

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

NO. 685.

A Heart Blossom.

Dear Lord, among the many thorns
One blossom bright to-day,
I've culled with pain and weariness
At Thy dear feet to lay.
Thy only clad, cheerful smile,
That hid the wounded heart,
Bestowed on one whose bitter words
Caused blinding tears to start.
A pleasant scuffle for one who crushed
My haughty spirit low;
And what it cost my shrinking soul
Thou only, Lord, canst know.
O Jesus, take it! Pity me!
My only hope, Thy heart,
Then hide Thy weary, wounded child
Safe, safe within Thy Heart.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Ave Maria.

In a new department of the London *Tablet* called "Gossip of Letters," we find the following extracts, set side by side, of the instructions respectively given to Garibaldi and the Prince of Wales on their investiture as Grand Masters of Freemasonry (33rd degree). In juxtaposition, these extracts have a peculiar significance, as the *Tablet* remarks:

TO GARIBALDI. — One ritual will prevail the Revolution in you now Freemasonry, a permanent enemy tends to inspire sprays against politics in all the purest moral and religious des. . . .
TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. — The Revolution in you now Freemasonry, a permanent enemy tends to inspire sprays against politics in all the purest moral and religious des. . . .

The growth of liberality of thought in this latitude is well illustrated by recent events at Harvard College. Chief Justice Dudley, a bigot in his day and the prototype of Fulton and the Committee of One Hundred, bequeathed to the university a fund, out of which were to be defrayed the expenses of an annual lecture before the students on the "errors, idolatry, tyranny, usurpations, usurpation, heresies, and crying wickedness in high places of the Church of Rome." For thirty years, it is stated, the injunctions of the bequest have not been complied with. Indeed, they have not only been absolutely ignored, but a Roman Catholic Bishop, Right Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D., of the Catholic University, at Washington, delivered a lecture, last year, under the auspices of the trustees. An effort has been made of late to revive the old custom of stirring up hostility to the Pope by renewing the Dublinian lectures. . . .

Poor W. J. Florence, the actor who died last week, was a kindly, humorous and withal shrewd philosopher. He did not profess to be a teacher, but there was a world of wisdom in the following letter:—"My Dear—, One gallon of whiskey costs about \$3, and contains about 65 15-cent drinks. Now, if you must drink, buy a gallon and make your wife the bar-keeper. When you are dry, give her 15 cents for a drink, and when the whiskey is gone she will have, after paying for it, \$6.75 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money should be put away, so that when you have become an inebriate, unable to support yourself and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave."

Some of the women of Kent, Ohio, cleared that town of objectionable pictures the other day. A theatrical company had lithographs of actresses in immodest dresses hung up in many of the store windows. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. decided to put a stop to the nuisance. They visited the shop-keepers and requested them to take out the indecent show bills. . . .

A telegram from Mrs. Florence, wife of the lately deceased comedian, made that lady say that she desired her husband to be "buried in the Catholic faith." It is a good thing to die in the faith, but at times a trifle difficult to be buried in it. . . .

stone's character is his religiousness. From childhood he has been God-fearing, high-minded and conscientious. Even as a boy at school, he detested whatever was not pure, and once, at a feast, he turned his glass upside down when a course just was proposed. "At Eton," said the late Bishop of Salisbury, "I was thoroughly idle, and was saved from worse things by getting to know Gladstone." Others, too, experienced the benefit of his restraining influence. The same characteristic remained with him through his distinguished public career. . . .

The danger of Catholics joining Masonic lodges is illustrated in the case of the late Lawrence Barrett and William J. Florence, the distinguished actors. Both were born and baptized Catholics, neglected the practice of their religion, and, at the hour of death, had little time to repent. . . .

THE ADVENT SEASON.

Ave Maria.

The Liturgical Year is divided into five periods: 1st, the time of Advent; 2nd, the Christmas season; 3rd, Septuagesima and Lent; 4th, Paschal time; and 5th, the Sundays after Pentecost. These periods present, as it were, a tableau of the principal mysteries of the life of our Divine Saviour. Advent is preparation for the great festival of Christmas, and reminds us that the coming of the Redeemer was preceded by a time of expectation, during which the patriarchs and prophets sighed for Him who was to come. . . .

Advent, then, is a season of preparation—a time set apart by the Church during which she seeks to prepare her children for the celebration of the great Christmas solemnity. The word itself *Adventus*—means a coming or an arrival, and was at first applied to the day of the birth of Our Lord, or Christmas Day. . . .

At the present time this holy season includes the four Sundays preceding the festival of Christmas, and consequently covers a period of three full weeks and a fourth week at least. It begins on the Sunday which falls between the 27th of November and the 5th of December. Formerly Advent, like Lent, consisted of forty days. It began on the 12th of November, the day after the festival of St. Martin. . . .

Pope Urban V. dispensed with abstinence in favor of the laity. The institution of Advent dates back to very early in the fourth century, when the festival of Christmas was established under its present name. In the ages of faith Christians realized that no festival could be fittingly celebrated without some special preparation. . . .

Advent is a time for penance and of prayer. For this reason the priest at the altar wears violet vestments; and the *Gloria in Excelsis* is omitted, and *Benedicamus Domino*, instead of *Te Missa est*, is said or sung at the end of Mass. . . .

There is a great analogy between the offices of Advent and those of Lent. As both are times of penance, the Church removes from her offices all joyful hymns and canticles, such as the *Gloria in Excelsis* and the *Te Deum*. . . .

It is also in accordance with the spirit of the Church that during Advent, as in Lent, special instructions be addressed to the faithful. . . .

Advent reminds us of the time which elapsed before the coming of our Divine Redeemer. We are reminded, also, that there are three comings of Jesus Christ: the first which has taken place in the flesh, the second which takes place in our hearts, and the third which will occur at the last judgment. . . .

At the present time this holy season includes the four Sundays preceding the festival of Christmas, and consequently covers a period of three full weeks and a fourth week at least. It begins on the Sunday which falls between the 27th of November and the 5th of December. . . .

recall the sighs and aspirations of the patriarchs of old, who waited with sad longing the coming of the promised Redeemer. But, as St. Bernard says, if the Son of God came upon earth, clothed in a body like our own, this first coming had been designed to prepare for His coming into our hearts; and if He enters into our hearts, it is that we may be ready to receive Him with joy when He shall come at the end of time, with all the majesty and glory of the Sovereign Judge and Lord of heaven and earth. . . .

PLACES HALLOWED IN MEMORY.

A Visit to Dr. Newman's Church at Littlemore, Graphically Described.

Catholic Columbian.

Although off and on for many years writing for the Catholic weekly press, I was never given nor offered one cent for my contribution until you, for whom I had never penned a line and who were an utter stranger to me, proposed that I should send you a weekly series, and *mirabile dictu!* put my own price on the articles. . . .

And yet! and yet! Look at Manning, how he writes! Look at Wiseman before him! At McHale, Cahill, Hecker, Gibbons, Hewitt, not to mention every single Jesuit that has any ability at all in this line. . . .

How queer that at the date of this letter, in a Church of ninety Bishops and between eight and nine thousand priests, one of the latter feels the need of apologizing for violating the manner of his cloth by appearing in print! . . .

What is the value, in American citizens, of that faith that cannot bear enlightenment? Better for us to instruct them than let them be perverted by infidels, for light they must and will have. . . .

Having examined the humble little temple with more interest than I can express, but which my clerical readers at least, will, I trust, understand, I sat me down at a convenient distance, and continued to gaze at that simple pulpit wherein the great Truth-seeker had delivered his message from "heart to heart" for so many years; whence issued that captivating voice that was heard, and is heard, and will be heard wherever the English tongue is spoken the wide world over. . . .

of the arid plains, and the dried-up river beds, and the scorching winds, and the blistering sun that I had but a few days previously experienced in Spain I was charmed with England, especially on this Sunday, so devotional, so quiet such a Sabbath, a rest of the Lord, in a climate and a landscape that smiled their very best in homage to their Creator. . . .

Inquiring, I was told where the minister lived, but there was to be no service that "evening," as he was away. The minister's or rector's house adjoins the church, only a hedge lying between them. . . .

The church is very plain and small, such as you see in our New York country districts or the little chapel at Mechanicstown near our college, with gable end towards the street, and a little bell-tower. It is of stone, and under the influence of the moist climate looks already old, although not more so than fifty-five years. . . .

The altar (let us call it so, for it only lacks the sacrifice to be one) is in the usual place. Over it was a stained-glass window with pictures of the Blessed Virgin and Child, of St. Nicholas for this is built on the site of his old church and of the four Evangelists. . . .

On the tablet is a relief in stone representing the chapel with scaffolding still around it, and in front a woman bending with a building plan in her hand before an angel who holds a crown in his right and points away and upwards with his left hand. . . .

Having examined the humble little temple with more interest than I can express, but which my clerical readers at least, will, I trust, understand, I sat me down at a convenient distance, and continued to gaze at that simple pulpit wherein the great Truth-seeker had delivered his message from "heart to heart" for so many years; whence issued that captivating voice that was heard, and is heard, and will be heard wherever the English tongue is spoken the wide world over. . . .

On Sunday, August 23rd last, after assisting at High Mass at the St. Aloysius' Church, Oxford, I strolled along the delightful streets of that famous old Catholic town, past its alienated Cathedral and its score or more of renowned colleges, . . .

On Sunday, August 23rd last, after assisting at High Mass at the St. Aloysius' Church, Oxford, I strolled along the delightful streets of that famous old Catholic town, past its alienated Cathedral and its score or more of renowned colleges, . . .

taught him. Here he wrote those Tracts that fired all England. Here God enlightened his brilliant mind and touched his sweet heart. . . .

In the modest dwelling hereby, he and his friend, Ambrose St. John, were one night baptized by Father Dominic in a simple basin of water, and the Prince of English letters, the gem of English thought, began his visible membership in Christ's Church. . . .

While indulging, as I did for a considerable space, in these absorbing thoughts, I chanced to take up a book in the plain, unadorned pew. It was the Old Testament in the Hebrew! Curiosity led me to take up another; it was the New Testament in Greek! . . .

Now, Mr. Editor, I don't want you to think that this letter is the first of the series you asked me to write, because it is not. I write only when I please, because I have not time, and because I don't need to write for money. . . .

Oct. 28, 1891.

The Holy Rosary.

Each *Ave Maria* of the Holy Rosary is like a spiritual flower, the perfume of which is pleasing to the Sacred Heart of Mary and to her Divine Son. The following anecdote may edify and encourage our readers to persevere in the devout practice of the Holy Rosary. . . .

After having made a good confession, he received Holy Communion with sentiments of the most edifying piety, and went to the scaffold reciting the Rosary, which he held in his hands. . . .

Contrasting a Suicide with John Boyle O'Reilly.

The American Israelite writing about a Russian suicide, Edward Polykofski, who had been banished to Siberia, and escaped to this country, says: . . .

There is something in Polykofski's career up to the time of his landing upon the American soil that recalls that of the Irish patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly. The latter had a more hopeful disposition or a stronger physique, or possibly both, and lived to become a successful man in the country of his adoption, beloved for his genius and broad humanitarianism by Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Christian alike, while poor Polykofski never recovered from the shock of the horrors he endured, and the memory drove him to his untimely death. . . .

