E SACRED

luct of others : think it enough to be amiable in manner which ghty and meek

Heart and to unimpeachable eed, it is almost It is a proof in instinct and ntal mystery of

HEIR FAITH.

cs have been ionate relations the priests and aysan exchange. nd it. To them t a whole people to their clergy r faith. After an explanation they be uncharit-the Irish people is impossible for mination of their ions between the

reland are not of re, not fear, that tholics of Ireland As a matter of ants, proportion-nisters than the As a matter of

Tuam, preaching at Athenry, gave Irishmen ar remarked that Church might ask land, and of Denalmost lost their ple of Ireland, in st persecution, had hat was a problem attention of many o attention of many ot, as might be exight solution. In anation was that in thing of St. Patrick d never forgotten edience to the See ok of Armagh they are arrived of St. e sayings of St. are Christians and

be ye also Romans vn by St. Patrick s questions of diffi-nd they were to be and settled by him. ople in the Catholic the great lesson innational Apostle— ot keep their faith yal and obedient to the Pope. Every e almost in Ireland, people. The Cath-one from the hearts was it not true, the that to-day it was as t indeed as it ever umphed over untold s because they had ce of their sup in the past, and se future, for they had

THE ANGELUS.

ne devotion to their athers had. It was that kept the faith

ag facts relating to Angelus were related by Mgr. Esser, sec-regation of the Index. ocumentary proof of from Hungary (dio-l dates from the year practice was common France, and the fol-John XXII. granted all who took part in he Church of Saints. e practice was gener-Spain, England and the year 1327 the same tabell should ring the hurch of every Rione Eternal City at night-Indulgence of ten days s who recited the An

the Angelus in the common in less than a practice of ringing it ad taken root. As far ell used to be rung at o remind the people to the Five Wounds, but we have of the microm Imola in 1506.

H " CATHOLICS.

Union and Times takes

'' Catholics to task

nly or impliedly mini
tion. "They are flation. "They are flat-ools," declares our mporary, 'when some say, 'I should never for a Catholic.' They blutely deny the faith, t as a useful and fash-Note their persistent gious topics, and their when matters of Cath practice are so brought presence of non-Cath-y cannot be evaded. extenuate, smoothe, extenuate, as if there is anything our obligations requir-if the Church's ruling est day will not bear at that can be

* We would have no faith on others, nor be his practices of devo-who bear the name of ld love their faith so w it so well, as to be d to expliain it, defend or it, which last is, in far more practical proof the most heroic expres-

ness to die for it. rup; nothing equals it as a the name is Mother Graves, tor. The greatest worm des, THE REDEMPTION OF BILL.

The house was small and smoke-be-grimed from the many passing engines in the near-by freight yards, and it had the general aspect of neglect about the vines that clambered wildly over the little side porch and in the uncut grass and weeds of its dooryard. The low picket fence that had once been white was fast going to decay, and the side yard was strewn with chunks of soft coal, uncut black ties from the railroad, and chips about the chopping-block.
The lace curtains inside the little front windows, although much darned, were windows, although much darned, were of fine texture and delicate pattern, but many a neighboring housewife dis-played in her front windows equally splendid lace curtains—of more pretentious pattern and newness, howeverthe peace price of a husband's some-time pay-day spree. For the railroad-ers are big wage earners and heavy

time pay-day spree. For the railroaders are big wage-earners and heavy drinkers, God help them!

But the house, in spite of its sameness, had something about it that stamped it as different from its neighbors. stamped it as different from the bors; and they who lived there were different, too. Inside, mingled with the ordinary cheap furnishings of a trackman's home, was here and there a relic of better days,—a massive carved walnut bedroom-suit set up in the parlor to go with the beautiful old curtains, a priceless marble clock on a shelf much too small for it, a huge, elabormuch too small for it, a logs, classed ately-carved secretaire in the living-room, a spacious old velvet, chair, a few fine family paintings and a rare etching or two upon the low walls. The family said Bill had been looking for some one to support him, and they sincerely hoped that the widow would sincerely hoped that the widow would be supported by the still kept to support him and they sincerely hoped that the widow would be supported by the still kept to support him and they sincerely hoped that the widow would be supported by the still kept to support him and they eign to Bill, they went well with Miss Hester, the old aristocrat. Miss Hester was tall and gaunt, with

