

The Catholic Record.

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London, Saturday, November 6, 1897.

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

The month of November which we are now celebrating begins with the festival of All Saints, which is intended by the Church to honor the whole Church triumphant in heaven and particularly those saints of God for whom no special feast has been instituted. As the number of saints is exceedingly great, whereas the days in the year are necessarily limited, it is impossible to have a feast in honor of them all singly, and as the Church is anxious to put before us their example so that we may imitate their virtues, the first day of this month is appointed on which to honor all, and as it is a feast of great importance it is a holy day of obligation observed with great solemnity, and it has an octave which extends over eight days, during all of which the offices and masses of the Church place before us the virtues of all the innumerable host of heaven, which includes martyrs, confessors of the Faith who have left glorious examples, some being Popes, Bishops, priests, doctors, of the Church etc., and other holy men and women of every degree and condition in life.

The lesson or epistle of the mass of this feast is taken from the Apocalypse of St. John, wherein the Evangelist describes his vision of heaven and the occupation of the Saints who assist before the throne of God eternally praising and adoring Him. He describes that there are three orders from every tribe of Israel, to the number of a hundred and forty four thousand. It is not to be supposed, however, that this is intended for a definite number, but in accordance with the public usages of language it signifies merely a very large multitude, and after the enumeration of twelve thousand from every tribe, it is added "And after these things I saw and beheld a great multitude which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues standing before the throne and before the Lamb arrayed in white robes and having palms in their hands," praising God and the Lamb, which means God the Father and the Son.

The reward of the just in heaven is then declared to be such that they are delivered from all tribulation and sorrow, as the Lamb who shed His blood for their salvation shall be their shepherd and guide to bring them to fountains of waters of life and to wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The Gospel of the Feast of All Saints' day is taken from the beautiful sermon on the Mount, in which Jesus so admirably lays down the duties of the Christian, and promises to the just an imperishable reward. This Gospel contains the eight beatitudes which are the foundation of our heavenly hopes.

In these Jesus promises His bounties and favors to the poor in spirit or the humble, the meek, the merciful, the pure of heart, peace-makers, and to all who hunger and thirst after justice.

Catholics very properly venerate the saints, because they are the friends of God, and God has honored them and continues to honor them in heaven, and they will be thus honored for all eternity. St. Paul teaches that honor is due to earthly princes, and it is one of the commandments of the decalogue that parents are to be honored. It is therefore no lessening of the honor due to God if we show to His worthy creatures, His friends and servants that respect and reverence which is their due in proportion to their merits, and we fulfil an obligation to God and honor God by showing due respect to His saints, provided always that the honor we show to them be not the supreme honor which is due only to God. This doctrine is most agreeable to reason and is plainly taught in holy scripture, throughout which, both in the Old and the New Testaments, we find that angels and saintly men are constantly treated with the greatest reverence by all pious men, though by the wicked kings of Judah and Israel they were frequently

persecuted and treated irreverently. It is surely not reasonable that the saints in heaven who have received their reward from God and who enjoy the beatific vision, should be treated with less respect than those on earth. Their glory is greater in heaven than it was when they lived on earth, and their power with God is increased in like proportion.

It is true that we have more evidences in the Old Testament of reverence shown to angels than to saints who have received their reward, but the reason for this is clear. The angels were frequently and specially sent by God as messengers to man. Hence departed saints have but seldom re-appeared on earth, yet we have the assurance of Christ Himself that the saints in heaven are like the angels, and we must therefore believe that they are also to be honored in a similar way, and as we know that the angels pray for us, we know that the saints do the same, for we have proof of Scripture that the saints really do know what is being done on earth, and still continue to interest themselves therewith. The answer of Abraham to the rich man who from hell asked that Lazarus should be allowed to go to earth to warn his brothers to turn from their evil courses is proof of this. Abraham was able to reply that they had Moses and the prophets whom they should hear, and if they will not hear them neither would they hear one risen from the dead.

We would write more fully on the subject of invocation of the saints, but to do so in the present article would make it too lengthy, as our purpose here is merely to make certain devotional remarks upon the glory and happiness of the army of saints and to increase devotion toward them during the month of November. We shall speak further of their power with God and the utility of invoking them in a future issue.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.

We observe with pleasure that the appeal made by the Hon. Edward Blake for subscriptions to the cause of the Irish Parliamentary party has been generously responded to already. A list has been opened, and liberal donations have been made by a number of well-known friends of Ireland. The Hon. Mr. Blake will act as general treasurer of the fund and will correspond with sympathizers with the cause throughout Canada. A central committee has also been appointed in Toronto for the purpose of increasing the list, which amounts now to \$5,100, as announced in the Globe of Monday the 1st inst., and which we give below.

It is a sad reflection that it should be necessary to send round the hat so frequently in order to aid Ireland in securing just government, but it is to be remembered that Ireland has been kept in so impoverished a condition under alien and unfriendly government that she is not able to keep up herself the Irish party in Parliament to fight the battle for political liberty, and friends of Ireland must assist in the struggle that it may proceed to a successful issue.

It is still true that the Liberal leaders assert that they will concede Home Rule if they come again into power, but the people of England have not yet been brought to admit that Ireland should be allowed to govern herself, as is evident from the fact that the present anti Home Rule party is sustained by the largest majority which has ever supported a British Government. The English people must therefore learn that Ireland is resolute and united in her just demands, and though we do not doubt that these will be conceded in the end, the struggle may yet need to be long and tedious.

The Irish Parliamentary Party needs to be maintained that its final success may be assured, and the demands of Ireland must be brought before the English people through the means of literature and discussion, which cannot be effected without means. We earnestly hope, therefore, that the present movement to keep the cause prominently forward will prove as successful as it deserves to be.

We cannot sufficiently thank the Hon. Edward Blake for his earnestness in the advocacy of Ireland's cause. He has given up his claims to be the leader of the Reform party in Canada in order to promote the interests of Ireland, as there can be no doubt that if he had remained in Canadian politics he would be at this moment the Dominion Premier. The spirit of self-sacrifice and disinterestedness displayed by Mr. Blake is rarely to be found among public men, and if there

was no other reason than to show that his patriotism is appreciated, Irishmen and their descendants in Canada should put their shoulders to the wheel to make his present movement to sustain the Irish cause a complete success. We are rejoiced to see that there is every prospect that this will be the case. But it is not alone through gratitude to Mr. Blake that this should occur. Love of country will undoubtedly be the principal motive with Irishmen, and if subscriptions be generous the cause of Home Rule may be nearer to success than we have imagined.

The following donations have been so far handed in for the good cause:

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto \$500

Sir Frank Smith 1,000

Hon. Edward Blake 1,000

High Kyam 1,000

Eugene O'Keefe 500

Thomas Long & Bro 500

Vicar General McCann 300

Rev. F. Ryan 100

Rev. J. L. Hand 100

Vary Rev. Dean Harris St. Catharines 100

Jas J. Foy, Q. C. 100

Wm. J. Haney 100

John Ryan 200

\$5,100

A WORD TO THE GLOBE.

The Register is always complaining of the intolerance which prevents Catholics being elected to Parliament or selected for public office in proportion to their numbers. What is the use of preaching equality and fraternity in the face of such utterances as Mr. Cleary's insisting upon the isolation of Catholics, under penalty of mortal sin?—Globe.