The Santa Bazaar.

We are much pleased to note that the bazaar recently held by Father Bayard in Santa was a very successful one, nearly \$1,000 having been realized. The holder of ticket No. 26 won the boat and No. 103 got the oil painting. . . .

The O'Hart Testimonial Fund.

Hon. Edward Murphy, Montreal. \$25.00

Send 25 cts. and get a copy of Ben-ziger's Home Almanac for 1892.—THOS. COFFEY, London, Ont. Also to be had from our travelling agents.

Mariño's Trance.

"Here, Pedro, while I quench these candles... My lanterns: for I promise you we burn... No lights at our chapel shine till morn...

"Why, Pedro, only see! The boy kneels still. What ails him, think you?... He came long hours before the vesper chime...

PEGGY.

A Tale of the Revolution.

Upon the afternoon of August 26, 1775, a young man came from a farm house near the Jamaica turnpike, on Long Island, leading a little child, and so merry were they that their laughter reached the ears of a militiaman who was passing...

of love, and one is like winter and the other is like summer... "Well, Anthony, you know that I have never seen any man except my father that I love like you, for you see no man will swing me all the time...

"Why, Pedro, only see! The boy kneels still. What ails him, think you?... He came long hours before the vesper chime...

"Well, little one," said the officer, turning to the child, who had approached, "if you grow up as brave and fine a woman as your aunt, you will make havoc in the hearts of the lads hereabouts some day..."

with him unless some one will take my place... "That is well said, my lad," the officer replied, and he turned to his little troop and asked them if they had heard those words...

"Ah, 'tis I, Anthony, and I have heard those things which you have said to this officer, and a fine speech it was, for it delighted and thrilled me..."

"See, Mr. Livingstone, this is my friend, Anthony Wilson, and he is braver now even than a man who takes a musket, because his sense of duty keeps him here at home, while his inclination is to be with the army..."

the emotion which the meeting with Mistress Peggy had aroused. But later in the day, while chatting with his father, he told him of the coming of the company of militia and that they had asked the way to the Jamaica Pass...

"You are then Mr. Livingstone of whom I have been informed?" said the commander. "I am he."

"And you are prepared to conduct us to Jamaica Pass?" "That is what I have come for, as you were informed I should come..."

are her betrothed; but I tell you you are a traitor, and that you misled the troop, yesterday, so that they have not gone to guard the pass..."

"I will answer this way alone," said Anthony. "I will go at once that I may tell Washington or Putnam that his troop has been misled and beg him to send others to sentinel that pass..."

"Why am I interrupted?" said Washington, speaking with some impatience, and then the orderly knew that the commander-in-chief was filled with grave apprehensions...

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong..."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

EDUCATIONAL.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY. UNDER the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Amherstburg, Ont. This educational establishment highly recommends itself to the favor of parents anxious to send their daughters a solid and useful education...

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, Ont.—The course includes the Classical and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to REV. D. CUSHING, C. S. B.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BELLIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses. And Short-hand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to REV. THEO. SPETZ, President.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, Ont.—In affiliation with Toronto University. Under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full classical, scientific and commercial courses. Special courses for students preparing for University entrance...

Brockville Business College. Short-hand taught by mail. New system. Unequalled success. Terms moderate. Send for particulars. SHORTHAND DAY & RECORD INSTITUTE, Principals.

NORTHERN Business College. OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO. Is the Very Best Place in Canada to get a Thorough Business Education. TAKE A ROUND TRIP AND VISIT ALL other Commercial Departments in Canada...

Belleville BUSINESS COLLEGE. BELLEVILLE, ONT. Holds the Highest Reputation for Thoroughness. The only ground-floor Business College in Canada. Our Graduates have unparalleled success.

Ontario Business College. BELLEVILLE, Ont. SEND FOR THE NEW CIRCULAR. IT will help you to decide about your future. Be careful to address, ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Ontario Business College, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Read DROP. It will surprise and interest you. Through courses in Book-keeping and Short-hand. GEO. S. BEAN, B.A., LL.B. A. BLANSHARD, Char. Acc. Principals Peterboro Bus. College, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

CHARLES J. MCCABE, B.A., BARRISTER. 418 Taubert Street, Toronto. POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS, etc., 69 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. D. R. HANAVAN, SURGEON TO "D" Regiment, 359 Burwell Street, second door from Dundas.

LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 118 Taubert Street, Toronto. FRANCIS LOVE, R. H. DIGNAN. D. H. WOODRUFF, No. 125 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "sir," said sir, around by easily get t and so impu... When V face becomi see, and sh her messag He summo him escort venience a moment he knew well left unpro coms by the... Even as l senger who on the flau and soon a bearing wi was bandag ington hea summoned Thus it hap was able chief of the what had h thus forc able to pre before he has been sin achievements American a When An to Washin ing from th scouts who almost unc him to a re headquarters came unce ceiving the "The poor thro who c now?" Ar Peggy Arn sho, too, ha a place of e for her, and face she tu said: "I have the rig began at o tions, and inspired her... During the army, and w lowing the there with whom she come to love of him which Years afte came to o President, hand, Antho to him, he h moment, and your ride Peggy, I mi E. J. EDWAR... The Jesu Frederic, which lies in Monocacy, st range of the been made fa of Barbara F... "The cluster Green walle Just where Boreas in a and severest early sixties, the society, w was out enjo situational " approached breeze sprun manner, per the earth, e source. His Blank to wha buted. The From the s ident a hu in store. " claimed, aff "that you ha wind blows so the novitate fessed his ign then," said h wind took a they turned they came "Hallo, what the devil, w nothing wh " what buildi novitate, an exclaimed h come let us go after. Come back. The "Don't put of 'come along precious.' " companion, roared the screamed the O echoed the O The wind wh you want to keep civil! of the Jesuits back again, t crossed the t the novitate, outside for his there still."

...that if the British come around by that direction they can easily get through your intrenchments and so imperil your army."

When Washington heard this his face became terrible for this maiden to see, and she perceived that he deemed her message of ominous consequence. He summoned an orderly and bade him escort the girl to a place of convenience and safety, and then in a moment he gave his orders, for he knew well that if the pass had been left unprotected, the British would come by that direction.

Even as he did so there came a messenger with the story of the attack upon the flank, as it had been told above, and soon after there came a company bearing with them a man whose arm was bandaged and who, when Washington heard what this man had to say, summoned him into his presence. Thus it happened that Anthony Wilson was able to tell the commander-in-chief of the danger on the flank, and what had happened there, and being thus forewarned, Washington was able to prepare for that retreat which has been since regarded as a marvellous achievement and which saved the American army.

When Anthony had given the news to Washington, being weak, and fainting from the wound in his arm, the scouts who had discovered him lying almost unconscious on the field took him to a rear room in Washington's headquarters. There Anthony became unconscious. The scout, perceiving that he had fainted, said: "The poor fellow will die. Who is there who can be spared to nurse him now?" And as he said these words Peggy Armstrong came forward, for she, too, had been led to this room, as a place of concealment and of privacy for her, and when she saw Anthony's face she turned to the soldiers and said: "I will nurse the youth, for I have the right to nurse him," and she began at once her tender ministrations, and they saw that affection inspired her.

During the retreat of Washington's army, and while the British were following the next day, Peggy stayed there with him who loved her, and whom she now in turn herself had come to love, and it was her nursing of him which brought him back to life.

Years after when General Washington came to New York to take the oath of President, and Peggy and her husband, Anthony Wilson, were presented to him, he held the woman's hand a moment, and then he said: "But for your ride and your peril, Mistress Peggy, I might not be here to-day." — E. J. EDWARDS, in Philadelphia Press.

The Devil and the Jesuits.

The Jesuit novitiate is located in Frederick, Md. The lonely little city which lies in the beautiful valley of the Monocacy, surrounded by the Catoctin range of the Blue Ridge Mountains has been made famous by Whittier's poem of Barbara Frietchie:

"The clustered spires of Frederick stand green-walled by the hills of Maryland."

Just where the novitiate is located Old Boreas in a storm whistles his loudest and severest blast. In the days of the early sixties, good old Father Blank, of the society, who dearly loved a joke, was out enjoying his afternoon "constitutional" with a friend. As they approached the novitiate the wonderful breeze sprang up, in some miraculous manner, perhaps from the caverns of the earth, certainly from no visible source. His companion asked Father Blank to what cause it might be attributed. The good Father laughed. From the sound of the laugh it was evident a humorous explanation was in store.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "affecting great surprise, that you have never heard why the wind blows so hard outside the door of the novitiate?" The companion confessed his ignorance. "I will tell you then," said he. "The devil and the wind took a walk one day together; and they turned the corner of the street, they came in sight of our door."

"Hallo, what building is this?" asked the devil, who was a strong knothead when it suited his purpose. "What building is this?" "It is a novitiate," answered the wind. "Ah," exclaimed his majesty, "a novitiate! come let us go in and see what they are after. Come!" But the wind held back.

"Don't put on airs with me," he said, "come along till you? my time is precious. I am afraid," cried his companion. "What are you afraid of?" roared the devil. "The Jesuits," screamed the wind. "The Jesuits," echoed the Old Boy, starting back. The wind whistled. "Harko, sir, if you want to keep cool, I advise you to keep civil! Do you think I am afraid of the Jesuits? Just wait until I come back again, that's all. So saying he crossed the threshold, and entering the novitiate, left the wind watching outside for his return. It is waiting there still."

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 10th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 South St., Toronto, not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition" and give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

The Reason Why. The reason why Burdock Blood Bitters leads all other medicines in the race for popularity is because it is absolutely pure, cannot harm the most delicate invalid, and never fails to cure biliousness, dyspepsia, bad blood, constipation, etc. EXPELL THE WORMS by using the safe and reliable anthelmintic Freeman's Worm Powders. Minard's Lintment relieves Neuralgia.

THE FIRST MASS.

Eliza Allen Starr, in Catholic Home Almanac.

"Our Fritz is a good boy; good and pious, and withal a fair scholar," said the faithful mother, Jean Lubek, to her husband one evening; adding, "Would to God he might have a priest's vocation."

Valentine Lubek was a good man, he was a pious man, too; but Valentine Lubek had an eye to his affairs in this world as well as the next; and one of the affairs to which his mind was turning just at the moment Jean spoke was the educating of Fritz, his oldest son, to be a helper to him in his growing business. He had always said to Jean when things went hard with him: "It must be so with a man who is single-handed. Look at neighbor Heinrich with his six well-grown sons and all of them good and industrious as well as strong. No wonder he gets on in the world."

Jean had never breathed the dearest wish of her heart to her husband until this evening. But at supper time Fritz had shown his monthly report at the school of the Christian Brothers with real pride, and his parents were as proud of Fritz as Fritz was of himself. Jean knew he had studied hard out of school to earn such a report; but his having won it, even with hard study, was proof that he had a good mind and bade fair to be a scholar. Valentine Lubek, too, found hopes rising with the report, and said to himself: "Fritz stands high in his arithmetic as well as in conduct, and if I can only keep him at school he will be more to me than a right hand."

