

FEBRUARY 4, 1919

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

PARENTS, BE THE GUARDIAN ANGELS OF YOUR CHILDREN.

"Master, dost Thou not sow good seed in Thy field? from whence then hath it cockle?" (Matt. 13, 27.)

The question of the servants to the master of the house, given in this day's gospel, may be properly placed in the mouths of many parents, with regard to their offspring: Did we not sow good seed in the hearts of our children? Did we not daily pray with and for them? Did we not unduly exhort them to do good, correct and punish their faults? Did we not constantly, by good example, show them the way to heaven? And yet, whence this cockle? whence this obstinacy, this want of obedience, this forgetfulness of God? Beloved parents, do you desire the answer to this question? Then consider the reply made by the master of the house to the servants who lamented the appearance of the cockle in the field: "An enemy hath done this, while men were asleep."

Did you do, perhaps, as those men—that is, sleep when you should have been vigilant? Then you reposed while the devil came, under the form of human tempters, viz: bad companions, shameful discourses, evil examples, impious books, etc., to sow the seed of cockle in the hearts of your children.

Alas! is this not the case? Are there not many parents who, indeed, take care that no evil befall their cow in the stable or in the pasture, but who do not concern themselves about their children becoming the sad victim of seduction and spiritual murder, by evil communications and impious companions? Are there not many parents who are indeed anxious that neither small-pox nor typhoid fever penetrate into their homes, but to whom it is a matter of total indifference whether their innocent children hear diabolical curses, blasphemous and domestic curses, and thus from their earliest years are led to impiety? Alas! are there not fathers and mothers who, as it were, lead their children to ruin, since they confide them to factories, workshops, where, day after day, evil companions vomit the poison of scandal, of seduction? And when sooner or later, the poor children are totally depraved, the parents feign astonishment and hold the children responsible for the bad seed which they themselves have sown. Or take, for example, a son old enough to be given over to a master, or a daughter to go out to service. What should good parents have more at heart—is it perhaps good eating and drinking and great wages, or Christian surroundings and the spiritual welfare of their child? But, alas! what do many parents care about the latter? Their sole anxiety seems to be this: Will the child be well treated and receive great wages? If so, what matters it whether the child remains in a house where nothing religious is seen, but where much is heard that is offensive to God; where no one will remind it of its Christian duties, but where many will try to prevent it from practicing them. If, after a few years, such a child returns to its parental roof and has lost its faith; indeed, it would be miraculous if it were otherwise; if it does not fulfill its religious duties and even makes a marriage contract, implying a denial of faith, then the dejected parents wish to act the innocent and exclaim: O God, whence this cockle? Christian parents, should you not rather strike your breast contritely and give utterance to the following: I am the criminal who has sown the weed; for, in selecting a master and mistress for my child I was more anxious for its food and raiment than for the welfare of its soul. Alas! how many parents will be eternally lost, not because they failed to sow good seed into the hearts of their children, but because they permitted Satan to steal it; not because they personally neglected to educate their children properly, but because they were wanting in vigilance.

"They slept" when it was their bounden duty to keep guard over them, to be awake.

O parents, I entreat, I conjure you, by the judgment of God, to bear in mind the terrible account which God will demand in your last hour, when He will require of you His property, the souls of your children; therefore, do all in your power, not only to educate them as good Christians, but also to preserve them as such. Be the protectors of their faith, the defenders of their innocence. Beth their guardian angels in youth and shield them, as the apple of your eye, from all dangers, scandals and seductions, which Satan and the wicked world may prepare for them. Therefore, tolerate in your family no suspicious servants who might bring destruction to their souls. Permit your children no communication with bad associates, no impious books, no attending obscene theatricals, no dangerous amusements, but, above all, do not allow your grown children to form the friendship of frivolous persons. And, when obliged by circumstances to have one of your children withdrawn from your watchful care, seek for it a house, a service, a situation where you may rest at ease with regard to its spiritual welfare. Cherished parents, if in this manner you exercise the sacred function of watching over your children, then, and then only, may you hope that they will be your joy and consolation, and, at your last hour, you will be able to render a favorable account of their souls. Amen.

