

single word brought him down with a shock. "He fought hard at last," one said, "but it was of no use. Everything was against him."
It needed not another word to tell the priest who and what were meant; but other words were spoken.
"His defence was a mere mass of sentimentalism," the speaker went on. "He owns to having walked the streets the whole night of the murder, but he says that it was from the mists of mind. He had to decide before the next day whether he would abandon all hope of the future for which he was contending, and lose with it all that he had expended, or else throw into the chasm the few hundreds he had retained that an accident might not find him penniless. He declared that the state of his mind was such that he could not sleep, nor keep still, nor stay in the house. Now, that part of the story would not have been so bad if he had not been seen near the priest's house, hanging about there, and going away when he was observed, and if he had not declared that, when he went away from Crichton in the morning, he had not heard of the murder. The tracks were not a strong point, for Newcome makes everybody's boots just alike, and there are a good many men in Crichton who have as neat a foot as Schöninger. But the rest of the defence was nonsense. The shawl was what convicted him. It was his shawl; he owned it; and the fragment found in Mme. Chevreuse's hand just fitted the torn corner, thread for thread. I could see that he was confounded when that came up. He says he left the shawl in Mrs. Ferrier's garden in the evening, and went for it early in the morning before anybody was up, and that he found it just where he had left it. He owned, too, that he put it slyly into Mrs. Macdon's carriage. He said he knew her and what she was collecting for; had heard all about it at Madison. When he left his broken harness—which, by the way, was not broken, appears, but only undressed somewhere—and went to Mr. Grey's, he took his shawl over his arm absent-mindedly, and found it a nuisance while he was going through the world. Seeing Mrs. Macdon's carriage there full of parcels, some gray blankets among them, it occurred to him to add his shawl to the pile without putting any one to the trouble of examining him. He said that he believed those nuts to be very good women, and that he felt a respect for them for the sake of P. Chevreuse, who had been very polite to him. Fancy a Jew taking off his shawl to give it to a nun, and that to please a priest! The story is too ridiculous, you see. Oh! it is clear. There never was a clearer case of circumstantial evidence. No one could have a doubt. But the verdict is too hard."

"You think it should not have been murder in the first degree?" another voice asked.
"It should not," was the emphatic reply. It is almost an outrage to make it so. But people became ferocious the moment it was clear that he was guilty, and I believe they would gladly have taken him out and hanged him to the first tree. The fact undoubtedly is that he was pressed for money, and meant to help himself to the priest's. Mme. Chevreuse heard him, and started to alarm the house, and I think he gave her an unlooked-for push. But nothing of that sort would content the prosecution, nor the people. They must have it that at the very best he killed her wilfully when he found that she had recognized him. The female servant testified that there was a candle over turned in the priest's room, which must have gone out in falling. Madame's first thought would naturally be to light a candle. Still, that is not sure. That same servant wished to show that the prisoner had a spit against the priest's mother, and that people had been calm, but it was not to be had. Schöninger's lawyer tried to prove that Madame's death resulted from the fall, but there was a bad bruise on her forehead. F. Chevreuse gasped for breath. "For God's sake, stop!" he cried out, half turning towards the speaker, then sinking instantly into his seat again. A perfect silence followed. The priest was struggling with his feelings, and regretting not having withdrawn before his self-control gave way, and the gentlemen behind him were recovering the shock of learning who their neighbor was, and feeling their way to a solution of the difficulty. One of them had an inspiration. "Let's go and have a cigar," he said; and F. Chevreuse was left to himself.
But his solitude was full of terrible images, and in that few minutes all his relations with the Jew had been changed. He would not have said to himself that he believed the man guilty, and he would have said that, guilty or innocent, he wished him no harm; but what his imagination had utterly refused to do in connecting Mr. Schöninger with his mother's tragical fate the plain talk of this stranger had accomplished. He could no longer separate the two; and the sight of the Jew, or the sound of his name even, would, in future, call up associations intolerable to him.
"You know all, then?" was F. O'Donovan's greeting when they met.
The face of F. Chevreuse showed, indeed, that he had no questions, or few, to ask.
"The law has decided," he said, "and, for the present at least, I cannot question its decision. They know better than I how to arrive at the truth. At the same time, I never will say of a man that he is guilty till he has himself told me that he is, or till I have the evidence of my own senses. And now, what have you to tell me about my people?"
"It is well," was the echo.
The people had, indeed, settled into their usual quiet mode of life again without any unusual readiness, as often happens entirely upon an excitement, and exhaust its force the sooner. The conviction and sentence of Mr. Schöninger had not only given them a satisfying sense of justice vindicated, but had impressed them with awe. The suddenness of his fall, when they had leisure to contemplate its accomplishment was startling. But a few weeks before, he had walked their streets with a step as proud as the proudest, and there was not one among them, whatever his prejudices, who was not pleased to receive his salvation; in a few months longer—months of misery and disgrace—he would be called on to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.
Some of them remembered, too, when all was over, the defence the prisoner had made, if defence it could be called, when he was permitted to speak for himself. They were bitter words, full of fierce and haughty defiance and denunciation, and at the time their sole effect had been to provoke still further against him the popular rage; but, for some reason, there was a thrilling pathos in the recollection of them, perhaps because they had been uttered in vain, and because they showed with what horror he contemplated his impending doom.
"You seek my destruction because I am a Jew, not because I am a criminal," he exclaimed; "and you condemn me without proof. But do not flatter yourselves that I shall perish. Do not believe that I shall fall a victim to your insane and presumptuous bigotry. It may triumph for a time, but the triumph will be short."
Not a very pleasant sort of address to be listened to by a judge who had tried to be impartial, and meant to be honest, nor to a jury who were fully convinced of the speaker's guilt, and who had, moreover, as jurists are likely to have, a more than judicial sense of their own dignity. Yet, for all that, there was not one of them who would have liked to face again those flashing eyes and that white hand pointing like a flame where his words should fall. They were rather afraid of the man, and looked with equal uneasiness toward the execution of his sentence and the possibility of rescue or escape, or of revenge even, which he had seemed to threaten.
For the present, however, the prison was strong and well guarded, and he had no means of getting out, nor had any friends he might have outside. He was still in Crichton, the state prison being near the city jail; and still, if he chose, he could look out from his grated window and see the Christ in air stretching out arms of loving invitation to him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Writings of St. Peter.

Great interest in the religious world attaches to the publication of a translation of the recently discovered manuscript of the alleged apocryphal gospel of St. Peter. It is a document of the early half of the second century and the copy was discovered in an Egyptian tomb. It is thought it was made in the eighth century.
There was also found a copy of the lost apocryphal gospel of St. Peter. This is the most valuable discovery, for, as the translator indicates, it furnishes the origin of most of the early Christian ideas of hell. Much of the latter literature on the subject is traceable to this now restored document. A simple quotation shows its nature:
"And I saw also another place over against that other, and it was a place of chastisement, and those that were being chastised had their raiment dark according to the atmosphere of that place. And there were some there hanging by their tongues, and these were they who blasphemed the way of righteousness. And I saw the murderers and him that had conspired with them cast into a certain narrow place full of evil reptiles and being smitten by those beasts and wallowing there thus in that torment, and there were set upon them, as it were, clouds of darkness, and the soul of them that had been murdered were standing and looking upon the punishment of those murderers and saying, 'O God, righteous is thy judgment.'"

Everybody stands aghast at the enormous amount of information in the SFAR Almanac of Montreal. There is a scramble to get copies of it.
Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Ontario, writes: I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

When a cold is neglected it frequently develops into a bronchitis or pneumonia. No other remedy will so quickly relieve and cure cases of this dangerous kind as Dr. Wood's Great Peppermint Cure, because no other remedy possesses such perfect curative powers as does this price of pectoral remedies.
No COLD OR COUGH so severe to yield to the curative power of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

THE ORATORS AND ORATORY OF SOCIETIES.