Both, therefore, were thinking of the monthly report. Fritz had brought home with him when Jean spoke. Valentine heard her with a dumb sort of surprise. "Is it possible," he thought, "that Jean wants Fritz to be a priest? A fine helper he will be to me, and my other four boys are all younger than my four girls!"

But Valentine was a prudent man, and besides, he loved Jean too well to disturb this dream of her heart, as he saw it was. So without shifting in his chair or showing the least surprise, he said quietly: "We leave our children to their own likings; we cannot make vocations for them."

"But God can," replied Jean, in a low voice; for she knew by the tone of Valentine's that it would disappoint him to see his oldest boy longing for the cassock. Moreover, she never mentioned the subject again to Valentine, nor did she so much as breathe it into the ear of her beloved Fritz, so good, so pious, so intelligent, and with something in his face and manner which singled him out among her nine children. But if she spoke no word into the ear of husband or son, she spoke many into the ear of God and of the tender Virgin Mother. Above all, she placed the dear wish of her heart in the heart of Jesus; that heart both divine and human; begging him to bestow upon her oldest son that grace above all other graces, that privilege infinite beyond all other, to serve Him faithfully at His altar and in the persons of the poor and needy in soul and body.

At the close of the term Fritz stood the highest in his class, but this did not seem to puff him up. "Some of the boys," he said, "learned much easier at first than I did, and I began to think I could never master the Latin even if I tried it. But Brother tells me I can study Latin the next term if you will allow me, father," and as he said this his bright face turned full on the face of his father as if he had no thought of a refusal.

"And what will you do with your Latin when you have it?" asked Valentine, without looking up, for he felt as if he would never meet those eyes of his son with a refusal.

"I can do a great many things with my Latin," replied Fritz, a little damped in his enthusiasm by his father's cool way of answering him; "and I can do almost everything better for knowing Latin."

"Could you keep accounts better?" asked Valentine, still keeping his eyes fixed on his plate, for they were all sitting at supper, the father, the mother, and the nine children; the little one tied into his high chair to enjoy the meal with the rest.

"Perhaps not keep accounts better," Fritz answered after a rather long pause. "And, perhaps, father, you would rather not have me study Latin. Brother Leo said I must not study it without your free consent."

This broke down the good, honest heart of Valentine Lubek. He knew by the way his boy had reported Brother Leo, and what right had he to set his foot upon a good old noble ambition in his son, even if it might in the future thwart some plan of his own? It was a hard struggle, but a short one, and in his usual kind and even tone of voice he said: "You have your father's full and free consent to study whatever Brother Leo thinks best for you to study; and I hope, my son, that you will not fail to make good use of all the advantages which you are allowed to enjoy."

Poor Jean Lubek's heart was in her throat when she heard Fritz speak of the Latin. "What if Valentine should refuse?" and a sort of faintness came over the strong, healthy woman as she pictured his refusal; but in less than an instant her heart had passed like an arrow into the heart of her Lord, and grew calm and trustful. When the "full and free consent" of her husband had been spoken, the first lion had disappeared from the way of Fritz's vocation. She would never speak of a vocation to her son; she would leave it all to Him whom she longed to have him serve.

If Fritz had been a studious boy, before, from this time he surpassed himself; for he was not only studious, but enthusiastically so. It was not the desire to stand at the head of his class, to distance all his companions, but study had a charm for him; opening, as it did a beautiful vista at the end of which, in the far away years, he saw an altar, and a priest before it offering up the Adorable Sacrifice. This was the dream and vision which he cherished in the silence of his young heart and which made study delightful. To pass from the college to the seminary, seemed as natural a thing to him as to grow from a child to a youth, and as he was eighteen he stood before his father with a vocation in his hand if allowed to follow it. By this time, too, Valentine Lubek had changed his mind. Sometimes, as he saw neighbor Heinrich and his six boys all pulling the same way, and always succeeding in doing what they planned, he was tempted to envy this worldly prosperity. But no sooner did the noble face of Fritz arise before him, no sooner did he recall the look on the face of his dear Jean whenever her eyes rested on Fritz, than he felt glad that he had made his sacrifice; and so when Fritz asked him if he could enter the seminary, he had Valentine Lubek's consent, full and free, just as he had to study Latin.

It had seemed a long time to look forward to, when Valentine and Jean Lubek counted the years before in philosophy and the final course in theology would be gone through and yet Fritz was first a sub-deacon, then a deacon; and what a joy it had been to see him on his vacations in the sanctuary of their own parish church, clad in the beautiful dalmatic of these minor orders of the holy priesthood to which he had all his life aspired, for Fritz could not remember the time when he had not wished to be a priest. At last the great day came for his Ordination, and that other day which followed close upon it, that of his first Mass, which he was allowed to celebrate in the parish of the Lubeks. What a solemn joy, what a holy expectation exalted the souls of this household from Valentine and Jean Lubek, the parents, through the eight children, four of them almost young women, to the younger boys, even the one who had been tied into his high chair at the table the evening Fritz had asked his father to be allowed to study Latin. All the boys had served Mass and it was now their one ambition to serve brother Fritz's first Mass, along with all other acolytes, while Valentine and Jean Lubek and the four daughters would receive Holy Communion at his hand—and all—so Fritz said—should receive the "First Blessing" before any others in the congregation. All the Lubeks knew what this "First Blessing" meant, and all were resolved to be in a state of grace so as to receive it with abundant fruit. It was a proud day for the parish which had seen Fritz baptized at the font, and serving Mass before he was large enough to carry the heavy missal from the epistle to the gospel side: which had watched him, too, so affectionately on his vacations at home from the seminary; so that at this first Mass of "Father Fritz," as they were all called, he called him, the church was crowded, and so was the communion railing, for there were many who prized such a privilege as receiving from a priest at his first Mass. After the Mass was over, a chair was set just within the railing in which Father Fritz was placed by his deacons in order to give his blessing to those who desired it; and who did not desire it in that parish where he had led a youth of beautiful innocence? But eager as they were, all held back until Valentine Lubek led his wife Jean to the feet of Father Fritz; for who but the mother—from whose heart had come the desire he had felt all his life, and whose prayers had been the sunshine and the dew to this desiring ripening into a true vocation—should receive this blessing first? And all eyes and all hearts followed her, led by her husband's hand to the feet of her son!

But what tide is sweeping over this mother's heart, as her son not only lays both his anointed hands on her head, but takes her in his arms and she lays her hands on his shoulders, her head on his breast over which, all robed as he is in his priestly vestments, her tears fall like rain—tears, not of sorrow, as if parting from her son, but of joy, that God has crowned her prayers and her sacrifices by giving her a priest in her son. Valentine, her husband, sobs at her side, thanking God that he never laid so much as a straw in the way of his son's vocation, and kneeling to receive the blessing which he feels is more to him than all the prosperity in the world. How transfixed seems the plain but hospitable home of the Lubeks, when Father Fritz blessed their house, their table and his savory food, and how the younger ones among the children as well as the elder felt their affection blended with the reverence which belonged to him as a priest! No one could help feeling that Valentine and Jean Lubek had laid up treasures for themselves and their family in heaven, and more than one vocation in the parish succeeded to this first Mass of the beloved "Father Fritz."

D. H. CUNNINGHAM, importer of Diamonds, Watches and Jewellery. Manufacturing and Fine Watch Repairing, 77 Yonge Street, second door North of King, Toronto. Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it. Minard's Lintment cures Burns, etc.

CHEERFULNESS A DUTY.

No Calvinistic Coldness or Puritanism in True Christianity.

We begin life with the discovery that all good things are dull, and we are apt to end considering all dull things good.

What there is in Christianity as taught by Christ to make one sad or even serious, is more than a reasoning being can answer. We are moved to sorrow by the struggles and suffering of One whose brief life was full of trouble, but His teachings are those that should make the heart glad. He brought good will to men on earth, taught them forgiveness, love and sympathy, and that greatest boon of all, He lifted the dark veil of death and showed us that beyond our close, narrow horizon was life, immortal life, where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary are at rest.

Aside from this, however, there is no merit that we can discover in being melancholy. On the contrary, a grave man is simply endearing, while a sorrowful man is pitied, a morose character is detested. No one thinks it necessary to look upon such a condition as meritorious. Why, then, should we believe that we are commending ourselves to our Maker by an exhibit of solemnity? And yet intense solemnity is about the only religion in a majority of mankind. A few, at long intervals, promising upon a smirk that is only skin deep in feeling, and has in it more conceit than a sense of humor, the last being regarded against a deadly sin. They treat their God as if he were on the watch to catch one of their broad way down to eternal punishment, when the grin is impossible.

And yet nature has made this sense of humor a distinctive mark of humanity. Man is the only animal that laughs. What can be more beautiful, and beautiful in its innocence, than the merry laugh of children, unto whom Christ compared the kingdom of heaven? Or the hearty bursts of early youth, full of hope and health. The man or woman who cannot laugh is to be feared. Such a creature is to be made up—a monster seeking to possess what he or she cannot enjoy. That sense of humor is to humanity what light is to the earth, and light is not the sense of seeing—it is life. We only share in every emotion the beneficial results of some law that extends to all creatures. The man, then, who would divest himself of the healthful influences of humor, would be as wise as he who would destroy his sight lest the enjoyment of light might prove sinful. His sight would be gone, but the light remains.

This dark and dreary view of religion is a remnant of the superstitious fear that haunted poor humanity before the coming of Christ. The God of the Jews, as told in those naked chronicles of a cruel race, is a God of vengeance. His patriarchs and prophets were famous and should be infamous for crimes that God sanctioned. He was the God of war, pestilence and famine. The little life of His followers was bounded by misery, with no beautiful hereafter to alleviate their suffering. They were not taught to love their God, but commanded to love God and fear him—the last only being possible. Are we commanded to love Christ—is the child commanded to love his mother—or the mother the helpless little creature that is born of her body but never from her heart? Does one need any command to love the dear, helpless invalid dependent upon one's care? To claim such feeling as a merit is in itself the tangled end of a confusing superstition.

The heathen mythology, as it is called, whereby poets and priests created deities out of their passions, was of the same sort. The speculations of its philosophers were like rockets shot up into the night, that to the ignorant seemed to reach the stars. They exploded only to leave the night darker than before. But what was poetry to the cultured was superstition to the masses, and only one remove in its touches of humanity from the dark and dreary belief of the Jews.

Now Free From Pain. DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with Lame Back for about 6 months, and thought I would try Haggarty's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yours very highly. FRANK PALMER, Windsor, Ont.

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspepsia, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure. If the directions are followed, Mr. C. E. Williams, Druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions. DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with Itch, which has been cured by your Pills. I feel much obliged to you, and recommend your Pills to all who are troubled with Itch. J. H. BROWN, Windsor, Ont.

How glad we turn from all this murky night of ignorance and terror to the beautiful dawn of life that came in with Christ. While His life was brief and full of sorrow, there is nothing in His teachings or example to encourage the puritanical sourness so generally mistaken for religion. Because life hereafter is made to appear beautiful, it does not detract from the healthy sweetness of this life. There is no reason for the belief that Christ was of a sorrowful temperament. They who tell the story of His life are so filled with memories of His miracles, teachings, tragic death and resurrection that they gave no space to aught disconnected from what they considered of such vital importance. But close study of their Testament leaves no impression upon the unprejudiced mind that He was a stern Man. The popular mind in this respect gets its impression from the sad, weak face painted by the old Italian masters.

