#### FATHER MURTAGH'S GLOVE.

"Fling away ambition," was the advice of Shakespeare's Cardinal. Father Murtagh had not done so; in fact, it did not seem that he ever could. It did not seem that he ever could. It was all very well for a fanciful poet to outlaw ambition as a thing sure in the long run to bring disenchantment, but, on the other hand, what was life worth without the inspiration of an incentive? True enough, his old seminary director at Brighton, Father De Mentone, had also warned him often against this same lurking isle of shoals. "Bethis same lurking isle of shoals." this same lurking isle of shoals. ware of mere empty ambitiousness," the venerable ecclesiastic had said: "it wenerable exclusives the wrock of the means too frequently the wrock of the proper priestly spirit: ca gate l'esprit sacerdotal, mon cher enfant;" (ambition means pride and its frivolous helpmate,

nile.

hild-

and

My

have

sed, un-

itself on

tempt to

usband's

e, Uncle

half - past

e, sonny.
r outlanduly rural'

on broiled

estless to-

ng snakes, ge one, of the grass,

LSTANT-

delivered of which he

other things

part of the part of the e church of acombs and

whom Bishop

o get away

things copy

Naturally establish for

f continuity down to the

tells us "il ipers in the the Middle

moment that

further supop should tell represents is e Holy See. "worshipers

receive this them it would

them it would nurch refusing r of St. Peter lic. The Pro-eld this obedi-non-Catholic.

non-Catholic, not exhibit a claim to be ttitude toward

ly Protestant.

en and women the ritualistic

atholic Church is as far from my one of the

ts.

n the first and enturies, is com-or of St. Peter.

HABIT.

's Lecture. re delivered before dience in Windsor he Father Matthew Callen, S. S., of St.

President of St. Society, paid the the value of Mr.

the cure of alcohol

l crave engendered

art.

vanity).

The reminiscent thought of his seminary days awoke a confused tenderness in the young priest's soul. It mirrored before him the recollection of many happy afternoons spent in companionship with that fine old man, his director. Salutary monitions which had dispelled the momentous perplexity of that important epoch of his life reverberated anew in his memory, and with them he thought, too, of many other pleasant things—delightful long walks in sunny June across the halls toward Fanueil; the old meadow farmhouse where they need to stop and drink a draught of sweet milk out of a cup which had in earlier years touched the lips of Longfellow and Dr. Brownson; the rustic seat at the crest of chestnut grove The reminiscent thought of his semseat at the crest of chestnut grove where it had been their wont to linger where it had been their wont to linger gazing in at the lefty dome of the State House—it used to remind the aged man of the more brilliant dome of the far-off Invalides; just as the Charles river reminded him somehow of the distant dearer Seine. tant, dearer Seine.

"Poor old De Mentone!" murmured Father Murtagh. "He was a good, kindly soul; but, after all, he was only a theorist; he simply didn't understand the world; he lived in a universe which the world; he lived in a universe which was nothing more than a flat paper map: he was never born for the practical humdrum of everyday jostling. The sanctuary rail constituted one entire side of his horizon and his library shelves were the other. He dwelt in a sphere of high thinking; I, on the other hand, don't get time to sit down and cogitate; with me it's work, hard, incessant, practical work. De Mentone used to urge me to sidetrack ambition.
Pshaw! Spurn ambition? No; I wish
I only had had more of it. If a man doesn't hustle here in this country he's nobody. Yes; and there's so much to be done nowadays—so might right here in Lowell alone !"
The secret of Father Murtagh's soli-

The secret of Father Murtagh's soli-loquy lay in the fact that an important convention of the united temperance societies of the diocese was just then holding its deliberations in one of the great halls of the city. As a corollary to that statement we may add that secretly and yet fondly the young cleric was nurturing the hope of seeing himself elected to the presidency of that himself elected to the presidency of that diocesan membership. The idea was not preposterous. Ever since his ordination, eight years past, Father Murtagh ation, eight years past, rather as had gone deeply into temperance work; it brought him a broad popularity; his speeches and lectures on the subject had made him a welcome figure, and it was made him a welcome figure, and it was made him a welcome figure. known that nothing but his earnest known that nothing but his earnest importuning had persuaded the societies to select Lowell as the scene of their deliberations. The home delegates, grateful for his efforts, had begun to whisper his name in connection with the presidency, and although Father Murtagh had depresated their action, he

heart they had his approvel.

