

The Catholic Record.

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

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Christopher Columbus

—AND THE—
DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

A Series of Articles Relating to the Memorable Event of the 12th of October, 1492, and Designed for Use at the Forthcoming Anniversary, by the Separate Schools of Western Ontario. (See Note at End.)



"Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

General View of His Career.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steered the path of honor to pursue.

—De Vere.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was born at Genoa, of humble parentage, in or about the year 1456. He was instructed in his early youth at Pavia, where he acquired a strong relish for the mathematical sciences in which he subsequently excelled. At the age of fourteen he engaged in a sea-faring life, which he followed with little intermission until 1470, when he landed in Portugal, the country to which adventurous spirits from all parts of the world then resorted, as the great theatre of maritime enterprise. After choosing Lisbon as his place of residence, he continued to make voyages to the then known parts of the world, and, when on shore, occupied himself with the construction and sale of maps and charts; while his geographical researches were considerably aided by the possession of papers belonging to his father-in-law, Bartolomeo de Palastrello, an eminent Portuguese navigator. Thus stored with all that nautical science could supply in that day, and fortified by large practical experience, the reflective mind of Columbus was naturally led to speculate on the existence of some other land beyond the western waters; and he conceived the possibility of reaching the eastern shores of Asia by a more direct and commodious route than that which traversed the eastern continent. Filled with lofty anticipations of achieving so great a discovery, but unable through poverty to fit out an expedition at his own expense, he applied for assistance alternately to the courts of Portugal, Genoa, and Spain. At last, after many refusals, his long-tried patience was rewarded by the patronage of the sovereigns of Spain—Ferdinand and Isabella, who furnished him with three small vessels equipped and manned. Having, with all his followers, approached the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, in order to obtain God's blessing on his undertaking, Columbus set sail from the port of Palos on the 3rd of August; and, after a hazardous voyage, the natural difficulties of which were greatly increased by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, he discovered the island of San Salvador—the first land in the new world—on the 12th of October, 1492. Steering southward soon after, he discovered the beautiful islands of Cuba and Hayti; after which he returned to Spain to announce that wonderful achievement which has ever since entitled him to the admiration of mankind. He made our voyages in all to the New World, in the course of which he discovered the principal West India Islands, and on the third main land of South America, 1498. His exploits had the effect of making Spain the leading nation of Europe; but the Spanish Government proved ungrateful. King Ferdinand at first honored him with several marks of distinction; but, listening to the slanders of jealous courtiers, he caused or permitted Columbus to be repeatedly treated with indignity, and coldly allowed him to pass his last days amid difficulty and distress. He died at Valladolid on Ascension Day, 1506, in a true spirit of Christian piety and resignation. His body was successively interred at Seville, San Domingo and the city of Havana (Cuba); and here, in the stately cathedral since 1795, have quietly reposed the earthly remains of the great-souled voyager.

His First Day in the New World.

(October 12, 1492.)

Long on the deep the mists of morning lay;
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods:
And say, when all to holy transports given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of heaven—
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous man,
"Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
"Glorious to God!" unnumbered voices sung—
"Glorious to God!" the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hailed creation's primal morn,
And to the shepherds sang a Saviour born
Slowly, hushed, and though the surf we bore
The sacred cross, and, kneeling, kiss'd the shores.

—Samuel Rogers.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the Queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Saldoco, controller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of "land! land!" was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen, and two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the "Te Deum," as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They throw themselves at the feet of

Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and, in the warmth of their admiration, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix (cross), and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries. —Dr. Robertson.

What Convinced Him of a Western Land.

How he should ever think
That on the other brink
Of this wild waste, *terra incognita* should be
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to us.

His fundamental principle was that as the earth was a globe—a fact known to astronomers at least as early as the second century—it might be travelled around from east to west, and that men stood foot to foot on opposite points. In the second place, he was influenced by the writings of eminent Greek and Roman geographers—notably Strabo and Ptolemy, whose opinions were that the ocean surrounds the earth, that it washes the shores of Spain on the west and of India on the east and that one might pass from Cadiz to the Indies without much trouble. Finally, his theory was strengthened by information derived from veteran mariners, and inhabitants of the Azores and other islands, of natural and artificial objects which were wanted to their shores by westerly winds, and which were not the productions of any nation of the known world. On these and some minor grounds Columbus concluded that there was undiscovered land in the western part of the ocean, that it was attainable, and that it was fertile, and finally that it was inhabited. What was a matter of mere speculation to his learned contemporaries became to him a settled practical conviction, which was not shaken for an instant by the long series of disappointments and acts of opposition to which he was subjected.

What Proved His Genius and Courage.

To our minds, familiar with the course, it would seem an easy matter to find land by sailing directly westward, but the merit of Columbus' conception and the boldness of his attempt may be in a measure realized when it is considered that in those days the circumference of the earth was unknown, that no one could tell whether the ocean were not of immense extent, impossible to be traversed, and that the laws of central gravitation were not then ascertained, by which, granting the rotundity of the earth, the possibility of making the tour of it would be manifest.

In his memorable first voyage, when his ships had advanced further west than ever man had sailed before, his crews, now full of vague terrors, harassed their commander with incessant murmurs; they exclaimed against him as a mad desperado; they talked of throwing him into the sea; and, at last, breaking into turbulent clamor, they insisted upon turning homeward and giving up the voyage as hopeless. But Columbus, after endeavoring in vain to pacify his men by promises, finally assumed a decided tone; he told them that it was useless to murmur, that he was determined to persevere until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish his enterprise.

While negotiating with the Spanish court he was more than once stigmatized as a visionary, and his scheme pronounced vain and impracticable. The Portuguese Government tried to defraud him of his enterprise by privately sending out a ship to follow the course he designated, but it was soon driven back by the terrors of the unknown seas. His own native city of Genoa coldly declined to give him the assistance he required, and he was obliged to seek aid elsewhere. England hesitated, but has since distinguished her part in his enterprise, in a manner befitting his way from court to court and offering to princes the discovery of a world, found that his great reliance was on his own personal exertions.

For the Glory of God.

The enthusiasm with which he conceived and executed the plan of his expedition was essentially religious. Columbus, says Washington Irving, considered himself as marked by Providence to fulfill a high destiny; he thought he saw his future discovery described in the Holy Scriptures and obscurely announced by the Prophets; the ends of the earth were to be brought together and all nations and tongues and languages united under the banner of our Saviour. This was to be the triumphant consummation of his enterprise, bringing the remote and unknown regions of the earth into communion with Christian Europe; carrying the light of the True Faith into benighted and pagan lands, and gathering their countless nations under the holy dominion of the Church. These were the sentiments that predominated in the mind of the discoverer of America, and inspired him with that pious and courageous ardor which enabled him to sustain so heroically his many trials and contradictions. With such sublime motives, it is no wonder that his plans succeeded so gloriously, or that their results were, as the historian Prescott observes, "more stupendous than those which heaven has permitted any other mortal to achieve."

Columbus on the Ocean.

Yet who but he undaunted could explore
A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
Trackless and vast and wild as that revealed
When round the ark the birds of tempest wheeled;
When all was still in the destroying hour,
No sign of man? no vestige of his power?
One at the stern before the hour glass stood,
As 't were to count the sands; one o'er the flood
Gazed for St. Elmo; while another cried
"Once more good morrow!" and sat down and sighed,
Day, when it came, came only with its light,
Though long involved, 't was sadder than the night!
Look where he went, for ever as he turned,
He met the eyes of one that nily mourned
Then said his generous spirit, and he wept;
The friend, the father rose; the hero slept,
Palos, thy port, with many a pang resigned,
Filled with its busy scenes his lonely mind;
The solemn march, the voices in concert given,
The heaved knees and lifted hands to heaven,
The increased rites and choral harmonies,
The Guardian's blessings mingled with his sighs;
While his dear boys—ah, on his neck they hung,
And long at parting to his garments clung.

Grandeur of the Discovery.

The New World has an area of 15,000,000 square miles—equal to the full extent of the known earth before the time of Columbus. Already it has a population of 120,000,000, and it is capable of comfortably and profitably accommodating fifteen hundred millions, or almost the present population of the whole world! It has the most wonderful, thought not the loftiest, mountain chain in the globe; its rivers and lakes are unequalled for magnitude and utility; its vast plains are immense gardens of almost unbroken fruitfulness; its mineral wealth is unbounded, and from its situation, it must, in the near future, if it does not already, command the trade and commerce of the world. With all his sagacity and foresight, Columbus did not realize the full grandeur of his discovery. "How would his magnanimous spirit," says Irving, "have been consoled amid the afflictions of age and the care of penury, could he have anticipated the splendid empires that were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!"

Clerical Friends of Columbus.

CARDINAL MENDOZA, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, an eloquent scholar and a man of sound judgment and quick intellect. Pleased with the noble and earnest manner of Columbus, and realizing the force of his arguments in favor of his theory, the Cardinal decided that it was a matter highly worthy of consideration, and at once threw his powerful influence in favor of the project.

DEZA, Archbishop of Seville, the second ecclesiastical dignitary of Spain, and an able and erudite divine. He took a generous interest in the cause, and by his earnest efforts contributed largely to have the scheme of Columbus looked upon with favor by the monarchy.