It is because Archbishop Cleary has told his people that they must not be present at services in Protestant churches or in Protestant cemeteries, that Catholics are to be ostracised? Not at all. Nor is it because of the utterances of any other Catholic dignitary, in the east or in the west, in the present or in the past. Protestant bigotry stares us in the face at all times and in all places in this Protestant Province of Ontario. Take an example. Ever since Toronto began its history as a hamlet it has not, and would not, elect a Catholic to the position of Mayor. A Catholic who would allow himself to be placed in nomination for that office, for member of Parliament, or for any other position of prominence, would be dubbed a simpleton, so small would be the chance of his election.

The ballots of the L. O. L. and S. O. E. would simply annihilate him. This condition of affairs prevailed long before the Archbishop of Kingston was born, and will, we fear, be the rule, long after he is dead.

We would ask the editor of the Globe to contrast the history of Protestant Toronto with the history of Catholic Montreal, and he will find abundant proof that Catholics in the east are far more liberal than their Protestant fellow citizens in the west.

Surely the editor of the Globe does not desire to conceal the fact that at almost every gathering of Protestants in Toronto, as well as other places in the Province of Ontario, many of the Ministers have ever the unjust, bitter, and uncharitable word for the religion of their Catholic neighbors. It is, they declare, superstition, mediævalism, idolatry, etc., and the secular press, as a rule, does not call them to order. Only last Sunday a Rev. Mr. Walsh preached a sermon, in this city, on the "Gunpowder Plot." He said that its promoters were wealthy and influential Romanists, "and there was," he added, "yet danger." Here we have an intimation that Catholics will, some time or another, blow up their Protestant fellow citizens! Is this not a unique sample of fanaticism? Not a secular paper in Ontario, however, dare criticize as it deserves the Rev. Mr. Walsh's utterance, but a number of them fly into a great rage because a Catholic dignitary referred to the Congregationalists as a small sect!

Is it a theological kinship that blocks the way, or is it the fear that the cry of "Stop my paper" would come from thousands of throats? Let the cause be what it may. It is best known to the editors of the secular press. Catholics cannot help noticing and feeling this unfair treatment at their hands. Ministers of the gospel may abuse us to their hearts' content. The Carman and the McVicar's and a host of kindred spirits may pour upon our faith, from the pulpits and platforms, all manner of abuse, and may write articles for the papers, on the Catholic faith, with pens dipped in gall, and a word of protest is scarcely ever seen in the secular press. This is not fair play. By all means let us have social intercourse—let us have the best of feeling prevail in the community—but the advent of this happy condition of affairs will be long delayed unless the secular press are more outspoken and candid when dealing with the firebrands whose life-business is

spreading hatred of the faith of Catholics. May we not say they are hirelings who, were it not for their trade of abusing the Pope, would become a community of Wilkens Micawbers?

ZIONISM.

Dr. Herzl, who is the leader of the movement among the Jews of Germany to reoccupy their ancient country, Palestine, has so far succeeded in attracting attention to his scheme that there is being held at the present moment a Conference at Basle, Switzerland, for the purpose of taking the whole matter into serious consideration, and in case the plan be found satisfactory, to make provision to put it into operation.

The great nations of the world have not come into existence in accordance with any settled previous plans, but have grown gradually till they have attained greatness and power, but if Dr. Herzl's plan is to succeed, the new Jewish nation will have its beginning with a complete organization. Streets are to be laid out in Jerusalem and some other sites which are deemed to be suitable places for future cities, railways and bridges to be built, roads and telegraph lines to be laid out, and even the rivers are to be so regulated as to furnish water for the irrigation of farms in the very inception of the enterprise, and even the form of local government is to be decided on beforehand. As a matter of course the first step to be taken will be to arrange for the permanent occupation of the country. This arrangement will have to be made by purchase from the Sultan of Turkey, and in all probability the consent of a majority among the European great powers will have to be obtained before the plan can be carried out.

It is not likely that the great powers can be got to agree on any plan in particular. The European concert was powerless to protect the Armenians from some of the most horrible atrocities which were ever perpetrated on mankind, and at the present time there is scarcely a prospect that the concert of which we have heard so much will save Greece from being crushed under the heel of the Turk. We can scarcely expect that the concert will be any the more real when the question is the building up of a new nation in the territory which was once peopled by the Jews, even should the Sultan give his consent to its establishment, which he is not likely to do unless the new nation remain, at all events, subject to his rule.

The plan is evidently viewed with favor by a considerable number of Jews in various parts of Europe, as otherwise there would not be any influential assemblage convened to promote it, as has been the case. We do not as yet know what course will be recommended or adopted by the Basle Conference but the probability is that as the Conference is called to promote the movement, the majority of those who are assembled will be favorable to it, with a considerable minority on the other side. But, whatever may be the programme adopted, it is certain that among Jews, both in Europe and America, there will be strong opposition to the scheme.

The movement has received the name of Zionism, which signifies the restoration of Zion, by which name ancient Jerusalem was called, and a good deal of enthusiasm has been aroused by it among earnest adherents of the old Moslem ordinances. We are reminded by all this of the aspirations of the Jewish people while they were in captivity in Babylon.

"Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept: when we remembered Zion: 'On the willows in the midst thereof we hung up our instruments. For there they thatled us into captivity required of us the words of songs. 'And they that carried us away said: Sing ye to us a hymn of the songs of Zion. 'How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land. 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. 'Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee. 'If I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy.'"

But there is far from being a unity of opinion among the Jews in regard to the expediency of Dr. Herzl's plan. At the recent Conference of the American Rabbis held in Montreal, Dr. Wise, the President of the Conference, declared it impracticable and visionary. This may be taken to be the general sentiment of Reformed Judaism at least, as it is not to be supposed that those Jews who wish to assimilate themselves to the people of the countries in which they live have the same aspirations as those who have retained the traditions of the old religion, and

consequently an affection for their ancient royal city and country from which they have been exiled for eighteen centuries.

But even many of those who adhere to the ancient religion regard the movement as chimerical. The executive Committee of the Rabbis of Germany have declared against it, and Dr. Hermann Adler, the chief Rabbi of Great Britain, says of it:

"I consider that the holding of this Congress is an egregious blunder. I believe that Dr. Herzl's idea of establishing a Jewish State in the Holy Land is absolutely mischievous. It is a movement that can be fraught with incalculable harm."

The Jews of the present day, for the most part, have apparently accepted their condition as citizens of the countries in which they live, and they are not likely as a whole to take part in any wholesale emigration from the lands in which they have made their homes. There have been prejudices against them in most European countries, and when those prejudices existed, such a movement as that of Zionism might have been attractive to them, but this is not likely to be the case now that the prejudices are overcome, and they are on the same footing with the people of the various countries. Nevertheless there will be much interest felt in the course which the Basle Congress will decide on recommending.

On the occurrence of a vacancy of a chaplain's position in the United States Army, General Alger, the Secretary of War, received three hundred applications from Protestant ministers for the post. Nearly all the applicants are known to be pronounced opponents of any connection between Church and State, and many have made this the basis of violent tirades against Romish aggression. But their conscientious opposition to a connection between Church and State ceases when the question has reference to paying them a good salary.