By JOHN MAHOBY.
Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.
Not long since I was greatly amused to hear a lawyer, who has more cheek than wit, telling the members of a very ambitious society that such organizations as theirs were cultivators of genius.
"I should like to be able to agree with him; but should I differ from him in the course of what I have to say, I shall simply be giving him the knowledge that very often extremely delusive, and that after all men are not bound to agree either to agree or disagree. An association of any kind which gives its members the opportunity to participate in debate has always been looked upon as a sort of a future. I am almost inclined to believe that the public mood of to-day will hardly hesitate to declare that they owe very little indeed to the clubs and associations to which they belonged in youth.
On the contrary, I am of the opinion that such men have had to learn many things which seemed vitally necessary in the old days of the crude school of debate.
The active hour of their lives talent and strength and common sense tell. These but a few have found in the petty debates of club or society. Rather have they found gibes and superficiality. It is not now a-days—in this day of clubs and societies—even action, action, action, but words, words, words. One or two, and only one or two, ever think of the word ideas.

A young man enters a society to become what? At first he himself does not know. Is it the companionship that draws him? The social features? The selfish, laudable desire for office? To see his name for the first time in print? To be called upon to take part in the literary exercises? Or is it—sad to relate—to hear himself speak? To do not believe that I shall fall a victim to your insane and presumptuous bigotry. It may triumph for a time, but the triumph will be short.

Men love to rule, and to steal (a thought) if they are dressed in that little bit of brief authority how wonderfully elevated they become!
They never think of self-analysis. They never pass in their march of vanity to try to think of themselves as others do, and to do that which is man's most difficult, yet best, task—to study life.

In all the world there are few really great orators—men who are orators. Why, we hear on all sides, of every city and town and hamlet having their several orators, but this fact only illustrates still more strongly that great weakness of the human race which persists in calling mostly everything by a wrong name.
So far as this subject is concerned I need only ask you to attend any meeting of any of the ordinary societies in your own city.

It is not a fact that there are half a dozen musical speakers—and once in the while, when any matter of importance is considered, are there not many more?
The good democratic idea of every man having his own say cannot be condemned, but when that say transmits a man, sensible in private, into a man, foolish, in public, it is but fair to commence to believe that the training school of debate is in reality a training school of fools.
Of the graduates of that school I have often heard a certain class of persons enthusiastically cry out, "Aren't they clever?" "Aren't they fine speakers?"
Powerless! They fancy that any one who can stand up before a number of his fellows and talk, talk, talk, ceaselessly, glibly and lengthily, is a fine speaker, a great orator!
Actual experience has made me quite sure of the fact that in 'nine cases out of ten, such speakers do not know what they themselves are saying; and, moreover, after they have finished their more or less single thought, I have been the last to see in many cities.

In St. John I once knew a man who wanted to do a great deal with very little talent. As some persons say he was "a flow of using big words." But his utterance, superficial, but possessing the little quality of earnestness. Making the most of his small stock of ability he posed as the orator of the many societies to which he belonged.
It was really surprising to notice the manner in which this man improved in his own particular line. In a very short time he added to his already inflated vocabulary a vast number of many-syllabled words.
He did not know their meaning. He could not correctly pronounce them. But his utterance propelled him out so much that the words of his speech were made to fit as precisely almost as the squares in a tesselated floor. I often looked at him in wonder and, I must confess, admiration.

One night, after he had delivered a very long speech on some matter of local interest I asked him to repeat an argument which he had used. He colored quickly; his eyes fell, and he became quite confused. Finally he raised his head and in his usual torrential way tried to make me believe that I was mistaken.
In Quebec I met just such another society orator. But he lacked the St. John man's genius. My Quebec friend excelled in the art of speaking longer on "nothing" than any other person that I have ever met. It was rather singular, however, that very few members attended his society's meetings. He was like a Jack-in-the-box, up and down all the time. Better than any man living did he like to hear the sound of his own voice.
The worst of all that appeared in

Montreal. In a society there a certain Mr.——— is without a peer in the mighty kingdom of Boredom.
In the Commons it would be said of him that "he speaks to the gallery."
To my mind he also knows how to speak to the house.
He changes rapidly from the spread-eagles of an American stump-speaker to a cold, parliamentary style. He fancies that he has more than a touch of Chatham and a strong suggestion of Fox.

When one reflects that the noise is supposed to be Chatham and the grimaces and gesticulations Fox the idea of insane sanity hovers yet more clearly in the horizon of heredity and experience.
Of course these are extreme cases. But they point and give point to a moral. I use them, here and now, because in a lesser degree debating societies are working greater harm than good. They make young men port, smart, glib, superficial, indifferent and intellectually lazy.

Many young men with strong, active brains and aspiring souls enter societies only to shadow or wreck their future lives.
All unconsciously to themselves, they change their methods of labor, and in the earnest, persevering study of the closet is gradually superseded and ultimately done away with by the smart and shallow system of the debating society.
To youth aplauds is danger and flattery death. Before the mind is formed to understand the wiles and deception of the world and its people the work of ruin has begun and brain-cell after brain-cell becomes diseased. The hand clap—no matter how lightly given; the insinuating, the unctuous word of flattery—no matter if never so falsely spoken—are, to the mind and heart of the young speaker, the most delightful incense sealing into every nerve, the most melodious music, the most delicately attuned car of fancy; the most beautiful poetry, carrying away in a whirlwind of passion every sense and every thought.

No more the slow, plodding work that genius itself must go through to attain success. No more the slate and the desk and the midnight oil.
Evermore the glitter, the applause, the momentary triumph—and when too late—the terrible knowledge that with our years of labor no man can win renown or hope to have the crown of victory placed upon his brow.
Do not try to startle the world—just now. The Thames is slow to catch fire. By and by one may drain its bed and build a great fire where once its waters flowed. But in the living present man may and can work. Work now, that the future may be assured. In that work—the labor of to-day—you and I may share, and with us every organized body under heaven.

The societies should unlearn everything that they have learned. They have acted falsely throughout the whole piece. It is for them to teach their debaters to speak briefly and wisely. It is for them to let every man in their ranks know full well that he has not the right to talk for mere talk's sake, nor to manufacture debates like clay pipes or clothes pins. It is for societies, above and beyond all else, to educate themselves up to the glorious knowledge that the highest thought should be given to the lowliest subject, and that in every phase and at every time—as my high and dearest teacher used to quote to me—"the best thing to do is to do the best thing."

Give Us Back The Sisters.

Paris, Dec. 25.—The Catholic workman of Paris, and many of those who do not profess the faith, are making concerted efforts to compel the recall of the Sisters to the hospitals. Vigorous speeches have been held, and within the past few days dead walks throughout the city have been placarded with demands such as: "Give us back the Sisters in the hospitals"; "Hospital treatment horrible since the Sisters are no longer there"; "Our sick now are badly cared for, insulted, beaten and treated like animals—Give us back the Sisters"; "This state of things must be altered." All along the movement has assumed such proportions as must necessarily receive attention from the authorities.

Why go about hawking and spitting when Nasal Pain will remove every trace of your catarrh, and thus relieve you of this disagreeable habit? In cases of cold in the head, Nasal Pain gives instant relief and effects a permanent cure. From dealers or by mail, post paid, 50 cts. small or \$1 large size bottle. Fullard & Co., Brockville, Ont.
Mr. Thos. Bell, of Messrs. Scott, Bell & Co., proprietors of the Furniture and Upholstery Factory, writes: "For over one year I was free day from headache. I tried every medicine I thought would give me relief, but did derive any benefit. I then procured a bottle of Northrup & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and began taking it according to directions, when I soon found myself free of my headache, and I am now completely cured."

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GENTLEMEN:—I have found B. B. B. an excellent remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with sick headache and heartburn, and tried a number of remedies, but to no avail, until I used your Vegetable Discovery, and I am now completely cured.

How to Cure Headache.

Some people suffer with every day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and can be cured by using Parke's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. E., writes: "I have used Parke's Pills a first class cure for Bilious Headache."

