

The New Man at Rossmere

CHAPTER XIII.

AUNT NANCY'S MILLENNIUM.

"Ab'm! Ab'm! A-bra-him! Ab'm Potter! You A-bra-him Pot-ter!"

In sharp staccato and ever-increasingly accelerating Aunt Nancy's "South-mead's" voice rang out upon the noon-day air from her cabin door, calling lustily for the husband of her bosom, the partner of her life, the sharer of her woes. Aunt Nancy led a dual life and sustained a dual character. Let him who is without reproach in this respect cast the first stone at her. To the family at the "big house" and this sparse white population of the neighborhood she was Aunt Nancy Southmead, the best cook and most reliable house servant in the country. In the "quarters," and to the dense colored population of the lake bed, she was Mrs. Ab'm Potter, a lady of social importance, and a personage of marked dignity. The facts of her husband, Abram Potter, being head of the best "squad" and the best "crapper" on the place, as well as first engineer during ginning time, established her social supremacy beyond peradventure.

Aunt Nancy had come to years of discretion during "reb times," and, having always been a favored and petted servant, she bore about in her ample bosom nothing but loyal devotion for her "white folks." In the days of their fiery ordeal she was staunch and true. When the end came, and Aunt Nancy was free as the wind to go where she listed, she chose to remain with those who had been good friends to her in the days of her dependent slavery, and would be, she was wise enough to believe, her safest reliance until death did them part. But notwithstanding her loyalty to the big house and its patrician inmates, she derived a full measure of satisfaction from being a free woman, and from the consciousness that the loyal service she still rendered was a matter of choice rather than compulsion. In her way she was a shrewd observer of human nature, and a philosopher of no mean pretensions. In her home she was absolutely autocratic, and seemed to expend upon Abram, the most humble and inoffensive of spouses, all the possibilities of her nature in the way of tartness, exasperation, and unreasonable exactation.

On the occasion in question Aunt Nancy impatiently pushed aside the intrusive tendrils of a purple flowering bean that clambered luxuriantly over her cabin porch, and peered out in the direction of the field where Abram should have been at work, to ask impatiently of space: "Whar an dat nigger?" Then, with the justice of human nature in general, and of herself in particular, she relieved the pressure upon her moral system by emptying the vials of her wrath upon the objects nearest at hand. Lucklessly for them, those nearest objects on this occasion were Lucifer, her firstborn and only son, Victoria Mcenery, her last born and only daughter, and "Cap," Abram's yellow cur, which he prized above all earthly possessions, next to his wife and dusky olive branches.

"You Vic! yer good fer-nuthin' bag er bones! take dat basket an' godder me a mess 'n greens in three shakes of a sheep's tail. Yer reck'n I gwine work my fingers 't de bones at big house an' den come down here 't cook vittles fer you an' dat triflin' pappy er yo'n, an' him too owdacious lazy to leave me a sick er wood cut, an' you t' triflin' 'er pick de collars atter I done growd 'er fer yo'! Clar out, fo' I slays yer live!"

"Vic and the basket were hurled out of the cabin gardenward with agility, and Mrs. Potter turned her attention to Lucifer, who had fled from the wrath to come and hidden himself behind the water-barrel under the front shed.

"You Luce, I sees yer, yer skulkin' scamp! Foteh me some chips, boy. Quick, too, ef yer knows yer's good fer yo'. En ef you don't have a fire lighted under de pot pot by de time Vic gets back wid non greens, why, all I see got to say is, I'll be sorry fer you—mouty sorry, boy."

Lucifer disappeared in Vic's wake, and Cap, with that subtle animal instinct which stands the brute creation in good stead of man's boasted reasoning faculties, slowly rose from his recumbent position under the bed, tucked his tail apologetically between his legs and, keeping one cautious eye upon the enemy, sidled judiciously toward the door.

"Yer'd better," Aunt Nancy said, in recognition of this strategic move on Cap's part; then, having routed the entire garrison, she applied herself in silence to putting Abraham's pork on to boil, his corn cake in the covered skillet to bake, and to sliding out of the open molasses jug on the table some half-dozen or more flies, that had rashly courted death in its black and sickly depths.

Abram's answer to this last summons was given in a low, mild voice, so immediately under her nose that Aunt Nancy was covered with that sudden sense of foolishness that overcomes us all when we find our exertions quite superfluous for the occasion. She dropped the horn, and laughed aimlessly.

"Ef yer'd been civil 'nuff ter answer befo', 't wouldn't a' hurted you, nor a sot me back enny," she said, hanging the horn up again by its twine string, and mopping her face with her apron.

"Den der would a' ben two fool niggers a yelpin' 'er one," said Abram, with a grin, after which he sniffs toward the cabin very much as Cap might have done, to ask: "Is de vittles ready?"

"Not yit. Den triflin' young 'uns had'n so much as foteh me a pail uv water wen I got yere. But I made 'em hump deyself, I did. An' 't wouldn't a' hurted you ter lef me some wood cut up, dat it would'n."

"Wot fur yer husle me up so den?" Abram asked, throwing himself in his noonday rest in a recumbent position on a carpenter's bench that stood under the big gun tree shading his cabin.

"Well, ole man, I laks fer ter have a chance to talk ter yer 'tween whites," says Aunt Nancy, with wifely cajolery. "Yer's so sleepy-headed er nights dar ain' no satisfaction in tryin' to tell yer nuthin'."

"Is yer got any thin' to tell me now?" Abram asks, practically.

Aunt Nancy retreated to the interior of the cabin long enough to throw a lapful of greens, which she had stemmed in violent haste, into the pot where the family ration of pork was already bobbing and bubbling greasily, took a peep at the corn pone in the covered skillet, piled a few fresh coals on the lid of it, and came back to the open doorway to say, with solemn positiveness:

"Abram, ne millenyium's done come."

"Wot you say, ole woman?" Abram sleepily opened his eyes at this remarkable assertion.

"De millenyium done come!" Aunt Nancy repeats, in a voice of conviction.

"Who done tote you so?" Abram asks, sitting bolt upright, with an eagerness in voice and eye which nothing short of news from the celestial kingdom could have evoked from his stolid soul.

"Nobody didn't tote me. I done see it myself wid dese ve'y eyes uv mine. De lya in de lamb 'a-lyin' down 'tgedder."

"Whar, Nancy?"

Abram sprang from the carpenter's bench and stood erect, giving a vigorous hitch to his suspenders, as if preparing on a moment's notice to take any part that might be assigned him in propagating the glad tidings.

"Leastways," says Aunt Nancy, with anti-climax composure, "ef I ain't see de lya in de lam 'a-lyin' down 'tgedder, I see den de nex't thing to it."

"Wot's dat, Nancy?" These is a falling inflection in Abram's voice.

"I see Mr. Major Denny, which he air a Yankee gen'l'man, yer knows, Ab'm, an' our Miss Sulie, which she air de widd'er uv a reb soldier which were killed by de Yankee gen'l'men, a ridin' off 'tgedder this mornin', him on dat black hoss which steps sorter proud, lak he was set up kase he's totin' uv de major about, an' Miss Sulie on a purty little roan mar 'his boy Alf rid'er on. An' dey look jes' as happy as well all look in de golden hours uv de millenyium in de kingdom come."