JUAN PEREZ, prior of the monastery of La Rabida where Columbus stopped one day in the extremity of his distress, to beg some bread and water for his child. Having ascertained that his strange guest was Columbus on his way to Paris to seek the patronage of the French King for his undertaking, the prior, who was a man of keen penetration and a patriotic Spaniard, determined that so important an enterprise should not be lost to his country without one more effort to prevent it. The action of Juan Perez was the turning-point in the fortunes of Columbus; for the interview which he had with Queen Isabella as the result of the good offices of the worthy prior, finally led that royal lady to cordially assume the undertaking on her own responsibility.

LUIS DE SAN ANSEL, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues in Aragon. When the curious courtiers denounced as exorbitant the demands of Columbus to be appointed viceroy of all the lands he discovered, with one-tenth of the profits, San Angel silenced all opposition by showing the Queen that the demands, if high, were contingent on success; that if Columbus failed he required nothing; and that if he succeeded, the stipulated rewards would be a cheap price for the fame and dominion that Spain would acquire by his discoveries.

What the World has Learned Since.

METHODS OF TRAVELLING.—It took Columbus seven weeks of actual sailing to go from Palos to San Salvador. A modern vessel can make the journey in ten days, while an express train can travel the same distance on land in less than a week. But then, steam was unknown as a travelling agent four hundred years ago; the use of steam for some purposes dates from antiquity; but it was not until the early part of the present century that steamboats and railways became established facts.

MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.—The ship that brought the admiral and his crew back to Spain also brought the news of his discovery. There was no speedier means; consequently, it took sixty-five days. Had Columbus the use of our modern telegraph, the following despatch might have made known the event to King Ferdinand in ten minutes:

San Salvador, Oct. 12th, 1492.
To His Majesty, Don Ferdinand, King of Spain. Just landed on the coast of India; inhabitants strange but friendly; country beautiful and promising. All safe, by the grace of God.
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Having imagined the feelings of the sceptical monarch on receipt of this despatch, let us go a step further and picture him at the telephone, telling the glorious news to Isabella, two hundred miles away:

Isabella.—Hello! Central; give me Valladolid, queen's palace, right off.
F.—Hello! Isabella! Hello! Hello!
Isabella.—Well, Ferdinand, what on earth is the matter? Another rebellion of the Moors?
F.—Nothing of the kind. You remember that bold fellow Columbus who left here to reach India by sailing westward?
Isabella.—I should think I do remember him! I had to sell all my jewels to pay his expenses. What about him?
F.—Why, just think! Got a despatch from him today saying he's landed in India. San! Who would have believed it?
Isabella.—Just what I expected. You know I always had faith in him. Is the poor man safe?
F.—Yes; he says everything is safe and sound.
Isabella.—Gracias a Dios a Nuestra Señora!

Although of comparatively recent invention, the telegraph and telephone have become so familiar to us that we have almost ceased to wonder at them. How much better would we appreciate them if some magic influence suddenly caused them to vanish and supplied their place with the slow-going jenny team, the chief substitute for electric wires and railways trains, four hundred years ago!

AGRICULTURE.—The old-time farmer, steadily stepping up and down his field scattering the seed right and left with regularly alternate movements, must have been a picturesque sight; but, in point of productiveness how far behind the work of our modern seeding machine! The harvest field of ancient days, with its host of reapers cutting down the ripe grain with their hand hoes must have presented a busy and animating scene; but how great would be the astonishment of those patient laborers had they lived to see the day when a monster machine would travel over the land cradling, gathering, and binding—automatically doing the work of fifty men of their own era! Again, what would a modern farmer think if instead of using a steam threshing machine, he had to pound his sheaves with a flail, and instead of taking his grain to the mill he had to keep it at home and beat it into flour between two stones!

MANUFACTURING.—The progress made in ship-building may be realized from considering that the flag-ship of Columbus was only sixty-six feet long and that in our time a ship has been built measuring six hundred and eighty feet in length. In the science of war, we have advanced from the flint-lock musket and six-pound cannon ball that carried terror and destruction among the aborigines of America, to the galling gun that sends out shot like a hail storm, and the Krupp monster that can throw half a ton ball to the distance of half a mile; while, who once did all that could be done in the working of iron, finds most of his old-time duties sunk out of sight in the multitude of trip hammers, rolling mills and blast furnaces to be found in every land. In cloth-making the slow hand-weaving of our ancestors, though productive of fine and costly fabrics, is a Hittite affair in comparison with the bewildering maze of machinery now used in the manufacture of cloth driven by the wonderful steam engine or the almost magic

power of electricity. When Hoad wrote his "Song of the Shirt," to illustrate the trials and sufferings of poor needlewomen, he little dreamt of the prolific operations of the latter day sewing-machine. The shoemaker, in the proper sense of the word, no longer exists; all the parts of a shoe are now made by machinery. Printer Franklin thought he did a clever thing in printing one hundred papers (by hand) in one hour; how he would open his eyes were he to see a modern printing machine, of itself, take in the white paper from an immense roll at one end, and turn it out at the other, printed, cut and folded—and all that at the rate of sixteen thousand papers an hour.

OTHER WONDERS.—There was a time when the tallow candle excited admiration, when the coal oil lamp increased the happiness of even the great, and when the introduction of gas was considered the outside limit of light-producing ingenuity; but now we have the intensely powerful electric light, almost rivalling the sun in brilliancy. We have, too, a gigantic telescope, capable of magnifying objects a thousand times, and bringing the moon within a few hundred miles of the earth; and what is still more amazing, we have the phonograph, a machine that can, as it were, bottle up speeches, songs and conversations—like fruit preserved in jars, for future use. Finally, when we pause to consider all the marvellous inventions above mentioned—and there are many others—some of us may possibly conclude that the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp was not such a wonderful thing after all!

Columbus to His Sailors.

"Were there no graves—none in our land," they cry,
"That thou has brought us on the deep to die?"
Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak
His face he nuzzled—then the hero spoke,
"Generous and brave! When God Himself is here,
Why shake at shadows in your mad career?
He can suspend the laws Himself designed,
He walks the waters and the winged wind;
Himself your guide! and yonder the high behest,
So lift your voice, and bid a world be blest!
And can you shrink? to you, to you, consumed
The glorious privilege to serve mankind!
Oh! had I perished, had I lingered here away!
Clung to the shattered car 'mid wrecks of flame!
Why for this I lingered here away!
The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey;
I loved your mind, the gift His bounty gave,
At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave."
Yet in His name whom only we should fear,
(Tis all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear),
Grant but three days.—He spoke not uninspired;
And each in silence to his watch retired.

The Nick of Time.

Columbus appeared upon the scene at the right moment; a few years later, and the discovery of America might have been postponed for two centuries. Scarcely had Ferdinand ceased to reign, when Martin Luther began to think that the road to Heaven as laid down in the Gospel was too narrow, and Henry VIII. decided that a king ought to be allowed as many wives as he wanted, thereby giving rise to those religious differences and bloody wars that distracted and ravaged Europe for a century and a half, and were quite sufficient to cause courts and monarchs to ignore all theories for the discovery of a New World. After the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, the Columbian doctrine of a western world might have been entertained and perhaps put into practice by the end of that century. Two hundred years behind! Let us see where we'd be now: The mighty Frontenac lordling it over New France, the master spirit of America, and the terror of the English colonies; New York a village lost amid the swamps of Manhattan Island; Boston a small town surrounded by a howling wilderness; Chicago, the site of a French fort; the course of the Mississippi just opened up by La Salle; the "liberty-loving" Puritans of New England harassing and killing all who dared differ from them in belief, but Lord Baltimore allowing freedom of religion to all denominations in the Catholic colony of Maryland; as yet, no George Washington and no American Revolution, with the great Columbian exhibition still two hundred years in the future! To consider how backward Europe might be, lacking the immense benefits it derived from the discovery of America at the time indicated, could fill a volume, and that of no mere idle speculations; but the genius of Columbus, appearing in the nick of time, has saved the world from the vain regrets that are always excited by thinking on what might have been.

Ferdinand and Isabella.

FERDINAND was originally King of Aragon, and Isabella Queen of Castile; they were married in 1469, and, having finally conquered the Moors, became joint sovereigns of the whole Spanish peninsula. Ferdinand was the founder of the greatness of Spain, and Spaniards have always revered his memory; but he deserves little or no credit for his share in the discovery of America. Though in conjunction with Queen Isabella he conferred on Columbus and his heirs forever the title and authority of Admiral and Viceroy of all the lands discovered by him, together with one-tenth of the profits; yet, he always distrusted the admiral's projects, soon superseded him in his authority, and, on the death of Isabella, entirely withheld from him the revenues secured by the agreement here mentioned. He died in 1517.

QUEEN ISABELLA belongs almost exclusively to the glory of having aided Columbus. The squadron with which he discovered America was equipped at her expense; she undertook the enterprise when it had been explicitly declined by other powers; she ever remained the steady friend of Columbus, shielding him against the calumnies of his enemies, and, so far as her means would allow, supplying him with resources for the prosecution of his various discoveries. She encouraged learning, fostered the arts and sciences and ever exhibited a maternal solicitude for the welfare of her subjects. "God-fearing, magnanimous, righteous and benevolent, Isabella the Catholic, was," says Washington Irving, "one of the purest spirits that ever ruled over the destinies of a nation." She died in 1504.