No bogus testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true.
Minard's Lincture cures Croup, &c.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday After Epiphany.
LOVE OF OUR NEIGHBOR.
He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law. (Epistle of the Day.)
There can be no doubt, my brethren, that the saving of our souls sometimes seems to be a very troublesome business. There are so many laws and commandments binding on us, so many sins which we are likely to commit; and if we break any of these laws in any grievous way—if we are guilty, that is to say, of mortal sin—our salvation is lost till such time as we repair our fault. Yet it may seem that we are surrounded by so many rocks on our voyage through life that it is almost needless to try to steer clear of them; and, if we may judge by their actions, the Christians actually committed to the conclusion that there is no use in trying to keep their ship of these rocks. They make up their minds that spiritual shipwreck is unavoidable, and that the only way to reach the port of heaven is to be towed in on a raft which can be made out of the sacraments at the last moment.
But really our salvation is not such a complicated and intricate affair if we shall only look at it in the right way. The course which we have to follow is not such a difficult one to bear in mind and to keep. There are many commandments, it is true; but they all have the same spirit; and if we have that spirit, they will all come quite easily.
What is the spirit? Our Lord has told us. It is the love of God, and of our neighbor for God's sake. The love of God and of our neighbor gives us a short cut to the kingdom of heaven; if we are guided by it, we shall not come near the dangers that seem so many and so threatening.
Let us see how this is; how is this love going to work to keep us in the safe and sure track? It is not so hard to do. For what is it to love any one; how do we act towards one whom we really and truly love? Are we always trying to give him no more than we can help, and keep as much as we can for ourselves? Do we try to have our own way as much as possible, and never to step out of it for his sake, unless compelled by force or threats?
No, of course not. We keep far away from what will offend him. We always are trying to find out what will please him best. So if he is not unreasonable, and if he knows our desire and intention, the danger of offending him disappears.

Well, it is just so in the matter of serving God and keeping His law. The continual mortal sins into which Christians fall, and which it seems so hard to avoid, are due to their trying to run too near the rocks. No wonder they so often get wrecked in these dangerous waters. They are all the time striking on the commandments, and the whole sea seems full of them, because they try to sail as near them as they can. If they would only give them a wide berth, and keep out in the deep ocean of the love of God, sin and its forgiveness would not cause so much anxiety and trouble.
If we would only ask ourselves what will please God best, and try to give Him all that He desires, as we should if we loved Him as He deserves to be loved, and as we do with others whom we really do love—if we would do this instead of trying how far we can get on our own way and yet come out right in the end, the whole matter of saving our souls would have a very different aspect. Now, why not try to follow this line? It is no fanciful thing beyond our power. Plenty of Christians have done it before us, and are doing it all the time.

But if we do not feel prepared, or are a little afraid to commit ourselves to this course just yet, at least we could endeavor to have some love for our neighbor, and make some sacrifice for him. We have St. Paul's word for it, you see, that even he who loves his neighbor will be sure to fulfil the law. Yes, we may feel quite sure if, by a generous love of our neighbor, we keep far off being wrecked on the last part of the Ten Commandments, that we shall run clear of the first part as well.

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A Happy Orphan.
ST. JOHN'S APT. 14, KYTOVA, KY., Oct. 6, 1896.
In our orphan asylum here there is a 15-year old child that had been suffering for years from nervousness to such an extent that he oftentimes in the night got up, and with fear depicted on every feature and in a delirious condition, fancied a protection among the other people from an imaginary person, could only with great difficulty be again put to bed. Last year Father Koenig while on a visit here, happened to observe the child and tried the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and kindly furnished an asexual bottle of it. The child immediately showed marked improvement and after using the case bottle and up to the present time the child has never been nervous again and is now a healthy and contented being. All the other orphan children have been benefited by the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic. EDW. FATHER BILDERMANN.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any old diseased.

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The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 64 and 66 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

London, Saturday, January 23, 1893.

THE PUGNACIOUS EX-BISHOP.

As we anticipated, Rev. Dr. Carman's two sermons, which were published in the Mail of the 23rd and 24th inst., were but the beginning of a series which this confirmed fanatic seems to intend to deliver.

There was a mass meeting on the 26th inst. at St. John, N. B., held in the interest of the Mount Allison Methodist educational institutions, at which Dr. Carman was present.

The evening before the meeting the bell-ringer had occasion to preach in one of the Methodist churches of the city, and he could not let the opportunity pass to have another fling at Canada's Premier.

He used the occasion to eulogize his compeer in bigotry, Dr. Douglas, of Montreal, commending the latter for fearlessness in attacking the Premier of the Dominion in his sermon at Timonburg, and more recently in his pretended off-handed newspaper interview on Christmas eve.

We call Dr. Douglas's last pronouncement a pretended newspaper interview, because, though for the sake of effect such was the character under which it was published by the Montreal Witness, it was evidently a carefully prepared paper whose object was to influence the Methodist electorate against the Dominion Government as constituted under Sir John Thompson's leadership.

The Catholic Record is essentially a non-political newspaper, and we have always carefully abstained from taking sides on political issues which divide the people of Canada. But we are not so far removed from the political arena as to permit any clique, coterie or caucus of Methodist preachers to excite with impunity a crusade against any Catholic statesman on the ground of his religion, whatever may be his political party.

From the fact that Rev. Dr. Carman occupies the highest rank among the Methodist ministers of Canada, and that Dr. Douglas, also, holds the high position of Principal of one of the most important Methodist colleges in the Dominion, and that he has been especially invited on more than one occasion to deliver anti-Catholic diatribes before an important Methodist Conference in Ontario, it seems to be indubitable that the Methodists as a body have laid it down as a fundamental principle of their politics that no Catholic shall be admitted to any prominent position in the government of the country.

man in a public office is to be judged by his acts, and not by his religious opinions."

Dr. Carman, who was present when this rebuke was uttered, denied that he objected to Sir John Thompson on account of his religious faith, and added that he "was willing to join hands with any Catholics who are willing to be first of all British subjects, and not subject to a foreign power."

We can characterize this statement in only one way, as a piece of impudence and false insinuation. Dr. Carman then commended Dr. Douglas for sincerely stating his convictions. The General-Superintendent cannot be commended on similar grounds, for he only meanly insinuated what in the presence of an honest co-religionist he dare not say boldly. The meaning of his insinuation is, of course, that Catholics would oppose and succeed in preventing a Methodist from gaining such a position if he had once been a Catholic. This assumption is purely imaginative, and is therefore impertinent. Catholics have never made objection to any politician on the ground of his religion, and no one has a right to assume that they would do so under the circumstances set forth by Dr. Carman.

Let the Methodists produce their man who is fit for the Premiership, and he will not be objected to on any such grounds as Dr. Carman has imagined. The statement that Catholics are not British subjects first, and that they pay allegiance to a foreign power, is another piece of insolence and perhaps ignorance. Catholics, equally with all Christians, hold that their first duty is to obey the law of God. To the civil authority we pay all the allegiance which is due to it; that is to say, we recognize its supremacy in things temporal, thus "rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

We owe no civil allegiance to any foreign power; but a Universal Church, whose sphere is in the domain of faith and morality, must necessarily have its central authority somewhere. It was established by Christ for the whole world, and nowhere is it foreign, because the sphere of its operations is not in civil or national matters, and because it makes no distinction between English, Irish and Scotch, French and German, white, red or black. It is only "Local Religious Institutions" which make such distinctions as are made between "Wesleyan and African Methodists," "Hard Shell and colored Baptists," and the like; but such distinctions prove that the denominations which make them are not the Universal Church, instituted by Christ to "preach the Gospel to every creature" and "to teach all nations."

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI'S MIS-SION.

There has been much discussion concerning the purpose of Monsignor Satolli's mission to the United States, but it is now certain that the object was especially to settle disputes which were necessarily numerous in so important a branch of the Catholic Church; and so satisfactory has been to the Holy Father, the work done by this eminent prelate that it is now announced that his mission has been made permanent, a telegram having been received by him from Rev. Dr. O'Connell, the American Secretary of the Propaganda, to this effect, so that as Monsignor Satolli has until now been an ablegate of the Holy See with a temporary mission and limited powers, from the time when he shall have received the document defining his new powers he will be an Apostolic delegate representing the Pope, and will have permanently the authority of a Supreme Ecclesiastical Court for all the United States.

He will be authorized to adjudicate upon all disputes and grievances which would otherwise have to be sent to the Holy See for trial. His work will, in fact, extend to disputes between priests and their Bishops, which in so extensive a country are necessarily numerous.