The Anglican encyclical letter, signed by the 194 Bishops who met at the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth, expresses the hope that all the various religious bodies that have renounced the authority of the Pope, while retaining some features which make them somewhat resemble the Catholic Church, may come into the Anglican fold. The Greek Church and the Old Catholics are included in this wish, but it is remarkable that the Non-Conformist bodies of England itself are not similarly mentioned, though one would suppose that they would be a more acceptable acquisition to the Church of England than the Old Catholics, who have run their course and are now virtually defunct. A desire for the conversion of the Jews to Anglicanism is also expressed, but the Jews do not respond graciously to this invitation. A leader of the Jews, Oswald Simon, has written a reply to the Encyclical, in which he says:

"It is well for Anglicans to reflect that no Jew with a sense of history and logic, with which they are not meagrely equipped, would dream of becoming a Christian except as a Roman Catholic." This is substantially identical with the answer attributed in a well-known story to a Jew who was asked by a certain Protestant his opinion in regard to the controversies between Catholics and Protestants:

"If the Messiah has come the Catholic is right; if he has not come, I am right; but in either case you are certainly wrong."

Land of the "De Profundis."

I have heard of a pious English priest who objected to the psalm being called the De Profundis in a popular publication; he thought the simple reader would know it better as "Out of the Depths." That would certainly not be the case in Ireland. In Ireland, from time immemorial this psalm is recited after every Mass by the priest at the foot of the altar. The trials and perils through which Irish Catholics preserved the Faith during all the Penal days made them secure at least this commemoration of the faithful departed as Requiem Masses and anniversaries could not be celebrated in these troubled times. I know not, and probably no one knows, when the liturgy of the Holy Sacrifice received in Ireland this addition, which entitles her to be called the Land of the De Profundis.—Rev. M. Russell, S. J.

It is sometimes said of certain non-Catholics that they are within a step of the one true Church. Only a step and yet so far away. They are without the door and the Bridegroom is within. When the foolish virgins stood pleading for entrance they were within a step, only a step, of the presence of the Bridegroom. They could even hear His voice, but—the door was forever closed against them.—A. G. Ewing.

ON GETTING MASSES SAID FOR THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

(Adapted from "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.")

1. From the earliest times under the Old and New Law, Sacrifices have been offered for particular objects and persons. They have also been offered for the souls in Purgatory. The greatest love and mercy we can show to souls in purgatory is to pour out upon them the merits of the Cross through the Mass. The Mass avails the souls in Purgatory, both as an *impetratory* or *supplicatory*, and as a *propitiatory* or *satisfactory* sacrifice.

Consider what purgatory is. A realm of pain created by infinite Justice for the punishment of souls. No doubt there are degrees of punishment; but the least degree of purgatorial pain is keener and intenser than all the pains of this life put together.

You ought to get as many Masses as you can said for your deceased friends and benefactors. They not only expect this service from you, but they will at once repay you by becoming your most grateful friends and intercessors with God.

2. You may now perhaps ask: What are you to do when you desire to have a Mass applied according to your intention?

You must ask a priest to offer the Mass for you. Of course he is not obliged, and indeed he may not be able to do so. But you need have no delicacy in asking him, because this relation between the priest and the people is regulated by the Canon law, which supposes that a *honorarium*, *tax*, *stipend* or *alms*, as it is variously called, should be given on the occasion.

The holy scriptures lay down the principle that they who serve the altar shall live by the altar, and that they who minister to the people spiritual blessings shall receive, as St. Augustine puts it, "their support from the people and their reward from the Lord." Whenever, therefore, you ask that the Sacrifice be offered up, especially and exclusively for your own intention, it is right that you should practically recognize this principle. If the priest accepts the *honorarium* it is a pledge to you that the Mass will be offered exclusively for your intention; for he is then bound by justice and under pain of sin to offer it.

The stipend or *honorarium* must not be regarded as the price or equivalent of a Mass. Such a thought would be blasphemous, the Holy Sacrifice being beyond all price and of infinite value. It may be regarded, however, partly as the Canonical daily maintenance of the priest and as a slight recognition of the time and labor actually spent for you, and of the long years of self-denial and study by which the priest prepared himself for services of which the people reap the benefit. For this reason, the intention should be given to your parish priest or his assistant.—The Catholic Columbian.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER GAHAN.

With sincere and unfeigned regret we chronicle in this week's issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD the sad demise of the Rev. Father N. Gahan, P. P. of Biddulph.

As the many and noble qualities and generous deeds of charity which marked the career of this good priest were widely known and thoroughly appreciated, his late parishioners of Biddulph are not alone in their bereavement.

Rev. Nicholas Gahan—born fifty four years ago, in Mooncoin, county Kilkenny, Ireland—was intended by his pious parents for the priesthood almost from his earliest years, as is the custom in many parts of Ireland. He completed his classical and theological studies in St. John's college, Waterford, where he had the good fortune of sitting for the first time in the ranks of the holy orders the learned and highly gifted Dr. Cleary, the present distinguished and most venerated Archbishop of Kingston. Invited by Bishop Walsh to a share in the missionary work of this fair province, Father Gahan left home and sorrowing parents and friends in 1856. He had for companion de voyage a fellow-student, Mr. James Murphy, who came on the same invitation, and on a similar mission to this diocese. Both received holy orders on the same day in the old pro-Cathedral at the hands of the Right Rev. J. Walsh, now Archbishop of Toronto.

Rev. Father Gahan attended successively the parishes of Stratroy, Woodstock and Ingersoll. He also gave valuable assistance to Rev. Dr. Flannery in establishing missions in the townships of Danwich, Southwell and Aldborough in the county of Elgin, and fulfilling faithfully and well all the duties of a zealous missionary in the neighboring city of St. Thomas.

It may be stated truly that north and south, far and near, the name of the late Fr. Gahan is well known and revered. His late parishioners of Biddulph, the Catholics of Mount Carmel, and hundreds of those who were conversant with him more intimately in this city, shall miss the genial smile and cheery words with which he brought comfort and sunshine to many a domestic hearth.

Heartfelt prayers, we are certain, shall be offered to-day, for the soul of the good priest in many homes wherein his silent and unpublished charities shall be long held in grateful remembrance. Rev. Father Gahan, after a painful illness of six weeks' duration—which he bore with calm resignation and priestly fortitude—breathed his last on Thursday morning, the 28th ult. On the Saturday following an immense multitude attended at the church where his remains lay in state. High Mass of Requiem was celebrated on Saturday, the 30th ult. His Lordship the Bishop—attended by Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford, and Rev. John Connolly, of Ingersoll—occupied a seat in the sanctuary. There were also present: Rev. Dean Murphy, Irishtown; Revs. T. Noonan and St. McCormack, London; Rev. P. Brennan, St. Marys; Rev. D. J. McRae, Parkhill; Rev. T. J. Valentin, Zurich; and Rev. P. J. McKeon, St. Augustine. High Mass, *coram populo*, was celebrated by Rev. Dean Murphy, with Rev. T. Noonan as deacon, and Rev. P. J. McKeon, sub-deacon.

May his soul rest in peace!

You can never catch a word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken it is out of your power. Do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore take care what you say, for many sorrows are avoided by guarding the tongue, and many evils are brought about by the too frequent use thereof.