iron-gray hair and unmistakable haught-iness of carriage. Her everyday calico gown was short as her neighbors' were, and she worked as hard as they, but and sne worked as hard as they, but she walked as a queen as she toiled. On Sunday she wentto Mass in a purple silk of another day, with a long train, and a bit of real lace at her throat. Her silk mitts were darned at the fingers, and her bonnet and parasol were very old. She took little, precise steps, and carried her head in the air as they had taught her to do in an oldas they had taught be to do in the time boarding-school, and everybody stared at her. Few knew the old aristocrat. Bill never went to Mass; he hadn't been inside a church in thirty

Bill hadn't worked much that summer. He didn't like to work much any sum-mer—or winter. Bill had been the only son tof a Southern widow, who had managed to keep a portion of her wealth after the war, and he had received a gentieman's education and had lived as a gentleman — without work. His sisters, one by one, had married well, but Miss Hester gave up many a worthy lover to stay with her invalid mother and Bill.

roaders precarious life, despite his refinement and superior education, God knows why. He was content to work five days out of ten and to spend what little he earned in drink. Miss Hester clothed him and fed him, and his deadened pride knew no shame of it. He sank gradually but surely to the level of the unlettered men about him — better men than he were many of them, but unlike him, ignorant of another life; he cursed his fate with blind rage, but he had neither wish nor ambition to rise higher. Miss Hester's daily, hourly prayers might make him a man again a sphere industrient man but again, a sober, industrious man, but thirty years had made him irrevocably a railroader, content to go on in a rut and to die in a rut. It is in the atmosphere of these great railroader centers, as those who know too well will tell you, and drink helps. Bill might be a man again, but a polished Southern

gentleman never. Not that Miss Hester prayed for that. She asked God for but one boon—to bring Bill back to his church.

bring Bill back to his church.

"If I could see him going to his duty and to Mass once more I'd die content," said poor Miss Hester.

We never know when or how God will answer our prayers. Miss Hester had prayed one prayer for thirty years and had not despaired, and God answered her prayer—at last.

Bill hadn't worked much that summer. Italia the prettiest and most vivacious

Julia, the prettiest and most vivacious of Miss Hester's nieces, had married, and Miss Hester had gone to the wedding and to settle the new home. When she got back Bill was lounging around the yard with a pipe in his mouth. He hadn't worked since she had been gone

and he owed every man in town.

In vain Miss Hester coaxed and stormed. Bill said he would never work again. He told her that she could work again. He told her that she could support him or go to a warmer place

than Sayre. evening Bill put on a white shirt and a collar and tie, curled his mustache and blacked his boots and sauntered forth. It was a long time before any one dared to tell the old

aristocrat that Bill had a girl.

The "girl' was a buxom widow with five small children—a big, good-hearted soul who kept a little home bakery around the corner, and who managed to around the corner, and who managed to keen her children off the street and to buy an occasional gaudy dress for her-self. Her husband had left her an insurance, and she was a generous soul. surance, and she was a generous sour.
Bill sat around her shop and ate her fat cookies and smiled upon her; when the children had gone to bed they sat together in the hammock. Afterward Bill went and drank until morning. Bill went and drank until morning. Then he staggered home and slept all

Miss Hester had prayed for one thing during thirty years and now she did not vary her prayer. Bill's girl was the last blow to her later years of trouble. She had but one thought: the news must be kept from the rest of the family. Southern pride is very strong. The widow talked with a bro-

gne and in high tones; she laughed loud, and often went to the grocery store in a calico wrapper. She out-raged Miss Hester's fine feelings and ense of decorous behavior, and that

Bill meant seriously did not at first enter his sister's head. August came and Bill suddenly went to work again. He drank, it is true, but he worked every day and dressed up every evening. He smoked cigars instead of a pipe, and got money from Miss Hester to take the widow to the circus. Then the family heard and Miss Hester caught their alarm. But it was too late. The widow and Bill were about to be married.

