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The New Man at Rossmere.

CHAPTER XXIII. A WORD IN SEASON.

When Manton Craycraft came to his tragic and most causeless death, Jim had been at a remote shanty in the end of the village furthest from the courthouse, refreshing the inner-man on a cold sweet-potato pie, washed down with generous libations of butter-milk, delicacies in which a lady of saffron hue and ample proportions drove a flourishing business during court term, or whenever any abnormal condition of affairs swelled the population of the village from its permanent tens to transient hundreds.

He never ceased to reproach himself for his absence from the square's side at the moment when the old man so insanely precipitated the catastrophe.

"I s'posed de young 'un, Jim was wont to say for a long time after. 'T warn't no use foolin' wid a passel er half-drunk, half-crazy niggers, nohow; and he heaped upon himself useless and unmerited reproaches for not being on hand as a pacificator.

The news had flown to him with the proverbial swiftness and sureness of ill-tidings, and by the time he reached the court-house the crowd had swelled into a densely packed mass of men and women, dark-hued, sullen-browed, restless and vindictive, uttering wild and senseless threats of revenge for fancied insults from imaginary foes in an ignorant aimless fashion.

When the horrible story of his brother's assassination had reached the office where Stirling Denny sat discussing the probable moral effect of Faythliss's election, he had listened to it in a sort of stunned surprise. He had pictured to himself a variety of catastrophes that might accrue from any imprudence on the part of the hot-headed old man who had involved them all in this trouble; but that Manton, his rollicking, reckless, laughing brother, should have been the victim selected to appease the insensate wrath of a brutalized mob seemed so illogical a conclusion that at first he could not embrace the horrible reality.

"What did you say? Tell it all over again slowly," he had demanded of the bearer of the evil tidings. "You are excited. Speak slowly. We want to know exactly what that you can tell us. His own voice was low, calm and stern.

The bearer repeated his story, not slowly nor calmly. He was a white man, a father and a husband, who was in mad haste to urge the foam-flecked horse he bestrode over six miles of rough country roads to take him where he could protect his family from what-soever was yet to come. Stunned silence succeeded his second telling.

"Assassinated. Poor Manton! Is this the finale? Is it so you cease from troubling?"

A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.

This young lady has three brothers, each one of whom picture a combined pearl, necklace, watch and pocket watch.



Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers' faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps or 25 cents in silver for one package of envelopes, before July 23rd, 1892.

By the time Jim Doakes—unlettered but chivalric Jim—nearly the village again, after having placed his mistress in safety, it was past ten o'clock. The night was one of extreme darkness and oppressive stillness. He could hardly see a boat's length from his own skill in any direction, but he could hear the dip of oars on every side, commingling with the soft splash of the single-paddled canoe and the bumping of the flat-bottomed scows.

The landing reached, Jim moored his boat to a stake among a multitude of other crafts of every shape and size, and went with the crowd to where a

Stirling had stood for a second after to celebrate Mr. Faythliss's election, illuminated the crowd with folded arms and his head dropped upon his breast. In that short period of physical inaction his mind had swept with swift retrospection over the career of the brother who, in some shape or another, had been a source of anxiety to all connected with him from his earliest boyhood.

"But his death was grand! It was an exclamation!" he said, with a ring of triumph in his voice, as he raised his head and looked into the troubled faces of the men grouped about him in silent sympathy for his one outburst of sorrow. "Such a death covereth a multitude of sins." He was unconsciously defending his dead, whom no man accused.

"You knew him well? He was an old friend, was he not?" some one asked.

Then Stirling bethought himself of the uselessness of now making known the deception that Manton had considered necessary in life. It need be, he would let them all know how near this blow had struck himself, but not classically.

"Yes, I knew him well. I have known him always." Then he turned, and, taking his hat from the rack, started into the crowd, but it on, and started slowly in the direction of the gate.

Mr. Southmead followed him, and laid a detaining hand on his arm as he asked: "Where are you going, Denny?"

"Up yonder. I think Perhaps I shall be needed. I must look after—!" He shrugged. Poor Manton!

"But the major interrupted him sharply: "It is my sole charge. He was—my guest. I must see that his assassin is arrested, if he has not already escaped. You," he added, embracing the entire group with a wave of his hand, "had best hasten to your homes. There are lonely and anxious women in every one of them, except in mine. I am in no danger," he said, letting his eyes rest for a moment on the man who had taunted him some little while back.

"Denny!" Mr. Southmead tightened his hold upon the arm of his friend, "take my advice for once. I know it's not worth much to you from a practical point of view, but I am better acquainted with these people than you possibly can be. Any attempt to bring the murderer of your friend to justice by arresting him to-day will be to jeopardize the life of every man in this community. These creatures are not vindictive. They do not bear malice. They have been incited to this hellish deed by their own revengeful

As they were wrung from terror, not contrition. I see you slinking away into the darkness that lies beyond the fires you kindled to celebrate your triumph as citizens. Can you sink away from the darkness that is in your souls this night? Can you find a spot in all this green earth where the memory of this deed will not haunt you? Only one of you did this thing, you are wanting to say to me, Only one hand held the knife that spilled the blood now staining the grass under your feet. But every man that joined in the mad uproar that nerved that hand was as much a murderer as he. Yes, murderers. A thousand cowardly murderers to silence one brave voice pleading for an old man's life. Men, this is but a poor beginning of your career as citizens. You have forfeited the title to be called men. There is but one extenuating circumstance to the horror of your guilt—that is, your profound ignorance. You have had evil counsellors—men who knew better, but who used you for their own wicked purposes. I hope they may be within reach of my words. That dead man was my friend. I cared for him in life, I shall care for him in death. His slayer shall not go unpunished. I do not know the name of the man who struck that fatal blow; I do not ask you to give it to me. I do not ask you to give the names of those who have tried to make you see in your old masters' enemies, rather than your friends. The men whose hands you till, whose ready sympathy you call for in the time of sickness and trouble, and get. I demand of you the names of the evil counsellors who have tried to inflame you to hatred by reminding you of the hardships and injustice that fell to your lot when slaves. The man you have killed to-day was born where I was. He helped to give you your freedom; you have given him—death! I warn you against arraying yourselves as black men against white men. You have purposely been misled into thinking you can better your lot by violent means. What do you purpose

to do next? You have a sheriff of your own color and selection. Before that sheriff can officiate, he takes the most binding oath to maintain law and order. Do you imagine he can protect you in your lawlessness? I pity you for your ignorance. And while I abhor you for the deed you have done, I pity you enough to advise you as a friend. Go back to your homes—go back to your every-day labors. Forget the bad advice you have swallowed only too eagerly; make yourselves worthy of the confidence and respect of the men among whom you have lived all your interests. Do not try to crowd into a day the work of years. It is the work of years to educate yourselves into fitness for the positions that now make you ridiculous. Sam Faythliss, as an upright, capable lessee of Mr. Harris's land, was an object of respect and liking to every one, myself included; Sam Faythliss, as a helpless, ignorant, incapable sheriff is an object of scorn and derision to every one, myself included. He will have to be helped in the routine of his office, and he will have to go to the white men who have been whispering poisonous lies into your ears for months past.

"Who has left?" "Boss Upps on boss Gays!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Why did they leave?" "Skeerd, I reckon."

"A profound silence followed, broken finally by Stirling's concluding words. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth. I charge you disperse, and return to your homes quietly, and soberly. I shall not leave this spot until you have shown whether you are sorry for what you have done. If you remain massed here, I shall summon the officers of the law to arrest every man found within this courtyard at the time of Manton Craycraft's murder." He deliberately took his hat and held it in his hands. "Five minutes to choose between dispersion or arrest!"

They did not doubt for a moment his perfect ability to carry his threat of wholesale arrest into execution. He had aroused their benumbed consciences to a spasm of remorse for their brutality. Their leaders and counsellors were already beyond reach of harm. Conscience did not lash them with over-severity, but the brute instinct of self-preservation dictated compliance and conciliation. A restless movement agitated the close-packed mass of humanity. It increased, and the ranks opened on every side. With the suddenness of magic the crowd stirred, thinned, vanished.

Before half an hour expired, Stirling Denny, the stricken squire, and Jim Doakes alone remained by Manton's bier. Jim and the major lifted it and bore it into the office behind them. The old man followed with a feeble, tottering step. In vain they urged upon him that he ought to go back to Thornedale, back to his wife. He looked at them stupidly, and said: "She don't need me, she can't help me. She warn't kind to him, pointing to the shrouded form. "I might say something hard to her if I saw her now. He cared enough for me to give him to me. I wasn't worth it, but he done it all the same." And on his knees by the bier he mourned as David of old mourned over Absalom.

"Mr. Major," said Jim timidly, when their task was done, "please, sir, I'd like to shake your hand. You saved our wife folks from de wrath of heaven on 'em, w'en de floods was a threatenin' 'em, an' you've saved 'em ag'in from worse. I'd like to clasp you 'o' hand." And the two men clasped friends' hands across Manton's bier.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE MAJOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

Following at one and the same time the major's advice and the desire of their own hearts, the men whom Stirling had left behind him promptly took their departure by diverging roads for their own homes. A sense of painful uncertainty filled every breast. This matter might possibly flame into a riot of alarming proportions, or it might end with that one victim to an outburst of senseless wrath. There was no telling. It was impossible to predicate the probabilities of to-morrow from the act of to-day, where a people so totally devoid of stability or the power of concentrated thought was concerned.