Europe in the Time of Columbus.

ITALY had far outstripped the rest of Europe in the arts of civilized life, and she everywhere afforded the evidence of faculties developed by unceasing intellectual action, says Historian Prescott. The face of the country was itself like a garden, cultivated through all its plains to the very tops of the mountains; teeming with population, with riches and an unlimited commerce; illustrated by many munificent princes, by the splendor of many noble cities and by the majesty of religion, and adorned with all those rare and precious gifts which render a name glorious among nations. PORTUGAL, before Columbus' achievement, was the most enterprising nation of Europe. Her navigators discovered the Azores, Madeira and Cape Verde Islands, explored the coasts of Africa found a passage to India around the cape of Good Hope, became masters of the Indian ocean, and were the first to sight the continent of Australia, while a Portuguese crew, that of Magellan, was first to circumnavigate the globe. No nation has extended the scope of geographical knowledge more than Portugal.

SPAIN, after the great exploits already mentioned, was not long in becoming mistress of Mexico—extending almost to the Missouri and west to the Pacific ocean, and of all South America except Brazil. It is said that one of her daring

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

CONSUMPTION,

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

—THE—

RECOGNISED STANDARD BRANDS

"Mungo" "Kicker" "Cable."

Universally acknowledged to be superior in every respect to any other brands in the market. Always reliable, as has been fully demonstrated by the millions that are sold annually and the increasing demand for them, notwithstanding an increased competition of over One Hundred and Twenty-five Factories.

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Have just received a direct importation of the choicest and purest Mass Wine, which will be sold at

SOLD AT REDUCED PRICES.

They hold a certificate, attesting the purity of their wine, from Rev. Emmanuel Clea, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto. The rev. clergy are respectfully invited to send for samples.

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Do you want to get rid of that troublesome Cough, of that annoying Hoarseness, of that irritating Bronchitis? Use the Pectoral Balsamic Elixir. It will soothe the inflamed membrane, loosen the phlegm, and induce refreshing sleep.

"I have used PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR with success in the different cases for which it is advertised, and it is the best remedy for pulmonary affections to which I have had recourse."

Montreal, March 27th 1889. N. F. PARSON, M. D., Professor of Chemistry at Laval University.

"I have used PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR with success in the different cases for which it is advertised, and it is the best remedy for pulmonary affections to which I have had recourse."

Montreal, March 27th 1889. Z. LAROCHE, M. D.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE AT 25 & 50 C. PER BOTTLE. Sole Proprietor L. ROBITAILLE, Chemist, JOLLETTE, P. Q., CANADA.

THE LOST LODE.

A STORY OF MEXICO.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.—CONTINUED.

As he emerged from the hut into the broad moonlight which poured full upon the spot, a breathless, hurrying figure that had just gained the edge of the forest paused with what barely escaped being a cry and shrank trembling back into the shadow of the trees. Poor Guadalupe! Not for one instant had she spared herself on the steep and terrible ascent. She who had never before been outside the walls of her home without protection had not heeded the loneliness of the midnight and of the forest, had not thought of possible danger to herself, had not faltered over the exertion which would have taxed the energies of the strongest man, in hurrying without rest or pause up the almost precipitous mountain-side; yet despite all, Heaven had not heard her prayers—she came too late! The perception of this, which she saw Vigner emerge from the watchman's hut, seemed for a moment almost to annihilate her. The passionate desire to attain her end which until now had upheld her was in that instant extinguished in bitter disappointment, and her physical frame simply collapsed. She sank down on the ground, and so remained in the shadow, a dark, motionless heap.

But not for long. She had indeed failed in that for which she had come; she was too late to warn Fernando, but her anxiety for him was none the less like a consuming fire. Was he here? Was he there? The conflict she feared about to take place? She could not lie down and die from sheer exhaustion while these questions were yet unanswered. She lifted her head, dragged herself to her knees, and, sheltered behind the trunk of a large tree, watched with eyes full of burning eagerness the movements of Vigner. She saw him unlock the great door, light a candle which he had brought from the watchman's hut, and enter the mine. She followed with agonized gaze the last flicker of his light as he disappeared in the tunnel. What would he find? She forgot to take comfort from the thought that she therefore had not likely to find anything where he had gone. She only longed to follow him, and knowing this was impossible, knelt trembling and praying in the shadow of the trees.

Vigner meanwhile had entered the tunnel, with his candle held before him, but he had not taken many steps when he was surprised by a peculiar noise somewhat like the beating of distant drums, or the sound of machinery in motion, which, coming so unexpectedly to his ears in a place where the quiet of the grave usually reigned, startled even his steady nerves that were already perhaps a little tried by the loneliness of the situation and the possible danger of the errand on which he was bound. He stood still, listening intently and conscious that his heart was beating more quickly than its wont. But in a few seconds the whirring noise came nearer and nearer, until he was encompassed by a cloud of flying objects that surrounded the light in his hand and flew in his face, nearly smothering him. He struck at them right and left, and succeeded in clearing them away sufficiently to see that they were myriads of bats which had been roused from their slumbers in the roof of the tunnel, and attracted by the light of the candle, rushed toward it. He recovered himself, smiled at his momentary dismay, and, passing on, descended the shaft which led into the mine and entered its lower levels. Here stillness reigned, broken only by the musical sound of trickling water as it percolated through the crevices of the rock, and fell into the deep pool at the bottom of the shaft which formed its receptacle, from whence the gigantic pump forced it to the surface and thus drained the mine. In these dark galleries Vigner's solitary candle made but a faint illumination, yet even its rays, striking on the sides of the rocky walls, showed now and then brilliant effects from the masses of metal, shining with moisture, in which, like jewels gleaming out of the obscurity, the glistening fragments of pyrites gave back the light. It might have been the treasure-house of the gnomes indeed, to all appearance at these moments; but Vigner paid no heed to this delusive brightness. What he sought were evidences of more real value. He was determined to discover if anything was being concealed from him with regard to the vein—if perhaps the long-lost lode had been discovered and the discovery not reported to him—for such was the definite form which his suspicion had taken. With this end in view he made his way to the farthest point where the work had penetrated, and there, holding his candle close to the wall of rock, examined it with closest attention, foot by foot.

It was while he was thus engaged that a sound came to his ear which startled him far more than the rustle of the bats had done, which, in fact, astonished him beyond measure, and almost caused him to drop the candle from his hand. It was the echo of a dull, distant thud, regularly recurring, which only a practiced ear could have distinguished in the first place or understood in the second; but Vigner had been enough in mines to recognize at once the stroke of miner's pick, the sound of which came faint but distinctly audible through the rock, as if from men at work far in the bowels of the earth.

He recoiled at sight of her with a sharp, quick cry, and indeed he might have been pardoned for thinking that a spirit stood before him, so unearthly was her aspect as the moonlight fell over her, showing her pale face amid the shrouding folds of her drapery. "Madre de Dios!" he gasped, and lifted his hand instinctively to make the sign of the cross. But the next instant he knew who stood before him, for Guadalupe spoke.

"Fernando!" she said—and her voice had a heart-piercing tone of entreaty in it—"what has happened? What have you done?"

"What have I done?" he repeated. "I am not certain that he is dead, but I am certain that I gave him a blow which no man could receive and live," Fernando replied. "I did not wait to see how it was with him. When he fell and lay a senseless heap—a strong shudder took him again—I left him. The deed was done. Nothing can undo it now."

"But it may be that you did not kill him!" she cried with sudden, passionate hope. "How can you tell if you did not wait to see? Come, let us go back at once—at once! It may be that we can save him yet."

"Are you mad?" asked Fernando, looking at her with eyes of angry wonder. "You go down into that shaft—it is impossible! And for me, nothing will ever take me back. I tell you that no man could receive the blow that I dealt Vigner and live."

"But you do not know that he is dead, and yet you would leave him there, injured and alone?" she said in an anguished tone. "Fernando, that cannot be! You must come with me, or I shall go without you."

"You shall not!" he cried. "What insanity is this? He is not alone. I had with me an old man—one of the ancient miners, who knows the locality of the lost lode. He is still there, and though old, he is strong and determined. Vigner will never leave the mine alive. Be sure of that."

"Merciful God!" she shrank back as if from a blow, though no mere physical blow could have equalled the terrible significance of those words. For a moment horror held her motionless. Then the very extremity of the necessity gave her strength to speak.

"Come with me," she said—and it seemed no longer Guadalupe who spoke—"if you have not soul of a coward, come and see that murder is not done! There is not a second to lose. Come!"

"No!" he answered violently. "Not all the riches of the mine could tempt me to descend that shaft again. Besides, it is too late. The man is either dead or—, you do not understand! It would be madness now to let him come forth with such a tale!"

"And so you left him, either to die or be treacherously killed!" she cried in a voice filled with a passion of feeling. "O Fernando! it is you who are mad; you know not what you are doing. You struck him down in anger, but you did not mean to kill him—you said so. Come, then, and let us save him, if he can be saved. Prove to me and to yourself that you are no murderer. If you have ever been, for one hour, the man I believed you, come with me now. For the love of God, come!"