Good health is worth more than anything else to you, and every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains good health.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Hymn for First Communion.

Oh, union wonderful and true! Oh, love! oh, bliss beyond compare! What can the heart enraptured do When God Himself is there?

This moment does the work of years: The soul hath drunk a joy so deep That she may bid farewell to tears Such as earth's children weep.

Jesus! be Thou my hidden rest: Reign over me supreme, alone.— The dearest wish within my breast Is just to be Thine own.

And now if to my daily strife I must return and bear my part, Do Thou, my Lord, my Light, my Life, Still keep for These my heart.

Hold it, that it may never stray, Lost in a world of sin and care; Fix it in the unerring way Of discipline and prayer.

Give me Thy blessing, Lord, again. And I will fight beyond Thine eye; To win, perchance through days of pain, A glorious victory.

—Ave Maria.

Once there lived an old woman who was so cheerful that everyone wondered at it. "But you must have many clouds in your life, do you not?" asked a friend. "Clouds?" she replied. "Why, yes, sir! If we had no clouds, where would all the blessed show-ers come from?"

HOW WILL MORAN "GOT EVEN."

L. W. Reilly in Ave Maria.

"Joe, where are you going?" asked Will Moran one morning last week—that day when there was no school,—as he met his brother coming downstairs in their home, and carrying a heavy parcel in his arms.

"Oh, that's 'telling'!" was Joe's reply.

"Well, what is in that bundle?" "Don't ask me any questions, Will, and I'll tell you no fibs," was the unsatisfactory response. "I'm going—going to—out on business; and I'd be obliged to you if you'd chop the fire-wood for me, so that Jennie won't—"

"Can't I go with you?"

"No."

"Am I too young?"

Now, it has long been a sore point with Will that he is only twelve, while Joe is fifteen; for sometimes the older boys exclude him from their sports on the ground that he is too young to play with them. As they always seem to have more fun in their games than his usual playmates have, Will envied them their years, and disliked to be denied anything on the score of his own age.

Not knowing how deeply he was going to hurt his brother, and thinking only of the quickest way to escape Will's questions, Joe answered lightly: "Of course, you're too young. Babies oughtn't to want to go with big boys."

So saying he hurried to the front door, got outside as fast as he could; and, without looking to see the effect of his words, he called out an instant before he turned the knob:

"Don't forget to chop that wood, Will!"

But Will was in no humor to do any favors for his brother. His quick temper was boiling the blood in his veins and making his temples throb. As he would say, he was "mad clear through."

"I'll get even with you, Joe Moran!" he shouted, heedless of the fact that the stout oak door had closed behind the elder boy, and that his threat was unheard. "And I'll split the wood for you—when the cow jumps over the moon," he added, in a lower tone, putting on his hat and coat as he spoke, with the intention of going over to Frank Bowen's the Doctor's shop, who is of a mechanical turn, and has a set of carpenter's tools, and was making a fancy toboggan.

II.

That day was pretty cold. The sky was overcast, and everybody said that it would rain only that the wind was so high. The sun came out late, and went back early behind the clouds.

Will spent the forenoon with Frank Bowen, admiring the new sled, and helping to finish it. He sharpened some tools; he lifted a dozen heavy boards out of the way; he went to the store to buy some oil for the paint, which had become too dry; and he did half the work of putting into the shed a ton of coal that the Doctor had bought that morning.

He hadn't forgotten about Joe's taunt, however. He told Frank of it, and in the telling of it he made it out worse than it was. He thought of it when he returned home, and more than once during the afternoon it recurred to him; yes, and every time that his memory recalled it, his blood boiled and his temples throbbed, and he said: "I'll get even with him yet!"

It was in one of these spells of temper that his eyes lighted on Joe's bird-cage; then a wicked thought crept into his heart, and, alas! stayed there: he would open the door and let the bird out.