When Miss Hester trailed her purple silk into church now the congregation turned and stared. The widow was one of them and the old aristocrat was something above and beyond them Deeper lines had come into her patient face, and sometimes her proud old head drooped as though weary of its very pride. Then Bill left their little home. He

wanted the lace curtains and the clock and the family paintings, but Miss Hester stood her ground and stooped to quarrel with him, to the surprise and amusement of her listening neighbors. Bill went without the coveted furniture and took his trunk to the widow's.

That night their marriage notice was printed in the city papers. They had been properly called and married in church, much to Miss Hester's sur-

The family said Bill had been looking sincerely hoped that the widow would do nothing of the kind. She still kept her little bakery and worked late and early, but Bill worked too, every day, and some one told the old aristocrat that he had quit drinking.

Miss Hester's niece came to take care of her, and her niece's husband ran down Sundays to try his unaccustomed hand at the woodpile and to coax Miss Hester to come and live with them. Julia had married a rich man and there

Julia had married a rich man and there was a welcome place in their luxurious home for Miss Hester.

It was some weeks before she got out to Mass, and then her purples silk hung looser on her shrunken frame; she was a little feeble and stooped, but she was

haughty still.

Just before Mass began a ripple ran through the congregation. Miss Hester looked up from her beads. The widow, resplendent in a red gown, went sailing up the middle aisle, her five children is suited and some facely, and suite fall. haughty still. spick and span frocks and suits lowed her on a dog-run, and Bill brought up the rear. He was cleanshaven and had on a new black suit. Miss Hester seemed turned to stone. Her eyes glittered and a feverish spot came into either cheek, but she sat quite motionless.

It was early Mass and the widow and

Bill went to Communion. There was a new look on Bill's face. Miss Hester had seen such a look on his face when it had been young and fresh and he had mother and Bill.

God's ways are queer ways, but God's ways are best. While his mother lived, Bill was a good Catholic and a sober fellow. From the day that she was laid in her grave he had turned his back upon his Maker and had resolutely gone upon the downward road. In a way, Miss Hester with him. Her sister's love and loyalty bespoke no other course.

Bill's curse was drink—and distaste for work. He had drifted into a rail-markers are arreadings life, despite his resoluted to the communion. There was a new look on Bill's face. Miss Hester he wook on Bill's face when it had been young and fresh and he had helped his aged mother back from the Communion. There was a new look on Bill's face. Miss Hester he wook on Bill's face. Miss Hester he wook of beild's face when it had been young and fresh and he had helped his aged mother back from the communion. There was a new look on Bill's face. Miss Hester he wook of beild's face when it had been young and fresh and he had helped his aged mother back from the table. The low rooms looked strange to her, and the noises of the giant engines in the yard fell upon her ears with a new clamor. There was a new look on Bill's face. on the secretaire. She took it up and read it again mechanically. It struck the vulnerable spot of Miss Hester's character-her unselfishness. It said among other things, in its teasing way, that Julia couldn't drive down to the office at night to meet him because she had to stay and watch the cook so that worthy wouldn't put too much butter in the pies! If Miss Hester would only see her duty and come down and watch

> Miss Hester went to the door. A boy was passing, his new store shoes making a painful creaking sound. It was the widow's oldest boy. She called

him.
"Mike," she said, "come here." Mike came gingerly: he was much in awe of the old aristocrat.

"Mike," she said, "will you please tell Billie—and your mother—that if they will come over, they can have the lock and the lace curtains?"

Mike's eyes were like saucers. The marble clock, lace curtains!
"I'm going to Julia's to-morrow," said Miss Hester. A great peace and content had settled over her pale face. God's ways are good ways and He answers our prayers in His own good time.—Jerome Harts in Benziger's Magazine.

BABY'S VITALITY.