Yes, indeed, he desired that election, but had he analyzed his motives he would have found only simple vanity as the basis and prop of that wish. He was not figuring up the amount of good which would accrue to the societies from the fact of his individual leadership, nor was he planning as to how he would work to extend the membership, increase the temperance influence and swell the general treasury: In that respect it was certainly a bauble worth striving for. What joy it would give the members of his family—to his mother particularly, always echoing his paraises! The letters of congratulations praises! The letters of congratulations of the control of the c praises! The letters of congratuations that would come pouring in; the glow-ing biographies in the public prints; the glory of being consulted and inrepresentative man! Then, too, the vague notion of the office as a steppingto clerical promotion up temptingly among his ambitious thoughts.

Fancies like these tossed enchantingly through his mind while he stood there ly through his mind while he stood there shaving himself before the mirror-shaving himself very carefully. The moment was approaching. At 8 o'clock the gavel's rap would open the last session of the great convention. Father Murtagh, welcoming the hour, had his plans all shaped for accomplishing a telling effect. He would enter the hall a few moments late, the more to occasion general notice. The main business yet left for discussion was the ness yet left for discussion was the naming of new officials, and he counted on being able to address the delegates before they would have reached this stage of the evening's programme. It was his intention to rise as if merely to thank the societies for honoring the city of Lowell with their councils. At the first round of applause he was cal-culating to break loose into an impasculating to break loose into an impersioned address which he had been preparing for months; he had taken the measure of all the other speakers and he knew that he could surpass them and so achieve the oratorical climax of the

It did not seem to him altogether a waste of time to be particular about his waste of time to be particular about his clothes that night. He brushed his fine new suit and then rebrushed it, and then finally placed himself in front of the legitime place for inspection.

of the looking-glass for inspection.

"It's a cracker-jack of a fit!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "But I don't imagine I'd like to bother with my clothes every night like this—not a bit of it! I realize after all that even

He took out a silk kerchief and began to smooth the fine glossy hat he was holding, when suddenly his own call "No; that is the way with you folk; bell rang below stairs. It provoked him for the instant, but he descended at once to the reception-room. On the table lay the ominous sick call slate. It was somewhat with an angriness of

he asked.

"Yes, Father; it's a sick call; it's there on the slate."

"I see it is. But don't you know that I can't attend any sick calls tonight? I've got very important business at the transparance was the transparance." ness at the temperance convention to look after. You must tell one of the "The pledge!"

"But, Father, the other priests are not in. Father Delmour went home to-day to his mother's in Woburn and he's not back yet. Father Gilbride is away, too; he went to Merrimac to help them hear confessions for the Feety House' there?"

Forty Hours' there.

orphans down to the protectory in Boston this afternoon. He said he'd be back on the 6 o clock train; but it's after 8 already and he hasn't come. The next train doesn't get here until

"Isn't that provoking; and the call

is urgent, you say?"
"Yes, Father; it was a little girl who came; she said her mamma was sick abed and wanted the priest to come as soon as he could." "Of course, of course, and when I get

there I'll find it's only a toothache or a headache. Did she say anything about positive or immediate danger?"

"It was a very young child, Father. I didn't ask any questions; she merely said her mamma was sick and wanted the priest to come as soon as he could."

"Yes; another piece of people's stupidity - the idea of sending a young

child on an important errand!"
"If you only saw her, Father! The poor little thing was shivering with the

"Well, I'll see to the call some time

during the evening."

He reasoned it over rapidly in his mind. If he attended the call at once it certainly meant good-bye to his great speech and no doubt, too, an equal good-bye to his chances of the presidency. At last in his dilemma he determined that the sender of the call had erred by not being a little more explicit. He decided, therefore, to rundown for at least half an hour to the convention; that would give him time enough to deliver the main portion of

reached the hall. He paused on the spacious deserted staircase to inhale a relieving draught, and as he did so he heard from within the mumbling of an orator's voice: it rose and rose until at length the priest outside could hear every clear word in the peroration; finally came the final swinging period and then there followed the crash of mighty applause. It continued a moment presidency, and although Father Murtagh had deprecated their action, he did so in such bashful negative that his friends made up their minds that at heart they had his approvel.

