

The Catholic Record.

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

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NO. 888.

Mysteries and Faith.

BY GEORGE HARRISON CONRAD.

I know not how—God knows—
The tree in spring, revives with forces unseen,
And drapes its modest limbs with garments green:
I know not how—God knows—
The simplest daisy blows.
And yet I know
These things are so.

I know not how—God knows—
In the Eternal God head dwelleth three
Beings distinct, but one Divinity;
I know not how—God knows—
He all his gifts bestows,
And yet I know
These things are so.

I know not how—God knows—
Beneath the onward forms of drink and food
Dwelleth the One who is Eternal Good;
I know not how—God knows—
Our Lord doth there repose,
And yet I know
That it is so.

WHY BISHOPS VISIT ROME;

The Great Source of Divine Strength.
Health and Vitality.

The venerable Bishop Nulty, of Meath, Ireland, recently set out for Rome to pay his regular ad limina visit to the Pope. Before starting he addressed a most interesting pastoral to his flock. Among other things he said:

Twenty-five years ago I met all the Bishops of the whole world at Rome. The prelates then assembled there numbered up to very nearly a thousand. I paid frequent visits there since and some before, and though I did not meet all the Bishops of the world there every time, I did meet every time individual Bishops from nearly every country on the globe. What brings these Bishops there and what keeps them there for weeks and months, far away from their respective sees and native countries? What is the secret of that great mysterious power which is felt, acknowledged and submitted to in every land under heaven? The wise men from the East, the Scripturists tell us, sought and reached through a painful and perilous journey an Infant in a stable, and their faith was not shocked at the lowly and helpless condition in which they found Him. The privations and suffering to which the Man God had voluntarily subjected Himself rather strengthened their faith and awakened in their souls feelings of deeper and tenderer endearment and affection for Him.

What is it that these pilgrim prelates travel over thousands and thousands of miles of land and sea to find and see at Rome? On arriving there they merely find one old man—a venerable old man, no doubt, but a venerable old man who is no longer free, who has been cruelly enslaved, who is confined within the precincts of a narrow spot of earth which he must not leave and beyond which he would be hardly allowed to live. Are they scandalized or is their faith shocked at the state of enforced and unnatural degradation and lowliness in which they find him? Quite the reverse. Peter's prisons and Peter's chains are, in the eyes of the faith, Peter's highest and noblest glories. And Leo's suffering and Leo's imprisonment, if not the cruellest, are at least the longest and most lingering of the sufferings even of Roman Pontiffs, and the fact exalts and enhances enormously the reverence, the affection and the love which these pilgrim prelates cherish for the august dignity of his sacred person and character.

Although a pilgrimage from this country to the Holy See undoubtedly is long, laborious and severely trying to the attenuated energies of a man of my years, yet its sacred character and nature, the important objects at which it aims and which it hopes to realize, the sad need in which the Holy Father now stands of all the moral and material aid which the sympathies of his children can offer him, combine all together to soften and even to sweeten its physical fatigue and discomforts. I go, therefore, now to Rome, and for the last time in my life to lay at the feet of the Holy Father, in your name, as well as in my own, the assurance of our allegiance, our loyalty and our love for himself personally, and for the Apostolic See. I go to visit the shrines of the apostles, and there, on holy ground, to offer up fervent prayers and sacrifices for your temporal, spiritual and eternal welfare; and earnestly to implore, above all things else, that not one entrusted to my care may be wanting to that glorious bead roll of saints whom our Lord will look for on the last day from this diocese, as the fruit of His death and passion.

Another object of my visit will be to present to the Holy Father a full and comprehensive report of the state of religion in the diocese; to gladden his heart with the cheering and refreshing account which the vast majority of you have, in all truth, enabled me to give of your piety, your virtue and sanctity—of the zeal with which you listen to the preaching of the Word of God; and above all of the fervor and frequency with which you approach the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist.

The Holy Church has been compared by her Divine Founder to "a citadel built on a rock," against which the winds and tempests raised by the devil will incessantly rave and

rage and dash themselves in vain fury, but over which they never can prevail, because it is founded on a rock. "Thou art Peter," said our Lord, "and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Now the Bishops of the whole world in communion with the Holy See are, as it were, the grand corner stones of that spiritual edifice and it is through them that the spiritual strength which rises from the rock conveys itself even to the remotest parts of the superincumbent building. They are, as it were, the great arteries through which the Church's life blood flows from her heart at Rome to her most remote extremities in every part of the world.

Now, it is principally through these visits, which the Bishops are bound by their oaths to pay periodically to Rome, that they fulfill this august function of their sacred ministry. It is then especially that their respective dioceses draw the largest measures of divine strength, health and vitality from the exhaustless source of all supernatural life which is centred at Rome.

A Bishop's first great duty during his visit to Rome will be to fix and determine his own place and position, and to feel and find out the exact spot on which he actually stands. He must satisfy himself beyond all doubt that he stands firmly on the rock; that he has a solid, a safe and permanent hold there, and that he forms an integral and an harmonious component part of the edifice it supports and sustains.

Other inquiries will then suggest themselves to him, and fresh and unexpected lights will gradually break upon him, for his guidance and enlightenment. He will soon find that he has yet many things to learn, and that there are in his diocese many reforms yet to be introduced, and many abuses yet to be corrected; and he will see there many splendid models which will fit him to imitate and reproduce on his return home. It is only by comparing his faith with the faith of the centre of Catholic unity that he can be quite certain of its orthodoxy and soundness in all its details. It is only by contrasting the local disciplinary customs, which regulate the celebration of the public worship, the administration of the sacraments, and the various religious and devotional practices prevailing at home with their counterparts at Rome, that he can be quite certain that in these particulars he is in perfect harmony and unity with the Universal church.

The effort to improve, which he will then feel himself called upon to make—the Sursus Corda—the raising up of his heart to strive after what is holiest and best will draw his flock as well as himself into closer and stricter conformity with the centre of Catholic unity. The higher and more perfect that union becomes the deeper and wider also becomes that great artery through which the Church's life blood flows from her heart at Rome to the remotest member of hers in this diocese as is the case with all its details. A diocese that is not through its bishop in perfect union with the centre of Catholic union at Rome is like a withered and lifeless branch which was severed from the trunk that was the source of its life. It cannot bloom or blossom or produce a good fruit any longer.

A HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

The Orangeman, on his Heath, is no more picturesque or pleasing a figure than the Orangeman transplanted, and masquerading as an American "patriot." He is either an ignorant, narrow, unreasoning bigot. He prates about education as the safety of the State, but he knows nothing about the question; he raves about the perils to which the "Church" is exposed, but he never goes to church. The one absorbing passion of his life is hatred of the Roman Catholic Church, which he does not understand.

Recent Irish and English papers give the details of a Belfast incident which throws a strong sidelight upon the Orangeman at home. A man named Thomas Hutchinson resided in a tenement in Belfast. He occupied half a house in a very strong Orange section of the city. He was the only Catholic in the immediate neighborhood. The man from whom he hired the apartment was named Andrews; he was an ultra-Orangeman, and, of course, bitterly opposed to everything Catholic.

Hutchinson was taken suddenly ill. He had a severe hemorrhage, and he was at the point of death. He wanted the ministrations of a priest. A messenger was dispatched to bring one to the house. The good Father came with all possible haste. He proceeded to the bedside of the dying man, and at once began to administer the last sacraments of the Church. While engaged in this sacred duty he was interrupted by Andrews, the Orange man, who told him that he would permit no Popish priest to enter his house. He rallied at the dying man for accepting the services of a "Papist," and then, seizing the priest by the throat, tried to throw him down stairs. A policeman was summoned to the scene, and he arrived just in time to save the priest from bodily harm.

The infuriated Orange bigot next attacked the officer, but was finally overpowered and ejected from the premises. The sick man was thrown into a dangerous state of nervousness, and after a few hours he died. An alarm was raised for assault, and the police was arrested for assault, and brought to the police station. Meanwhile his wife continued to carry on the crusade which he had started. She threatened to throw the dead body out through the window, and the afflicted family were compelled to hurriedly remove the remains to another house under a police escort.

Mr. Andrews and his wife profess to be Christians and to respect the Christian religion. They are zealous Protestants. Yet they brutally assaulted a Christian minister of the gospel who was trying to comfort a Christian man in his last hours on earth. They raised a riot which, no doubt, tended to hasten

Christian Union.

whose formation so much has been written. He organized this body last year, and they were usually called Episcopal medical monks on account of the work they undertook. On Oct. 3, 1891, Davidson took his first vows in the order, renouncing the world, and promising to devote the remainder of his days to church work and to the nursing of the sick. The final vows of the order are poverty, obedience and celibacy. As a member of the order Mr. Davidson ranked as a deacon of the church, and was known as Brother Aloysius. As a means of support during his probationary period he received a small salary for doing the work of sexton about the church.

WEARS A CASCOCK.

He has lectured on anatomy and pathology, and has studied medicine. In the meantime he has lived very economically, and occupied a room in the church. As a deacon of the church he was on the way to the priesthood. He has always been very religious, going to Mass every morning and saying some of the breviary offices. His habit is a black cassock, and he wears a girdle, from which hangs a crucifix by a leather thong. He wears a skull cap when indoors, and a short cape over the shoulders, like a Dominican Father.

OTHER CONVERTS FROM THE SAME CHURCH.

Brother Aloysius is the third person to leave the Church of the Redeemer for the Catholic Church. The first was Henry Austin Adams, who when rector of the church, was known as Father Adams. He announced his change of faith in a letter to the public on July 16, 1893, and since then has become well known in the Catholic Church as a writer and lecturer.

The second convert was Mrs. William Arnold, who was the wealthiest member of the church. A year ago last March Mrs. Arnold told her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Everett Johnson, that she had become a Catholic, and had been baptized by the Rev. Father Van Rensselaer. Mrs. Arnold, who was Miss Annie Stuart Cameron, was the daughter-in-law of the late Richard Arnold of Arnold, Constable & Co., New York. Her husband, when he died, left her an estate of \$2,000,000. The Church of the Redeemer is very High Mass is said each day; confessions are heard, incense is burned, and vestments, lights, and crosses are used in public worship. More conversions are liable to follow that of Brother Aloysius.

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It is a form," said he, in English:

"It is a form," said he, in English: "comply with it."

There was a Swiss guard with a drawn sword just behind, and what could I do but obey the voice?

"Pray heaven I get out safe again!"

was my cry in spirit, as I cast a terrified glance over my shoulder, for I have ever had a dread of soldiers.

