

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

NO. 733.

BENZIGER'S CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC.—1893.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, plenty of pretty, interesting pictures, an unusual number of portraits of Bishops, priests and laymen, and for a frontispiece a fine oil-color plate of The Crucifixion, a worthy ornament of any home, and fit to be framed. Among its contributors are Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D., Rev. John Talbot Smith, Francis J. Finn, S. J., Maurice F. Egan, LL. D., Eleanor C. Donnelly, Eliza Allen Starr, Sara Trainor Smith, Margaret E. Jordan, Anna T. Sadler, Katharine Jenkins, and others. Price by mail 25 cts., in stamps or scrip. Address, Thomas Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

We give below a synopsis of the beautiful address recently delivered by this distinguished prelate at the inauguration ceremonies of the World's Congress in Chicago:

The solemn commemoration of the discovery of America has been allotted to the United States. It was the right and the duty of the first nation of the continent to charge itself with the glorious task. She, as none other, is the giant daughter of the progress of the age; she, as none other, has the power to command the splendors which should mark the commemoration. She has inaugurated the Exposition of Chicago. Proper, too, was it that among the cities of the United States, Chicago be the chosen one within whose portals the exhibition be enthroned. Chicago, fifty years ago the prairie village, the stupendous city of the present time, is the world's object lesson of progress. The monarch of our inland seas, the central city of the nation, she exhibits to the visitor the fullness of growth with which the United States has been blessed. Almost half-way across the continent commanding the highways of nations, the mart in which meet for mutual exchange the offerings of Europe and Asia, Chicago forebodes the mighty destiny of the United States to sit among all earth's nations the admired queen, the arbiter in the arts of peace and civilization of their destinies, the magnet in resistless attraction knitting all peoples into one harmonious and indestructible brotherhood.

I am stating the purpose of the World's Auxiliary Congress of the World's Columbian Exposition. The organization known as the Auxiliary Congress is an integral part of the Columbian Exposition, whose directors authorize and support it. It has received from the United States Government special recognition and approval. Its special mission is to organize and cause to be held during the several months allotted to the Exposition, international conventions of the scholars and workers of the world along all the lines of human progress in the various departments of civilized life, and in this way present, through the living voice of the chief actors clear and comprehensive statements of the questions in all the fields of activity, which vex to-day the souls of men. The idea is truly grand, and most important results must follow from the successful carrying out of it. All countries are asked to send to Chicago their best and most active minds. The several conventions or congresses will bring into actual contact the leaders in the several departments of thought. The thinking world will be under our eyes; the whole trend of modern activity will be under our touch. What schools for learners! What workshops of new ideas, where mind in friction with mind provokes unto higher flights and rises into broader vistas of truth!

There is danger lest expositions, where all is wood and marble, gold and silver, machinery and cereals; where matter alone feasts the eye and speaks to the soul, silently teaches false lessons of progress. All is well with the world, it might seem, if matter is improved. Men seek matter and admire matter; matter, then, is the all-important. The tendency of the times is already more materialistic than its well-wishers desire. Nothing should be done to accelerate it. There is need to repeat aloud the poet's warning:—
"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

"The plans of the Congress Auxiliary are most comprehensive. They extend along all the lines of the growth of man. There are the departments of agriculture, engineering, commerce and finance, etc., in which his relations to matter received due consideration. Man lives upon the earth, derives hence his subsistence, and in subjecting it to his service, he enlarges by exercise the powers of his soul. Far be it from us not to recognize as vital elements in progress, and as strong evidence of it, the triumphs of mind over things. God gave to us the material universe, that we study it and

use it. Material progress is no less than the lines of His supreme law than progress moral and spiritual. The whole man must grow, and grow in all directions. I am as impatient within the narrowness which limits him in one direction as that which limits him in another. The sole lesson which I inculcate is that the earth is the foot-stool of man, and that material progress, in its grandest flights, fails unless man retains throughout his higher nature, and is made by it a greater and a better being.

Congresses give aid by directing outside social currents, the influences of which make strongly for good or evil. Hence, we have the department of moral and social reform, including congresses on charity, philanthropy, prevention, reform, etc., and the department of temperance, marshalling into mutual counselling the devoted legions of men and women who are giving battle to a giant evil of the times. We will have congresses on municipal and national administrations, international law, peace arbitration, the several divisions of jurisprudence and practical government. The department of labor will discuss the intricate and pressing questions, arising from the relations of labor to capital, of employee to employer—maintaining the rights of all, prescribing the duties of all, and guarding over all for their protection the reign of social order. The health of the body of man is instructed to the department of medicine. Man, in the fulfillment of his destiny, can neglect neither body nor soul. Be there a healthful body to house a healthful soul. There are, too, the department of art, music, architecture, etc. The instinct of the beautiful is deeply imbedded in man; it must be satisfied.

There is the department of woman's progress, providing for a general congress of representative women of all countries. At the same time, as I have already stated, there is in connection with each congress organized in the several departments of the Congress Auxiliary, wherever the mind, heart and fingers of woman may be invited to give aid, a woman's committee, for the purpose of obtaining the co-operation of woman in the work of human progress. At no previous world's congress was there the marked recognition of woman which the Columbian Auxiliary accords her. In this recognition we rejoice. It is a noticeable token and promise of progress for woman herself and for the world at large. Woman for her own good has been too dependent upon the stronger sex, and in the battling for the better things in the life of humanity we cannot longer afford to keep off the open field the deep charity and exhausted energy of woman's soul. Columbus could not have succeeded without the practical patronage of Isabella. Be Isabella honored in the Columbian Exposition by America's generous recognition of woman's sphere.

Finally, there is the department of religion, crowning the work of other departments and perfuming them with the fragrance of heaven. Sublime the thought to have the proclamation go out from the great Exposition that God reigns, and that man is His servant, that all progress begins and ends with Him who is the Alpha and Omega of all things. Religion is at home amid parliaments of men working for progress in men. There is no provision deserving the name where no provision exists for the growth of man's spiritual nature. Nor can laborers in the field of progress afford to overlook the powerful aid which comes from religion to progress in the moral and social spheres. Without God's love inspiring and God's justice rewarding, men's hearts are warped, souls are chilled, enthusiasm is transient sentiment. The fatal enemy of the spirit of sacrifice and self-control, from which springs all moral and social progress, is the cold positivism which unbeflexibly seeks to substitute for the religion of a living God. Positivism is despair and practical pessimism. England's lamented laureate wrote lines of which all feel the truth:

Why should we bear with an hour of torture,
If every man die forever, if all his griefs are in vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be
Wheeled through the silence of space,
Motherless evanescence of an ever-vanishing race?

Exception has been taken to religion congresses on the ground that on so many points there will be no harmony of thought and that truth will suffer by the juxtaposition of error. There is no force in the remark. The vital primordial truths regarding the Supreme God will be confessed by all. The proclamation of these truths will be a great gain. Beyond this those who believe they possess the truth need not fear. Truth should not be timid. Rather should she court publicity in this as on all other occasions, in order that she be known and loved. There shall be no discussions, no controversies. The purpose shall be to show forth in methods of peace what are the professions of faith and the religious works of the world at the present time. From the plans of the department of religion of the Congress Auxiliary naught but good results can follow.

The lines of work which Christ prescribes in favor of man are not merely those relating to the spiritual

life; they are those, also, relating to the life of the body—the feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked, the solacing of the captive, the healing of the crushed and suffering heart. God's sweet religion is wherever work is done for man's welfare—wherever humanity is benefited, and lifted upward were it only by the width of a hair of the head. There is religion within cathedral walls, where God is spoken to, and loved; there is religion in the wheat field, where clay and air combine to produce food for man; there is religion in the factory, where matter is turned into new forms for man's comfort; there is religion in the sanctuary of philosopher and writer, drawing of new upliftings for the race; and oh! there is religion, when the weary one is comforted, the outcast saved, and the hand of the hungry is filled with bread. There is religion wherever there is work for man; religion expands her heavenly wings over all the palaces of your great Exposition.

The history of humanity is a story of progress. A narrow survey of the scene will not always bring out this important truth. There are in the tide of progress backward currents and tortuous windings. We must consider the general movement, of which the trend ceases not to be toward higher planes:

Forward, then; but still remember how the course of time will sweep,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve.

Disguised in a rhythm of rise and decline, of ebb and flow, of growth and decay, the progress of humanity, continuous, and the hopes of the workers in the cause of humanity obtain their rewards:—

Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widening with the progress of the suns.

The future! What will it be? Material progress, no doubt, will continue onward with ever-increasing velocity. The wildest dreams scarcely, I believe, foreshadow the realities; nothing need be unexpected. The travellers to the Columbian Exposition a hundred years hence will, perhaps, birdlike, sail through the air, journeying in a half-dozen hours from the Atlantic coast to the city of the North-west on the banks of the Mississippi. More unlikely would the prospect of travel by rail, or steam, or electricity, have seemed to our forefathers one century ago. I trust in Providence and in humanity, and I have confidence that the moral and social forces, which now so profoundly agitate the world, will work into an increase of goodness and happiness among men. Much will depend upon the intelligence and zeal of those whom position and talents have made the leaders of thought and action. Seldom in all history did such deep responsibilities lie upon the leaders of their fellows as there do to-day. Scarcely ever was humanity pregnant with such momentous possibilities: scarcely ever were similar opportunities offered to accomplish great things. The future will be no rosebush without thorns, no day without the nearness of evening shades, no life without the menace of death. There will be inequalities among men, and passions will disturb the peace of souls. But I do believe there will be more mercy in the world, more justice, more righteousness. There will be more respect for manhood, more liberty for the individual. The brotherhood of men will be more widely recognized, and its lessens more faithfully practiced. Servitude and oppression will be banished even from the darkest thickets of African forests. The boon of civilization will reach all races of the human family; civil and political liberty will spread across all seas and oceans. Nations will see in one another assemblies of brothers, and another arbitration will, in settlement of disagreements, take the place of the murderous sword. Brute force will more and more yield before reason; mind will more and more assert itself over matter, and over passion. All this will not come to pass without delays and backward movements, without reactions and regressions, but the victory will be for truth and justice.

In the course of history God selected now one nation, now another, to be the guide and exemplar of humanity's progress. At the opening of the Christian era, mighty Rome led the vanguard, Iberia rose up the mistress of the times, when America was to be born into the family of civilized peoples. The great era, the like of which has not been seen, is now dawning upon the horizon. Which will be Providence's chosen nation to guide now the destinies of mankind?

The noble nation is before my soul's vision. Giant in stature, comely in every feature, buoyant in the freshness of morning youth, matronly in prudent stepping, the ethereal breezes of liberty waving with loving touch her tresses she is, no one seeing her doubts—the queen, the conqueror, the mistress, the teacher of coming ages. To her keeping the Creator has entrusted a great continent, whose shores two oceans lave, rich in all nature's gifts, imbosoming precious and useful minerals, fertile in soil, salubrious in air, beautiful in verdure. For long centuries had He held in reserve this region of His predilection,

awaiting the propitious moment in humanity's evolutions to bestow it on men whom men were worthy to possess it. Her children, have come from all countries, bearing with them the ripest fruit of thought, labor and experience. Adding thereto high inspirations and generous impulses, they have built up a new world of humanity. This world embodies the hopes, the ambitions, the dreaming of humanity's priests and seers. To its daring in the face of progress, to its offerings at the shrine of liberty there seems to be no limit; and yet prosperity, order, peace spread over its vast area their sheltering wings.

The nation of the future! need I name it? Your hearts quiver, loving it:
My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

We commemorate the discovery of America four hundred years ago. Behold the crowning gift to humanity from Columbus, whose caravels plowed ocean's uncertain billows in search of a great land, and from the all-ruling Providence, whose wisdom and mercy inspired and guided the immortal Genoese mariner—the United States of America!

READY TO JOIN THE CHURCH.

An English Lord Mayor Makes an Unexpected Public Announcement.

We clip the following from the Liverpool *Catholic Times*: Alderman E. D. Walker, the mayor of the borough of Darlington, delivered a remarkable address at the opening of St. Augustine's bazaar a short time ago. He said he hoped the object for which they had worked so well, so earnestly and so determinedly would be abundantly blessed by the realization of their greatest hopes. That great and glorious Catholic Church which had unified the civilized world, had within its pale to-day 228,000,000 of human beings, representing one-sixth of the entire population of the globe, and nearly one-half of its Christian population. It was general—*if he might use the term*—by 1103 Bishops and Archbishops, and its grand and glorious work was being carried on by 126,000 priests.

Only those who knew the great and mighty difficulties of a Church representing one-half of the Christian population of the world knew that that Church was the greatest factor in stemming, in warding off and in repelling that modern tide of socialism which had the effrontery to stalk through the land and to profess that they were going to measure God and to understand that which God had not given power to human minds to grapple with. The Roman Catholic Church was in the proud and enviable position of being able to date back to the earliest years of the Christian era. Since the day when the great Master Himself taught His humble and yet elegant lesson in Galilee, extending His heaven-born teaching until in its hope-inspiring and beneficent influence it had been as far reaching as civilization itself, no Church had ever been blessed with results commensurate with those which had been vouchsafed to the great and glorious Catholic Church.

Speaking for himself, he would only wish to say that for many years his mind—he hoped not altogether an irreligious one—had been very much exercised as to whether he ought not to throw in his lot with the hundreds of millions of mankind who had found within the pale of the Catholic Church such a safe sheltering, more that such a hope-giving, and still more that lifted the human soul whilst here to the position of feeling that they had knit their faith to and placed their hope in something which, although little understood by mortals, was nevertheless nearly akin to—may, we part and parcel of—a life which lay beyond, and in which only that which was near to God, and indeed part of Him, could ever dwell. He personally was and had long been what perhaps they would consider to be cosmopolitan in his religion, believing that any form of religion which had God and the Master's teaching in it could not fail to do other than bless humanity. He pinned his faith to no special creed, but he had an intense longing to attach himself to that Universal Church which in the days that were to come must hold the world within its heavenlit aisles.

Pray for the Departed.

November is the month of special devotion for the suffering souls. There is no greater charity than to pray for them who cannot pray for themselves. In the Communion of Saints our prayers avail them. We are still of the Church militant, and our works are meritorious and may be applied to them. They can only suffer, purging away the sins of their past lives. We may merit for them through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ. Tompkinson makes the dying King Arthur say in the true Catholic spirit:

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Therefore let thy
voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those they call their
fellows-men.

DR. BURNS AND GOLDWIN SMITH.

In the Toronto *Globe* of October 25, appeared the following able letter from Rev. Dr. Burns, a distinguished Methodist clergyman of Hamilton, dealing with Prof. Smith's letter on Irish affairs which appeared recently in the *London Times*:

Sir—I see from last Saturday's *Globe* that Mr. Goldwin Smith has made the Blake reception the occasion of furnishing the *London Times* a most bitter letter against Home Rule.

For years I have read every line I could see from the pen of Goldwin Smith, and have admired his clear and beautiful style as well as his scholarly criticisms—always fearless, and generally impartial. But "aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus," and I think that Mr. Smith has not merely nodded, but fallen sound asleep and had a very bad dream just as he was touched by the affluents that produced that letter to the *Times*. I have read that letter more than once. No one can doubt its meaning. He tells the *Times*, and through it all England and the world, that a Catholic majority cannot be trusted with self-government—its Parliament would be by the nomination and under the domination of the priesthood; its legislation would be hostile to England and oppressive of the Protestant minority. In one part of the British Empire—the Province of Quebec—a Catholic majority has self-government. Mr. Smith says of it: "Quebec shows the effects of priestly rule, and it is manifest, would soon exemplify the fate of a Protestant minority under the power of the priests if it were not for the protecting arm of the Dominion." Such is the burden of the letter. The bulk of it is prophecy. Let us examine the use he makes of Quebec.