It is stated that nearly all the Bishops and Archbishops of the United States were opposed to the permanent establishment of this Apostolic Delegation, only Archbishop Ireland and perhaps a few others being in favor of it; but the Holy Father, knowing the difficulty under which many priests labor to bring their cases to the notice of the Propaganda or of the Holy See, on

account of the great distance, the length of time consumed in having their cases heard, and the heavy expense attending their appeals, determined, notwithstanding any opposition offered, to establish this court of appeal, as a centre from which just and merciful judgments might be dispensed. In fact the despatch which announces the appointment expressly states that the merciful steps taken by Mgr. Satolli in issuing his decisions so far have the Pope's special approbation.

It is said in the Roman despatch that the Pope, in referring to the opposition which had been offered to Mgr. Satolli's mission, said: "Whether well or ill, that which Mgr. Satolli has done, he has done because I told him to do it. Mgr. Satolli is not mistaken. He is always merciful."

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, is supposed to have been especially opposed to the establishment of the delegation; but whatever opposition he may have offered to it in the beginning he has withdrawn on finding that the Holy Father was resolute in taking this action; that is to say, he bows to the will of the Pope in the matter. When a reporter of the New York Sun called to see him on the subject, his Secretary, the Rev. J. M. Connolly, furnished the reporter with the Archbishop's written opinion, in which occurs the following passage: "We all receive the decision of the Holy Father as we receive all other decisions emanating from him, with the profoundest reverence, respect and obedience. Before the Holy See acted there might have been room for a difference of opinion. None now exists. For my own part I gladly receive and welcome the news in question, always supposing it to be authentic."

It has been stated that the jurisdiction of the Delegate will extend to Canada, but this will probably not be known for certain till the arrival of his documents from Rome.

DISAPPOINTED POLITICIANS.

Of all our Canadian politicians, none have been more ardent supporters of the Conservative "National Policy" than Mr. Dalton McCarthy, M. P. for North Simcoe, and Col. O'Brien of Muskoka. Considerable surprise has been therefore created by the fact that both of these gentlemen have within the last couple of weeks partly declared themselves against that policy, and have virtually cut themselves loose from the Conservatives without declaring that they have as yet become Reformers.

The Toronto Mail, which has for several years been nothing but a no-Popery paper, and has manifested a desire to become the organ of any party which might accept its services as an organ, sees in this new movement a chance to carry out its views by the formation of a new party, of which Mr. McCarthy shall be the leader, and whose policy shall be the No-Popery policy which it has advocated, and which has been already the policy of the two gentlemen named, at least since they figured as two of the thirteen members who voted for the disallowance of the Quebec Act which settled the Jesuit claim for compensation for their confiscated estates.

The constituencies of Messrs. McCarthy and O'Brien are both strongly Protestant—ultra—Protestant, we should say. Muskoka is largely settled by Orangemen, and has hitherto been Conservative, while North Simcoe is a debatable ground between Conservatives and Reformers. The latter is settled to a large extent by sturdy and industrious Scotchmen from Argyllshire, and both constituencies are readily influenced by appeals to religious prejudices. Hence their representatives in Parliament think themselves quite safe in appealing to these prejudices, and by so doing they likewise secure the support of the Mail.

But it is not to be supposed that a no-Popery policy will be proclaimed by any party which expects to rule the Dominion of Canada, and so Mr. McCarthy, by offensively proclaiming himself the champion of ultra-Protestantism and the uncompromising enemy of all Catholic rights, has made himself literally a Governmental impossibility.

It was undoubtedly his expectation that in the reconstruction of the Dominion Government as made necessary by the death of Sir John Macdonald, he would be called upon to take a position in the new Cabinet, or that at least he would receive this distinction on the retirement of Sir John A. Macdonald. But he was disappointed in his expectation, and this is certainly the secret of his

recently expressed discontent with the Conservative Ministry as at present constituted. He is a disappointed politician, and from the course he has thought proper to pursue he could not expect anything but disappointment. Mr. McCarthy has endeavored, to the great injury of the country, to sow dissension on religious and racial grounds. He cannot expect, therefore, to sway its destinies, and his disappointment is the natural result of his own unpatriotic conduct.

In the face of these facts, the Mail is endeavoring to make it appear that Mr. McCarthy is the victim of a Catholic intrigue: It has stated that financial aid was guaranteed by Mr. Thomas Long and other Catholics, to the Empire, against any loss which might result from the reduction of its price from three cents to one cent to increase its circulation, provided it would aid in driving Mr. McCarthy from the Conservative ranks. It also states that the Catholic electors of North Simcoe are "unanimously hostile" to Mr. McCarthy.

It could scarcely be expected that in view of Mr. McCarthy's violent denunciations against Catholics, uttered in and out of Parliament, and even on the platforms of twelfth of July gatherings, whence he went so far as to threaten the Catholics of Canada with Orange bullets if he failed in gaining ascendancy at the ballot box, that Catholics would be very enthusiastic in his favor. They would be less than men if they did not resent such inflammatory appeals to Orange vindictiveness.

Mr. McCarthy may possibly secure his re-election by the use of such language before North Simcoe audiences, but it is too much to expect that Catholic electors will encourage him in his malevolent course of exciting religious animosity. We may add that Mr. Thomas Long in a letter to the Mail over his own signature has denied the whole story concocted by that journal, that he had furnished any guarantee to the Empire such as that which the Mail had indicated. Mr. Long says: "I have not given the Empire any financial aid more than paying the calls on my subscribed stock when they were made, and this every shareholder is in duty bound to do."

The stock held by Catholics in the Empire is said by Mr. Long to be but a small percentage of the whole, and it is certain that Catholics have not controlled the course of that journal. Mr. Long adds: "I state positively that there is no Catholic clique formed or attempted to be formed to control the Empire."

The truth is simply that Mr. McCarthy is spiteful because he has been disappointed, and Col. O'Brien is probably attached to him by ties which will for some time make him continue to be a faithful henchman to the Equal Rights leader.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

It is announced that the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone has at last completed its labors on the Home Rule Bill which is to be submitted to Parliament during the coming session, and it is expected that the measure will be thoroughly satisfactory to the Irish people. It has been seen by the leading members of the Irish Nationalist party, and they express their complete satisfaction with it. Mr. John Dillon said in a recent speech that every true Home Ruler will accept it as fulfilling every reasonable expectation.

This will be good news to every Irishman who has at heart the welfare of his country, and to the friends of Ireland everywhere. The statesman who prepared the bill, in company with Mr. Gladstone himself, are men perfectly conversant with the needs of Ireland, and they are men in whom the people of Ireland have full confidence, namely, Earl Spencer, Lord Herschell, James Bryce and John Morley. The leading Nationalist members of Parliament, including Mr. Edward Blake, have also been consulted, and though the details of the measure have not yet been made public, we have no doubt they will be such as ought to satisfy perfectly all classes of Irishmen, not excluding the ultra-Protestants and Orangemen of Ulster.

Notwithstanding the efforts of such firebrands as Mr. T. W. Russell, who made his tour through Canada for the purpose of exciting Orange opposition to any Home Rule Bill, on the plea that it would reduce the Protestants of Ireland to a subordinate position in the country, the Catholic Nationalists have not been goaded into any desire to have a bill framed which will be unjust in any way to the Protestant minority, and they are quite willing that the bill of Mr. Gladstone should give that minority all the guarantees

which may be necessary to assure to them fair treatment under the rule of an Irish Parliament; but of course any Home Rule Bill will do away with the Protestant and Orange Ascendancy which has hitherto prevailed.

It is not equally before the law that the Irish opponents of Home Rule want. Nothing less than a continuation of that ascendancy which they have hitherto enjoyed will satisfy them. This, of course, cannot be conceded them under any system of Home Rule, and they oppose it accordingly, though Protestant and Catholic will benefit alike by it. The talk about "Home Rule" being "Rome Rule" is simply nonsense. Home Rule is a purely political measure which will benefit the people of the country temporarily, independently of their religion.