"Which were de lya in 't wech were de lamb," ole woman? Abram asks, disingenuously preparing to piece out his broken nap—"de major's black hoss or Miss Sulie's roan mar?"

"An' I tell yer wot, ole man," Nancy continues, waiving this frivolous interruption. "I kin see through a hole in de grin stone as well as de bes' uv yer. Wen de black hoss on dat roan gets to travelin' in company, somepun gwine to turn up."

"Dat ole black hoss was raised by one uv dese enemies Mars George Southmead ever had," Abram says, reflectively and irrelevantly.

"Dat's wot I ben tellin' yer," says Aunt Nancy, in illogical triumph.

"Den yer see de finger uv Providence in it all, Ab'm, jes' es plain es de nose on er man's face? God bless our Miss Sulie! She's wuff us all 'biled inter a wedd'n cake dat'll nigger mek her a bush!"

"Go slow, ole woman, er yer mout run over yo'self. Slow en sure. Nancy, which way did dey trav'?"

"Straight up de lake todes ole Squire Thorn's."

"Thar's trouble at de Squire's," Abram imparts this bit of news placidly.

"Trouble. En wot sort, ole man?"

"Jim Doakes, he come a rowlin' by so y'arly dis mornin', jes' as I wen down 't lake 't look at my water mark for dees time sense las' night, an' I axed him wot his hurry was. En he tote me he was gwine fur de doctor fur de major's frien', which was laid up wid a hurt at dey house."

"Wot sorter hurt?" Nancy asks, anxiously.

"That's all I gott'n outer him. Ef Jim knowed enny mo' he wa'n gwine 't let on. Jim's one er yer close-mouthed niggers, any way yer tak' him."

This hint of sorrow and pain so close at hand caused Aunt Nancy to suddenly revise her opinion concerning the close proximity of the millennium.

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is but a sorry dependence for the boys now approaching manhood, with nothing but their own untried faculties to depend upon. Fred, for instance—his prospects for success or usefulness in the world are slender indeed."

"I have wished very much to have the boy more with me. I think I could be of some little service to him. He is too dreamy, too given to brooding rather than resolving. But," the major hesitated. "I doubt his mother's cordial approval. Listen!" With an entire change of voice, he uttered this word, drawing rein so suddenly that the Black Prince was thrown on his haunches.

A low, soft, gurgling sound, as of water percolating through an obstruction, came to their ears through the strip of woodland that hid the levee from their sight. To Sulia's experienced ears the sound was full of menace. Major Denny suddenly dismounted, and secured his horse to the nearest tree branch.

"One moment, please! I must examine into this." Then he went crashing through the briars and underbrush toward the sound, leaving Sulia trembling with apprehension, but outwardly composed. She would gladly have followed him through the brush and briars, for waiting in suspense is the hardest of all burdens to bear, but by remaining in the saddle she would, by summing aid all the quicker. A lusty halloo came to her presently in Major Denny's voice.

"Shall I come to you?" she called back, nervously.

"Immediately. You cannot ride through the bushes. Dismount. Lose no time."

Quickly and unhesitatingly she obeyed his directions, first securing her horse to a limb, then gliding to the ground with the ease of a practiced horsewoman. Gathering her long, cumbersome skirts closely in both hands, she ran rather than walked in the direction of his voice. When she came in sight of him her heart bounded with tumultuous alarm. Only his head and shoulders were visible above the briery brink of a ditch known locally as the Thorndale Big Ditch.

They were now on Squire Thorn's land. This ditch, which under normal conditions drained his place into the lake, had been leaved over at its mouth, as soon as the lake had reached the danger line. Through this freshly made levee the water was now running in a stream which, insignificant at present, was fraught with peril to the entire bed of the lake if not immediately checked.

With difficulty Sulia made her way to the edge of the ditch. The tangles on the thick-growing dew-berry bushes caught her heavy woolen riding skirt in thorny clutches, which she loosened with fierce impatience, reckless as to the preservation of a garment in which heretofore she had taken no small amount of pride. Her untired feet, in their thin-soled shoes, carried her unsatisfactorily over the rough and rubbish-strewn ground. When she reached the point of danger it was to find that Stirling Denny had forced an opening for himself in the wood-choked bottom of the ditch, and was now standing ankle deep in the rain-water that had fallen the night before and had no outlet. On the bank lay his coat, vest, hat, and, in the crown of this last, the entire contents of his pockets, among them a heavy gold watch and chain that glittered in the sunlight. He looked up at her with anxious eyes, but jesting lips.

"After all, I was compelled to halloo before I was out of the woods. I was sorry to call you to me, but I dared not lose sight of this for a second. Nothing short of criminal neglect on the part of Thorn and Craycraft would have left such a point unwatched. I wanted you to report the danger accurately, else I should not have called you to me. I will stay here and ward off the peril if I can. You must send me aid as quickly as possible from Thorndale. We are three miles from the house yet. The ditches are so much alike you must not mistake."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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I have used PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR with success in the different cases for which it is adapted, and it is with pleasure that I recommend it to the public. Montreal, March 27th 1889. N. PARSONS, M. D. Professor of Chemistry at Laval University.

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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.

London, Saturday, April 30, 1892.

A MIRACLE AT LOURDES, AND ITS LESSON.

The holy shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes has been remarkable ever since its establishment for the number of miraculous cures which are constantly effected there by prayer and contact with the water of the miraculous piscina.

Full particulars of the event are published in the London Tablet of 9th April, over the signature of another witness, Mr. Edward Wesley.

On the day the novena was concluded, March 13th, the cure was not effected, and her friends telegraphed to her from Bordeaux to return home next day.

Mr. Wesley was not actually present when the cure took place, but he saw the girl as described, when she was afflicted, and afterwards when she was cured, before her departure from Lourdes.

Such miracles as this are of frequent occurrence at several sacred shrines in Europe, as well as at St. Anne de Beaupre in Canada.

His vindictive description of Pope Leo XIII. will be estimated as the cackling of the jack-daw strutting in peacock's plumage.

It is for this reason that such impostors as the so-called "Prince Michael," whose evil deeds have recently come to light in Detroit, and who persuaded his dupes that he is the Christ, come again to earth, found his recruits for his harem among the members of different Protestant sects.

Schweinfurth, of Illinois, had the same experience, and it is well known that the Spiritualists and Mormons, with their disgusting superstitions, found believers and adherents only from among Protestants.

It is no superstition to believe a well attested historic fact which is miraculous. If it were so, we should not believe the miracles recorded in Holy Writ.

Genuine miracles come from God, and are God's sanction to truth. We infer, therefore, that the frequent miracles wrought at shrines of the Blessed Virgin in our own days are confirmed by irrefragable evidence.

M. RENAN AND THE PRIESTHOOD OF FRANCE.

Monsieur Renan, the author of the blasphemous work which he calls the "Life of Jesus," has been interviewed by a correspondent of the London Morning Post on the present situation of ecclesiastical matters in France.