Now, granting for the moment that all that is said and implied in his statements be true, it would not justify Mr. Smith's attitude. The British North America Act, under which the Provinces of the Dominion are federated, was a compromise. Each Province was allowed to retain "all laws in force at the union." If Quebec has laws oppressive to the Protestants, they exist through that compromise, without which the federation of the Provinces could not have been secured. But in framing a Home Rule bill for Ireland, we are hampered by no such compromises. Ireland stands as a petitioner, asking for self-government, telling England that she does ask for power to legislate on Imperial matters, and bidding the British Parliament to impose whatever restrictions they please as a guarantee of the integrity of the empire and the rights of the Protestant minority. Home Rulers do not ask for the Quebec laws for Ireland. On the contrary, we say, in the language of the address presented to Mr. Blake, "If American and Canadian safeguards are not sufficient for Ireland, as Home Rulers, Protestant and Catholic, we suggest, nay, more, we demand, that others be introduced." That is the attitude of the Irish people to-day. They can do no more. Fair play would ask no more.

In their contempt for the Irish race, so common in some quarters, and so offensively proclaimed, some will tell us in spite of the laws the Irish would do as they pleased, the laws would be a dead letter, treason would be rampant, and the rights of the Protestant minority trampled in the dust. Mr. Smith, however, admits that in Quebec "the protecting arm of the Dominion" shields the Protestant minority from "the power of the priests." Now, if the protecting arm of Canada, that has neither army nor navy, is sufficient to shield Protestants in Quebec, surely the danger of the Protestant minority in Ireland must be microscopic or imaginary. An army of over 30,000 is stationed in Ireland now, and the British fleet could enter her harbors at an hour's notice. The Parliament of Ireland is prohibited by the Home Rule Bill from legislating regarding army, navy or militia, and the new bill leaves the Irish constabulary under the control of England for some years. For the right to manage her own affairs Ireland is willing to make concessions that are humiliating, to submit to restrictions that neither the Provinces of Canada nor the States of the American Union would entertain for a moment. Under Home Rule she would be on her good behavior. The slightest move towards the dismemberment of the empire or the ignoring of the rights of the Protestant minority would alienate her best friends, would fulfil the predictions of her worst enemies, and would dash from her lips forever the cup of liberty.

It is sad to see the flippant manner in which the question is discussed by many. Some see no more in it than the occasion for the effervescence of bigotry and sectarian bitterness. But to the true statesman it must appear among the most important questions of the day. England needs the tranquility of Ireland even more than Ireland does. She needs the love and loyalty of all her people, and true statesmanship will aim at securing the harmonious action of all the forces of the empire. No true friend of England will needlessly alienate any portion of her people. I know of no surer way to alienate them than

to be continually questioning their loyalty and making disparaging and insulting references to their creed. For some reason or other it seems to be taken for granted that Catholics are the legitimate butt of the ridicule of all comers, the quarry of every hunter, and always in season. Column after column of the most stinging and irritating editorials are poured forth daily in a city containing thousands of loyal and law-abiding Catholics. The painful plainness of speech, the harshness of tone, and the utter absence of that delicacy that should always soften a reference to another's creed, all point in the same direction. I have read every article I could find against Home Rule, and so far as the press of Canada is concerned, all might be condensed into one sentence: "Ireland is Catholic." Her creed alone is sufficient to delude her from self-government. As a Protestant, I enter an emphatic protest against such contemptuous treatment of my Catholic countrymen. I know nothing in the history of Ireland to justify it.

But if the rights of Ireland are deserving only of contempt and ridicule, one would think that the interests of England would be considered in the matter. For weal or for woe "Great Britain and Ireland are inseparably united under one sovereign." Could a union of hearts be secured Ireland would be tower of strength to England, and should trouble arise would furnish an army 200,000 strong of as brave fellows as ever fared a sail or shouldered a musket. But, on the other hand, let the present irritating course be pursued, and let Ireland be goaded to desperation by torturing taunts and sectarian insults, instead of being an aid to England she might require half the force of England to hold her in subjection. It is also well to remember that the greater Ireland is on this side of the Atlantic, and intensely interested in the fate of their native land. Could England secure the cordial and harmonious co-operation of Ireland and her children, it would enhance her strength immeasurably. I consider their alienation the most serious weakness in the British Empire.

It is time that recriminations should cease and mutual forbearance prevail. We are disgracing both country and creed by our insane bigotry. If those who are weighed down with a superabundance of loyalty would only give vent to a little of it in laboring for the harmony of the empire, instead of weakening and wounding by sectarian invectives, their loyalty would be better entitled to the name. I cannot but think that Ulster is losing the greatest opportunity in her history for the exercise of patriotism. If she would throw herself into the present movement for self-government it would pass the British Parliament with a shout. Such a movement on her part would do more to heal the breach between Irishmen than anything that ever transpired. In the formation of the Parliament in College Green who can doubt that Ulster would have a representation beyond her numerical rights? I do not remember a patriotic movement in Irish history in which the Catholics did not yield to their Protestant compatriots the lion's share of the honors. Mr. Blake's predictions would be more than realized. There never was a grander opportunity offered to a people than that presented to Ulster to-day, and I covet for my native Province the honor of embracing it, and thus ending the fratricidal strife that has for centuries weakened and disgraced that unhappy country.

With your permission I shall in my next refer to another feature of this subject.
A. BURNS.
The College, Hamilton, Oct. 21.

English Politics.

Under the insistent monition of his physician, Gladstone has decided to limit his presence in the House of Commons during the coming session. He will attend the sittings only on the days when important measures are under consideration. His deputy in the Government leadership of the House will be Sir William Vernon Harcourt. The Ministerial declaration on the case of the Irish political prisoners will involve the question of taking part in the dynamic outrage of a few years ago. The principal prisoners serving sentences on these charges are in English prisons. The Conservative papers do not object to the release of Fenians Mullan and Dowling, and Dynamiter J. T. Egan, who have served two-thirds of the time to which they were sentenced. Even Mr. Matthew, when clemency might early be extended to these men, but they say the Government will not dare to force the consequences that would follow the release of Dr. Gallagher and others concerned in causing explosions in London. Arrangements have been concluded whereby the Paris fund will now be released and applied to the relief of evicted tenants.

If children are to be educated in Christian principles they must have honest men to be their teachers.

Noble thoughts are apt to lead to noble deeds. Evil thoughts will surely lead to evil deeds; therefore we are in honor bound to suppress evil thoughts promptly and so firmly that they cannot again dawn within us.

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Not only do I make considerable use of these pills in my practice, but I have used them many times for myself with the most gratifying results.

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Little Things.
BY EMMA F. SEABURY.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing.
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel ring
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toll of the day.
But it smooths the furrows out of the care,
And lines on the forehead, you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,"
"I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find,
For love is tender, as love is blind.
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some souls to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter, and hard to live.

GRAPES AND THORNS.
BY M. A. T. AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

She stood a moment fixed in thought, her face brightening. "I declare," she muttered, "I've a good mind to—"

A wavering smile played over her lips; and as she sat on the edge of the sofa, with a stout arm propping her on either side, and her heavily jewelled hands buried in the cushions, Mrs. Ferrier sank into a reverie which had every appearance of being rose-colored.

When she was moderately pleased, this woman was not ill-looking, though her insignificant features were somewhat swamped in flesh. Her eyes were pleasant, her complexion fresh, her teeth sound, and the abundant dark-brown hair was unmistakably her own.

She started, and blushed with apprehension, as the door was briskly opened, and her daughter's head thrust in. What if Annette should know what she had been thinking of?

"Ma," said that young woman, "you had better wear a black grenadine, and the amethyst brooch and earrings."

Having given this brief order, the girl banged the door in her energetic way; but, before it was well shut, opened it again.

"And pray, don't thank the servants at table."

Again the Mentor disappeared, and a second time came back for a last word. "O ma! I've given orders about the lemons and claret, and you'd better begin to day, and see how you can get along with such diet. I wouldn't eat much, if I were you. You've no idea how little food you can live upon till you try. I shouldn't be at all surprised if you were to thin away beautifully."

At last she departed in earnest. Mrs. Ferrier lifted both hands, and raised her eyes to the ceiling. "Who ever heard," she cried, "of anybody with an empty stomach sitting down to a full table, and not eating what they wanted?"

This poor creature had probably never heard of Sancho Panza, and perhaps it would not much have comforted her could she have read his history.

We pass over the toilet scene, where Naomi, Miss Annette's maid, nearly drove the simple lady distracted with her fastidious ideas regarding colors and shapes; and the dinner, where Mrs. Ferrier sat in bitterness of soul with a slice of what she called raw beef on her plate, and a tumbler of very much acidulated claret and water, in place of the foaming ale that had been wont to lull her to her afternoon slumber. These things did not, however, sweeten her temper, nor soften her resolutions. It may be that they rendered her a little more inexorable.

It is certain that Mr. Gerald did not find her remarkably amiable during the repast, and was not sorry when she left the dining-room, where he and Louis Ferrier stopped to smoke a cigar.

She did not leave him in peace though, but planted a thorn at parting.

"I want to see you in the library about something in particular, as soon as you have got through here," she said, with an air that was a little more commanding than necessary.

He smiled and bowed, but a slight frown settled on his handsome face as he looked after her. What track was she on now? "Do you know what the indictment is, Louis?" he asked presently, having lighted a cigar, turned his side to the table, on which he leaned, and placed his feet in the chair Annette had occupied. "Milady looked as though the jury had found a bill."

Louis Ferrier, whom we need not occupy our time in describing, didn't know what the row was, really; couldn't tell; never troubled himself about ma's affairs.

Lawrence smoked away vigorously, two or three lines coming between his smoothly-curved eyebrows; and, as the cigar diminished, his irritation increased. Presently he threw the cigar-end impatiently through an open window near, and brought his feet to the floor with an emphasis that made his companion stare.

"If there is anything I hate," he cried out, "it is being called away into a corner to hear something particular. I always know it means something disagreeable. If you want to set me wild, just step up to me mysteriously, and say that you wish to speak to me about something particular. Women are always doing such things. Men never do, unless they are policemen."

Young Mr. Ferrier sat opposite the speaker, lolling on the table with his elbows widespread, and a glass of wine between them, from which he could drink without raising it, merely tip-

ping the brim to his pale little mustache. He took a sip before answering, and, still retaining his graceful position, rolled up a pair of very light-blue eyes as he said, in a lisping voice: "Ma never does, unless it's something about money. You may be pretty sure it's something about money."

The clear, pale profile opposite him suddenly turned a deep pink, and Lawrence looked round at him with a sharp glance, before which his fall. The little drawing speech had been delivered with more of a draw than that habitual to Mr. Ferrier, perhaps, and it seemed that there was a slight emphasis which might be regarded as significant. Gerald had not taken any great pains to conciliate his prospective brother-in-law, and Louis liked to remind him occasionally that the advantages were not all on one side.

Lawrence rose carelessly from the table, an inflated crumb of bread off his vest. "I say, Louis," he remarked, "do you know you have rather peculiarly your head down to your food, instead of raising your food to your mouth? Reminds me of—well, now, it's a little like the quadrupeds, isn't it? Excuse me, that may be taken as a compliment. I'm not sure but quadrupeds have, on the whole, rather better manners than bipeds. Grace isn't everything. Money is the chief thing, after all. You can gild such wooden things with it. I'm going to talk about it with your mother. Good-bye! Don't take too much wine."

He sauntered out of the room, and shut the door behind him. "Valgar place!" he muttered, going through the entries. "Worstest rainbows everywhere. I wonder Annette did not know better." A contrasting picture floated up before his mind of a cool, darkened chamber, all pure white and celestial blue, with two little golden flames burning in a shady nook before a marble saint, and one slender sun-ray stretched athwart, as though the place had been let down from heaven, and the golden rope still held it moored to that peaceful shore. The contrast gave him a stifled feeling.

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Mrs. Ferrier looked at him glumly, not lady enough to print him a seat, or to smooth in any way the approaches to a disagreeable interview. There was no softness nor delicacy in her nature, and now her heart was full of jealous suspicion and a sense of outraged justice, as she understood justice.

The young man seated himself in a chair directly in front of her—he would not act as though afraid to meet her gaze—leaned forward with his arms on his knees, looked down at the eye-glasses he held, and waited for her to begin. A more polite attitude would have been thrown away on her, and he needed some little shield. Besides, her threatening looks had been so undisguised that an assumption of smiling ease would only have increased her anger.

The woman's hard, critical eyes looked him over as he waited there, and marked the finish of his toilet, and reckoned the cost of it, and snapped at sight of the deep purple amethysts in his cuff buttons, not knowing that they were heir-looms, and the gift of his mother. He was dressed quite like a fine gentleman, she thought; and yet, what was he? Nothing but a pauper who was trying to get her money. She longed to tell him so, and would have expressed herself quite plainly to that effect upon a very small provocation.

"I want to know if you've broken that promise you made me six months ago," she said roughly, having grown more angry with this survey. "I hear that you have."

"What promise?" he asked calmly, glancing up.

"You know well enough what I mean," she retorted. "You promised never to gamble again, and I told you what you might depend on if you did, and I mean to keep my word. Now, I should like to know the truth. I've been hearing things about you."

A deep red stained his face, and his lips were pressed tightly together. It was hard to be spoken to in that way, and not resent it. "When I make a promise, I usually keep it," he replied, in a constrained voice.

"That's no answer to my question," Mrs. Ferrier exclaimed, her hands clenching themselves in her lap. "I'll have the truth without any roundabout. Somebody—no matter who—has told me you owe fifteen hundred dollars that you lost by gambling. Is it true or not? That is what I want to know."

Lawrence raised his bright eyes, and looked steadily at her. "It is false!" he said.

This calm and deliberate denial disconcerted Mrs. Ferrier. She had not expected him to confess fully to such a charge; neither, much as she distrusted him, had she thought him capable of a deliberate lie if the charge were true—some sense of his better qualities had penetrated her thus far—but he had looked for shuffling and evasion.

He was not slow to see that the battle was at an end, and in the same moment his perfect self-restraint vanished. "May I ask where you heard this interesting story?" he demanded, drawing himself up.

Her confusion increased. The truth was that she had heard it from her son; but Louis had begged her not to betray him as the informant, and his story had been founded on hints merely.

"It's no use telling where I heard it," she said. "I'll take your word. But since you've given that, of course you won't have any objection to giving your oath. If you will swear that you don't owe any gambling debts, I'll say no more, unless I hear more."

He reddened violently. "I will not do it!" he exclaimed. "If my word is not good, my oath would not be. You ought to be satisfied. And if you will allow me, I will go to Annette now, unless you have some other subject to propose."

He has risen, his manner full of haughtiness, when she stopped him. "Don't be in such a hurry," she said. "He did not seat himself again, but leaning on the back of a chair, looked at her fully.

"I wish you would sit down," she said. "It isn't pleasant to have you standing up when I want to talk to you."

He smiled, not very pleasantly, and seated himself, looking at her with a steady gaze that was inexplicably bitter and secretive. She returned it with a more piercing regard than one would have thought those insignificant eyes capable of. She had not been able to understand his proud scruple, and her suspicions were alive again.

"If all goes right," she began, watching him closely, "I'm willing that you and Annette should be married the first of September. I've made up my mind what I will do for you. You shall have five hundred dollars to go on a journey with, and then you will come back and live with me here two years. I'll give you your board, and make Annette an allowance of five hundred a year, and see about some business for you. But I won't pay any debts; and, if any such debts come up as we have been talking about, off you will go. If this story I've heard turns out to be true, not one dollar of mine do you ever get, no matter when I find it out."