When I turned my head again there was a milk-looking old gentleman clothed entirely in white, even to his slippers and mittens, talking gently to the nuns in soft Italian speech. I drew back behind my friend as far as I could without impaling myself on the Swiss guard's naked sword when His Holiness came near us, and devoutly hoped he would not see me. But he gave us each a hand to kiss and exchanged questions and answers with my friend, whose family had known him when he was only a Cardinal. I had plenty of time to look at him, for he had much to say, and of course I understood not word of their talk. I was just recovering from my nervousness when he turned to his chamberlain or ecclesiastic in attendance and asked in French, "Who is this lady, and why is she here?"

"Oh," returned he, "she comes but as escort to her friend, and she is a heretic. Your Holiness need not trouble to speak to her."

"It she is a heretic," said he, "why does she wear the sign of our faith?"

Touching as he spoke the cross round my neck.

The chamberlain shrugged his shoulders in embarrassment, but my friend took up the word.

"She is no heretic, Holy Father," said she, warmly. "She is a good Christian, who nurses the sick and the poor, but she had the misfortune to be born in England—which is not to be laid to her door as a fault."

"My daughter," said the kindly voice of the old man, as he laid one hand on my head and gave me the other to kiss for a second time, "I give you my blessing; prosper in your good works," and he moved away.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Christian Union.

Addressing the Catholic Truth Society of England the other day, Cardinal Vaughan made this memorable statement: "I need hardly say that the idea of my maintaining any position hostile to Reunion, or of my desiring to do anything to hinder what might promote it, is absolutely devoid of foundation. There is nothing we Catholics desire so ardently as to see England once more more reconciled to the Apostolic See in the Unity of the Faith. There is nothing—absolutely nothing—that we would not do which might bring this a step nearer realization. As to our allowing self-interest to find a place in the matter, we can only be entertained by those who do not know us—what we really think, what we really feel. I do not understand what is meant by that notion, which has been put about, that of course, if England and Rome were to draw together again, the position of the Catholic clergy, and more especially that of the Bishops and the Archbishops of Westminster, would

become impossible. If it mean that the chamber of death in which a human soul was passing away to meet its God in judgment, and they interrupted the most solemn offices of religion.

That is the sort of person the Orangeman is at home. What he is here the public already know. We find him in every dishonest, fanatical movement intended to harass or annoy the Catholic Church, or to dislodge and defame Catholic citizens. In America they profess to be defenders of the country and its flag. In Ireland and England they are the sworn defenders of the monarchy. In every place where they are found they are bitter, uncompromising, implacable foes of their Catholic neighbors. The Belfast bigot and his viars of a wife are types of the Orange faction. They well represent the spirit of fanaticism which led to the murder of an innocent man in East London on July 4. It was an Ulster Orangeman who fired the fatal shot that made Mrs. Wills a widow and made orphans of her little children.

These are the men who want to control the politics of America. A nice Christian state would be which would be managed by such brutal fanatics, who respect neither religion nor the law nor common decency nor the solemn rites administered to dying Christians.—Boston Republic.

ANGLICAN CHURCH ENDOWMENTS.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Sir, I notice by the last letter of your correspondent, L. Stone, of Montreal, that he invites you or some one of your correspondents, to show that the property of the Catholic Church in England at the Reformation was transferred to the Church that was established after the Reformation, the present Anglican Establishment.

This is a favorite challenge of the members of the Church Defence Institute, but if there is any reliance to be placed on English historians the answer is not difficult to find.

A certain Anglican minister, R. C. Philpott, Vicar of Hexton, England, wrote to the Westminster Gazette not very long ago, and said, *inter alia*:

"Lord Rosebery very sensibly pointed out at Cardiff, that, as a matter of indefeasible right, the present endowments of the Church of England properly belong to their original owner, the Church of Rome, from whom they were taken by Parliament.

Yours etc.,

A. B. MACDONALD.

Prescott, Ont., 18th Oct., 1895.

TO PREACH THE TRUTH.

Missions for Non-Catholics in the Diocese of Cleveland.

In the diocese of Cleveland, the Rev. Walter Elliot, of the Paulist Fathers of New York, assisted by the Rev. W. S. Kress, of Bowling Green, Ohio, have been very successful in his missions to non-Catholics. Bishop Horstmann, the head of the diocese, has appointed Father Kress and Father E. P. Graham to carry on the work inaugurated by the Paulist missionary, Father Kress has issued a circular explaining to the priests of the Cleveland diocese the plans for pushing this mission work among non-Catholics. In this circular Father Kress says:

Realizing the urgent need of dispelling the clouds of misapprehension and false representation that obscure the path of so many, who are in search of divine truth, keeping them away from the doors of that Church where alone they can find lasting peace, an effort was made in this diocese during the past year to bring Catholic teaching before the great mass of non-Catholics in Northern Ohio. It is estimated that 35,000 non-Catholics attended the lectures given by Father Elliot and his associates, and it is safe to say that a majority of these never listened to an explanation of Catholic doctrine from friendly sources before. The good that was accomplished by the Public Hall lectures cannot be calculated by figures; some converts were made outright, and in every case much of that prejudice which is working such a cruel wrong to our Catholic brethren was removed. In every instance much good was accomplished among Catholics themselves.

It is evident that if much fruit is to be gathered from this Public Hall apostolate the work must be made permanent: the same ground must be gone over again and again, one series of lectures must succeed another, each as far as it is possible, more attractive and more instructive than its predecessor. The soil must be prepared, the good seed sown, the tender plant guarded against weeds and thistles and the drought, and when all this is done God is bound to give the increase.

The Right Rev. Bishop, approving of the work, has undertaken to make the non-Catholic apostolate a permanent feature of the diocese. He gave the little mission band a spiritual incorporation, naming it the "Apostolate of St. Francis de Sales." He has set apart from parochial duties two of the secular clergy, Father E. P. Graham and myself, and assigned to us the diocesan mission. This number is to be added to in the course of time, until it becomes large enough to give every parish priest all the assistance he may require in reaching his non-Catholic subjects.

By deciding what is properly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and what we would, we are a part of the Divine power against evil, wileing the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

"But a historian (Barrett), whose bias was certainly not unfavorable to Protestantism, confesses that all England, p. 593)

"When God throned His arms around a soul and drew it away from its companions, and I, Himself, then is that soul very lonely, but the loneliness is but the being gathered to the heart of God.

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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Author of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER XVI.

Again came the day of trial, and the sun shone as brightly as it had done on that same day a week ago, but interest and expectation were more violent, and feminine hearts palpitated quicker with hope and desire that the prisoner, through his counsel might defeat the law.

Mrs. Delmar and Louise, both in the very brightest of summer attire, were early in their places; the elder lady in an agony lest the pearl powder, with which she had plentifully overlaid her complexion in order to give a pale, interesting look to her features, should lose its effect in the crowded courtroom, was vigorously fanning herself. The younger, paler than it was her wont to be, though not by artificial means, was absorbed in thoughts of the visits she had made to the prison during the week.

She had gone daily, always accompanied by her mother, and Hubert had not submitted to the infliction with his former gracelessness. He had not, it is true, openly wounded their sensitiveness; he had not rebuked them for their unkindness to Margaret, but it was only for Eugene's sake he had refrained—simple, frank, generous Eugene, who made daily visits also, and each time showed a friendship so deep, so sincere, that more than once Hubert caught the young fellow's hand, and murmured:

"What have I done to merit this?" Between the young men, the subject of Margaret's treatment by Mrs. Delmar and her daughter was silently but mutually tabooed. Eugene shrank from making excuses for it, the falsity of which apologies he knew would be so apparent, and Hubert forebore to speak of that which he knew to be beyond Eugene's control, or influence.

But though he restrained the scathing rebuke which rose hotly to his lips when Mrs. Delmar paraded her affectionate interest in him, he was cynical and sarcastic in his conversation to her and Louise; he talked at the young lady, not to her any more, and when they prolonged their interview he became taciturn, and almost morose.

"It is anxiety about his trial that makes him so unlike himself," said Mrs. Delmar, "but once this terror is past we shall have him more charming in his manner than ever."

Perhaps her daughter's heart did not credit that prophecy, for love is attended by so many fears that hope itself is often dashed—and alas! for the happiness, for the peace of Louise Delmar's future life, her mother's lessons had been but too well learned. She loved Hubert Bernot with all the uncontrollable passion of her warped and shallow nature. His cynicism, his sarcasm, the very observations he launched at her from summits so far above her mental grasp, were but as chains binding her to the heights on which he stood, but chains that would never draw her from her own level—they would only hold her in a hopeless, weary, broken hearted bondage.

Yet, with that strange passion, there came to her, perhaps for the first time in her life, desires for a different life from the one she was living—softened, chastened feelings that made her turn impatiently from the constant parade of her mother's vanity, and which might, if properly guided, have made her a better, truer woman for the face had awed the affronty of even these women of fashion.

Mrs. Delmar, whose name had occurred so frequently in their comments, was smiling, and bowing to them from an opposite part of the house; she had been careful not to obtain seats near that "odious Margaret Calvert," as she now once termed Hubert's cousin, and they returned the salutations with smiles and smiles, which they supposed to be graceful and becoming.

Margaret's eyes mechanically followed the direction of their glances, till they too rested on the interestingly pale features of Mrs. Delmar, who was still winking her jewel-adorned fan.

She smiled faintly, as, for a moment, she remembered that lady's former treatment—the almost motherly affection with which she was wont to receive her—and now to learn that this same estimable matron had been urging her friends to close the portals of society to the defenseless girl.

"For what?" Margaret asked herself, for with all her sorrow and anxiety for Hubert, with all her dislike of the fashionable world, this coldness, and uncharitableness stabbed her to the quick.

The prisoner appeared, and immediately Margaret's thoughts and emotions became centered in him.

He was paler and more attenuated looking than he had been even on the previous trial-day, but his mien and gait were as firm, as free from awkwardness, or embarrassment, as they had been on the former occasion. His eyes rested on Margaret, only turning from her as to study Plowden's face. He seemed quite regardless of the multitude of stares bent upon him—of the buzz of whispered remarks which his appearance caused.

If the ordeal through which Bertoni had passed during the previous week had produced any strange, or untoward effect on the great lawyer, that effect was successfully concealed. He was the same grand eloquent counsel, sweeping obstacles before him with one stroke of his masterly precision, and bringing to the surface substances, that another and less able pleader could not have distinguished from the shadows lying on the stream.

Grand and triumphant, he made even less effort to conceal his triumph than he had done on the former occasion. If on that former occasion he

had even felt kindly to Margaret Calvert. There was no jealousy of her, for she supposed, in common with the fashionable world, that Margaret was betrothed to Plowden, and was she not deterred by a certain awe of her mother, she would have professed, even at that late day, her sympathy to Hubert's cousin.

Margaret sat alone, and a little apart from a group of severe-looking ladies, whose comments were sometimes so loud as to violate the laws of good breeding. They were often distinctly audible to the motionless girl, but if their petty malice called painful blushes to her cheeks, or caused her bosom to heave with throes of wounded feeling, the thick veil screened the one, and the large loose folds of the friendly cloak, concealed the other.