Nor is it likely that He differed from humanity in His manner or ways beyond what His mission demanded. That His first miracle was wrought at a wedding feast, and was done in aid of the enjoyment of the poor people sought to further beyond their means, is in proof of what we assert. Let any one read the story as told, and divesting one's mind of the glamor of divinity that for our sake Christ renounced, being man among men, and see how sweetly the character comes out from the dim records left in this respect so obscure. Here is the story: "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee. And

both Jesus and His disciples were called to the marriage. And when they wanted wine the Mother of Jesus saith unto him: 'They have no wine.' Jesus saith unto her: 'Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come.' The mother saith unto the servants: 'Whatsoever He saith unto you do it.' And there were set there six water pots of stone, after the manner of purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto them: 'Fill the water pots with water.' And they filled them to the brim. And He saith unto them: 'Draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast.' And they bore it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom and saith unto him: 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.' This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory and His disciples believed Him.

That this miracle of the wine was wrought from no desire to proclaim His Divine Power is evident. At the marriage feast to which He and His humble followers were invited, the poor women, mortified at the lack of refreshments, moved His pity; and that He meant His divine interference in this light is shown by His reply to His mother, "Mine hour is not yet come;" that was the hour in which His Divine authority was to be tested by His miracles. And from the conversation and the confidence in which she regards His effort, it is evident that He had imparted to His mother the fact of His divine mission before He gave it to the world.

To have been a welcome guest at this feast He could not have been the austere, unhappy man, such as His many misguided followers and imitators are to-day. What that feast was the ruler of it tells us when He refers to the practice of giving the good wine first, that under its stimulating influence, the bad may pass unnoticed. It must have been a merry occasion; and as to that enjoyment Christ has so materially contributed, it is not likely He dampened the festivities by a cold, forbidding manner.

The tendency to distort through the uncultured imagination of the multitude has well nigh deprived us of a knowledge of Christ. One, in reading the gospel, has to exaggerate and error. The love that is part of adoration is soon lost in awe and fear. Where we are not willing to accept Christ as He came to us. We work His manner into a cradle of gold, and we banish from our minds as blasphemous the fact that He was reared a mechanic. It is shocking to think that He was a guest at a wedding festivity and enjoyed the feast as other young men. "Ah!" says the Rev. Chadband with a snuffle, "He sought to give the sanction of His Divine Presence to the holy sacrament of matrimony." Let the Rev. Chadband study the Hebrew law regulating marriages of that day, and he will see what a holy sacrament our Saviour was said to have sanctioned.

No, He went to the feast as He walked the earth, clad in His humanity, and doubtless found in its innocent enjoyment a pleasant rest from the mystery of His mission and the dark forebodings of His own fate. He grew in grace and stature, and He sought to win His brother men to His side by reason and persuasion, and men marvelled at His words of wisdom, that were as sweet as they were truthful, and He who brought such great joy to men, could not Himself have been cold, austere and forbidding.—Donn Peatt in Catholic Columbian.

Mr. John McCarthy, Toronto, writes: "I can unhesitatingly say that Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the best medicine in the world. It cured me of Headache that troubled me for over thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with Itch, which has been cured by your Pills. I feel much obliged to you, and recommend your Pills to all who are troubled with Itch. J. H. BROWN, Windsor, Ont.

How glad we turn from all this murky night of ignorance and terror to the beautiful dawn of life that came in with Christ. While His life was brief and full of sorrow, there is nothing in His teachings or example to encourage the puritanical sourness so generally mistaken for religion. Because life hereafter is made to appear beautiful, it does not detract from the healthy sweetness of this life. There is no reason for the belief that Christ was of a sorrowful temperament. They who tell the story of His life are so filled with memories of His miracles, teachings, tragic death and resurrection that they gave no space to aught disconnected from what they considered of such vital importance. But close study of their Testament leaves no impression upon the unprejudiced mind that He was a stern Man. The popular mind in this respect gets its impression from the sad, weak face painted by the old Italian masters.

Nor is it likely that He differed from humanity in His manner or ways beyond what His mission demanded. That His first miracle was wrought at a wedding feast, and was done in aid of the enjoyment of the poor people sought to further beyond their means, is in proof of what we assert. Let any one read the story as told, and divesting one's mind of the glamor of divinity that for our sake Christ renounced, being man among men, and see how sweetly the character comes out from the dim records left in this respect so obscure. Here is the story: "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee. And

both Jesus and His disciples were called to the marriage. And when they wanted wine the Mother of Jesus saith unto him: 'They have no wine.' Jesus saith unto her: 'Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come.' The mother saith unto the servants: 'Whatsoever He saith unto you do it.' And there were set there six water pots of stone, after the manner of purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto them: 'Fill the water pots with water.' And they filled them to the brim. And He saith unto them: 'Draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast.' And they bore it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom and saith unto him: 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.' This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory and His disciples believed Him.

That this miracle of the wine was wrought from no desire to proclaim His Divine Power is evident. At the marriage feast to which He and His humble followers were invited, the poor women, mortified at the lack of refreshments, moved His pity; and that He meant His divine interference in this light is shown by His reply to His mother, "Mine hour is not yet come;" that was the hour in which His Divine authority was to be tested by His miracles. And from the conversation and the confidence in which she regards His effort, it is evident that He had imparted to His mother the fact of His divine mission before He gave it to the world.

To have been a welcome guest at this feast He could not have been the austere, unhappy man, such as His many misguided followers and imitators are to-day. What that feast was the ruler of it tells us when He refers to the practice of giving the good wine first, that under its stimulating influence, the bad may pass unnoticed. It must have been a merry occasion; and as to that enjoyment Christ has so materially contributed, it is not likely He dampened the festivities by a cold, forbidding manner.

The tendency to distort through the uncultured imagination of the multitude has well nigh deprived us of a knowledge of Christ. One, in reading the gospel, has to exaggerate and error. The love that is part of adoration is soon lost in awe and fear. Where we are not willing to accept Christ as He came to us. We work His manner into a cradle of gold, and we banish from our minds as blasphemous the fact that He was reared a mechanic. It is shocking to think that He was a guest at a wedding festivity and enjoyed the feast as other young men. "Ah!" says the Rev. Chadband with a snuffle, "He sought to give the sanction of His Divine Presence to the holy sacrament of matrimony." Let the Rev. Chadband study the Hebrew law regulating marriages of that day, and he will see what a holy sacrament our Saviour was said to have sanctioned.

No, He went to the feast as He walked the earth, clad in His humanity, and doubtless found in its innocent enjoyment a pleasant rest from the mystery of His mission and the dark forebodings of His own fate. He grew in grace and stature, and He sought to win His brother men to His side by reason and persuasion, and men marvelled at His words of wisdom, that were as sweet as they were truthful, and He who brought such great joy to men, could not Himself have been cold, austere and forbidding.—Donn Peatt in Catholic Columbian.

Mr. John McCarthy, Toronto, writes: "I can unhesitatingly say that Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the best medicine in the world. It cured me of Headache that troubled me for over thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with Lame Back for about 6 months, and thought I would try Haggarty's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yours very highly. FRANK PALMER, Windsor, Ont.

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspepsia, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure. If the directions are followed, Mr. C. E. Williams, Druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions. DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with Itch, which has been cured by your Pills. I feel much obliged to you, and recommend your Pills to all who are troubled with Itch. J. H. BROWN, Windsor, Ont.

How glad we turn from all this murky night of ignorance and terror to the beautiful dawn of life that came in with Christ. While His life was brief and full of sorrow, there is nothing in His teachings or example to encourage the puritanical sourness so generally mistaken for religion. Because life hereafter is made to appear beautiful, it does not detract from the healthy sweetness of this life. There is no reason for the belief that Christ was of a sorrowful temperament. They who tell the story of His life are so filled with memories of His miracles, teachings, tragic death and resurrection that they gave no space to aught disconnected from what they considered of such vital importance. But close study of their Testament leaves no impression upon the unprejudiced mind that He was a stern Man. The popular mind in this respect gets its impression from the sad, weak face painted by the old Italian masters.

Humors of the Blood & Skin Cured by Cuticura

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, or oozing, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and safely cured by CUTICURA, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA SOAPS, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA SOAPS, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA SOAPS, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians fail.

DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with Lame Back for about 6 months, and thought I would try Haggarty's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yours very highly. FRANK PALMER, Windsor, Ont.

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspepsia, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure. If the directions are followed, Mr. C. E. Williams, Druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions. DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with Itch, which has been cured by your Pills. I feel much obliged to you, and recommend your Pills to all who are troubled with Itch. J. H. BROWN, Windsor, Ont.

How glad we turn from all this murky night of ignorance and terror to the beautiful dawn of life that came in with Christ. While His life was brief and full of sorrow, there is nothing in His teachings or example to encourage the puritanical sourness so generally mistaken for religion. Because life hereafter is made to appear beautiful, it does not detract from the healthy sweetness of this life. There is no reason for the belief that Christ was of a sorrowful temperament. They who tell the story of His life are so filled with memories of His miracles, teachings, tragic death and resurrection that they gave no space to aught disconnected from what they considered of such vital importance. But close study of their Testament leaves no impression upon the unprejudiced mind that He was a stern Man. The popular mind in this respect gets its impression from the sad, weak face painted by the old Italian masters.

Nor is it likely that He differed from humanity in His manner or ways beyond what His mission demanded. That His first miracle was wrought at a wedding feast, and was done in aid of the enjoyment of the poor people sought to further beyond their means, is in proof of what we assert. Let any one read the story as told, and divesting one's mind of the glamor of divinity that for our sake Christ renounced, being man among men, and see how sweetly the character comes out from the dim records left in this respect so obscure. Here is the story: "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee. And

both Jesus and His disciples were called to the marriage. And when they wanted wine the Mother of Jesus saith unto him: 'They have no wine.' Jesus saith unto her: 'Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come.' The mother saith unto the servants: 'Whatsoever He saith unto you do it.' And there were set there six water pots of stone, after the manner of purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto them: 'Fill the water pots with water.' And they filled them to the brim. And He saith unto them: 'Draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast.' And they bore it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom and saith unto him: 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.' This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory and His disciples believed Him.

That this miracle of the wine was wrought from no desire to proclaim His Divine Power is evident. At the marriage feast to which He and His humble followers were invited, the poor women, mortified at the lack of refreshments, moved His pity; and that He meant His divine interference in this light is shown by His reply to His mother, "Mine hour is not yet come;" that was the hour in which His Divine authority was to be tested by His miracles. And from the conversation and the confidence in which she regards His effort, it is evident that He had imparted to His mother the fact of His divine mission before He gave it to the world.

To have been a welcome guest at this feast He could not have been the austere, unhappy man, such as His many misguided followers and imitators are to-day. What that feast was the ruler of it tells us when He refers to the practice of giving the good wine first, that under its stimulating influence, the bad may pass unnoticed. It must have been a merry occasion; and as to that enjoyment Christ has so materially contributed, it is not likely He dampened the festivities by a cold, forbidding manner.