The clergy ought to set an example of respect for and obedience to the laws. The Church is an indispensable necessity to satisfy the religious ideal.

It was shown by Father Perrone in his great work on the Divinity of Christ that Mons. Renan is incapable of giving utterance to an original thought of any worth.

When to this fact we add that Pere Didon's work on the Life of Jesus leaves none of Renan's blasphemies unrefuted, we can readily understand that the latter is very angry at these Catholic priests who have shown the fallacy of the pompous infidel's plagiarized productions.

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when M. Renan's book will be assigned to oblivion.

M. Renan attributes to the wrongful intermeddling of priests in politics the riots which took place in Paris on the occasion of Father Lemoigne's sermon in the Church of St. Merri, Paris, and that of the Abbe Bresson at St. Etienne, Rouen.

We explained in our columns before now that M. Loubet was without justification in his attack upon Father Lemoigne.

Of course the Government would be glad to gag the priesthood, as they fear that the Catholic people of France will rise in their power to overthrow the present regime.

THE APOSTATE CHINIQUY.

C. Chiniquy, the notorious apostate priest, recently underwent a dangerous surgical operation, from the effects of which he is said to be recovering.

He also expresses his thanks to God that his eyes were opened to the errors and idolatry of the Catholic Church, and expresses gratitude to the Church (the Presbyterian) which received him into its bosom in 1858.

All this pure vindictiveness Chiniquy did not leave the Catholic Church because he was convinced of its errors, but because he was found to be unfit to fulfil his duties as a priest.

The apostate has no need of fearing least he will be claimed as a great prize recovered by the Church before his death.

It does sound strangely that after thus asserting the absolute necessity of orthodox faith in the authenticity and inspiration of scripture, the Interior should nevertheless counsel a compromise with Dr. Briggs as to his overt attacks upon these doctrines.

heaven. Should Chiniquy ever be reconverted, the gain will be for himself and not for the Church.

Judas was an Apostle; nevertheless he did not return to penance, even on the benign appeal made to him by his Lord and Master.

We notice that even the Montreal Witness disapproves of his use of such opprobrious terms as he applies to Catholics: "Idolaters and slaves."

A QUANDARY.

The Presbyterian press exhibit considerable anxiety as regards the result of the Briggs controversy, which is to be brought up again in a new phase at the next meeting of the United States General Assembly.

It will be remembered by our readers that the last Assembly, as a mark of disapproval of the Rationalistic views openly advocated by Dr. Briggs, vetoed his appointment to the chair of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York.

Dr. Briggs is sustained almost unanimously by the faculty of the institution, notwithstanding the very mild rebuke administered by the last Assembly, which deemed it prudent not to condemn positively his doctrine.

This is evidently the fear of the Interior also, for it says: "Cherishing as we do the historic faith of the Church, convinced as we are that any of the assertions of modern criticism which contravene the Confessional doctrine of Holy Scripture must be modified, what we believe, we believe so profoundly that we can afford not to make haste."

It does sound strangely that after thus asserting the absolute necessity of orthodox faith in the authenticity and inspiration of scripture, the Interior should nevertheless counsel a compromise with Dr. Briggs as to his overt attacks upon these doctrines.

Whether the (Presbyterian) Church shall have before it five years of strife

and litigation, or as many of patient and fraternal conference upon the delicate and difficult issues involved depends, under God, upon the personal character of the men sent to the coming Assembly.

From this language it is clear that the Interior is aware that loose views on the subject of inspiration of the Bible are widely prevalent among the Presbyterian body.

The Interior, seeing the danger which will arise from energetic action, much against its real will, advises Presbyteries to elect men of nondescript views, or at least of compromising disposition as delegates to the next assembly.

"He who brings to this assembly the spirit which ruled the first Council at Jerusalem, when, without sacrificing truth, Jew and Gentile mutually conceded custom and practice, will be a man blessed of God and honored of the Church."

This is perfectly intelligible, notwithstanding the very cautious words amid which the sentiment is clouded.

So well received is this counsel, even by the most ultra Calvinists, that it is not at all unlikely that it will prevail, and that the coming assembly will not be so ready to suppress Briggsism as the last one declared itself to be.

But the Apostle tells us that the Church of Christ was instituted with a ministry of Apostles, prophets, Evangelists, pastors and teachers, precisely to prevent this from being the case; that is to say, "for the perfection of the saints, for the work of the ministry, unto the edification of the body of Christ; till we all meet in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God."

Being in this woebegone condition, by what reasoning can Presbyterianism claim to be the true Church of Christ, the pillar and ground of truth?

It is evident that the legal decision may or may not be true. It is scarcely worth enquiring into; but at all events his Lordship does not seem to have great confidence in the truth of his statement, since he gives no details as to when or in what Court the decision was rendered.

We have received from the publishing house of Messrs. Benziger, Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York, the following volumes of Our Young Folk's Library:

next Assembly to be composed of Johns who will treat lightly the denial of the most fundamental truths of Christianity; but the Apostle John declares that "he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth us not; by this we know the Spirit of truth and the Spirit of error."

Again, the same Apostle tells us: "Whosoever receiveth and continueth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God; he that continueth in the doctrine, he hath both the Father and the Son."

BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT ESTABLISHED.

The late Lord Lytton's fertile imagination did not carry him to the length of attributing to his highwayman Paul Clifford the right to wear a mitre and lawn sleeves because he had robbed a Bishop.

We read in the Hamilton Times of the 11th inst. that the Bishop, while giving confirmation at St. George's Church, proved that the modern Church established by Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth is identical with the ancient Catholic Church because an English Court has recently rendered a decision where a nine hundred and ninety-nine years' lease had lately expired.

What does this mean? obey God, and therefore good conscience, we mused?

We may add the testimony of Mr. Arthur, the well known clergyman of New York. Pierson "has so long plain duty" (immerses).

That we have truly nation is evident even in the letter, for this is the common terms.

Exactly. But is not the Baptist congregation Dr. Pierson without this case, Mr. Hun "will cease to be Baptistic." Or it may contracting parties the mode of compromise the whole bargain in.

They are for sale at the extremely low price of 50 cents.

THE MUDDLE

The Rev. J. H. Hunter, pastor of Parkhill, in a kindly manner calls our attention to certain remarks which appeared in the 9th April in the call made upon Rev. D. Presbyterian clergyman.

It should be understood that nothing offensive to Baptists or other denominations, when we take notice of titles which will from time to time from the erroneous system every one free to shape his ing to his own fanciful in of Scripture.

To prove that we have not been tenacious of the mental principle of the New Testament in immersion is meaningless to a man who does not know Jesus.

With all respect for courtesy, we must point out that does not show an error ment he attributes to might be necessary to yet not be sufficient to doer "who does not know Jesus." Surely there is wrong in Rev. Mr. Hun But we did not say "insist upon immersion in vation." We said: "been very tenacious of that a man is not a C until he has been immersed."

That we were correct ment of the case is evident in the letter. He said: "Baptists ever hold is the answer of a g toward God."