"I will speak to Annette about it," he said quietly. "Is that all?"

She answered with a short nod. Annette was anxiously waiting for him. "What is it?" she asked, when she saw his face.

He snatched his hat from the table. "Come out into the air," he said; "I am stifling here."

She followed him into the gardens, where an arbor screened them from view. "Did you know what your

mother was going to say to me?" he asked.

"No!" It was all had strength to utter.

"Nothing of it?"

"Nothing, Lawrence. I saw that she did not mean to tell me, so I would not ask. Don't keep me in suspense."

He hesitated a moment. Since she did not know, there was no need to tell her all. He told her only her mother's plans regarding their marriage.

"You see it's a sort of ticket-of-leave," he said, smiling faintly. "We are to be under surveillance. Hadn't you better give me up, Annette? She will like any one else better."

The sky and garden swam round before her eyes. She said nothing, but waited.

"I only propose it for your sake," he added more gently, started at her pallor. "In marrying me, you run the risk of being poor. If that doesn't frighten you, then it's all right."

Her color came back again; but no smile came with it. These shocks had been repeated too many times to find her with the same elasticity.

"This cannot go on a great while," she said, folding her hands in her lap, and looking down. "Mamma cannot always be so unreasonable. The best way now is to make no opposition to her, whatever she proposes. I may be able to influence her as we wish after a while. You may be sure that I shall try. Meantime, let us be quiet. I have learned, Lawrence, never to contend unless I can be pretty sure of victory. It is a hard lesson, but we have to learn it, and many harder ones, too. The best way for you is to laugh and seem careless, whether you feel so or not. The one who laughs succeeds. It is strange, but the moment a person seems as if he felt humiliated, people seem to be possessed of a desire to humiliate him still more. It doesn't do in the world to confess to any weakness or failure. I have always noticed that people stand in awe of those who appear to be perfectly self-confident and contented."

Lawrence Gerald looked at her in surprise as she said this in a calm and steady way quite new to him. Some thought of her being strong and helpful in other ways besides money-bringing glanced through his mind.

"You know the world at least, Annette," he said, with a half-smile.

No smile nor word replied. She was looking back, and remembering how she had learned the world. She, a poor, low-born girl, ignorant but enthusiastic and daring, had been suddenly endowed with wealth, and thrown upon that world with no one to teach her how to act properly. She had learned by the sneers and bitterness, the ridicule and jibes, her blunders had excited. Mortification, anger, tears and disappointments had taught her. Instead of having been spurred along the way of life, she had seen her best intentions and most generous feelings held as nothing, because of some fault in their manifestation; had found the friendships she grasped at, believing them real, change to an evasive coldness with only a surface froth of sweet pretence. Strife lay behind her, and, looking forward, she saw strife in the future. As she made this swift review, it happened to her as it has happened to others when some crisis or some strong emotion has forced them to lift their eyes from their immediate daily cares; and as the curtain veiling the future wavered in that breeze, they have caught a glimpse of life as a whole, and found it terrible. Perhaps in that moment Annette Ferrier saw nothing, but dust and ashes in all her hopes of earthly happiness, and felt a brief longing to hide her face from them for ever.

"Your company are coming," Lawrence said. He had been watching her with curiosity and surprise. It was the first time she had ever disregarded his presence, and the first time he had found her really worthy of respect.

She roused herself, not with a start, as if coming back to a real present from some trivial abstraction, but slowly and almost reluctantly, as though turning from weighty matters to attending to trifles.

"Can you be bright and cheerful now?" she asked, smiling on him with some unconscious superiority in her air. "These little things are not worth fretting for. All will come right, if we keep up our courage."

As she held out her hand to him, he took it in his and carried it to his lips. "You're a good creature!" he said most sincerely.

And in this amicable frame of mind they went to join the company.

Crichton was eminently a musical child. In the other arts, they were perhaps superficial and pretentious; but this of music was ardently and assiduously cultivated by every one. Wealthy ladies studied it with all the devotion of professional people, and there were not a few who might have made it a successful profession. Among those was Annette Ferrier, whose clear, high soprano had a brilliant effect in *bravuras* or compositions requiring strong passion in the rendering. All this talent and cultivation the Crichton ladies did not by any means allow to be wasted in private life. Clubs and associations kept up their emulation and skill, and charitable objects and public festivals afforded them the opportunity for that public display without which their zeal might have languished. The present rehearsal was for one of these concerts.

They were to sing in the new conservatory, which was admirable for that purpose. It was only just completed—an immense parallelogram joined to the southwestern corner of the house, with a high roof, and tall pillars making a sort of porch at the

end. No plants had yet been arranged, but azaleas and rhododendrons in full bloom had been brought in and set in a thicket along the bases of the pillars, looking, in all their airy rosette flush of graduated tints, as if a sunset cloud had dropped there.

Against this background the benches for the singers were ranged, and Annette's grand piano brought out for Mr. Schöninger, their leader, Sofas and arm chairs were placed near the long windows opening into the house for a small company of listeners.

"I wish Mother Chevreuse could have come," Mrs. Ferrier said, surveying the preparations with complacent satisfaction.

Mother Chevreuse was employed much more to her own liking than she would have been in listening to the most excellent music in the world; she was waiting for her son to come from his collecting, and take tea with her in her cosy little parlor. If the day should prove to have been successful to him, then he could rest a whole month; and, in expectation of his success, she had made a little gala of it, and adorned her room and table with flowers. The curtains next the church were looped back, to show a group of sunlit tree-tops and an edge of a bright cloud, since the high walls hid the sunset from this room. The priest's slippers and dressing-gown were ready for him, and an arm-chair set in his favorite place. He must rest after his hard day's work. The evening paper lay folded within reach.

Mother Chevreuse looked sulkily about, and saw that all was ready. The green china tea-set and beautiful old-fashioned silver that had been preserved from her wedding presents made the little table look gay, and the flowers and a plate of honey-comb added a touch of poetry. Everything was as she would have wished it—the picture beautifully peaceful and homelike.

"What would he do without me?" she murmured involuntarily.

The thought called up a train of sad fancies, and, as she stood looking toward the last sunny cloud of evening, long quivering rays seemed to stretch toward her from it. She clasped her hands and raised her eyes, to pray that she might long be spared to him; but the words were stopped on her lips. There was momentary struggle, then "Thy will be done!" dropped faintly.

At this moment, she heard a familiar step on the sidewalk, the street door opened and banged to again, and in a moment more F. Chevreuse stood on the threshold, his face bright with exercise and pleasure.

"Well!" his mother said, seeing success in the air.

He drew himself up with an expression of immense consequence, and began to declaim:

"What, said he,
Fetch me my hat, says he,
For I will go, says he,
To Thelma's, says he,
To the fair, says he,
To buy all that's there, said he."

"You've made out the whole sum!" was her joyful interpretation. "Yes; and more," he answered. "I am rich, Mother Chevreuse. All the way home, my mind has been running on golden altar-services and old masters."

Mother Chevreuse seated herself behind the tea-tray, set a green and gold cup into its appropriate saucer, and selected a particular spoon which she always gave her son

said, "and he almost reproved me. He said that there was more need of golden altar-vessels. I told him that gold endures, but bread is soon eaten; and he answered that, if the eating of bread saved from theft or starvation, and put hope into a breaking heart, it was making finer gold than could be wrought into a chalice. A good deal of grace may be found in a loaf of bread, said F. White."

"That's true," answered the priest cheerfully. "F. White has sense, though he grudges me a gold chalice. I'll remember that when he comes here begging for his organ. F. White, says I, it's sheer vanity to talk of organs when there are suffering poor in the world. A tobacco-pipe is better than an organ-pipe, when it stops an oath in the mouth of a poor hod-carrier who has no other comfort but his smoke. Much grace may be found in a clay pipe, F. White, my darling." A merry, foolish talk, but innocent and restful.

"And, by the way," resumed the priest, "that same F. White has gone away, and I must go and attend a sick call for him. I got the telegram as I came along."

"Not to-night!" the mother exclaimed.

"Yes, to-night. I sent word that I would come. The man is in danger. Besides, I could not spare time to-morrow forenoon. I can drive the five miles before ten o'clock, stay the rest of the night there, and come home in the morning in time to say Mass at six o'clock. That is the best plan. I don't care to be out very late."

"It is the better way," she said, but looked disappointed. "I don't like to have you out late at night, it gives you such headaches."

"Headache is easier to bear than heartache, mother," said the priest brightly, and went to the window to give Andrew his order for the carriage.

"Have it ready in front of the church at a quarter before nine o'clock," he said. "And, Andrew, light the gas in the sacristy."

Mother Chevreux anxiously served her son, urged him to take a muffler, lest the night air should prove chilly, poured a second cup of tea for him, and when he was ready to start, stood looking earnestly at him, half in pride of his stalwart manliness, half in tender, motherly anxiety lest some accident should befall him on the long, lonely drive.

"Hadn't you better take Andrew with you?" she suggested.

"And why should I take Andrew with me?" the priest asked, putting a stole in his pocket.

"Why..." she hesitated, ashamed of her womanish fears.

"An excellent reason!" he laughed. "No, madame; I shall take no one with me but my good angel. My buggy holds but two. Good-night. Sleep soundly, and God bless you!"

She stood with her lips slightly parted, watching him earnestly, as if fearful of losing some slight word or glance; but his cheerful talk woke no smile in her face.

He would not appear to notice anything unusual in her manner, and was going out, when she stopped him.

"Give me your blessing, dear, before you go," she whispered, and fell on her knees before him; and when he had given it, she rose and tried to smile.

The priest was disturbed. "Don't you feel well to-night, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, quite well," she replied gently. "Perhaps I am foolish to be so nervous about your going. It seems a lonely drive. Go now, or you will be late."

She followed him to the door, and stood there till she saw him come out of the church, step into his buggy, and drive away.

"Good-night! good-night!" she said, listening till the last sound of his carriage-wheels died into stillness; then, breathing a prayer for his safety, she went back to her own room.

Jane had cleared away the table, drawn the curtains, and lighted a lamp, and had gone down to her company in the kitchen.

"What does make me so lonely and fearful?" exclaimed the lady, wringing her cold hands.

She busied herself in little things, trying to drive the trouble away; re-folded the paper her son had not found time to read, pushed his arm-chair nearer the table for herself, and, discovering a flake of smooth-pressed clay which his boot had left on the carpet, took it up, and threw it into the fireplace. That homely little service brought a faint smile to her face.

"The careless boy!" she said fondly. "He never could remember to wipe his boots on coming in, even when he was a mere lad. I can see his bright face now as it looked when he would argue me out of scolding him. His mind was occupied with lofty matters, he said; he could not bring it down to boots and mud. It sounded like a jest; but who knows if he might not even then have been about his Father's business!"

Dropping into his chair, she sat thinking over the old time and her boy's childhood. How happy and peaceful their life had been! Half chiding herself, as if she knew he would have called it folly, she went into her bedroom, and brought out a little trunk, in which were preserved souvenirs memorable in her life and his.

There was his christening-robe. She shook out the length, and pushed two of her fingers through the tiny embroidered sleeve.

"How little we dream what the future is to be!" she murmured. "I wonder how I would have felt if, when I was embroidering this, there had

risen before my eyes the vision of a chasuble hanging above it? But I couldn't have been prouder of him than I was. He was a fine healthy boy, and had a will of his own even then. When he was baptized, he got the priest's stole in his baby fist, and had to pull it away finger by finger, the little fellow clinging all the time."

There were boyish toys, school-books adorned with preposterous pencil-drawings, in which the human figure was represented by three spheres set one over the other, and supported to two sticks; there were letters written his mother while he was away from home, at school or college, and a collection of locks of hair cut on successive birthdays, till the boy had laughed her out of the custom. She placed these side by side now, ranging them according to their dates, and studied the gradual change from the head of the year-old babe, through deepening shades, to the thick brown tress cut on his twentieth birthday. Every little lock had its story to tell, and she went over each, ending with a kiss, in fancy kissing the child's face she seemed again to see. And as she sat there, coming the past, memory struck every chord of her heart, from the sweet, far-away vibration when her first-born was placed in her arms, and coming down through deepening tones to the present.

She lifted her face, that had been bent over these mementos. "Now he is Father Chevreux, and I am an old woman!" she said; and, sighing, rose and put the souvenirs all away. "We have had a glad and prosperous life; how little of sorrow, how little of adversity! I never before realized how much I have to be thankful for."

Presently she put a veil over her head, and went through the basement into the church to say her prayers. She always said her evening prayers before the altar; and now she had double cause to be scrupulous. She must atone for past unthankfulness, and pray for her son's safe return.

By 10 o'clock, the house was closed for the night, and the inmates had all gone to their quiet slumber. Mother Chevreux's uneasiness was all gone, and, after devotions of unusual fervor, she felt an unvoiced peace. "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," she said, and sank to sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

About midnight, she started up, wide awake, and listened. There was a low, stealthy sound, as of a door being softly opened. Could her son have changed his mind, and come home again? Some one was certainly in his room. She stepped out of bed, and listened keenly. There was a faint noise like the rattle of a latch or lock, and then a soft step retreating.

"It is he come back!" she thought joyfully; and, even in thinking so, was smitten by a wild and sudden fear. She slipped on a dressing-gown and scolded, and hurried toward the door.

"My son!" she said breathlessly as she opened it.

Faintly seen in the dim light, a man's form was leaving the room by the entry. A shawl or cloak wrapped him from head to foot, and he held a little chest in his hand. In that chest F. Chevreux kept his money.

All personal fear deserted her mother's heart at that sight. She thought only that the fruit of her son's long labors was being carried away under her eyes, and that, after the brief joy of his success, he would come home to bitterness and disappointment.

She ran after the retreating figure, and caught it by the arm. "Shame! shame!" she cried. "It is the money of the poor. It belongs to God. Leave it, in God's name."

The man bent down, and wrapped his form still more closely from recognition, as he wrenched himself loose. But while forced to let go his arm, she caught at the basket he held, and clung with all her strength, calling for help.

"Let go!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Let go, or I shall do you harm!"

As she still clung and cried for help, they stood at the head of the stairs leading to the basement of the house. Steps were heard below, and screaming voices called Andrew, and screaming from the window.

The man made one more fierce effort to free himself. Drawing back from the stairs, he turned quickly, and threw himself forward again. There was a sharp cry, "My son!" and a fall. Then a fainter cry, "My God!" and then silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

There is no secret or patent in the production of "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. It could be produced by any manufacturer, but no manufacturer could make it pay at that price, less he could purchase on a large scale and sell on a large scale. He could not sell below the present price without a loss even if he could purchase on the lowest market terms. To get a large market therefore, without which he would have no inducements to go on, would be the work of many years. So have the command of the market, and they are wise enough to know that they can retain it only by keeping the price down to hard pan figures.

DEARLY COMMENDED.

SIRS.—I had a very bad cold and was cured by two bottles of Hagar's Pectoral Balm. I cannot do without it.

MRS. W. C. H. PERRY, Sea Gull, Ont.

DEAR SIRS.—I can highly recommend Hagar's Pectoral Balm as the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used.

MISS F. STEPHENSON, Oakland, Ont.

INDIGESTION CURED.

GENTLEMEN.—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

MRS. DAVIDSON, Winnipeg, Man.

No other Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The fear of death is excited by any severe attack of disease, especially colds or coughs. This syrup is kept on hand for family use. This unrivaled remedy cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, and all throat and lung diseases. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by druggists.

