risks which you know very well are dangerous."
"Dangerous-oh, pshaw!" said the

father. "Yes, dangerous. Jack might have "Yes, dangerous." Seek might ago one out there and put that blind on all right, but had he missed his hold, or had the wind blown the blind around, don't you understand that there would have been grave danger for him? If he had fallen, you might for him? If he had latter, you hight have lost one of the brightest and best boys, yes, and one of the bravest that I ever knew. Boys are venturesome enough without trying to drive them more of that sort of thing. Now

you listen to what I have to say.
"When I was before the mast in the clipper ship Electric Spark we were bound to San Francisco and two other bound to San Francisco and two other elippers were bound there, too. All sailed from New York within a few hours, and considerable interest was taken in what amounted to a race.

Everybody on board from the Captain down, was as much interested having our ship get in ahead as any of the owners, and we stood any amount of extra work without flinehing or grumbling. We made good weather of it until we got within a few degrees of the line, and ran into the Doldrums. Then it was nothing but make and take in sail, wear and tack ship, what with calms and squalls and light winds from all quarters, and there nearly everybody's temper became as ugly

"Finally we got across struck the trade winds, and had a splendid run down as far as the river Platte, where we had a tussle with the tail end of a pampero. Next day the thing occurred that I'm going to tell you about.

"In my watch was a young fellow from Freeport, Me., one of those honest, well-meaning lads, whom it is a delight to meet, and of whom the Pine Tree State seems to furnish so many samples. It was his second voyage, and, although he was not rated as an able seaman yet, he had the spirit and the will in him to make considerable of a sailor if his life was spared. Well, this day the wind had left us rolling and slatting about at a great rate, and during the morning watch the star board fore royal brace slipped off the end of the yard.

"Braces in those days were not hooked on with 'sister' hooks and 'moused' as they are now, but were slipped on over the ends of the yards and ' gled' or cleated there. The brace fell across the topgallant yard and hung while the royal yard swung to and fro as far to starboard as the port brase would allow it.

we were, a thoughtless man in some ways, although a thorough seaman, shouted for one of us to go aloft and put on the brace. put on the brace. Young Blanchard—that was the youngster's name—always quick as a cat sprang into the rigging before any of the rest of us could get there, and was aloft in a trice. The yard was lowered on the lifts, the slack of the remaining brace taken in, nothing more, by the second mate, and there the yard remained, still swinging with every roll of the

snip. "Blanchard went out on the topgallant yard, secured the end of the brace, carried it into the slings of the yard, and before those on deck realized what he was doing had passed his left hand over the royal yard, standing upright on the topgallant yard, and was working his way outward. We saw at once that he intended keeping right along until he reached the end of the royal yard, and then was going to put the brace on and try to fasten it in that

The second mate turned as white as a sheet. I guess the hearts of every one on deck seemed to stop beating, for we expected every moment to see the lad thrown from his position either to the deck, headlong, or into

"Bear in mind that the royal yard, even when lowered, was still so high above the topgallant yard that Blanchard could just reach it with his hand. Remember, also, that the motion of vossel was such that, ca was, and braced tight as was the topgallant yard, there was considerable 'give' to it.

But worse than all, there was the

danger of Blanchard losing his balance and being pressed against the royal yard forward, when nothing under heaven could save him from dropping to, perhaps, a terrible death.
"The leech of the royal was flap-

ping against him with every roll of the ship; there but a hand clasp on the yard above him, with uncertain footing on the yard below upon which he stood. If he reached the yard end all right and got the brace on, it would give him a purchase by which to steady himself, and then he could re-lease his hand from the terrible strain which must be on it.
"If we had tried to call him we could

not, and if we could we dare not; the sound of our voices would have startled him and perhaps cause him to do the very thing we were praying he would escape from. The seconds seemed hours. Would he reach the

"It seemed impossible that he could do so. Knowing as we did that every roll and pitch of the ship was felt much more aloft at that distance than much more aloft at that distance that where we were on deck, it appeared to our bulging eyes and strained nerves that every second the truck of the fore royal mast swept from the

zenith of the horizon.

I crept to the spot where the end of the starboard brace was hanging dangling from the leader above, ready the the moment. I saw the end to grasp it the moment I saw the end placed over the yard arm, if I had strength enough left to do it, and then I strained my eyes aloft, fascinated by the sight of that poor boy working along to what seemed sure death.