The only other point on which Rev. Mr. Hun is our use of the t The muddle consists in Pierson is invited, baptized and an unbeliever, to become a B. He will probably be showing his readiness an increased salary, duty the practice of i he has hitherto certain a duty, and which held to be an unscr for this is the common terms.

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They are for sale at the extremely low price of 50 cents.

THE MUDDLE.

The Rev. J. H. Hunter, Baptist pastor of Parkhill, in a kindly and gentlemanly manner calls our attention to certain remarks which appeared in the Record of 9th April in reference to the call made upon Rev. Dr. Pierson, Presbyterian clergyman of Detroit, to be pastor of the congregation of the late Mr. Spurgeon, of London, Eng.

Mr. Hunter thinks we have done an injustice to Baptists by our remark that they are in a "muddle" in their present situation.

It should be understood that we mean nothing offensive to Baptists or Protestants of other denominations individually, when we take notice of absurdities which will from time to time arise from the erroneous system which leaves every one free to shape his faith according to his own fanciful interpretation of Scripture. We must maintain that there is "one faith" which was "once delivered to the saints," and while we show the intrinsic inconsistency of any doctrine contrary to this which is the faith of the Catholic Church, we have the best wishes for our Protestant fellow-citizens, whom we would gladly see coming to the knowledge of the truth.

Rev. Mr. Hunter says we stated that "the Baptists ever insist upon immersion in order to salvation. I do think, Mr. Editor, you have mistaken Baptist teaching."

To prove that we have made an erroneous statement, he says:

"Baptists hold tenaciously as a fundamental principle of the New Testament, that immersion is meaningless and useless to a man who does not love the Lord Jesus."

With all respect for Mr. Hunter's courtesy, we must point out that this does not show an error in the statement he attributes to us. Baptism might be necessary to salvation, and yet not be sufficient to save the evildoer "who does not love the Lord Jesus." Surely there is something wrong in Rev. Mr. Hunter's logic.

But we did not say that "Baptists insist upon immersion in order to salvation." We said: "Baptists have been very tenacious of their tradition) that a man is not a Christian at all until he has been 'dipped' or immersed."

That we were correct in our statement of the case is clear from Mr. Hunter's letter. He says:

"Baptists ever hold that immersion is the answer of a good conscience toward God."

What does this mean, if not that to obey God, and therefore to have a good conscience, we must be immersed?

We may add the testimony of Dr. McArthur, the well known Baptist clergyman of New York, that Dr. Pierson "has so long neglected this plain duty" (immersion).

The only other point in our article on which Rev. Mr. Hunter animadverts is our use of the term "muddle." The muddle consists in this, that Dr. Pierson is invited, while still unbaptized and an unbeliever in immersion, to become a Baptist minister. He will probably be immersed, thus showing his readiness, for the sake of an increased salary, to preach as a duty the practice of immersion, which he has hitherto certainly held not to be a duty, and which probably he has held to be an unscriptural practice; for this is the common belief of Presbyterians.

That we have truly described the situation is evident even from Mr. Hunter's letter, for this gentleman says:

"Should the members thereof invite Dr. Pierson to become Mr. S's successor, and Dr. P. still remain unbaptized, such organization (the London congregation) would cease to be Scriptural and Baptist. I am inclined to think if the facts were known, that the organization mentioned would remain true to New Testament teaching, and if Dr. P. is prospecting the pastorate of this organization, he must conform to New Testament principles."

Exactly. But is not this a muddle? There is, of course, a possibility that the Baptist congregation will receive Dr. Pierson without requiring that he be rebaptized after their fashion. In this case, Mr. Hunter tells us they "will cease to be Scriptural and Baptist." Or it may happen that the contracting parties may not agree on the mode of compromise, and that thus the whole bargain may be broken up. In this case, where are the boasted intercommunion and rights of individual liberty which Protestants are always proclaiming?

It is a muddle, however the matter may be fixed.

Glaskow University will confer the honorary degree of LL. D., on His Grace the Archbishop of Glaskow, Dr. Eyre. The graduation ceremonies take place on April 30.

GROSSE ISLE, 1847.

The relation of this melancholy period in Irish history is completed in this issue of the Record. It is a tale of woe for the Irish people, and they have reason to hope that there is no possibility that such a dire misfortune will ever again occur. The conditions of life are now very different, and modern civilization would not tolerate such heartlessness and such gross injustice. The power of the brutal and exacting landlords is shattered. The craving for power, idleness and debauchery still holds place in the breasts of many of them, but their fangs have been clipped, and a reign of peace, plenty, and even-handed justice to all the children of Ireland is now about to dawn. The gratitude of Irishmen, both at home and abroad, is due Mr. James M. O'Leary for his noble and self-sacrificing devotion, in thus placing upon record a full and correct narration of the sufferings of the emigrants of 1847. As we go to press the following addendum has reached us from the author:

I am in receipt of two letters from a Scotch Presbyterian gentleman in Quebec, John Wilson, Esq., who, I may add, is hale and hearty at eighty-one years of age. He is one of the few living witnesses of what took place in and about Grosse Isle, and between Grosse Isle and Montreal in 1847, and his letters are therefore interesting. The first letter was addressed to Francis Gunn, Esq., of Quebec, who kindly forwarded it to me; and the second was sent to me direct. In his letter to Mr. Gunn, dated 13th April, he says:

"I return the Record you kindly left for me at Mr. Borland's. I am fully acquainted with all the details of the Irish emigration of 1847, having been the principal agent in forwarding some eighty thousand suffering people from Grosse Isle to Point St. Charles, Montreal.

The thirty-five vessels mentioned in the paper were all anchored near the island on the 1st of June. Some of them had been there for two or three weeks, our Government doing nothing to remove the horrid scenes being enacted there. At last Doctor Campbell, of Montreal, was sent to confer with Mr. Buchanan, Emigrant Agent, on the subject. They sent for me, and took my advice, to send three large steamers, the "Quebec," "Queen" and "Alliance." I went with them to Grosse Isle, and broke the blockade by taking out of the ships all of the people who were fit to travel. In a week those vessels were cleaned up and came to Quebec. All the vessels that arrived afterwards could readily carry from one thousand to fourteen hundred people, as there was no baggage of any account. Being fast steamers, in twelve to fourteen hours they reached Montreal. Not being allowed to carry either freight or passengers, they returned at once to Quebec to coal up, and started without delay for Grosse Isle.

"Dr. Douglas and Mr. Buchanan being laid up with the fever, I was left pretty much to my own resources, in handling such a mass of sick humanity.

"You may imagine to what straits we were put when we ran those large steamers with only five or six men, when eighteen or twenty was the usual complement.

"Five thousand eight hundred were buried on the island that year, and I can never forget the awful scenes enacted there. Doctors were of no use. Bread, meat, clothes and cleanliness were what was wanted, and we cured more of them on the boats than the Government gang put together.

"I was never sick, and had no fear in walking among and handling the dead and dying, while nearly all the fat office-holders, who should have been helping, were absent.