Now, this bird was one of Joe's pets. It was a poor, worthless mocking-bird, with a discordant cry for its only note,—a miserable bird, that Joe's father called a nuisance, but that Joe's mother encouraged him to keep, "because," as she explained to her husband, "it makes the boy more kind and gives him something to be tender to." Joe him something to be tender to. He found music in its shriek, and thought that it really liked him in return. He had for years longed for a canary-bird; and Prince, as he called it, was the shadow of that dream. He loved it, therefore, more for what it represented than for what it was.

"Open the door and set the bird free," said the wicked thought in Will's heart; and forthwith, muttering some words, the last one of which sounded like "even," the boy raised the window, opened the cage and let the mocking-bird out.

Prince did not seem eager to be free. It hopped to the window-sill; and when Will tried to put his hand on it to shove it out, it fluttered to the ground, stepped on to the lawn, flew to the maple near the gate, and disappeared.

Will's ill-temper might have stopped here, but his mother having called him to get a pail of rain water from the barrel near the barn for Jennie, the maid, who was not feeling well, he passed by the woodpile, and, seeing the axe, he picked it up and threw it into a pile of brush that lay in a corner of the fence, ten feet away from the chopping-block. And again the Recording Angel heard something about "getting even," that to him sounded painfully unkind.

Joe wasn't home when supper time came, but his father and mother didn't seem to mind his absence. Will would have liked to ask them where he was; but he was afraid to make any inquiries, lest he should be led to say too much. He thought that the more prudent course for him to take was to keep silence, in the hope that they would themselves refer to Joe's whereabouts, and to go off to bed as soon as possible after the meal was through.

Besides, Will wasn't very happy about that time. The wicked thought, that had at first seemed like a spark of fire in his heart, had become like a lump of lead—cold and hard and heavy. It oppressed him. He couldn't breathe easily. His blood was no longer hot; for a shiver went through him as he thought of Joe's grief for the loss of the bird, and the possibilities of punishment for himself. He was half sorry that he had opened the door of the cage; but his remorse was altogether selfish—he might have to smart for it; that was what troubled him then.

He didn't feel like saying his prayers. "Our Father" had an objectionable passage in it—to which his confessor had called his attention at his last confession,—that said: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us;" and the Act of Contrition—well, it's not the most comforting formula to repeat when one has tried to "get even" and is still unrepentant. He did kneel down, it is true; but he didn't stay long in that posture; and if he said any prayers at all, they could not have been short, but they could not have been sweet.

He got off his clothes in a jiffy, and was in bed and asleep an hour before Joe had returned. He was not disturbed by his brother; but in his sleep, the mocking bird, grown to the size of an eagle, haunted his dreams and gave him little rest.

III.

The next morning Will was aroused a little before 6 o'clock. His mother was calling him.

"Get up, Will!" she said, as she shook him,—"get up! Jennie is sick. You will have to make the fire while Joe goes for the doctor."

Will opened his eyes reluctantly as his mother turned to go downstairs again. But, after the first peep out from under the covers, he had no desire to close them again; for he had seen what his brother had been longing for—a pair of skates. He thought that he was still dreaming, until, having sat up in bed, he looked steadily at the little table near the window, and saw that the skates were real.

"Where are they, Joe?" he asked, turning to his brother's side of the room, as a merry laugh from that corner assured him that his embarrassment was noticed.

"Yours," was the laconic answer. "Mine? What do you mean? Where did you get them?"

"That's 'telling,'" said Joe. "Come, boys! come, boys!" cried Mrs. Moran, coming into the room again; "hurry up! Jennie is very sick; and I want a hot fire made for her as soon as possible, and there is no wood out. And, Joe, she's crying for the doctor."

In his haste to get out Joe took no notice of Will's failure to split the wood. His affectionate heart was at once full of sympathy for the poor sick girl, and he had but one thought: to fetch Doctor Bowen as soon as he possibly could.

But Will's emotions were many. He wondered if the skates were really to be his. He was reminded of his rage of the day before by Joe's repetition of the expression, "That's 'telling'"; then he remembered the liberated bird and he felt ashamed of himself and sorry for Joe. He didn't care now if he were to be whipped—he almost wished that he were.