"She is so forward," said a modern-looking Diana, knitting her brows, and darting a glance of scornful indignation at Margaret.

"It is certainly very bold and unfeeling in her to sit there so calm when her cousin's life is perhaps in imminent danger," said another elegant fair one, to whom Margaret, because of Mr. Plowden's attentions, had long been an object of sore envy.

"That is true," replied third with a fashionable lisp, "and it proves how just was dear Mrs. Delmar's decision regarding Miss Calvert's readmission into our society. How glad I am that she caused us to decide then not to re-admit her under any circumstances; now, of course, she has forfeited all right."

"Certainly," responded the modern-looking Diana, "but we should have remembered in the first place, her obscure condition—that she has no fortune in her own right—absolutely nothing but what her aunt and cousin choose to give her."

There were hotter blushes on the veiled face, and a quicker beating of the sad heart under the friendly cloak. It was true that Margaret had only what her aunt and cousin chose to give her, but owing to Madame Bernot's tender, affectionate care she had been spared the feeling of dependence which usually accompanies such beauty.

Now, however, strangers, or rather unfamiliar acquaintances, flaunted it in her hearing, and she sickeningly realized that it was her poverty and dependence which made her a criminal in the eyes of fashionable society—which made the latter refuse to tender to her the sympathy that would have been lavishly given to a wealthy sister similarly placed.

"But do you think it possible," said the lady to whom Margaret was an object of such envy, "that Mr. Plowden will really marry her after all that has happened and that may still happen!"

"Oh, certainly," was the reply, "for, as Mrs. Delmar says, persons of her stamp being so directly the opposite of the distinguished Mr. Plowden, have many artful ways by which to entrap gentlemen like him."

Goaded to the quick, Margaret Calvert involuntarily raised her veil; perchance the magnetism of her gaze compelled each of the fair slanderers to look directly at her. The interchange of looks lasted but an instant, for she dropped her veil as suddenly as she had raised it, but the hideous remarks ceased—something in her face had awed the affronty of even these women of fashion.

Mrs. Delmar, whose name had occurred so frequently in their comments, was smiling, and bowing to them from an opposite part of the house; she had been careful not to obtain seats near that "odious Margaret Calvert," as she now once termed Hubert's cousin, and they returned the salutations with smiles and smiles, which they supposed to be graceful and becoming.

Margaret's eyes mechanically followed the direction of their glances, till they too rested on the interestingly pale features of Mrs. Delmar, who was still winking her jewel-adorned fan.

She smiled faintly, as, for a moment, she remembered that lady's former treatment—the almost motherly affection with which she was wont to receive her—and now to learn that this same estimable matron had been urging her friends to close the portals of society to the defenseless girl.

"For what?" Margaret asked herself, for with all her sorrow and anxiety for Hubert, with all her dislike of the fashionable world, this coldness, and uncharitableness stabbed her to the quick.

The prisoner appeared, and immediately Margaret's thoughts and emotions became centered in him.

He was paler and more attenuated looking than he had been even on the previous trial-day, but his mien and gait were as firm, as free from awkwardness, or embarrassment, as they had been on the former occasion. His eyes rested on Margaret, only turning from her as to study Plowden's face. He seemed quite regardless of the multitude of stares bent upon him—of the buzz of whispered remarks which his appearance caused.

If the ordeal through which Bertoni had passed during the previous week had produced any strange, or untoward effect on the great lawyer, that effect was successfully concealed. He was the same grand eloquent counsel, sweeping obstacles before him with one stroke of his masterly precision, and bringing to the surface substances, that another and less able pleader could not have distinguished from the shadows lying on the stream.

Grand and triumphant, he made even less effort to conceal his triumph than he had done on the former occasion. If on that former occasion he

had seemed to breathe certainty of success with every word he uttered, there was now a strange defiance in his very manner—a peculiar concentration on self, that told more than the magnificent sentences he uttered, how he knew and felt the power which was within him—how he defied even "Roquale." And Plowden's broad-drawn, and plainly uncontrollable start that attracted the surprised attention of those in his immediate vicinity—and he bent forward with an excited eagerness which he made no attempt to conceal. Margaret Calvert also started, and bent forward with bated breath, and a sudden icy pressure about her heart. Well indeed must "Roquale" have worked to ferret out this witness.

The prisoner did not start, but he smiled as if in triumph. He had felt that "Roquale" so powerful, so vigilant, would not fail to discover this witness so important, and alas! so fatal to him; but he had not spoken of his impression even to Margaret.

The witness—it was with difficulty that she could be induced, or forced to the stand, and people turned, and rose in their seats at the commotion made by her resistance. At length, she yielded to some one who seemed rather a grim guard than a kindly protector, and there appeared at last in full sight of the curious crowd, an old, exact, and apparently very much frightened lady. Her bonnet had become awry; her rich, old fashioned brocaded shawl had lost its fastening and hung awkwardly suspended from one shoulder, while her shriveled hands visible through very thin lace mitts, kept nervously opening and closing on a little leather bag.

That she was a gentlewoman of no mean pretensions to refinement and even wealth, was evident, despite the awkwardness rising from her strange position and the disarrangement of her dress, and that she possessed the natural modesty and kindly feeling which mark the true woman, was evident from the expression of her face, now covered with a blush as bright as if she had been sixteen instead of sixty.

She seemed to be very much frightened, and a feeling of pity mingled with the involuntary respect for her which surged up in even some of the callous hearts of the jurors.

Bertoni at first framed his questions more with a desire to calm her agitation and to soothe her into forgetfulness of her strange position, than to bring out her direct testimony, and he succeeded so far that when he returned to his usual mode of examination she was able to give with tolerable unembarrassment the evidence that made Plowden grow ghastral than he had done at the sight of Bertoni's bandaged wrist; that made Margaret Calvert grow faint, but which had no other effect upon the prisoner than to bring into his face a more animated almost a joyous look, for that evidence was a gigantic stride toward the justice he coveted.

"My name is Murburd," she said with a painful trepidation, and speaking hastily as if her evidence had been prepared beforehand, but having been banished from her mind by subsequent agitation.

"I am a widow and reside in C—— on the Hudson; I have one son, Hugh Murburd; my son and Mr. Bernot were at college together—" her voice suddenly sank, and her nervous hands spasmodically closed on the little leather bag, as if by that gesture she was quelling some emotion.

"Go on," said Bertoni in a significant tone, and as if she were impelled by some fear, she resumed, her voice trembling more painfully than before.

"When their time at college expired they arranged to travel together, and Mr. Bernot came to my house on the third of September, twenty three months ago; my son was from home, in attendance on a dying friend, but I looked for him return every day; but Mr. Bernot remained with me; but Hugh was detained longer than he had expected and when Mr. Bernot had been in my house a week I received a despatch from a lawyer in this city requiring the immediate presence of my son or myself, or some trusty person, to arrange about some property which was left to me by right of law. I disliked to summon Hugh from his friend, of whom he had written on that same day that he could not last but a few hours; he was too unwell to obey the summons myself. Mr. Bernot, on hearing the circumstances, kindly offered his services, and I accepted.

"He went on the afternoon of the tenth of September, he returned early on the morning of the twelfth, bearing some papers that the lawyer had given him for. He had transacted my business on that same evening of the day he had left me and he brought me such good news about my property that I put me in very good spirits and I thanked him warmly. I was a little surprised at the way he replied to my thanks; he seized my hands and asked me if my son did something very, very wrong, and looked into my face afterwards and received my blessing as if he were still innocent, would I forgive him—would I love him as I did before, if ever I should come to know of what he did? And I answered of course I would. But Hugh became angry, and I asked him if such was his case, but he shook his head and laughed in his gay way, and replied that he had only been playing on my mother's fears; that we mothers were all alike, and he was just then thinking of the parting words of his own mother.

"There was a general titter, for poor little Sam's ill-dishonest wassalliduous, and Plowden smiled again, and he permitted the little man to retire with out cross-examining him, for he knew that evidence at least had not helped the prosecution.

Orler was restored, and heads were again thrust forward, and ears were once more strained to catch every word of the next testimony.

had the required effect, she resumed : " We learned of Mr. Bernot's confession and arrest, and my son left me to visit him.

" He telephoned to me that he would be obliged to stay in order to give his evidence in the case, and then I was brought somewhere here — she put her hand to her forehead, as if trying to remember — " and I fell sick with worrying about Hugh.

" After that somebody instructed me what to do, and I was brought here to testify against this poor young man. I didn't want to do it — I hope he won't take it kindly of me, but I had to.

She broke down into piteous sobbing, and even the ladies who had employed the early part of the morning in slandering Margaret, applied their gossamer handkerchiefs to their eyes in apparent sympathy.

Bertoni seemed to regard that evidence as sufficient, for he smiled slightly, and leaned back with a self-satisfied air, while Flodden waited for the old lady's emotion to subside.

Flodden's countenance wore no hopeful look, nor did his manner evince even the usual energy with which he was wont to begin his cross examination.

He knew that he could gain nothing for the defense from that witness; that he could not weaken her testimony at any point—a testimony which he long told fearfully against the accused. He could only verify his suspicions of the subtle, underhand way in which Bertoni must have worked to obtain this evidence.

It made some laughing — distinctly remember having finished their ready up to hasten preparation for departure. I remembered events just as they had occurred at that particular time because I was uneasy about Mr. Bertoni, thinking about his mother, and worrying about to do, for her sake, young man if he was in

to speak to my son more there was not a single and the two seemed so full of spirits that I was as well to have dampening Hugh with a

are gone eight months, letters always said that he enjoyed everything to nothing of this murder, at home, when my son is very little of the outside interests. And when Hugh and told me of the pleasant and how much good he had done to Mr. Bertoni, and

Bertoni had been, I was not spoken to my son, in looking over Hugh's and some old newspapers and said— " it was not his anything of the kind, what important news contain, especially as they papers dated about eight

I opened them and parts of the investigation of murder. I had never heard, but I had heard Mr. Conyer speak of her as his when I read about her *argue*, her identification made him one who had to the family, her trial, saw Mr. Bertoni's name, ended to stand still; and paleness when Hugh retold the knife, and Mr. Bertoni's observation to me turned from the city after my commission, all rushed

I tried to think but I was so numb with horror; my son hearing those related to me that he must friend was guilty.

He kept aloof from Mr. Conyer, but Mr. Conyer did not appear to mind that. He used to come up in his place, gentlemanly way, and say such kind things about my son that my heart warmed to him.

He became angry. He unlike me to have suspicion, and least of all, of friends; that he could Hubert Bertoni being an able, young fellow, and to get into any such feared; that his mystery with the murderer case the fact that in former murdered man had been known to the Bertoni family, (Hugh) had simply prepared, because the whole peculiar and uncommon

en I asked my son if Mr. was not been very much among his name brought in before the public; and that his cousin should have led to such a painful or legal examination, he answered, " and 'no,' and 'I don't in the same breath, and in a hurried manner, that I much perplexed and

aw that, and he asked me to banish the whole matter — that in any event business of mine. But I did not speak of it again I help thinking about it.