"At this moment the Captain came on deck. He saw us standing looking aleft, and naturally enough he followed our gaze. I saw the color leave his face as he took in the situation. Stepping forward to the break of the poop, he gasped: 'Who sent him there? You?' tuning to the second mate. But that gasped: 'Who sent him there? You?' at it, but to show that it is not of the tuning to the second mate. But that officer did not answer. He was beyond the power of speech, rough man as he was, and careless enough at times of the lame. To show this we must consider cheerfully do little ones.

feelings of the foremast hands. The Captain did not press him for an answer he, too, understood that this was no time for words, nor was it, in fact time for action. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could be done.
"But the sweet little cherub who

looks out for the life of poor Jack had not deserted Blanchard. He had at last reached his goal and was placing with trembling fingers, we were sure, the lloop of the brace over the yard arm. As it went on and he passed his right hand down a foot or two from the end I hauled it taut gently and took a

turn under the betaying pin.

"At least the yard could swing no more. Slowly he crept in toward the mast, more slowly, it seemed to us than he had worked out, and in another moment he had slid down a backstay and dropped into my arms senseless.
"We took him into the cabin by the

Captain's orders, and that man, one the sternest men I ever sailed with worked over the poor lad while tears rolled down his cheeks antil he brought him to his senses. The first thing Blanchard said was, 'Captain, the clean

That meant that when I hauled taut the brace there was nothing to prevent the brace from being pulled off again, and had I not handled it very carefully it must have done so. It meant that had this happened, no power on board that vessel could have saved Blanchard from being thrown from the yard, for by this time he was exhausted.

was not until months had elapsed that I got the true idea of what he went through on that yard, for he didn't like to talk about it. From that time until we reached San Francisco Blanchard never went aloft, and every time he saw one of us go into the rigging he shivered like a leaf. He told me that after he started out on the yard he lived a lifetime—that he his danger, but wouldn't have come back for anything to ask the second mate to brace the yard up sharp to port that he might creep out on the

royal yard. "Why were you so reckless, Blanch asked him, after he had told ard ?' I

me the story.
... Do you remember the time,' he said, 'when we were coming across the guli stream—that time when the flying ibstay worked out of the martingale?"
Yes.' 'Well, the second mate told me
o go out and "jamp" it into place, Yes. to go out and "jamp" it into place, but, she was pitching into the head sea so much that I besitated. He called me a coward and went out and jumped the stay in himself. I made up my mind right there that he would never have a chance to call me coward again, and I would have gone, out on that royal yard if it hadn't a brace on it and it had been hanging by the halliards.'
"I felt as he did, then, but I have

since learned that the most cowardly thing one can do is to do a foolish thing, an unmanly thing, one which one's better judgment tells him is not right.

"Dick when I heard you calling Jack a coward a little while ago, when you knew he wasn't anything of the sort, when I heard you trying to drive him into a position where the least slip might have caused his death or made him a cripple for life, and when there wasn't the slightest need of it. I thought it was about time to tell you the story of Blanchard, and I hope you learn a lesson from it as I have. It is safe to say that Jack's father never called him a coward again.

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

(CONTINUED.)

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. Mr. Jones.—"You seem to not take well to an 'if.' But you need not shie at it, for reasoning based on an 'if' leads to valid conclusions when the anteeedent is admitted in the minor premise. Let it come out to the light. "Major Premise: If the American

Version had been made from Revised duly authenticated copies of original manuscripts is more correct than a ver-sion made from copies of versions.

"Minor Premise: But the American

Revised Version has been made from duly authenticated copies of original

manuscripts.
"Conclusion: Therefore the American Revised Version is more correct than a version made from copies of ver-

"This conclusion is based, on an 'if and seems to me not lame in the least."

It is nevertheless lame, but it seems like a loss of time to spend any of it in following your dialectic excursion. But we have no choice but to go where you lead. Well, then, your conclusion does not rest on an 'if' as you think. It rests on the minor premise; if the not rest on an minor be true the conclusion is true, if the minor be false, or not proved, or not admitted, the conclusion is false, not proved, or not admitted. Again, if the minor be affirmative the conclusion must be affirmative; if negative the con clusion must be negative. A short re-flection on these principles of the syllog-ism will make it clear to you, or ought to, that in your syllogism the nature of your conclusion depends on the nature of the minor, and not on the "if." To of the minor, and not on the "if." To make this still more clear, we will show that your conclusion may be as legically deducted from your premises after we have changed your hypothetical major to the categorical form.