"It was a mean thing to do," he said to himself, as he buttoned the last button of his jacket and hurried out to the wood pile. "And, thank goodness," he added, as he kicked away the snow, which had fallen during the night, and hunted in the brush heap for the axe, "nobody'll ever know of this!" He found it without much trouble, and was soon making the chips fly at the chopping-block.

He took in an armful of wood, and started a roaring fire in the kitchen stove. Then he went out to split up another stick, and had just struck the first blow when the doctor and Joe drove up to the gate in the former's gig. He hurried around to the other side of the house, and opened the front door for the physician, who was at once taken to the sick girl's room.

Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, Will halted Joe on the front porch, and said:

"Do tell me, Joe, about the skates! Where are they? They're beauties, any way. I took one good look at them before I came downstairs; fine steel, latest patent, nickle-plated; and just as good as Dave Clark's who brags—"

"They are Dave Clark's," interrupted Joe; "or, rather, they were until yesterday noon."

"Where are they now?"

"Yours."

"Mine, Joe!—mine! Oh, don't tease me, but tell me true! Where are they?"

"Yours, Will. I got them for you. I knew that you had set your heart on a pair, and I heard only day before yesterday that Dave Clark is going to California this winter. So, as they'd be of no use to him there and he had no tennis set, I thought I might make a trade with him. But I did not want to tell you about it before I had tried to make the bargain, because it would have been such a disappointment to you if I had failed to—"

"That wasn't your tennis outfit—that you had in the bundle—you took away—yesterday morning?" asked Will in a low voice, and with a long pause between every few words.

"Yes, it was," said Joe, laughing gaily at the rueful face of his brother. He did not suspect the guilt that was back of that distress.

"O Joe!" gasped Will. He leaned against the porch-rail for support. He covered his face with his hands. "O Joe, how could you!"

"Why, Will, what's the matter? You don't seem pleased with my gift, and I thought that it would give you joy."

But Will shrank away from his brother. He was unworthy, he felt, to be near that generous heart. His own baseness seemed to weigh him down.

"And did you walk—the twelve miles—to Dave Clark's and back—for me?" he faltered.

"Why, of course I did! I wasn't very cold except the half mile by the river; and the hope of making you happy kept me warm, and made the way seem short."

"O Joe!" was all that Will could say. He was crying now. The big tears coursed down his cheeks and fell unheeded to the ground. He was touched to the very quick.

"But you don't seem very happy," said Joe. "Hello, what's that?" he added, as he went down the steps of the porch, and out to the maple near the gate.

"Why, Will," he cried, "look at this! Here's my Prince, my mocking bird, frozen, stiff and dead! O my poor little bird,—my poor little bird! How did you get out of your warm place into the storm?" And he held it tight in both hands, one over the other and put it to his cheek, and looked at it again, and stroked its glossy side, and tried to warm it once more to life.

Will did not go when called. His conscience told him that the object was that had attracted Joe's attention, as soon as he looked at the black spot in the snow toward which his brother was running. He only covered still more and cried the harder—his sister had found him out.

Joe went back to the porch, and held out the dead bird.

"Look, Will," he said, sadly; "look at poor Prince!"

But Will could not bear to look at the consumption of his revenge and his brother's pain.

"I don't want to look!" he wailed. Joe stood astonished. The tone of Will's reply smote him. He did not understand.

"O Joe, I did it!" Will blurted out. "You did what?" was the perplexed question.

"Killed Prince."

"You!"

It was only one word, but it was full of feeling, of surprise, of hurt. Will winched as if he had been struck. But the new pain gave him courage to confess.

"Yes, I," he said; "I did it. Hit me! for I deserve it. Take away the skates; for I'm not fit to receive any kindness from you. I did it. I was so angry with you because you would not tell me where you were going nor what you had in the parcel and because you said I was too young to go with big boys,—I was so mad all day that I hated you, and thought that I couldn't do enough to hurt you. I was burning to do you some mischief when I saw the cage. I opened the window and drove the poor bird out, and now it's dead! O Joe, I can't look in your face!—beat me. But I was so mad. I wanted to 'get even'!"