Yes, indeed, he desired that election; but had he analyzed his motives he interested and then there followed the crash of mighty applause. It continued a moment of two, and in the succeeding hush father Murtagh drew up to the door to enter. The hush of the moment overselve that him; he paused an instant as if powered him; he paused an instant as if the pall at once there seemed to rush that a strange sudden nervousness, and then there followed the crash of the secorn. Well, what fools we are! And to think of my putting on airs in that innocent home; of talking like a slave driver to them. God forgive me! No, no; I don't ask that much; not yet. I don't merit pardon until I've done what I ought to do. Then suddenly he

been stalled on every line owing to the storm; they're on the very raggedest of storm; they re on the very raggedest of rag time. If you're in a hurry, I'd advise you to foot it; you'll get there just as soon. Why the trains ain't getting through from Boston yet. The 50 'clock is the state of the state of

through from Boston yet. The 5 o'clock train is struck somewhere between here and Boston in a drift."
It was weary work, but at length the priest stumbled into the dim alley which went by the christening of Mechanics' Court. In crossing the dark street to Court. In crossing the dark street to reach it he went pell-mell into an insidious puddle which splashed its slimy contents over him in such a way as to temporarily destroy the fine appearance of his clothes. Rapping at No. 28 he was answered by a burly negro, who told him with great politeness that the Sweeney family lived next door. "The Sweeney's live in the upper flat, sir,' sa'd the darkey: "the folks down-stairs

is Italians.' "Thank Providence!" murmured "Thank Providence!" murmured Father Murtagh, and he ascended to find a pale young girl awaiting him with the door open. He took no notice of the little one's graceful act, but passed on brusquely into an adjoining bedroom, where a sick woman's face showed above the coverlet.

"And am I cross?"

"Not if we do right, Father."

He pressed her in towards himself at that answer. She had forgiven him, and he was grateful—ah, deeply grateful!

"And so it was you that came to call the priest for your good mamma, was

above the coverlet.
"Good evening," he said, perfunc- it?

torily.

"Are you sick ?" "Are you sick?"
"Well, yes, Father—some."
"Some!" he echoed, indignant not to find her in more peril. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not very

•

dudes have troubles of their own!

Aha! there goes the stroke of the clock! Gentlemen, please come to order; well. I'll start in about five minutes for the hall!"

common sense didn't you wait a few days without sending a hurry-up call to us on such a night as this?" He had completely lost control of his temper.

per. "I didn't think it was wrong,

you never think that anything's wrong. Do you know that I've torn myself away from very important business to run down here. You folk never think of anybody but yourselves - have no con-sideration for others at all. Any one Court. Urgent."

Father Murtagh summoned the housemaid. "Did you ring my bell?"

he asked.

"Yes, Father: it"

"Yes, Father: it"

" No; it was for my husband." "Oh, you're husband is sick, too, is

"No, not sick; but I wanted you to

"The pledge!"
"Yes, Father."

"Yes, I know. But the pastor—isn't the pastor at home?"

"No, sir; he took those two little the pastor and the look those two little pale girl did not advance to open little pale girl did not advance t the door for him this time, and the look that swept from her young blue eyes at hind her; they were trembling in abject silence, afraid of the tall man whose angry voice they had just heard

scolding their sick mother. Once outside, the young priest began to grow troubled. He was not at all satisfied that he had done a just or a noble thing. To wreak his peevishness of temper upon those poor, simple souls seemed now to him an act unworthy of a man in priestly cloth. The thought of hastening to the temperance hall also annoyed him. The election must be over, he reflected, and it would give him no comfort to yiew the scene of his Waterloo. Suddenly as he trudged along he became cognizant of

the fact that in his impatience to quit the room he had left one of his gloves behind him-one of an expensive pair behind him—one of an expensive pair bought that very day. Would he go back and get it? No; it would be humiliating to face that household again. They had robbed him of a coveted post of dignity; they were welcome to keep the miserable, useless

convention; that would give him time enough to deliver the main portion of the speech which he had so long been preparing for.