In the extremity of her pleading she forgot the horror that a moment before possessed her, and drew near to him, laying her hand upon his arm with a gesture of entreaty. Had his guardian angel taken mortal form beside him and spoken with mortal tongue, such look and voice could hardly have been fraught with more intense supplication, more ardent appeal, than that of Guadalupe's face as she lifted it toward him, and vibrated in the tones of her voice. But neither face nor voice had power to move the dark spirit of the man to whom she spoke. He flung off her hand with a motion of his arm, and turned upon her with words that like a deadly fire scorched the last vestige of love for him in her heart.

"It must be," he said with a furious glance, "that the man whose life you are so anxious to preserve—whose safety is so much more precious to your eyes than mine—is indeed your lover, as people have said. Do not think that I have not heard of his visits to you while I was toiling and sinning for your sake! And if he be your lover, why should you not have betrayed me to him—how else did he come here? You alone knew of my hopes and my labors. Treachery that you are, go to him if you will, but you will be too late to save him, and you may be grateful that I do not kill you with him!"

"To kill my body would be a small thing compared to killing every feeling that I have ever had for you," she answered in a tone which expressed a compassion so great that even scorn was lost in it. "Hereafter when you may think of me is less than nothing to me; but once more, in the name of God, I call upon you to come with me and save your soul from fearful crime."

Lost in amazement, he stood for several minutes listening, with his sense of hearing strained to its utmost tension. Of the nature and meaning of the sound he had not an instant's doubt—but where was it? He had been through all the workings of the mine and found them absolutely deserted. If there were any other workings he was ignorant of their existence; yet such workings there must be, for he such satisfaction himself that the sound proceeded from a point in advance of where he stood, though not in the line of his drift. "By Heaven's!" he said aloud, and his voice sounded strangely in the surrounding rocks, "there is dastardly treachery here! They are working on the vein, and they have some secret entrance to the mine of which I know nothing; but I will find it!"

He turned, fierce determination of every line of his face, all thought of prudence forgotten, all recollection of the peril he would incur if, alone and unarmed, he should come upon men who might be rendered desperate by discovery. The idea of going away and returning to search, did not for an instant occur to him. Fury possessed him—the fury of a passionate man who feels himself tricked and deceived. And one thought only filled his soul—to find those who were deceiving him.

With candle uplifted, ominously shining eyes under knitted brows, and grimly compressed lips, he went again through all the workings of this part of the mine, carefully examining if there were any means of access to the point beyond, from whence the sounds proceeded. But the closest scrutiny revealed no way of approach, and he was finally constrained to the decision that entrance must be sought from the surface. Pausing, therefore, only long enough to locate the sound as well as possible and fix the necessary bearings in his mind, he took his way back to the upper world, and presently came out from the tunnel to the white glory of moonlight and the fresh, cool air beyond.

The contrast of the dark depths he had left to the divine beauty of earth and heaven would at another moment have struck him deeply; but now he was too much absorbed in the one thought which possessed him to heed it all. He did not pause a moment, but, to Guadalupe's surprise, turned sharply and strode up the mountain, which towered several hundred feet above the small plateau before the entrance of the tunnel. He remembered that higher up were the deserted mouths of many old shafts which had been used in the ancient working of the mine, but he was now entirely abandoned, and he said to himself that of necessity it was by some of these that the mine had been entered. He had fixed the bearings of the betraying sounds below so well in his mind that he had no difficulty in deciding where such a shaft would probably be found; and truly enough, when he reached the spot there was the shaft; it was the *debris*, which in daytime served to conceal it, laid to one side, and its open mouth revealing the notched pole which, set on end, served for a ladder in all but the greatest Mexican mines.

Of Vigner's prudence it is impossible to say anything, but of his courage there can be no question, for recognizing at once that this shaft was used for the purpose he suspected, he again lighted his candle and without an instant's hesitation descended into it.

VIII.

To Guadalupe, crouching on the edge of the forest, sick with fear and torn by cruel anxiety, time had no meaning, and minutes seemed hours while she waited for Vigner's return, unable to imagine upon what errand he had disappeared from her sight, but fearing still that he might meet Fernando, and only certain that she must see him leave the mine before she could take her homeward way.

How long she waited in the solitude of the solemn night and the silence that seemed to brood over the great mountain, she never knew nor could conjecture. Every thought and feeling was merged in an agony of suspense while the slow moments passed. But suddenly she lifted her head like a startled fawn, for her quick ear caught the sound of footsteps coming from the direction in which Vigner had gone—footsteps under which twigs and bushes broke, stones clattered downward, and in the echo of which there was an indescribable suggestion of fear and flight.

She rose to her feet, prepared for anything, and, as she did so, her heart seemed to stand still, for it was Fernando whom she saw coming toward her, hurrying forward in a strange, blind haste that seemed to take no heed of obstacles, and with a pallor on his face which owed nothing to the whiteness of the moonbeams. She made a step behind the trees which sheltered her, and confronted him as he entered the path by which she had descended.

He recoiled at sight of her with a sharp, quick cry, and indeed he might have been pardoned for thinking that a spirit stood before him, so unearthly was her aspect as the moonlight fell over her, showing her pale face amid the shrouding folds of her drapery. "Madre de Dios!" he gasped, and lifted his hand instinctively to make the sign of the cross. But the next instant he knew who stood before him, for Guadalupe spoke.

"Fernando!" she said—and her voice had a heart-piercing tone of entreaty in it—"what has happened? What have you done?"

"What have I done?" he repeated.

A strong shiver shook him from head to foot. "I have killed him, Guadalupe! God knows I did not mean to do it—but he came upon us full of rage, there were hot, bitter words, and in my passion I struck him down."

"Ah, my God, it is what I feared!" she said, smiting her hands together and then clasping them before her eyes as if to shut out the sight of which he spoke. "I came to warn you, but I knew not where to find you. Oh, if I had but known!"

"To warn me?" He looked at her with a sudden perception of the strangeness of her presence at such an hour on this lonely mountain-side. "But how did you know—anything?" "I was wakened, thinking of and watching for you," she answered, "when I saw Señor Vigner pass in the direction of the mine, and, fearing that you were here, I came up the mountain in the hope of warning, of saving you from violence and crime. But God did not permit me to do this, when I reached here. Even then, had I known where to find you, I might have warned you, for he entered the mine before ascending the height; but I knew nothing, so I could but wait praying, feeling. But all this matters nothing now. Tell me if there is no hope? Are you certain that you have killed him?"

"I am not certain that he is dead, but I am certain that I gave him a blow which no man could receive and live," Fernando replied. "I did not wait to see how it was with him. When he fell and lay a senseless heap—a strong shudder took him again—I left him. The deed was done. Nothing can undo it now."

"But it may be that you did not kill him!" she cried with sudden, passionate hope. "How can you tell if you did not wait to see? Come, let us go back at once—at once! It may be that we can save him yet."

"Are you mad?" asked Fernando, looking at her with eyes of angry wonder. "You go down into that shaft—it is impossible! And for me, nothing will ever take me back. I tell you that no man could receive the blow that I dealt Vigner and live."

"But you do not know that he is dead, and yet you would leave him there, injured and alone?" she said in an anguished tone. "Fernando, that cannot be! You must come with me, or I shall go without you."

"You shall not!" he cried. "What insanity is this? He is not alone. I had with me an old man—one of the ancient miners, who knows the locality of the lost lode. He is still there, and though old, he is strong and determined. Vigner will never leave the mine alive. Be sure of that."

"Merciful God!" she shrank back as if from a blow, though no mere physical blow could have equalled the terrible significance of those words. For a moment horror held her motionless. Then the very extremity of the necessity gave her strength to speak.

"Come with me," she said—and it seemed no longer Guadalupe who spoke—"if you have not soul of a coward, come and see that murder is not done! There is not a second to lose. Come!"

"No!" he answered violently. "Not all the riches of the mine could tempt me to descend that shaft again. Besides, it is too late. The man is either dead or—, you do not understand! It would be madness now to let him come forth with such a tale!"

"And so you left him, either to die or be treacherously killed!" she cried in a voice filled with a passion of feeling. "O Fernando! it is you who are mad; you know not what you are doing. You struck him down in anger, but you did not mean to kill him—you said so. Come, then, and let us save him, if he can be saved. Prove to me and to yourself that you are no murderer. If you have ever been, for one hour, the man I believed you, come with me now. For the love of God, come!"

In the extremity of her pleading she forgot the horror that a moment before possessed her, and drew near to him, laying her hand upon his arm with a gesture of entreaty. Had his guardian angel taken mortal form beside him and spoken with mortal tongue, such look and voice could hardly have been fraught with more intense supplication, more ardent appeal, than that of Guadalupe's face as she lifted it toward him, and vibrated in the tones of her voice. But neither face nor voice had power to move the dark spirit of the man to whom she spoke. He flung off her hand with a motion of his arm, and turned upon her with words that like a deadly fire scorched the last vestige of love for him in her heart.

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"To kill my body would be a small thing compared to killing every feeling that I have ever had for you," she answered in a tone which expressed a compassion so great that even scorn was lost in it. "Hereafter when you may think of me is less than nothing to me; but once more, in the name of God, I call upon you to come with me and save your soul from fearful crime."