"You poor fellow!" exclaimed his brother, pityingly.

"Oh, don't say a kind word to me!" he went on. "The more I think of it, the more I hate myself. And if I had given way to my temper right away, I wouldn't feel quite so bad; but I didn't let Prince escape until the afternoon."

"You poor fellow!" said Joe again.

"And, then, I wouldn't cut the wood for you—and you giving up your tennis set and walking so far for me!"

"Never mind, Will," said Joe. "On, but I must mind, Joe, and I must tell you all! I threw the axe in the brush heap over there, so that you couldn't find it when you should come home."

"Did you?" laughed Joe, who had a keen sense of humor, and was amused at the way in which Will's effort to "get even" with his brother had in this instance come back on himself. "Well, you worried yourself there, so you needn't feel for me in that case. And as for the rest, if it weren't for this poor bird, all the knots in the tangle would be untied."

IV. This morning Joe was awakened by the notes of a canary-bird. It thrilled and carolled and chirped, and filled the room with a whirl and ecstasy of song. Its melody was full and rich and sweet. It sang as if it knew the mission of compunction and pardon and peace that had been entrusted to it. It hung in a new brass cage, large and bright, near the window on Joe's side of the room.

How did it get there? Will had been saving up for a toboggan like Frank Bowen's. He had \$4, and the price was \$6. He had earned \$3 more in ways that I shall not tell you of—they were all honest, but some of them were hard and menial. The harder they were, though, the better satisfied Will was. He didn't care so long as he got the money fairly and soon. He was working heart and soul for a purpose. When he had \$7, he went to a bird-fancier, and got the finest singer and the nicest cage in the shop. The price was \$8,—\$5 for the bird and \$3 for the cage; but when the man saw the boy's crestfallen look as he produced the \$7, he let him have them for that amount.

For whom was the canary? There is no need to answer that question.

If Will had not suffered and planned and worked to make reparation for his fault, it is probable that I should not have told you of his revenge. But his last action, while it shows that people who give way to their temper some times have to pay dear for their hastiness, also proves that there is a deal of true metal in him. Besides, it gives a sort of artistic finish to this narrative, and makes it read like a make-believe story, instead of being, as it really is, the unvarnished statement of how Will Moran "got even."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Habits, as well as health, are factors in the problem of success, and while vigor of body is not the least of the requirements for prosperity in the ordinary competition in trade, it is not the first. High principles, a steadfast purpose and industry—these are what the young man needs to win his way, whether he be sturdy or delicate.

Training in the Country.

It is quite common to read in the memoirs of successful business or professional men, particularly those who have been the architects of their own fortune, that they were born and bred upon a farm. It is usually assumed also that their success has been due in part to the physical strength and high state of health developed by a life of toil in the open air. This is no doubt a factor in fitting the country-bred youth for an active career in business, but it is not the most important factor. The training which a farm lad receives, quite unconsciously, is very useful in preparing him for a successful career in business. He has to labor hard and almost unceasingly until work becomes with him a matter of course. He is trained to patience, for months must elapse before the result of his labor can be seen in the harvest. He is inspired by faith and hope through his labors and the uncertainty of crops, and a great store of vitality, the country lad is well fitted to succeed in business or other undertakings. He may not think of any of these things, but his habits have been formed upon right lines. He is not afraid of work, but goes about it methodically; he is not impatient when the daily drudgery brings no sign of advancement; to such a man success in some degree is tolerably sure to come, for he is a good employe, and with his genius for economy he soon acquires capital, which enables him to start out for himself.

City-bred young men, as well as country lads, succeed, but their environment is not as favorable to the development of industry, patience and frugality, except when attention is given to their training. The boy upon a farm does not appreciate the advantages he enjoys; hence his desire or ambition to enter the larger life of the city; but he does enjoy advantages in a kind of training which, unknown to himself, prepares him for the keen competition of business life in a great city. Shakespeare humorously touches off the different aspects of life in the country when he makes Touchstone reply to an inquiry as to how he likes a shepherd's life:

"Truly shepherdry, in respect to itself, is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is a solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes more against my stomach."