The white men were afraid to trust themselves to any sort of action in the matter. Their indignation and fierce wrath were so largely in the ascendant, and the habit of unbridled expression still so strong upon them, that no good could possibly come of their presence among the enraged negroes, and more harm might accrue.

It was nearly midnight by the time Mr. Southmead turned the door handle of his own bedroom, where the lamp was burning low on the hearth, where Mrs. Southmead had placed it before going to bed, having "freed her mind" several times during the evening on the subject of men not being able to go to the village for what ought to keep them an hour, without making a day of it, and night too, it would seem.

The profound stillness that reigned in the dimly-lighted room reassured Mr. Southmead. Mrs. Southmead had evidently heard nothing. If she had been frightened, he argued from past experience, she would have greeted his appearance, even at that hour of the night, with meek gratitude, instead of lying there, with her face turned studiously to the wall, feigning sleep.

ber, until he should be in a position to receive the full force of her batteries. He instantly resolved to reserve his ill tidings for the morning. They could be better borne by daylight. If this disturbance among the freedmen showed any signs of increase to-morrow, he should promptly remove his family from the county; if not, if things should have quieted down, his wife would have been spared a period of unnecessary discomfort. Having thus determined, he began his preparations for bed, in moody silence. This unusual reticence was the last feather on an overloaded camel. This was not the first time since there had been a Mrs. Southmead that Mr. Southmead had turned the door-handle of his own bed-room with discreet gentleness, in the small hours, to find a smoky lamp upon the hearth and an irate wife lying in bed! But the formula on like occasions in the past had generally been a tentative—"Sleep, dearie?" asked with a brave show of cheerful indifference to consequences. It then rested with Mrs. Southmead to enter a worthy protest against such scandalous goings-on, or to maintain a dignified display of voiceless indignation at discretion.

To-night she heard her husband come in and sniff the kerosene atmosphere disgustingly, then the lamp flamed higher and she could see his shadow on the plastered wall towards which her outraged eyes were turned. She could hear him wind up his watch and hang it in the perforated paper slipper, with the blue ribbon quilled around it, "She had made for his watch when Fred was a boy. She heard one shoe after the other dropped heavily on the floor. And not a word-vent. A sudden upheaval of the bed-clothes, and Mrs. Southmead's wide-open eyes were where the black of her night-cap had been a second before.

"Well, Mr. Southmead?" "Are you awake, my dear?" "Am I awake! Do I look or sound as if I was asleep?" "Not the least in the world. You'd better try it now, though."

This was not according to precedent. It was evident intimidation would not suit the requirements of the present occasion. Mrs. Southmead was a woman of infinite variety.

"Haven't you a single thing to tell me, George, now that you have come home? I would like you to be one to stay, and I the one to come home as dumb as an oyster, and see how you'd like it."

"I haven't very much to tell," he answered, unresentfully, "and what little I have will keep. I will satisfy you at the breakfast table. One telling must do for the family. We've had a hard day of it, and been beaten."

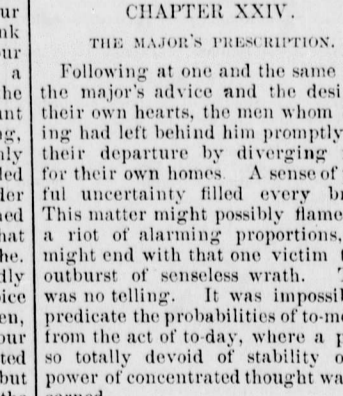
"Beaten!" Mrs. Southmead sat bolt upright in bed. "George, you don't mean to tell me that Sam Faythliss has been elected sheriff?" "Beyond a doubt."

"Then it is all that Major Denny's doings!" she cried, in passionate injustice. "He is the only man in the county that has a particle of influence with the negroes, and every body says he has them completely under his control. If he is such a friend of every body's as the easily gullible ones are so anxious to believe—thank goodness, I'm not one of them—why didn't he make the election go to suit us? I never did more than half believe in him, and now I don't believe in him at all. George, you are nursing a viper in your bosom!" After which tragic peroration Mrs. Southmead threw herself back upon her pillow in unconstrained wrath.

TO BE CONTINUED.

What a Friend Can Do. "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to get about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without it." Mrs. J. RIGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont.

IT RESTS THE BACK. Most women know all about the misery of wash-day. To many it means Backache, Sore Hands, Hard Rubbing over a steaming tub, and long hours. This falls to the lot of those who use poor, cheap, and injurious soaps.



Remember the Name "SUNLIGHT" SOAP IS USED.

This Soap does away with Hard Rubbing, Tired Backs, Hot Steam, and Sore Hands. It brings comfort to millions of homes, and will do so to yours if you will use it.

WORKS: FT. SUNLIGHT LEVER BROS. LIMITED NEAR BURGESSHEAD TORONTO.

Cor Cordium. (A Night in June.) Rich is the scent of clover in the And from the woodland moonlight Draw finer essence than the daylight. Who murmurs and an incense even A subtle hand came from the purp Who spoked? All surely in the That mount wistaria nubs, in the Of some rare: Silence itself has voice in these J Who spoke? Why, all the air is O God's own choir, all singing, v He quiet and listen: hear the ver In yonder tower, the waving of The maples' shades—cry of the r

On such a night soap captured J From out the balcony and then young Wandered in Arden, like the April And Jessica the bold Lorenzo met And Perdita her silver lilies set In some quaint vase, to scent the With thoughts of her; and the: Sad tales, and from them bitter To all of these the silence sang th Sorano of the lily, roses' lone And passionate contralto, oaks sh All sing the thought we bring The heart of love unto His Heart

This sweetness and this silence Of With longing and dull pain, that Some chord within my heart, an Life out of life; and then young wheels upon the road, the dis Of bells within the town; the make Life waken to life; and all the lo Their airy wings and mute m Acute the silence, and the mute Begin their speaking; I alone a What are you singing? The note Upon the jasmine?—'Void and And you, clearest, but oh that from The heart of love unto His Heart

Oh chord of silence, without noise A human voice would break the Of wavering shades and sounds Hereon feet step musicies And clearer than the voice of an In y, even that which will be ill in the hedge, all the world In truth and triple notes that Mr "O Love, come!" soft sin "O Heart of All!" deep sighs t "Be not afraid!" the lily v In fugue on fugue; and from Last, the tenor of the Lake, the The tenor of the reeds—"Love, — Maurice Francis Evans

CATHOLIC PR

A prominent Philadelph posed an anti-treating shows the absurdity of to offer liquid refresh acquaintance within s one feels personally th as of the often frequi of mere compliment, man can trace the ruin of acer to this false notion of courtesy.

Even in this day of e is not common to fin poet, in a Protestant m R. Campbell, in the Y ion, a o'erbell the boun so far as this in praise

Mother of God, what is thy t As Hee died, patient face ung Moist with the dew of ungu Hee than the prophet's ecst To scan afar the world's no Art thou rejoicing in the joy Pleas'd but oh that from The mother's heart still

Give us my Child, if all t And through the shadows of Streams moaning, rushing Upon thy breast, the smiling All the happy days in Break on thee through th years.

Were it not that a n can not reach the Compassion of Our Bt pretty comnet might pe into a collection of Ca Pittsburgh o

The hope in his re will never make pro narrow road. He m but his place is a Providence will give only when you wor sleeves and shoulder the hope this seems practice makes easi sure.

Oratory in the pul sary for the salvati what is needed in t estness. When the f herd is on fire with h that his language is a soul imbued with a flame inspiration is a flame which kindled in which is destined nee of fine sen imagery of language, but earnestness, a which is full of These will do the w the pulpit the lever

Propos of the the relic of St. Ann the cures reported h have followed, the May 29 devotes a history of the Gro the first moment, th there to the child present time, when grinnages to the sp the world, compri stances persons wh nor even member religion. Among been seen praying Turks. The articl secular standpoint Catholics, and is a newspaper narrati of literature has b lation to Lourdes a and the testimony is of such a chara does profoundly person of religio members of the medi phenomena present following, in num use of the Lou things, so surpris to Catholics, the omnipotence miracles are not N. Y. Cat

The humor of sists principally are asked to lau replies of childr

The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 481 and 483 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

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REV. GEORGE H. NORTHGRAVE, Editor.

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

London, Saturday, July 2, 1892.

THE PENDING BRITISH ELECTIONS.

It has been officially announced by Mr. Balfour that the House of Commons would be dissolved on Wednesday, June 29, and that the elections would take place so as to be concluded early in July.

There are, of course, several side issues at stake, of which much use will be made in influencing the result in various localities.

Mr. Gladstone has issued his address to the electors of his constituency, Midlothian, and in it the subject which engrosses most of his attention is Home Rule.

At the period of which Mr. Gladstone speaks, when Ireland is said to have enjoyed Home Rule, its measure of Home Rule was indeed very imperfect and very far from being such as justice and equality demanded.

It seems to be taken as a matter of course that the lords will at first refuse to sanction the Home Rule Bill which Mr. Gladstone will introduce, but they cannot for long refuse to yield to the strongly expressed will of the people.