The tendency to distort through the uncultured imagination of the multitude has well nigh deprived us of a knowledge of Christ. One, in reading the gospel, has to exaggerate and error. The love that is part of adoration is soon lost in awe and fear. Where we are not willing to accept Christ as He came to us. We work His manner into a cradle of gold, and we banish from our minds as blasphemous the fact that He was reared a mechanic. It is shocking to think that He was a guest at a wedding festivity and enjoyed the feast as other young men. "Ah!" says the Rev. Chadband with a snuffle, "He sought to give the sanction of His Divine Presence to the holy sacrament of matrimony." Let the Rev. Chadband study the Hebrew law regulating marriages of that day, and he will see what a holy sacrament our Saviour was said to have sanctioned.

No, He went to the feast as He walked the earth, clad in His humanity, and doubtless found in its innocent enjoyment a pleasant rest from the mystery of His mission and the dark forebodings of His own fate. He grew in grace and stature, and He sought to win His brother men to His side by reason and persuasion, and men marvelled at His words of wisdom, that were as sweet as they were truthful, and He who brought such great joy to men, could not Himself have been cold, austere and forbidding.—Donn Peatt in Catholic Columbian.

Mr. John McCarthy, Toronto, writes: "I can unhesitatingly say that Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the best medicine in the world. It cured me of Headache that troubled me for over thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with Lame Back for about 6 months, and thought I would try Haggarty's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yours very highly. FRANK PALMER, Windsor, Ont.

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspepsia, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure. If the directions are followed, Mr. C. E. Williams, Druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions. DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with Itch, which has been cured by your Pills. I feel much obliged to you, and recommend your Pills to all who are troubled with Itch. J. H. BROWN, Windsor, Ont.

How glad we turn from all this murky night of ignorance and terror to the beautiful dawn of life that came in with Christ. While His life was brief and full of sorrow, there is nothing in

The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 121 and 123 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor.

Messrs. LERK, KING, JOHN NICH, P. J. NEVES and M. C. O'DONNELL are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, adrate measurement.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Articles must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, Dec. 5, 1891.

JARRING CREEDS.

The utter inadequacy of Protestantism to comply with the command given by Christ to His Apostles to teach all nations has been frequently made apparent to such an extent that it is a matter of surprise that Protestants themselves have not long ago seen that it is simply absurd that the Apostles should have been the founders of their system.

Secession from the Church under pretence of reforming it is no new thing. It began in the days of the Apostles. There were some then who taught the fantastical errors which divide Protestantism at this day. Some denied that Christ is God, others that He is man. Such were Ebion, Carinthus, Basilides, etc.; and on their beliefs they started new congregations of professing reformed Christians, just as is now done every day.

The Apostles did not recognize these seceders in the same light in which they would be viewed by the Protestants of to-day. A marked feature of Protestantism is the disunion and hostility of the sects towards each other. This is a consequence of the system which makes each individual the judge of all controversies in faith, instead of the Church to which Christ gave authority to teach and judge.

Many piously inclined Protestants have recognized this dilemma in which they are placed, and they endeavor to show that in spite of their diversities of creed the Protestant sects have that unity which Christ requires in His Church when He says: "And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me, that they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

The modern theory of the unity of the Church is that those who go out from it have a perfect right to do so, before God as well as before men, and to establish their own ministry, and teach such doctrines as they see fit to believe, and that yet they preserve unity of faith because they cling in some form or other to the name of Christ, in whom they all equally pretend to believe. Then these new theologians found a difficulty in the name "Catholic," which is applied to the Church in the Apostles' Creed. Protestantism retained that Creed, including this title of the Church which they bind themselves to believe—Holy Catholic. The Catholicity of the Church was always understood to mean that one Church, teaching one doctrine, and subject to one Head, is spread through all nations. But the new-fangled teachers interpret the Catholicity of the Church to mean its readiness to extend the right hand of fellowship to sectarians of every belief, and thus, by an act of prestidigitancy the difficulty is got over without throwing the creed entirely overboard, which would be an awkward thing to do.

But the Apostles regard schism and heresy in a light very different from that of these theorists. We have mentioned Ebion, Carinthus and others who taught heresy and enticed some from the unity of the Church in their day. It is of these that St. John speaks: (1 Jno. ii; 18, 19):

"Little children, it is the last hour; and as you have heard that anti-Christ cometh: even now there are become many anti-Christ; whereby we know that it is the last hour. They went out from us, but they were not of us: for if they had been of us, they would, no doubt, have remained with us: but that they may be manifest that they are not of us."

But the spirit of the religious innovators is to allow the greatest latitude of doctrine and secession. When the Rev. Howard MacQuary was condemned by the Protestant Episcopal Church Court at Cleveland for teaching doctrines which would reduce Christianity to a kind of Deism, without the consistency of actual Deism, he easily found a sect ready to receive him with open arms, and to hold him up as a martyr to the cause of religious liberty. Professor Briggs is con-

demned, mildly, it is true, by the General Assembly, and he is sustained by the whole faculty of his Theological Seminary, and by the Presbytery of New York, the seminary professors even threatening to secede and form an independent seminary if the prosecution be proceeded with; and for all this they are applauded by a large section of the Protestant world, including Rev. Heber Newton of All Souls' P. E. church of New York. Those who take their stand as rebels to authority are honored with the laurel crown as heroes who have thrown a new light of science on Christian truth, and given to the world a new mode of interpreting Holy Writ, which will make infidels acknowledge that Christianity can be reconciled with modern scientific discoveries.

Not in America alone have these new notions become prevalent. We find that the Free Kirk of Scotland has actually gone over to them in a body, so that now none need expect any honorable appointment to a seminary Professorship under its auspices unless they are ready to proclaim to the world that the ancient dogmas of Christianity are but a myth and a worn out fable.

The opposing factions of these Churches are not, however, so reconciled to one another as to be tolerant of each other in accordance with their professions of a Catholicity which embraces within itself the greatest divergencies of creed. They are flying at each others' throats in a style which is not calculated to convince the world that Christ's Protestant flock fulfils the precept quoted above, that they be "one," in order "that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

They are certainly not one in doctrine. And are they one in charity, or in that new-fashioned tolerant Catholicity which they have discovered?

We leave our readers to supply the answer. But certainly there is little sign that unbelievers admire Christianity any the more because of these new dispensations. Ignoring the fact that there is a Christianity which is, and has been through the ages, self-consistent, the scoffer asks with some plausibility, where is that one Christianity which was to prove that Christ was sent of God? He rightly infers that if it is Christianity to teach these contrary doctrines, and that if the Church of Christ is made up of these jarring creeds, it cannot be a divine revelation.

Need we add that the unity and universality which Christ has made essential to His Church is to be found only in the Catholic Church; and it is to her the eyes of unbelievers should be directed if they wish to know what Christianity really is.

MY LORD SALISBURY

Last week gave expression to sentiments of the most intemperate character in regard to the proposed Irish legislation of Mr. Gladstone. He is evidently of one mind with the Orange fraternity, to whom all ruling power has been given in Ireland. My Lord and the Right Worshipful Grand Masters no doubt firmly believe that civil and religious liberty in the Green Isle simply means that this state of affairs should continue for all time to come. The Tories are in the habit of mixing up the Church, the Pope and the Irish Bishops, in a most lively fashion, with Irish politics, for the sole purpose of influencing the English Protestant electorate. But the masses in that country, thanks to the printing press, will now, we think, pay no attention to this old nursery rhyme. The speech of the erratic Lord would lead one to suppose that he had worked himself into the belief that were Home Rule granted Archbishop Walsh would be the First Prime Minister and that all important positions in Ireland would be filled by the hierarchy and the priests, after which would set in a fierce persecution of the Protestants. "It will be only by rebellion," said His Lordship, "that the Irish Protestants will defy such power." This seems, indeed, most unbecoming language for a Minister of the Crown. His hopes of retaining the position he now holds must be very slight, and his desperation thereat exceedingly great, when he would thus lose his temper and become transformed into a Ballykilbeg Johnston. The result of the South Moulton election no doubt proved most disappointing, as it is an indisputable snub to the Primrose people. These gentle folk imagine they have a divine right to rule, and he who would say nay will of course be dubbed a traitor. Time brings wonderful changes, and we will be much mistaken if the next general election will not prove a tremendous surprise to uncle Salisbury and nephew Balfour.

THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

A respected correspondent requests us to give in the columns of the RECORD some account respecting certain details as to the utility of the Confraternity of the Scapular, and the conditions which must be fulfilled in order to gain the Indulgences which are granted to the members: and as it has happened that many are known to our correspondent whose names were not enrolled on any Register of the Confraternity, we are requested to state whether the Indulgences are gained in such case.

As regards the first point, the utility of the Scapular, we need only to mention a few facts concerning its institution and history.

The Lives of the Saints by Dr. Alban Butler is a work accessible to most of our readers, and we would recommend them to read, in connection with this subject the life of St. Simon Stock, May 16, who instituted the Scapular in obedience to a revelation made to him by the Blessed Virgin in the middle of the thirteenth century. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him, and presented to him a Scapular.

The revelation which accompanied this presentation was to the effect that: "Whoever dies wearing it shall not suffer the eternal fire. Behold the sign of salvation, the covenant of peace, and of everlasting alliance."

About seventy years later another revelation is said to have been made to Pope John the XXII., which it is believed was published by him, whereby a further promise was given that on the Saturday after death those who had worn the Scapular faithfully, observing the conditions which the Blessed Virgin prescribed, would be delivered by her from purgatory.

The conditions for gaining this last privilege are the recital of the Canonical Office of the Church, or of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, for which those who cannot read may substitute the strict observance of the fast and abstinences ordered by the Church, besides abstinence on Wednesdays and Saturdays, Christmas day being excepted in all cases. A special observance of the virtue of chastity in accordance with the state of life of each one is also requisite.

Of course in every case a serious endeavor to observe the laws of God and of His Church should be made. It is believed that those who wear the Scapular faithfully will make this endeavor. The fasts and abstinences prescribed may be commuted by a duly authorized priest into other good works, if any one be unable to observe them. The authenticity of these revelations is not of faith; nevertheless there are excellent reasons for believing them to be genuine; and numerous miracles have been wrought in favor of those who have worn the Scapular faithfully. Also several Popes have declared their belief in the authenticity of the revelations.

Only priests duly authorized for the purpose can invest persons with the scapular, and it may be conferred on many at once, even with one scapular, if only one be obtainable, the formula being said in the plural number when the last one is invested.

Those who receive this holy badge are specially favored children of the Blessed Virgin, and they participate in all the good works of the Carmelite Order, and in numerous Indulgences which have been accorded by the Church on members of the Confraternity.

The conditions for gaining the Plenary Indulgences each month and on special feasts are as usual to make a good confession and communion.

As regards enrolment on the register of the Confraternity, it is now absolutely necessary to membership. This condition was dispensed with by Pope Gregory XVI. in 1838, but this dispensation was annulled by Pope Leo XIII. in 1887. It is the most approved opinion that those who were invested during the interim, down to 27th April, 1887, need not be enrolled, but even those who were invested since that date, in ignorance of this requirement, should have their names enrolled in order to secure the Indulgences and favors granted to members. It is sufficient to be enrolled on the register of any properly constituted Confraternity of the Scapular. These Indulgences, however, may be gained before the actual enrolment of the names on the register, it being sufficient that the names have been taken by the priest for the purpose of enrolment.