Using symbols to save space, your syllogism stands thus:

If the American Revised Version is

yllogism stands thus:
If the American Revised Version is
A it is B. But the A. R. V. is A.

Therefore it is B.
Changing the major from the hypothetical to the categorical form the logism stands thus and reaches the

same conclusion:

Every version that is A is B. But
the A. R. V. is A. Therefore the A.

R. V. is B.

Here the conclusion is arrived at without the "if," and, therefore, it in

But why this dry digression about so little a word as "if?" Weil, we took your hint and thought it well not to shy at it, but to show that it is not of the no way depends on it.

your syllogism as a whole. There is a defect in the major which finds its way through the minor into the conclusion. viciating and rendering it lame. It is the failure in your major to make a very important distinction and limitation.

You say, "If the American Revised Version has been made from duly authenticated copies of original manuscripts." Here you do not distinguish between correct and incorrect versions or translations, and you do not limit your statement to correct translations. Owing to this lack of necessary syllogistic ex-plicitness you make the mere fact of translation from authenticated copies of the originals the ground of superior-ity over other translators made from les of versions. Now "correctness copies of versions. Now "correctness of translation is a necessary element of your reasoning, if you would have your conclusion go without cruches. Owing to this defect—failure to say "correct translation or version"— your conclusion proves that even an incorrect or false translation of an original is superor to a correct translation of a correct cranslation from an authentic copy of he original manuscripts simply be the incorrect translation is made from duly authenticated copies of the orig inals. Now we have enough confidence in your judgment to believe you did not intend to make so absurd a conclusion.
But nevertheless this absurd conclusion is the logical deduction from your pre mises, and is all sufficient to prove that whole syllogism is viciated by the your whole syllogism is viciated by the defect in your major, a defect that passes to the minor and lunks in the conclusion. Your syllogism, as worded, is illegitimate—a logical monstrosity.

You will say you meant "correct version or translation." Doubtless you did, but we are now criticising your gism as you made it, not as you have intended to make it. It is business of a syllogism to say all

and no more than its maker intends. Having done with your syllogism as to its form, we will now consider the matter of it. Overlooking the viciating defect in your major and assuming it to be all that it ought to be, we pass to the minor. This minor says that the American Revised Version is made from duly authenticated copies of the originals. Holding you to your Protestant rule of faith—the Bible and the Bible alone—we deny your minor. There are but two ways conceivable to authenticate a copy of an original. First, by comparison of an original. First, by comparison with the original; second, by some competent authority declaring that it contains the true sense of the original. The first way is practically impossible, since the originals no longer exist. The second way is impossible to the Protestant, since he recognizes no competent authority to determine the true sense of the error originals. of the non-existent originals.

Now, inasmuch as the originals no longer exist we ask you who authenticated the manuscript copies used by the translators of the American Revised Version? On what authority do yo say they were "duly authenticated?' Authenticated by whom?

The fact is you have in the last analysis no competent authority for saying those manuscript copies are duly authen ticated, either as correct reproductions of the words or the sense of the originals. We, therefore, reject your minor, and with it the conclusion must fall. This is why we have called it On reflection we must candidly admit that the word "lame" is not strong enough. We should have said it had no legs on which to even limp.

But you will ask, does not all you have said as to the authentication of copies bear equally against all copies in existence or that existed since the originals were lost.

It certainly does, so far as copies claiming to be verbal reproductions of the originals are concerned, and it is equally against all copies claiming to reproduce the true sense of the origequally against all copies craiming to reproduce the true sense of the orig-inals, unless there is on earth an author-ity competent to determine the ident-ity of sense in the existent copy and the non - existent original. For you, with your Bible alone, there is no such authority, and consequently the authentication of copies of any or all the sacred originals is impossible, not only as to words but as to sense as well.

It is different with the Catholic. He holds that our divine Lord, before deholds that our divine Lord, before departing from this world, established His Churen to continue His work of teaching and governing His flock for all time. He promised to be with it for all time and commanded His followers to hear it under pain of being substitutions. looked upon as heathens and publicans

According to His promise the Holy Ghost is with it to direct its teaching and guard it from error and from all of leading into error whom it was commissioned to teach and lead to salvation. This Church St. Paul calls "The House of God, Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth." (I. Tim. 3 15.)