CREATL

Archbishop

BEAL MARR THAN THE TIZED FEED IS INVOIC "CATHOLIC

To the Editor, Sir,—Permit me to inform you of your News, headed "THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS," is a very becomingly agreeable. I, Archbishop of Kingston, have read it with interest and pleasure. It is a very sensible and judicious article, and I am glad to see that you have not been misled by the reports of the press.

These superfluous words are not only a waste of space, but they are also a waste of the printer's ink. I am sure that you will be glad to see that I have not been misled by the reports of the press. I am sure that you will be glad to see that I have not been misled by the reports of the press.

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MASSSES SAID FOR IN PURGATORY.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass... earliest times under Law, Sacrifices have particular objects and...

GREATLY MISUNDERSTOOD. Archbishop Cleary's View of Protestant Marriages.

REAL MARRIAGES, AND MORE SACRED THAN THEY ARE MEANT TO BE—BAPTIZED PERSONS, IF MARRIED, NOT TO BE DIVORCED—EXPLANATION BY A "CATHOLIC LAYMAN."

MISS MAUDE GONNE.

Miss Maude Gonne, who has been termed the "Irish Joan of Arc," has come to America to conduct a series of lectures in the principal cities...

A TRIP TO THE VILLAGE OF HASTINGS.

The Picturesque Character of the District Traversed—Evidence of Catholic Progress Noted.

THE REAL MARTIN LUTHER.

An appropriate memento of the forthcoming Protestant celebration of the Lutheran Observer presents its readers this week with the Introduction to Gustav Freytag's work, "Luther and the Reformation."

REV. FATHER GAHAN.

and unfinished regret we feel in the case of the Catholic priest, Rev. Father Gahan, of Biddeford.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND SOUTH WEST.

The South coast of Newfoundland is the base of a triangle, and measures about three hundred and sixty miles in length...

PRIESTLY HEROES.

The Mobile Register, a non-Catholic daily paper, pays a touching tribute to the heroic sacrifice of the Catholic clergy in the fever-stricken cities of the South.

A FAVORITE WORK.

The Catholic Home Annual for 1908 has been issued by Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

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The Rev. Kewen Thomas writes to the Boston Transcript that he has discovered that if every Protestant person in Boston not kept at home by absolute and legitimate necessity...

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THE ROME OF TO-DAY.

As Viewed by Most Rev. Archbishop Keane.

Archbishop Keane, until recently rector of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, is now the representative at the Vatican of the American Church, says the New York Herald. He is at present on a visit to scenes of his former usefulness and activity, but will return to Rome in a few weeks. The Archbishop has prepared for the Herald the accompanying article, written in characteristic vein in which he describes the Eternal City of to-day, his functions at the Vatican, the Congregation of the Propaganda and the venerable Leo XIII., with whom his duties have most happily brought him into frequent and intimate contact. Incidentally Archbishop Keane gives us pen pictures of Cardinals Ledochowski and Rampolla.

You ask me to tell you about Rome; to give you and the public a view of the Rome of to-day through my eyes. If my doing so will be of any interest to the public I am happy to comply with your request. I had visited Rome several times before going there last December. In 1873 I had the happiness of a private conversation with Pope Pius IX. In 1883 I paid my first official visit as Bishop of Richmond to Pope Leo XIII. In 1886 I saw him for the second time, having just been chosen first rector of the Catholic University of America. During that winter I conferred with him frequently in regard to this important matter. Again in 1887 and in 1894 the duties of my office took me to Rome and gave me the privilege of frequent and long conferences with the great Pope.

In December, 1896, I went to make the Eternal City my home. This I did at the special request of Leo XIII. himself. In his letter to me on the occasion of my retirement from the university he left it to myself either to stay in America or to come to Rome. Of course, I preferred to remain in my own country. But unforeseen developments, both in Europe and America, induced the Holy Father some months later to send me word that it would be better for the interests of religion that I should take up my residence in Rome and devote myself there to the interests of the Church in America. This I unhesitatingly did, always preferring to be guided by the judgment of the Chief Bishop of the Church rather than by views of my own. And thus it was that Rome became my future dwelling-place.

A place assumes a new aspect when it becomes one's home. Cardinal Oreglia gave me his own experience as an illustration of what I might expect in the Eternal City. He said that when he came to Rome as a young man he became so homesick that he could hardly induce himself to remain, but after some months, and especially after some years, he could not live anywhere else.

ROME'S POWERFUL FASCINATION. "Rome," he said, "has a power of absorption and assimilation beyond any other city in the world."

I must acknowledge that I have already begun to experience the truth of his statement. I am sure that no city in the world has about it such a fascination as Rome. On whatever side a man's intellectual nature has been developed he finds in the Eternal City the environment and the inspiration most congenial to him. Every one loves to linger in the majestic intellectual glories of the past, and all of them are, as it were, forever enshrined in Rome. She inherited all the intellectual glories of Greece, and she, by her world-wide dominion, made them the property of the world forever, and Caesar and Cicero were the outcome of Alexander and Demosthenes. The ruins of the Forum tell us to-day of the grandest achievements that the ancient world had beheld in all that sways the minds and wills of men. That charm lingers around the Forum still. I met in Rome last winter a learned member of the French Oratory who was making there his final studies for a history of the Forum.

From the level of the Forum mounts the Palatine hill, where we still behold the ruins of the palaces of the Caesars. Standing there one can look, as in the days of old, to all the ends of the earth and feel the thrill of the universal power whose mandates went forth from that hill-top. And yet that power has passed away and those gorgeous palaces are occupied only by lizards and owls. Far on the opposite end of the city towers the dome of St. Peter's, and by its side rises the palace of the Vatican. There dwells the representative of the power which replaces the imperial power of the Palatine hill, and, as if to tell how the transformation was accomplished, between the two lies the Coliseum, a superb monument of imperial vanity and at the same time of all the popular corruption on which imperial power had at last to rest its tottering strength.

WHERE ZOILA IS WRONG

From these ruined balconies the patricians and plebeians of Rome gazed together on the inhuman spectacles which pandered to their cruelty and their lust, and in that arena the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth won the victory of the Crucified One by laying down their lives through love of Him. It was the power of love conquering the power of brute force and brute lust. Thus it was that the heathen Coliseum crumbled and passed away and that the representative of Jesus of Nazareth took the place of the Caesars.

Zoila in his "Rome" meditates on the Palatine hill and imagines that the spirit of imperial Rome has been taken up and perpetuated by the successor of

Peter. No impression could be further from the truth. The two spirits are as far apart as were Nero and St. Peter. The only resemblance between the two is the world-wide universality of them both. Rome is still the world city. No one can live long there without recognizing that it is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. People have tried of late to rob it of its cosmopolitan character and make it a narrow, nationalistic city; but in so doing they are not only marring and distorting for the while the natural character of the Eternal City, but are ruining by the experiment the nation of which they had made it a capital.

I say this in no spirit of enmity to Italy. Pope Leo XIII. himself looks with profound sorrow upon the bankrupt condition into which poor Italy is deeper and deeper sinking. The experiment is no success. It could not be, because it is contrary to the historical nature of things. Rome is, and must be, the world city. That is why Providence made it the see of the world Bishop of the Church, and the Church is called Roman simply to signify that it is world-wide and universal. Any other appellation would limit it and would make it national, provincial, insular. The title Rome makes it universal, catholic.