It is in this state of affairs that the Home Rule agitation is to remedy.

Mr. Gladstone states in his address that the people of Great Britain now recognize the irresistible claim which Ireland makes upon their sense of justice to remedy the ills under which she labors.

day calm and peaceful because she relies upon the British electorate to relieve her of her sufferings and burdens.

No one who has studied carefully the history of Ireland's woes can be surprised at the anti-English feeling which has been in the past cherished in the breasts of Irishmen, because of the anti-Irish feeling which was the cause of the oppressive legislation of the British Parliament.

But the by-elections have shown that the anti-Irish sentiment arose out of a want of reflection on the true state of affairs.

Lord Salisbury's Government assumed the reins of power in 1886 with a majority of 118.

It is still estimated by the supporters of the Government that the Tory party will win, but this estimate is founded on their wish rather than on any reasonable basis of calculation.

Mr. Gladstone has issued his address to the electors of his constituency, Midlothian, and in it the subject which engrosses most of his attention is Home Rule.

In any case there seems to be little or no doubt that the Liberals will secure a decisive victory and that a Home Rule measure will be one of the first reforms placed upon the statute books upon the inauguration of the new ministry.

The Honorable Edward Blake has been nominated by the Irish Parliamentary party to contest South Longford in their interest.

It is this state of affairs that the Home Rule agitation is to remedy.

JESUITS ONCE MORE ASSAILED.

Among Canadian journals, the Montreal Witness is almost alone in defending the outrageous attack of Rev. Dr. Douglas, of Montreal, upon Sir John Thompson.

We already stated our conviction that Sir John acted wisely in paying no attention to the tirade of the Methodist professor, which could have no effect upon the public except to show how venomous a person can be while professing to be actuated by the most ardent Christian charity.

When Sir John was asked what reply he intended to make to the Dr. he answered:

"Those who know that a man may change his religious views need no explanation, and it would be idle to give reasons to those who do not believe that a man may conscientiously become a Catholic."

Any further reply Sir John Thompson very properly refused to make; but the Witness pretends to discover in this plain answer "a cleverness characteristic of his new religious affiliations in getting past at the point at issue;" whatever this may mean.

We do not imagine that Dr. Douglas questions the freedom of every one to change his religious views. Nor does he object to every Roman Catholic as a possible premier of Canada.

Which is "that body from which," according to the Witness, Sir John Thompson "derives his morals?" Is it the hierarchy, or the Jesuits?

The Jesuits teach nothing different from the general teaching of the Catholic Church; but the ethics of the Catholics are in every respect the ethics of Holy Scripture and pure Christianity.

We are quite aware that several Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian divines of Canada have loudly professed to have discovered that one Jesuit teaching is that the "end justifies the means," in the sense that it is lawful to do evil that some supposed good purpose may be attained.

It is scarcely necessary for us to remark that the figures of the census prove that all this is mere boasting, without any foundation in fact.

We congratulate Miss Cleary, daughter of Francis Cleary, Esq., of Windsor, on her graduation in the Sacred Heart Academy, in this city, on last Friday.

cal principles which are really subversive of morality. Such are the doctrines generally held by Baptists, that he who is once sanctified can no longer sin; the Methodist doctrine that Faith, in the sense that we should believe that we are justified, is sufficient for salvation, without contrition for our sins; and the Presbyterian doctrine that men's evil acts are the result of God's decree, and not of human will.

If our Canadian premiers are to be selected from among the disciples of teachers whose ethics are sound, such are to be found rather among the pupils of the Jesuits than among those who have been indoctrinated with the principles we have indicated.

But we may add that Sir John Thompson by becoming a Catholic, by no means becomes a disciple of the Jesuits any more than of any other religious order; yet we regard an attack upon any approved order as an attack upon the Church, because religious orders are the fruit of Catholic teaching; and when the Rev. Dr. Douglas attacks Sir John Thompson on the plea that he is friendly to or in sympathy with the Jesuits we know that it is hatred of the Catholic which really moves him to such a course.

But we can say both to Dr. Douglas and the Montreal Witness that the Catholics of Canada are not disposed to allow either of them to dictate that no Catholic, or no friend of Jesuits, shall ever take an important position in the Government of the country.

PRESBYTERIAN EVANGELIZATION IN QUEBEC.

The Presbyterians as a body seem to have learned nothing from the figures recently given in the census bulletins for 1891.

The Presbyterian increase during the same period was 2,314, making the present Presbyterian population 52,691, and the increased per cent. 4.6.

At the meeting of the Canadian Presbyterian General Assembly, held in Montreal last month, the Secretary of the Committee on French Evangelization, the Rev. J. S. Taylor, made a most glowing report of the progress of Presbyterianism among the French-Canadian Catholics.

It is scarcely necessary for us to remark that the figures of the census prove that all this is mere boasting, without any foundation in fact.

We congratulate Miss Cleary, daughter of Francis Cleary, Esq., of Windsor, on her graduation in the Sacred Heart Academy, in this city, on last Friday.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Catholic party of Belgium has again achieved a decisive victory at the general election, which took place last week.

We are gratified to notice that General Morgan, the United States Indian Commissioner, has been called to account by the United States Senate for the high-handed manner in which he has been conducting Indian affairs in the West, with the avowed object of destroying the Catholic mission schools.

The Democratic Convention, which assembled last week in Chicago, nominated Mr. Grover A. Cleveland as the party candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

The great sacrifices which Mr. Gladstone has made during his sixty years of public life fully justify him in stating to the electors of Midlothian, in his address which has just been issued, that in the event of his success in the coming elections he cannot hope to perform more than a "small special share of the work" which his party will need to do on the formation of the Liberal Government.

There are persons even so far away as India who are as ready to vilify Catholic religious orders as are any in our own land.

Should Mr. Blake accept a seat in the British Parliament it is quite likely that he would be given a portfolio in Mr. Gladstone's next cabinet.

Pere Marquette, one of the early French Jesuit explorers of the great lakes, is to have a statue placed in the capitol at Washington by the State of Wisconsin.

It must be said that with one voice

they have denounced this language as an atrocious libel. The following from the Bombay Gazette is a sample of the style in which the mendacious parson has been answered:

"Until he has apologized, he must be kept at arm's length by all people of cleanly life and thought, who live in charity with their neighbors, and think it worth while to keep their tongues from evil speaking, lying and slandering. The police have been sampling the filthy literature by which these singular missionaries pretend to advance the cause of Christianity in the East. There is a provision in the Penal Code which was meant for these gentlemen, and it would be a pity if they did not get the benefit of it.

A CANADIAN INVITED TO HELP IRELAND.

Hon. Edward Blake, late leader of the Liberal party of Canada, received a telegram on June 14, which read as follows: "Hon. Edward Blake: Irish party unanimously invites you to accept Irish seat at the general elections."

The despatch was signed by Justin McCarthy, John Dillon, Michael Davitt, T. M. Healy and William O'Brien.

There is no doubt that a representative Canadian of Mr. Blake's high character and Parliamentary experience would prove a most valuable aid to the cause of Home Rule at present.

Mr. Blake can, if he choose, enlighten the English people on the true "loyalty" of the Loyal Orangemen in Canada as indicating the spirit of their brethren in Ulster.

Americans from the United States have told all these things to England already, but the Tory mind refuses to accept the testimony of America on the palpable evidence of history.

He was not indifferent, he said, to the gravity of the labor question, but, as he emphatically expressed it, "if he turned aside from the cause of Home Rule, he would rightly gain the contempt of all honest men."

Should Mr. Blake accept a seat in the British Parliament it is quite likely that he would be given a portfolio in Mr. Gladstone's next cabinet.

Pere Marquette, one of the early French Jesuit explorers of the great lakes, is to have a statue placed in the capitol at Washington by the State of Wisconsin.

DIOCESE OF HAM

A FOND FAREWELL—THE WATERLOO SAYS GOOD-BYE TO MR. SPEITZ.

Father Speitz is going to the sorrowful news that must have come to the other of the Catholic when it became known that the church had received word from his Order to meet him at the days. The time was very short, and the movement was in haste to show him, in however way, that his zeal and untiring labors for the church had been appreciated by the church council.

We have not forgotten, we get, your untiring devotion to the cause of Home Rule, and your formation up to the fully convinced, admirable financial ability, we were, in a great measure, the church of St. Louis which, and which, complete with the school, and the day to-day a monument to your religion and a glory and a blessing to the people of Waterloo.

The Separate school, with the church, which, fully equipped, best occupancy, was handed over to you, and the tuition of the excellent have made satisfactory progress, both religious and in the source of unending joy to the parish.

We remain, on behalf of the church, which, fully equipped, best occupancy, was handed over to you, and the tuition of the excellent have made satisfactory progress, both religious and in the source of unending joy to the parish.

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Telephone, July 1.

JULY 2, 1892.

DIocese of Hamilton.

A FOND FAREWELL—THE CATHOLICS OF WATERLOO SAY GOOD-BYE TO REV. DR. SPETZ.

Father Spetz is going to leave us... The sorrowful news that passed quickly from one to the other of the Catholics of Waterloo...

By 10:30 a. m. the hour announced for the second service of the day—solemn Pontifical High Mass—the church was filled to overflowing...

The Separate school, also in connection with the church, which for years has been a model of efficiency, fitted up with all modern improvements...