It is said in a recent despatch that there is considerable friction between members of the Cabinet concerning details of the bill as framed. We cannot conceive that there should be serious difficulties on this score, for the members of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry have long been in accord that a bill is requisite which will satisfy the Irish people. Hair-splitting on details will not prevent them from coming to a satisfactory conclusion; and in spite of pessimistic prognostications we fully believe that such a conclusion has been arrived at, and that the new Home Rule Bill will soon become the law.

It is stated that under provisions of the Bill as prepared Ireland's share of contribution to the Imperial exchequer will be one twenty-third of the whole sum, which will amount to £2,070,865 instead of one-fifth as provided by the Act of 1886. This would have amounted to £3,242,000. This new apportionment is found to be more just on comparing the wealth of the three kingdoms. It is said, however, that the Redmond section of the Nationalists demand that Ireland's contribution be reduced to £1,600,000, but this proposition will not be entertained by Mr. Gladstone.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the Toronto Mail of the 20th it was announced that Mr. R. S. White, M. P. for Cardwell, has the refusal of the vacant Collectorship of Customs for Montreal. Mr. White is a Protestant, yet we do not hear of any murmur amongst the Catholics because this lucrative post in the great Catholic city of Montreal will likely fall into the lap of a Protestant. When vacancies are to be filled in any part of the Dominion the man who raises a question of race or creed is an enemy of his country. Never has this cry been raised in Catholic Quebec; yet this is the section of the Dominion which the Mail tells its readers is governed by medievalism. Were a Catholic named as Collector of Customs for Toronto the shouts of the protesting Orangemen would bring the rain from the clouds. Mr. White is a worthy gentleman, in every way qualified for the position mentioned, and if the government sees fit to give him the position in question, no Catholic, we feel assured, will be found to say that wrong has been done, and that the place should go to one professing the faith of the majority. The Province of Quebec sets many a good example to proud and boastful and bigoted Ontario, the home of the Protestant Protective Association—crusaders who are sworn to prevent if possible a Catholic obtaining either a governmental or municipal office—sworn to refuse employment to a Catholic if a Protestant can be found to take the position, and sworn not to vote even for a Protestant who is known to be friendly to Catholics.

Col. O'BRIEN—an Orange member of Parliament, and one of the celebrated "Devil's Thirteen"—made a speech recently in reference to public matters, and could not resist the temptation to have a fling at the Jesuits, repeating the old fable that they teach that the end justifies the means. No matter how often this slander may be refuted, the Orange orators will nevertheless repeat the ridiculous and groundless charge in the back concessions. The funny part of the proceedings, however, consisted in a statement made by the speaker in the same oration. Being called upon to give his opinion of the National Policy, he expressed himself as not altogether friendly to it, but excused himself for supporting it on the ground that it was "a means to an end." And so Col. O'Brien condemns the principle that the end justifies the means in the theological arena, but holds it as quite sound in party politics!

A TELEGRAM from Rome states that the Pope has expressed a desire that at the coming municipal elections the Catholic societies shall unite to make the Catholic influence be felt in the future management of municipal matters. This step is to be taken first in Rome, and afterwards in other cities of Italy, with a view towards organizing the Catholic vote for the next general election. There is little doubt that if this step be taken the Catholic influence will be felt in the government of the country to a degree to which it has not attained since the spoliation of the Pope's territory. We are glad to see such a movement inaugurated, and the wonder to us is that it was not carried out long ago.

It is stated by those who are intimate with President Carnot of France that he is capable of exercising great energy, and severity too, if it be necessary for the suppression of any efforts at revolution which may be attempted under cover of the scandals which have been made public in connection with the Panama canal; and, if required, on a few minutes notice any street of Paris can be commanded by a strong force of artillery, cavalry and infantry. Whether the rising might be attempted in the interest of monarchy or anarchy the President would be found equally ready for the emergency, and would suppress it with a severity which would surprise those who know him only as an affable gentleman. It is believed by those who know him best that his affability, courtesy and polished manners are the glove in which is concealed an iron will which will not hesitate to crush insurrection and punish any who participates in it.

So delighted was Dr. Talma, of Brooklyn Tabernacle, with the reception accorded to him by the Czar on the occasion of his last tour through Europe, that to mark his high appreciation of the autocrat's character the doctor has regularly repeated in his Sunday service a prayer for the Czar in conjunction with one for the President of the United States; yet it does not appear that that potentate has become any the more tolerant for his interview with the Brooklyn divine. The persecution of the Stundists, who are sometimes styled the Methodists of Russia, has recently been made more rigorous than ever, and the German Lutherans of the Baltic Provinces are also experiencing the harshness of religious persecution, heavy penalties being inflicted on all who will not conform to the orthodox Greek Church. It is scarcely credible that the Czar is not aware of the enormities practised upon all non-conformists to the State religion. It is very true that the despot is badly in need of the prayers of good and fervent Christians, but it is a strange phenomenon that prayers should be offered for him in a Christian church on the ground that he is worthy of high admiration.

Dr. E. S. CLARKE, the pastor of a Harlem Presbyterian Church, and one of the directors of Union Theological Seminary, has openly declared his dissatisfaction with the progress of the Dr. Briggs trial. He is in accord with the Presbytery as far as the acquittal of Dr. Briggs is concerned, but he declares that in view of the probable condemnation of the doctor by the General Assembly, he cannot continue his present relations with a Church which restricts that liberty of opinion which he considers that Protestantism rightly understood allows. He has therefore come to the conclusion that to preserve his liberty he must release himself from his thralldom to the General Assembly. It is said that many other sympathizers with Dr. Briggs intend to follow Mr. Clark's example.

Father Rivington.

Rome, Jan. 23.—In the midst of all that is so attractive, especially to strangers here, it is marvellous that so many thousands attend the services conducted nightly by Father Rivington, an English convert. He has been preaching wonderfully eloquent and convincing sermons in the St. Andrea della Valle, where from time to time the greatest English-speaking, French, Spanish and German pulpiter orators have been heard. Here vast audiences have at one time or other been held spell-bound by the magnetic eloquence of Wiseman, Manning, Spalding, Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Ireland. Father Rivington's labors are producing good fruit. Many converts have already been made, and everywhere he is conceded to be a rising man in Church affairs.

The oldest church in the United States is that of San Miguel, in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This church was built seventy-seven years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, twenty years before the founding of St. Augustine, Fla., and fifty-three after the landing of Christopher Columbus.

TEMPERANCE

Impressive Sermon by Archbishop

On last Sunday even Archbishop Walsh preached from Paul's church in this city the League of the Cross large congregation. A special report:

DEAREST BROTHERS—request of your beloved come this evening to talk on the question of Temperance, but not to express my piece an opportunity of League, whose object virtue of temperance, person of its members, erful influence of good presenting the matter to place it before you light, but rather to appeal to your reason science upon the substance.

First of all, what is it? It is one of the cardinal may be said to enter into: the law of God upon man was abiding breaking of that law is sin and misery that world. And when Christ upon earth to rectify world He showed the example of self-denial. In a stable. When He crossed His executioners pity, and offered Him with myrrh to quench He refused, that by His He might make atonement example to all mankind and total abstinence.

And this necessity arises from the very Man is one of God's posed of a body and so God's image and like animal is a beast of this a rational being and reason; he must adore Divine Maker; but a knows not his Maker, own instinct. Now with the habit of liquor he degraded being, a self. No matter what his been, he has lowered mire of vice, and bel the beasts. In the city was once a beautiful serpor; but now it is ruined statue. So when a drunkard, he ruined creature, on image of God, now a sight of his Creator.

can they hope to escape indignation and wrath and debauched His temperance? But temper only moral advantage physical advantages man and successful a class in every age have perance. St. Paul, Corinthians, said: "striveth in the games all things. Now, they a corruptible crown, hruptible one."