WORLD-WIDE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

Thus the Rome of to-day offers to the mind two fields of intensely interesting study. First, the field of philosophical, historical and literary achievements, crowned with the glories of the grandest militarism the world has ever beheld. All this is the history of the distant past, its intellectual results living always. The second field of study is that of the great Christian influence which the Saviour of the world gave to mankind as a substitute for mere might and power.

Nowhere as in Rome can one study the world-wide power of religion or Christianity. There Providence has placed the centre of the administration of the Church, which, as our Lord declared, was to be the teacher of all nations, all days, to the end of the world. Naturally there can be nothing so interesting to one who right fully appreciates the tremendous importance of this spiritual power as to study its workings at its very centre. They who have the opportunity of studying it deeply see clearly that the vital power placed there by the Saviour of the world, for the world's moral good, has all the potency and all the promise of perpetuity which it had in the apostolic age.

My chief interest in Rome is, of course, my relation to the welfare of the Church in America, in so far as that is influenced by the central administration of the Church. It was for that purpose that the Holy Father brought me to Rome, and while they keep me busy there with much preaching and lecturing and guidance of souls, this administrative attention to the Church's welfare in my own country is my chief preoccupation. This brings me especially into relation with the Congregation of Cardinals who have special superintendence of the work of the Church in the newer countries of the world—that is to say, in those which have come within the fold of the Church during the last two hundred or three hundred years. Among these the Church in America naturally holds the first place.

THE CHIEF OF THE PROPAGANDA.

Nearly all of the Cardinals of other than Italian origin are members of this congregation, and have a right to take part in its sessions whenever they are in Rome. Thus Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Vaughan are members of the Congregation of the Propaganda. But the regular work of the congregation is carried on by some twelve or fifteen cardinals resident in Rome, and who, when necessary, take counsel with the others by means of correspondence.

The head of this congregation, or the cardinalial committee, is Cardinal Ledochowski, by origin a Pole, but for many years a resident of Rome. He is a man of splendid character; majestic, yet simple, straightforward, earnest, honest, anxious to receive light from all quarters in the fulfilment of his great charge, and abundantly endowed with the good sense which recognizes in dealing with the ecclesiastical affairs of a country common prudence suggests that all information should be obtained from those who are most competent to speak in the name of that country. He, through the secretary of the Propaganda, consults concerning American matters whenever he sees fit, and, on the other hand, he receives through me many ecclesiastical affairs which the Bishops of the United States intrust to my management.

Thus my relation with the Propaganda promises to be in itself a source of abundant occupation for me in Rome. Again there are many things in the administration of the Church, even in mission countries, of which cognizance is taken directly by the Vatican, which means, practically speaking, the Pope and his secretary of state, Cardinal Rampolla. These not only permit me, but require of me, to confer with them about all matters of special importance concerning the welfare of the Church in the United States. My frequent visits to the Vatican are always occasions of special interest and pleasure.

LEO'S MENTAL EMINENCE.

Men like Gladstone and Bismarck recognize that Leo XIII. is one of the grandest minds of the age, and to be allowed a conference with such a man on matters of the greatest importance to mankind is a privilege that cannot be too highly estimated. Next to him in grandeur of intellect

and character can well be placed Cardinal Rampolla, his trusted right arm in all his work for the world's good. Although the Pope is now eighty-eight years of age, no one can discover in him the slightest evidence of any weakening in his powers of intellect and of will.

The Archbishop of Boston said to me last winter that in all these respects the Pope seemed to him more full of power than five years ago, and when Bishop Maes of Covington was bidding him farewell quite lately the Holy Father asked him when he would be in Rome again, and when the Bishop said that he hoped to be back in five years the Pope said:

"Very well; I will be here then, and I will be glad to see you!"

He seems to feel within himself all the promise of several years to come of hard work for the glory of the Good Shephard and the welfare of His sheepfold.

Of course, my life in Rome is not altogether made up of work. The leading thinkers, writers and workers of every country are constantly gravitating, as it were, naturally toward the Eternal City. They pass through it again and again, every time desiring more to have the pleasure of visiting it once again. It is my good fortune to come in contact with most of them. They all recognize the special place which Providence has given to America in the forming of the world's future, and they seem to have an instinctive desire to come and talk with the American whom Providence has lately tenanted in Rome. But among the visitors to the Eternal City and to my modest lodgings in the Canadian College there are, of course, none so welcome as those who come from the United States. They bring with them all the memories, all the associations, all the ideas and influences which are dearest to me on earth.

THE FLYING SQUAD.

"This summer I was walking one day along a lonely road, near a small village in the mountains, when I was overtaken by a boy driving a fast horse attached to a dusty buggy. He drove furiously towards me and cried out: 'Father, Father! will you come and see my father, who is dying?'"

"Yes," I replied, leaping into his wagon and riding off at a tearing pace till we reached a white, comfortable-looking farmhouse, shining in the fields. I entered and heard the man's confession, but I could give him neither Communion nor Extreme Unction, because I was only a visitor in the neighborhood, and the church and the parish priest were seven miles away. After I had done what I could, I said to the sick man's wife and son:

"Now you must send for your pastor to give Holy Communion and Extreme Unction."

"Oh," said the boy, with tears rolling down his cheeks, 'can't you give them, Father, for I think we have them in the house?'"

None of these people had been to church in years.

A few days after, while taking another stroll, I found a family of fourteen children—white-haired, bald-headed, dirty-faced urchins, the eldest of whom was a boy of sixteen. The father was a French Canadian and the mother a Swede. Both were still young and strong. But they, as well as the children, were grossly ignorant of the very elements of Christianity. The father, originally a Catholic, had forgotten the lessons and given up the practice of his religion. The mother had none; and the children were only a degree removed from the condition of the young pigs which I saw wallowing in the yard near the stable. Knowing that there were many Catholics scattered through the hills and valleys of the vicinity, I sought out the most prominent of them. He was a Canadian of Irish descent, born and brought up among French-Canadians, so that his accent when he spoke English was a comical cross between a Cork brogue and a Quebec patois. His wife was a French Canadian, who had taught school in her early days, and who told me that she could sing the whole choir part of the Mass through, from "Kyrie Eleison" to "Agnus Dei" inclusively, if I would gather the people in a hall which she named, and agreed to sing the Mass for the farmers. I declined her offer, but did gather the people and said a low Mass for them on three Sundays. To the astonishment of every one, we had a congregation of two hundred souls the first, and of three hundred and fifty the second Sunday. They came from the hill-tops and from the deep valleys. They were Irish, Canadians, and Americans, some of the very old stock. The Protestant community was astonished, and the Catholics themselves were surprised at their own numbers. But how ignorant they were! There were farmers' sons of eighteen who had never made their First Communion, farmers and their wives who had not gone to Mass in years. There were young people who, by constantly frequenting services in non-Catholic churches, had learned hymns, and forms of worship, and had lost the knowledge of their own religion. They had no Catholic books, no Catholic pictures, no Catholic newspapers. Their life was without true religious influence, and they grew up like animals. Some of them had intermarried with Protestants and had become bad Catholics, as they had been bad Catholics. These are our pagans, stupid, ignorant, but not through their fault. There is no one to enlighten them, for the task is a hard one; and

no one yet seems to have a vocation for the work.