HE QUIT THE DOCTOR.

GENTLEMEN.—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Purifier, so I quit the doctor and started to use B. B. B., and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all.

BERN. J. REID, Wingham, Ont.

No other Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength like Hood's. It is the only one of which can truly be said: "100 Doses \$1."

FATHER MATHEW.

Some of the Characteristics of the Great Temperance Apostle.

In Frank J. Mathew's life of Father Mathew is given an interesting account of some of the minor traits of the famous preacher's character. The book says:

"He had no wish for the world's praise, but had a weakness for the praise of children and of nuns, and liked being present at convent school feasts, and hearing high-flown and long-worded addresses read to him by the piping voices of small children. He treasured these addresses, and his relatives still have a great collection of them (written in flourishing penmanship, and full of the pomp and circumstance of convent rhetoric), yellow with age, now that the children who read them have grown to be elderly women. A story (probably untrue) tells that once, at a certain convent, he hinted that the nuns looked needlessly grave and sanctified; the abbess at once ordered increased gaiety, and for some time the poor nuns were to be seen going about their daily work replacing their usual bright quietness by forced hilarity, and smiling from ear to ear."

"He judged his temperance bands by his other worldly standard, and they were musical to him when to most they were horrible. He loved to hear his bandsmen, each working zealously at his instrument, with an entire disregard of harmony; or to watch some burly blacksmith furiously pummeling the big drum. It was not their music but their zeal that delighted him. Much in the same way, when on winter nights we hear the Salvation Army tramping past in the wind and rain, we can feel respect for the enthusiasm that fathers the murderous discord—provided the band is at a distance. There is a legend of certain monks who every night sang the 'Magnificat' with much zeal but little melody, as, unluckily, living in the Fens they were hoarser than frogs. Once a musical stranger sang the hymn for them, and they listened in delighted silence; but that night an angel appeared to the abbott and blamed him for the 'Magnificat' had not been sung—the stranger's singing was only mouth worship, while the monks' uncouth hymn of praise came from their hearts and was heard."

"Father Mathew usually had some pets to enliven the loneliness of the friary, that abode of lofty-minded bachelorhood, undisturbed by any 'tempestuous petticoat.' He owned a succession of dogs; the chief of them was a truculent brute named Sober, a grim puritan, most faithful to his master, most ferocious to everyone else. Sober was executed by the minions of the law for nearly killing a harmless stranger. His master vainly moved heaven and earth to save him, ascribing his crime to playfulness. The favored pet was a sparrow named Peter. Once upon a time sparrows were common pets, and were surely preferable to domesticated cats. Lovers of seventeenth century verse will remember Cartwright's quaint lines, 'Lesbia on Her Sparrow.'"

"Tell me not of joys; there's none. Now my little master's gone. He, just as you, would sigh and woe. He would chirp and chatter me. He would have the wine awhile, till at length he saw me smile. Peter! how silent he would be!"

"Peter was free of the house, and fluttered about at will; his favorite perch was on the priest's shoulder. He suited his master's love of old fashions. He came to a tragic end. One day while he was dozing on a chair, a frail, strange to the ways of the house, sat on him."

"The only pause Father Mathew allowed himself was an hour or so in the evening, seated cozily by the fire-side, with Peter on his shoulder and a dog on his knee, while one of his nephews or some young friend read aloud to him. He was companionable, and liked to have someone to dine with him. A stranger seeing him seated by the fireside would have seen in him only a chatty, easy-going, old-fashioned clergyman, not troubled by any tendency to asceticism or enthusiasm."

A Fatal Mistake.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed while he was preaching, by the way the members of his congregation had got into of looking around while he was preaching to take stock of the late comers. After enduring the annoyance for some time, he said on entering the pulpit one day:

"Brethren, I regret to say that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may enter, and I hope that the service will then be allowed to proceed without interruption."

He then began, "Dearly beloved," but paused halfway to interpolate: "Farmer Stubbins with his wife and daughter, Mr. Farmer Stubbins looked rather surprised, but the preacher, with perfect gravity, resumed his exhorting. Presently he again paused—"Sam Curtis and William Diggle." The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The sermon proceeded in the most orderly manner, the preacher interrupting himself every now and then to name some new arrival. At last he said, still with the same gravity: "Mrs. Simpson, of the Red Lion, in a new bonnet." In a moment the reverend gentleman was aware of his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned round.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 15, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$1; 4th, 50c; 5th to 10th, a Handmade Book; and 11 to 12 wrappers, Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 45 Scott St., Toronto, not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition," also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

A HAPPY HINT.—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Brown's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50c. to the Winkelman & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

RUSKIN'S APPEAL FOR STREET WAIFS.

"Outside of your own rose covered wall there are flowers neglected and dying, flowers that could bless you by having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them—flowers that have eyes like yours and thoughts like yours and lives like yours—which once saved you save forever. Far among the moor lands and the rocks, far in the darkness of the terrible street, these fresh forelets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken. Will you never go down to them and set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind?"

"Shall morning follow morning for you, but not for them; and the dawn rises, but no dawn rises to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet and woodbine and rose, nor call you through their casement as they did Dante's great Matilda, who stood wreathing flowers with flowers, and, as the English poet pictures the scene, saying: 'Come into the garden, Maud. For the black but night has flown; And the music of the roses has blown?'"

"Will you not go down among them? among these sweet living things? and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise; and still they turn to you, and for you the 'Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear!' and the lily whispers—I wait."

"Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that stanza, and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now: 'Come into the garden, Maud. For the black but night has flown; Come into the garden, Maud. I am here at the gate alone.'"

"Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? 'Did you hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeline, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found one waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there, but at the gate of this garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished and the pomegranate budded."

"There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding; there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed. You shall see the troops of the angel keepers that with their wings wave away the hungry birds from the pastidies where He has sown and call to each other between the vineyard rows; 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.' Oh! you queens! you queens! Among the hills and greenwood of this land of yours shall the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests? And in your cities shall the stones cry out against you that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?"

And now as winter comes on and you think of providing yourself with warm homes and comfortable clothing, will you not think of the little body with the scant frock which perhaps may be its only garment? Out of your bounty remember the orphans.

Can Protestants be Saved? Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who lead a good life, love God and their neighbor, and are blamelessly ignorant of the just claims of the Catholic religion to be the only true religion (which is called being in good faith), are excluded from heaven, provided they believe there is one God in three Divine Persons; that God will duly reward the good and punish the wicked; that Jesus Christ is the Son of God made man, who redeemed us, and in whom we must trust for our salvation; and provided they thoroughly repent of having ever, by their sins, offended God.

Catholics hold that Protestants who have these dispositions, and who have no suspicion of their religion being false and no means to discover, or fail in their honest endeavors to discover, the true religion, and who are so disposed in their heart that they would at any cost embrace the Roman Catholic religion if they knew it to be the true one, are Catholics in spirit and in some sense within the Catholic Church, with out themselves knowing it. She holds that these Christians belong to, and are united to the soul, as it is called, of the Catholic Church, although they are not united to the visible body of the Church by external communion with her, and by the outward profession of her faith.

Very different is the case of a person who, having the opportunity, neglects to learn from the genuine trustworthy sources what the Catholic religion is and really teaches, fearing, that were he to become convinced of the truth of Catholic Faith, he would be compelled by his conscience to forsake his own religion, and bear the wrongly incovenient consequences which would follow. This very fear shows a want of good faith, and that he is not in that insurmountable ignorance which could excuse him in the sight of God, but that he is one of those whom it is said in Psalm xxxv. 4: "He would not understand that he might do well."

Fairness, no less than common sense, teaches that a man should study and examine the teaching of the Catholic Church from Catholic sources before condemning her. Surely no man ought to reject Catholic doctrines if he has not made himself well acquainted with them. Nor is it fair to form a judgment from misrepresentations made by ill informed, interested, or prejudiced persons; one should rather, by the study of authorized Catholic works judge of the truth with that calm and unprejudiced mind which the all-important subject of Religion deserves. Thus having heard both sides, you will be in a state to pass a right judgment and not in danger of being misled by prejudice.

Our Saviour gave no hope of salvation to the Samaritan woman unless she entered the one true Church of that time, saying to her who was destitute of a sure guide: "You adore that which you know not; we adore that which we know; for Salvation is of the Jews." (St. John iv. 22.) So likewise there is no salvation for any one who, having by God's grace come to the knowledge of the truth, obstinately refuses to join the true Church of God.

It is hard to understand how a Protestant can daily say in the Apostles' Creed, as many happily do still say, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," without at least a thought arising in his mind, that perhaps after all the Church which alone is truly Catholic or universal, both in name and fact, has more claim on his love and obedience than his own denomination, which really is not Catholic.—Very Rev. Joseph Faa di Bruno, D. D.

"Clear Havana Cigars" "La Cadena" and "La Flora" Insist upon having these brands. G. A. Dixon, Franklin, Ont., says: "He was cured of chronic bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. The Wild Cherry combined with Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion makes it delicious in taste and perfect in curative power. Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Idleness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness. This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritability, and increasing the flow and power of nervous fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects. FREE. A valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent and a sample bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Ignace, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856, and is now under his direction by the KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at 50c per Bottle. 6 for \$3. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9. Agent, W. E. Saunders & Co., Druggist, London, Ontario.

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regulates my bowels, stimulates my appetite, and helps me to sleep well. I doubt if a preparation ever was made so well suited to the wants of old people. L. B. HAMLIN, Elm Street, Augusta, Me., Sept. 20, 1891.

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

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

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

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

London, Saturday, Nov. 5, 1892.

NOVEMBER AND THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

The Church of Christ on earth is beautifully styled in the Apostles' Creed "the Communion of Saints."

It is thus indicated to us that within her fold there is close intimacy and intercourse between the saints within her bosom such as cannot be attained elsewhere; and this indication is realized fully in the Catholic Church by the spiritual intercourse which exists between her members, in heaven, on earth and in purgatory, constituting the three parts of the Church known as the Church triumphant in heaven, the Church militant on earth and the Church suffering in purgatory.

The present month, November, should be specially devoted to the purpose of making still more close this intercourse between the three portions of the Church we have named, and for this cause the Church has instituted the two important feasts with which the month opens. All Saints' Day on the 1st, and All Souls' Day on the 2nd inst.

All Saints' Day is instituted that we may give due reverence to the saints, inasmuch as they are the friends and servants of God. As such they are to be honored, for St. Paul says, "glory and honor and peace to every one that worketh good." (Rom. ii, 10). The inspired Psalmist also says, "but to me thy friends, O God, are made exceedingly honorable, thy principality is exceedingly strengthened." (Ps. cxxxviii, 17).

But not only are the saints to be honored; they are likewise to be invoked. They are in heaven like to the angels and equal to them, according to the words of our Lord in St. Matt. xxii, 30; St. Mark xii, 25.

It is among the angelic occupations to pray for mankind, and to obtain blessings for man from Almighty God. Thus we find Jacob invoking an angel to obtain a blessing for the sons of Joseph. (Gen. xlviii, 36.) We find throughout the Old Testament that the angels are guardians of the nations and individuals: (Josh. v, 13, 14; Ex. xiv, 19; Zach. i, xii, Dan. x, etc. and in Zech. i, 12, 13, that an angel's prayers hastened the deliverance of Judea from the Babylonian captivity. The saints in heaven are therefore similarly occupied in aiding mankind, and we find them actually so occupied, whereas God was accustomed to hear the prayers of Moses and Samuel long after their death. (Jerem. xv, i.) Jeremiah prayed for the people of God (2 Macc. xv, 14), and prayers of saints were offered before the throne of God as in a golden censer. (Apoc. v, 8; viii, 3, 4.)

The communion of the saints in heaven with those of earth is thus kept up by the prayers which they offer before the throne of God for us, and for the souls in purgatory, and by our honoring and invoking them.

The souls suffering in purgatory are also of the saints, because though still enduring the punishment for lesser sins, or making up for the atoning punishment which they did not sufficiently endure on earth for sins which have been forgiven them, they are in the state of grace, and on the way to salvation.

The prayers we offer for them, and those offered for them by the saints in heaven, shorten their term of suffering; for the Holy Scripture teaches us that it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins. (2 Maccabees xii, 45.)

The most efficacious form in which our prayers for the dead can be offered is by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is daily offered up for the living and the dead, and is the same sacrifice which Christ offered on the cross. The same victim, Christ, is offered, and Christ is the High-Priest in the Mass, represented by the priest who officiates visibly.

The Mass of All Souls' Day is offered for the dead, and is a reminder to us

that we should not neglect to pray for the dead during the month of November especially, though we should not neglect this duty during the other months of the year.

In return for our good offices for them, when the suffering souls are admitted to their reward, to join the Church triumphant—all the sooner for our assistance—they will in gratitude be the more earnest in assisting us by their prayers.

This interchange of good offices between the different parts of the Church of God, together with the mutual benefit which members of the Church confer upon each other on earth, constitutes the community of interests which is called the Communion of Saints, and is so consoling to devout Christians. It is consoling to know that the ties which unite us on earth as members of the same mystical body, the Church and Spouse of Christ, will not be severed by death, but will become much stronger as the interests subserved by the intercourse and communion are of greater importance than they were, while all were merely members of the Church militant.

The communion of the members of the Church militant consists chiefly in the ties of Faith, Hope and Charity, which bind them together, that of Charity being the greatest because this virtue consists first in our love for God, whereby we are all made one with the three divine Persons, in grace. The second part of Charity, love for each other, derives its excellence from the former, or our love for God, and God's love for us.

The participation of the same sacraments, submission to the same Supreme Head of the Church, and in general a participation in all the benefits which are received from our divine Lord, through His Church, which dispenses His mysteries, also constitute part of this communion. The chief of these benefits is our Redemption by the blood of the same Saviour.

For the benefits of this Communion of Saints our gratitude must be given to God, from whom cometh "every best and every perfect gift." (St. James, i, 17.)

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

In view of the amount of the predictions which have been made during the last two or three years especially that a union must shortly be forthcoming between the principal denominations of Protestants, and of the negotiations which have been taken place with the object of bringing about some understanding whereby such union might be effected, it is interesting to observe the way in which these denominations which are expected to unite regard each other.

We already mentioned in a former issue of the Record the greeting which was sent by the Provincial synod of the Anglican Church in session recently at Montreal to the Pan-Presbyterian council, assembled at the same time in Toronto.

At first sight it might seem to be a cursory reader cordial enough, but the Presbyterians did not regard it as at all satisfactory or encouraging as tending towards the desired union. It was as follows:

"That the prolocutor be requested to communicate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council now assembled in Toronto an assurance of our good will and our continued earnest desire for the restoration of the corporate reunion of all professing Christians."

It will be noticed, however, that the desire here expressed is not for that kind of union which has been so much talked of as the only desirable and possible union which can take place between the various sects—a federal union whereby each body should still have its own doctrines and discipline, while all should work harmoniously together for the propagation of a kind of common Christianity. The corporate union spoken of means the union into one body with one supreme head, and presumably with one faith and a uniform system of Church government, including the recognition of the Episcopal ordination as the essential condition of a duly authorized ministry.

The circumstances under which the resolution was passed made it evident that such was the intention of the synod, for when it was proposed to convey greetings and expressions of goodwill simply, objection was raised especially by Rev. Dr. Langtry, who is reported as having said "he did not think the synod should do anything that might be construed into recognizing the growth and prosperity of Presbyterianism. For his part he did not wish to see it prospering and growing. The only prosperity he wished them was that they should get into line with the old Apostolic Church."

Dr. Langtry's views were sustained by several other speakers, and the resolution as above given was carried unanimously, on motion of the doctor as expressing his views.