In order, therefore, to show to some small extent our sense of the many obligations under which you have placed us, apart altogether from the faithful and patriotic services...

We remain, on behalf of the congregation, your most devoted and faithful children.

Waterloo, June 21, 1892.

Rev. Father Theobald Spetz, Vicar General of the Diocese of Hamilton, N. Y.

Having heard of your very sudden and unexpected call to Europe, and therefore subsequent absence from Waterloo, we feel that we cannot allow the occasion to pass without at least making some slight manifestation...

We therefore all unite in wishing you a pleasant and safe journey and a safe and speedy return, and begging you to remember us in your prayers...

Mr. R. P. O'Donohue then read the address from the C. M. B. A., Mr. Thomas Nilhil making the presentation. The emblem was inscribed "To Rev. Theobald Spetz from the C. M. B. A., Waterloo."

Waterloo, June 21, 1892.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROSARY, THOROLD.

Very occasionally have people the privilege of witnessing the consecration of a Catholic church and the ceremonies attendant and when the privilege is accorded it is usually accepted heartily, and large crowds attend.

At 10:30 a. m. the hour announced for the second service of the day—solemn Pontifical High Mass—the church was filled to overflowing...

The ceremony in itself was extremely interesting, much edification being added to the services by the presence of His Grace the Archbishop and the other distinguished visitors.

It had been announced that the sermon would be preached by His Grace the Archbishop, but, owing to the additional work of confirmation he has of late been engaged in, His Grace felt unable to do so.

The doctrines of the Church teach that a child, previous to baptism is in sin, the sin hereditary; and so a church, previous to consecration, is of the earth, earthly.

But after the ceremony it is a place set apart for the adoration of God. What is the world's idea of religion today? Many consider that it is to be sober, to be honest, that religion is to do a good work to man; but every stone in this building, every prayer here uttered, tells us that there is a higher duty than this—man's duty to his God.

Every stone here speaks in unmistakable tones, and says: "Here is a God, a rewarder and a punisher," and unless we fulfil our obligation of prayer we have no hope for God's salvation.

As may be gleaned from the foregoing, the church is a magnificent and costly structure, the style of architecture being Gothic.

The fittings throughout are rich and costly. The altar stands second to none in Canada, and was viewed with admiration by all.

The eucharistic sermon was attentively listened to, as the Rev. gentleman was a forcible and polished speaker. His words evidently made a deep impression on the people of the congregation.

In the evening the church was again filled to overflowing. Vespers were sung by the Vicar General, and the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The interest centered very much upon the sermon announced for the evening by Rev. Father Ryan.

At 10:30 a. m. the hour announced for the second service of the day—solemn Pontifical High Mass—the church was filled to overflowing...

FATHER LAMBERT'S LETTER

To An Infidel Correspondent Who Wants to get into Print.

The following correspondence fully explains itself. The numberless admirers of Father Lambert will thank the Indianapolis gentleman who is the indirect cause of providing them such a rare treat:

DEAR SIR—I have just received a letter from the editor of the Union and Times of Buffalo, N. Y., in which he refuses me the use of the columns of that paper through which to reply to your "Notes on Ingersoll."

Now, you are utterly unknown to me and so far as I know, to the general public, and though you may be a better scholar and logician, a better philosopher and a honest man than Ingersoll—which is not saying much for you—yet you will see how very stupid it would be in me to bind myself to reply to you until I see whether you can produce anything worth a reply.

I have received several challenges from time to time since I published the "Notes." Some were from inveterate cranks, others from incipient cranks and others from parties whom I strongly suspect of having a bias in the same direction.

Will you write my side of the argument in the form of open letters to you and you can write yours in the same form to me. By accepting my challenge you can have an audience of at least 25,000 Free Thinkers, men and women, who will read carefully every word you write.

DEAR SIR—Your letter duly received. As Ingersoll, when an opportunity was offered him by the president of the Nineteenth Century Club, of New York, declined to discuss Christianity with me, I do not see that I am under any obligation to discuss said subject with any of his disciples who for one motive or another may want to have a tilt at me.

It is true I challenged any of Ingersoll's disciples to rehabilitate his smirched character, and that challenge still stands. In the "Notes" I proved that he was unfair and dishonest in debate, that he was untruthful, that he stated downright falsehoods which he just have known to be such, and that he was sophistical and tricky in argument.

As my challenge cannot be given during the day, Rev. Father Harold conducted the service, which was a very satisfactory one. The choir part in the services in addition to the regular choir, which added materially to the service.

The church is a magnificent and costly structure, the style of architecture being Gothic. It is built of red stone, in the true Gothic style of architecture.

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garb if they were made to wear it; and they would most certainly be made to wear it if they had the "courage of the soul" to put in practice such agnostic dogmas.

If you accept my challenge and undertake the unshrinking of your prophet, you will be required to defend these despicable doctrines. Are you ready to undertake it? Of the book that proclaims these doctrines Ingersoll said, in his introduction to it: "In my judgment, this book, filled with original thoughts, will hasten the coming of the blessed time."

A blessed time indeed—for thieves, liars, lechers and libertines. And this is free thought, and these free thinkers! It is well that at last the public knows the evil spirit that impells them; well that smooth-tongued cant can no longer hide their ultimate purposes. The veil is lifted and the visage of Mokanna is revealed, and what a visage!

That mocking Fiend, whose veil now raised, showed them as in death's agony they gazed. Not the long promised light, the brow, whose beams were to forth, all conquering, all redeeming. But features horrible than Hell's ever traced in its own breast;—no Demon of the West. No churchyard ghoul caught lingering in the light of the bluest sun, ever blasted human sight. With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those. The impostor now, in grinding mockery, shows.

I hope I have explained myself sufficiently to be understood. I commend the good judgment of the editor of the Catholic Union and Times in declining to devote its columns to the spreading of irreligion and errors that in their consequences lead to immorality and social disorder. The French savant Pasteur has, they say, an infallible cure for the hydrophobia, but it would not be wise in an editor to inoculate his readers with the virus merely for the purpose of proving the efficacy of the remedy. The common-sense rule is to avoid the virus.

L. A. LAMBERT.

Sick Headache

Is a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine, and sustain all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time directing myself, I was completely cured."—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indigestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small frequent doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Strout, Montville, Pa.

Ayer's Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

THE HURON AND ERIE Loan & Savings Company

Dividend No. 56.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four and one-half per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of NINE PER CENT. PER ANNUM, upon the paid up capital stock of this Company has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Company's office in this city on and after SATURDAY, JULY 2nd, 1892.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th instant inclusive.

By order of the Board, G. A. SOMERVILLE, Manager. London, Ont., June 1, 1892.

PILEKONE CURE FOR PILES.

Application painless and easy; relief immediate. Use and approved of by the medical profession. Price 25c per box. For sale by Druggists, or by mail, on receipt of price. Prepared by W. T. Strong, Druggist, London, Ont.

A RETREAT

FOR LADIES WILL BE GIVEN AT the Sacred Heart Convent, London, commencing on Monday evening, July 13th, and closing Saturday morning, July 19th. For full particulars and further particulars apply to the Lady Superior.

MALE TEACHER WANTED.

A CATHOLIC TEACHER HOLDING A 2nd or 3rd class certificate; duties to begin after midsummer holidays for balance of year 1892; state salary expected; testimonials and references. Apply to M. GLEESON, Sec., Fletcher P. O., Ont. 713-2w

PISORS CURE FOR GISORS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

The "Pisors" Cures. The only cure for Gisor's Consumption. In time, it cures all cases of Gisor's Consumption.

VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE cures Cuts, Burns, Sores, Bruises, Wounds, Chapped Hands and Cold Sores. Price 25c.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME RULER.

Miss Gonne is now thrilling France with her tale of Irish wrongs.

Miss Maud Gonne, a beautiful Irish Home Ruler, is now making a tour of France. Her purpose is to pour into the ear of France a recital of Ireland's wrongs.

This picturesque advocate of the Irish cause is the daughter of an officer in the British Army, who is now dead. Her father belonged to an old Irish family, and he was known in a quiet way, to be in sympathy with Irish aspirations for autonomy.

Under the influence of the lovely scenery in which her girlhood passed Miss Gonne became passionately attracted to Ireland. She was fond of listening to the stories of the peasantry about daring rebels who, in struggle after struggle against the oppressor, were often forced to seek shelter in the fastnesses in the rugged mountains.

After completing her tour of Europe, it is said to be Miss Gonne's intention to lecture in the United States in support of the Irish cause. — N. Y. World.

land's fair pleader: "A brow crowned by a halo of golden hair; large eyes, which are now fired with indignation, now bathed in tears of pity; a graceful, slender and supple figure; the gestures large and noble; the whole appearance stamped with a character of supreme elegance—such is Miss Maud Gonne. Miss Gonne has made it her mission to gain the attention of France, and, through France, of Europe, for her tale of Ireland's sufferings and wrongs. Her patriotic efforts have been crowned with success, attended by large subscriptions to a fund for the relief of Irish distress. Men of the highest rank in literature and politics—authors, deputies and ministers—have appeared on her platforms, and everywhere she has been received with unbounded enthusiasm.