She stood before him with a dignity that was majestic, her bearing full of an almost stern command, her face white and set as if carved in stone, and her eyes burning with a fire that she could not suppress. But to do that which she commanded was impossible to him. He hesitated a moment, then made a hopeless gesture and, throwing out his hands wildly, rushed down the mountain.

For an instant Guadalupe remained motionless, listening to the echo of the receding steps which alone broke the solemn silence of the night. And, as she listened, the thought that she was alone—to take up the burden of horror from which Fernando had fled, to descend by perilous ways into the dark recesses of the mine, to meet the awful presence of the probably murdered man and the more awful presence of the living one who kept guard over him, fell upon her with a crushing and terrible weight. She sank shuddering upon her knees and lifted her agonized face toward heaven. "Help me, my God!—help me not to fail!" was her inarticulate cry. "Give me a courage great enough for what I must do."

It was only a minute that she spent in supplication, but to those of pure heart and strong faith the Heaven upon which they call is very near, and she felt courage great enough for all that lay before her, swiftly toward the mine. She could not afterwards have told what instinct led her to provide herself with the means of light—a candle and matches taken from the receptacle for such objects near the mouth of the tunnel—or which brought her steps so erroneously to the shaft where Vigner had descended. When she saw its dark mouth and the rudely notched pole which constituted the only way of descent, her heart for an instant failed—but only for an instant. The heroic spirit dominated all instincts of fear, and with one swift, appealing glance toward the bending sky, she stepped downward and began the difficult and perilous descent.

Meanwhile, in a gallery that opened horizontally from the shaft, at a depth of about a hundred and fifty feet below the surface, lay the unconscious form of the man whom Fernando Sandoval had struck down when surprised in his treachery. Since the terrible blow, given with the miner's pick, had descended on his head, he had not stirred; but that he was not dead the old Indian, who bent over him, assured himself now and then by putting his ear to the slow and heavily-beating heart. It was a weird scene which the faint light of a single candle revealed in the dark and gloomy spot. The roughly excavated rock, glistening with moisture as the rays of light struck upon it, arched overhead and formed the walls that led away into blackness beyond. On the damp and muddy floor of the gallery, Vigner lay as he had fallen, with white, senseless face upturned. The old man crouched beside him, his thin, brown countenance absolutely impassive, but his dark, piercing eyes fixed intently on the motionless form, as if watching for the least sign of life; while he kept one thin, sinewy hand buried in the loose, open folds of his shirt. The attitude was significant enough—for there could be no doubt that the object upon which that hand rested was the handle of a knife—but even more significant was the concentration of purpose on the keen face, the unrelaxing watchfulness of the shining glance. Let Vigner stir hand or foot, let his eyes be for one second unclosed, and the knife would be buried in his heart. Nothing could be more certain than that. A tiger watching his prey might be expected to relent sooner than the man who watched him with that terrible, impassive face.

But while he watched, his quick ear caught a sound, faint indeed but still a sound which conveyed unmistakably the intimation of another presence beside his own in the mine. The lean, old head on the thin, brown neck turned sharply and listened intently. Had Fernando recovered his courage and was he returning, or—could it be possible that some one else was slowly and with difficulty descending the shaft? Such a thing was wildly improbable, but it was not impossible, and rising from his crouching posture with a resolute expression, the old man seized the candle, which had been fastened on a projecting rock by a lump of mud, and with the long, nervous fingers of the hand in his bosom clutching yet more firmly the handle of the knife which lay there, he went forward to investigate.

Before he reached the end of the gallery, however, a presence—or was it an apparition?—appeared there, framed in the rough stone arch, which the light that it carried illumined, like a picture of some fair, tender saint, or of the Queen of Saints, Mary most merciful, suddenly brought to life. Like a star against the gloom and darkness, the beautiful white face appeared, and the dilated eyes shone with a lustre not of earth as they met his terrified gaze. He had not a moment's doubt of the supernatural character of the figure—could mortal woman appear in such a place, and when did mortal woman ever wear such an aspect? The candle dropped from his trembling hand as he fell on his knees, making the sign of the cross and crying, as Fernando had cried before him, the loved, familiar, yet now terrible name, "Madre de Dios!"

"Do you take me for the Mother of God, Rosalio Gallardo?" asked

Guadalupe, pausing before him, "that you kneel to me like this? And yet before you rise, thank her that I have been sent to save you from terrible crime. For he lives yet—the man whom you have stayed here to guard—is it not so? God has not permitted him to die, or you to commit the sin which has been in your heart?"

The man rose slowly to his feet. He was still trembling in every limb. The occurrence seemed to him hardly less wonderful, hardly less supernatural, now that he knew it was only a woman of the earth, not an inhabitant of the shining heavens, who spoke to him. Her appearance savored of the miraculous hardly less than if it had been a spirit, and the majesty of her bearing, the dignity of her address, impressed him as the higher nature must always impress the lower, unless the latter has lost all habit of reverence, all belief in higher things; and these no Mexican has wholly lost.

"Yes, senora," Rosalio answered, scarcely knowing what he said, "he is living yet. I was watching him. Maria Santissima knows—"

"Show me where he is," said Guadalupe, passing him by.

She had not now the faintest thought of fear, alone though she was in the depths of the earth with a half-murdered man, and one who was a murderer in intent, if not in act. Had she exhibited a single sign of timidity or the least consciousness of danger, there is no telling what the result might have been; but her manner could not have been more assured in its quiet command had she stood on the threshold of her own house, with hosts of servants within her call. Without casting a glance behind at the man she passed, she went quickly forward, knelt down by Vigner's prostrate form, and laid her hand upon his heart. Then she looked up at Rosalio, who had drawn near and stood beside her. "Bring me some water," she said, with the same air and tone of authority.

He obeyed silently, bringing some water from a place not far distant and watching with gloomy interest while she bathed the face of the unconscious man, loosened his collar, and pressed a few drops of the moisture between his pale lips. Presently, under this reviving influence, his respiration grew more apparent, and it was evident that life was asserting itself against the terrible effect of the blow which, but for the heavy hat he had worn, would have left no life to survive. Then again Guadalupe looked up at the statue-like figure beside her.

"Have you any stimulant?" she asked quickly—"aguardiente, tequila, anything?"

There was a moment's barely perceptible hesitation before the man turned again and, going to the place from whence he had brought the water, brought now a bottle containing a colorless liquid which was no other than the fiery *vin de mosca*, locally known as *tequila*. But before giving the bottle into her hand, he looked at her with his keen, deep-set eyes, and spoke for the first time since she had cut short his first speech.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DRUNKARD'S FAMILY.

Its Members for the most part Doomed to be a Burden on Society.

Dommo studied ten families of drunkards and ten families of sober persons. The direct posterity of ten families of drinkers included fifty-seven children. Of these, twenty-five died in the first weeks or months of their lives, six were idiots, in five children a striking backwardness of their longitudinal growth were observed, five were affected with epilepsy, five with inborn diseases, one boy was taken with cholera and became idiotic. Thus of the fifty-seven children of drinkers only ten, or 17.5 per cent., showed a normal constitution and development.

The ten sober families had six children, only one being dying in the first weeks; four were affected with incurable diseases of the nervous system, two only presented inborn defects. The remaining fifty, 81.9 per cent., were normal in their constitution and development. From this series of investigations we derive the sad truth that among the children of drinkers the prevailing mortality is so fearful that the survivors represent a pitiful crowd afflicted with unsoundness of mind, idiosyncrasy, and other disturbances of their nervous system, and that only a very small proportion of the descendants grow up as useful members of society.

So other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion and Process which makes Hood's Sarsaparilla Peculiar to itself. No bogus testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters, used to sell Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true.

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately commenced taking, Nethrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health; in fact he is quite a new man.

This term should be applied to the chronic every intelligent man between Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural and certain remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache and bad blood, and the various imitations offered by unscrupulous parties as being "just as good." There is nothing else as good as B. B. It is an honest medicine and has made remarkable cures right in our own town.

THAT HACKING, PERSISTENT, DISTRESSING COUGH can be quickly cured by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup with Burdock's Best, Iron and Wine; no other, it is the best.

It is not a certain class of controversialists are fond of between the dogmas of Christianity. They regard to the doctrine taught, so they ring the fact of Christ's life and of imbibing His example. His example, taking a great deal of trouble and guide without being misled, and finally the principles He taught is very face of things, gives rise to the most speculations and the inconsistent theories.

We notice in a recent esteemed contemporary, an article of the Rev. A. H. Q. furnishes a very good subject. The difficulties and doubts out of the fact not so many different in Scripture, but that the Scriptures are full of and varied precept differing representation character and govern four evangelists records of the same altogether so different should naturally reveal revelation of divine guide men to eternal writer is evidently difficulties of the Psalms and is of course content at a satisfactory naturally resorts to fiction between the dogmas of Christianity.

"So far as Biblical I do not know how truth. The Bible has me. It has given me believe. It has em states which I an declared principles and It has promised and supernatural and the wi yet seen any chem distills some essence of all substance and the other which ma It is really surpr telligent writer, esp the privilege of ad letters D. D. to his conscious of the fusion of his ideas passage. The b given no system of it has given us Go which we are bound declared principles us, etc. But the and it a vital one know what those principles are? testant principles judge for himself same as saying the what any even to consider it.