When we come to effects of intemperance disastrous. And the strikes us is the number of a Catholic priest, a record of every drunk he has attended it wo appalling revelation conceived. As with each lends its support it is with society. A its support, and all wo its elevation. But drunkard do? Does every law, sometimes murder? What habit fortune of such magn perance? Who fills penitentiaries, the but drunkards are a remember when I was London I was by accident of a scene which I get. As I was taking I visited the orphan as dren were all at recre to talk to them, who sad sight. Apart from children were three were sobbing as if they break. I went over to the cause of their drunkenness, and the dying of a broken heart respectable Irish woman I had known in Ire brother was a respectable penitentiaries, the in evil. Aye! here is where the results of seen in all their terrible sight to w are bound by the honor and love they take the drunken br man who reels crum into a house, bring a home where other be peace, prayer an he honor and love his I picture to you t father staggering in earnings spent, his woad? I rememb consecrated Bishop I knew the case abandoned that sh out on a night, as c money, and for wh to buy food for children, but to buy is the comfort in a on a night like th their children be re way as to curse th to curse their father when he is lying

TEMPERANCE.

Impressive Sermon by His Grace the Archbishop.

On last Sunday evening His Grace Archbishop Walsh preached in St. Paul's church in this city on behalf of the League of the Cross, to a very large congregation. The following is a special report:

DEAREST BROTHERS—At the earnest request of your beloved pastor I have come this evening to say a few words on the question of Temperance. I cannot but express my pleasure at having an opportunity of addressing the League, whose object is to promote the virtue of temperance, not only in the person of its members, but by the powerful influence of good example. In presenting the matter I have no wish to place it before you in an extreme light, but rather to make a quiet appeal to your reason and your conscience upon the subject of temperance.

First of all, what is temperance? It is one of the cardinal virtues; and may be said to enter into all other virtues: the first law of God imposed upon man was abstinence; and the breaking of that law brought all the sin and misery that existed in the world. And when Christ came down upon earth to rectify the evils of the world He showed the most wonderful example of self-denial. He was born in a stable. When He hung upon the cross His executors were moved to pity, and offered Him wine mingled with myrrh to quench His thirst; but He refused, that, by His sacred thirst, He might make atonement, and set an example to all mankind of sobriety and total abstinence.

And this necessity of self-denial arises from the very nature of man. Man is one of God's creatures, composed of a body and soul, and made to God's image and likeness; and as an animal is a beast of the field. Man is a rational being and must follow his reason; he must adore and serve his Divine Maker; but a beast of the field knows not his Maker, and follows his own instinct. Now when a man forms the habit of liquor he becomes a self-degraded being, a self-made wretch. No matter what his talents may have been, he has lowered himself into the mire of vice, and below the level of the beasts. In the city of Rome there was once a beautiful statue of an emperor; but now it is a broken and ruined statue. So when a man has become a drunkard, he is a broken, ruined creature, once made to the image of God, now a monster in the sight of his Creator. How, therefore, can they hope to escape His just indignation and wrath if they defiled and debauched His image by intemperance? But temperance has not only moral advantages; it has great physical advantages. The great orators and successful athletes of every class in every age have practised temperance. St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, said: "Every man that stiveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now, they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible one."

When we come to consider the social effects of intemperance they are most disastrous. And the first thing that strikes us is the number of drunkards. If a Catholic priest were to keep a record of every drunkard's death-bed he has attended it would be the most appalling revelation that could be conceived. As with the human body each lends its support to the whole, so is it with society. All contribute to its support, and all work together for its elevation. But what does the drunkard do? Does he not violate every law, sometimes even committing murder? What habit produces misfortunes of such magnitude as intemperance? Who fill the jails, the penitentiaries, the industrial schools, but drunkards and their children? I remember when I was in the city of London I was by accident an eye-witness of a scene which I shall never forget. As I was taking my usual walk I visited the orphan asylum. The children were all at recreation, and I went to talk to them, when I saw a very sad sight. Apart from the rest of the children were three little girls who were sobbing as if their heart would break. I went over to them to find out the cause of their sorrow, when I learned that their father died of drunkenness, and their mother was dying of a broken heart. She was a respectable Irish woman, whose friends I had known in Ireland, and whose brother was a respectable young priest.

This vice is also a terrible domestic evil. Aye! here in the homes is where the results of this habit are seen in all their worst forms, a terrible sight to witness. Children are bound by the law of nature to honor and love their parents. But take the drunken bully of a young man who reels cursing and swearing into a house, bringing disorder into a home where otherwise there might be peace, prayer and comfort: does he honor and love his parents? Shall I picture to you the husband and father, staggering into his home—his earnings spent, his wife weary with watching, his children clamoring for bread? I remember before I was consecrated Bishop I was in this city. I knew the case of a mother so abandoned that she sent her child out on a night as cold as this to beg money, and for what purpose? Not to buy food for the half-starved children, but to buy whiskey. What is the comfort in a drunkard's home on a night like this; and how can their children be reared but in such a way as to curse their parents, and to curse their father's memory when he is lying in a dishonored

grave? Society suffers fearfully from this vice.

Yesterday I was reading in one of our friendly papers that Protestants say that the Catholics of this city do not observe temperance. But I beg to correct that statement which was made in a very friendly manner. Since I have been consecrated Bishop, I have administered the sacrament of confirmation to sixty thousand children; and each child took the pledge of total abstinence until they reached the age of twenty-one. The Catholic Church does not hold big temperance meetings or make a great parade of temperance work, but by thus inculcating the principles and practice when in their characters are moulded, the habit of sobriety is formed, and the surest foundations are laid for moral and temperate lives after death.

In conclusion I advise all the men who have not become members of the League of the Cross to do so at once; and may God in His infinite mercy bless and protect you all and lead you to a happy eternity. This is a blessing which I wish you all.—Toronto Catholic Register.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

How can the new year be put to better use than the one just closed? should be a problem for every member of the family to consider and work out. More restraint of selfishness, more kindness to those in the home circle, more charity towards the neighbor, more good works done to lay up treasures in heaven—these should occupy the days of the new year. If everybody in the house would turn over a new leaf, how much happiness would come with 1893!

The author of "The Imitation" has said that "he who travels much is seldom sanctified," but there is at least one holy man to whom this general rule does not apply. The late Cardinal Lavigne said of himself that he had exhausted his strength in long journeys, and that "the miles one travels use up one's energies more than the years." One who knew the great Cardinal thus describes him: "He was always moving; to day in Rome, to-morrow in Paris, a few days later in Algiers. After preaching to a fashionable congregation in Paris, he thought nothing of being off to Tunis to address crowds there immediately on his arrival. His voice was heard on the borders of the Great Sahara and on the site of ancient Carthage, while within the same hour he would be declaiming from the pulpit at Saint Sulpice or from a chair in the Sorbonne." Would that they who travel much might travel to as good purpose as did he who could extort this eulogy from a Protestant pen: "There are still some Peter the Hermits left, even in this callous, luxurious, easy-going age."

Archbishop Ireland publicly contradicted last week that forged Papal encyclical, to which Archbishop Elder gave similar treatment three weeks ago. The forgery will continue to be circulated, nevertheless, by its authors, in the cowardly, underhand fashion in which they have hitherto diffused it.

The Christian Union of New York, commenting on a paper written for its columns by Lida Rose McCabe, on parish work as managed by the Jesuits, says: "For ourselves, differing radically from the Roman Catholic Church, even from its most liberal thinkers, we yet gladly recognize in it a branch of the Church of Christ; we rejoice in its great poets, preachers and missionaries; we glory in all that is splendid in its history of faith and good works; and we claim a share in such a labor of love as is being wrought to-day by Roman Catholic hands and hearts in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle."

A short time ago several English men-of-war were at Madeira for some days, and a French training ship. On the Sunday Father Snidt, the Superior of the Seminary, was asked to say Mass on board the latter, and its commanding officer sent on board the English ships to invite any Catholic sailors there might be. Several went, and Father Snidt, after preaching in French, was asked to say a few words in English for the English sailors. A pretty example was thus given of the universality of the Catholic faith. A German priest, on board a French ship, preaching in French and in English, to French, English, and Irish sailors, in a Portuguese port.