"Speaking the purest French, in a voice which commands every note of passion and tenderness, Miss Gonne delivered a discourse on her country's history which held a great audience spellbound. Miss Gonne possesses true oratorical instinct—she knows at once how to inform and to persuade. Each great epoch of Ireland's history is summarized in a few brilliant and clear-cut sentences, which sometimes glow with passion as she recounts the more tragic episodes of that unhappy story."

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LOYALTY TO THE TRUTH.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

What is truth? Pilate asked the question of our Lord, but he did not wait for an answer. He was evidently favorably impressed with the sayings and the demeanor of our Lord, for He went out to the people, who were determined to have Him condemned, and told them that he found no cause in Him; and he actually proposed to release Him. He knew that for envy they had delivered Him. He had every reason to believe that He was not only innocent but that He was a very extraordinary man. There was enough prima facie evidence upon the truth of His claims to impose upon him the obligation of not only asking carefully, but of examining candidly the foundation of the claims of this extraordinary person and satisfying himself of their truth or falsity. Why did he not do so? In one word, he feared the people. He was evidently a politician and he feared to lose his popularity. There was a great struggle for a while. More than once he appealed to the people to let our Saviour go as an innocent man. But when he found that upon His destruction and proffered a robber to Him—what did he do? Did he honestly say: "I believe He is innocent and therefore I cannot conscientiously sanction His condemnation," and let Him go free? No; he actually scourged the innocent and delivered Him to them to be dealt with according to their wishes.

Then, see the hypocrisy of the man. He knows he has done wrong; but he wants to throw the blame upon the people. So he ostentatiously washes his hands before them and with a lie in his mouth says, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man." As if the stain of a deep and damning sin which had scarred his soul could be washed away by any mere external, ceremonial washing.

We have instanced this case of Pilate as typical of a large class of persons in modern times and in our own country. We call ourselves a Christian people. There is a general, albeit a falling faith in Christianity. But owing to the confusion and uncertainty resulting from the radical tendency of Protestantism, the people do not know what to believe. They do not like to give up faith in Christianity altogether. They are naturally a religious people, and they still retain more or less of the Christian traditions of the fathers; but they are all at sea as to any definite, positive system of belief and practice. Is there any adequate remedy? We say, yes, here is the old original Catholic Church in our midst which claims to be just what they want. It has a settled, fixed system of belief and practice. It is not dependent upon the ever shifting and varying opinions of fallible men. It satisfies the intellect of the profoundest thinker and the most devout aspirations of the religiously inclined. It is indeed a wonderful system which the more it is studied the more it is seen to embrace the combined wisdom and experience of the ages and to be perfectly adapted to the wants of man as a religious being.

How is this system received by the great mass of non-Catholics? Is it welcomed as the great boon from heaven which it really is? Alas, no. And why not? Is it for want of evidence? No, the evidence is abundantly sufficient if the people would only examine it. And it is worthy of special note to remark that the prima facie evidence in its favor is sufficient to impose upon every one the obligation to look into it more closely and to investigate it thoroughly with a candid and unprejudiced disposition, to accept it if true.

We have the best reasons for knowing that thousands of people have become favorably impressed with the superiority of the Catholic Church to all the so-called churches of Protestantism; and many have even gone so far as to say frankly that if there is anything in Christianity it must be in the Catholic Church. Yet they pause, and hesitate to take any step toward

satisfying themselves. They dance attendance on the Church; they are almost persuaded; sometimes they are thoroughly convinced of the truth, yet they hesitate to take a decided step and acknowledge their convictions. They vacillate, and sometimes they are found in the ranks of the anti-Popery zealots lest they should be suspected of a tendency "Romanwards." What is it that stands in their acknowledging their conscientious convictions and taking a decided stand? It is want of loyalty to the truth.

Loyalty to the truth implies, first, a deep and abiding sense of the great importance and imperative obligation of the truth, and, second, a firm and unflinching determination to seek for the truth as for hidden treasure, and resolutely to follow it when found. It should be borne in mind that truth is God and God is Truth. If you reject the truth you reject God. If you fail to correspond with the grace of God leading you towards the truth—giving you intimations and favorable impressions of it—God will hold you responsible for your negligence. We ought to love the truth for the truth's sake, and be willing to make any sacrifices for it.

We know of no more pitiable object than that of a man who is almost persuaded—struggling with his convictions—drawn towards the Church but held back by some of those powerful motives and considerations which are always operating to keep men from doing their duty and being loyal to the truth. It may be political aspirations, or social consideration; pride of opinion; fear of what people will say; loss of caste, and being laughed at by the silly and thoughtless devotees of pleasure. It is a most wretched and uncomfortable slavery, and it is as dangerous as it is uncomfortable.

It is such a great mistake, too. It is the devil's sacrifice to keep us from doing our duty. Ingenious and plausible are his reasons for vacillation. But they are delusive. There is nothing lost by being loyal to the truth. On the contrary, the man who courageously makes sacrifices for his conscientious convictions is always respected. It is an infallible indication of character and inspires confidence at the same time that it commands the admiration even of those pusillanimous souls who have not the courage of a person of true conviction. Resist the devil of doubt and vacillation; rise above the low and grovelling motives that restrain you; resolve to brave all things for the truth's sake, and great will be your reward both in this world and in that which is to come.

How a Methodist Preacher Became a Bishop.

A Methodist minister in Milwaukee told the following last week: "I do not care to mention names, as they will come out if the investigation is made. But I have no objection to giving the facts, which can be supported by sufficient proof when it is required." The clergyman then went on to say that shortly before the last general conference met in New York the ministerial and lay delegates to the Pacific coast were surprised to receive, with the compliments of a United States Senator, who is also a railroad magnate, papers to and from the general delegates, via Washington. The delegates felt pleased and honored by this expression of good will, and when they reached Washington they were still more delighted to accept invitations to a reception given at a palatial home of the Senator and railway magnate.

"A clergyman, who was afterward elected a Bishop, was present as the friend of the magnate, and introduced the delegates to the host. During the evening the railway magnate managed to secure a personal interview with such delegate, at which he asked, as a personal favor to him, that the delegate would vote for the clergyman who had that evening, as the friend of the magnate, introduced the delegates. As a further favor the magnate asked that the delegates say nothing about having been furnished free transportation by him. As every delegate felt under obligation to the magnate for the passes and for the honor shown, it was not difficult to secure the desired promises.

"It was not till several weeks later that some of the delegates opened their eyes to the fact that they had been practically bribed by railroad passes and social honors by one of the most astute politicians in the country to accomplish the elevation to the episcopacy of the clerical friend of the politician.

"The facts stated," the clergyman added in conclusion, "will come out, beyond doubt, if the investigation is at all thorough."

No matter what may be the ills you bear from indigestion, a dose of Ayer's Cathartic Pills will ease you without question. Just try them once and be assured: they have much worse dyspepsies cured. You'll find them nice and amply worth the price.

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, \$2.50; 4th, \$1.50; 5th, \$1.00. Send a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition." Also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

Oh, My Head! That splitting headache, aching brow and irritable feeling can be immediately relieved and permanently cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for headache, constipation and all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Minard's Liniment cures Gargel in Cows.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

In the last issue the Christian Register makes some very frank admissions concerning public worship in Protestant churches. It depreciates the fact that they so undervalue religious feeling as a motive power that they regard their acts of worship as a mere "preliminary" to the main thing in their meetings, which, of course, is to hear a sermon from the minister. It expresses a fear that their acts of worship are often a mere appearance's sake. The intelligence has been cultivated in them, it thinks, at the expense of the heart, until there is no longer a deep feeling of the presence of God as a comforting, sustaining power.

We did not need the Register to tell us that our separated brethren are not satisfied with this state of things. There are many signs that their hearts yearn for something better than mere preaching, accompanied by a few prayers, which, so to speak, are often offered at a venture. They may express what a preacher himself feels, but how can they be prayers from the hearts of the people, whose aspirations, fears, sorrows and trials are unknown to him, and perhaps wholly different from his own. It is no wonder that we see the Episcopal Church trying, by the help either of timid symbolism or bold ritualism, to increase in its public service the spirit of worship, or that the Presbyterians are agitating the question of having a liturgy, instead of "preliminary exercises" and a sermon.

The Register well describes the condition of the separated Church as like that of people in a nightmare. They want to go from where they are, but do not know exactly where they want to go, and are perplexed as to how they shall get there. Those of them who have no authorized liturgy will be satisfied, if the soul of the minister was always so full of feeling and desire as to kindle a like flame in the hearts of the people. But if it is not—and how often must it be that it is not—there is a positively immoral performance in the language of deep religious feeling where it does not really exist. The method of worship by a set form of prayers "never sinks so low in heartlessness as this. But the great objection to it is that it leaves no room for that spontaneous utterance which religious feeling sometimes demands."

As neither is wholly satisfactory, an attempt has been made to combine the best features of each. And we are told that the Church which first succeeds in offering to the men and women of this age a method of worship best suited to their needs will perform a service for the world that will meet with swift recognition.