Dr. Layman, a Christian, he "If man be the religion, both of is to hold and of impose, then, of duties, much of scientific grasp a investigation of re entirely consistent that never natural revelation and he strikes at of Protestantism "an infallible conception." The intelligent look upon these commiseration. they are intellige Their great erro add, their great fact that they associate their re a book—that be collaneous colle mans, historio poetical, and ur etc., with no f etc. of biograp etc. with no p etc. of princip designed to be know nothing of truth revealed Apostles by the Church Himself was embodied symbol of faith Creed, and whi and natural pr development ha magnificent sy and morals.

It is a very historical devel as it exists in perfectly natu we have often the combined is the only and legitimate vation. T temporary doc believe, by its confirmatory e teaching, but r rule of faith the great and salvation. M others who ha convictions ar the oft-repeat writers, that r religion is the naturalism, I and agnostici Is it not a s gent and god returning to whi has pr the faith and

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DOGMA VERSUS THE FACTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

A certain class of Protestant controversialists are fond of distinguishing between the dogmas and the facts of Christianity. They have discovered that they have no basis of certitude in regard to the doctrines which Christ taught, so they ring the changes on the fact of Christ's life and the importance of His example. The difficulty of taking a great teacher as an example and guide without being able to determine definitely the principles and truths which He taught is manifest on the very face of things, and of course it gives rise to the most vague, incoherent speculations and the crudest and most inconsistent theories.

We notice in a recent number of our esteemed contemporary, the *Congregationalist*, an article on "Pure Truth," by the Rev. A. H. Quint, D.D., which furnishes a very good illustration of our subject. The writer alludes to the difficulties and doubts naturally arising out of the fact not only that there are so many different interpretations of Scripture, but that even the Scriptures themselves are full of divers teachings and varied precepts, abounding in differing representations of the character and government of God, the four evangelists giving differing records of the same course of events—altogether so different from what we should naturally expect in an actual revelation of divine truth designed to guide men to eternal salvation. The writer is evidently puzzled with the difficulties of the Protestants position, and is of course confused in his efforts at a satisfactory explanation. He naturally resorts to the popular distinction between the facts and the dogmas of Christianity. He says:

"So far as Biblical truth is concerned I do not know how to get abstract truth. The Bible has not given it to me. It has given me facts which I believe. It has embodied God's law in statutes which I am to obey. It has declared principles which are to govern me. It has promised spiritual powers and supernatural guidance to the needy and the willing. I have not yet seen any chemical analysis which distills some ethereal, pure truth out of all substance and even deprives it of the ether which makes it ethereal."

It is really surprising that an intelligent writer, especially one who has the privilege of adding the significant letters D. D. to his name, should not be conscious of the inconsistency and confusion of his ideas as shown in this passage. The Bible, he says, has given no system of abstract truth, yet it has given us God's law in statutes which we are bound to obey, and has declared principles which are to govern us, etc. But the very question is—what are these statutes and those principles? Of course, on Protestant principles, every man must judge for himself; and that really is the same as saying the divine relation is what any and every man may choose to consider it.

Dr. Layman Abbott is more consistent when, in his "Evolution of Christianity," he boldly affirms that: "If man be the ultimate judge of religion, both of the assumed truths he is to hold and of the moral duties they impose, then, of course, all such truths and duties must be fully within his scientific grasp and subject to the investigation of reason alone." He is entirely consistent when he maintains that there never was a divine, supernatural revelation, neither could be; and he strikes at the very foundation of Protestantism when he declares that "an infallible book is an impossible conception."

The intelligent Catholic can not but look upon these men with real pity and commiseration. They are sincere, they are intelligent, they are religious. Their great error, and we may well add, their great misfortune, lies in the fact that they were educated to associate their religion exclusively with a book—that book made up of a miscellaneous collection of ancient documents, historical, prophetic and poetical, and under the new dispensation, of biographical sketches, letters, etc., with no formal, systematic statement of principles, and evidently not designed to be a rule of faith. They know nothing of the definite system of truth revealed and taught to His Apostles by the Great Founder of the Church Himself, the nucleus of which was embodied by them in the oldest symbol of faith extant, the Apostles' Creed, and which through a gradual and natural process of accretion and development has grown into the present magnificent system of Catholic faith and morals.

It is a very simple matter. The historical development of Christianity, as it exists in the Catholic Church, is perfectly natural and legitimate. As we have often remarked, it embodies the combined wisdom of the ages and is the only and the exclusively true and legitimate exponent of divine revelation. The Scriptures are contemporary documents, written, as we believe, by inspired men and useful as confirmatory evidence, of the Church's teaching, but never designed to be a rule of faith and our sole guide in the great and important work of our salvation. Men like Dr. Abbott and their others who have the courage of their convictions are proving the truth of the oft-repeated assertion of Catholic writers, that the only alternative in religion is the Catholic Church or blank naturalism. Darwinian evolutionism and agnosticism.

It is not a sad reflection that intelligent and good men should be kept from returning to the bosom of Holy Church which has preserved the integrity of the faith and where alone true peace

THE "CHRISTIAN REGISTER" AND INFALLIBILITY.

N. Y. Catholic Review. We take pleasure in acknowledging the courtesy of our esteemed contemporary the *Christian Register*, in giving its readers, in its issue of July 28, our entire article on "Galileo and Infallibility." Its candid readers can thus judge for themselves the pertinency of the editor's criticism upon that article. "Its main interests," our friend contends, "lies in the earnestness with which it defends the Catholic doctrine of infallibility, and the position with which it surrenders the position which it defends." We made two contentions: first, that in asserting that: "Our Roman Catholic brethren, at least some of them, are fond of maintaining that the Pope and the Church have committed no error," the intelligent editor of the *Christian Register* ought to know that he uttered an assertion as absurd as it is false. Instead of acknowledging his error or proving his assertion, our friend simply repeats his assertion. He says: "We agree with the *Catholic Review* in that the claim itself is absurd and untenable, though we cannot agree with it in the assumption that some Catholics do not make it. The doctrine of infallibility is an assertion of freedom from error." What is that but an appearance of adhering to his original assertion without any proof, and as if he understood the Catholic doctrine better, and was better acquainted with the facts in the case than we are. He seems determined to carry the idea that whenever the Pope and the Church give a decision, or express an opinion on any subject whatever, Catholics are bound and do actually believe, that that decision or that opinion is necessarily infallible. True, he feels bound to repeat our assertion that "infallibility is not claimed for the Pope or Church in matters of science, but only for *ex cathedra* decisions in faith and morals." "Yes," he says, "in the instance referred to the Church and the Pope did not confine their decision to matters of faith and morals, but made a distinct claim of jurisdiction in matters of science." Well, what if they did, and what if the result proved that they were mistaken, that does not militate against the Catholic doctrine of infallibility, because, as we have said, we do not claim infallibility for the Pope in matters of science. Our friend says: "The decision had to be abandoned which proved that the Church and Pope had exercised authority and assumed knowledge in a sphere in which their knowledge was ignorance and their authority vain." That is the language of strong prejudice; but in admitting it in all its obnoxious strength it does not prove that the Pope is not infallible in faith and morals.

OFF-REPEATED LIES.

Catholics the True Friends of Freedom. There is hardly a week that some of our non-Catholic exchanges do not indulge in the oft-repeated, and equally oft-refuted, slander that the Catholic Church is opposed to civil liberty because she recognizes the sovereignty of the Papacy. How plausible this sounds to uneducated or miseducated ears. It seems almost useless for Catholics to attempt to correct these wrong impressions, because others insist upon knowing us, and our doctrines, better than we do ourselves. Why should the Church be opposed to civil liberty? Did she not originate all the principles which form the basis of the constitution of our country? Where did trial by jury, habeas corpus, stationary courts, and the grand principle that taxes are not to be levied without the free consent of those who pay them, come from? They date back to the good old Catholic Middle Ages—three hundred years before the dawn of the so-called Reformation. We do not owe one of them to the sects to which the papers belong that are constantly barking about "freedom of worship," "equal rights," "loyal citizenship." The oldest reference in existence—San Marino—is public in the protection of the Pope, and has been for ages past. Half the cantons of Switzerland, whom Austria so ruthlessly expelled from Lombardy after the suppression of the last revolt in Milan, because she regarded them as "natural born republicans and revolutionists," were wholly Catholic. Were the Catholics of Hungary accused of backwardness some years ago, when their country made that glorious struggle for freedom that gained her the sympathy of the world? And yet, its leaders were Protestants and they were fighting against a Catholic power! What people made a more heroic struggle for freedom than poor, unhappy Poland, almost wholly Catholic? Who made a greater sacrifice of wealth and position in signing his name to the Declaration of Independence than Charles Carroll, of Carrollton? George Washington himself did not hesitate to acknowledge the part taken by Catholics in the great battle for American Independence. "I presume," he says, "that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of this revolution, and the establishment of this government; or in the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

In his Pastoral Letter of February 22, 1797, the venerable John Carroll, the first Catholic Bishop in this country, said: "To our country we owe allegiance and the tender of our best service and property, when they are necessary for its defence; to the Vicar of Christ we owe obedience in all things purely spiritual. Happily, there is no competition in their respective claims upon us, nor any difficulty in rendering to both the submission which they have a right to claim."