We should also mention here that the first Scapular worn by one who has been properly invested must be blessed in due form; so that if only one has been used in the act of investment

of a number of persons, all, except the person who retains the Scapular which has been used, should have their first Scapulars blessed. When these are worn out, new ones which are to be used do not require to be blessed specially.

We have said enough to show the utility of this Confraternity, whose members receive so many favors from the Mother of God, who regards them specially as her children. It is not necessary for us to expatiate here on the utility of the Indulgences which are granted to members, remitting the temporal punishments due to sin partially or entirely, after the sin itself has been forgiven. Such Indulgences, in the words of the Council of Trent, "are most useful to Christian people."

A RADICALLY WRONG SYSTEM.

It has not been our custom to call attention to the scandals which are so frequent on the part of ministers of various Protestant churches, and which appear almost every day in the columns of the newspapers. We are well aware of the frailty of men, and we do not assert that Protestantism is always to be held responsible for the wrong deeds which some of the clergy commit; but when these things become so frequent as they have been during the last two or three weeks it must be attributable to some inherent weakness of the system.

If like things were common among the clergy of the Catholic Church we know that they would resound from every sectarian pulpit, and in the public journals, as an evidence against Catholicism; and even as the case stands, though such things cannot be brought against the Catholic priesthood, we all remember how the Protestant pulpits of Ontario have been desecrated by the Wilds, the Faltons and others in order to make false accusations against the priesthood, and especially against that very exemplary and virtuous body of Catholic priests, the Jesuits.

One of the most startling of these scandals caused last week a great commotion in the county of Elgin, where the Baptist pastor of Port Burwell and Malahide, a married man, eloped with a young school teacher of Lakeview school house, Malahide, who had hitherto borne an excellent reputation. The details of the occurrence are such that we cannot repeat them all in our columns, but we will merely state from one of the journals which give a full account of the transaction, that this wolf in sheep's clothing, under pretence of anxiety for the young woman's salvation, induced her to turn from Presbyterianism about four weeks ago, and to be publicly baptized in a stream in the neighborhood where she was teaching school. Even at this time, it is told that he was plotting the young woman's ruin. It appears that he deliberately set to work to alienate his own wife's affections from himself, in order to force her to leave him, so that a divorce might be procured, and he might be left free to marry the teacher. He carried out his purpose by ill treatment of his wife, until she was compelled to leave him, and to return to her parents at Centreville, Illinois. Then, during the night of November 19, he induced the young teacher to leave her boarding house by the window. They then drove to St. Thomas, and early on the morning of the 20th the two left that city for Lansing, Mich., in which city they took up their quarters at the Commercial Hotel, where they were staying when last heard from. They are under arrest, the charge against the minister being that he fraudulently allured away a young woman under twenty-one years of age.

RARE LIBERALITY IN THE PULPIT.

It is so generally the case that when Catholics are spoken of from Protestant pulpits they are referred to only to be abused and misrepresented as idolaters, that we usually expect that some such misrepresentation will crop up whenever a sermon on a special occasion is delivered in some of the churches. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that we noticed by the daily papers that on Sunday, the 22nd ult., the Rev. Dr. Mungo Fraser, of Knox Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, preached a sermon in College Street Presbyterian Church, Toronto, which was a notable exception to the general rule.

Dr. Fraser is well known as a highly educated and talented clergyman, both kind and zealous, and as one who, though a Presbyterian, is not inculcated with that spirit of stern hatred which is so frequently found among his conferees. His address was an earnest appeal to his hearers to imitate Christ's work on earth, of charity towards all mankind. They should do good to all, as Christ did.

With some of his doctrinal teachings, of course, we cannot agree, as with the doctrine of justification by faith alone, which was taught by Luther, for we read in the Epistle of St. James, ii, 20 to 26:

"Faith without works is dead. Was not Abraham our father justified by works, offering up Isaac, his son, upon the altar? Seest thou that faith did cooperate with his works, and by works faith was made perfect? . . . Do you see that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only? . . . for even as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without works is dead."

But we can agree to differ, and we should be tolerant of each other amid our differences of belief. We read with pleasure, therefore, the statement of Dr. Fraser that "he is no bigot." He admits that "at one time he was so, being brought up in a very bigoted portion of the Scottish Highlands. But all that has passed away, and he rejoices to think that there will yet be a

loving and brotherly union among all—Presbyterians, Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists, Roman Catholics—all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. We cannot admit that there will be a union of all these dissimilar creeds to form one Church, if such be the reverend gentleman's meaning; but we may desire each other's welfare, and we may bear with each other's differences of belief. So far the Rev. Mr. Fraser's sentiments are worthy of all commendation; and we rejoice also to see that he acknowledges that Catholics may have a sincere love for the Saviour of mankind.

It is clear that the Baptists, though they are very loud in proclaiming that a reformation is needed in the Catholic Church, are badly in need of a reformation in their own Church system.

Some of the other scandalous cases to which we have referred we shall state in but few words, but the moral of them all is the same—that the wisdom of the Catholic Church is made evident in retaining a ministry regularly appointed, and having ordination derived from the Apostles. This is the nature of the scriptural requirement; and it reduces to a minimum the danger of such deplorable occurrences as are so common among the sectarian clergy, because there is not that respect among them for a calling which ought to be held in the highest esteem and reverence.

In Emory, West Virginia, the resident Methodist minister, in a quarrel with Frank Queensbury about some hens, shot the latter, and it is said that the man has since died from his injuries. The minister is under arrest. The Rev. Sam Small, the well-known Evangelist, is also under arrest for obtaining money on false pretences, and it is stated that there will be no difficulty in the complainant against him securing a conviction.

These instances have all occurred on this continent; but if we cast our eyes across the Atlantic, we find that England is not free from similar occurrences.

It is no pleasure for us to record these things, but while on this subject we feel it incumbent on us to mention the case of the Rev. Dr. Clatterbuck, a rector of the Church of England, who has been sent to penitentiary for five years for fraudulent practices committed on several of his clerical and lay friends, whom he induced to entrust him with large sums of money which was to be invested in Government securities which would realize to his friends a profit of 10 per cent. per annum. Instead of investing in Government securities he entrusted all to one Edward Bliss of Chelsea, for which he was to receive a profit of 100 per cent., through Bliss's profitable business transactions. Bliss failed in his business, and thus Dr. Clatterbuck became the means whereby his friends were made to lose over £7,400.

In the Church of England such instances are rarer than in other Protestant denominations, because there is usually more care taken in the selection of the clergy. Yet we cannot but call attention to the fact that there is not that systematic ecclesiastical subordination in any of the Protestant denominations which exists in the Catholic Church, and by means of which the high character of the Catholic priesthood is sustained.

THE TORIENES IN THE HABIT OF TREATING MOST CONTEMPTUOUSLY MANY AMERICAN CUSTOMS.

The English Tories are in the habit of treating most contemptuously many American customs, but when it serves their purpose to adopt Yankee notions they very readily bring them into requisition. In times of political excitement some of our friends across the border very frequently violate truth and honesty by scattering broadcast a statement or an account of an occurrence calculated to bring voters by the thousand into their political net. This method of working politics is termed a "roorback." It now seems that at this late day Lord Salisbury and his hopeful nephew are endeavoring to introduce similar contrivances into the English body politic on the eve of the coming election. The little tale they have sent out to the world is a very interesting one. They are very well aware that amongst the English masses there prevails a superstitious dread of the Vatican and the Jesuits, and if these innocent people are told that some dark plot is about to be sprung upon them by the Catholic Church authorities—that the Swiss Guard at the Vatican have designs on the British Empire—it will cause a stamped of electors into the Tory wigwag. We will give this little contribution to modern literature as it came to us by cable last week. We have been waiting for further developments, but, strange to say, the London Times and the other Tory journals still remain as dumb as oysters in regard to the dreadful discovery of a lady whose name is not given:

The last time I was staying at Hatfield house I was struck by the face of the man who was employed in the capacity of major domo of the establishment. The features of this man haunted me as those of some one whom I had seen before. While trying to remember where and when I had seen him I looked at the man rather frequently. He noticed me observing him, and seemed somewhat disconcerted. Suddenly, I remembered where he had met before, and he instantly saw the recognition in my countenance. It was in the Vatican, over a part of which place, while on a visit, he had conducted me, garbed in the robes of an Italian priest. He used fluent English in describing to me the various things of interest, which he pointed out during our tour of the building, and appeared to me to be a most affable man. When I had discovered the identity of my former guide, I at once resolved to tell the facts to Lord Salisbury at the first opportunity next morning, but found, upon arising the following day, that my quondam friend had decamped during the night, taking all his belongings with him. The news of the sudden disappearance of the major domo caused considerable confusion in the Premier's household. I told the marquis all I knew about the matter and he appeared to be very much put out by the intelligence which I imparted to him, but had little to say in regard to the strange occurrence. The members of Lord Salisbury's family, however, thoroughly discussed all the facts of the case, and the conclusion arrived at by them after everything had been considered was that the missing major domo was a Jesuit agent, and that he had insinuated himself into the Premier's family for the purpose of discovering secret matters concerning the Vatican.

When the Americans give currency to a political "roorback" the production is usually found to possess certain features which would lead one to suppose that it has a foundation in fact, but the Salisbury "roorback" is a specimen of stupidity which will, we are sure, cause nothing but laughter at the expense of the noble lord and his Tory allies. Why the Pope should

loving and brotherly union among all—Presbyterians, Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists, Roman Catholics—all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

We cannot admit that there will be a union of all these dissimilar creeds to form one Church, if such be the reverend gentleman's meaning; but we may desire each other's welfare, and we may bear with each other's differences of belief. So far the Rev. Mr. Fraser's sentiments are worthy of all commendation; and we rejoice also to see that he acknowledges that Catholics may have a sincere love for the Saviour of mankind.

A LOSS TO LONDON DIOCESE.

Last week passed away to their eternal reward two of the most exemplary priests of London diocese, Rev. Father Gerard, parish priest of Belle River, and Rev. Father Lamonte, assistant at Irishtown. Missionaries they were in the true sense of the term—priests endowed with a love of souls and animated by the holy desire to labor unceasingly in the work of their Master. Now that their eyes have been closed upon this world—its follies and its frailties—the blessings of the Church they served so well, and the prayers of the faithful whose spiritual welfare was ever near and dear to their hearts, will form a garland of love about their newly-made graves, and the Most High will be beseeched to give them the reward promised to the faithful steward, the joy of beholding His presence in the everlasting Kingdom. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, on last Sunday, referred in most touching terms to the death of these two saintly priests, and asked the congregation to remember them in their prayers.

COPYING AMERICAN METHODS.