Can we help them—these masses of our people scattered in remote and secluded parts of the whole country, and condemned to involuntary deprivation of priest, Church, instruction and sacraments? Simple, good-natured, grateful souls they are, if some one would only come and instruct and serve them. It is among these that good books should be scattered. How I longed for a thousand of Father Searle's "Plain Facts" or of Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers," or some of the old tracts that zealous Father Hecker wrote in his early days, as I looked at the upturned faces of these unsophisticated rustics while I preached! After a few days I taught the boy whose dying father I had attended to serve Mass. No city boy in the end could do better, and none could be more fervent. On the first Friday of the month I said Mass in a frame house, and although it was known only to a few that there would be Mass, a dozen went to confession and Holy Communion. I have said Mass in Cathedrals in Europe, and sung it when the harmonies of Gounod and of Haydn filled the aisles of the city church, but I have never said it so devoutly as in that shanty.

Meeting the pastor of the place a short time before I returned home, I asked him how the people could be helped. "Send us books," said he, "and we can distribute them." Catechisms, prayer books, little works explaining the doctrines of the Church, small volumes of lives of the saints—send us these. We shall give them to farmers, and they and their families can and will read them." When he told me this I promised to help him, and at the same time I thought how good it would be if some of the young priests who ride bicycles and are fond of mountain tramping would form a "Flying Squad" of missionaries; of men not satisfied with merely evangelizing the towns, but desirous of evangelizing the isolated farmers, the log rollers of the remote rivers, the hewer of trees and the workers in saw mills in the wooded mountains. Besides an increase of faith and piety, I promise those who may form such a "Flying Squad" great pleasure and good health.

And as I have begun my scribble by a sad story of ignorance, let me close with one of enlightenment. Rambling among the woods one morning towards the end of my vacation, I thought I would increase the strength of my lungs by singing the gamut in the open air. Neither human being nor house was visible; but suddenly, in answer to my note, I heard the tune of a familiar hymn floating through the trees. I stopped to listen, and there distinctly in the solitude two excellent voices, evidently of young girls, sang the "Regina Celi" as it is sung in many of our parish schools. I hastened in the direction whence the sound proceeded and soon saw a farm house, from which the voices came. One voice was a soprano, the other an alto, and they sang the whole hymn through in Latin without missing a word. When they had finished it, they began the "Adeste Fideles." It was strange to hear them sing a Christmas hymn in midsummer. But they thought it appropriate for all times. They did not know that anyone was listening, and they did not care. They were singing to please God and themselves. The reader can imagine the holy thoughts that filled my mind, standing in that silent wood and listening to hymns that bring back all the associations of Christmas and Easter. Here was the Grand Old Church asserting her doctrines in the very forest; here was the dogma of the divinity of Christ and of the veneration of His Blessed Mother proclaimed to the very birds and beasts. I went to the farm house, where I found the two sweet singers, ex-graduates of a German Catholic parochial school, and refreshed myself with a glass of good milk. "The Flying Squad" would meet with such pleasant incidents of travel all over the country.—Catholic World.

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Boston's Patron Saint. Lax Catholic. It may seem strange to some, observes the New York Freeman's Journal, that the Catholic-bating old Puritans should call their chief town after a Catholic saint. But they did. Perhaps they did it unwillingly; or, perhaps in looking around for saints they found a dearth of them outside the Church's pale and had to draw on her treasury for one to call their town after. Some quibbling skeptic may say they called it after the town of Boston in Lincolnshire, England. Very well; but whom was Boston, Lincolnshire, called after? After St. Botolph, an abbot, who died June 17, 655. Boston is an abbreviation of Botolphstow. The Bostonians should keep the feast of this venerable Catholic monk. A lax Catholic is the favorite of the world. There is nothing the world loves so much as a bad Catholic, with one exception only. A good Catholic is a rebuke to the world, because his life is founded on a high standard. But a lax Catholic whose life falls below that standard, gives a consolation and a relief to the lax conscience by which the world lives. There is something, however, worse than this. A bad priest is the world's saint! When the world finds a bad priest it coddles him with all manner of indulgences. Can anything be more in the spirit of the world than this? There is only one thing worse than a bad priest, and that is a bad angel who fell from the presence of God Himself. And with world in receiving a bad priest in so much love and favor is acting in accordance with the spirit of the bad angel, who is the god of this world.—Cardinal Manning.

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FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Twenty-Second Sunday After Pentecost.

MATRIMONY.

The worthy and regular reception of the sacraments during life, brethren, is our surest guarantee of saving our souls in the end. They are the special means of keeping us in close union with God, and unless we put an obstacle in the way, they will infallibly work for our sanctification. One of these sacraments St. Paul calls a great sacrament—the sacrament of matrimony; and with good reason, for on this sacrament rests the whole structure of civil society, and on its worthy reception depends much of the happiness which should follow every Christian marriage.

What you are to hear to day, brethren, is intended for all—for those who are already married, as well as for those who are not; for without doubt there is not one of the sacraments about which people give evidence of so little knowledge as about this, and I think you will agree with me when I say there is none other which is open to so many abuses, so much irreverence, so little respect. And there is a reason evident enough for this. Do what we may, there is no denying the fact that we live in a Protestant atmosphere, and that our outward conduct is more or less influenced by the tone of those about us. If the Reformation has succeeded in accomplishing anything decidedly positive it is this: that while it has destroyed in the minds of many of its followers the dignity and sanctity of this sacrament, it has substituted in its stead the fatal idea that marriage is simply a contract to be entered into and broken again at the whim or fancy of the contracting parties, if they can only do it under cover of some process of law.

Thank God! no one calling himself a Catholic holds any such notions of this holy and Christian state. But still there is the danger of our giving countenance to it in others, of making the plea for them that they know not what they do, since they have been brought up to believe that way. All of which, after years filled with such experiences, weaken our grasp of the true doctrine and induce a less exalted respect for the sacrament itself and of the responsibility connected with it.

The Catholic Church has always and by every means in her power, both civil and religious, upheld the sanctity of marriage. She has fought its battles against these in high places, and sooner than defile the strict command, What God has joined let no man put asunder, she has seen whole nations torn from her already bleeding bosom.

In such a spirit, brethren, must we love and venerate this great sacrament, and therefore I have a word of warning for all. And first for those who are still unmarried. There is undoubtedly among our young people too much levity, too little reverence exhibited whenever there is question of this sacrament. They speak about it in a light, frivolous and flippant way, and infrequently approach this sacrament with dispositions somewhat similar. Catholics do not approach the other sacraments in this wise. Have you not been edified as you entered a church on a Saturday evening and gazed on the crowd of men, women and children, all in silence, examining their consciences, meditating on their past offences, humbly invoking God's pardon, and thus preparing for a worthy confession? Such a sight has often of itself awakened the grace of repentance in a hardened soul. The same may be said of the edifying manner in which all prepare themselves for Holy Communion, for confirmation, for extreme unction. Why should they be different with marriage? Why should people rush madly into this holy state without thought, without respect, without due preparation?