We may add that no Catholic can be a good citizen who is not a faithful Catholic. He who is true to his God cannot be false to his country.—*The Catholic News*.

"Only My Wife." "Oh! what matter? It's only my wife!" So said a gentleman in our hearing the other day, when accepting an invitation to join some friends at the hour he had promised to be at home to help his wife entertain a party of especially invited guests. "Only my wife!" we thought. "God help her, if it be her lot to drift through the broken appointments and indifference from the one who ought to make her his first and tenderest care." How many women's lives are ruined every day by just this want of thought from the husbands whom, no doubt, they have married for love. Husbands and wives should remember that courtesy and politeness in things small and big help to keep up their faith in each other, and that harmony in the home which, in after-life, their children will love to look back upon.

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THE Slanderer.

Against slander there is no defence. It starts with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile. It is pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide which the most wary traveller cannot avoid; it is the heart-searching dagger arrow whose wound are incurable; it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder, murder its employment, innocence its prey and ruin its sport. The man who breaks into my dwelling, or meets me on the public road and robs me of my property, does me injury. He stops me on the way to wealth, strips me of my hard-earned savings, involves me in difficulty, and brings my family to poverty and want. But he does me an injury that can be repaired. Industry and economy may again bring me into circumstances of ease and affluence. The man who coming at the midnight hour, fires my dwelling, does me an injury—he burns my roof, my pillow, my raincoat, my every shelter from the storm and tempest; but he does me an injury that can be repaired. The storm may indeed beat upon me, and chilling blasts assail me, but charity will receive me into her dwelling; will give me food to eat and raiment to put on; will timely assist me, raising a new roof over the ashes of the old, and I shall again sit by my own fireside and taste the sweets of friendship and of home. But the man who circulates false reports concerning my character, which may be represented to my disadvantage, who goes first to this, then to that individual, tells them he is my tender of my reputation, enjoins upon them the strictest secrecy, and then fills their ears with hearsays and rumors, and what is worse, leaves them to dwell upon the hints and suggestions of his own busy imagination—the man who thus "fleches from me my good name" does me an injury which neither industry, nor charity, nor time itself can repair.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

THE Slanderer.

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THE FOLLY OF DOUBT.

N. Y. Catholic Review. Cardinal Newman, in his great work, "The Grammar of Assent," quotes with approbation the following passage from that distinguished French writer, Pascal: "He that doubts and seeks not to have his doubts removed, is at once the most criminal and most unhappy of mortals. If together with this he is tranquil and self-satisfied, if he has a state of mind that and self-gratulation, I have not words to describe so insane a creature."

What a lesson for the times in which we live! Multitudes not only doubt, especially on the subject of religion, but claim the privilege of doubting, and glory in their doubts as if it were a great boon, and they scout the idea of certitude in religion. Yet, notwithstanding their professions they cannot be happy: for in the first place, man is naturally a religious being and the unsophisticated mind longs for certitude. The admonitions of conscience remind him that he is making a mistake, and he very naturally desires to know what the will of his Maker is. The admonitions of conscience also fill him with undefined apprehensions of coming ill on account of conscious derelictions of duty, and he longs to know how the divine displeasure can be appeased. He has, too, longings for immortality. "It must be so," says the poet:

"Plato thou reasonest well! Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality? Or whence this secret dread and terror of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul back on herself and starts at destruction? 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us 'Tis heaven that is our path to heretofore And utters eternity to man. Eternity: 'thou pleasing dreadful thought!"

And is it of no concern for a rational being to know whether a distinct voice has ever come from the mysterious beyond? Man is not mere groveling worm doomed to burrow for ever in the earth. He has aspirations as high as heaven and as boundless as the universe. It is not doubt and uncertainty, and vague speculation that can satisfy those longings and aspirations. He longs for certitude. He desires to know something definite in regard to his origin, the end of his creation and his future destiny.

We insist that God has spoken to us—has made known to us His will, and that He still speaks to us through the infallible voice of His living Body the Church. The whole world listens reverently to the voice till the great apostasy of the sixteenth century introduced uncertainty, scepticism and doubt, and now all in confusion where once simple faith reigned supreme and commanded the homage of prince and peasant, of learned and ignorant alike. Of course there are honest doubters—persons who are in good faith and who through the influence of education and the want of proper means of information have apparently come to the conclusion of the ancient philosopher that truth is in the bottom of a well and can never be reached by any human plummet. What a sad, discouraging conclusion is that?

But there is another class, and they are the vast majority of doubters, who through a natural indolence and indifference, superinduced perhaps by sensual indulgence and too great devotion to material goods, who cannot be stirred from their state of lethargy to make the necessary effort to satisfy the demands of their own nature for certitude. The case is a very simple one. Here, on the one hand, are a thousand and one separate, jarring and contending sects, each claiming to have the truth in its integrity, yet each compelled to acknowledge that it has no basis of certitude. Even the members of each single sect can not agree as to the fundamental principles of their own belief, and they are consequently left in a state of inevitable and endless doubt and uncertainty. On the other hand, there is the old, original Catholic Church, not only claiming to have the truth in its integrity, but also to have an infallible basis of certitude upon which that truth rests. On that basis three hundred millions of people rest their faith with entire confidence—without doubt or misgiving.

Now one would naturally suppose that the great army of doubters would catch at the hope thus held out to them as a drowning man catches at a straw, and that they would never rest till they had probed the matter to the bottom and satisfied themselves thoroughly of the truth or the falsity of the claims. Admit that these claims have been denied by many—they have been admitted by more. There is abundance of a *prima* probability in their favor if they would only look at it. Many have looked at it more or less and been favorably impressed. Some are ready to admit that if there is anything in Christianity it is in the Catholic Church. In fact there are multitudes in the country, both ministers and laymen, who are half convinced of the truth of the Catholic claims. Why, in heaven's name, then, are they tempted to exclaim, do they not, as reasonable men, take pains to satisfy themselves fully? Can the professed doubts of such men be called innocent? Do they not deliberately and willfully sacrifice their own interests and the interests of others who are dependent upon them and whom they might influence for good?

Suppose a poor man with a large family, struggling for existence, were informed that by going to a certain place and taking certain measures he would be put in possession of a large estate which would not only place him

LAST WORDS IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

"Oh! my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee, and canst not keep them, and barest children yet dearest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender and deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise falls from the bosom, and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee, to have 'a miscarriage' womb and dry breasts,' to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eye cruel toward thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loath as an offense they had no claim but on thy patience and self-possession and vigilance to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makes them 'stand all the day idle,' as the very condition of thy being with them; or thou biddest them begone where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof? * * * And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, in writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and confronted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher one than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him and feel well inclined toward him, remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."—Cardinal Newman.

How the Faith is Lost.

Faith is a gift of God. It is granted by the Holy Ghost to whomsoever He pleases. No one can have it of himself. But although a person cannot seize possession of faith at his will and as his right he may lose it through his own fault. Faith is lost most frequently through persistent sin. The Catholic who begins by neglecting prayer, by missing Mass, by avoiding the sacraments, is apt to fall into grosser trespasses, and then, guilt adding to guilt, his soul is dead and the light of faith goes out. The man who trifles with belief, who values it lightly, who attends the lectures of infidels, who reads agnostic books, who consorts with scoffers at religion, is almost certain to be beset by doubts, and to yield to them. Another prolific source of infidelity is the evil of mixed marriages. The Catholic party too often becomes indifferent in the practice of religion, then drifts away from the Church by failure to comply with the Easter duty, and finally loses faith, falls away altogether, and dies impenitent. A third occasion for the loss of faith is injustice or rigor on the part of pastors. It has happened that a clergyman has taken up an unjust attitude towards some affair, or some society or some individual, and persisted in it, and used his official position to crush out opposition to his arbitrary way; and it has occurred that some penitents have been met with violent reproaches or harsh judgments or severities in the sacrament of penance. "O poor blood of Jesus!" St. Alphonsus was wont to exclaim whenever he heard of these rigorous confessors who make the hard road of confession still more rough. It will not do to deny that these things are so, because the proof is too near and too abundant and too easy to produce. And what have been the consequences of arbitrariness or severity? In some cases it has driven its victims to self-excommunication, because they identified religion with its minister and because nothing having been done by the aggressor to bring them back to grace, they finally suffered the loss of faith and have died or are living in the darkness of their sin. There is no justification for any Catholic to abandon the faith because of even real, much less of fancied, injuries or injustice or harshness to him on the part of his pastor. Still that some do so cannot be denied. However, the evil happens, the loss of faith is most deplorable for without faith the soul is dead.—Catholic Columbian.

Ready-Made Happiness.

We spend so much time getting ready to be happy! The party to-night, the picnic to-morrow, the journey next week, the preparations now; the fulfillment of our desire to-morrow and the frequent disappointment of our expectations, day after day! This is the true history of many days, is it not? Suppose you try for just one day to be happy in the little things that come without anticipation or preparation. Suppose you take note of your mother's smile and father's "good morning," and baby's eager chuckle as you appear. Suppose you take an abandon yourself to frolic without anxious care for the good time to-morrow. Suppose you give yourself up to the sunshine and the out-of-doors and the new book, and the helping father and mother for their sake purely. Suppose you talk with your friends about the pleasant things already yours, and let those of the future wait. Oh, you don't think that "Take no thought for the morrow" means you? But it does.