"Tenders asked for, as mentioned in the Record, were for a small boat to make a trip once a week from Quebec to the island; but those kind of boats were of no use in '47.

"As you are a good Irishman, I have given you here the first written account of my experience in that awful year, which may add to your knowledge of the terrible sufferings of your countrymen."

"In his letter to me, dated the 20th inst., Mr. Wilson says:

"Eighteen hundred and forty-seven was one of the most cruel years I ever passed. The sufferings of the poor people, and the day and night work, without adequate help, caused by the sickness of some and the cowardice of others, left me no rest.

"The miserable Government in 1847 had a fit of economy as soon as the bulk of the emigrants was disposed of. They then employed small boats to carry the emigrants from Grosse Isle direct to Kingston, without stopping at Montreal. The result was, as I told Mr. Buchanan it would be, a heavy loss of life, owing to the emigrants being confined for days in passing through the canals, whereas changing them into clean boats and at short intervals was their very life. I do not remember losing any in my boats between Grosse Isle and Montreal, as we gave them all the conveniences for cooking, washing and cleaning up that large passenger steamers afforded, and a wonderful improvement showed itself on the run from the Island. But at Point St. Charles, as at quarantine, no suitable preparation had been made for the reception of so many people, and numbers of deaths occurred that were a disgrace to the Government.

"Grosse Isle is a pretty place in summer, and Dr. Douglas kept everything in fine order, but there was no accommodation or attendance for one-tenth of the emigrants. The removal of all those fit to travel became a dire necessity; and many, many deaths were occasioned by the long delay of the Government in giving the necessary orders to leave. As Dr. Douglas was worn out trying to do impossibilities, he was compelled to instruct me and the captains of the steamers to pass the emigrants by the color of their tongues, but in spite of every precaution many rushed aboard, leaving the dying and the dead behind them, all ties of relationship being completely lost in their determination to get out of the ship.

"I had no time to be much on the island, but a few devoted clergymen and others were doing everything possible for the sick. As for the dead, they were piled like cordwood until such time as they could be carried away and buried. I have no doubt but some disorders took place among the class of persons who were hired, but I never saw a quieter and more resigned people than the emigrants were.

"Dr. Douglas, who had long been superintendent on the island, kept, as I have said, everything in fine order. He made a nice little farm at the east end of the island, had some fine cows, and sold milk to the sick. For this good work, jealous people got up a cry against him, and persecuted him to death. I am sorry that all the boats' books were lost, or I might give you a good many details I now forget.

"I have read your narrative in the two numbers of the Record, and you were kind enough to send me, and I see nothing but what is a true description of what happened. The emigrants were simply starved to death, as the barrels of meal I saw on the ships was unfit for human food."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE ARE delighted to know that the Hon. C. F. Fraser has returned to Canada, much improved in health. We hope the hon. gentleman will be given length of days to retain the high position he now holds in the councils of the Province as well as in the esteem of its people.

WE ARE pleased to notice that Mr. Nicholas J. Power has been named as successor of the late Mr. Edgar, as General Passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway. By sterling personal worth, close application to every detail of business, and faithful devotion to the interests of the Company, Mr. Power has forged his way to the front rank, and this fitting recognition of his merit on the part of the company shows that they place due value on that excellent principle of putting the right man in the right place. His many friends in Hamilton and other places in Western Ontario will be delighted to hear of Mr. Power's advancement, and will wish him many years of health and strength to perform the duties of his responsible position.

DR. FLINT, the hypnotist, is giving exhibitions throughout the country. We are informed by the Free Press of this city that

"One young fellow employed at the McClary works has entirely changed in his nature, and cannot be prevailed upon to attend his duties properly. On Friday evening some of his fellow-laborers locked him in his room, in an endeavor to prevent him from appearing at the mesmeric show, when he went into convulsions, and was speedily released. Saturday afternoon his employer threatened to dismiss him if his work was not done in better order, but the unfortunate fellow seemed to have lost all control of himself. And then one of the class, a young son of a resident of Renee street, was secured in a hen-coop by his indignant father, but managed to make his escape."

If there is not now on our statute books a law to bear on such a case as this, one should, we think, be enacted without delay.

INCONSISTENCY and unfairness towards the Catholic Church is a striking characteristic of the average preacher, while Christian charity, both in thought and expression, seems to be lost sight of altogether. At the Presbyterian Synod lately held in Stratford, the same tiresome speech in regard to Romanism was once again given to the world. Abuse of Pope and Popery seems to be the pepper and salt of all gatherings of the sects in their little Parliaments. Let us see what our separated brethren think of us:

"See the universal desire of parties to pander to Roman Catholicism."

We cannot see it. Where is your proof of the pandering? Do our Bishops and priests receive money bribes from the public purse? You will not dare even to make such an insinuation. Is public money devoted to the erection of our churches or our schools? Certainly not. If our institutions are exempt from taxation, are not those of all other denominations treated likewise? Of course they are. If grants from the public treasury are made to our charitable institutions, is it not a fact that all similar

establishments are placed on the same level? Undoubtedly. Do the Catholic people receive more than their share of public offices and public patronage? No, they do not. It would be but the simple truth to state that in this regard they are not treated justly by either the Reformers or the Conservatives. If pandering there has been, where, then, is the evidence?

"We as a people, through our representatives in parliament, are made to recognize nearly all the saints' days in the Romish calendar."

This is an exaggeration. Every day in the year is the feast-day of a saint, while the number of official holidays is only about a dozen; besides, you are not made to recognize and sanction them. You are only anxious to prevent Catholics from doing so.

"By all means let the members of that Church have full liberty to preserve their saints' days, but why should we allow ourselves, through our representatives, to be made partakers of their evil deeds?"

"Evil deeds" is rather severe, dear friends. While it would be considered perfectly correct, we think, by Presbyterians, to cease work for a day and contemplate with loving admiration the career of John Knox, it is an "evil deed" on our part to observe the feasts of the birth of Christ and those of all the grand heroes of the Church He established upon earth. Catholics do not ask you to observe these feasts; they merely wish themselves to observe them. When you say you desire that we should have full liberty in this respect, you are not sincere. You know that you would take it from us if you could.

There is certainly great danger to the State because of the dishonesty of many of our public men; but we cannot help reaching the conclusion that there is likewise a prospect that the peace and harmony of our Canadian people will be seriously disturbed unless the meddling preachers decide to mind their own business and tell the truth about their neighbors.

When the parsons of Ontario were engaged in stirring up the anti-Jesuit agitation, the principal plea on which they demanded the expulsion of the Jesuits from Canada was that they (the Jesuits) were plotting by means of political intrigues to secure political ascendancy in the land. It is of course well known that there are no meddlers more persistent in the display of political partisanship than the parsons of Ontario, among whom the Methodists are perhaps the most meddlesome of all, just as they were also the loudest in reprobation of the imaginary plottings of the Jesuits. It appears that in Boston political wire pulling is also practiced by the Methodists to a disgraceful extent. The Rev. Dr. Townsend, of Boston University, made a strong appeal recently at a meeting of Boston preachers, in which he declared that this practice is carried on to an enormous degree by preachers seeking for secular offices. Another minister in replying to Dr. Townsend declared that such things did occur indeed, but that Dr. Townsend had exaggerated. Dr. Townsend replied with proofs that his statements were literally true. It appears that the Boston preachers match very well with those of Ontario on this point.