There is philosophy as well as humor in this passage, for any situation of life has its advantages along with its disadvantages. The country lad, bred to daily toil, and poorly remunerated, sometimes seems to be at a disadvantage compared with the well-cared-for

city youth, whose every want is provided for; but it is the harvest that tells the real story of the seed time of preparation, and the harvest for the country lad may be vastly richer than for his city cousin, owing to the advantages he enjoys of training in industry, patience and frugality. If disposed to be dissatisfied with it he should borrow some of Touchstone's philosophy, and consider its good as well as its evil aspects.

THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself well.

DO NOT DELAY.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmer's Vegetable Pills will find a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Severe colds are only cured by the use of Hickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

THOS. SABIN, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabin, says: "My eleven-year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced buying and using DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

SCIENCE AND LIFE.

WE ARE INDEBTED TO THE FORMER FOR THE LATTER.

Science Gave us Dodd's Kidney Pills—Dodd's Kidney Pills Give us Security From Death.—Mr. Charles Dean's Case Proves This Claim.

London, Jan. 30.—At this season, when everybody one meets is complaining of "the Grip," "Backache," or some other similar complaint, it comes as a relief to know that there are some diseases from which people can free themselves at very slight expense, and scarcely any trouble.

When we find that these diseases have for centuries been looked upon as incurable, and have carried hundreds of thousands to untimely graves, we have reason to be thankful to science and its votaries, who have given us the means to free ourselves from this horrible nightmare of Death. As everyone knows, Kidney Diseases have, until less than ten years ago, been looked on as utterly incurable. Hundreds of thousands have died of them. Until lately there was no medicine known to man that would either relieve or cure them.

To-day, thanks to the wonderful medicine known throughout the civilized world as Dodd's Kidney Pills, Kidney Diseases are no more dangerous than a common cold.

Proof of this fact has been given by thousands of startling cures, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, of cases that the physicians had "given up."

The latest evidence in this city comes from Mr. Charles Dean, an employe at the City Hotel.

Mr. Dean suffered for three years with terrible pains in his back. He could get no relief from any of the many medicines he used.

One day a friend advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. He did so. As a result he is now as strong and well as he ever was. Dodd's Kidney Pills, he says, are worth their weight in gold. So they are to victims of Kidney Disease.

The Catarrh Clutch

This Disgusting Malady is the Throat of 900 of every 1,000 of our Country's Population.

This Is Not Hearsay. It is Borne Out by Carefully Compiled Statistics of Diseases Most Prevalent. Its Development is Watched Carefully Because it is so sure a forerunner of Consumption if neglected. Most Catarrh Cures Contain Cocaine, which is a Dangerous Narcotic, and Prof. Healy, of the Ontario School of Chemistry and Pharmacy, says:—

"After an examination made from samples prepared on the open market, I declare that there is no COCAINE contained in the preparation of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure." Most astonishing results are daily coming into Dr. Chase's office of the cure made here are a few in condensed form. We ask you to call or write to the following parties if at all skeptical: OSWALD BURKHARDT, 159 PORTLAND STREET, TORONTO, suffered from Catarrh for nine years, and was cured by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

MR. J. PALMER, HAIR DRESSER, 665 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, could not sleep for years on account of the mucus dripping into the throat; cured by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

MR. WHITCOMBE, OF THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM, TORONTO, suffered for two years; cured by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

MRS. COWLE, 476 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, thirteen years ago was attacked with Hay Fever. Never knew what it was to have any relief until she used Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. If anyone troubled with Catarrh calls on Mrs. Cowle she will give her endorsement as to her cure.

GOOD BOOKS FOR SALE. We should be pleased to supply any of the following books at prices given: The Christian Father, price, 35 cents (cloth); The Christian Mother (cloth), 35 cents; Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh, (cloth), 40 cents; Catholic Belief (paper), 25 cents, cloth (strongly CATHOLIC) 50 cents. Address: THOS. COFFEY, 210 BROADWAY, Toronto, Ontario.

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