The vitality of infants and young children is at its lowest point during the hot weather. More children die in sammer than at any other sewson. This is because the little ones suffer more from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Prompt action often saves a valuable little life, and troubles of this kind can be promptly met and cured by giving the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, which should be kept in every home ready for emergones Baby's Own Tablets, which should be kept in every home ready for emergencies. These Tablets speedily relieve, and promptly cure all stomach, bowel and other hot weather ailments, and give sound refreshing sleep. Mrs. P. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says; "My baby was attacked with dysentry and was hot and feverish. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and they promptly cured him. lets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate, but since using the Tablets he has been better and stronger in every

way."
These Tablets can be given with an absolute certainty that they do good to all children from a new born upwards. all children from onjate or poisonous They contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Sold by medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SOLID FAITH.

The world is full of unrest, temporal and spiritual. The whole history of the race confirms the declaration that true happiness can not be found in riches, honors, or mere worldly pleasures. There is a vast deal of skepticism in the world, yet Christian teaching and traditions of the skeptic traditions of the sk ing and traditions are in possessing and have more or less influence even on the minds of those who profess to be indifferent to them. The splendid indifferent to them to the splendid in morals can not be and traditions are in possession, system of Christian morals can not be entirely ignored, even by the most and terrible warnings of divine revelation will sometimes penetrate the most obdurate heart with anxious longings, or fearful forebodings of coming ill.

Even among our Protestant friends,

who feel the necessity of some religion, and who are striving with more or less earnestness after the old orthodox earnestness after the old orthodox fervor and consistency, there is a great deal of doubt and uncertainty, unrest and anxiety as to what they are to believe and do, in order to be saved. What they really want is faith—upon which they can rely with implicit confidence. This faith they have not. With their principles, they can not have it. They can have opinions, and have it. They can have opinions, and even have creeds and forms of faith, but these can not convey real faith to their minds and hearts. They can not believe there with invalid and deares. believe them with implicit confidence, because they know very well that they are the production of fallible men just as liable to be mistaken as they them-selves are. Of this no better evidence is needed than the fact that all the old Protestant formularies, platforms and confessions are being subjected to the most rigid criticism and radical revis-ion. How can there ever be true peace in a mind which is in doubt as to the great verities of the Christian faith?

No, what we all want is that true, fixed faith which has a Divine source, and is founded upon an infallible rock of truth. If God has really spoken tus, as Christians generally believe, He certainly has not left us without proper means for determining definitely, and with certainty, what He has said. Yes, the rock of Peter is the rock on which Christ Himself founded His Church, and He declared that the gates of hell—the powers of darkness and spirits of error—should never prevail against it. Let people first satisfy themselves of this great fundamental truth by thorough investigation and conviction, and No, what we all want is that true, and remain at peace. If you would have solid faith you must have a solid and impregnable foundation for it. That foundation we have in the Church in which St. Peter and his successors have always been, by divine appoint. have always been, by divine appointment, the unerring interpreters and anthoritative exponents of divine truth. We cling to that great and precious truth as the sheet anchor of our soul. When that truly divine voice speaks we listen, we assent, we obey, and great is our peace and joy in believing.

Think what the effect must be, especially upon the mind of a convert, who, for years perhaps, has been beating about in doubt and darkness, not knowing what to believe or what to think, on all the great questions that have been agitating his own mind, and the of those with whom he has been associated. Oh, what a blessing!
What an inestimable boon! He is suddenly transferred from darkness to light. Doubt, uncertainty, and almost despair are changed to the exultant joy of a certain faith. The clouds have cleared away, and now how real, how fresh, and new and beautiful every-thing appears! How close his faith brings him to the realities of eternity -to God his Father, to Jesus his Saviour, to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, to the holy angels and saints, and all the glorified spirits in heaven. and all the glorified spirits in heaven.
He even converses with them familiarly, though reverently, and realizes fully that there is an actual communion of saints. He is strongly attracted the saints heaven heavy and levelion of saints. He is strongly attracted by the transcendant beauty and loveli-ness of the dear holy Mother of God, upon whose powerful intercession he relies with confidence and love. Yes, he has a good and solid faith, and is at ne has a good and sond latth, and is at peace with God and with all the world, and he has a good and well-grounded hope of eternal happiness in the world to come. That, he knows, he can nowhere else find on this earth but in that Church which is grounded upon the infallible rock of Peter.—Sacred Heart

THE WORSHIP OF POWER.