The French Government has awakened to the danger of Anarchical associations, and has decided, in consequence, to expel all foreign Anarchists from the country, even though they be not guilty of overt crimes. French Anarchists will be dealt with according to the ordinary course of law, but as most of the Anarchists are believed to be foreigners, it is thought that the expulsion of these men will reduce greatly the number of crimes with explosives whereby the country is now being terrorized. The Government should strike at the root of the evil by re-establishing religious education, the abolition of which in State schools has undoubtedly been the immediate cause of so large an amount of murders and other outrages. Besides using dynamite and other explosives, the Anarchists are also employing poison. Their purpose is, as expressed by Louise Michel, the notorious, to "kill without remorse the enemies of liberty," that is to say, of liberty as Anarchists understand the term. In their vocabulary liberty means license to commit the worst of crimes. It is a liberty which would restore all the horrors of the Paris Commune and the Reign of Terror—liberty for themselves, death to all who disagree with them.

A PRIZE PICTURE PUZZLE.



The above picture contains four faces, the man and his three daughters. Anyone can find the faces, but it is not so easy to distinguish the faces. The proprietors of Ford's Prize Pills will give an elegant Gold Watch to the first person who can name the four faces. The prize will be given to the person who sends in a correct answer by the 15th of May, 1892. The puzzle is a diamond-encrusted watch, set with a sapphire and garnet, and worth \$100. The puzzle is a diamond-encrusted watch, set with a sapphire and garnet, and worth \$100. The puzzle is a diamond-encrusted watch, set with a sapphire and garnet, and worth \$100.

Coughing

Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1, six bottles, \$5.

HATS CAPS

ALL NEW GOODS ALL NEW STYLES PRICES CUT LOW

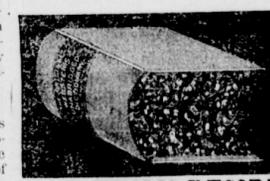
BEATON

Dundas St. near Market Lane.

ANNUAL MEETING.

PURSUANT to the Act of Incorporation, Notice is hereby given that the 22nd Annual Meeting of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company will be held in the TOWN HALL, WATERLOO, ONT. on THURSDAY, May 25th, 1892, at one of the Clock p.m.

A GREAT OFFER



The CATHOLIC RECORD FOR ONE YEAR - AND - Webster's - Dictionary FOR \$4.00.

By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers. The dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house. It fills a vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which no one hundred other volumes of the choicest books could supply. Young and Old, Educated and Ignorant, Rich and Poor, should have it within reach, and refer to its contents every day in the year.

GENZEL BROTHERS PUBLICATIONS:

THIRTY-TWO INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY and the Feast of the Blessed Virgin. From the French by Rev. Thomas W. Ware, 12mo, cloth, net, 25c. GLOUES OF MARY. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, net, 50c. A MARTYR OF OUR OWN TIMES. Life of the Rev. Just de Bretenieres, Missionary Apostle, Martyred in China in 1860. From the French of the Right Rev. Mgr. D'Hulst. Edited by Very Rev. J. R. Slattery. 12mo, cloth, net, 25c. CHRISTIAN ANTHROPOLOGY. By Rev. John Thein. Introduction by Prof. Chas. G. Hebermann, Ph.D., LL.D. 8vo, cloth, net, \$2.50. MARRIAGE. By Very Rev. Pere Monahan, O.P. 12mo, cloth. AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE ROMAN QUESTION. By Rev. Mgr. Jos. Schroeder, D.D., of the Catholic University, Washington. 8vo, paper, net, 25 cents. THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PRACTICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. J. J. Burke. 12mo, paper, 25 cents. OLD YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY. 30 volumes, 12mo, cloth, laked side and back. With Frontispiece, each 50 cents. Gertrude's Experience. (New volume.) Olive and The Little Cakes. (New volume.) THE CATHOLIC HOME LIBRARY. 10 volumes, 12mo, cloth, laked side and back. With a Frontispiece, each 50 cents. The Brice a Brave Deed. (New volume.) Her Father's Right Hand. (New volume.) TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. From the Spanish. Edited by Henry Wilson. 16mo, binding, gilt top, net, 50 cents. Sold by all Catholic Booksellers and Agents, Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday after Easter.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. For you were as sheep going astray; but you are now converted to the pastor and bishop of your souls. (1 St. Peter, II, 25.)

Today is the Sunday of the Good Shepherd, and the Church sings in joyful strains: "The Good Shepherd, who laid down His life for His sheep, who was contented even to die for His flock, the Good Shepherd is risen again—Alleluia!" It is in this tender, loving, and, to us, most winning character that our Lord presents Himself in the Gospel of today—the Good Shepherd, who knoweth His sheep, and acknowledges them as His own, whose tender care for them is so great that He is willing even to lay down His life for their sake, yet with the power to take it again for His own glory and to their eternal good. We are those sheep for whom He died, and for whom He rose again, for they are in the true sense His sheep who believe in His name, and are gathered into His one fold, the holy Catholic Church.

But it is not enough to believe; we must also hear His voice. How have we done this in the past? Have we hearkened to His voice as He spake to us through the offices of the Church, through the words of our pastors, through the still, small voice of conscience? Alas! We have been as sheep going astray. We have been deaf to His voice, as it has so often spoken to us, bidding us follow Him. And, having strayed away from our Shepherd, we have refused to listen to the loving tones of that same sweet voice, calling us back to our place in the flock, but have wandered still further away into the pleasant pastures of sin, where all seemed delight for a time, but where the wolf, the great enemy of our souls, was lurking, waiting for his chance to seize us as his prey for ever. Oh! into what danger have we run by thus wandering from the right path! But now, during the holy season of Lent that is passed, the Church has been appealing to us through her solemn offices, and through the earnest words spoken by her ministers, to forsake our evil ways, to leave the deceitful pleasures of sin, and return to where we can alone find pasture for our souls, to the sacraments of the Church, where in the Good Shepherd gives Himself to His sheep. Many have hearkened to the call of the Saviour's voice, many have come during this holy time to the green pastures and the still waters, where the Good Shepherd feeds His flock, and, with souls restored and renewed, are prepared and determined to walk hereafter in the paths of righteousness, where He leads the way. Even when at last they shall walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death they will fear no evil, for He will be with them, His rod and His staff shall comfort them.