Hugh was home about two became necessary for us to in order to have a final out my property, and we little over eight months. our return" — as if that part lesson had suddenly memory.

after your return," said thoughtfully, and as if his voice

the crime of murder, and I have reason to fear that detectives are on his track. But let him be guilty or not I shall do all in my power to save him for his mother's sake—his mother who was once the cherished object of my affections, but who refused to return my regard; she said I bore her malice because of my rejection, but if I can save her son, that act will show her that I not only bear no malice, but that the love which I once professed to her has burned as brightly through those years as when I first laid it upon her.

" Those were his very words, I cannot help remembering them distinctly, for I was so struck I couldn't answer him but he went on without seeming to mind.

TO BE CONTINUED

BY WAY OF THE CROSS.

" Hilda, my dear, do you know where I found Tot?" asked the Rev. Edgar King, entering his wife's room with a very small and dirty specimen of humanity perched upon his shoulder.

Mrs. King looked up from her book with a smile. " I am sure I cannot say. In mischievous usual, though, I have no doubt."

" Playing on the edge of the landslide between here and Major Wood's bungalow, with a baby monkey that she must have coaxed down from a tree."

" Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. King, turning pale. The spot her husband had mentioned was one of the most dangerous of the narrow hill paths with which the Cherat abounded.

" Was Bella not with her?"

" No, the child was alone. I think you had better send that woman away and get somebody else. I suspect she is addicted to opium and is probably at the present moment lying asleep somewhere." As he spoke, Mr. King swung his little daughter to the ground and began to wipe her grimy hands with his handkerchief, a proceeding that his wife put a summary stop to, by picking the baby up and leaving the room in search of the delinquent nurse.

The result of this incident was the discharge of Bella, and the installation in her place of a young native girl of seventeen, who came to Mrs. King with the best of references from former employers.

" What is your name?" asked the minister's wife when the bargain was concluded.

" Agnes, memsahib," was the unexpected reply.

" Agnes!" in a tone of surprise. " How did you come by that pretty name?"

" The holy Sisters gave it to me when I was baptized, memsahib."

Mrs. King's delicate brows contracted and a slight flush rose in her pale cheeks. " You are then a Christian and a Catholic?" she asked, tapping her fingers restlessly on the table beside which she was sitting.

" Yes, memsahib."

" How did you happen to meet with the Sisters, and where?"

" My son was a peacock for the convent at Kusawli, and when he became a Christian I became one also, and then I was servant at the convent for a little while."

Mrs. King seemed scarcely to have heard the answer to her last question, for she remained silently gazing out of the window at the distant sunlit hills with eyes in which there was a world of sad yearning. A slight movement on the part of the native girl at length aroused her and she turned her face toward her again, and said in a weary tone: " Very well, Agnes, that will do. You may come to-morrow."

The girl made a salaam and withdrew. When she was gone Mrs. King rose to her feet and began to pace the room with nervous, hurried steps, her hands clasped tightly before her and her face pale and drawn as pain.

" God help me," she whispered to herself at last, coming to a halt and brushing the hair back from her forehead with hot, trembling hands. " Am I never to have peace? never to forget?"

At that moment the door opened and her husband entered. His quick glance at once took in her agitation and he hastened to her side, exclaiming: " Hilda, my dearest, what is it?"

It seemed for a hardly perceptible instant as if she would have shrank from the arm that he put around her, but the feeling of repulsion, if such were, passed before he noticed it, and she laid her head against his shoulder and burst into a passion of weeping.

He waited until the violence of the outburst had exhausted itself, and then led her to a chair and sat down beside her, still keeping her hand in a firm grasp.

" Now, darling, tell me what has gone wrong," he said soothingly. Are you ill?"

" No, oh no!" she answered, resting her head wearily against the back of her chair and brushing away the tears as they welled up.

" But I am so unhappy, Edgar, so very unhappy. I do not think I shall ever know peace of soul again."

Mr. King's face clouded and his hand tightened over hers. " Is it the old trouble again, Hilda?" he asked sadly.

" If it would but grow old," she said hopelessly. " But it is ever new, ever fresh. Not an hour passes in which I am not reminded of my faithlessness to God; not a day in which something does not occur to recall me that I have bartered heaven for earth. Why did you tempt me, Edgar? Oh, why did you do it?" and again the storm of grief broke forth.

" Hilda, my dear, my dear," said

Mr. King imploringly, " will you never rid yourself of this chimera? Have I not proved to you over and over again that in passing from the Roman to the Anglican communion you have but passed from one branch of the Catholic Church to another in which your eternal salvation is just as secure? Do you think I would remain in my present position if I did not believe firmly in this doctrine?"

" If I could only think the same," faltered Mrs. King between her sobs: " but I cannot. Faith, instinct, fancy, call it what you will, warns me I have done wrong, and while I feel it I cannot be happy. Yet I have not the courage to turn back, and face the consequence to you of my return to the faith of my girlhood."

" What particular circumstance led to these sad thoughts to you?" asked Mr. King, trying to lead her indirectly from the subject.

" The new ayah I have engaged for 'Tot' is a Catholic, and in our conversation to day she mentioned the nuns at Kusawli. It was like a dagger thrust in my heart. You know I was educated at Kusawli con-

" I am not likely to forget that I owe the best of wives to the training of the good nuns," was the gallant answer. " Come now, dearest, dry up those tears and try to believe with me, that though Rome does not recognize it just yet, she will do so some day, and in the meantime you have not ceased to belong to the Church of Christ. Run away now and put on your habit and we will go for a ride. The fresh air will soon blow these me- grims away."

Slowly and sadly Mrs. King sought her room and dressed herself for a ride. She could not dry her tears in obedience to her husband's request, but it was beyond his power or hers to bid the pangs of outraged conscience cease. Day and night she was tormented by the recollection of what she had done, and, to add to the desolation of her heart, she felt that every tear she had shed over her own apostasy was a drop of water upon the flame of the undisciplined passion which had led her to her unhappy marriage. Disguise it from herself as she would, she could not help feeling that the anguish she had brought upon herself for his sake was gradually out surely sapping her love for her husband.

Sometimes she would look forward shudderingly to the time when she would become hateful to her and to him, and then she would fly from her own thoughts and plunge into church affairs with such feverish energy that he was frequently deceived into thinking she had at last

become converted to his views, a state of beatitude from which he was invariably recalled by discovering that she had slipped away, sometimes on Sunday evenings, to the little Catholic chapel up on the hill near by—visits from which she returned in greater measure of spirits than ever.

Although Mr. King did not know it, he became whisperer about amongst the little Catholic congregation that the "minister's lady" was, or ought to be, a Catholic. More one worshiper at the "chapel" had seen and recognized the black figure down near the door, and perhaps surmised the cause of the tears that her dark veil did not always hide. To these erratic visits, though he did not approve of them, the minister did not openly object, hoping that time and his own deep affection would gradually draw his wife's thoughts and sympathies away from the faith of her girlhood. He had been very patient, very gentle with her during the four years of their married life, and though of late he had begun to despair of ever bringing her to see things from his point of view, his manner so far had suffered no alteration. His forbearance, however, was a matter of time, and she knew it.

Meanwhile, the new ayah was winning golden opinions from the house- hold on account of her diligence, cheerfulness, and unceasing attentiveness to her duties. However unostentatious a practical Catholic may be, or she must necessarily attract attention by the exact performance of religious duties, and so it happened that the nurse's daily life became another source of self-reproach to her unhappy mistress. Once Mr. King confided to his wife his intention of inviting Agnes to consider the claims of the Anglican Church as opposed to the British flag—to those of Rome; but she begged of him so earnestly not to disturb the mind of the simple native girl that he reluctantly abandoned the idea. At last a serious blow fell upon Mr. King and gave him something else to think about. The Bishop of

Portsmouth died, and his successor, on his first pastoral visit to Cherat, an-

nounced his intention of visiting

Agnes' practical ministry.

It was agreed that Mr. King

should speak to Agnes

about the matter.

But Mrs. King was

scared to death at the thought

of her husband's

introduction to Agnes.

She begged him to

wait until she

had time to

think it over.

He waited until the violence of the outburst had exhausted itself, and then led her to a chair and sat down beside her, still keeping her hand in a firm grasp.

" Now, darling, tell me what has gone wrong," he said soothingly. Are you ill?"

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" But I am so unhappy, Edgar, so very unhappy. I do not think I shall ever know peace of soul again."

Mr. King's face clouded and his hand tightened over hers. " Is it the old trouble again, Hilda?" he asked sadly.

" The idea!" exclaimed Mr. King, indignantly, when relating the affair to his wife. " He would reduce the church to the appearance of a Method-

ist meeting-house if he had his way.

But he is not going to get it. I'd bring the matter into court first."

" Then he does not endorse your theory of the Anglican Church being a branch of the Roman stem?" asked

Mrs. King quietly.

" Unfortunately, no. He is one of the stiff-necked minority who think we cannot adopt the beauties of the Roman form of worship without adopting the errors into which that Church fell in the dark ages, though without invalidating her claim to be considered the true Church, of course."

" I don't see how she could teach error and still remain the *true* Church," remarked Mrs. King, with emphasis on the "true"; but just then Mr. King remembered an important engagement and went away to keep it, more exercised in mind by his wife's remark than he would have cared to own. She had indeed touched upon a point which he had by no means, as yet, explained satisfactorily to himself, and he would not have relished being driven into a corner about it.

Good Mrs. McAllister received her with open arms and fussed about her to her heart's content. The warm-hearted woman had no children of her own, and it was a sight to see her bustling about little Tot and feeding her with dainties that would, under other circumstances, have called forth a protest from Tot's mother. Although not badly hurt, Mrs. King's head throbbed violently from the cut she had received, and the doctor bound it up for her and made her lie down, shutting out the evening sunlight with his own hands and bidding his wife to see to it that nobody was allowed to disturb her.

About an hour afterward, while Dr. McAllister was solacing himself with a mild alli- ment and soda water interrupted by the entrance of one of the officers of his regiment, who first looked about him cautiously, and then said:

" I am the bearer of awful news, Dr. McAllister — how you are going to break it to Mrs. King I don't know. Poor King has been found dead on the upper Rajat Road. Crushed to death by a landslide, poor chap. It must have been the earthquake that did it."

An inarticulate sound behind them made both men turn with a start. Mrs. King was standing in the doorway looking at them with frozen, horror-stricken eyes and a face so ghastly that they could not shake off the remembrance for weeks afterward. For an instant both were paralyzed; then they made a simultaneous movement in her direction, but before they could reach her, she had relaxed her grasp of the curtain and fallen, face downward, on the floor.