Judge Jones who passed sentence on the men in Alabama who invented and practiced a new slavery, the victims being negroes ignorant of the law, did not let the occasion pass without voic ing some truths which have a very reing some truths which have a very re-freshing and old-fashioned ring in these days when the so-called negro problem is so acute. Addressing the convicted prisoners, all white men of some standing in the community, the Judge said :

"You are bound to know that what you did was a violation of laws of God and of the State, regardless of any law of the United States. Helpless and de fenceless people who are guilty of no crime have been brought into court, and, by collusion with justices of the peace, who prostituted the authority of God and this State in the administra-God and this State in the administra-tion of justice, have been deprived of their liberty, fined and forced to work, and in some instances cruelly beaten. You have violated not only the law of your country, but that great law of honor and justice, which bids the pow-erful and strong not to oppress the downtrodden and weak. Every prompting of a just heart demands that power should be used to defend, and not to oppress them."

To that new glorification of power and cleverness, which has made us al-most forget the high ideals of liberty which led our nation in other days, the words of Judge Jones are a fitting rebuke and reprimand. They need to be a child sees in the lives of its parents aken to heart not alone in Alabama but all over the country; and even in our relations as a nation with other people it sees the faith which they profess

THE COMFORT AND JOY OF A the lesson taught by such words as would not be lost.

Throughout the country there has grown up of late years a worship, a cult, of power. We glory in our cult, of power. We glory in our strength as a nation, and we glorify those who, like the nation, are strong and aggressive. We do this even though they lack the virtues which, in our saner moments, we are wont to ad-The London Spectator notes this, and says that so sentimental have come in our cult of power tha even drag religion into the service, and almost canonize men for whom the Ser-mon on the Mount might just as well be

written backwards.

The new slavery in the South, the injustice to the weak and lowly all over the country, our attitude toward the Philippine friars, the aggressive policy of the nation at large-all these are evidences of our worship of power. For this boastful spirit, this forgetting of this boastful spirit, this forgetting of the old ideals, this departure from the old paths of honor, and mercy, and justice, there will surely be a reckon-ing, unless there is continually taught from pulpit, bench, press and rostrum, the truth enunciated by Judge Jones, that the great law of honor and justice. that the great law of honor and justice the law of Christianity, which bids the powerful and strong not to oppress the weak, must not be violated.—Sacred

TEACH THE CHILDREN SELF. RESTRAINT.

The eigarette habit is not the only The eigarette habit is not the only one which makes thieves of children. The candy habit may have the same effect. "I have to have candy," was the wail of one young pilferer, uttered with as much earnestness as ever an old toper said, "I must have liquor." Nor is it the good old, fashioned molasses or is it the good old-fashioned molasses or sugar candy which the boys of a previous generation ate on occasions of great festivity, but the poisonous concoctions which Judge Graham lately said might error—should never prevail against it.

Let people first satisfy themselves of this great fundamental truth by thorough investigation and conviction, and thenceforward rely upon the testimony of the Church with implicit confidence, and remain at peace. If you would have solid faith you must have a solid and impregnable foundation for it.

That foundation we have in the Church the parent has it easily in his power to grant them. If they once grow accustomed to denying themselves to removing them from the former as the superconduction and the control of the contr accustomed to denying themselves things which they may lawfully have, it would not be so difficult for them to practice the self-denial which is pres cribed by the Ten Commandments. -Antigonish Casket.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

COMEN WHO ARE THE MOULDERS OF THE FUTURE OF MANKIND.

In every nation above the savage the love of sons for their mothers is the strongest and tenderest of all affections; and for that reason the influ-ence of women must always be a supreme factor in the history of the world. There are three ways in which women may mold the entire future of mankind. One is by doing their utmost to secure that the childhood of their oys and girls should be as happy as boys and girls should be as happy to outward circumstances render possible. It is a golden rule to "give to the morn of life its natural blessedness." Men and women who are at least able to look back on happy childhoods have to look back on happy childhoods have drunk one sweet, cool draught of the river of the water of life, which may leave in their souls not only a refresh-ful memory but a vivifying influence in the days when we are forced to say that "there is no pleasure in them." Every mother should make a study in the art of creating happiness in her children. That art cannot be learned from books; it comes from the inspiration of a divine unselfishness. Pov-erty is no bar to its attainment. Hap piness at all times is "a pearl not o the Indian but of the empyrean ocean;" but the mother who tries so to love as "to go to heaven every day," will be sure to bring it thence and impart it to

her little ones.