The appointment of a permanent apostolic delegation to the United States is one of the most important acts of the remarkable pontificate of Leo XIII., and the most important and far-reaching in its consequences in the history of the Catholic Church in America. It divides our Church history into two parts. The first, the missionary and chaotic part, is past, and is as far beyond recall as the days of the Caesars. The second part begins from this historic event, and marks the new era of constitutional Church government. This change has its analogue in the political change in our national history. The missionary period, now happily past, may be compared to the colonial phase of our political life prior to the Revolutionary war, while the present new departure may be compared to the change which resulted in the Republic. And as the political prosperity and happiness of millions depended on the Declaration

of Independence and the new order of things that resulted from it, so the religious welfare and happiness of millions of Catholics in this country depend on the great historic act of Leo XIII. and on the new order of things that will bring about. Thus the two orders of development, the religious and political, run in parallel lines.

Chicago, New World. The Orangemen of Belfast, Ireland, will be forced to lay before the Crown a charge of high treason against the present Lord Lieutenant. In the appointment of magistrates for that part of the country he has actually been guilty of issuing commissions to seven Catholic gentlemen—out of fourteen! Now, it is the principle in Belfast to appoint Catholics to no public offices whatever. No Catholic has ever been Mayor of that city, nor a member of its Common Council, nor an executive officer of any kind or character. And yet, here they are now with seven Catholics in their magistracy! If we do not hear about this the Orangemen will surmise us.

N. Y. Catholic Review. The Presbytery has gone back on the doctrines of Calvin and John Knox, and its pulpits should henceforth be silent. Foreknowledge and predestination now mean nothing, and the doctrine of eternal punishment has been virtually expunged from the Presbyterian catechism. Of the old true-blue religion of Geneva and Edinburgh there is left but the shadow of a name, the mere tinkling of a cymbal and the rattle of dry bones. The late verdict in Dr. Briggs' favor is a logical settlement of the question as to whether private judgment is sufficient and supreme in the determination of religious questions, and for the first time in the history of Calvinism the necessary and implied consequences of that principle been admitted. Now, individualism and Presbyterianism are interchangeable terms, and a man may take his teachings from Dr. Halt, Bishop Potter or Robert Ingersoll, and still maintain that he is a strict and orthodox member of the kirk. The disintegrating influence of Protestantism has rarely been made more manifest than in this ecclesiastical *casu culter*, and its details would form a suitable appendix to the great Bossuet's history of variations.

MYSTICISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.

The age is essentially a practical one. In every branch of human activity the truth of this saying is shown. The pantheism of evolution order bounds the range of its vision in every direction, and out of the sensible springs the practical. Its poetry inclines to naturalism; its philosophy to rationalism; its science to materialism; its fiction to realism, and its art to sensualism. The so-called "good grey poet" Whitman, not long since laid to rest, struck a note on his lyre that suited the times, the note of a rank sensuality, which even the earlier days of his own generation pronounced harsh and out of tune. Swinburne, consummate maker of faultless verse though he be, is an apostle of the school of fleshly longings, and yet the voice of thousands would deck his brow to-morrow with the laureate's wreath. The younger painters of the day have enlisted under the banner of the nude, and their motto is the Greek one, that "true art hides nothing." The philosophy of Germany and England is the outcropping of the doctrine of evolution and has landed its followers on the arid shores of pantheism and agnosticism. The pantheism of evolution is indeed closely allied to agnosticism, and drifts back to the transcendentalism of Emerson and his idle speculations on Soul and over-Soul. There is nothing tangible or real about it like the pantheism of Spinoza and the German philosophers of the eighteenth century. It lies too far beyond the range of the sensible order to hold the modern mind captive, and the modern mind consequently admits it as a sort of corollary that flows from its limitations. It stands too remote from the borders of sea and earth, and sky to interest those by whom the things of the earth alone are prized, and for whom the sea and sky represent the ultimate domains of scientific research. In fiction realism reigns supreme, and no department of mental activity so thoroughly reflects the prevailing tone and trend of popular thought. Romanticism is practically dead among us, and critics sneer at the tender vagueness of those who sigh after an ideal that is roughly said to lie beyond their grasp. Zola, with his *Therese Raquin*, holds the sceptre in this department of literature, and the almost incredible number of his books that are annually sold attest their popularity. Thus it is that the conditions of the intellectual world argue an inherent love of the practical, and behind this idolatry of the practical we behold the apotheosis of materialism and the rejection of the spiritual. Were we now to hold up to the gaze of the typical representative of modern thought the conditions of the mediæval Christian mind, when there was no divorce between the natural and supernatural, the picture would assuredly appear strange and startling. What could be more foreign to the modern thinker, plunged as he is in an ocean of distracting worldly cares and thoughts, than that state of mind to which the only form of happiness and perfection consists in complete detachment from the world and in the fusion of the soul with its Maker. The mediæval mystic constantly looked beyond the horizon of the present and strove to rivet his gaze on the purely

spiritual future. He sought the vision of higher things by the means of a higher light, and contended for action under higher freedom. Human affections and human ties were, in his estimation, mere bonds of the flesh that held the soul captive upon earth. These he consequently strove to break, and to substitute for them heavenly affection, the love of God and absorption in that love. Christian mysticism was however essentially active, for it held that complete detachment from terrestrial objects and perfect union with God are still impossible while the human heart beats with essentially human yearnings and desires. Such mysticism is a healthy striving after better things, it implies a recognition of the influence which the body exercises over the soul, and is consequently dissatisfied with whatever perfection it has attained as merely tentative and approximative. It is perfection in *being* and not in *doing*. The work of the Christian mystic is consequently never ceasing, and at every progressive moment he draws an everlengthening chain. Therein his sentiments differ from the mystical vagaries of the neo-Platonist Plotinus whose mysticism was mere dreaminess and whose elaborate scheme of theology was the creation of an oriental fancifulness that had cast off the moorings of reason. Its tentative character also served to discriminate between it and the self-satisfied hypnotism of the Hindus. The Yogi of the East confounded mental passiveness with contemplation and mistook mere inaction of the mind for absorption in the Godhead. And this is the danger to which mysticism tends when it becomes the toy of caprice and the creature of the imagination. Then it runs into reverie, deeming that alone real which is invisible and aught else unreal and illusory. But Christian dogma served as a check to this tendency, just as it draws a rein over philosophy when the latter seeks the solution of problems that lie outside its province. Positive doctrines are the foes of morbid fancy, and mysticism uncontrolled by them resolves itself into mere riotous plunges of the imagination. It is to this happy tempering of speculation by Catholic doctrine that we owe the most beautiful products of mediæval mysticism. It was Catholic doctrine that cooled the ardor of St. Theresa's longings for the unattainable, and held her fractious imagination subject to the control of a wondrously sound reason and an eminently practical judgment. Her ecstasies were rapturous but they were always sensible, and the readers of her life who understand her character, never feel disposed to set down her statements to the undue influence of an unrestrained imagination. It was the absence of this counterweight that made Eckhart's wild mysticism so potent for harm in the thirteenth century and led him into such extravagant expressions as this: "The eye with which I see God is the same eye with which God sees me. My eye and God's eye are one eye, one vision, one recognition, one love." Here we have a lamentable divorce between reason and imagination. And the one doctrine of the Church which has most powerfully contributed to the creation of a mysticism which reason guides along the shores of the beautiful is the doctrine of the Incarnation, the doctrine of a deified humanity. In the contemplation of this sublime truth the imagination has more material than it can feed upon, but let it feed even to surfeit and it can ever commit excess; let it plume its wings for flight into infinite space and truth and beauty must accompany it always. It was the spirit of this doctrine that cheered the heart of humanity when clouds gathered black and gave to the world that gem of mystic life we call the Initiation of Christ. To-day its mystic spirit finds expression in devotion to the Sacred Heart, and all men are mystics at heart who hail the morn of the Saviour's birth with canticles of joy and date the world's redemption from the hour when the angels sang "*Gloria in Excelsis*."—N. Y. Catholic Review.

THE LATE MRS. D. BROPHY.