This last assertion is a great mistake. The world has had, in the Catholic Mass, just such a form of worship for nineteen centuries. But it has not met with swift recognition from many who confess their need of just what it alone would supply them. In what it has offered the fullest, freest, most satisfying expression of every feeling of the human heart towards its Creator, of sorrow and mourning, or even that conscious spiritual languor which the soul beanoins in itself, and which the most beautiful liturgies are often powerless to heal. In it there is no dependence upon the man who offers it. Its benefits, its comfort and consolation, are as great to those who assist at it when the celebrant is secretly cold and unmoved himself, as when he is full of the fire of love and zeal. The experiences of countless millions in all ages prove that it is the Holy Sacrifice itself that satisfies the soul, whether the offerer be the most eloquent or the dullest preacher.

What is the secret of the power of its attraction? Why is it that the poor and the lowly, the world over, will crowd around the Catholic altar, not on Sunday alone, but day after day, in winter's cold and summer's heat? Why is it that Newman could say he could assist at it forever without being weary of it? It is not alone because its liturgy contains that for which our separated friends are longing—a set form of prayers and praises of surpassing beauty and sweetness, yet elastic enough to meet the wants of the soul in all its varying moods. All these it has. Its Gloria, Sanctus and Preface have never been approached by any songs of praise in any other Church. Its Miserere and Agnus Dei have made many a sorrowing heart a fountain of penitent tears of love.

But these are not the real source of its sweet attraction. That lies in the Real Presence of Jesus upon the altar. Just as the Godhead was present in His person, when He lived and moved visibly among men, by presence in a mode different from His omnipotence in the universe, so at the words of Consecration, He comes down upon the altar by a real, actual, sacramental presence, different from that by which He is in the home or closet, or in the streets or the fields. The words of the Mass are but beautiful expressions of adoration which we owe to this Divine Presence. But no one is confined to those words alone, any more than every one was obliged to approach Jesus in the same way, while He was visibly on earth. Some may follow the priest, using the same words—others may pour out their souls in language of their own. One whose spirit is attuned to joy and gladness may make continued acts of praise and thanksgiving,—another whose spirit is bowed in grief may prefer to meditate upon the sufferings like his which Jesus

once endured. Very often not a word is read or spoken. The soul is simply engaged in silent, devout adoration of its God. Even those who are conscious of spiritual languor and coldness are sweetly drawn to the Divine Presence, by the feeling, "If we may but touch the hem of His garment, we shall be healed."

How strange, then, to the Catholic to hear other Christians speak of wanting a more satisfactory mode of public worship. It is to him as if a child should study out a way of addressing his father when in his presence. And how strange too, may we not say, to see them so anxious to have a beautiful and appropriate way of coming into the Divine Presence in the early temple of God, while denying that He is there in any other way than He is present everywhere else.

A Front Door Scandal.

Col. Russell, says Truth, is the Tory candidate for East Aberdeenshire. The colonel and Mrs. Russell, having met the schoolmaster of Old Deer, and his wife, asked them to call on them. This they did, but, on calling, Mrs. Russell asked them their business, and showed them the door; this somewhat cool welcome being followed by the receipt of the following letter from Col. Russell's factor. The letter is interesting, as showing how Tory candidates regard the relation that ought to prevail between them and their neighbors whom they do not deem of the same social standing as themselves. Note, schoolmasters, that if you want to see a Tory candidate, you must understand that the front door is for your betters:

"DEAR SIR—Mrs. Russell of Aden has instructed me to inform you that she is very much surprised at you and your wife coming to the front door and asking to see her without any reason. Mrs. R. wishes it to be distinctly understood that she never receives visits from any of the people in this district; she could not receive one without many others. If she wishes to see anyone she sends for them, and expects that they will come by the back door. If at any time anyone wishes to speak to Mrs. R. on any business connected with the social or moral or intellectual interests of the community, or for any philanthropic purpose, Mrs. R. will be obliged if they will let her know beforehand, in order that she may fix a time to see them which suits her own convenience, and she will give them an interview in the business room set apart for that purpose. In any case of illness or trouble Mrs. R. is always ready to assist, but the application should be made by letter, for she cannot possibly permit unauthorized interviews upon her privacy. Mrs. R. begs me to add that she feels convinced that your conduct arose from ignorance of the world and its customs, and not from any intentional impertinence. She is, therefore, ready to forgive what has passed, but begs that it may not occur again."

Three Things to Remember. Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most unequalled success. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes the greatest cures. Is it not the medicine for you? Constipation is caused by loss of peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver. C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "I have sold at retail 156 bottles of D. Thomas' Electric Oil, guaranteeing every bottle. I must say I never sold a medicine in my life that gave such universal satisfaction. In my own case, with a badly ulcerated throat, after a physician prescribing it for several days to no effect, the Electric Oil cured it thoroughly in twenty-four hours, and in three or four of my children this winter, it never failed to relieve almost immediately."

Nothing So Good. DEAR SIRS,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for a number of years, and find nothing so good for diarrhoea and sick stomach as it has proved itself to be.

A Sure Reliance. GENTLEMEN,—We have a family of seven children and have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past ten years in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaints. It never fails us and has saved many a doctor's bills.

J. T. PARKINSON, Granton Ont. No bogus testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

A Germ Disease.

Should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of Cream—Rolls, Biscuits, Pastry, Cakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc. Light, sweet, moist and digestible food made from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from Alum. Ask your grocer for McLaughlin's Cook's Friend.

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Ritchie & Co. MONTREAL. Cut Plug, 10c. 4 lb Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 20c.

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 and retail 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, and to get its goods at the lowest possible prices. 2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for 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 in large quantities are allowed the regular of 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 your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything send your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St. New York, N. Y.

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COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. There is nothing having more of anything more delicious than Cook's Friend. It is the secret of the things for God, cause they are Father E. W. F.

Christening. To-day I saw a little, calm-eyed Where soft lights rippled at the Within the church's shelter arc Peacefully wondering, to the White-rolled and sweet, in a flower. White as the daisies that adorne Born like a gift—the young offered to God as her most precious. Then ceased the music, and the Was silent; and the multitude Harkened; and when of Faith He spoke, the pastor's eye trembled. But she, the child, knew not a tr And suddenly yielded to a tr As helpless as the cry of fright Whose untired wings for flight ing. How like in this I thought, to The blessing falls: we call it And fancy that we wear a sorrow Even at the moment of our birth. Pure daisy-child! Whatever Of dream or doctrine—or of A hand may touch our heads, Of grief and doubt, to bleed, ing. A voice may sound, in measure The words we know not, the meaning Be clear as dew, and sure as a Scattered afar from some one Wise is the ancient sacrament This weaking eye of mine With a gleam of prayer or an To Him whose hearts of m searches. We are like the babe who, again, Within her mother's cradling Bright as a new bud, now, in And, as her hair, it seemed, rested. —George P.

FIVE-MINUTE S Fourth Sunday after HOW TO SUFFI Brethren! I reckon that this present time are not worth the glory to come, that in us (Epiistle of the Day.) I think, my brethren few good and faithful do not have, as they jo life, a fair share of and sufferings. So crosses are not noticed people, but they are he those who have to be priest hears more of the world, as well than any one else; very old story to him own trials, too, in many think that in his has mostly avoided them and suffering seem to they really are, the Christians, happiness tion; unless we are what some call happen ing the law of God.

Now this is a very y but it is a fact, and w in. But how shall w That is a point which consider. Shall we simply t because we cannot he little as we can, becau makes it worse? C comfort by thinking t the same plight as believing, though pee lie, that our luck, not harder than that around us?

These would be ways of getting along no better. But it y for us to fall back on has faith should be al way than either of t "Yes," you may what you mean: a C be resigned to God are taught and we things come to us by God; that He is all-god; so, when He s hard to bear, we mu be done," and know for the best."

Now I do not wan against this way of it is a good way, an way: none more, so sometimes it is the seem possible. But exactly what I me what the great Apo glorious and trium life of suffering, we that of St. Peter to immortal words wh "I reckon," says ferings of this pr worthy to be com to come, that shall t That is his consol he says to us, "I a but what is it for bitter it is true, bu against an eternal which God is going souls. Truly it is compared in its p the ocean of deligh earned for the futu the little price whi for that future; speaking of when will bring.

Indeed, my breth matter of astonish it ought to be so little of the he prepared for us. in it; we do bel seem to forget all have it if we w very crosses and t are a sign that we to force us on. more of heaven; forward to it. Th was the joy an martyrs; why s constant support tians, too?

Is there anything having you of anything more del of it? Holloways Try it and be convin Love's secret things for God, cause they are a Father E. W. F.