All that night tender hands ministered to the stricken woman. She lay like a statue on her bed, her stony, unwinking eyes staring up at the ceiling. At first they thought her unconscious, and the doctor would have forced a cordial between her rigid lips, but she put away his hand, and then he knew better. No tears, no merciful unconsciousness, came to relieve the awful strain that night or the next day. Fearing for her reason, Dr. McAllister forced opiates and sleeping draughts down her throat in spite of her dumb resistance, but he might have spared himself the trouble; for they had no more effect upon her than so much water would have had. What fearful visions floated through her mind during that awful time none knew but herself.

Before she could lift Tot off the bed there was another violent shock and she was precipitated to the floor, while the whole house rocked fearfully and a great crack opened in the wall from floor to ceiling.

" Merciful God, save my child!" exclaimed the terrified mother, struggling to her feet, unconscious that her forehead was cut and bleeding.

" Mother of Sorrow, save us!" ejaculated Agnes, trying to assist her mistress. " Pray, memsahib! pray to the Holy Mother!"

But Mrs. King was groping for her child, scarce able to see for the blood that trickled down her face from the wound she had received and the nurse's words fell upon heedless ears. To add to their horror, the daylight was being gradually blotted out to give place to a dim, grey twilight, and the subterranean thunder rolled its muffled roar incessantly. It seemed to the two women that the end of the world had come.

Then suddenly, the solid earth gave a sickening heave and receded again; there was a crack, a shower of mortar, wood and bricks, and Mrs. King, looking wildly about her saw Agnes sink to the floor, crushed by a heavy beam from the ceiling; the walls on every side cracked, bulged and closed in around her, and then all was darkness and oblivion.

Two hours afterwards a hundred willing hands were busy about the ruins of the minister's house; burrowing down into the debris and removing it cautiously, less haphazardly, the tortured inmates might not yet be dead.

The native girl, Agnes, was the first to be discovered, but though she still breathed, the doctor who was in attendance shook his head doubtfully after he had examined her. She was laid on a stretcher and carried away to the hospital and then the work was resumed with renewed energy. </p

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A DELUSIVE PHANTOM.

An assertion made by the Rev. Dr. C. H. Payne, one of the clergymen present at a recent Congregationalist Convention held at Chattanooga, Tennessee, has been attracting considerable attention from the Protestant press, and is characterized by them as a most startling statement. He said:

"The present age has been marked by brilliant discoveries, but the greatest discovery has yet to be made, and, when made, will startle and quicken the world. That discovery is the discovery of Christ. He has never yet been really and fully known, has never been rightly recognized; never had a fitting place in the world for which He died. Christ's own type of Christianity must and will be realized. The greatest need of the world to day is the Christianization of Christianity—the making of Christianity what Christ intended it to be."

This was intended to mean that man has never attained the perfection of which Christ is the model and example, it would be a truism which no Christian could dispute, for man can certainly never be what Christ was and is. Uniting in Himself the divine and human natures in one personality, even His human acts partook of the divine character, and cannot be equalled in merit or perfection of obedience to the will of his heavenly Father; and much less can they be surpassed. If Mr. Payne had meant this his words would have been beyond dispute. But he evidently intended to convey another meaning, inasmuch as what he deplors as not having been yet realized will be realized at some undefined future time: "The Christianization of Christianity; the making of Christianity what Christ intended it to be."

Mr. Payne had not in view here the Catholic religion, or if he had thought of it at all, he did not think it necessary to give it thoughtful consideration; nor could we admit that he is qualified to pass judgment upon the powers of Catholic devotion to vivify the soul and fill it with true love for God. He has not had the experience of the certainty of Catholic truth, having only studied the caricature thereof which is described in anti-Catholic controversial literature.

St. Paul writing to the Colossians diverts to this power of the gospel to enable man to "walk worthy of God, in all things pleasing: being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God: strengthened with all might according to the power of His glory." (Col. 10, 11.) These words are applicable to the Catholic Church of the present, equally with the ages past; and it is only of Protestantism in its many forms that Mr. Payne can make such an assertion as he utters concerning Christianity. It is not Christianity which is at fault, but the form of Christianity which the speaker had in view, that is to say, Protestantism, and his statement is an admission that Protestantism is a failure as regards the purposes for which Christ established a Church on earth.

Any person acquainted with the rich variety of forms of devotion used in the Catholic Church and suited to the capacity and condition of every one will see that Christianity is not a failure in regard to the furnishing of means for the sanctification of the soul; yet these means are not contradictory to each other, but constitute the parts of a glorious and harmonious whole, uniform in the doctrine on which they are founded, and varying only in their application to and appreciation by that diversity of minds which is inseparable from our human condition.

Mr. Payne is in error in supposing that the true character of Christianity has yet to be discovered. The apostle of the Gentiles certainly knew it when he spoke to the Colossians concerning the might of the power of God's glory, and its fruitfulness in good works. The apostles knew it, and the faith they planted was nourished and handed down from generation to generation in all the purity with which it was in the first instance

given to the saints; but it is only in the Catholic Church that it is to be found. As far as Protestantism is concerned, no doubt Mr. Payne is right so far as he laments that the living principle of Christianity is still an undiscovered quantity. But he makes a mistake in assuming that it is to be discovered by human industry. Faith is, according to St. Paul, "The substance of things to be hoped for: the evidence of things that appear not." It is only by submissively accepting it on the assurance of God's revelation that it is to be acquired, and not through human constructiveness, as Mr. Payne and others imagine, who have placed human reason as the judge over divine teachings.

Mr. Payne's statement has been justly styled "startling"; and it is all the better it should be, so it only rouses consciences to enquire how it is that Protestant clergymen who proclaimed over three hundred years ago that they had cast aside all corruptions of the faith, and restored Primitive Christianity, are now making the discovery that they have all along been clasping only a shadow to their bosom, while the substance was far away. The substance will be found only on their return to the one fold from which they were so easily led astray.

GLENCOE.

The march of the Inverary Pipe Band, under command of Lord Archibald Campbell, the Chief of the Campbell clan, took place in accordance with the arrangements previously announced, but there was not, as was expected, any display of hostility on the part of the people of Glencoe, who were said to be bitterly opposed to the demonstration.

The tribal or clannish traditions of Scotland, though now weak, are not extinct, and there was a divided opinion in the Glen, so that there were some who threatened dire vengeance on the Campbells if they presumed to desecrate the spot which is regarded as sacred to the memory of the Macdonald clan who were murdered there on the 13th of February, 1692, and it was reported that if the demonstration were attempted all the descendants of the murdered men would be aroused, and that word had been sent to all the accessible settlements of Macdonalds to assemble in order to avenge the death of their ancestors, or, rather, to punish the insult conveyed by a descendant of the chief of the murderers in daring to make a demonstration of any kind on the scene of his ancestor's iniquity; and it was further stated that large bands of Macdonalds would actually arrive from Glasgow and other places to assist in exterminating the visiting Campbells who were regarded as invaders.

The Inverary band of pipers are not of the Campbell clan, their only connection therewith being that they live at Inverary, and were organized by Lord Campbell, chiefly for the purpose of cultivating a taste for Gaelic music. Every year since their organization they have been accustomed to accompany Lord Campbell to the annual Gaelic musical festival which is held at Oban. The proposed visit to Glencoe was not by any means intended as an insult to the Macdonalds, but was merely to give an opportunity to the pipers to display their skill, and to please the people of the Glen, and at the same time, it is said, to express some desire of atoning for the atrocity of two centuries ago; but what gave immediate occasion to the proposal was a visit which Lord Campbell was invited to make to Sir Donald Smith, the proprietor of Glencoe.

There is no doubt the proposal gave some offence, and there were some who threatened that if a Campbell made his appearance in the glen in any contentious manner, there would be a massacre as complete as was that of 1692. It was not to Lord Campbell that objection was made, but to the march of the pipers.

The event has proved that the threats were never countenanced by the bulk of the Glencoe people, for, not only has the demonstration passed off quietly, but it was cheered and applauded, as it passed through it being thus made manifest that the descendants of the ancient clan who are still in the neighbourhood of their glen do not foolishly retain spiteful feelings against the Campbells of the present time in consequence of the deeds of two centuries ago in which they had no part. It may indeed, be evident at the bridge of Coo that there was an organized reception accorded by the people, though probably, in consequence

of the discussion which had been aroused regarding the matter, it was not at all as enthusiastic in welcoming the visitors as would have been the case if the very numerous crowd which had assembled had been unanimous in regarding the visit as a friendly one. Still a great proportion of those who had assembled were persons from a distance, who perhaps came with the expectation of seeing a fight. They were disappointed, if such was the case, for the reception given showed no admixture of hostility. It was not enthusiastic, but it was at least friendly, and there does not appear to be any reason why it should have been any more than this.

There are still at Glencoe descendants of the Macdonalds, but though they are all perfectly aware of the history of the atrocious deed which was perpetrated there, they do not attribute to the men of the present generation the crimes of two centuries ago, which were committed under circumstances very different from those existing in Scotland at the present day.

A brief account of the massacre referred to will prove interesting to our readers, some of whom may not have a clear knowledge of its character.

The Glencoe massacre was perpetrated by order of King William III., who gave command that the nest of "Papist thieves" at the Glen should be exterminated. The details were left, of course, to subordinates, and were carried out with all accompanying circumstances which we could imagine as adding to the atrocity.

Scotland had for the most part adhered to the fortunes of the deposed King James II., but the Lowlands were soon quieted, while the Highlands remained faithful to their legitimate monarch until they were reduced by superior force.

The Earls of Breadalbane and Stair, and the Duke of Argyle had their mercenary motives for adhering to the cause of William, and as they entertained a spite against the Macdonalds of Glengarry and Glencoe they were glad of any opportunity to wreak their vengeance upon them, and especially on those of Glencoe. The opportunity was afforded them when the Government appointed the 31st day of Dec., 1691, as the last day of grace on which pardon would be given to all rebels who should make submission, and swear to live peacefully under the rule of William and Mary. After that date they were to be treated as enemies and traitors.

By the date appointed all the clans in arms had given their submission, except the Macdonalds of Glencoe. The heavy snows had prevented Mac Ian, the chief of the Macdonalds, from reaching Inverary, but though he had procrastinated somewhat he presented himself at Fort William with his vassals on the appointed day, and offered to take the required oath. Colonel Hill, the governor, told him he was not authorized to accept his submission, and informed him that the nearest magistrate who could receive it was at Inverary.