This Church, visible now as always taught and governed the flock of Christ in obedience to His command before one word of the New Testament was ten. He made it the guardian of His revelation of all that He revealed, it knew the sense of the original Scrip-tures and knows it through all the cen-turies. It was this Church that in the post-apostolic age taught the people what books were inspired and what

were not.
It was this Church that, in the General Council of Trent, ordained and de-clared that "the old and vulgate edition, which, by the lengthened usage of so many ages, has been approved of in the Church, be \* \* \* held as authentic," that is that the vulgate reproduces the true sense of the original Scriptures. This is the only authenti cation that is needed by those who seel cation that is needed by those who seek the truth. For the Catholic it, and it alone, is all sufficient. It is a sense authentication, not a verbal one, for the Church does not depend on the fallibility of transcribers or copyists for the truth she teaches, but on the promise of its Diving Foundar. Who promise of its Divine Founder, Who builded it on a rock and made it the

pillar and ground of truth.

#### A TALE OF HEROISM.

OW THE GRAY NUNS OF CANADA WERE WELL NIGH WIPED OUT IN THEIR FIGHT WITH THE SHIP FEVER AT POINT ST. CHARLES.

There are heroes and heroes-heroes hose names are boldly emblazoned on the scroll of tame and whose courage-ous deeds are published to the world. There are others, too, whose dauntless ness is unbounded, but whose fortitude is scare ever known. Not on history's page, nor on tablet or monument are their names to be found. To them it . enough that God knows-enough that in eternity's imperishable record their name be placed.

History tells us of the frightful famine in Ireland in '47, and also of the terrible ship fever that brought desola-The heroism displayed by the religious, however, was scarce worth mentioning from the historian's view-point. At that direful time the Gray Nuns of Canada were well-righ wiped

When news reached the mother house When news reached the mother house that hundreds were dying unaided and unattended on the stores of Point St. Charles, venerable Mother McMullen at once visited the scene. She found the report only too true. She collected all the facts and sent them to the emigrant arount requesting nower to set so as to agent, requesting power to act so as to ameliorate the sufferings of the unfor-

tunate Irish immigrants.
Preliminaries settled, she returned to headquarters. A little book published years ago and which is not in general gives details of later hap-

"It was the hour of recreation. The Sisters, old and young, were gathered in the community room, the conversation was animated and from time to time peals of laughter issued from one group or another. The superior entered and the Sisters arose to receive her. Having taken her seat in the circle, she said

after a short pause: "'Sisters, I have seen a sight to-day that I shall never forget. I went to Point St. Charles and found hundreds of sick and dying huddled together. The stench emanating from them is too great even the strongest constitution. The atmosphere is impregnated with it, and the air filled with the groans of the sufferers. Death is there in its most appalling aspect. Those who thus ery nd in their agony are strangers, their hands are outstretched for relief, the plague is contagious Here the venerable superior burst into tears and with a broken voice continued: 'In sending you there I am sign ing your death warrant, but you are ee to accept or to refuse.'
"There was no hesitation, no demur.

All arose and stood before their super-The same exclamation fell from

their lips: 'I am ready!'
'Eight of the willing number were chosen, and the following morning they cheerfully departed to fulfil the task allotted to them.

"On arriving at Point St. Charles the little band of volunteers dispersed among the sheds with the persons whom they had engaged to assist in the work of mercy. What a sight before them!
'I nearly fainted,' said one of the relating her emotions on that day. When I approached the Sisters, relating her emotions on that eventful day. When I approached the entrance of this sepulchre the stench suffocated me. I saw a number of beings with distorted features and disolored bodies lying heaped together on the ground looking like so many corpses. I knew not what to do. I could not advance without treading on one or another of the helpless creatures in my While in this perplexity I was way. While in this perplexity I was recalled to action by seeing the frantic efforts of a poor man trying to extricate himself from among the prostrate crowd, his features expressing at the same time an intensity of horror. Stepping with precaution, placing first one foot and then the other where a space could be then the other where a space could be found, I managed to get near the patient, who, exhausted after the efforts made to call our attention, now lay back pillowed on—dear God, what a sight!—two discolored corpses in a state of decomposition. We set to work quickly.