Christening.
 Today I saw a little, calm-eyed child—
 Whose soft lights rippled and the shadows
 tarried
 Within the church's shelter arched and asled—
 Peacefully wondering, to the altar carried;
 White-robed and sweet, in semblance of a
 flower,
 White as the daisies that adorned the chan-
 cel,
 Borne like a gift—the young wife's natural
 dower,
 Offered to God as her most precious hanel.
 Then ceased the music, and the little one
 Was silent; and the multitude assembled
 Hearkened; and when of Father and of Son
 He spoke, the pastor's deep voice broke and
 trembled.
 But she, the child, knew not the solemn words.
 And suddenly yielded to a troubled wailing
 As helpless as the cry of frightened birds—
 Whose untired wings for flight are unavail-
 ing.
 How like in this, I thought, to older folk:
 The blessing falls; we call it tribulation,
 And fancy that we wear a sorrow's yoke
 Even at the moment of our consecration.
 Pure daisy-child! whatever be the form
 Of dream or doctrine—or of unbelieving—
 A hand may touch our heads, amid the storm
 Of grief and doubt, to bless beyond beav-
 ing.
 A voice may sound, in measured, holy rite;
 The words we know not, though their solemn
 meaning
 Clear as day, and sure as starry night
 Scattered afar from some celestial gleaming.
 Wise is the ancient sacrament that blends
 This weakling cry of children, in our
 churches,
 With strength of prayer or anthem that ascends
 To Him who hears of men and children
 searches.
 We are like the babe who, soothed by song
 again,
 Within her mother's cradling arm lay nestled,
 Bright as a new bud, now, reflected in
 And on her hair, it seemed, Heaven's radiance
 rested.
 —George Parsons Lathrop.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.
 Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

HOW TO SUFFER.
 Brethren: I reckon that the sufferings of
 this present time are not worthy to be compared
 with the glory to come; that shall be revealed
 in us. (Ephesians 1:27)
 I think, my brethren, that there are
 few good and faithful Christians who do
 not have, as they journey through
 life, a fair share of crosses, trials
 and sufferings. Sometimes these
 crosses are not noticed much by other
 people, but they are heavy enough for
 those who have to bear them. The
 priest hears more of the troubles of
 the world, as well as of its sins,
 than any one else; misery is a
 very old story to him; and he has his
 own trials, too, in plenty, though many
 more think that in his state of life he
 has mostly avoided them. Yes, trouble
 and suffering seem to be, and indeed
 they really are, the rule of life for
 Christians, happiness rather the excep-
 tion; unless we are willing to get
 what some call happiness by disregarding
 the law of God.
 Now this is a very unpleasant fact;
 but it is a fact, and we have to accept
 it. But how shall we best do so?
 That is a point which it will be well to
 consider.
 Shall we simply take our trouble
 because we cannot help it, and fret as
 little as we can, because fretting only
 makes it worse? Or shall we take
 comfort by thinking that others are in
 the same plight as ourselves; by
 believing, though perhaps we cannot
 see it, that our luck, though hard, is
 not harder than that of most of those
 around us?
 These would be two pretty good
 ways of getting along for one who had
 no better. But it would be a shame
 for us to fall back on them. One who
 has faith should be able to find a better
 way than either of these.
 "Yes," you may say, "I know
 what you mean; a Christian ought to
 be resigned to God's holy will. We
 are taught and we believe that all
 things come to us by the providence of
 God; that He is all-wise and infinitely
 good; so, when He sends us anything
 hard to bear, we must say, 'Anything
 will be done,' and know by faith that it
 is for the best."
 Now I do not want to say anything
 against this way of bearing trouble;
 it is a good way, and it is a Christian
 way; none more so. And perhaps
 sometimes it is the only one that will
 seem possible. But after all it is not
 exactly what I mean; and it is not
 what the great Apostle St. Paul, whose
 glorious and triumphant death, after a
 life of suffering, we commemorate with
 that of St. Peter to-day, meant in those
 immortal words which I just read.
 "I reckon," says he, "that the suf-
 ferings of this present time are not
 worthy to be compared with the glory
 to come, that shall be revealed in us."
 That is his consolation. "We have,"
 he says to us, "a little to suffer here,
 but what is it after all? A drop,
 against an eternal torrent of joy with
 which God is going to overwhelm our
 souls. Truly it is not worthy to be
 compared in its passing bitterness to
 the ocean of delight of which it is the
 earnest for the future. It is, in fact,
 the little price which we have to pay
 for that future; and it is not worth
 speaking of when we think what it
 will bring."
 Indeed, my brethren, it must be a
 matter of astonishment to the angels,
 it ought to be so to us, that we think
 so little of the heaven which God has
 prepared for us. We profess to believe
 in it; we do believe in it; but we
 seem to forget all about it. We can
 have it if we will; moreover, these
 very crosses and trials, if we have them,
 are a sign that our Lord means almost
 to force it on us. Let us, then, think
 more of heaven; meditate on it, look
 forward to it. The thought of heaven
 was the joy and strength of the
 martyrs; why should it not be the
 constant support of ordinary Chris-
 tians, too?
 Is there anything more annoying than
 having your corns rubbed upon? Is there
 anything more delightful than getting rid
 of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it.
 Try it and be convinced.
 Love's secret is to be always doing
 things for God, and not to mind be-
 cause they are such very little ones.
 —Father E. W. Faber.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

That Stupid Girl.

"Grandma, we have a perfect owl at
 our school." And Ethel sighed deeply.
 "She means a stupid girl," explained
 Nell, in her precise little manner.
 "You see, she is very stupid, grand-
 ma."
 "Really," continued Ethel, "I never
 met a girl with less brains. She's,
 oh—" And Ethel gave an expressive
 shrug.
 "In your class?" inquired Will.
 "Yes," said his sister, indignantly;
 "in my class, and sitting next to me.
 I think it's a shame! I don't know
 what Sister Claudia was thinking of to
 put her in our class. Why, Kinder-
 garten would be too high for her. She
 is a mite in size, but she's old—real
 old."
 "My age?" suggested grandma.
 "Ah, you know what I mean; about
 Mary's age—sixteen or seventeen."
 "Thanks!" said Mary, demurely;
 while everybody else laughed except
 grandma, who asked:
 "What does she do that is so very
 stupid?"
 "Why, she gets everything quite
 upside down. She has the queerest
 German accent, and mixes things
 dreadfully. The other day it said in
 our history lesson that Columbus land-
 ing chanted the *Te Deum*. Gretchen
 Muller got up and said: 'Columbus
 do land him did chant de Demon.'
 And that wasn't enough, but to-day she
 pronounced Father Rasle 'Fadder de
 Rascal.' And, dear me! she never
 can see where the joke comes in; she
 only stares stupidly when we laugh.
 I always have to nudge her to rise when
 she's called upon—so there!" And
 Ethel subsided.
 "A dreadful arraignment, surely,"
 observed grandma, smiling. "But,
 Ethel dear"—and her tone was now
 more serious—"she may be a very
 good girl for all that."
 "Oh, yes, ma'am, she is one of the
 good girls!" agreed Ethel, carelessly.
 "Of course, if she had any spirit she
 wouldn't stand having the girls make
 such a but of her."
 "And are the girls really so un-
 kind?"
 "Why—why—yes," said Ethel, a
 little embarrassed. "We do make
 fun of her, but I don't think she's smart
 enough to know it really. Once in a
 while she cries a little, and then we
 sort of try to comfort her, you know.
 But it's as much as I can do to keep
 from laughing, she screws her nose
 and eyes up in such a funny way."
 Grandma's face grew very grave.
 "Am I listening to one of my own
 grandchildren?" she said, in a sad
 voice. "I know Ethel has her faults,
 but I thought she had at least a kind
 heart."
 By this time Ethel's face was burn-
 ing. "I—I—don't mean to be un-
 kind," she stammered. "And—and
 I'm sure the girls don't either; we
 never thought of it in that way. Please,
 grandma, darling, don't turn
 away from me!" And she crowded be-
 seechingly close to the old lady's side.
 The dear arm encircled her and
 drew her nearer, but grandma's voice
 was full of tender reproach as she
 said: "My love, do you know
 that more harm is done in this world
 by thoughtless people than by those
 who are deliberately unkind? Who
 is this poor child's companion?"
 "She hasn't any," was the answer.
 "No one likes to go with a girl whom
 everyone laughs at."
 "Will you go with her, Ethel?"
 Ethel hid her face on grandma's
 shoulder and for a minute remained
 silent, while more than one in that
 little group waited breathlessly for
 her answer. Poor Ethel felt cold
 shivers running through her; and
 well grandma knew the conflict that
 was going on.
 "Courage, darling!" she whispered.
 "Try it even one day this month for
 the sake of the Holy Infant of Bethle-
 hem."
 Ethel drew a quick breath and
 looked up, then she said eagerly: "I
 shall try hard, but it's going to be
 tremendous."
 "Ethel! Ethel Lenox! Where is
 Ethel Lenox?" And Grace Hartford
 came with her question to a group of
 her classmates who were standing in
 the recreation grounds.
 "Oh, she has quite 'cut us!' un-
 answered one of the girls. "She has a
 new companion, Grace."
 Grace looked indignant and incred-
 ulous at the same time. She and Ethel
 had been bosom friends "for ages," as
 they expressed it.
 "I'd like to know what you mean,
 Kitty Crane?" she demanded.
 "Just what I say," replied Kitty,
 pertly. "Ethel told us, before you
 came to school this morning, that she
 wasn't going to go with anybody to-
 day but Gretchen Muller."
 "Gretchen Muller—that owl!"
 And Grace dropped a book she was
 carrying.
 "That's just what I said to Ethel,"
 returned Kitty. "And, oh, didn't she
 stare up at me! She said stupid people
 were human beings as well as smart
 ones—look! there they go now—te-
 hee!" And the group of school-girls
 giggled, as school-girls will.
 Grace looked and saw that Kitty
 spoke truly. There, arm in arm, par-
 aded the two girls. Ethel's round,
 rosy face had a calm, serious, resigned
 expression; while that of Gretchen ex-
 pressed by turns timid surprise, grati-
 tude, doubt, and a vacant sort of
 wonder. Poor Ethel evidently was en-
 deavouring to have no eyes or ears for
 anybody but her companion, though
 the conversation seemed to flag every
 moment or so. But we shall be a little
 bird for a few minutes, and try to hear
 a part of it.