When you think of getting married, let this be your first resolution: I am going to do whatever the laws of God and the Church require or advise: I must see the priest beforehand and make any arrangements necessary; I must prepare for this sacrament by a good confession and a worthy Communion; I am going to be married as a Catholic, with a Nuptial Mass, not in the darkness of night, as if I were ashamed or afraid of what I am doing.

And to you who come to witness such marriages let me say one word. Don't act as if the church were a theatre and you were present at a play; don't act as you would never think of acting when the other sacraments are administered: in a word, behave yourselves on such occasions as becomes good Catholics.

Where Specialists Failed Dr. Chase Cured Cataracts. James Spence, Cleburn, Ont., writes:—I had been a sufferer from Cataracts for fifteen years. It became chronic and I had given up hopes of ever being cured when advised by a friend to try Dr. Chase's Cataract Cure. I at once started and am pleased to state three boxes effected a complete cure, and I heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from Cataracts.

"It is a Great Public Benefit." These significant words were used in relation to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits. His own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW AMY'S PETITION WAS ANSWERED.

Mary Dayton, in the Poor Souls' Advocate.

It was the month of November. The rain had fallen heavily all day, seeming to increase as night's shadows darkened. The wind tossed the branches of the leafless trees, making progress slow and difficult for the few travelers who chanced to be abroad. The gas lights burned dimly, casting shadows in every crevice of the way. On C—street, a man of some twenty years was seen pushing his way forward, until he halted at the door of a cottage brightened by the ruddy glow of a fire that crackled on the open hearth. He paused on the threshold, his dark eyes peering forward. The room was neat and cosy. A large rocker was drawn close to the grate, waiting the arrival of its evening occupant. Two girls were busily engaged embroidering a piece of linen, while naught broke the silence except the ticking of the great clock that had marked the flight of time for many and many a year. The silent observer at last entered, and was welcomed by the industrious inmates.

"We have been waiting a good while, Charles, but thought perhaps good fortune detained you." "No good fortune to-night, Nell, in the line you mean, and if it wasn't for you girls and your busy fingers—" "Hush, now; don't give up hope. You will soon forget your troubles when you have a draught of this," and his sister gave him a large cup of tea, sure of the result. He eagerly began to sip it, and at the same time to recount the disappointments of the day. Perhaps it would be wise to acquaint the reader with the little family he has met.

Years ago Mr. Clifford was a wealthy merchant in the metropolis of England. Fortune seemed to smile upon her child and his undertakings. Luxury reigned in his home, and as wealth grew more and more the present finally enjoyed, the future forgotten. Finally came the blow that leveled all the joys of this happy circle. False friends had proven treacherous, and James Clifford was without money or home. Day by day he planned to again conquer, but to no avail. All that remained was the cottage we have seen. Accustomed to luxury, he sank under the blow, leaving his children, Charles, Nell, and Amy, to fight the battle he had failed to endure. The girls had obtained work from a large firm, but Charles had been less fortunate, and for this reason was as we found him on that November evening. After they had finished their slight repast and put their tasks, leaving their brother to watch them with anxious eyes. Out and in flew their busy needles, till at last Amy broke the silence.

"I've thought of a plan, brother, and we will carry it out won't we?" "What is it, baby? (a pet name by which Amy was called)." "Tell it, and then we'll decide."

"Well, since it seems impossible for us to succeed, let us ask the holy souls to work in our behalf, and—" "A capital idea," broke in Charles. "Why hadn't we thought of it before? Why not take now for a beginning? Surely they will help us," and he went on his knees ready to pray with all good will to those who would never forsake him. The girls followed his example, and soon the three lonely orphans were seeking aid from a higher power, drawing consolation from that divine weapon, prayer.

After the heartfelt supplications were ended they renewed their work, and all joined in Amy's words: "I know the holy souls will not forsake us!" Thus passed day after day, till at last all grew hopeless save Amy. Over and over again she begged the suffering ones to hear her prayers. The last day of November came, and yet nothing had happened to strengthen on the hopes of the little petitioner.

That morning Charles started out again on his search for employment. Nell remained at home to finish her work, but Amy wandered her way to the little church, resolving once more to repeat her petitions. The cool, crisp air had begun to warm with the sunbeams and Charles Clifford was still hopeless. At last, quite abandoning himself to gloomy thoughts, and not caring whether he went, he wandered on. As he turned the corner of G—street he was touched on the arm and thus addressed:

"Where are you going, young man?" "I am in search of employment," he answered, "and, being most unfortunate, am well nigh hopeless." "Hopeless! and so young? Come, my son, you must not speak thus." "My hopes were high, but since—"

"What is your name?" "I am Charles Clifford, an orphan, with no one to care for me but two sisters, who now await my return." Charles then proceeded to tell his new acquaintances of his family and his troubles. Meanwhile the sun kept sinking lower and lower, and for the first time he noticed it growing late.

"Are your sisters of better cheer than you?" Charles then related with what firm faith Amy had confided in the holy souls.

"And they have rewarded her." As the stranger spoke he drew a card from his pocket, gave it to Charles, and then laid his hand upon his arm. "Now, my boy, your sister's prayers are heard. Come to-morrow to my office and be content to be secretary to Mr. Joseph Worth."

Charles' eyes, man as he was, filled

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Font Fancles.

In God's name, in the name of love and truth and purity, when any evil or impure thought so much as casts the shadow of its approaching presence on your soul, then in all the strength of your manhood, arise and thrust it out, ere it be too late! Argue not, delay not, listen not, hunt the leathsome whisper from you as though it were some poisonous reptile, and bid it begone forever.—Conlon Kernahan.

Causes of Business Failures. Of the whole number of business failures the Bradstreet company assign the following causes to the proportions stated, viz:

Incompetence, 16.4 per cent.; inexperienced, 6.1 per cent.; lack of capital, 23.5 per cent.; unwise credits, 4.7 per cent.; speculation (outside), 1.2 per cent.; neglect of business, 3.2 per cent.; extravagance, 1.3 per cent.; fraudulent disposition, 7.4 per cent.; dissipation, (commercial) 22.3 per cent.; failures of others, 2.9 per cent.; undue competition, 1.2 per cent.

Where There's a Will, There's a Way. Balliol, the most exclusive of Oxford colleges, has among its undergraduates a married Laureate mill hand twenty-three years of age, who worked his way into the university by studying after factory hours, with the help of free libraries and university extension lectures. He passed his Greek examination eighteen months after learning the alphabet, and within six weeks after admission to college won the Brackenbury history scholarship worth \$100 a year for four years. He is trying for an honor degree in history.

He had a Hard Fight. This word of warning was given by one business man to another. "You are drinking too much whiskey, and it is getting the better of you." "Pshaw!" was the reply, "I can stop at any time." "No, you can not," said the first. The suggestion that he was thought to be becoming a weak drunkard stung the second to resolve to stop drinking. The struggle was terrific—worse than a severe illness—but the man had realized his danger, and the victory was won after an intense battle with an appetite which had grown strong in indulgence. The strength of an indulged habit is only realized when the effort is made to break it, and then it may be too late but for the grace of God.

To be Remembered. Thousands of people breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them: none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; none, in a line they recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.