The Presbyterians were, of course, sharp enough to see the point, and they very naturally inferred that the greeting meant that Presbyterianism should be absorbed into Anglicanism—a solution of the problem of unity which they are not disposed to entertain for a moment. They maintain the validity of Presbyterian orders, which are known to be non-Apostolic, and they are consequently not willing to admit even by implication that apostolicity of succession is requisite at all. Hence, while for appearance sake they did not wish to make manifest to the outside world the radical difference which exists between the two denominations on this subject, they wished to incorporate into their reply an expression of the Presbyterian sentiment, so it was resolved that the words of good will should be reciprocated with the hope expressed that Christians may attain "the unity of the Church for which Christ prayed."

There is in this a touch of sarcasm which would be amusing if it were not so serious a subject as the unity of professing Christians in the one fold which Christ established. It is, of course, clear to Catholics that the only Christian unity which is possible is unity in faith and submission to the divinely appointed Supreme Head of the Church, the lawful successor of St. Peter. But this is denied by both Presbyterians and Anglicans, and hence arise the attempts to create a novel kind of union by a compromise of doctrine, such as Christ never contemplated or authorized.

The Anglican proposal, it is acknowledged, hurt their pride, and the only way they could show their resentment was to pass the resolution of reciprocity of greetings and good will in the form they adopted, with the clause which means that the unity desired is not such as the synod indicated, but "the unity for which Christ prayed," which is understood by them to mean "the sanctification of Christians through the truth."

This is very vague, for we may well ask, will a unity effected by a compromise of Christian doctrines be the sanctifying truth referred to?

It is evident that both assemblies left the terms of union purposely vague, even while interchanging these bits of sarcasm, which they term greetings, so that if any future negotiations take place, both may say that their Churches have not committed themselves to any particular opinion on terms of union. Of course we know at present what the two resolutions mean, for they were interpreted by the speakers who moved them; but hereafter when the speeches of members shall be forgotten, they will be regarded as not defining anything in particular.

It must be remarked, however, that Christ instructed His Apostles to teach in a very different style, that is, definitely, "whatsoever I have commanded."

This touch of half-latent sarcasm does not strike us as quite the spirit which would have predominated in an assembly of the Apostles; and certainly it would not have been found in the proceedings of a Catholic General Council, which is always regarded as a serious matter.

IRELAND'S PROSPECTS.

Notwithstanding numerous prognostications by the enemies of Home Rule that the Liberal majority of forty in the British House of Commons being a heterogeneous one which would soon break up, thus endangering the success of the Irish Home Rule Bill, there is no appearance of any tendency in this direction. On the contrary, there is every reason to hope that the measure will be carried through triumphantly by a compact though small majority.

The dangers which it was supposed would threaten to break up the Gladstonian majority were said to be looming up from various quarters. First comes the certainty that in so large a body as the House of Commons there must occur many vacancies from time to time, which, of course, will require to be filled up.

Already Mr. Gladstone has lost one seat by a bye-election, his majority being thus reduced to 38. No one, unless he were a prophet in his own estimation, would venture to predict dogmatically what the casual bye-elections may bring forth; but there are a few wise-aces who profess to be very learned on this point who express most decided convictions that their result must be the discomfiture of the Liberals. They say that the Government

of the day always loses by these contingencies, and that Mr. Gladstone's majority must suffer thereby also.

We cannot believe that the single bye-election which has taken place, where the Liberals were under the disadvantage of having a stranger to the constituency opposed to a well-known and personally popular Conservative, can be an indication of dissolution in the Liberal ranks. There was but a small Liberal majority to be broken down, and it was broken down, giving the Conservative candidate a majority of three. But we believe that the tendency of British public opinion will be what it was during Lord Salisbury's regime, and that tendency arose from a growing desire to give justice to Ireland, a desire which we believe is still growing. We are not over-sanguine, therefore, in expecting that this growth of a love of fair-play will result in increasing, rather than diminishing Mr. Gladstone's majority, though there may be an occasional regrettable loss of a seat.

The three labor candidates were another source of danger, it was supposed. It is now almost certain that no danger will arise from this quarter. It appears that the labor candidates have fallen into the ordinary course of those Independents who are known to have a leaning toward the Government side. The experience is that they become much more tractable under Parliamentary discipline than they were when they were only candidates for Parliamentary honors; and the usual fate seems to be that of the labor men in the new House.

The Irish party, of course, numbering seventy, have the balance of power, but an address issued recently by Mr. Justin McCarthy positively states that the relations between the Irish party and Mr. Gladstone's Government are most cordial and friendly. The Nationalists know what will be the terms of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and they declare themselves satisfied therewith. Almost simultaneously with this we have an article from Mr. John Redmond appearing in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, in which the position of the Parnellites is defined, and from this it appears that that party are not disposed now to assume an attitude of hostility to Mr. Gladstone. In fact Mr. Redmond's demands on behalf of his section of Irishmen differ so little from those of Mr. McCarthy that there is really no reason why the followers of both leaders should not cordially unite. At all events all danger of defeat to Mr. Gladstone seems to be now averted, and there is no reason to suppose that the Home Rule scheme will meet with serious opposition from any section of the Liberals.

THE CONFESSORIAL.

There is no practice of the Catholic Church more persistently assailed than that of confession of sin to the priest who has from Christ the authority to absolve the sinner. Yet it is a matter of frequent occurrence that practical evidence is given of the utility of confession as the most powerful of means for bringing back the sinner from his evil ways, and leading him to make full reparation for the past in a way to which he could not be induced by any other means known.

We are told, indeed, that we should confess our sins to God alone, who alone is able to forgive, and "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all iniquity." (1 Jno. i, 9.)

But those who reason thus completely overlook the fact that God has Himself provided to man the power of forgiving sins. The Apostles were men to whom Christ said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." (Jno. xx, 23.)

It will be noticed that it was the same Apostle and Evangelist who records in his Gospel that Christ gave this power to men, and who stated in his Epistle that God grants forgiveness, and cleanses from all iniquity those who confess their sins. This confession must therefore be made to those to whom God has granted the power of forgiving sins, that is to say, to men—the Apostles and those who succeed legitimately to the authority of the Apostles, the pastors of the Catholic Church.

The reason why our Blessed Lord has instituted confession of sins to the pastors of His Church as the medium by which forgiveness is to be obtained is readily understood to be because through confession of his sins the penitent Christian is brought into immediate intercourse with his pastor,

who is to him a father and a friend, to advise and encourage him to return to God, and to avoid sin and its occasions for the future. The pastor is also his spiritual physician, who by probing the maladies of his soul is enabled to prescribe the most efficacious remedies against his falling again into the same sinful habits, and to strengthen him against future temptation. All this he could not do so effectually unless he knew the maladies which afflict the penitent's soul; and it is easy to see that he can obtain this knowledge only through the humble confession of the penitent.

The priest who hears confessions is also by the terms of his commission a judge who by a knowledge of the penitent's disposition decides whether his or her sins should be forgiven or retained. To fulfil this office he must hear the penitent's confession, as he has no other means of ascertaining the grounds on which he must form his judgment.

Cases in which the good resulting from the confessional has been made evident are of frequent occurrence, whether as causing the restoration of ill-gotten goods, or as obliging the penitent to repair an injury done to another's character.

The following incident recently reported by the Roman correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* is one of those occurrences which prove the great benefit of confession to society in general, even from a material point of view, as well as to the penitent personally from a spiritual standpoint:

"About a month ago, Joseph Gottardi, an advocate of Milan, lost his pocket-book, containing the sum of 1,500 francs in bank-notes. He informed the police of his loss, and promised to give 500 francs to the restorer of the lost property. Nothing more was heard of the matter, and the advocate had lost all hope of ever seeing his pocket-book again, when a few days since he received a visit from a priest, who announced himself as the messenger of a repentant sinner, and, at the same time, told him that one of his penitents had found the lost pocket-book and its contents; that at first she had rejoiced at her good luck, but that conscience had now made itself heard, and in her remorse she had gone to her confessor for pardon. The priest, however, made her undertake the axiom of justice that sin is not remitted as long as restitution is not made to others. Briefly, the penitent charged the confessor to restore the pocket-book to its owner on condition that her name should be kept a secret. The advocate, on his part, begged the faithful guide of souls to convey the promised 500 francs to the better-late-than-never penitent."

HISTORY REPEATED.

The virulence with which the parsons oppose Catholic education in every possible way has been recently exemplified at Faribault, Minn. This was one of the two places in Archbishop Ireland's diocese where an experiment was made by compromise with the Public School Board, whereby out of school hours Catholic instruction should be given to Catholic children, while during school hours the curriculum of the Public schools was duly followed. Arrangements were also made by which the Catholic children were taught by a religious community, the teachers being legally certificated.

With this arrangement the Catholic schools of the town were placed under the management of the School Board, and the Public School funds were apportioned to them the same as to the other Public schools of the town. This is the celebrated Faribault plan about which there has been so much discussion throughout the United States.

It was perfectly well understood that this plan is not all that might be desired in the way of Catholic education, but Archbishop Ireland agreed to adopt it experimentally in certain places where it might be expected to work satisfactorily as a partial solution of the much discussed school problem.

For more than a year this compromise has been in operation, and it was supposed that it might continue without interruption for many years. But the parsons of the town had a notion that the arrangement is in some way favorable to Catholics, and worked indefatigably to defeat it, with the result that, as was done two or three years ago in Boston, the Protestant women of the town, induced by strong representations from the pulpits, registered as voters, and at the elections held recently turned out 450 strong to elect School Board candidates opposed to the plan.

They succeeded in their wishes, as the Catholic women appear to have been indifferent regarding the result, and did not register. We presume that the Catholics of Faribault are not so enthusiastic in favor of the plan as to desire its perpetuation if it be liable to

be overturned at any moment by a non-Popery outcry, or if it is to be made a pretext for exciting religious rancor at every annual school election.

The consequence will be that the compromise will be abandoned, and the Catholic schools will be re-assumed by the parochial authorities, and will be worked as distinctively Catholic schools.

The women's voting crusade in Boston was a subject for much boasting by fanatics all over the United States and Canada, and soon after it occurred the notorious Justin D. Fulton boasted in Toronto of the part he had taken in bringing it about. It was also a theme for self-gratulation with the anti-Catholic press, but, as we anticipated at the time, the triumph was of the most transitory character. The fanatics wore themselves out, and in two years the reaction was so great that fanaticism was defeated at the polls by a majority of about 13,000.

We have no doubt that at Faribault the results would be somewhat similar, though on a smaller scale, if the Catholics think fit to resent what has occurred, but we understand that, having satisfied themselves that they need not expect any fair play from the pretended friends of civil and religious liberty, they will act on their own resources and continue their schools as parochial schools; and under the circumstances this is perhaps as wise a course as can be pursued.

The Catholic religious have made their contract as teachers for the coming year, but as they would probably be subjected to petty persecution by the new School Board, it is altogether likely that they will seek to cancel at once the precarious arrangement which has been made.

The chief difficulty in such arrangements seems to be that the enemies of Catholic education have too much power to interfere with and practically nullify them. A like arrangement had been made at Stillwater, another town in the same diocese, but the experience there has been similar to that at Faribault, and two months ago the Catholic school authorities found it necessary to notify the Public School Board that the parochial schools would be taken from the jurisdiction of the Board and reopened as Catholic schools at the termination of the current school year.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. STUART KNILL, the Catholic new Lord Mayor of London, was received by Baron Herschell, the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, according to custom, in the House of Lords on Monday, 24th inst. He was accompanied by five officials. The Lord Chancellor made some comments upon the determined hostility which had been manifested against Mr. Knill's election owing to his creed, and said that "undoubtedly the time is past when it was impossible for a Catholic to hold office without paltering with his religious convictions. Happily the battle of religious liberty has been fought and won, and the creed in which a man believes is no barrier to privileges, rights and honors." Fanatics on this side of the Atlantic would do well to ponder on Baron Herschell's words of wisdom. If they had thought of these things in proper time we would not have had the unsuccessful anti-Catholic agitation which have disgraced Canada within the past few days, and certain legal lights would not have been guilty of such a breach of decorum as to maintain in the Canadian House of Commons the incongruity that penal laws against Catholics, which are obsolete in England, are still in force in Canada. Even where any such laws have apparently retained their theoretical force, for want of having been repealed by positive legislation, they must be ignored; and if that be not sufficient, they must, and will, be blotted out by new legislation.

The Detroit Public Board of Education have stultified themselves by passing a resolution that "no person shall henceforth be eligible to teach in our Public schools who has not received his or her entire education in our Public schools and shall be a graduate of one of our higher schools." This is, of course, aimed at the Catholic teachers, but beside the bad grammar, the Board have brought upon themselves the ridicule of the whole Republic by their folly. According to the resolution, no one who has graduated in any University, or who has learned anything out of the Public schools is to be employed. The New York *Sun* says of these Detroiters that evidently "they do not want teachers who know too much." It adds: "This enlightened action is very much like the course pursued by the Farmers' Alliance party in Kansas, which forbade the nomination of any lawyer for the office of Judge. They succeeded in electing one candidate to the bench, and he had saving sense enough to go to a law school to qualify himself for the place." Fanaticism has evidently gone mad in Detroit.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

His Grace, Archbishop of Niagara Falls, Ontario, Deceased.

Sunday, the 2nd special interest in Niagara Falls, their memories of ing fondness to occasion—the b of their commo school. On Sa Grace, Archbishop signor Rooney, and became the and energetic Dominic O'Malley.

Sunday morning celebrated early Mass at High Mass at an eloquent at on the gospel o'clock Mass was very Rev. Most Rev. Monsignor, his parishioners, his parochial clergy, the afternoon.

Long before the grounds adjacent church, and the crowded with a people, young a Catholic—all the important e.

The members of the C. M. B. A. force, wearing while the school bright, happy f light, occupied the old to the n.

His Grace was parochial resident Monsignor Rev. Dean Harris of Father Kroidt, ite Monastery pastor, Rev. Do.

Proceeding th formed by the members of the Grace stopped at the new school entrance, His passed around the walls with h ceeded. His G building and i each room in su

After the con ing ceremony the front balcony of McCarty, a yo of age, approa distinct voice, r ADDRESS FROM

To His Grace the Archbishop of St. MAY 17 PLEA auspicious occasi the purpose of b Catholics of this G race a most cor sincere love and to manifest our Archbishop once enjoyment of goo

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SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. ARCHBISHOP WALSH AT NIAGARA FALLS.

His Grace, Assisted by Monsignor Rooney, Dedicates the new Separate School.

Sunday, the 23rd inst., was a day of special interest to the Catholics of Niagara Falls. For years to come their memories will revert with pleasing fondness to the ceremony on that occasion—the blessing and dedication of their commodious and beautiful new school. On Saturday evening His Grace Archbishop Walsh and Monsignor Rooney arrived from Toronto, and became the guests of the worthy and energetic pastor—the Rev. Dominic O'Malley.

Sunday morning His Grace celebrated early Mass at 7:30; and at the High Mass at half past 10 he preached an eloquent and impressive sermon on the gospel of the day. The 8 o'clock Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Monsignor Rooney. The great and abiding interest of the parishioners, however, centered in the dedicatory ceremony at half past 3 in the afternoon.

Long before the appointed hour the grounds adjoining the school and church, and the avenue in front, were crowded with an expectant throng of people, young and old, Protestant and Catholic—all alike anxious to witness the important ceremony.

The members of Branch No. 18, of the C. M. B. A., were present in full force, wearing their handsome badges; while the school children, with their bright, happy faces beaming with delight, occupied the route leading from the old to the new school buildings.