Mac Ian deeply regretted that he had postponed till so late a moment an act of submission on which both his life and property depended, but he made all possible haste to Inverary, necessarily passing through Argyleshire, where the deep snows made his journey difficult and slow. He did not reach Inverary till the 6th of January, and the sheriff then informed him that his power was limited to the date mentioned in the proclamation. Mac Ian, however, mentioned the difficulties which he had encountered, and the sheriff, supposing that under such circumstances he was justified in acting beyond the terms of the proclamation, administered the oath, and reported the circumstances to the Council at Edinburgh. Lords Breadalbane and Argyle, who were both Campbells, and the Earl of Stair, were delighted at Mac Ian's failure, and there is extant a letter from the last named which says:

"I could have wished the Macdonalds had not divided; and I am sorry that Keppoch and Mackian of Glencoe are safe." This was written on January 11, a few days after Mac Ian's submission. The event proved, however, that they were not safe, and advantage was taken of the slight irregularity to procure from William a decree ordering the destruction of the clan.

Breadalbane and McCallum More undertook to guard the passes to prevent the escape of any Macdonalds, while Col. Hamilton, with a regiment composed mainly of the clansmen of Breadalbane and Argyle, was sent to do the bloodiest part of the work.

Col. Hamilton sent forward a Captain Campbell, with one hundred and twenty men, and agreed to follow with four hundred more. The instructions were to the effect that they should go to Glencoe professing friendship, and occupy the interval between their arrival and the 13th of February in gaining the confidence of the Macdonalds and noting the situation, so that on the morning of the 13th they would be prepared to fall upon and slaughter every Macdonald not over seventy years of age. Hamilton expected to reach the glen before the hour fixed, but the slaughter was to begin at 5 o'clock in the morning, whether he arrived or not.

The advance troop arrived on the 1st of February, professing to be friends; and indeed from the fact that Captain Campbell was uncle to the wife of one MacLean's sons, he was one of the few Campbells who would be welcomed in Glencoe.

The soldiers were well received by the Macdonalds, and every hospitality was shown them on their professions of friendship, no payment being asked for the provisions which were liberally supplied to them. The evenings were spent by the officers in playing cards with MacLean and his sons.

During the day the avenues of escape were looked for, so that they might be blocked on the fatal day, which at length arrived: and Col. Hamilton was detained by the bad roads, but was in time for part of the evil work. At five o'clock precisely Capt. Campbell commenced the slaughter, killing men, women and children without mercy, though owing to the blundering manner in which the massacre was carried out, in spite of all precautions, three-fourths of the clan escaped. The chief blunder which gave the opportunity for escape was the use of firearms, which being used in three parts of the valley at once, gave notice to the rest of the clan to escape, but it is certain that quite as many perished from exposure to cold and sheet as were slain by the soldiers' firearms.

Lord Macaulay, the apologist of the Revolution of 1688, endeavors to free William of the guilt of this massacre, but his complicity is shown by irrefragable evidence. The Living Church protested against the invitation on the ground that Dr. Briggs is not in good theological repute among Presbyterians, and that needless offence would be given to Presbyterians by asking him to speak as a representative of that body. The Churchman takes about the same view, saying that by inviting Dr. Briggs, "We give a slap in the face to one of the most dignified and important religious bodies with whom we are seeking closer intercourse."

We must candidly express our opinion that there is an *arriere pensée* in all this: a reason kept in the background. We think it is not altogether through fear of offending Presbyterians that these journals protest against the invitation to Dr. Briggs, but because there is a repugnance to the free and easy system of theology of which Dr. Briggs is a representative, and this is the more evident as the objection comes from High Churchmen, and not from Presbyterians, who would be the best judges of the amount of fracturization which would be offensive to them when so many clergymen of different sects assure us that "there is religion in the air." It may be in the air, but any one who has read carefully the comments made in the General Assembly on the reception given to the Assembly's committee appointed to negotiate a union with the Episcopalians, will scarcely think the union balloon is likely to settle down safely to earth for a long time to come.

One of these incidents has arisen out of the celebrated Dr. Briggs case, who, it will be remembered, was practically condemned for heresy by the General Assembly of the American Presbyterians.

The rev. doctor is just now absent in Europe, but this fact did not prevent the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, an Episcopal Society, from extending to him an invitation to speak on Church Unity at their annual convention, which is to be held shortly at Louisville, Kentucky. The extension of this invitation was undoubtedly intended by the Brotherhood as a fraternal act toward Presbyterians; for though Dr. Briggs has been put under ban by the Assembly, his peculiar views on religious dogmas are held by a large and increasing section among the Presbyterian body. On the other hand the doctor has not been formally condemned, and he must be regarded still as a *bona fide* Presbyterian, as the Church took no further action against him than to veto his appointment as Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York.

It is true, it may be said, that this amounts in a certain sense to a condemnation of his Latitudinarianism; but if the Church is really the pillar and ground of truth, and if the Assembly really consists of those watchmen on the walls of Jerusalem who have been appointed to be "mindful of the Lord" and to "hold their peace," (Is. lix, 6,) they would think more of saving their flock from the influence of dangerous doctrine than of pursuing with pains and penalties the individual who propagates that doctrine: the more especially as the individual, being sustained by the faculty of the seminary, is beyond their control, and is continued in his office in spite of the Assembly.

THE London branches of the Irish League lately held a meeting to demand the expulsion from the party of Timothy Healy and his followers. The object has the support of the bulk of the sections throughout Great Britain. At this side of the Atlantic it seems to us passing strange that Mr. Healy should have any followers, and equally inexplicable is the circumstance that Mr. Timothy Healy

and his followers should by votes of the Irish people be sent to represent them in Parliament.

JUDGE CURRAN.

The

announcement was made last week of the appointment of the Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor General, to the vacancy in the Superior Court of Quebec occasioned by the death of Sir Francis Johnston. The honor is a high one, and we wish to join with the many friends of the new judge in hearty congratulations. In one sense it is to be regretted that this change has taken place, because it is pleasant to all Canadians who love their country to see distinguished men guiding its destinies. Judge Curran brings to the bench a stainless career. He has been known to the public life of the country for many years, and during all that time not the slightest smirch has been attached to his name. In public as in private life J. J. Curran has ever been an honest, upright and conscientious man. The sketch of his life, taken from a Chicago paper, which we publish in another column, will now be read with particular interest.

It is to be regretted that in connection with Mr. Curran's appointment there occurred an exhibition of religious bigotry on the part of some Protestants of Montreal, headed by Bishop Bond, who delegated Mr. Mitchell, a law clerk of Montreal, to proceed to Ottawa with a view to prevent the appointment of the Solicitor-General to the bench—on the ground that the office had been filled by a Protestant. We are, however, glad to note that Mr. Mitchell and those whom he represented did not succeed in making any impression upon the Government. The action of these gentlemen may not be classed as bigotry alone, but it is an impertinence as well; and their conduct on this occasion becomes all the more inexcusable when we recollect that the office of the collector of customs of Montreal—left vacant by the death of a Catholic—is about to be filled by a Protestant. Yet we have not heard, nor are we likely to hear, any section of the Catholic community making any protest.

A TIMELY PROPOSITION FOR IRISH NATIONAL RE-UNION.

IN another column will be seen an opportune letter from His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto to the Hon. E. Blake, wherein His Grace, after passing a well-deserved encomium on Mr. Blake himself, and defending him from aspersions and suspicions unjustly uttered against him by those who should have been united with him in devotion to the cause of Ireland, goes on to make a proposition which, if carried into effect, would be likely to inspire new hope in the breasts of the friends of Ireland now, and to contribute to the early success of the cause which every true Irishman has close at heart, the gaining of self-government for Ireland.

At the very moment when the people of Ireland were on the eve of a great struggle, that is, when a general election was to take place, a moment when unity of purpose was of the greatest importance, one of Ireland's representatives in Parliament, who seemed to be his personal ambition more at heart than the success of Ireland's demands, publicly made accusations reflecting upon Mr. Blake's devotion to the Irish cause. As the venerable Archbishop of Toronto remarks in his letter, it was not necessary before Canadians to say a word in Mr. Blake's vindication. He "needs no certificate of character" where he is so well known as a true patriot and a statesman of sterling integrity; but it may be useful that one who is so well known even in Ireland as Archbishop Walsh, a patriot and a lover of his native land, should give testimony to the universal esteem in which Mr. Blake is held here where he has spent his life working for the good of this part of her Majesty's dominions. This testimony may contribute to the harmony of the Irish Parliamentary party by restoring that mutual confidence without which the objects of the party can never be attained.

The most important part of the Archbishop's letter is, however, that in which a suggestion is set forth for the restoration of unity where all is now dissension and confusion. The proposition is that a great national convention be called, composed of the chosen representatives of the Irish people and clergy, with an advisory representation of the Irish race abroad. Such an assemblage convening in Dublin would give Ireland an opportunity to will in regard to that ought to be adopted to gain the object thus lay the foundation of prosperity.

It is well known that defeat of the British in regard to the cause of Ireland has been one of the causes of the Home Rule movement. The Home Rule is a movement that has succeeded in uniting him in his demands. But the dissensions Nationalists themselves than the defeat of the cause of this.

Archbishop Walsh had at heart the cause of Ireland, and felt that the want of disaster, and all friends thank him for a suggestion that cause to bring that cause to fruition with the result that a reunited Ireland is resisted.

Mr. Blake thinks happy one, and will very properly quench the ranks of the party with the proviso that by the leader of the party. Without the ranks of the party no hope of success, up of individual or will of the party it will be the cause of much regret. By approval Mr. Blake's terer of reunion.

We hope that the Archbishop of Toronto considered by the leaders will have a successful meeting at the Irish at home, as directly affected the absolute decision should rest with the people to consult the in a reunion as the Irish at home people to consult the in a reunion as the Irish at home.

The Right Reverend Mr. Satorius has, as we understand, sailed for America, to his first visit to the United States, his appointment spared him from his temporal commitments to his territory he has made most extensive in the Dominion, but to nothing when and other good works. He is the Bishop, endowed with the characteristics which made him an early Jesuit mission history. That he has with renewed hope his prayer of his faith.

More Satorius has, as we understand, mixed congresses and persons of meet promiscuous also to correct the Father states that such congresses as the United States says, from the things by which he has almost more zealous. But although he hitherto with prudence it would seem more judicious to hold the state, while making all, even to those the Church, being interviewed letter, stated that he demissives parliament prescribes the conditions which the Catholics may take not to put on a platform his non-Catholicism.

The Catholic Chicago Party were not without the peril of inroads. But circumstances allow other armchair participation of the Irish race abroad. Such an assemblage convening in Dublin would be emphatic and satisfying their things would be

FOR RELIGION'S SAKE.

A Whole Nation Subjected to Cruel Outrage and Oppression.

The wretched condition of Ireland under the penal laws, the injustice accorded Catholic Lords and commoners who attended the first Irish parliament of William the Third, the persecutions endured by priests and people while those infamous laws existed, form the topic of a lengthy, interesting paper by P. G. Smyth, in the October *Catholic World*.