But there are also many, far too many, who have not listened to the voice of Jesus, as He calls them in this blessed Easter-tide. Poor, wayward sheep, they still wander in paths of their own choosing, which can only lead them into danger and into death. O foolish, wandering ones! Take heed ere it is too late to the gentle voice that calls you. Your souls are soiled and stained, and you have need to be washed in the stream which flows from your Shepherd's side, His Precious Blood shed for you when He laid down His life for your sake. Come, wash and be made clean in the sacrament of penance which He has ordained for your cleansing. You were as sheep gone astray; be now converted and return to Jesus, the Pastor, the Shepherd, the Bishop of your souls. You have been famishing for the food you need for your spiritual sustenance. Come, then, to Him who so graciously and tenderly invites you to the table which He has prepared for you. Draw with joy to the heavenly banquet of His Sacred Body and the goodly, overflowing cup of His Precious Blood, that your souls may be fed and have life eternal. Then will you be strong in the presence of your enemies, His mercy will follow you all the days of your life, and you will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever, even in the house of many mansions which He has prepared for those who love and follow Him: "I give them life forever, and they shall not perish; and no man shall snatch them out of My hand. And remember that other promise of His: "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood has everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Yes, poor, lost sheep though we have been, if we now turn from our wayward paths to hear His voice and follow Him, he will raise us up at the last day, and place us among his favored sheep upon His right hand, to be glad for ever in the light of His countenance.

The Beauty Standard. The standard of female loveliness varies greatly in different countries and with individual tastes. Some prefer the plump and buxom type; some admire the slender and sylph-like, and some the tall and queenly maiden. But among all people of the Caucasian race, one point of beauty is always admired—a pure, clear and spotless complexion—whether the female be of the blond, brunette, or hazel-eyed type. This first great requisite of loveliness can be assured only by a pure state of the blood, active liver, good appetite and digestion, all of which are secured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is guaranteed to accomplish all that is claimed for it, or money refunded. If you would have a clear, lovely complexion, free from eruptions, moth patches, spots and blemishes, use the "Golden Medical Discovery."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A PRAYER AND ITS CONSEQUENCE.

The morning sun, after playing on the crystal peaks of the Tyrolean Alps, peeped over their snowy heights into one of those pretty, tranquil valleys, cosy folds of the majestic cloaks in which Tyrol is wrapped, and which one can find only there. Warm and cheering it shone in through the polished windows of the little house of Franzel and Rosa Rossi. As if enamored of the neat little cottage, it seemed to pour forth with more than wonted profusion its treasures of light, and to rollick with glee on the white sand spread about the floor. In the midst of the apartment bathed by its rays, stood a small table, proud of its dainty cloth and dazzling set of china. A kindly, but sad-looking young woman busied herself about the room. Ever and anon her eyes turned as if unconsciously toward a cradle out of whose downy depths peeped a pair of rosy cheeks. Some care, evidently, weighed heavily on the young mother's heart, for a sigh would frequently escape her. Was her husband unworthy of her love and tenderness? No Franzel was as true and loyal a husband as ever honored the conjugal state. The little home was comfortable, in fact was a model ménage. To all appearance, then, the cause of the mother's anxiety was centered in the little sleeping figure at her side, and with reason. The child was already six months old, with golden curls, a pretty round mouth, finely formed members—a beautiful babe in all other respects, but he was blind, hopelessly blind, according to the village physician. A thick whitish film shut out every ray of light. In vain did she smile to him; her smiles were lost to the little one. She sought in vain the pleasure, so dear to a mother's heart, of seeing herself mirrored in her child's eyes. How bitter the thought that little Bua was ever to be a burden to herself and to others, and how fervent the supplications that rose up from the little Tyrolean home to the throne of God. One morning, while she leaned over the cradle of the blind baby boy, a thought flashed through the mother's mind. Since all through the mother's mind, since all human hope seemed lost, there remained but to turn with entire confidence to the mother of God and ask her to effect a miracle. "Our Lady of Good Counsel has helped so many, she surely will help me." She communicated her design to her husband, who approved of it, and a pilgrimage was resolved upon. Impatiently did the anxious mother look forward to the next Sunday. It dawned at last, and having received Communion in their village church, the young couple set out for their long trudge across the mountains, accompanied by the good wishes of their simple neighbors. Franzel, in his gray coat and velvet trousers, and carrying ostensibly his rosary, was a fine figure of vigorous and simple-hearted manhood, while his wife, in her picturesque Tyrolean costume, seemed like the angel of his home. For four hours they traveled over beautiful mountains, and through fresh, smiling valleys. When they reached the shrine of Our Lady the sun was already high in the heavens. Truly the picture of Our Lady was beautiful, and it was little to be marvelled at that it should inspire the pure, guileless mountain population with the greatest confidence. Marks of their piety were everywhere to be seen: literally covered with waxen figures, tributes of gratitude to Our Lady. When Franzel and his wife entered the church it was almost deserted. Conspicuous among the few that still remained, a tall, finely-built gentleman stood examining very closely the picture itself and the decorations of the little Alpine shrine. According to the custom of the country Franzel and his wife, kneeling on the pavement, recited the rosary; then Rosa, taking her child in her arms, and holding it up to the miraculous picture, implored in a loud voice, and with the deepest confidence, the mother of God to give sight to the little sufferer. As she uttered the last words of prayer the gentleman mentioned rose and left the church. The young mother folded her child to her bosom—alas! he was still blind—and together the pilgrims withdrew. As they issued forth from the sanctuary the tall gentleman, man, who, to the wondering couple, seemed to have something mysterious about his person, approached Rosa and said: "I know by your prayer, which I overheard, that your child is blind. May I see him?"

The mother held the little fellow up to the stranger, who examined him carefully. "Have you consulted any doctor?" "Yes, sir; but he to whom we have applied says he can do nothing for the child, so we have recourse to Our Lady of Good Counsel." "And will she help you?" inquired the stranger, with a smile of incredulity. "She has helped thousands before us." "Your confidence is great indeed, madam; come with me to yonder hotel and I will examine the little one's eyes more thoroughly." "The Blessed Virgin has heard my prayer! I knew she would!" cried Rosa, "and you are an angel sent by her!" "No, madam, I am not an angel sent by the Mother of God," replied the stranger. And he added with some hesitancy: "I do not even believe in the Mother of God, but I never fail to

render a service when it is in my power to do so. I have been touched by your child-like confidence." Accompanied by the young couple he directed his steps to the village inn, where, in answer to the many offers of officious attendants, he asked a room for a quarter of an hour. The mother was in a state of feverish excitement. Had not Providence sent this man to cure her child? But he believed neither in God nor in the Blessed Virgin! She could not understand him. They were at once shown to a room. The stranger took the blind child in his arms and held him up to the light. After a careful examination he turned to the parents and assured them that in a few weeks the child would have the perfect use of his eyes. "The eyeball," he said, "is perfectly sound. A thin layer of skin now shuts out every ray of light, but a touch of the knife will cure the child." The mother uttered a wild cry of joy, then falling on her knees, "I thank Thee, Mother of God!" she exclaimed. "No weakness now, madam," interrupted the stranger; "the operation I am about to perform is a delicate and very serious one. Take the little one on your knees and hold his head." Rosa obeyed, though not without violent efforts to overcome her emotion. The stranger, a professor of one of the leading universities in Italy, an eminent oculist whom many had to thank for their sight, seized a sharp probe and ran it with wonderful quickness over the right and then over the left eye. Franzel had difficulty in obeying the physician. At length the latter rose, and addressing the mother: "Allow me to congratulate you, madam," he said; "the operation has been completely successful; your child will soon see as well as we do." Rosa would have thanked him if she could have found words, but her happiness was too great to allow her to speak. Franzel seized the stranger's hand and kissed it repeatedly. "I have come just in the right time, have I not?" said the latter, and after giving a few directions as to the precautions to be taken before the child could be taken into the light of the sun, he withdrew, leaving Franzel and Rosa happy and bewildered; for he had not even given them time to thank him. Later in the day, when Franzel sought him out, he was told that the stranger had retired to his room and would not see anybody. A short time after he learned that the mysterious personage had gone for a trip to the Tyrolean Alps.