His Grace soon approached from the parochial residence, accompanied by Monsignor Rooney, the Very Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines, the Rev. Father Kreidt, Superior of the Carmelite Monastery at the Falls, and the pastor, Rev. Dominic O'Malley.

Proceeding through the double line formed by the school children and the members of the C. M. B. A., His Grace stopped at the front entrance of the new school. Having blessed the entrance, His Grace and assistants passed around the building, sprinkling the walls with holy water as they proceeded. His Grace next entered the building and blessed and dedicated each room in succession.

After the conclusion of the interesting ceremony His Grace returned to the front balcony, when Master Charles McCarney, a youth of about ten years of age, approached, and, in a clear, distinct voice, read the following ADDRESS FROM THE SCHOOL CHILDREN:

To His Grace the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto: MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—We, the children of this school, Niagara Falls, extend to Your Grace a most cordial welcome on this occasion of the blessing of our new school.

With eager longing we have awaited the joyful event which should give us the privilege of welcoming Your Grace and of offering you the tribute of our filial respect and devotion. How often during the past month have we looked forward to this hour that your blessing might give us the impetus to the labor of the scholastic year and help us to employ well these days of promise. We are glad to assure Your Grace that though our progress hitherto has been most satisfactory, we anxiously anticipate the additional advantages to be reaped in the commodious, well-equipped building we are about to occupy, which, we may add, is a standing monument of the harmony that prevails among the rivaling parties of our city.

We believe the latter excellent result is due to our most esteemed pastor, through whose wise administration the affairs of the parish, the people are a unit regarding the management of the school.

We express the hope that Your Grace may be pleased with your visit and your stay at Niagara Falls may be as enjoyable to yourself as it is pleasant and profitable to your grateful children of St. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

His Grace replied in a few well chosen words of encouragement and advice to the children. He hoped they would be regular attendants in their new school, and strive earnestly to acquire both learning and virtue at the same time, and thereby grow up to good men and women and good Christians.

An address on behalf of the C. M. B. A. was then read by Mr. James Quillinan, the District Deputy for the county, of which the following is the text: Niagara Falls, Oct. 23, 1892.

To His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto: MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—On the auspicious occasion of your present visit for the purpose of blessing our new school, the Catholics of this parish desire to tender Your Grace a most cordial welcome, to express our sincere love and respect for your person, and to manifest our joy on having our beloved Archbishop once more in our midst in the enjoyment of good health.

Knowing the deep interest which you take in Catholic education, we are justified in believing that our recent progress in that respect will prove fully as gratifying to Your Grace as it is to ourselves. For some years past we have been convinced of the necessity of better school accommodations for our children, but feared to assume the necessary expense. Now, however, owing to the encouragement and hearty co-operation of our cherished pastor, Rev. Father O'Malley, the work has been accomplished, and in a short time we hope, with the Divine assistance, to be able to liquidate the entire cost. The success of our pupils at the recent entrance examinations amply proves that, under the good Ladies of Loretto, our schools are in a most efficient and satisfactory condition. In the new building, supplied with all necessary modern improvements and appliances, we trust they will continue to prosper more and more; and that, like their Divine Model, they will grow daily more advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men.

As members of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, we desire in a special manner to tender Your Grace our most profound homage and respect, as Spiritual Adviser of our noble association. Nor are we unmindful of the fact that in the early days of its infancy in Canada, when Your Grace was Bishop of the London diocese, its success—in fact its very existence—was due to the approval and encouragement which it then received at your hands. Hence its rapid spread throughout your diocese before it took much root elsewhere. Now, like the trunk of mustard seed, it has grown to be a large tree, its branches

extending over our fair land, affording shelter and comfort and assistance to the needy and destitute. In conclusion we beg to solicit Your Grace's blessing and benediction for ourselves and families; and assure Your Grace that our fervent prayers shall be offered up before the throne of the Most High, that your health and strength may be spared for many years to come, to preside over the spiritual wants of your extensive diocese.

James Quillinan, John Fry, Wm. Burke, P. Kelly, Louis Drago, Jas. Abbott, P. Glynn, P. McGrail, J. S. McDonough, Jas. F. Ghazem, James Bampfield, Jas. J. Flynn, Geo. Seales.

Replying to this address His Grace congratulated the Catholics of the parish upon the completion of the school, and expressed the sincere pleasure he enjoyed in visiting the Falls for such a purpose as the dedication of so fine a building wherein their children would be trained up to be good Catholics and intelligent citizens. Their temporal welfare demanded that they should be thoroughly instructed in secular education, while their spiritual welfare, which was of infinitely greater importance, made it absolutely necessary to have their youthful minds fully impressed with the knowledge and practice of our holy religion.

What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Continuing, His Grace very highly eulogized the zeal and ability of that great body of Catholic teachers—the Ladies of Loretto. They have been successful everywhere, and have been earnestly sought for to establish their schools in various parts of the great West. He was not, therefore, surprised to learn that their labors were so satisfactory at Niagara Falls. His Grace stated that he regarded the school as the portal of the Church; without the former we would have no need of the latter in twenty-five years' time. He was pleased to know that the congregation co-operated so harmoniously with their good pastor, and trusted they would continue to second his efforts in the future. He said he wished to introduce to the people of Niagara Falls the Very Rev. Monsignor Rooney, who was chairman of the Board of Catholic School Trustees of the city of Toronto, and who had been recently honored by His Holiness, the Supreme Pontiff, by being elevated to the dignity of a Prelate of the Papal household, as a mark of appreciation of his long and eminent services.

Monsignor Rooney gave a very interesting address on Catholic education. He had for years taken an active interest in their schools at Toronto, which he was happy to state were highly efficient and prosperous. A young lady belonging to one of their schools, taught by the good Ladies of Loretto, had last season won the Prince of Wales' medal. As the competition was open to the entire province, this signal victory, achieved by a pupil of one of their Catholic schools, proved that even in the branches of a secular education our schools were fully abreast of the times. The Catholic Church favored education, but insisted that the moral and religious principles should be developed and inculcated, hand in hand, with the mental and physical training of our youth, and concluded by congratulating the trustees, pastor and people upon having such a beautiful school building, which was a credit to them and an ornament to the town.

The Very Rev. Dean Harris gave the closing address. His language and delivery were both expressive and forcible, and well calculated to make a good impression on the many Protestants present among his auditors. He did not like the word separate, as applied to our schools; because in the various social and business relations of life we desired and encouraged the most freedom of intercourse with our brethren of other religious denominations. He eulogized very highly the intellectual training of our Public schools, but considered they did not pay proper attention to the moral and spiritual parts of our complex nature. Greece and Rome attained a proud pre-eminence in the arts and sciences, and in physical culture their athletes were equally distinguished. Yet they were wanting in virtue, because they were not instructed in the true principles of religious belief and worship. Their civilization, consequently, became steeped in corruption, and was swept out of existence. The Catholic Church recognizes our complex nature, and while properly developing the physical and the mental, does not for a moment forget the importance of the moral and religious. He alluded to the calumnies that were uttered against the priests and Bishops, representing them as being desirous of keeping the people in ignorance for the purpose of maintaining priestly influence over them; and that the priests were accustomed to levy fees for the forgiveness of sins. Very few, if any, honest and intelligent Protestants of the present day believed such stories; while there may be a few who pretended to do so for the purpose of creating and maintaining bigotry. Such persons, he said, were twenty-five years behind the times. He denied the charge that Separate school, had a tendency to develop bigotry amongst our citizens, as a result of their being educated apart from each other. His experience was that in country places, where there are no Separate schools, bigotry is much more rampant than in the town, and cities where Separate schools are established. The Public schools were excellent so far as they went, but the mere opening and closing of a school in a formal manner, with prayer, could never suffice to impress properly on the minds of youth that abiding love of morality and religion no less necessary for the security of the State than it is for their eternal happiness hereafter.

After the addresses His Grace gave a reception in the new school, where the people spent a pleasant half hour paying their respects to His Grace and inspecting the interior of the building. The latter is 60x10 feet, two stories, in height, containing four large school rooms, well lighted and ventilated, besides halls and closets rooms. It is built of pressed brick with substantial stone basement. The latter affords place for the heating apparatus, and supply of coal, besides ample play rooms for the scholars when the weather would be unfavorable for outdoor amusements.

From the school His Grace and assistants adjourned to the church, where he brought the interesting ceremony to a close by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

MR. BLAKE'S BOSTON MEETING. Warm Reception by the Hull's Home Rulers.

The Boston papers gave Mr. Blake's address on Home Rule a great deal of space. The Herald devoted four columns of space to the meeting, publishing a portrait of Mr. Blake on its first page. The Post published illustrations showing the speaker's attitudes at certain passages of the address. Of the appearance of the orator the Post says: "It was a striking figure, a personality of extraordinary strength and interest that stood behind a foreground of palms on the platform of Tremont Temple last evening, and for an hour and a half addressed the audience on the question of 'Home Rule for Ireland.'"

"The Hon. Edward Blake, statesman, ex-leader of the Canadian Liberals, now a member of the British House of Commons, is a logical and forceful speaker, and again and again the Temple rung with generous applause at the conclusion of one of his eloquent and pointed sentences.

"Above the average height, a well-built frame in a long frock coat, looking tinged with gray, one of which fell in a Beaufort curl on a massive forehead, features with no beard or moustache to hide their clear, marbled outline, a sensitive mouth and eyes which at times glanced fire behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, these are some of the characteristics of the statesman who was accorded such a grand welcome.

"The meeting was late in beginning, and restless handspans preceded the entrance of Mr. Blake, but when, under the escort of Mayor Matthews, the Hon. Patrick A. Collins, the Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, the Hon. P. Maguire, the Hon. John Lohan and other distinguished gentlemen, he did appear, the applause swelled into an ovation.

"Cheer after cheer arose as the great Parliamentarian placed the notes of his speech on the reading desk, and it was only after he had smilingly touched his watch that the people would consent to be silent."

SKETCH OF THE SPEAKER. The Herald says: "The distinguished guest of last evening's reception is a man of noteworthy appearance. Tall of stature and graceful of form, with a finely-shaped and well-proportioned head of decidedly intellectual contour, his bearing will attract attention anywhere. Mr. Blake's eyes are keen, and his features are finely lined, and give evidence of a man of deep thought and earnest determination of purpose. A mass of brown hair crowns his head and falls over his high forehead in profusion. The spectacles worn by him add to his intellectual and distinguished appearance. His oratory is graceful and fluent, his gestures easy, and at times he reaches a high point of fervor and effectiveness. His long address last evening was listened to with profound attention, and interspersed throughout with volleys of enthusiastic plaudits.

"In the course of his speech, which he delivered from prepared notes, he paid a fitting tribute to the genius of Charles Stewart Parnell and the results of the long struggles waged by him on behalf of his country; but, in dwelling upon the present needs of Ireland and the policy to be pursued in attaining their long desired home Government, Mr. Blake emphatically expressed his dissent from the policy followed by Mr. Parnell during the last months of his life, and continued after his death up to the present time by the minority of the Irish party.

"The expressions of the speaker on this part of his subject were stated boldly and eloquently, and left no room for doubt as to the policy he favored. His position, as he outlined it, drew forth the heartiest evidence of sympathy and support of his hearers. His peroration was finely delivered, and at its close the audience cheered him an ovation of applause and acclamations."

A THREEFOLD CHARACTER. In introducing Mr. Blake to the meeting, Mayor Matthews said: "We are here to-night to welcome and listen to a gentleman distinguished for his eminent ability, whose reputation has extended to other lands beside our own; who has been paid the compliment, unprecedented in the history of politics, of being called from one country to represent another in the Parliament of a third. (Great applause.) The invitation to stand for South Londonderry was tendered him in order to secure for the cause of Home Rule in the British Parliament the benefits of his distinguished and experienced ability."

"He comes to us to-night almost on the eve of his departure for England, and I am sure it is unnecessary for me to bespeak for him your heartiest welcome and closest attention."

At the dinner given after the meeting Gen. P. A. Collins, who presided, said it was an inspiration on the part

of the Irish Parliamentary party to call to its assistance in its fight for Home Rule a man with the brains, heart, experience and intelligence of Edward Blake.

"Mr. Blake," said Gen. Collins "has prepared himself by sympathy, study and the arts of a high politician, to make himself useful to the land of his ancestors, and he will be of incalculable benefit to the cause he has so manfully espoused. No Tory can stand in the House of Commons and say what Home Rule is not while Edward Blake is there to proclaim what it is."

"We who have heard his eloquent, patriotic and philosophical discourse in Tremont Temple to-night, much of which was new to us, are heartily glad of the opportunity to meet him here in the land of true freedom. We are glad that he has taken us in on his way to England to permit us to shake his hand and wish him God-speed in his battle."

AN EDITORIAL EXPRESSION. Speaking of the meeting editorially, the Post says:—"The Hon. Edward Blake has reason to understand, we think, by the character of his reception here in Boston, the ardent interest which this community feels in the success of the cause which he represents in the British Parliament. There is probably no other city in this country in which exists a more intelligent appreciation of the merits of the Home Rule question or a more general and hearty sympathy with those who are laboring to secure the rights of Irishmen in Ireland."

Mr. Blake's address at Tremont Temple last evening was therefore delivered before a sympathetic audience, and one which was quick to understand the full bearing of his remarks and to applaud the courage of his purpose and the wisdom of his plans. The address was admirable in its style and highly instructive in its matter. It was the most effective presentation of the Home Rule question which Boston has heard, and this is saying a great deal.

CATHOLIC BISHOPS. Sound Business Ability of More Value Than Eloquence.

Says the New York Sun: The remark has been made frequently that the clergy of the Catholic Church are, as a rule, inferior, in the matter of eloquence, to the ministers of Protestant denominations, and it has been suggested that the cause of the inferiority is that the advancement of priests seldom or never depends on their oratorical abilities, while ministers are usually promoted according to the qualities they display in the pulpit. Whether this is a fact or not, it is certain that the men who have reached the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States are not generally distinguished for their eloquence. They have been selected for Bishops on account of their learning, their piety and their business ability; but it has seldom happened that an eloquent priest, without some very strong recommendation other than his eloquence, has become a prelate.

Archbishop Corrigan, the gentle prelate under whom the great Archdiocese of New York has grown so rapidly, is not an orator. He is an extremely pleasant talker, but no one has ever heard him indulge in flights of eloquence. He talks in a conversational style, as a spiritual father to his spiritual children; and while he always interests his hearers, he does not thrill them, and makes no effort to do so. His great learning, his religious fervor, and the executive ability which he showed as a priest and later as Bishop of Newark, made him Cardinal McCloskey's successor.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, primate of the American Catholic Church, has never been described as an eloquent preacher. Like Archbishop Corrigan he is a pleasant, fatherly talker, and, like him, he has managed his Archdiocese with signal success. His winning personality has had much to do with his advancement. He is regarded as the ablest diplomatist in the hierarchy.

He is as orthodox as the Pope, yet his liberality of opinion in matters not relating strictly to dogma does much to remove prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church in his Archdiocese and throughout the country. It is said that he has made his clergy a model for the whole Church in the matter of harmony and united effort in any direction of endeavor suggested by him. The Cardinal was always distinguished for his power to attract men and mould their minds to his way of thinking. And he did it, too, without the gift of eloquence.

Archbishop Williams of Boston does not figure conspicuously in the pulpit, and never did. He is an able business man, has an attractive personality, and is an example of piety. He has not needed eloquence to make the archdiocese of Boston one of the most prosperous in the country.