Notwithstanding the cruelty re-sorted to, the English found, as they even have, "that the Irish are not easily crushed."

"Those vexatious priests and friars," says the writer, "will not down or disappear. They hide on the moors and the mountains, in caves and woods, in the cabins of the faithful peasantry, occasionally in the 'priest's hole' or secret chamber in some Jacobite mansion. They say Mass and administer the sacraments and spiritual consolation to the oppressed people, and brave the rigors of the law. Fearless and devoted as the pastors of the early Christian Church are they, these lion-hearted Irish clergy of the penal days."

So the machinery in Dublin was set in motion and more strenuous efforts to enforce the laws were made. Against this new tyranny, Sir Toby Butler, who had been solicitor general for King James, made a strong appeal:

"Many a jury has good Sir Toby faced, but never one so utterly unsympathetic and prejudiced as this. Dealing with some of the clauses of this new 'Act to prevent the future growth of Popery,' he says:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, will you consider whether this is according to the golden rule, to do as you would be done unto? And if not, surely you will not, nay, you cannot, without being liable to be charged with the most manifest injustice imaginable, take from us our birthrights and invest them in others before our faces."

"But his earnest pleading to these precursors of the A. P. A. fall upon scornful and impatient ears. Next day the bill is ordered to be engrossed and sent up to the House of Lords. Here the appeal is repeated, and with like miserable result: so finally the measure becomes law—and such law!"

Parental rights were disregarded.

The child who became a Protestant made the father a life-tenant; while children under age were taken from their parents and given to Protestants.

No Catholic could purchase land, he could not inherit property from a deceased Protestant relative, nor was he eligible for an office, unless he renounced his creed.

Finding it could not,

destroy the Irish clergy, the next resort of the government was the registration of their names and the parishes "of which they pretended to be Popish priests," each one being required to furnish two "sufficient sureties" of fifty pounds sterling.

By this method the names and resi-

dences of the priests were obtained,

and when five years later they were

ordered to take the oath of abjuration,

or suffer death for treason, their only escape was to leave their parishes and assume disguises.

Dr. O'Rourke, appointed Bishop at that time, and though bearing letters of recommendation from leading men of Europe, and enjoying the friendship of the English queen, was dogged by the priest-hunters, and only saved his life by hiding in the cabins of peasants.

The religious orders of women were not exempt from the persecution. "In

the same year," writes Mr. Smyth,

"that the Sligo magistrates tried to ferret out information as to the whereabouts of Catholic Bishops and priests."

Mayor Edward Eyre, of Galway, led a file of soldiers to the Franciscan con-

vent in that city, thrust the nuns into the streets, ordered them to quit the bounds of his jurisdiction, and converted their convents into a barracks.

The nuns made their way to Dublin,

where their religious habits soon attracted attention, and by rude official hands they were led to jail. Such was the fanatic fear and alarm caused by the arrival of these few weak women in the capital that special govern-

mental orders were at once issued for the arrest of Archbishop Edmund Byrne, of Dublin, Bishop Nary and Dr. John Burke, provincial of the Irish Franciscans; but probably the execu-

tion of the order was as difficult as the enforcement of the act upon which it was based."

Of the men who assisted the Govern-

ment in hunting clergymen to the death, while many were Jews, the most notorious, perhaps, was John Mullowny, of Mayo, nicknamed "John of the priests;" and his history, and death, administered by the hands of

peasants as he was in the act of killing a friar at the funeral of a priest, one of the apostate's own victims, are graphically described.

"It had been ascertained," the article continued, "that there were 1,030 registered priests in Ireland, yet despite the cruel manner in which the laws were enforced against them, and the ruthlessness with which they were continually chased like wolves, only thirty-three of them came in and took the odious oath of abjuration, and of these not more than a dozen abandoned their faith to accept the £30 per annum which Lord Lieutenant Wharton offered a bribe to any Irish Catholic priest who would turn Protestant.

"Another bribe offered by the wily

Wharton was an annuity from the estate to any child of an estated Catholic wife turned Protestant she thereby became entitled to receive a share of her husband's chattels. As

for the heir of a Catholic, he had, to

become at once the virtual owner of the estate, merely to read his recitation in the nearest Protestant church and obtain such a certificate as the following, which is a *bona fide* specimen:

Mordecai, by Divine Providence Lord Bishop of Killala and Achonry, grants: We do hereby certify that on the First day of November in the year of our Lord一千八百六十五年, and the year of the reign of King William the Third, the persecutions endured by priests and people while those infamous laws existed, form the topic of a lengthy, interesting paper by P. G. Smyth, in the October *Catholic World*.

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Bitter were the family feuds, great the filial injustice, many the gray heads that went down in sorrow and dishonor to the grave under the operation of the penal clauses that encouraged the son to rob the father.

Sometimes the son did not get the better of the father in the trick of apostasy. Owing to an after-dinner dispute between Christopher Nugent of Westmeath and his son Lewellyn, or Lally, the latter determined on revenge and set out for Dublin. The father, divining the son's object, also set out for the metropolis, where, taking a shorter road, he managed to arrive first, and proceeding without delay to Christ Church, promptly read his recitation. On leaving the church he met his son, entering with similar interested purpose, at the door, and galled him with the jest, "Lally, you are late!"

One day when a Catholic gentleman of good old family Mr. Kedagh Geoghegan, of Donover, in Westmeath, drove into Mullingar in a carriage drawn by four fine horses, he was approached by a rich Protestant named Steppney, who proffered £20, and claimed the four horses as his according to law.

"Just one moment, Steppney," said Geoghegan, and with his own hand he shot the four noble animals dead. Then, with a brace of pistols held by the barrels in each hand he returned to the would-be legal robber.

"You can't have those horses, Steppney; I have shot them; and unless you are as great a coward as you are a scoundrel, I will do my best to shoot you. Choose your weapon and take your ground."

The baffled poloion retreated amid the contempt and derision of his co-religionists.

Another Geoghegan, fearful that a kinsman would outwit and rob him by the Vetting system prescribed by law, turned Protestant. In Christ Church when the sacramental wine was presented to him, he drank off the entire contents of the cup, and was consequently rebuked by the officiating minister for his lack of decorum. "You needn't grudge it to me," he retorted: "it is the dearest glass of wine I ever drank."

"That afternoon he entered the Globe Coffee room in Essex street, which was crowded by members of the 'ascendancy' and the higher class of Dublin citizens, and, gazing round defiantly, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, said:

"I have read my recitation to-day, and any man who says I did right is a rascal."

"This occurred on a Sunday. Next day he sold his estate, and on Tuesday returned to Catholicism. When twitted on his rapid change he declared: 'I would rather trust my soul to God for a day than my property to the fiend forever.'

"Suddenly in the midst of all this shabby oppression, while the wretched Parliament of the English colony in Ireland was concocting fresh schemes for the degradation of the Irish Catholics, came tidings which shot through the hearts of the latter a grand, wild thrill of joy and exultation. It was the news of Fontenoy! The Irish Brigade had at length met their hereditary foes, exacted a bloody vengeance for years of wrong and oppression, and notably helped to humble the might of England before the world.

"Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!" swore King George; and next year, with the object of relaxing those laws, he sent to Ireland as lord lieutenant the earl of Chesterfield, now an old bean of fifty-two. The Mass-houses were ordered to be re-opened, the priests might appear in public without fear of the handmaids, the people visit the holy wells without terror of the lash."

The New Version.

A clever eastern woman remarked the other day: "I notice that well-bred people do not talk about the world, the flesh and the devil; they speak of environment, heredity and circumstances."

Right will Triumph at Last.

Might is not right, and God's great law of compensation awaits all wrong-doers: for if the mill of the all-powerful Redeemer of mankind grinds slowly, it grinds exceedingly well, and to those who wait come all things.

We know whereof we affirm when we state that Ayer's Pills, taken promptly, at the first symptoms of colds and fevers, arrest further progress of these disorders, and speedily restore the stomach, liver, and bowels, to their normal and regular action.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and colic, and their teeth, as the period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints, and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

Another bribe offered by the wily

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estate to any child of an estated Catholic wife turned Protestant she thereby became entitled to receive a share of her husband's chattels. As

for the heir of a Catholic, he had, to

AN EMINENT CANADIAN CATHOLIC.

Hon. J. J. Curran, the Solicitor-General of Canada, Chicago New World.

In tracing the remarkable career of the Hon. J. J. Curran, of Montreal, the rising generation of Canadians have a model to follow and an instructive lesson to learn from what may be achieved by industry, native ability, perseverance and rectitude of principles. A strong combination of all these qualities were early noticeable in J. J. Curran. Born of humble parents he had no propitious influences working in his favor derived either from affluence, parental influence or the protection of rich friends. In the absence of these he had, however, an advantage which perhaps outweighs them all, and that he undoubtedly owes to his parents. I mean a good, honest, Catholic training in childhood, and the spiritual oversight and guidance of his venerated parish priest. To these holy influences in early life were added as good an education as limited means could bestow. These benign foundations combined with an uncommon amount of intellectual vigor in the future Solicitor General were the mainsprings in the formation of a character which has made its honorable mark and stamped its impress on the moral and political life of Canada.

The display of keen mental faculties in his school-boy days made it clear that young master Curran had a mind that inclined to the legal profession: this knowledge led to the determination that he should be allowed to follow the natural bent of his character. Not did his aptitude in mastering the rudiments of law belie the favorable forecast made of him, for no sooner had he graduated and entered upon the practice of law at the Montreal bar than his clever pleadings drew the favoring eyes of the senior counsel upon him. And his advance was rapid, honorable and enduring. He Curran will be there, even at considerable sacrifice to himself. As a platform speaker or an all-round public orator the present Solicitor General has many things to commend him to public favor. A man of handsome presence and splendid physique an audience give him their attention before he opens his lips. He is, indeed, a finished orator whose graceful utterances and sonorous voice make him an ideal platform speaker. In his place in parliament he contributes many valuable and well-reasoned speeches on the leading questions of the day. There his deliverances are accorded that earnest attention which prudent and weighty words deserve from the legislators of the nation.

A man of Hon. Mr. Curran's large heart and sympathetic nature would draw popular favor from people of any nationality, but his claims to the warm affection of his own people are undeniable, because he identified himself at the age of eighteen years with the principal Catholic societies, and ever since he has not ceased to take the deepest interest in everything that concerns their welfare, together with the moral and material well-being of Catholic Montreal, and of his co-religionists throughout the whole Dominion. — Wm. Ellison.

met conferred a like legal distinction upon him, and in the same year at Manhattan college, New York, Cardinal McCloskey bestowed upon him the title of LL. D. As a member of the bar Hon. J. J. Curran stands in the foremost rank, and as a forensic speaker he has probably no superior in the American courts to day. And his reputation for nice legal judgment and deep knowledge of both civil and criminal law is widespread. But he is not a mere hair splitting or austere lawyer tied down by uniform rules to the bar technique of his chosen profession, for he is an enlightened, broad-minded statesman as well. This he has amply demonstrated by his solid service in the House of Commons.