"So you like this school?" Ethel
 was saying.
 "Yes," returned Gretchen.
 "Hm!" said the other, in surprise.
 "Shouldn't think you would."
 No answer from Gretchen.
 "Like to be snubbed?" was the next
 rather blunt question.
 "Snub, snub? Vat you mean,
 plerie?"
 "Oh, don't you know? Why, have
 us girls say mean things—things to
 make you feel badly."
 "It sometime makes me to have a
 sorrow," said Gretchen, with quaint
 pathos.
 "I'm sorry I ever snubbed you,
 Gretchen; but you know you're
 awfully stupid."
 "Yes," said Gretchen, humbly.
 "Gracious! why don't you get
 angry at me for saying so?" ex-
 claimed Ethel, impetuously. "I'd hate
 a girl that told me that."
 "No, no, no, mein fraulein Etel!"
 cried Gretchen, in a more confident
 tone than she had ever used. "To be
 bad, cruel, angry—oh, it would make
 to ache ze Heart of ze dear Lord! No,
 no!"
 Ethel started. That was putting
 her thoughtless conduct in a new light.
 "Is that the reason you don't answer
 back?" she inquired.
 "Yes," said Gretchen, simply.
 Ethel's cheeks grew very red, and
 she walked up and down fast—indeed,
 so fast that the little bird, were
 frightened away, and couldn't hear
 another word of the conversation.
 "Well, I never!" exclaimed Grace,
 after she had several times failed in
 efforts to attract her friend's attention.
 "But I shall not soon forget this to
 Miss Lenox." And she whisked her-
 self indignantly away.
 Owing to some rehearsing for a
 middle-examination entertainment,
 school did not close till late that after-
 noon; and Ethel was one of the last
 to leave. Before going home Gretchen
 had said to her: "Mein liebe Etel, I
 haf love for you. I am zo appy dis
 day." And there shone out of the soft
 eyes such a beautiful light of love and
 gratitude that Ethel, always impulsive,
 felt that she must hug her. Then
 Gretchen went; and Ethel, turning
 round quickly, almost overthrew a
 statue of Our Lady beside which they
 had been standing. As she caught it
 safe, the loving glance which they
 her own, and upon a faint whisper:
 "The room was borne a faint whisper:
 "Well done, my little one; well
 done!"
 Ethel pressed her lips to the hem of
 the white robe and hurried off,
 strangely moved in many ways. Her
 way home lay past a church, and the
 children of grandma's group always
 made it a point to pay a little visit to
 the Blessed Sacrament every day.
 Ethel, her heart in a strange flutter,
 slipped in quietly now. Although yet
 day-light without, all within the little
 church was dim. The tiny sanctuary
 lamp alone told of the Presence there.
 Kneeling, with folded hands, Ethel
 tried to say a prayer. But no words
 would come; instead there stole over
 her a happy, peaceful feeling—a
 calm, restful feeling, such as active
 Ethel rarely knew.
 For many minutes no sound broke
 that holy stillness. The lamp trembled
 as if with a great joy; the soft shadows
 grew and lengthened; and Ethel,
 with upturned face and eyes riveted
 on the Tabernacle, felt the awe and
 bliss of God's real near Presence.
 "Dear Lord, dear Lord!" Her heart
 said the words, though her lips moved
 not. And in that moment, that faint
 foretaste of heaven, a kind Master had
 paid golden hire for the little sacrifice
 of one short day.
 Suddenly, soft and low, but sweet
 and clear, a strain of music broke
 upon the silent air. Note after note
 rippled forth, somewhat hushed and
 trembling at first, but gradually swell-
 ing out into one grand, joyous burst
 of adoration. A few moments of this,
 and then again the tender, plaintive
 strain, like the cry of a wounded heart.
 But once more, and louder now, the
 joyous chords burst forth, till to Ethel's
 entranced senses it all seemed like a
 grand dream of heaven, a sound as of
 angelic choirs.
 How long it lasted our little girl
 never knew, but she knelt on, listen-
 ing till

music. Ethel's eyes opened wide in
 astonishment. But Gretchen, appar-
 ently unaware of her surprise, went
 on: "Ah, liebe Etel, you did make
 for me, zat owl stupid, zo appy I did
 come to tell ze dear Lord in ze music."
 For a whole moment Ethel was
 bereft of speech. Here was an aston-
 ishing discovery. Then she turned
 and caught Gretchen by the arm.
 "Gretchen," she exclaimed, "if you
 can ever forgive me for calling you
 stupid after that, you're an angel! Oh,
 I can't look at you, I am so sorry and
 ashamed!" Then, before Gretchen
 could answer, she had turned abruptly
 away and was sweeping home.
 When grandma heard the story she
 expressed hardly any surprise. On the
 contrary, she had her own little quota
 to add: for she had that day received
 a visit from no other than Gretchen's
 father, who, coming on business, had
 been recognized as a friend.
 "He saved your Uncle Will's life
 once," grandma told the children;
 "and was for years my dear son's best
 friend. After my boy's death he went
 to his native Germany, and I never
 heard of him since. However, he mar-
 ried there, but lost his wife soon after
 the birth of this little girl. He tells me
 the child had a fall in infancy which
 seriously injured her head, so that till
 within the past couple of years, when
 her brain first began to develop, she
 was never allowed to touch a book.
 Considering that, together with a
 natural difficulty in acquiring our lan-
 guage, I think little Gretchen is a won-
 der. And she has one grand talent—
 she is a born musician. One of the
 great masters of her native land gave
 her her first lessons. You see, they
 have only been in America a little over
 a year."
 "She shall never want for a compan-
 ion again," said Ethel. "Of course I
 cannot give up Grace Hartford; but
 Grace shall hear about Gretchen, and
 then she will wish her to go with us."
 Grandma smiled peculiarly. "I
 fear your magnanimity will not be
 taxed," she said. "Gretchen
 and her father sail for Hamburg next
 week. Their stay here was only
 meant to be short, but unexpected
 news makes it necessary for them to
 return immediately."
 "Oh!" cried Ethel, with such a
 crestfallen expression that the others
 could not help laughing.
 "But perhaps," said grandma,
 quietly, "there may be some Gretchen
 left in school." —Marion Brunson.

WHY CAN'T THEY MARRY?
 A young lady and gentleman are in love
 with each other, but will not marry because the lady's
 mother's brother-in-law is the young
 man's father. What relationship exists between
 the young lady and gentleman?
 To the first person who correct answer
 to the above problem the publishers of THE
 LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY will give
 seventy-five dollars in cash; for the second
 correct answer fifty dollars in cash; for the third
 correct answer an elegant Gold Watch;
 for the fourth correct answer a first class boy
 or girl's Safety Bicycle; for the fifth a French
 Music Box; for the sixth a pair of exquisite Dia-
 mond Ear-Rings in solid gold setting; for the seventh
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 plete outfit for using same; for the eighth a
 pair of Pearl Opera Goggles; to the tenth a
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 WEEKLY, Canada's High-Class Magazine,
 will be sent free. The envelope which con-
 tains correct answer bearing earliest postmark
 will receive first prize, the balance strictly in
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 All answers must be mailed on or before July 15th.
 Names and addresses of prize winners
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The experience of the manufacturers of the
 Myrtle Navy tobacco is a valuable lesson
 in industrial economy. Previous to their com-
 mencing that brand, the tobacco made of the
 best Virginia leaf, was always held at fancy
 prices, and put up in some fancy style of
 tin. It was thought that only the rich
 would buy such tobacco, and at the old
 prices none but the rich could buy it.
 The makers of the "Myrtle Navy" resolved to
 strip the tin, and to put up the tobacco of all its
 fancy costs and put their profit at so low a
 rate that no competitor could possibly under-
 sell them. From the very first, until now, their rate of
 profit has been a uniform percentage upon
 the cost. It is their enormous sales which
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 Mr. Henry Graham, Winham, writes:
 "I was in North Dakota last May, and I took
 a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable
 Discovery with me, as I did not feel safe
 without it. While there a lady friend was
 suffering with Indigestion, Biliousness and
 headache. I recommended the Vegetable
 Discovery to her and she tried it, and the
 result was that it did her so much good that
 I had to leave the balance of the bottle with
 her."
 So other Sarsaparilla possesses the Com-
 bination, Proportion and Process which
 makes Hood's Sarsaparilla Peculiar to Itself,
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 makes it drop out of the clothing very quick. Why not try
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 sells it. If not, ask him to get it.

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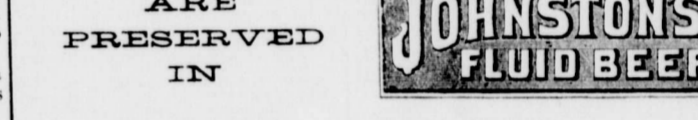
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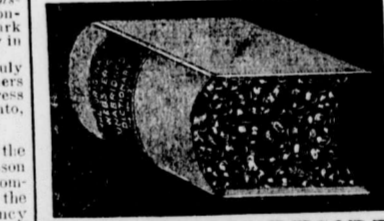
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