Clearing a small passage, we first carried the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. Ask your druggist for them or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, made to call our attention, now lay back pillowed on—dear God, what a sight!—two discolored corpses in a state of decomposition. We set to work quickly. Clearing a small passage, we first carried out the dead bodies, and then, after strewing the floor with straw, we replaced thereon the living who some had placed thereon the living who soon had

to be removed in their turn.' In the open space between the steds lay the inanimate forms of men, women and children, once the personification of health and beauty with loving and destined to fill a ardent hearts, now nameless grave. More sick immigrants arrived from day to day; new sheds had to be erected. These temporary hospitals stood side by side, each containing about one hundred and twenty common cots, or rather plank boxes littered with straw, in which the poor fever - stricken victims frequently lay down to rise no more. Eleven hundred human beings tossed and writhed in human beings tossed and writted in agony at the same time on these hard couches. The hearse could hardly suf-fice to carry off the dead. The number of Sisters increased till none save the of Sisters increased in hone appearant of and those absolutely necessary to maintain the good order of the establishment remained at the Gray Nunnery. The ardor of the Sisterhood continued until the control of the sisterhood continued until the control of the manufacture of the control of th abated, and until the 24th of the month June) no Sister had been absent from he muster roll. On this eventful morn ing two young Sisters could no longerise at the sound of the main bell. The plague had chosen its first victims, plague had chosen its first victims, and more followed hourly after, until thirty lay at the point of death. The professed nuns of the establishment, numbering only forty, could not suffice to superintend their institution, tend their sick Sisters and assist at the shade superintend their institution, tend their sick Sisters and assist at the sheds. There went novices who eagerly requested to be allowed to fill up the vacancies in the ranks. Their offer was accepted and side by side with the professed Sisters did that toll and triumph fessed Sisters did they toil and triumph
— for what else is death when it gives the martyr's crown? Fears were

even Sisters were called to receive their reward. "Overcome by fatigue and with aching hearts the remaining ones saw them-selves obliged to withdraw for a few weeks from the scene where the voice of sympathy and the hand of charity were so greatly needed. It was to their

tertained for the safety of the convent,

fears that increased still more when

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great relief that they beheld the good Sisters of the Providence take their place at the bedside of the suffering and dying. Shortly after the devoted religious of the Hotel Dieu obtained permission of the Bishop to leav cloister walls and assist in the

good work. Meanwhile the venerable Mgr. Bourget, the priests of the seminary, the Jesuits and several other membe of the clergy, who from the first days had been unrelenting in their efforts to afford help and comfort to the poor exiles, continued their heroic ministraexiles, continued their heroic ministra-tions. Many were the grateful souls who carried with them beyond the grave the rememberance of their gen-erous benefactors, not a few of whom soon followed to receive the crown re-served for martyrs of charity. Sur-vivors recall to this day with feeling of love and gratitude the draught doubly refreshing because held to their parche ips by the consecrated hand of a Bishop or by that of a devoted priest so worthy

of the name of father."
Such is the religious hero. The priesthood and the Sisterhood truly are possessed of that

"Courage — independent spark from headen's bright throne By which the soul stands raised, triumphant and alone."

#### TIRED AND DEPRESSED.

THE CONDITION OF MANY YOUNG WOMEN IN SHOPS AND OFFICES.

Thousands of young women have to lepend upon their own efforts to gain livel hood and to these, whether behind the counter, in the office, the factory or the home, work means close confinement—often in badly ventilated rooms. There is a strain on the nerves; the blood becomes impoverished; the cheeks pale; there are frequent headaches, palpitation of the heart and a constant tiredness. If the first symp-toms are neglected it may lead to a complete breakdown—perhaps consumption. What is needed to restore vim and energy and vitality is a tonic, and absolutely the best tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood, and bring health and cheerful energy to tired and depressed girls and women. Miss Viola Millett, Robinson's Corners, N. S. says : "I was Robinson's Corners, N. S. says: "I was a great sufferer from headaches, heart palpitation and troubles that afflict my sex. My blood seemed almost to have turned to water, and the least exertion left me weak and depressed. I used seven boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have made a remarkable change in my condition. I can truly say that I feel like a new person and I strongly recommend these pills to all weak, ailing

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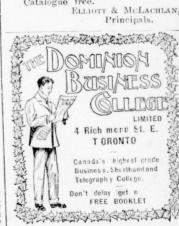
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