The English Tories are in the habit of treating most contemptuously many American customs, but when it serves their purpose to adopt Yankee notions they very readily bring them into requisition. In times of political excitement some of our friends across the border very frequently violate truth and honesty by scattering broadcast a statement or an account of an occurrence calculated to bring voters by the thousand into their political net. This method of working politics is termed a "roorback." It now seems that at this late day Lord Salisbury and his hopeful nephew are endeavoring to introduce similar contrivances into the English body politic on the eve of the coming election. The little tale they have sent out to the world is a very interesting one. They are very well aware that amongst the English masses there prevails a superstitious dread of the Vatican and the Jesuits, and if these innocent people are told that some dark plot is about to be sprung upon them by the Catholic Church authorities—that the Swiss Guard at the Vatican have designs on the British Empire—it will cause a stamped of electors into the Tory wigwag. We will give this little contribution to modern literature as it came to us by cable last week. We have been waiting for further developments, but, strange to say, the London Times and the other Tory journals still remain as dumb as oysters in regard to the dreadful discovery of a lady whose name is not given:

The last time I was staying at Hatfield house I was struck by the face of the man who was employed in the capacity of major domo of the establishment. The features of this man haunted me as those of some one whom I had seen before. While trying to remember where and when I had seen him I looked at the man rather frequently. He noticed me observing him, and seemed somewhat disconcerted. Suddenly, I remembered where he had met before, and he instantly saw the recognition in my countenance. It was in the Vatican, over a part of which place, while on a visit, he had conducted me, garbed in the robes of an Italian priest. He used fluent English in describing to me the various things of interest, which he pointed out during our tour of the building, and appeared to me to be a most affable man. When I had discovered the identity of my former guide, I at once resolved to tell the facts to Lord Salisbury at the first opportunity next morning, but found, upon arising the following day, that my quondam friend had decamped during the night, taking all his belongings with him. The news of the sudden disappearance of the major domo caused considerable confusion in the Premier's household. I told the marquis all I knew about the matter and he appeared to be very much put out by the intelligence which I imparted to him, but had little to say in regard to the strange occurrence. The members of Lord Salisbury's family, however, thoroughly discussed all the facts of the case, and the conclusion arrived at by them after everything had been considered was that the missing major domo was a Jesuit agent, and that he had insinuated himself into the Premier's family for the purpose of discovering secret matters concerning the Vatican.

When the Americans give currency to a political "roorback" the production is usually found to possess certain features which would lead one to suppose that it has a foundation in fact, but the Salisbury "roorback" is a specimen of stupidity which will, we are sure, cause nothing but laughter at the expense of the noble lord and his Tory allies. Why the Pope should

send an em-

house, or, i-

in the wor-

Lord Dund-

understand.

THE SC-

MAN-

The Presi-

and the Nor-

Winnipeg

proper to p-

favor of th-

against the

resolution is

"As the s-

in favor of t-

school syste-

arisen in ca-

to be the de-

the people e-

synod expre-

reasonable u-

legality of t-

lature by b-

the Privy Co-

synod expre-

of the Terr-

territories a-

decide what

education th-

wish to supp-

"Further o-

pinion that

education ca-

tory to the

which confer-

superior to t-

Church."

Let us her-

of the Presb-

ern portion

monstrous a-

opposed stron-

was the cons-

The Rev. M-

by Rev. M-

"The R-

schools shou-

as providin-

America Act

This amen-

a large majo-

been able to

bers on the

expect anyth-

its pretenti-

arianism pu-

credit to Rev

Whyte and t-

them for thei-

the liberty of

with themse-

It would no-

spirit of Pres-

liberal and

these two gen-

ism, above al-

religious pers-

duity, and ha-

of belief that

magistrates

especially,

honorable for

have proclaim-

their reason f-

of Separate

against the h-

members try

they are adv-

ail.

They mak-

granting of s-

lies is the gra-

to those enjoy-

This is a mis-

the matter.

Churches hav-

Child and Mother.

O, Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand, And go where I ask you to wander...

"THE RIGHTS OF MAN."

Magnificent Lecture by Bishop Keane in Baltimore, Md.

The Right Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., rector of the Catholic University of America, lectured recently before an immense audience in the Academy of Music, Baltimore...

"We see France, even while her armies are abroad battling nobly for their country's prestige, at home sinking into inextricable confusion...

"Why this dire failure? Why this blasting of so noble a promise? Did the Declaration of Rights of Man fail because it was false and could only have the fortunes of a lie?"

"In the first place the Assembly was the outcome of popular unhappiness and discontent which was as well grounded as it was universal."

"If by speedy steps the States General were transformed into the National Assembly, and that into the Constituent Assembly, that ere long, into the Legislative Assembly, thus gradually working a political revolution..."

"The Congress which issued our Declaration of Independence was also a revolutionary assemblage. And if there were deeds of violence connected with the transition from the States General to the Constituent Assembly..."

"Where, then, is the reason for its failure? Let two undeniably historical facts answer the question. The first fact is that Jesus Christ alone gave

to the world a civilization based on a just appreciation of human rights and duties. The second is that the events preceding the French Revolution had almost completely taken Jesus Christ and His principles out of the minds and hearts of those who issued the Declaration of Rights and those who were to put its provisions into effect.

"The skepticism of the seventeenth century had reached its climax in the cynicism of Voltaire. His matchless wit made his writings the fashion in every salon. His unrivaled power of sarcasm turned all things sacred into ridicule, and thus sapped the foundations of faith and reverence in the upper classes."

"What Voltaire had done for the upper classes Rousseau had, with equally consummate art, done for the lower classes. Because the classes who oppressed them still made an external show of religious forms, Rousseau taught the masses to attribute their miseries to religion itself."

"By solemn decree Christ was abolished, the churches desecrated and pillaged and their revenues confiscated. Some religion was necessary, so by a decree a religion of reason was established, and for something to worship they enthroned a lascivious woman on the altar of Notre Dame in the place of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Legislative Assembly offered her their adorations."

"The Rosary is the most efficacious of all modes of prayer, with the exception of the Holy Sacrifice and the Divine Office. The use of the latter is restricted to a few, but the Rosary is in the hands of the many; it is the inheritance of all the children of the Church, without distinction of sex, age, or condition of life."

MAN'S RIGHTS IN AMERICA. Recurring to this country, he said: "Turn we, then, from the sad experiment of poor France, and let us see how it has fared with the experiment as tried at the very same epoch in the Western world. The sophisticated philosophies of Voltaire and Rousseau had found no lodgment in the minds and hearts of those who were to lay the foundations of our countries and liberties."

"One great obstacle there was, indeed, to the blessed reign of the Prince of Peace over the American nation. This was the spirit of religious intolerance, hatred and persecution which too largely prevailed among the colonials."

"The Congress which issued our Declaration of Independence was also a revolutionary assemblage. And if there were deeds of violence connected with the transition from the States General to the Constituent Assembly, so were there deeds of violence at Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill."

"Where, then, is the reason for its failure? Let two undeniably historical facts answer the question. The first fact is that Jesus Christ alone gave

few weeks past the organ of the liquor interests in the State of New York has solemnly informed the country that this king holds votes enough in that State to constitute the balance of power. As a man who loves his country and as a man who loves his God—as a man who rejoices in the liberty that the religion of Christ has given to America—I hope that any political party which may bow down to the liquor traffic may sink into oblivion, never to be seen or heard of in a land where freedom dwells."

"He also read the following extract from a decision of the Supreme Court: 'By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dramshop, where intoxicating liquors in small quantities, to be drunk at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime attributable to this than from any other source.'"

"This was my father's medal. For years he was a drunkard. All his wages were spent in drink. It almost broke my mother's heart; and what a hard time she had to keep the children from starving. At last my father took a stand. He signed the pledge, and wore this medal as long as he lived. On his death-bed he gave it to me. I promised him that I would never drink intoxicating liquor, and now, sir, for all the money your honor may be worth a hundred times over, I would not break that promise."

"Women," he added, "have rights—women who as wives, mothers and daughters are subjected to the violence, heart-break, impoverishment and disgrace of besotted husbands, sons and fathers, but the Rum power does not care; it wants their money."

"He closed with a splendid tribute to the toleration and freedom of the United States, and prayed that God might always direct this country in the paths of true liberty, founded upon religion, as Washington had defined so beautifully and comprehensively in his farewell address."

The Excellence of the Rosary.

The Rosary is the most efficacious of all modes of prayer, with the exception of the Holy Sacrifice and the Divine Office. The use of the latter is restricted to a few, but the Rosary is in the hands of the many; it is the inheritance of all the children of the Church, without distinction of sex, age, or condition of life. It is perfect as a sacred exercise; for it combines mental and vocal prayer—the prayer of supplication and of contemplation—since meditation on the several mysteries accompanies the recitation of the prayers. It is the quintessence of Christianity, and the book of the unlearned."

"Nor need exception be taken to the frequent use of the same formula; for this is no vain repetition like that practised by the heathen; no reproduction of pagan superstition, but an imitation of our Lord's example. Three times He prayed in the Garden of Olives, using the same words. Repetition, moreover, answers to an instinct of human nature. The suppliant continually urges his request in the same terms; the populace delight in the refrain of a melody. What can the Christian do better than repeat the 'Our Father,' which is the prayer sealed by His sanction? And as the twelve Apostles persevered in prayer, after the Ascension, with Mary, the Mother of God, what can we do better than employ her intercession to render our petitions efficacious, addressing her in the words of the Angelical Salutation, the very same words in which the glad tidings of the Gospel were announced to mankind?—'The Holy Rosary,' Father Humphrey, S. J."

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea. "The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science." Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that cures is the medicine for the sick. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do-believers" and the "don't-believers." There's no hesitation about it, no "if" nor "possibly." It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct." Perhaps it falls occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good. Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do.)

Choking, sneezing and every other form of catarrh in the head, is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Fifty cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., says: "He was cured of chronic bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil."

Milner's Liniment for sale everywhere.

HE WOULD NOT DRINK.

A True Temperance Story That is not Without a Moral.

Once upon a time, an English author, named Hall, went to Ireland to take sketches of its most beautiful scenery for a book that he was about to publish. While he was in that country he visited the Lakes of Killarney, and while there he met a bright Irish lad, who offered his services as guide through the district.

A bargain was made with him, and the party went off. The lad proved himself well acquainted with all the places of interest in their neighborhood, and had plenty of stories to tell about them. He did his work well, and to the entire satisfaction of the visitors. On their return to the starting point, Mr. Hall took a flask of whiskey from his pocket, and drank some. Then he handed it to the boy, and asked him to help himself. To his surprise the offer was firmly, but politely, declined.

Mr. Hall thought this strange. To find an Irish boy who would not touch or taste whiskey was more remarkable to him than anything he had seen that day. He could not understand it; and he resolved to try the strength of the boy's temperance principles. He offered first a shilling, then a half crown, and then five shillings if he would taste that whiskey. But the boy was firm. A manly heart was beating under his ragged jacket. Mr. Hall determined to try him further, so he offered the boy a golden half sovereign if he would take a drink of whiskey. That was a coin seldom seen by lads of this class in those parts. Straightening himself up, with a look of indignation in his face, the boy pulled out a temperance medal from the inner pocket of his jacket, and holding it bravely up said:

"This was my father's medal. For years he was a drunkard. All his wages were spent in drink. It almost broke my mother's heart; and what a hard time she had to keep the children from starving. At last my father took a stand. He signed the pledge, and wore this medal as long as he lived. On his death-bed he gave it to me. I promised him that I would never drink intoxicating liquor, and now, sir, for all the money your honor may be worth a hundred times over, I would not break that promise."