Another is by the wise training of the will. Nothing is more deadly in its foolishness than the effort of some illroomsnness than the effort of some ill-instructed parents to break down a child's will. The attempt may often be absolutely defeated, for the will, even of a child, may become so fossil-ized that nothing can alter it; but even if ultimate obedience be enforced, the damage done may be incredible. damage done may be incredible Miss Martineau, in her admirable book on "Household Education," points out that the endeavor to break will is almost as fatal as the error of escaping trouble by indulging it. She tells how a mere infant was almost starved and driven into epilepsy by the starved and driven into epilepsy by the attempt of its father to make it eat a piece of bread from which it turned at first with repulsion, but which had become, in the contest, an object of absolute terror and disgust. She points out that the true and restricts out that the true and restricts out that the true and restricts out that the true and restricts. out that the true and natural way is to control the will of a child not control the will of a child not by the other's will, but by the other faculties of the child itself. Avoid both indulgence and opposition, and a habit of docility will be formed by the time the child becomes capable of deliberate

self-control. A third, and the last which I will dwell upon, is the early inculcation of religion in its broad, eternal, essential verities upon the yet plastic mind, and above all, of the one main end and aim above all, of the one main end and aim of all religion, which is to mold the character and sway the moral conduct. Nothing will have less effect upon chil-dren than the mere decent simulation of a perfunctory and superficial relig-ionism; nothing will be more useless and more wearisome to them than outand more wearisome to them than outside forms to which they see no real correspondence in the life. But when correspondence in the life.

shining through all their words and works, and producing the lovely results of holiness and sympathy and self-denial; when it will be helped through life by beautiful memories of an ex ample consistent with the belief on which it professed to be molded—then, indeed, the child starts on its career with the most precious of heritages. The child of parents who have borne their part as saints of God, holy, just and true, ought to possess an amulet of more immediate potency against evil example. "I was always glad that I example. "I was always grad that I received a religious education," said Lord William Russell when he stood upon the scaffold; "for even when I most seemed to forget it, it still hung

bout me and gave me checks. Let us close with two examples. Many of the best, greatest, wisest men whom the world has ever seen have confessed the unspeakable debt of gratitude which they owed to their mothers. Among them we may count such kings as Alired of England and St. Louis of France; such painters as Francois Millet; such statesmen as Washington and Garfield; such men of letters as Sir W. Jones and Goethe As a rule, such women as Cornelia have such sons as the Gracchi; such a woman as Agrippina the younger has such a son as Nero.

The Blood of Jesus.

In the reception of the Holy Euchar-ist we receive the Blood of Jesus. We thereby taste true happiness, and conceive an ardent desire of living in in-timate union with Jesus our Redeemer. The precious Blood received in Holy The precious Blood received. Communion is to us a source of immortality, a fountain of living water tality, a fountain of living water springing up into life eternal. O Precious Blood of my Redeemer, I adore, I love, I thank Thee! May I always receive Thee worthily in the Holy Eucharist. Be my consolation and strength on earth, and make me worthy to go thither at last where I will glorify Thee during a blissful eternity.

Longing for Heroic Sanctity. "We must not set any limits to our longings," writes the ecstatic St.
Teresa, "but firmly believe that,
with God's holy grace, we shall be
able to follow in the footsteps of
the saints. We must not have any misthe saints. We must not have any mis-givings even when we discover that, at first, our success falls short of our expectations. The courageous efforts of generous soul suffice, in spite of all a generous soul sunder, in spine appearances to the contrary, to raise it, in a short time, to a surprising height of holiness. Upward then, and onward, without ceasing, until we have gained the top of the ladder!"

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