All the afternoon the snow had been falling and huge heaps lay banked along the city streets, so that wayfarers found progress a concern of difficulty. Father Murtagh was out of breath when he reached the hall. He paused on the spacious deserted staircase to inhale a

articularly, always echoing ms

The letters of congratulations of deep pouring in; the glow-graphies in the public prints; of being consulted and indupon matters of public in the glory of being consulted and interviewed upon matters of public interviewed upon matters of public interviewed upon matters of a distinguished citizen and a car?"

Ten blocks! I suppose I can take little kid flag that lost, has made me come tramping all lost, has made me come tramping all the way back here again! Well, walk-upon with the way back here again! Well, walk-upon with the way back here again! Well, walk-upon man! Then, too, the lost of the los ing tires a man out as much as anything

down "Yes, Father, take a chair," said the Her eyes showed signs of remother. cent tears.

"Thank you. And what's the name of this blue-eyed little girl over here?" he asked, holding out his hand at full

length to the little child. "Katie, Father," answered the latter at once; she came up readily and took his hand. He put his arm around her; they were already firm friends: much

was forgotten.

"Do you go to school?" he asked very gently, and still keeping her soft, warm hand in his own.

"Most always, Father," she answered.

"Who's your teacher?"

"Sister Gertrude." "Is she cross?

"I don't think so, Father." "And am I cross?"

"Not if we do right, Father."

the priest for your good mamma, was 'Yes, Father."

"And you walked all the way, I sup-

"Well. Tom and Walter must both say their prayers to night for mamma to get well soon, won't you?"

"Yes, sir. "Yes, sir."
"Say yes, Father," Katie bade them.
"Yes, Father," they answered at once.
"Were you ever sick yourself, Tom?"
"Waiter was; he had the measles."
"Well, the nicest medicine for that

you what she gave me ; she didn't give

me pie, she didn't give me cake, she
gave me—now don't tell anybody—she
gave me a spanking."

They laughed unrestrainedly and so he rose to leave them. He bowed pleasantly and waved his hand. "Good-night, Mrs. Sweeney; good-

"Good-night, Mrs. Sweeney; good-night, children."
"Good-night !" they all echoed.
"Oh, by the way," he said turning back again, "where's the man that good evening, madam! You can tell your husband that if he wants the pledge he can come and get it."
The priest turned and left. The little pale girl did not advance to open the door for him this time, and the look that grave from how young hipe eyes at the wooths, and he's been out of work few months, and he's been out of work his retreating figure was not the look of childlike and fearless love with which she had greeted his coming a few moments before. Two little curly-headed boys also crouched timidly behind her; they were trembling in large from the priest he always keeps. pledge that he took a year ago ran out, and so he went off and got a drop of liquor somewhere. If he takes the pledge from the priest he always keeps it. That's why I sent for you. He always comes in around supper time, and I tried to bring you here before he'd go out again to the saloon. He left the house just about ten minutes before you

got here."
"Did he? Ah, that's my fault; that's too bad. Where is he now?"
"He's probably up at Mulvey's saleon. Mr. Mulvey is too good and kind to refuse him if he asks for the stuff."

stuff. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. Mulvey's is on my way and if your husband if there and isn't too far gone I'll send him home to you with a pledge all right. And you say he's out of work. Can he use a shovel?"

work. Can he use a shovel?"
"Indeed he can, or a pick axe."
"Good; he'll have a three days' job shoveling snow, dating from 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, and at the end of the week I'll ferret him out some more lasting sort of a job; something steady. lasting sort of a job; something steady,

if he's a steady man."
"God bless you, Father!"
"Not at all—I mean to say, thank Well, good-night again. Good-night, Father."

It was late that night when Father Murtagh arrived at the presbytery and ound the old gray pastor awaiting

"At last, yes," the tired young curate replied.
"Well, it's been an awful afternoon.

My train coming from Boston got blockaded in the snowdrifts; should be here at 5.20; didn't get to Lowell till 8.10, and then I was hardly in the house when the most unexpected kind of tele-

phoning began to happen."
"How is that?"
"I'll tell you. But by the bye, have you heard anything about the results of to night's convention?"