The incident shows that the person who is true to his convictions is respected and that even the youngest can set an example that may lead others to do right.

"At last, I can eat a good square meal without its distressing me!" was the grateful exclamation of one whose appetite had been restored by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, after years of dyspeptic misery. A teaspoonful of this extract before each meal sharpens the appetite.

Enjoying a Blessing. DEAR SIRS.—Last summer my younger sisters were taken very badly with croup, indeed we were almost in despair, having little hope of curing them. Finally we applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and to our great joy it cured them perfectly, and they are now enjoying the blessing of perfect health.

ANNIE JOHNSTON, Dalhousie, N. B. Cold Weather Trials. DEAR SIRS.—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I had lost thought of trying B. B. and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.

J. T. DROST, Henslip, Man. VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a great aid to internal medicine in the treatment of scrofulous sores, ulcers and abscesses of all kinds.

TO INVIGORATE both the body and the brain, use the reliable tonic, Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

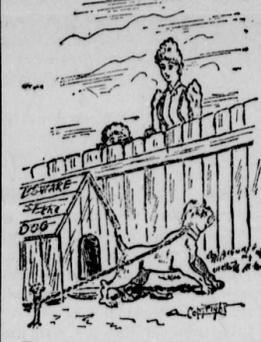
How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Out of Harm's Way.



There's no cause for fear here. The fence is high and the chain is strong, and a sense of safety and satisfaction comes over the woman, something like "Sunlight" Soap, and sees how it does away with hard work and turns toil into ease. Then she is safe in the knowledge that this Soap cannot harm the tenderest skin or finest fabric. For purity it has no equal. Try it.

THE HURON AND ERIE Loan & Savings Company

ESTABLISHED 1864. Subscribed Capital, - \$2,500,000 Paid up Capital, - - - 1,300,000 Reserve Fund, - - - 581,000

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

DUTTON & MURPHY Undertakers and Embalmers

OFFICES AND SHOW ROOMS: 479 Queen St. West, 331 Queen St. East. Telephone 1731 and 2706.

BELLS! BELLS! PEALS & CHIMES FOR CHURCHES.

School Bells, Clock Tower Bells, Fire Bells, House Bells, Hand Bells.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHAD-BLOWERS

NOTICE OF THE GENUINE SHAD-BLOWERS OF HARTSHORN.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, Undertakers and Embalmers.

JAMES KILGOUR Undertaker and Importer of Fine Funeral Furnishings.

Try a Roberts Ozonator

SMITH BROS. PLUMBERS, ETC.

172 King Street, London. Telephone 538.

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Should be used if it is desired to make the Finest Class of Cakes—Rolls, Biscuits, Pastry, etc.

McShane Bell Foundry.

Finest Grade of Bells, Castings and Pumps for Grains, Mills, etc.

MENEELY & COMPANY WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS

Favorably known to the public since 1836.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, etc.

DOUBLE BACK AND DOUBLE BREAST UNDERWEAR

\$1.00 Each. \$1.00 Each. PETHICK & McDONALD, 393 Richmond Street.

BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

BITTERS

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS. W. J. THOMPSON & SON, Opposite Revere House, London.

BENNET FURNISHING COMPANY

LONDON, ONTARIO. Manufacturers of CHURCH, SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE.

THE KEY TO HEALTH. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors...

For Sale by all Dealers. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA.

The Direct Route between the West and all points on the Lower St. Lawrence and Bate des Chateaux, Province of Quebec...

The Popular Summer Sea Bathing & Fishing Resorts of Canada

are along the Intercolonial or are reached by that route. The attention of shippers is directed to the superior facilities offered by this route for the transport of flour and general merchandise...

Western Freight and Pass Agent, 93 Rossin House Block, York Street, Toronto.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Supt. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 29th June, 1891.

Angels

There fit a myrtle About this year And in and out Their footsteps While in our view Their forms were

They sit up in the And kiss the light Across the holy They join their From holding on The tears that

They lurk about And trace upon Quiet legends When twilight And fitly tell The dim world of A thing not w

They sketch the And the picture And point with To the annual While breathing On the daylight

They kneel beside Who may their And fitly tell Who passeth d With peace writ Across the pr

And when the dr And the burles They stand beside Who laboring And pay him do The children's

OUR BOYS

The New I sought to do some That I might prove I wanted, and the mind Yet bore no incense of

Sad, without hope, I One drop alone could But drop on drop, till The giant oak trunk la

Refreshed, like nature And do the duty which And ever I knew my w The noble deed I sought

A Boy "When I get to be to his grandama, with the tall clock, 'I'll do lots of things. now."

"Frank," called yard, "come here. Frank ran out a standing beside the large dish partly full 'I want you to 'The old speckle nest under the shed her to set there. Into such a small just the right size Take this stick a as gently as possible Frank lay down n and with a stick ma nest. She was ve and flying round a Uncle Will caught her out, and shut Then Frank craw and got all the eggs a single one.

When they went Will said to grand how I should have nest and the eggs o for Frank."

"Now," said gran in such a hurri things little boys grown up folks—the are willing and ear

The Pop What makes a b liness, says Hezek The Ladies' Home the war, how scho lowed popular boy leaders were the hearts could be true respects his mother him. The boy wh sister is a knight, never violate his pledge his honor to change not, will have his fellows. The b weak will one de among the strong. never hurt the fe will one day find phere of universal "I know not," o Governor Andrew, may await me in this I do know: I wa man because he wa was ignorant, or black."

Shall I tell you popular boy? I wi and generous and u be popular, be the love others better people will give yo delight to make you what makes a boy p

The Poor Man

A blind and cripp the edge of the grinding out his few hand-organ, and ho a tin cup for pennie blew through his indeed a pitiful obje passers-by seemed to were all in a hurri, to stop and hunt fo and purses.

A sudden gust of man's cap off. It fe around for a few h and then with his c not find it, and fina again, bareheaded, gray locks tossed ab

People came and w dressed men and w velvet coats and skai none of them paid a old man.

By and by a wom ally—an old wot tatters, with a grea and sticks on her b the boards were s dragged on the g and it had evidently

Angels Everywhere.

There flit a myriad angels About this earth below; And in and out our threshold Their footsteps come and go.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Nearest Duty.

I sought to do some mighty act of good, That I might prove how well my soul had striven.

A Boy's Work.

"When I get to be a man," said Frank to his grandma, who was winding up the tall clock.

When they went into the house Uncle Will said to grandma, "I don't know how I should have got that hen off the nest and the eggs out if it hadn't been for Frank."

What makes a boy popular? Manliness, says Hozekiah Butterworth in The Ladies Home Journal.

The Popular Boy. What makes a boy popular? Manliness, says Hozekiah Butterworth in The Ladies Home Journal.

The Poor Man's Friend. A blind and crippled old man sat at the edge of the icy stone pavement grinding out his few pennies on a wheezy hand-organ.

A sudden gust of wind blew the old man's cap off. It fell by the side of the pavement, a few feet distant.

time to tie all the boards and bits of lumber together, and get them on her back.

She came along, bending low under her burden, until she was within a few feet of the old organ-grinder.

She stopped and untied the rope that bound the bundle to her neck, and in a moment the boards were lying on the ground.

"Cold, isn't it?" she said. He nodded. "Ain't gittin' much to-day."

The Victory of an Atom. A large "jag" rolled into the smoking-car of a New York and New Haven train at one of the Connecticut stations.

A large "jag" rolled into the smoking-car of a New York and New Haven train at one of the Connecticut stations, says the New York World.

How They do it in England. England's great Catholic temperance society—the League of the Cross, with Cardinal Manning at its head—held its seventeenth annual festival at the Crystal Palace, London, on Aug. 17th.

The necessity of an interpreter of the law, whether human or divine, to all intents and purposes infallible, arises out of the very nature of human language.

"Ruined by Whisky." One of the best Greek scholars in New York is a guard on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railway running through that city.

A HAPPY HINT.—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to St. Leon's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world.

St. Leon's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience.

St. Leon's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience.

ready to steer the "jag" and man safely out to the platform of the station all for the sake of the atom whose tiny fingers, straying among their heart strings, had found and touched a hidden but tender chord and made it thrill into the sweet music of humanity.

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

The most efficient agency under God for convincing men of the truth of Christianity and winning them to Christ is a consistent Christian life.

Education should doubtless commence in childhood, when the youthful mind takes an impression from the external circumstances by which it is surrounded.

Intellectual education, although likely to prove injurious to the physical frame if commenced before the cerebral organization has acquired such a degree of strength as to render it capable of enduring exertion, could yet have made considerable progress before the cares of life impede its course.

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping Cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that troublesome disease than any other medicine I know of."

DEAR SIRS.—My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and never free from cold, till at last she got a very severe cold and cough.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Etc.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Send 50 cts. to the Winkelman & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist for order for you.

HUMOROUS ANECDOTES.

Prepared for the Catholic Record. O'CONNELL AND THE CARMAN.—The Liberator was paying his fare to the Dublin cobby, and produced the usual half crown.

HE WAS RIGHT.—A celebrated wit and character of Dublin was asked by a curious crowd of spectators what he thought the height of Nelson's pillar was.

THE DEAN WAS DISPLEASED.—Dear Swift had left England, snarling under some real or imaginary insult, and on his visit to Dublin he openly expressed his contempt of the English nation, and told the Irish people to burn everything that came from England except the coal.

YOUTHFUL TRAINING. Education should doubtless commence in childhood, when the youthful mind takes an impression from the external circumstances by which it is surrounded.

Intellectual education, although likely to prove injurious to the physical frame if commenced before the cerebral organization has acquired such a degree of strength as to render it capable of enduring exertion, could yet have made considerable progress before the cares of life impede its course.

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping Cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that troublesome disease than any other medicine I know of."

DEAR SIRS.—My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and never free from cold, till at last she got a very severe cold and cough.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Etc.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Send 50 cts. to the Winkelman & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist for order for you.

BEST ON EARTH. SURPRISE SOAP. The "Surprise" Soap. Takes out the dirt; makes "the wash" sweet, clean, white; leaves the hands soft and smooth without boiling or scalding.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine process of scientific selection, Epps's Cocoa is prepared from the finest quality of cocoa beans.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1891—Nov. 4th and 18th and Dec. 2nd and 16th.

Table with 2 columns: Prize amount and Probability. 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00. TICKET, \$1.00. 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00.

In an emergency JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEER. Is a good Stand-by. It is made quickly. Is effective in cases of exhaustion. Adapted to the weak digestion of the aged and very young.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS. Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. THE OINTMENT. Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Brains, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED. We expect in a few days to receive our importation of BENZIGERS' CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC FOR 1892.

WILSON BROTHERS. Have just received a direct importation of the choicest and purest Mass Wine, which will be SOLD AT REDUCED PRICES.

ROYAL CANADIAN INS. CO. FIRE AND MARINE. GEO. W. DANKS, Agent. No. 8 Masonic Temple, London, Ont.

Cheap Money to Loan. Having received a considerable sum for investment, we are in a position to loan at low rates to those applying at once. The Dominion Savings and Investment Society. Opp. City Hall, Richmond St., L. NDON.