A Matchless Story. An American magician tells an amusing story of an encounter he had some years ago in a village in Boloohistan with a native conjurer. A competition between them was agreed upon. When the American party reached the clump of palms where the great struggle was to be held they found the native necromancer surrounded by the darkest and most impressive array of magical concomitants. Very different was the attitude of the magician, who sailed up with a smile on his face, a cigarette between his teeth and a magician's patent satchel slung across his shoulders. The competition was short but decisive. The American while waiting for the competition to begin took a lucifer out of his pocket, struck it on the sole of his shoe and lit his cigarette, where-

upon the entire Oriental contingent that its inhabitant plays the fool, but there is no visible barrier against low vices. His mind is empty and ready or any visitor—the first to come may be sin. What leads many a man wrong is simply the deadly dullness of me describe another interior life. Here is a hanging book case of two shelves, with forty volumes, the beginning of a library. The Bible (a mother's gift) is supported by a good Shakespeare, a pocket edition also of some favorite plays for a walking tour; do you notice dear old Don Quixote, who jests at the dying chivalry with a tear in his eye, has a place, and he is supported on the right and left by Lowell and Kingsley. A felicitous idea, for more than any other poet has the oppressed, and the English person was most truly a knight of God. Two or three cents one now expects, and "Henry Esmond," of course. Charles Lamb—but that is enough. One is satisfied, and is introduced to this man before he enters the room. It were an unpardonable gaucherie to warn this man against the dangers of idleness and folly. His armful of books have naturalized him in another world.

"Not Interested." The Catholic Citizen says, dozens of Catholic families are able to take Catholic papers, but neglect to do so because "Catholic papers do not interest them."

The fault may either be with the Catholic paper or with those people. We will discuss the matter briefly on the latter theory.

With all of us the "sensational" is apt to be more interesting than routine news. In the daily papers we are apt to go first for the write-up with the glaring headlines, which tells of the bloody murder.

If we want a constant diet of this kind, we take The Police Gazette—then our taste for reading becomes wholly depraved. Not even the most attractively gotten-up paper interests us.

This illustrates how a reading taste and interest may be cultivated for good or evil.

Thousands of people are interested in Catholic papers. We have on our list, families who have renewed their subscription for twenty years. They say they "would not be without this Catholic paper."

So it is possible that the reason you are not interested in the Catholic paper is that there is something a fault in your taste for reading.

You may be lacking in loyalty to your Church—which means of course that you are not interested in Catholic events and Catholic opinion.

You may have a frivolous, gossiping mind that cannot put up with intelligent newspaper matter.

You may be too much of a worldling in your interests. You may be deficient in sympathy with your co-religionists.

Give the matter some consideration and see where the fault lies. Or to be perfectly certain about the problem, take a Catholic paper for six months, industriously read it, and see whether an interest in that kind of reading will not be engendered.

Maltine with Coca Wine Feeds the Nerves. Are you all run down? Are you tired in body? weary in mind? Does lassitude burden and unfit you for mental or physical labor? Does sleeplessness rob you of mental force? make your days a weariness and night a torment? In brief, is life rapidly becoming a burden to you? Thousands are living in this miserable condition while relief from this worst of mental and physical conditions may be speedily obtained by the use of Maltine with Coca Wine. It is a real tonic, for it builds up the body, gives strength and vigor to the nerves, supplies pure rich blood, restores appetite, and adds wonderfully to the digestive power of the stomach. Maltine with Coca Wine renews every fibre of the body, gives mental activity.

Maltine with Coca Wine is a builder—builds nerve, builds muscle, builds bone. It gives vim and nerve. It braces, not as a stimulating agent; it braces because it cures. That is what you need. All druggists sell it.

Coughs, colds, pneumonia and fevers may be prevented by keeping the blood pure and the system toned up with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parment's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

The Young Man's Room. That clever writer, Ian Mac Laren, says: "When a young man's room has nothing in the shape of reading material beyond a fourth rate novel and an evening paper, it is not a promising interior. It does not follow

SUNLIGHT SOAP Wrapper Competition. SEPTEMBER, 1897.

The following are the Winners in District No. 1, Western Ontario.

Winners of Steam's Bicycles. Mr. T. W. Dutton, 148 Queen street west, Toronto. Mr. J. Wilson, 160 Queen St., east, Toronto.

Winners of Gold Watches. Mr. A. O. Parker, 112 Geneva street, St. Catharines. Mr. Wilbert Livingstone, 87 Agnes street, Toronto.

Mr. H. J. Clancy, 159 Palmerston avenue, Toronto. Mr. T. R. Morris, 120 Arthur street, Toronto. Mr. Edward Dallimore, 320 Wilton avenue, Toronto.

The above competition will be continued each month of 1897.

LEVER BROS., Limited, Toronto.

HOW CONVERTS ARE MADE!

What Led Cardinal Manning to the True Faith.

The late Cardinal Manning, in his "Religio Viatoris," gives a splendid idea of how and the series of reasons by which such men as he became converts to the Catholic Church: I know that I am; I know that I have the light of reason, the dictate of conscience, the power of will; I know that I did not make all things, nor even myself. A necessity of my reason compels me to believe in One higher and greater than I, from whom I come, and to whose image I am made. My perfection and welfare consist in knowing Him, in being conformed to Him. I am sure that He is good, and that He desires my happiness; and that therefore, He has not hid Himself from me, but has made Himself known to me, and that I may love Him and be like Him. I find that the light of the knowledge of God has filled the world, and has been ever growing by fresh accessions of light, waxing brighter and clearer until it culminated in the face of Jesus Christ. In Him God and man were perfectly revealed. In Himself, in His words, and in His Commandments, I find the most perfect knowledge of God that the world has ever known; the most perfect knowledge of Himself that man has ever reached; the most perfect law of morals towards God and towards man, that men have ever received. All this is to be found in Christianity alone. Christianity is, therefore, the fulness of the revelation of God. Moreover I find that the maximum of human and historical evidence proves this true and perfect Christianity to be coincident and identical with the world-wide and immutable faith of the Catholic Church.

"On these foundations—four square and imperishable—rests the faith to which God in His mercy has called me, in which I hope to live and die, for which I also hope that, by God's grace, I should be willing to give my life."

A Premonition of Death. The daughter of Otago Feuillet tells the story of her father's conversion. One day he told her that he felt quite sure that the hour of his death was near at hand, and he did not wish to be taken by surprise. "I have always believed in God," he said, "but for many years I have ceased to serve Him. The time has come when I must be reconciled to Him. To-day I went to confession and to-morrow I shall receive Holy Communion. If your mother sees this from heaven, it will rejoice her heart; she will say: 'He has fulfilled my dream, he has realized my ideal.'"

The next day, in the little Lady Chapel of our old cathedral, we were all busy carrying flowers, and decorating the altar. Carpets were spread, and candles lighted as if for a wedding. Beautifully gilded priedieux stood before the altar rail. On one of these my father knelt. All his children knelt around him. My father desired that not only his own family, but also his kinsfolk, friends, servants and dependents should be present on this joyful occasion.

"I wish," he said, "that my return to my religious duties should take place in the light of day and serve as an example. In times like ours it becomes the duty of respected citizens to set an example for those who have still to fight the good fight on earth."

Fever and Ague and bilious derangements are positively cured by the use of Parment's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

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