucepan one carrot, one white turnip, and one onion, all sliced and fried brown in butter, and a quarter of a pound of ham; when the moisture is evaporated add two table-spoonfuls of flour and brown with the vegetables; add three pints of good beef broth, one can of tomatoes, a few bay leaves, a pinch of ground cloves, a s'w'k of celery, a little grated nutmeg; boil till the vegetables are done, and pass forcibly through a sieve; place on fire, bring to a boil and skim; serve with plain boiled rice or small squares of bread, fried brown in butter. CHOCOLATE BLANC-MANGER.—Take three pints of warm milk and soak in it a package of gelatine; allow it to remain for two hours; sweeten with four table-spoonfuls of sugar, after the gelatine is softened or melted; scrape a square of sweet chocolate, and put in a small saucepan with two spoonfuls of hot water; if you use unsweetened chocolate, add to the water two table-spoonfuls of sugar; stir this all the time, until perfectly smooth; then, having your milk and gelatine on the fire, watching it closely so that it shall not burn, add by degrees your chocolate mixture; have molds ready, in which put your blanc-manger. HAGGIS.—It's an American idea to turn up your noses at a haggis. The sheep's stomach which enters into the making of the dish has really not more to do with haggis than the skin to the sausage. Take a sheep's stomach, clean it thoroughly, scrape it, turn it inside out, and put it in salt and water; take the lights, heart and liver of the sheep and mince them quite fine; add to them a pound of shredded suet, which also divide finely; bake into scones a pound of oat-meal; to do this mix the oat-meal with a little salt and water; spread the paste thin on a baking-tin and bake it crisp; pound up five these scones; if not dry enough toast them; add one cho-ped onion, and season with salt and pepper; add to this a tumblerful of good strong stock; put it all in the stomach and sew it up tight; put it in a pot of boiling water with a plate on top of it; prick the bag in a good many places to prevent its bursting; cook five hours.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blis-ter. A correspondent asks us what is the relation of a university to an ordinary college. It is a step farther. Eggs are higher in New York than was ever known before, and consumers are impatient to throw off the yoke. A gentleman in Danbury, Conn., has had perseverance enough to take the temperance pledge 83 times and break it 82. "Carrie," said he, dreamily contemplating her coil, "how beautiful—how very beautiful is your hair! Where did you get it?" In a recent discourse the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher described a brass drum as "two sheep-skins spread over empty middlemen." Wanted at this office, about four bushels of poems on "Spring." Our office boy who sells the waste paper wants to raise money. A middle-sized boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees." A young man generally gives a lock of hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she can help herself and use no scissors. A man said he made him fat. His wife said she knew when it made him lean. "When asked he," "When you were too drunk to stand," said she. The *Union Free Press* discovered that the declaration of the Albany *Argus* that editors are only human has created intense indignation throughout the civilized world. Shortening a certain royal lady's rein in the hunting-field last season, a gallant Irish sportsman said, "Make it as short as I may, in Irish hearts Your Majesty's reign is sure to be long." Fresh young man to lady he has just escorted to the dining room at a literary gathering—"Are you partial to 'Lamb's Tales'?" Indignant young lady, after exhibiting much uncalled-for surprise—"No, nor 'mutton heads' either!" The last piece of male laziness encountered by out-of-town correspondents is that of the man who, being asked what ailed his eye, answered, "Nothin'; I shut it coz I see see well enough with one. Sometimes I shut one, sometimes t'other." An old gentleman accused his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested entire innocence. "Why, you know," rejoined his master, "that the stick could never have walked off with itself." "Certainly not, sir, unless it were a walking-stick." A young man met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to annoy him, inquired how old he was? "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but I can inform you that an ass is older at twenty than a man of sixty?" "Mother," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" "Why by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure!" replied the little girl. On Miss Mann's recently marrying Mr. Childs:—That children should to manhood grow and neither strange nor wild, But by this match 'tis odd to know How Man becomes a Childs. The attachment of some ladies to their lap-dogs amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. An ill-tempered lap-dog, biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, his mistress thus expressed her compassion: "Poor little dear creature. I hope it will not make him sick." While the very young daughter of a country clergyman was playing in the garden one day, a stranger came along and inquired if her father was at home. "No," she replied; "but my mother is in the house, and she will pray with you, you poor miserable sinner!" One of the quaintest jestings of European culture with native savagery is to be found in a simple story of an indentured servant maid at Fiji, who thus concluded the narration of domestic history in her own English: "Pa got jealous, so he fight and kill ma; then he put her in an oven, and pa and his friends eat poor ma up."

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GOLDIE & McCULLOCH, Galt, Ont. FIRE and BURGLAR PROOF SAFES. —THE— VAULT DOORS. (Awarded First Prize at the Late Toronto Exhibition.) With every facility at command, the most thorough reliable work in Safes and Vaults is guaranteed. PRICES LOW! TERMS OF PAYMENT EASY! Safes on view and for sale at our Warehouses, 20 St. Bonaventure Street. ALFRED BENN, Agent for Province of Quebec. —ALSO— SAW, PLANING, FLOURING and WOOD WORKING MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS. 29 St. Bonaventure Street. NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Mont. In the Superior Court, No. 112, DAVID F. LAVER, Esq., JUDGE of the Court and District of Montreal, wife of BENJAMIN BETHUNE, M. J. of the same place, duly authorized to appear in and defend the said DAVID F. LAVER, vs. the said BENJAMIN BETHUNE, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this case. ROY & BOUTILLIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Montreal, 7th April, 1881, 365

Marble Working. ST. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS 91 BLEURY STREET. CUNNINGHAM BROS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Cemetery Work a Specialty. MANTLES AND PLUMBERS' SLABS, &c. MADE TO ORDER. 46

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED, Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. \$1.00 Cabinet Photographs of Parnell & Davitt. 25c Groups of Land Leaguers, 16 figures, 9x11. \$1.00 Lithograph of Davitt, 18x24 60c SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. LANE & CO., 36 BLEURY ST., Montreal.

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BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off. PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., MASHUA, N. H. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines. LYMAN SONS & CO., MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents. CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints and all diseases of the Biliary and Urinary Systems. CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is the greatest Blood Purifier in the world; it literally cleans the system from the system all Humors, Pimples, Scabs and Blisters. CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Cures Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, and all the Disorders of the Urinary System to a healthy condition. CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is not a cheap Rum Drink but is the greatest discovery yet made in medicine. CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is put up in half-pint bottles and sold for 25c PER BOTTLE.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL, FROM 108 MURRAY STREET. James McRan, Bookseller, begs to inform his friends and customers that he has removed to 248 St. Joseph Street, where he can supply the country people and public generally with the latest Old Country and American publications in newspapers and books. J. McRAN, 248 St. Joseph Street.

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