From the *Shelburne Economist*.

The completion of the local telephone service between Shelburne and Hornings Mills by Messrs. John Metcalfe and W. H. Mariatt, referred to in these columns recently, was the means of bringing to the notice of a reporter of the *Economist* the fact of the remarkable restoration to health some time ago of Mr. Metcalfe, the chief promoter of the line. For about two years Mr. Metcalfe was a terrible sufferer from sciatica, and unable to work. While not altogether bedfast, he was so badly crippled that his bent form, as he occasionally hobble about the streets of Hornings Mills, excited universal sympathy. The trouble was in one of his hips, and he could not stand or walk erect. His familiar attitude, as the residents of Hornings Mills can

THE PEOPLE MARVELLED

At the Rescue of Mr. Metcalfe of Hornings Mills — Badly Crippled With Sciatica and an Intense Sufferer for Years—For Two Years Was Not Able to do Any Work—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restores Him to Health.

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Thomas A. Johns.
CURED BY TAKING
AYER'S SARAS-
PARILLA
SARAS-
PARILLA
"was afflicted for eight years with Sciatica. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none of them relieved me. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Saraparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My hands, which is the chief disorder, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never recurred." — THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

The Ayer's Only Saraparilla
Admitting of the World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER
Should be used if it is desired to make the finest class of cakes—Biscuits, Cakes, Pies, Crusts, Biscuits, etc., light, sweet, snowy white and digestible food resulting from the use of Cook's Friend. Great savings are made by you when you buy Cook's Friend.

—OBJECTS OF THE
New York Catholic Agency.

The object of the Agency is to supply, at reasonable dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, among which is the fact that it is situated in the heart of the whole *Metropolis*, and has complete arrangements for the leading manufacturers, and is one of the largest dealers in quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers and manufacturers, and not from the dealers.

No extra commissions are charged on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities, and the prompt and correct filling of such orders, there will be only one express or freight charge.

Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many various trades or lines of goods, with which he is not acquainted, I will assure him that I will do my best to find out the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods at the same price to be paid as for the article wanted.

—The trade buying from this Agency is allowed the regular or usual discount. Any business or goods entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conveniently attended to, you will be assured.

When you want to buy anything send your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St., New York.

QUICK CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

GIVES HEALTH BY NATURAL MEANS

KEEPS THE THROAT CLEAN AND HEALTHY.

DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WORKS GROYDON ENGLAND.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

SPECIALTIES:

High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales;

XXX Porter and Stout;

Pilsner Lager of world-wide reputation.

O'KEEFE, W. HAWKE, J. G. GIBSON, Pres. See-Tres.

To Dr. Hacks, his patients, and their friends.

See to the Anti-Slavery Society.

Italy, has just celebrated the Festival of the Cross at Rome.

The same paper notwithstanding, given of Cat

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.
Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME.

Every year, on the tenth day of October, Catholic temperance advocates have been accustomed to celebrate the birthday of Father Mathew, and to renew their zeal for the great work to which he was devoted. The New Testament clearly teaches that drunkards are excluded from the kingdom of heaven. It was no new doctrine, therefore, that Father Mathew proclaimed when he appealed to all Christians to join with him in opposition to the degrading vice of intemperance. He decided that it was a Christian duty to organize a new crusade against an evil that has become more dangerous than ever before under the changed conditions of modern society.

That intemperance prevails to an alarming extent is unquestionably true; that it is a prolific source of crime and poverty cannot be denied, even by those who are enriched by the sale of intoxicating drinks. Apart from other channels of information, the records of the courts sufficiently prove that the habit of excessive drinking is widespread, and that every State in this free country is obliged to spend thousands of dollars annually because a large number of citizens become drunk and disorderly.

Our own experience shows us that homes are made desolate, families are brought to destitution, children suffer hunger because the money that should be spent in providing the necessities of life is squandered for drink. Long observation has convinced those who are devoted to the relief of the poor that the most hopeless cases of misery are found in the sections of this large city where women are addicted to intemperance.

In the presence of an evil destructive of the Christian home, and dangerous to the moral welfare of the community, it is the duty of earnest Christians to speak out their convictions. Some there are who need to be urged to give a little more attention to what may be called "out door" Christianity. The sound principles of the temperance question are misrepresented frequently and intelligently in public as though tongue tied, unable or unwilling to make known the teaching of the Church.

We charged its enemies with being ignorant and giving up their first experience of teaching. She had undertaken the charge of a little "neighborhood school" in a booming town of Wisconsin. Her school opened with fifteen pupils, between the ages of seven and fourteen.

Every day Miss Marjorie spent the last half-hour of school-time reading aloud to the children. The first book she chose happened to be Jacob Abbott's "Life of Nero." The children became intensely interested in the story, and they were led in their expressions of indignation against Nero for his cruelty, while their admiration for the martyrs who suffered under the wicked emperor's persecutions was unbounded. Miss Marjorie took advantage of the enthusiasm awakened to tell the children several stories of heroes who had sacrificed their lives for their faith. The stories often became the subjects of animated discussion among the children; and one day, before the morning session had opened, Miss Marjorie overheard through the open window the following fragments of conversation:

"What would you do, Franky, if you gave up or were you die?" "I would never give up," came the firm reply, in a clear, childish voice. "Would you let them burn you?"

"I would never give up," he repeated. "If I once said a thing I would never take it back. No one could make me."

"But when you saw the fire!"

"I would be perfectly immovable. I would walk into the fire myself—calmly, like this."

Miss Marjorie looked out of the window, and saw an admiring group watch the little fellow, as, with dignified bearing, he walked toward the woodpile. He climbed upon it, and when he had found a firm footing, he turned toward the spectators with an expression of lofty and serene resolution upon his face. The girls all clapped their hands, and some one cried, "Good for you, Franky!"

He was in dead earnest, and he did look like a real little hero. Miss Marjorie's heart swelled with admiration.

The school had been in progress three and a half weeks, and all had gone well. No pupil had been more docile and lovable than little Frank Crissey.

Miss Marjorie had resolved, when she learned from his father, who surely ought to know, of the boy's obstinate disposition, that she would be very careful to avoid giving him any occasion to exhibit it, but that she would get him so much interested in his work that he would forget to be obstinate. The plan had worked admirably; and now as she watched him from the window, the thought occurred to her that possibly the father had wholly misjudged the son's character.

That day Miss Marjorie completely forgot her resolution not to come to an issue with Frank, and the result was—the first case of discipline.

The trouble began out of a very little matter. An orange dropped out entirely into the middle of the floor. This started a general laugh, in which Miss Marjorie herself could not help joining, when she saw the comical expression of helpless distress in Bessie's face; for Bessie was the only one who saw nothing funny in the behavior of her orange. Frank was fairly ecstatic with delight when he observed that

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Miss Marjorie's First Discipline.

"I want you to understand," said Col. Crissey, as he rose to go, "that my son is a very obstinate boy, and you will have to whip him soundly when he won't behave. It's the only way to manage him."

Miss Marjorie, the new teacher, glanced sympathetically at the little boy under discussion. He was sitting on one of the front seats of the schoolroom, with his big folding slate and well-worn school books piled up across his knees. He had been listening with an intelligent, though peculiarly impersonal interest, to his father's lengthy explanation of his character; and the closing suggestion of drastic measures failed to disturb the perfect composure expressed in the little fellow's countenance.

"Frank," she said, "that will do; go on with your work now."

Frank was quiet for a moment, and then aimed another ball at Harry Van Sleek.

"Frank," repeated Miss Marjorie, in a decided tone, "we have had enough fun now. You must go on with your work."

Miss Marjorie noticed that as she was speaking Frank slipped the last of his paper balls into his right hand, and held it in readiness for a throw under his desk.

"Will you be good now?" she asked, with a smile.

Frank, seeing her smile, was encouraged to hope that she might be made to laugh again; and so he replied, more in fun than in earnest, "No."

Miss Marjorie stopped smiling and said: "Frank, you must not throw that ball."

Receiving no reply, she added: "Are you going to be good now?"

Frank sobered down immediately and replied, "No."

Miss Marjorie was taken by surprise. Here was open defiance before the whole school. Surely the time had come for the birch rod.

"Then I must punish you," she said. "Come here."

Frank walked forward, while Miss Marjorie took down the rod from behind the picture of George Washington.

"Hold out your hand," said Miss Marjorie, in a firm tone, though her heart within almost failed at the thought of the approaching contest.

Frank held out his hand fearlessly, and Miss Marjorie brought down the cruel rod rather sharply upon the tender flesh.

"Will you be good now?" she repeated.

"No," he replied in an unshaken voice.

Miss Marjorie gave two more strokes, a little harder this time.

"Will you be good now?" she asked again.

"Miss Marjorie," he replied, with dignity, "there is no need of your asking me any more. I shall not change my mind."

Miss Marjorie raised the rod higher than before, determined to bring it down with increased force, but somehow it made her falter. She noticed on Frank's face the same expression of serene resolve that she had seen there, as he stood upon the wood pile fancying himself a martyr. Frank held his breath in anticipation of the coming blow, but the little hand, which lay in Miss Marjorie's palm, did not quiver.

"If I should whip him hard enough to make him yield," thought Miss Marjorie, "what a shameful victory it would be of mere physical force over a brave little heart!" She did not give the intended stroke. "You may go into the cloak room, and sit down there," she said.

When the scholars had taken their seats, Miss Marjorie began, "Frank, have you decided—" but she got no further, for Frank was upon his feet, pale as a sheet.

"Yes," he choked out, "I will be good."

He sank back into his seat, and buried his face in his hands.

That afternoon, instead of the usual reading, Miss Marjorie talked to the children about true and false bravery. They listened very soberly, and went away more quietly than usual when school was dismissed. As they passed the window, Miss Marjorie heard Harry Van Sleek's voice saying, "I say Franky, aren't you glad you said you'd be good?"

Two months later, Colonel Crissey said to Miss Marjorie: "I want to thank you, Miss Marjorie, for what you've done for my son. There is a change come over him since he's been in your school. He hasn't had one of his obstinate spells for two months, and he used to have them nearly every week."

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last."

Mrs. Celeste Cox, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not get many kinds of tea without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmedee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can not say anything I choose, whereof distract me in the least. These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required."

Protection from the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria, fever and epidemics is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood,

and every one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla will place all hands and money at your disposal for what it has done for them and their friends. Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition. It is the great blood purifier.

Hood's PILLS become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c per box.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folk. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

EVERYWHERE WE GO

We find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla in almost every part of the world. It is a great medicine for what it has done for them and their friends. Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition. It is the great blood purifier.

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