OF BALLARAT, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA. The last Australian male brought the sad intelligence of the sudden death of Mrs. Brophy, the esteemed wife of Mr. Daniel Brophy, K. G. G., which took place at Ballarat, Victoria, Australia, in the early morning of the 25th November last. The deceased lady, who was in her fifty-eighth year, had been suffering from bronchitis, attended by heart trouble, but no immediate fatal result was anticipated. On Sunday, the 24th, she attended Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the evening of that day she spent at home surrounded by her family, some of whom had barely returned from their work. A regular contributor to the Ballarat Courier, under the name of "Mrs. Brophy," she had been riding down Sturt street in the tram-car, and had a distressing fit of coughing, and a fainting attack, which was attended by a few kind words and kind looks, much sympathy for my pain, and I thought at that time I had a severe cold, and I wished that I had a sure means of relief. That good lady was Mrs. Brophy, who died so suddenly on Sunday night, and who was buried in the morning in the presence of her many virtues, on Wednesday. The loss must be a great shock to Mr. Brophy and his family, but even in his deep sorrow he would have been gratified if he had gone about like me on the Monday, and heard so many old and young, rich and poor, who were so kind to me, and whose faces are and will long continue familiar to many people in Ballarat.

The following account of the funeral is summarized from the local papers: "The remains of Mrs. Brophy, wife of Mr. Daniel Brophy, J. P., K. G. G., of this city, were yesterday interred in the Ballarat Old Cemetery. The funeral procession was the largest and most representative ever seen in Ballarat. The remains were taken from the residence, Corner Sturt street, and removed to St. Patrick's Cathedral at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, where a Requiem Mass was said for the dead, and celebrated. The Rev. Dr. Delaney, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Doyle, Rogers, Logan, Harrington, and the Rev. Michael O'Reilly, O'Neil, O'Farrell, and Marshall. Dr. Delaney gave an eloquent address, in which he referred to the many good works he had known performed by the deceased, besides many acts of charity done by her unknown to any body. The coffin was a very massive one of oak, richly ornamented with brass mountings. The floral offerings were varied in design, and numbered about one hundred and fifty. Several of the flowers were from the representative bodies mentioned above. An immense crowd assembled in and around the church, the City Hall flag was at half mast and the places of business along the route of the procession were closed. The deceased was a native of Berrisokane, county Tipperary, Ireland, who emigrated to Australia in 1852, where she subsequently met and was married to Mr. Brophy. She leaves, besides her disconsolate husband, a son, two married and two unmarried daughters. Mr. Brophy was himself, for sometime, a resident of Queensland, where he emigrated from Ireland in the dredged year 1847. He resided in Queensland and Canada some two years before he came to Ballarat, where he was engaged in the business of a gold miner on Grosso Isle to the grave of his mother, in company with the writer and another friend, he left an impression on their minds not to be easily obliterated. It was about four days towards the end of summer. He took the train to St. Thomas, on the south shore, because he had a very beautiful boat on one of his private yachts. There was a very strong

head wind and the crossing occupied a couple of hours. Arrived on the coast, he proceeded to the cemetery which may in a manner be called the "Haceldama" of Canada, and there, under God's bright sun, kneel his white Irish boy, this now quiet visitor from the Antipodes, over the dust of that loved mother, whose memory no time nor distance had effaced. It was indeed a scene not to be forgotten; and it was also an epitome of the history of our scattered race. Well did we exclaim: How wonderful are Thy ways, O God! Mr. Brophy, as a younger brother of Mr. John P. Brophy, of the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Salt For Diphtheria.

The observations in the New York Times of Thursday about the "ice cure" for diphtheria were timely and the conclusions logical. Now, if the circumstances will warrant, tell the people of a diphtheria cure that is easy of application, inexpensive, pleasant and efficient—indeed, a specific as new as may be, to wit, simple table salt—"sodium chloride" of the U. S. P. The rationale is this—the chlorine kills the diphtheria poison. The simplest method of application is to moisten the tip of a finger with water and touch the finger so moistened in a salt-cellar. Then convey to the mouth the salt that adheres to the finger. Do this every quarter hour. If the understanding of the patient is not sufficiently developed for this, as much salt as will lie on the tip of an ordinary pocket-knife blade can be administered every quarter hour. What salt does to the low forms of life is well shown by its application to a snail. In those diphtheria patients, when the disease attacks the larynx, "membrane croup," salt water vaporized in the presence of the patient will certainly do good.

R. B. GLASSGOW, M. D. Burlington, N. J., December 16, 1892.

So delighted was Dr. Palma, of Brooklyn, with the reception accorded to him by the Czar on the occasion of his last tour through Europe, that to mark his high appreciation of the autocrat's character the doctor has regularly repeated in his daily service a prayer for the Czar and the United States; yet it does not appear that that potentate has become any the more tolerant for his interview with the Brooklyn divine, the persecution of the Stundists, who are sometimes styled the Methodists of Russia, has recently been made more rigorous than ever, and the German catholics of the Baltic Provinces are also experiencing the harshness of religious persecution, heavy penalties being inflicted on all who will not conform to the orthodox Greek Church. It is scarcely credible that the Czar is not aware of the enormities practised upon all non-conformists to the State religion. It is very true that the despot is fully in need of the prayers of good and fervent Christians, but it is a strange phenomenon that prayers should be offered for him in a Christian church on the ground that he is worthy of high admiration.

Dr. E. S. Clarke, the pastor of a large Presbyterian Church, and one of the directors of Union Theological Seminary, has openly declared his dissatisfaction with the progress of the Dr. Briggs trial. He is in accord with the Presbytery as far as the acquittal of Dr. Briggs is concerned, but he declares that in view of the probable condemnation of the doctor by the General Assembly, he cannot continue his present relations with a Church which restricts that liberty of opinion which he considers that Protestantism rightfully understood allows. He has therefore come to the conclusion that to preserve his liberty he must release himself from his thralldom to the General Assembly. It is said that many other sympathizers with Dr. Briggs intend to follow Mr. Clark's example.

Father Rivington.

Rome, Jan. 23.—In the midst of all that is so attractive, especially to strangers here, it is marvellous that so many thousands attend the services conducted nightly by Father Rivington, an English convert. He has been preaching wonderfully eloquent and convincing sermons in the St. Andrea della Valle, where from time to time the greatest English speaking, French, Spanish and German pulpit orators have been heard. Here vast audiences have at one time or other been held spell-bound by the magnetic eloquence of Wiseman, Manning, Spalding, Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Ireland. Father Rivington's labors are producing good fruit. Many converts have already been made, and everywhere he is conceded to be a rising man in Church affairs.

The oldest church in the United States is that of San Miguel, in San Francisco, Mexico. This church was built seventy-seven years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, twenty years before the founding of St. Augustine, Fla., and fifty-three years before the landing of Christopher Columbus.

PEOPLE FIND

That it is not wise to experiment with cheap compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, but which have no real medicinal value. To make use of any other than the old standard AYER'S Sarsaparilla—the Superior Blood-purifier—is a costly invitation to lose time, money and health. If you are afflicted with Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Running Sores, Tumors, or any other blood disease, be assured that

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Golden Eye Work," will be received until Tuesday, the 27th day of February, 1893, in full payment for the extension of the Piers and Trestles at Golden Eye, Huron County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Town Clerk, Golden Eye, and at the Proprietor's Office, "The Golden Eye," towards the end of summer. He took the train to St. Thomas, on the south shore, because he had a very beautiful boat on one of his private yachts. There was a very strong

THE GREAT SHILOH'S CURE. COUGH CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

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CHANDER ALL'S WIFE. [From the Hindostanee.] "I am poor," said Chander All, while the Mandar...

CHANDER ALL'S WIFE. [From the Hindostanee.] "I am poor," said Chander All, while the Mandar...

them. As for the watch, he had been keeping it only until the child was old enough to have it...

DEAR MAMA: I've decided not to go into partnership with you, so I'll take the capital and you can keep the credit...

GOD THOUGHTS. If the advocates of State education would meditate on the words of the Master, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"...

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Madame smiled, and said as she took the key: "I thought so; I thought he'd get tired of it, but I can't expect him to keep closely to business just at first."

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Madame went out to see about the new venture with Father Ducros's name ringing in her ears, and was absent for several hours. When she returned she found the house closed and Raste gone.

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When she thought of the child. Suppose some one should recognize the child? She was becoming cowardly. A guilty conscience was an uncomfortable companion.

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When she opened the bureau it seemed very disorderly. "I didn't surely leave my things in such confusion," she said, nervously clutching at the gloves...

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