Archbishop Janssens of New Orleans is a poor orator, but an able prelate. As vicar-general of the Richmond diocese he showed remarkable business talent, and was made bishop of Natchez. Later on he was elevated to the archbishopric of New Orleans. He is the handsomest of the archbishops, and has all the qualities which make up a popular society man, in the best sense of that term.

Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati seldom appears in the pulpit. He is, perhaps, the least eloquent preacher in the hierarchy. He generally reads from manuscript—a practice very rare in the Catholic Church. Business ability won for him the pallium. He was Bishop of Natchez when Archbishop Purcell of

Cincinnati died, leaving his Archdiocese overwhelmed with debt. It was a difficult task to find a man able and willing to undertake the work of removing this burden, but finally Bishop Elder was chosen. He has been eminently successful in his work, though he has had to devote more of his time to books and accounts than to his regular episcopal duties.

The venerable Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, the oldest prelate in the American Church, did not reach his present dignity by efforts in the pulpit. He is a good speaker, but not eloquent. Yet he founded and built up one of the great Archdioceses of the country, and manages it with great ability, and without even the assistance of a coadjutor since Bishop Ryan was transferred to Philadelphia.

Archbishop Eagan of Chicago was known as a man of great executive ability while he was Bishop of Nashville, Tenn. He was a fair speaker, but some of his friends were more eloquent. He was made Archbishop of Chicago because he was the ablest business man available at a time when the Chicago Diocese needed

A BUSINESS MAN to put its affairs in order. Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, the only man in the history of the Church in America who was taken from the priesthood and made an Archbishop, is what is commonly termed a good preacher; but his remarkable promotion was due to his business talents and his majestic personality. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul might be described in much the same way.

The two really eloquent wearers of the pallium are Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia and Archbishop Gross of Portland, Ore. The former was called the "Boss of the Missouri" when he was coadjutor to the archbishop of St. Louis. He is also known as the "golden-tongued orator of the Roman Catholic hierarchy." Unlike most men of genius he is a shrewd business man.

Archbishop Gross was a Redemptorist priest in Boston when he was made Bishop of Savannah, Ga. He was the most powerful speaker in his order and had been heard in missions in all parts of the country. The title generally conceded to him is the "silver-tongued orator of the hierarchy."

There are many good speakers among the Roman Catholic bishops, but few have gained fame by their eloquence. Bishop J. J. Keane of the Catholic University at Washington ranks first among the few. He is the only bishop, within the writer's knowledge, who was elevated to a bishopric solely because he was a great preacher. When he was made Bishop of Richmond, Va., he had not been even pastor of a church. His reputation was gained in the pulpit as an assistant priest in Washington.

LONDON'S CATHOLIC LORD MAYOR. Archbishop Vaughan on the Question of Conscience.

The London Globe says: In connection with the election to the Mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Knill, and the questions which have thereon arisen, we wrote to Archbishop Vaughan asking for his opinion on the matter. The Archbishop replies as follows: "Sir,—You ask me 'whether it is, under any circumstances, permissible for a member of the Roman Church to attend any Anglican place of worship in an official capacity?' An answer given in the brevity which characterizes your question might easily be open to misconception, and an exhaustive answer would carry me to too great a length. I may say, however, that the general principle underlying the answer is that a Catholic may not take part in the religious services of a false religion, and that a strict consequence of this is that he may not even seem or be understood by men to take part in such service. Fidelity to the Divine Founder of his religion forbids him to participate in the functions of any non-Catholic religion or sect, while duty towards his neighbor forbids him even to appear to be wanting in fidelity to the religion established by his Divine Redeemer. This general principle remaining intact, I answer that there may be cases in which a Catholic might be present at a service in a non-Catholic place of worship, in an official capacity, as, for instance, in the case of soldiers and policemen on duty, and of certain official attendants upon the person of a master or sovereign. But as a Catholic is in no case allowed to enter into communion with another religion, so he is in no case allowed even to appear to enter into such communion. To proceed further and discuss the question of what constitutes an appearance of the kind referred to is beyond your inquiry, and might lead to refinements and distinctions which it is well to keep clear of when possible. In concluding my reply, I may, perhaps, be permitted to express my admiration for the impartiality and English fairness which have to-day decided a debated question in the city of London.

Believe me, sir, Yours faithfully, HERBERT, Archbishop of Westminster, S. W., Sept. 29.

The man who is suspicious lives in a constant state of unhappiness. It would be better for his peace of mind to be too trusting than too guarded.

There are seasons when to be still demanded immeasurably higher strength than to act. Composure is often the highest result of power.

All our life is made of little things. Our chain of life is forged of little rings, and little words and acts uplift the soul.

Aristocratic "Tags." Lady Frederick Cavendish, in her recent speech to the Women's Congress in England, has been "letting the cat out of the bag." She boldly charges that in the higher circles of English society, the women—most of them are Ladies—are becoming alarmingly addicted to looking upon the wine when it is red. And worse than that they have recourse to opium and morphine, "cocktails" and "gin fizzes" to vary the monotony of conventional drinks. The result, according to Lady Cavendish, is a widespread degeneration of social femininity and frequent recourse to physicians for the cure of "nervous prostration" which is nothing more or less than delirium tremens.

This is a nice state of affairs. When the "British Aristocracy" as Mr. Yellowplush would remark, begins going to the dogs, there is "no predicting h'anythink, nohow." To add to the horror of the situation, young girls are reported as secretly prone to smoking cigarettes and cigars. A bad old Duke of Norfolk used to say: "On Friday, with the blessing of God, I shall be drunk," and "Drunk as a Lord" was and is a common proverb to express the ne plus ultra of intoxication; but when in the evolution and development of "Aristocracy" we have to revise the saying to read "Drunk as a Lordess," it is, as tragedy queens say, "too much." How long will the thickwitted middlemen of England stand this sort of thing from their "divinely appointed" superiors? How long will the British democracy suffer itself to be legally branded as "lower caste" than these detestable drunkards? Or do the English commoners still, like little Tommy, "dearly love a lord?"—Buffalo Union.

WEDDING BELLS. A very interesting and pleasing event was witnessed for the first time in the church of St. Pius of Oscoda, on Tuesday, Oct. 25th. At 4 o'clock on the morning of that day a happy couple became united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bridegroom was James F. Madock, Esq., a resident of the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and the bride Miss M. B. Keamy, of the same place, first cousin of the Rev. Father Devine, the popular priest of Oscoda, with whom she had been residing for some time. The bride was most beautifully attired in a lawn travelling suit, and was attended by her cousin Miss B. K. Devine, who is also sister of Father Devine. Mr. John P. Kenny, brother of the bride, performed a similar duty for the groom. Rev. Father Devine celebrated the nuptial Mass. Present in the sanctuary were also Rev. Fathers Martin of Douglas, McCormack of Brudenell, Ryan of Mount St. Patrick, and Horreman of Escanaba. Mr. D. Shields presided at the organ, and the choir rendered some very choice selections. The bride was made the recipient of many costly and valuable presents—chiefly golden by her many appreciative friends. At the conclusion of Mass, after receiving the congratulations of their friends, the bridal party were driven to Cobden, where they took the train at 7:10 a. m. for Montreal, with the intention of taking in New York also, on their way to their future home in Pittsburgh. It is heartily wished that numerous friends and acquaintances in wishing the happy couple the enjoyment of a long, prosperous and happy nuptial life.

Send 25 cts. and get a copy of Ben-ning's Home Almanac for 1893. THOS. COFFEY, London, Ont. Ask to be had from our travelling agents.

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

By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.

The dictionary is necessary in every home, school and business house. It fills a vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which in one hundred other volumes of the choicest books could supply. Young and Old, Educated and Uneducated, rich and poor, all have it within reach, and refer to its contents every day in the year.

As some have asked if this is really the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, we are able to state that we have learned direct from the publishers the fact that this is the very work complete, on which about 40 years of the best brains of the author's life were so well employed in writing. It contains the entire vocabulary of about 100,000 words, including slang, and is the regular standard size, containing about 300,000 square inches of printed surface, and is bound in cloth.

A whole library in itself. The regular selling price of Webster's Dictionary has heretofore been \$12.00.

St. H. Dictionaries will be delivered free of cost in the Express Office in London. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. If the book is not entirely satisfactory to the purchaser it may be returned at our expense, if the distance is not more than 200 miles from our office.

I am well pleased with Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. I find it a most valuable work. JOHN A. KENNEDY, Chgo., Ill., Ont. Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT.

A Prize Rebus. A Go

The above is in the name of a large American city. Mail us fifteen cents in postage stamps or silver, and we will send you a package of Ames' Compound Powder, and one Ames' Perfume Package, worth 25 cents each. We will also give the following prizes: To the first person who gives the correct name of the above city, a Lady's Gold Watch; second, a Gold Bracelet; third, a Gold Ring; fourth, Gold Chain and Charm; fifth, a Gold Silver Watch; sixth, a Silk Dress, and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who gives the correct name of the above city, until one hundred and twenty-five prizes have been awarded. Should there be that many. Every letter must contain 15 cents for which we send the Powder and Perfume packet. State where you see this advertisement. Address, Ames' Talcum & Co., Box 40, Yorkville P.O., Toronto.

An Arab Song.

I hid my love when near you, My pain for your sweet sake; But now that you are absent...

NOT IN OUR FAITH.

Some of the Things that Catholics do not Believe.

1. Catholics do not believe that there is any other Mediator of Redemption than our Saviour Jesus Christ.

2. Catholics do not believe that the Blessed Virgin is in any way equal or even comparable to God.

The strong, loving expressions used oftentimes by Catholics, which seem to attribute to the Blessed Virgin more than is here stated, are to be understood in the limited sense meant by Catholics themselves.

3. Catholics do not believe that there is any authority upon earth or in heaven that can give leave to commit any sin, even the least; or that a sin can be forgiven for money.

4. Catholics do not believe that a man can by his own good works, independently of the merits and Passion of Jesus Christ and of His grace, obtain salvation, or acquire any merit.

5. Catholics do not believe that it is allowable to break a lawful oath, or tell a lie, or do any other wicked thing whatever for the sake of promoting the supposed interest of the Church or for any good, however great, likely to arise from it.

6. Catholics do not believe that it is in the power of the Church to add to the truths contained in the "deposit of faith," that is, to frame or enforce any doctrine which has not for its source the written or unwritten word of God, or authority for the same.

7. Catholics do not believe that the Holy Spirit stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in adversity by thousands of would-be competitors.

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DEVOTION TO THE HOLY ANGELS.

If there is any truth at all in Christianity the invisible world is full of invisible spiritual beings, who are intimately connected with the welfare of the human race.

We presume almost everyone must have experienced at some period of his life some mysterious and unaccountable impressions; the sudden occurring of thoughts of an absent friend, for instance, or of one supposed to be absent, when suddenly and unexpectedly that friend appears, unheralded by any external messenger.

The doctrine of angels pervades the whole Scripture—both the Old and the New Testament. Let any one take a concordance, or read the Scriptures with the thought of the angels in view and he will be surprised at the frequency of their mention and the variety of their occupations.

What a delightful thought! How inspiring to know that we have a heavenly messenger, constantly attending upon us; prompting us to do right; checking us when we do wrong; injecting good thoughts into our minds; preserving us from temptation and assisting us to raise when we fall; helping us in temporal and spiritual things and aiding and encouraging us in the hour of death.

In the first place we are too worldly—too much absorbed with the things of time and sense—the business, the pleasures and the ambitions of the world. The engrossing cares of life, the depressing influence of material things keep down our spiritual aspirations and appreciations.

Oh, if we only loved God, or even tried to love Him, as we should, and to avoid sin, we should soon learn to love our guardian angel! We should love to pray to him, to converse with him, to invoke his aid and protection in times of temptation and danger, and we should constantly experience the blessedness of his intercession and kind offices.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

Identified by the Sign of the Cross.

A Catholic pastor in England narrates an incident that discloses in a new light the utility of the Sign of the Cross.

A poor widow having fallen ill, she was taken to a hospital, where soon afterward she died. Her only child, a boy of eight or nine years, had in the meantime been placed in an orphan asylum. The boy was an Irish Catholic, the asylum was a Protestant one.

The doctor, terrified, pleaded and begged for the monster to change its role, but to no purpose. Its road led through the town, and into the town it must go.

Turning to the governor, the priest exclaimed: "There is the Catholic—that is the boy I've been looking for!" The governor acknowledged that he had heard a good deal of the Sign of the Cross as made by Catholics, but he would never have thought of its usefulness as a means of discovering a lost child.

Back to Health and Strength. William J. Witter, Franklin, Man., writes:—My sister had very poor health for six or seven years, and looked as though she was going to the grave.

It Beats Jack Frost. DEAR SIR:—We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family and know it is a sure cure for lumbago and frost bites.

Racked With Rheumatism. DEAR SIR:—For ten years I suffered with rheumatism in spring and fall. I have been confined to bed for months at a time, but since using B. B. B. I have not suffered from it at all.

All hope of rest withdrawn from me! My body to feel pain, my mind to feel pain, this awful curse upon me?

Not That Long. In the recent general election in Great Britain there has been a good deal of denunciation and very little wit, and there has been a conspicuous absence of good nature.

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies but with little effect."

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IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., U.S.A., Aug. 9, 1888. George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.

A Timely Legend.

That fear of cholera kills more people than the cholera itself was illustrated by a story told by an old German citizen yesterday.

Permanent Positions with good pay open for a few industrious, reliable & thrifty willing to travel short distances. Apply with references to HENZIGER BROS., 86 and 88 Barclay St., New York City. 738-84

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Since Last January the Kingston Business College has been patronized by His Grace Archbishop Clouston, Hon. Geo. A. Kirkpatrick, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Sir Richard Cartwright, M.P.

Belleville BUSINESS COLLEGE BELLEVILLE, ONT. Will send you a Book on Business Education FREE.

WRITE for it. 240 Students enrolled during the year. 22500 copies of Complete Book-keeping sold. BOX 1021.

NORTHERN Business College OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO. is the Very Best Place in Canada to get a Thorough Business Education.

THE KEY TO HEALTH. BURDOCK'S BLOOD PURIFIER. Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY, CINCINNATI, O., U.S.A. THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS.

If you want comfort this winter buy good coal.

D. DALY & SON

WILL SELL YOU THE BEST SCRANTON COAL

Bright and clean. No. 1 Brier Hill for grates. In wood, our stock is No. 1-two-thirds maples. We have also maple and hemlock splits, kindling, etc.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY IS MARKED T. & B.

NONE OTHER GENUINE. Farms for Sale Cheap.

North half and one acre of south half Lot 29, Con. 3, Township McMillan, Middlesex, less part sold to G. T. B. Good orchard and fine buildings.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup. Rich in lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

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BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY, CINCINNATI, O., U.S.A. THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS.

There's not a pang in There's not a smother There's not a sorrow Inseparable from God's dear There is not a moon Not an angry word Nor a souly cry: 'Why Unknown to the Heart

FIVE-MINUTE Obedience to the Our Lord made brethren, to the g asked Him when give tribute to C our obedien, who pay taxes to sup of the Roman Em Jews were then p was pagan, and impious and un hoped that He w not; for if He did very good chan before the Roman was a rebel and a and could thus b which they earne it really had bee taxes Christ woul so: for as they truth, though the He was a true s betray the truth t to escape any pu answering in thi He surprised them ought to pay the posed on them: to obey the pow ways as it was, were.

We must, the power of the the land as it is in the name of G our obedien, who inquired those who the Roman auth require us to ob authorities und any time. For securing pagan o surely no more o obedience than a our lot is like t And if we co to our duty in c St. Paul confir emphatically. he says, "but t that are, are b And that they solv selves damna force be subject of wrath (that sequences) but sake." And Cor of which our Lor ceeds: "Remd men their due tribute is due custom."