"I was nt there; on the contrary, I've just come straight from Mulvey's

"That's a place of honor, certainly." "Well, I'm satisfied; I think I made

"Yes, I said you were a curate, and therefore, like all curates, you were always ready to shove the work along for the pastor to do. 'Now, this speechifying is properly his own business,' I said, 'and he ought to be here and attend to it. Instead of that, my curate have not that there's a peop old. ing tires a man out as much as anything else, and tired folks sometimes sit happens to hear that there's a poor old down." two away, and so he neglects his business here and chases off to find that poor, old sick woman. It shows peor, old sick woman. It shows you, gentlemen, just what he thinks of you people, and I don't know what you think of him.' Well, up jumps little Jimmy Larrigan, the alderman from the Third Ward, and he spouts out, 'I know what I think of him; I think he ought to be elected president of the Diocesan Union of Temperance Societies.' Well, I tried to stop it, Father Murtagh, but it was no use. So it's for me to offer you whichever of the two you care to take -congratulations or heartfelt sympathy. They've elected you, and that's all I can say!'—Rev. Joseph Gordian Daley

#### in the Sacred Heart Union. AN AMERICAN IMPRESSION OF CARDINAL MANNING.

In Contemporaries, an interesting book by that judicious critic and pleasant literary gossiper, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, he entertainingly describes many of the celebrities he met in London in 1878. Speaking of English orators, he pays a noteworthy tribute to the late Cardinal Manning.

"Most remarkable of all," he says, "and surpassing in spontaneons oratory anything I ever heard in England, was the speech of Cardinal Manning, a man

"Some!" he echoed, indignant not to find her in more peril. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not very sick?"

"Well, I've got a bad cold, sir; in a few days, with the help of God, I hope to be up again."

"You do! Then why in the name of "No, Father; I ran all the way."

That simple reply was too much for anything I ever heard in England, was the speech of Cardinal Manning, a man whose whole bearing made him, as my friend Moncure Conway said, 'the very evolution of an ecclesiastic.' your name, my little man?" he into the shape of his head showed the development of his function; he had

the noble head and thin ascetic jaw, from which everything not belonging to the upper realms of thought and action seemed to have been visib'y pared away; his mouth had singular mobility; his voice was in the last degree winning and persuasive, his tones had nothing in them specifically English. but might have been those of a high y cultivated American, or Frenchman, or "Walter was; he had the measles."

"Well, the nicest medicine for that is eat plenty of pumpkin pie." The children laughed outright, and the sick mother seemed somewhat amused.

"Yes, that's the best thing. I remember once climbing up to a high pantry shelf where there was lots of it. My mother happened to see me, and when I came down—I'm going to tell you what she gave me; she didn't give

reading his memoirs, long after, recognized the limitations which cam from such a temperament and breeding, but all his wonder'ul career of influence in England existed by implication in that one speech at the Prison Congress. If I were looking for reasons in favor of the Roman Catholic Church, its strongest argument, in my opinion, would be its power to develop and promote to high office one such man. The individual who stands next to him The individual who stands next to him in my personal experience and perhals even as his superior, is a French priest I once met by chance in one of the great continental cathedrals, and whose very name I do not know; but who impre and charmed me so profoundly by his face, manuer, and voice, it has seemed to me ever since that if I waked up to find myself b-trayed into a great crime, I should wish to cross the ocean to confess it to him.

#### SAVE THE BABY.

A MOTHER TELLS HOW MANY A THREAT-ENED LIFE MAY BE PRESERVED.

To the loving mother no expense is to great, no labor too severe, if it will preserve the health of her little ones. Childish ills are generally simple, but so light is baby's hold on life that it is often a knowledge of the right thing to do that turns the tide at a crisis. Ana do that turns the tide at a crisis. And in baby's illness every crisis is a critical one. "I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets would save many a dear little life," writes Mrs. P. B. Bickford, of Glen Sutton, Que, "I take pleasure in certifying to the merits of these Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion at teething time, and was cross and at teething time, and was cross and restless. The use of Baby's Own Tab-lets made a wonderful change, and I am glad to recommend them to others."
Mothers who use these Tablets never afterward resort to harsh purgatives that gripe and torture baby, nor to the so-called "soothing" preparations that often contain poisonous opiates. Baby's Own Tablets are pleasant to It was late that night when Father Lurtagh arrived at the presbytery and and the old gray pastor awaiting im.