Every Testimonial

In behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly true and will bear the closest investigation. No matter where it may be from, it is as reliable and worthy your confidence as if it came from your most respected neighbor. Have you ever tried this excellent medicine?

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend HOOD'S PILLS. They should be in every home medicine chest. C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing having tried almost every known remedy." Besides two Buffalo Physicians, "without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly." Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

There's Magic In It.

What must be the satisfaction and gratification at so small a cost of one who writes like this? Mr. W. Mason, editor of the *Retford and Gainsborough News*, Retford, Eng., says: "I had suffered from a sprained knee for twelve months, without being able to obtain relief from the pain, when I rubbed the knee thoroughly for twenty minutes with St. Jacob's Oil. That night, I traveled 20 miles by railway, the next day I walked 25 miles, and the pain had entirely disappeared. I have never had the slightest return of it since." Mother Graves' Warm Extremator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing. Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

The Invisible Church.

Our ideas of the Church should be broad, not narrow, Catholic not sectarian. There is the Church triumphant—in heaven; the Church suffering—in the probationary stage of purgatory, and the Church militant on earth. And the Church militant may be a broader and larger communion than the visible Church. When we believe that outside of the Church there is no salvation, we do not express a despairing judgment as to the eternal future of the millions who are not Christians as Catholics. The fervor of Christianity is the warmth of charity, not the warmth of hell fire. How many will be damned, we do not know. It is no pleasure to us to think that any considerable number will. We gain no access of spiritual life in convincing ourselves of the total depravity of the majority. Without detracting in the least from the duty of seeking the truth and finding it without any disposition to fall into the indolent moral feeling of a man's life, not his faith, determines his salvation—we realize nevertheless, that there are many who are living right lives "according to their lights" outside of the visible communion of the Catholic Church, and what their number may be we cannot judge. We hope it is large. Some members of the visible Church may not be saved; many members of the invisible Church will be. But as all right living is based on right principles, the faith in which men live and die should ever be made a matter of supreme importance. It will not be an easy matter for even a good man to excuse himself for cherishing a life-long error and leading others to maintain it when the truth is so accessible.—Catholic Citizen.

God Rules.

That God rules in the affairs of man is as certain as any truth of physical science. On the great moving power, which is from the beginning, hangs the world of the senses, and the world of thought and action. External wisdom marshals the great procession of the nations, working in patient continuity through the ages, never halting and never abrupt, encompassing all events in its oversight, and ever effecting its will, though mortals may slumber in apathy or those with madness. Kings are lifted up or thrown down, nations come and go, Republics flourish and wither, dynasties pass away like a tale that is told; but nothing is by chance, though men, in their ignorance of causes, may think so. The deeds of time are governed, as well as judged, by the decrees of eternity. The caprice of fleeting experiences bends to the immovable Omnipotence which plants its foot on all the centuries, and has neither change of purpose nor repose. Some thing like a messenger through the thick darkness of night, it steps along mysterious ways; but when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity; an all-pervading influence prepares the minds of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence, rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings, most of all the opinions and influences of the unwilling, are wonderfully contracted, and compelled to bear forward the change which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of man. Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 10th, a Handkerchief, Book and other useful articles. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, in Second 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. Think for Yourself. Don't you think a medicine which cures others will cure you? Don't you think you need Burdock Blood Bitters to help you to health and happiness? We know B. B. cures dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache and bad blood. Don't you think it is time you tried it?

Prof. Hall and the Confessional.

At the session of the Summer School of Clark University at Worcester, Mass., Stacey Hall, in an address on different methods of teaching religion, is reported to have spoken as follows of the Catholic system. The teaching of the Catholic Church are incalculably important. They should be studied by all students of pedagogy. First, there is the confessional, which is one of the most salutary and powerful agents in the world. In a number of our colleges it has been found that each man should have an adviser, which is in similar lines to the confessional. The system of confession has been abused, but it has every good thing. Then again take the ceremonials and ritual, so mysterious, so serious, so beyond the comprehension of those who participate. They are invaluable. Take the Jesuit school. There has never been an educational institution, excepting this one, which so attempted to take hold of the most minute portion of man's mind and conscience. Take the heroic discipline of celibacy; take the rule of St. Benedict, which regulated the duty of each hour. When we consider all these institutions of the Catholic Church I think we will all agree that they deserve the most careful study in broader sense. In Germany and other Lutheran countries there have been many new departures. It was about fifty years ago that the Lutheran method came into vogue in Germany. By it the parents of the child express their preference for their religion—Lutheran, Jewish or Catholic. The child is sent for a certain time each day to the school of the religion its parents select and the teachers are clergymen nominated by the Church and examined by the State. The new Emperor insists that every child shall have some religious training. There have been many attempts, especially in Germany, to make some system by which some universal religious teaching shall be employed in the schools with public money. Reverence and truth which shall never have to be unlearned, are the principles of our system.

August Flower

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system. Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellevue St., Indianapolis, Ind."

THIRTY YEARS.

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

Catholic Mexico is going to send a pilgrimage to Rome next month, and the members thereof are going to bring the Holy Father some notable gifts for his jubilee that occurs next year. These gifts will take the form of some rare marbles, in which Mexico is rich, and they are destined for the ornamentation of the Church of St. Joachim, which is to be dedicated in 1893, in honor of the Papal jubilee.

The only radical cure for rheumatism is to eliminate from the blood the acid that causes the disease. This is thoroughly effected by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Persist until cured. The process may be slow, but the result is sure.

PROVIDENT Savings Life Assurance Society of New York. SHEPARD HOMANS, Pres. and Actuary. Head Office for Canada, 37 Yonge St., Toronto. R. H. MATSON, General Manager. Cash Assets over \$261 to each \$100 of Liabilities.

RATES per \$1,000 with profits—
Age 30 \$15 00
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" 50 19 20
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Active agents wanted in every municipality in Western Ontario. Apply to P. F. BOYLE, Manager, London District, LONDON, ONT.

GRAND EXCURSION TO ITALY

By the palatial Steamer "Werra," of the North German Lloyd S. S. Co. Leaving New York October 1, 1892. Arriving in GENOA OCTOBER 13th, in time to see the Great Celebration of the 40th ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. 28 DAYS IN ITALY. The cheapest and most complete excursion through Italy that has ever been organized on this side of the Atlantic. For full particulars and explanatory circulars apply to Messrs. GIANELLI & CO., Toronto.

HAVE YOU TRIED THE "CABLE EXTRA" CIGAR?

"CABLE EXTRA" CIGAR? BURDOCK. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore. BLOOD CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES. BITTERS. "I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system. Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellevue St., Indianapolis, Ind."

"EL PADRE" Reina Victoria.

"EL PADRE" Reina Victoria. COOKS FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Should be used, if it is desired to make the Finest Class of Cakes—Rolls, Biscuits, Pancakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible food results from the use of Cooks' Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for McClelland's Cook's Friend.

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Belleville BUSINESS COLLEGE. BELLEVILLE, ONT. Will send you a Book on Business Education FREE. WRITE for it. 230 Students enrolled during the year. \$25.00 copies of Complete Book-keeping sold. BOX 1021.

THE HURON AND ERIE Loan & Savings Company. ESTABLISHED 1864. Subscribed Capital - \$2,500,000. Paid up Capital - 1,300,000. Reserve Fund - 602,000. DEPOSITS of \$1 and upwards received at highest current rates. DEBENTURES issued, payable in Canada or in England. Executors and trustees are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this company. MONEY LOANED on mortgages of real estate. MORTGAGES purchased. G. A. SOMERVILLE, MANAGER. London, Ont.

WESTERN FAIR LONDON, ONT. Sept. 15 to 24, 1892. CANADA'S FAVORITE Live-Stock-Exhibition. \$2,000 added to the Prize List. Over \$1,500 going to the Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs and Poultry Classes. Visitors and Exhibitors are promised more for their money this year than ever before. Stabling and special facilities for entries. Special attractions will be of an attractive and elaborate kind. SPECIAL EXCURSIONS ON ALL RAILWAYS. Prize lists and information given on application to CAPT. A. W. FORTE, THOS. A. BROWNE, President, Secretary.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRADOT & CO. Altar Wine a specialty. Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux. For prices and information address, E. GIRADOT & CO., Sandwich, Ont.

New York Catholic Agency. The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence— 2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made from them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged. 3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge. 4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount. Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by my giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything send your order to THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St. New York, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL. POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS.—Offices Rooms 28 and 29 Manning House, King Street West, Toronto. Also in the Gertrude Block, White. A. W. HOLMES, A. A. POST, R. A. LOVE & DIGGAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 418 Talbot Street, London. Private funds FRANCIS LOVE, R. H. DIGGAN. DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. Detective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh, and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

Five year cough, night induced in flesh by my physicians. Ayer's Cherry Tooth Paste cured me. Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

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