We see then that the laws of conscience. An means need to times to find ins The successors teaching in u always insisted ence to the civil Only last year, Father Pope Leo lieal letter, taug "The Church, teaches that wh comes from God that, whatever ment may be r—rules are chose —it is not simpli their right to a comes; the pe government do although they d persons in whom rest.

Of course no civil power may forfeit its claim quiring of us th or plainly cont or of the Churc it should requi tant worship, o make our Eas cases are very this country. governments and other powers th viceroyents, th as on the spi place they tru Find out and o quire; confess regard or disre less you wish t and disobedien laws comes.

The great va as a remedy fo thousands of peo Cotteris, Co NESS, Bronch and Dr. Wood's successful Throa MINARD'S LINIMENT restores strength rich red blood.

Minard's Liniment restores strength rich red blood. The great va as a remedy fo thousands of peo Cotteris, Co NESS, Bronch and Dr. Wood's successful Throa MINARD'S LINIMENT restores strength rich red blood.

Consolation.

BY S. M. C.

There's not a pang in the human heart There's not a smothered sigh, There's not a sorrow veiled apart Unseen by God's dear eye.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.

OBEEDIENCE TO THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES. Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.

Our Lord made this reply, my dear brethren, to the question of some who asked Him whether it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not; or, in other words, whether it was right to pay taxes to support the government of the Roman Empire, to which the Jews were then subjected, and which was pagan, and in many ways an impious and ungodly power.

We must, therefore, conclude that the power of the states, or the law of the land as it is called, has a real claim in the name of God and of Christ to our obedience. For if our Lord required those who heard Him to obey the Roman authorities, He would also require us to obey the duly constituted authorities under which we live at any time.

And if we could have any doubt as to our duty in conscience on this point, St. Paul confirms this lesson most emphatically. "There is no power," he says, "but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God."

We see then clearly, my brethren, that the laws of the land bind us in conscience. And we do not by any means need to go back to apostolic times to find instruction to this effect. The successors of St. Peter, and those teaching in union with them, have always insisted on this duty of obedience to the civil power very strongly.

Of course no one denies that the civil power may, in particular cases, forfeit its claim to our obedience by requiring of us things manifestly unjust or plainly contrary to the law of God or of the Church; as, for instance, if it should require us to attend Protestant worship, or should forbid us to make our Easter duty. But such cases are very rare, at least here in this country. We shall know easily enough when they arise. There is little fear, as things now are, of too great respect for law among us; the danger, rather, is of our regarding laws as a mere decisions of a majority, to which we have to submit as far as we cannot help it, and because we cannot help it, but to which we owe no interior reverence, and to which we commit no sin.

Remember, then, my brethren, to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. The President, Congress, our governors and legislatures, and the other powers that be are really God's vicegerents, though not in so high an order as the spiritual; still in their own place they truly act in God's name. Find out and consider what they require; confess and amend any disregard or disrespect for their laws, unless you wish to be guilty of contempt and disobedience to Him from whom all laws come.

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it cured. COUGHS, COLIC, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, etc., yield at once to Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the successful Throat and Lung Specific. MILBURN'S BEER, IRON AND WINE restores strength and vitality, and makes rich red blood. Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VISIT TO THE PAICHOUX.

One bright morning in October, while Pepsie and Lady Jane were very busy over their pecans, there was a sudden rattling of wheels and jingling of cans, and Tante Modeste's milk-cart, gay in a fresh coat of red paint, with the shining cans, and smart little mule in a bright harness, drew up before the door, and Tante Modeste herself jumped briskly down from the high seat, and entered like a fresh breath of spring.

She and Madelon were twin sisters, and very much alike; the same large, fair face, the same smooth, dark hair combed straight back from the forehead, and twisted in a glossy knot at the back, and like Madelon she wore a stilly starched, light calico gown, finished at the neck with a muslin scarf tied in a large bow; her head was bare, and in her ears she wore gold hoops, and around her neck was a heavy chain of the same precious metal.

When Pepsie saw her she held out her arms, flushing with pleasure, and cried joyfully: "Oh, Tante Modeste, how glad I am! I thought you'd forgotten to come for Lady Jane."

Tante Modeste embraced her niece warmly, and then caught Lady Jane to her heart as Madelon did. "Forgotten her? Oh, no; I've thought of her all the time since I was here; but I've been so busy."

"What about Tante Modeste?" asked Pepsie eagerly.

"Oh, you can't think how your cousin Marie is turning everything upside down, since she decided to be a lady." Here Tante Modeste made a little grimace of disdain. "She must have our house changed, and her papa can't say 'no' to her. I like it best as it was, but Marie must have paint and carpets; think of it—carpets! But I draw the line at the parlor—the salon," and again Tante Modeste shrugged and laughed.

"She wants a salon; well, she shall have a salon just as she likes it, and I will have the other part of the house as I like it. Just imagine, your uncle has gone on Rue Royale, and bought a mirror, a console, a cabinet, a sofa, and a carpet."

"Oh, oh, Tante Modeste, how lovely!" cried Pepsie, clasping her hands in admiration. "I wish I could see the parlor just once."

"You shall, my dear; you shall, if you have to be brought on a bed. When there's a wedding,"—and she nodded brightly, as much as to say, "and there will be one soon,"—"you shall be brought there. I'll arrange it so you can come comfortably, my dear. Have patience, you shall come."

"How good you are, Tante Modeste," cried Pepsie, enraptured at the promise of such happiness.

"But now, cherie," she said, turning to Lady Jane, whose little face was expressing in pantomime her pleasure at Pepsie's delight, "I've come for you this morning to take you for a ride in the cart, as I promised."

"Tante Pauline does n't know," began Lady Jane dutifully. "I must go and ask her if I can."

"I'll send Tito," cried Pepsie, eager to have the child enjoy what he seemed the greatest pleasure on earth.

"Here, Tito," she said, as the black visage appeared at the door. "Run quick across to Madame Jozain, and ask if Miss Lady can go to ride in the milk-cart with Madame Paichoux; and bring me a clean rock and her hat and sash."

Tito flew like the wind, her black legs making zig-zag strokes across the street, while Pepsie brushed the child's beautiful hair until it shone like gold.

Madame Jozain did not object. Of course, a milk-cart was n't a carriage, but then Lady Jane was only a child, and it did n't matter.

While Pepsie was putting the finishing touches to Lady Jane's toilet, Tante Modeste and Tito Souris were busy bringing various packages from the milk-cart to the little room; butter, cream, cheese, sausage, a piece of pig, and a fine capon. When Tante Modeste came, she always left a substantial proof of her visit.

There was only one drawback to Lady Jane's joy, and that was the necessity of leaving Tony behind.

"You might take him," said Tante Modeste, good-naturedly, "but there are so many young ones home they'd pester the bird about to death, and something might happen to him; he might get away, and then you'd never forgive us."

"I know I mustn't take him," said Lady Jane, with sweet resignation.

"Dear Tony, be a good bird while I'm gone, and you shall have some bugs to-morrow." Tony was something of an epicure, and "bugs," as Lady Jane called them, extracted from cabbage-leaves, were a delight to him. Then she embraced him fondly, and fastened him securely to Pepsie's chair, and went away with many good-bys and kisses for her friend, and not a few lingering glances for her pet.

It was a perfectly enchanting situation to Lady Jane when she was mounted up on the high seat, close under Tante Modeste's sheltering wing, with her little feet on the cream-cheese box, and two tall cans standing in front like sturdy tin footmen waiting for orders.

Then Tante Modeste pulled the top up over their heads, and shook her lines at the fat little mules, and away they clattered down Good Children street, with all the children and all the dogs running on behind.

It was a long and delightful drive to Lady Jane before they got out of town to where the cottages were scattered and set in broad fields, with trees and pretty gardens. At length they turned out of the beautiful Esplanade, with its shady rows of trees, into Frenchman

street, and away down the river they stopped before a large double cottage that stood well back from the street, surrounded by trees and flowers; a good-natured, healthy-looking boy threw open the gate, and Tante Modeste clattered into the yard, calling out:

"Here, Tiburce, quick, my boy; unhitch the mule, and turn him out." The little animal understood perfectly well what she said, and shaking his long ears he nickered approvingly.

Lady Jane was lifted down from her high perch by Paichoux himself, who gave her a right cordial welcome, and in a moment she was surrounded by Tante Modeste's good-natured brood. At first she felt a little shy, there were so many, and they were so noisy children; but they were so kind and friendly toward her that they soon won her confidence and affection.

That day was a "red-letter day" to Lady Jane: she was introduced to all the pets of the farm-yard, the poultry, the dogs, the kittens, the calves, the ponies, the little colts, and the great soft motherly-looking cows that stood quietly in rows to be milked; and afterwards they played under the trees in the grass, while they gathered roses by the ruffled to carry to Pepsie, and filled a basket with pecans for Madelon.

She was feasted on gumbo, fried chicken, rice-cakes, and delicious cream cheese until she could eat no more; she was caressed and petted to her heart's content from the pretty Marie down to the smallest white-headed Paichoux; she saw the fine parlor, the mirror, the pictures, the cabinet of shells, and the vases of wax-flowers, and to crown all, Paichoux himself lifted her on Tiburce's pony and rode her around the yard several times, while Tante Modeste made her a beautiful cake, frosted like snow, with her name in pink letters across the top.

At last, when the milk-cart came around with its evening load of fresh milk for waiting customers, Lady Jane was lifted up again beside Tante Modeste, overloaded with presents, caresses, and good wishes, the happiest child, as well as the tidiest, that ever rode in a milk-cart.

Long before they reached the noisy city streets, Lady Jane became very silent, and Tante Modeste peeped under the broad hat to see if she had fallen asleep; but no, the blue eyes were wide and wistful, and the little face had lost its glow of happiness.

"Are you tired, cherie?" asked Tante Modeste kindly.

"No, thank you," she replied, with a soft sigh. "I was thinking of papa, the Sunflower, and the ranch, and dear mama. Oh, I wonder if she'll come back soon."

Tante Modeste made no reply, but she fell to thinking too. There was something strange about it all that she couldn't understand.

The child's remarks and Madame Jozain's stories did not agree. There was a mystery, and she meant to get to the bottom of it by some means. And when Tante Modeste set out to accomplish a thing she usually succeeded.

CHAPTER XII.

TANTE MODESTE'S SUSPICIONS.

"Paichoux," said Tante Modeste to her husband, that same night, before the tired dairymen went to bed; "I've been thinking of something all the evening."

"Vraiment! I'm surprised," returned Paichoux facetiously; "I did n't know you ever wasted time thinking."

"I don't usually," went on Tante Modeste, ignoring her husband's little attempt at pleasantry; "but really, papa, this thing is running through my head constantly. It's about that little girl of Madame Jozain's; there's something wrong about the *menage* there. That child is no more a Jozain than I am. A Jozain, indeed!—she's a little aristocrat, if ever there was one, a born little lady."

"Perhaps she's a Bergeron," suggested Paichoux, with a quizzical smile. "Madame prides herself on being a Bergeron, and the Bergerons are fairly decent people. Old Bergeron, the baker, was an honest man."

"That may be; but she's n't a Bergeron, either. That child is different, you may see it. Look at her beside our young ones. Why, she's a swan among geese."

"Well, that happens naturally sometimes," said the philosophic Paichoux. "I've seen it over and over in common breeds. It's an accident, but it'll be often one stylish dog; the puppies'll grow up together; but there'll be one different from the others, and the handsomest one may not be the smartest, but he'll be the master, and get the best of everything. Now look at that black filly of mine; where did she get her style? Not from either father or mother. It's an accident—an accident—and it may be with children as it is with puppies and colts, and that little one may be an example of it."

"Nonsense, Paichoux!" said Tante Modeste sharply. "There's no accident about it; there's a mystery, and Madame Jozain does n't tell the truth when she talks about the child. I can feel it even when she does n't contradict herself. The other day I stopped in there to buy Marie a ribbon, and I spoke about the child; in fact, I asked which side she came from, and Madame answered very curtly that her father was a Jozain. Now this is what set me to thinking; to-day, when Pepsie was putting a clean frock on the child, I noticed that her underclothing was marked 'J. C.' Remember, J. C. Wall, the day that I was in Madame's shop, she said to me in her smooth way

she heard of Marie's intended marriage, and that she had something superior, exquisite, that she'd like to show me. Then she took a box out of her *armoire*, and in it were a number of the most beautiful sets of linen I ever saw, *batiste* as fine as cobwebs and real lace. They're just what you need for *mademoiselle*," she said in her wheedling tone; "since she's going to marry into such a distinguished family, you'll want to give her the best."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LEEDS CO. SENSATION.

A Story Containing a Lesson for Parents—The Restoration of a Young Girl Whose Condition Finds a Parallel in Thousands of Canadian Homes. (By Thomey Wild, Nadeau, but in Ignorance of the Terrible Consequences.)

Brockville Times.

The great frequency with which pale, sallow, listless and enfeebled children are met with now a days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present day are not the healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked lassies of olden times and grandmothers were before them. One all sides sees girls budding into womanhood, who should be bright of eyes, light of step, and joyous in spirits; but alas, how far from this is low or waxy in appearance, listless and joyless, heart palpitations, ringing noises in the head, nervousness, irritability, and a whole host of other distressing symptoms. All these conditions have been chronic and are the result of an over-watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform the functions required of it by nature. When in this condition unless immediate resort be had to those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood, corpulence, organic disease and an early grave are inevitable results. It is in a condition closely resembling the above that a young lady, now residing in Leeds county, was when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to her aid, and undoubtedly saved her from premature death. The case was recently brought to the notice of the *Zealand* H. Moffatt, general merchant and postmaster at Addison, of which family the young lady in question is a member. Mr. Moffatt had read the numerous notices of the *Pink Pills* regarding what are admitted on all sides to be the marvelous cures by the use of the popular remedy above named, after all other remedies had failed, and felt it his duty to make another attempt to restore the young lady to her former health and strength, and to take place in his own household. The young lady in question had been afflicted with some sixteen years of age, a very critical period in the life of all young women. She had been declining in health for some time, and her family became very much alarmed that serious results would ensue. Medical advice was sought, and everything done for her that could be thought of, but without avail, the treatment did no good, and she gradually grew worse and worse. Her face was pale and her blood less, she was oppressed by constant headaches, and her appetite completely failed. When her friends had almost despaired of a cure, some person who had purchased Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, advised their use in the young lady's case.

The advice was acted upon, and Mr. Moffatt says the results were marvelous. In a short time after beginning their use a decided improvement was noticed. The color returned to her cheeks; her appetite was improved, and there was every indication of a marked improvement of the system. After taking a few boxes she was completely cured, and is now as healthy and robust as ever. Mr. Moffatt deals in various kinds of proprietary medicines, but says he has never handled any other medicine that has done so much good. He is a large and is constantly increasing, thus rendering the most satisfactory of all other remedies that he has used.

Views of these statements a grave responsibility rests upon parents—upon mothers especially. If your daughters are suffering from any of the troubles indicated above, do not, as you value their lives, delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy that never fails in such cases, and is a certain specific for the troubles mentioned in the foregoing. Whether young or old, they act directly upon the blood and nerves, and never fail in any case arising from a weak condition of the blood, or a shattered condition of the nervous system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve tonic, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of the grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schemedally, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 25 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bottles, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 200 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

When the merits of a good thing are considered, it only requires proof like the following to convince and settle any doubt.—Constipation, Mich. U. S. A., Feb. 20, 1887: "Was troubled 30 years with pains in the back from strain in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made 100 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. E. REARICK.

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