Two months had passed. No cloud over-shadowed now the joy and quietness of the little home in the Tyrolean Alps. While the young mother sat by the open window, looking with a light heart into the sunshine, little Bua romped boisterously about the room or plucked at the sweet-smelling flowers at her breast, for the child had been entirely cured. The marvel was known throughout the whole country; it was told in deep valleys and on wind-beaten peaks, and a thousand thanks were returned to God by those honest and pious mountaineers. For some time Franzel had been busily engaged in carving on wood a representation of "The Last Scene," by Leonardo da Vinci. (By trade he was an engraver.) This he wished to present to the eminent physician who had given sight to his child, as a token of gratitude, for he dared not offer him money. By nature an artist, Franzel had acquired some reputation in his art. The noble motive that inspired him in this particular engraving contributed not a little, undoubtedly, to make it one of the most perfect that ever came forth from his humble studio. One afternoon a carriage drove into the little Tyrolean village, and, as it stopped before the house of the wood engraver, a tall gentleman alighted. It was the professor whom we have last seen at the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel. "Well, my good friends," he exclaimed, on entering the house, and without appearing to notice the look of bewilderment on the young parents' faces, "did not my words prove true?" "Look, sir," cried the mother, seizing little Bua and holding him up to the stranger, "his eyes are as deep as yonder lake." "How glad I am of it!" replied the professor. "But do you know what brought me from Italy to Tyrol again? I have just come to see you and express to you my warmest, my sincerest thanks." The young parents could not understand this. "I owe you more than you think," continued the professor. "It is true I have given to your child the use of his eyes, but you, by your confidence in God, have given me the light of faith, which is infinitely more precious. On the Sunday which you went to the shrine of Our Lady, I, too, went there, but to while away a few weary hours. I had long lost the faith of my childhood, but when I heard

Alphabetical Stages of Alcoholism.

Dr. Cyrus Elson contributed a paper to the North American Review on the question, "Is Drunkenness Curable?" and ended the article by reciting an alphabetic rhyme, describing all the stages of alcoholism from the first tip to a drunkard's grave, which he learned from a patient, a young man of great ability and fine moral perceptions, who was an incurable inebriate. The doctor says that his eyes would stream with tears as he recited the following verses, describing his own case and career. It is the most truthful and graphic picture of the kind that has been printed: A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its grip; B for Beginner, who takes just a sip; C for Companion who urges him on; D for the Demon of drink that is born; E for Endeavor he makes to resist; F stands for Friends who so kindly insist; G for the Guilt that he afterwards feels; H for the Horrors that haunt at his heels; I his Intention to drink not at all; J stands for Jolly that comes to pass; K for the Quarrels that follow his glass; L stands for Liar, that hovers around; M stands for Mirth that his vision bedim; N stands for Nausea that seizes his hums; O for his Oathness sunk in the slums; P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass; Q for the Quarrels that follow his glass; R stands for Rags, that hovers around; S stands for Sights that his vision bedim; T stands for Trembling that seizes his hums; U for his Utterance sunk in the slums; V stands for Vagrant he quickly becomes; W for Woe of life that is soon o'er; X for his Xit regretted by none; YOUTH of this nation, such weakness is crime; Zephyr turn from the tempest in time.

The Chuching of Mothers. The Blessed Virgin Mary went up to Jerusalem forty days after the birth of her Child, our Lord Jesus Christ, in order to comply with the ceremony of Purification, as required by the old law. The remembrance of this event is celebrated on the Feast of the Purification, the 2nd of February. The Church has ordained a similar ceremony for those who have become mothers, namely, that of Churching, or the blessing of the Church on the mother after child-birth. This ceremony is not obligatory, but most laudable. It dates back to the very beginning of the Church, and is truly a beautiful and Christian ceremony. By it the mother makes her very first visit to our Lord in the Temple—she imitates the Blessed Lady—she goes up to thank the Lord for His favor and she obtains the blessing of the priest and the prayer of the Church, who implores the Lord that, though in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the merits of her Son Jesus, the mother of the child may obtain the grace of God and be united even in the kingdom of Heaven. The mother has very grave and serious duties to fulfill in educating her children, in moulding their young hearts, in forming their character. On the mother particularly rests the care, the anxiety and the labor for the present and the future of the child, and she should be anxious to obtain every blessing which may give her strength and the grace of God to fulfill her duties and to bear the burdens of life. Many mothers neglect to be churched, to receive this blessing; some through false modesty, others through carelessness or lack of piety. They who possess strong faith, simplicity of character and earnestness to fulfill their maternal duties, never miss this blessing.—Archbishop Janssen.

Never permit the system to become run down, as then it is almost impossible to withstand the ravages of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand at the head of all medicines for blood building and nerve tonic, corrects irregularities, restores lost energies, and builds up the system. Good for men and women, young and old. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price—50 cents—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Inflammation of the Eyes Cured. Mr. Jacob D. Miller, Newbury, writes: "I was troubled with inflammation of the eyes, and during nearly the whole of the summer of 1882 I could not work; I took several bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and it gives me great pleasure to discover that it cured me of my affliction. I can now see and work as usual. It is an excellent medicine for Cosiveness." John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

Mr. Pappetus Boileau, Ottawa, says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

UNTERSHYTTER PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TAN, and all itching humors of the skin are removed by using Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap. THE MOST AGREEABLE, RESTORATIVE TONIC and mild stimulant is Milbura's Beef Iron and Wine. Mrs. Jane Vansickle, Alheron, Ont., was cured of liver complaint, after years of suffering, by using five bottles of R. B. B. Sie's

THIRTY YEARS. Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889. "I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used ST. JACOBS OIL and it completely cured. I give it all praise." MRS. WM. RYDER. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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1st. Commence by dipping one of the articles to be washed in a tub of luke-warm water. Draw it out and rub on the "SURPRISE" lightly, not missing any soiled pieces. Then roll in a tight roll, put back in the tub under the water and let it stay there half an hour. Do all the wash this way. 2d. After soaking for this time, rub lightly on the wash-board; the dirt will drop out. 3d. Then wash lightly through a luke-warm rinse water, which will take out the suds. 4th. Next rinse through a blue water. (Use scarcely any bluing. SURPRISE takes the place of bluing.) Wring them; hang up to dry without boiling or scalding or any more rubbing. The wash will come out sweet, clean, white.

1892. "Survival of the Fittest." GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE. 1892. J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marlborough, Mass.

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