"Just getting in?" queried the Ont., if your druggist does not sell

Dying by Slow Degrees.

Although not always aware of it yet thousands die by slow degrees of catarrh. It first attacks the nose or throat, then the lungs and finally spreads all through the system. Catarroczone is the only remedy that will immediately prevent the spread of this awful decase. Every breath from the Inhaler kills thrusants of germs, clears the throat and nose, alse expectoration and relieves the pain across the eyes. Catarrhozone eradicates every vestige of catarrh from the system, and is highly recommended also for Bronchitis Asthma, Denfroes and Ling Trouble. Price \$1.00 : trial size 25c., all druggists, Pelson & Co., Kingeton, Ont.

# **Consumption**

Salt pork is a famous oldfashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.



A sample will be sent free upon request. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT &

BOWNE, CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ontario. soc. and \$1; all druggists

## **TRON-OX**

### TABLETS

are by far the most attractively put up remedy I have ever seen, and the immediate favor they have found with my customers surpasses anything in my experience. I can also speak most highly of the medicine itself.

I heartily wish you the success which I am sure you will have."-WM. H. GARDNER, Druggist, Bridgeport, Conn.

智 地區 医环状

They Cure Constipation and Indigestion. 50 Tablets, 25 Cents.

Educational.

#### BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED

We teach full compacretal course, As well as full shorthand course Full telegraphy course

our graduates in every department are to day filling the best positions.

Write for catalogue. Address

J. FRITH JEFFERS, M. A.

Address: Belleville. Ont. PRINCEPAL

## ASSUMPTION + COLLEGE

SANDWICH, ONT. THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASS
I ICAL and Commercial Courses. Terms
including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per as
num. For full particulars apply to
REV. D. CUSHING, C.S.E.

ENTER NOW OR AT ANY TIME for a Term in any department of our splen-

Central Business College of Toronto. Twelve Teachers. One Hundred Typewriting Machines Twenty five Sets Telegranh Instruments. Premises occupying Twenty six Rooms, all indicate something of our standing at the largest best, and most modern Business Training School in the Dominion. Write for our new Catalogue. address, W. H. SHAW, Principal.

A FEW MONTHS SPENT AT THE

Quesiness offerse OWEN SOUND, ONT.

OWEN SOUND, ONT.
will fit a young man or woman for business.
The best courses in Canada and reasonable
fers and expenses.
College circulars free to any address.
C. A: FLEMING, Principal.

## ONTARIO BUSINESS

COLLEGE BELLEVILLE, ONT.,

Has stood the test of a third of a century, and held its primacy against all competitors. Send for the Catalogue, Address, ROBINSON & JOHNSON, F. C. A, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

TWO SCHOOLS UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT If you desire a thorough Business Education to most reasonable rates, write for circular

of either

PETERBOROUGH or BROCKVILLE
BUSINESS COLLEGE
These Schools have no superiors.
C. W. GAY:
Principal.
BROCKVILLE
PETERBOROUGH
1250-13w

ATTEND THE BAST-IT PAYS.

Quarress Pollege STRATFORD, ONT. Recent graduates have accepted good positions at \$40 \$45 \$50, and \$60 per month. This is the kind of evidence you are locking for as to the best school to attend. Catalogue free.

W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

BOARDING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY

#### CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME Cor Bagot and Johnston Street

KINGSTON, ONT.

Pupils prepared for Commercial Diplomas and Departmental Examinations. Special Classes in Music, Drawing, Painting, Shorthand and Typewriting. For terms, Etc., apply to
MOTHER SUPERIOR

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BERLIN, ONT. CANADA (G.T.R.)

Commercial Course with Business College Commercia Course
High School or Academic Course — Preparation for Professional Studies
College or Arts Course — Preparation for
Degrees and Semineries.
Board and Tutton per Annum, \$140.00.

For Catalogue Address—
REV. JOHN FEHRENBACH, C. R., Pres. REID'S HARDWARE

For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Sinceperette, the latest Wringers, Mangles, Cutlery, etc. 18 DUNDAS ST., LONDON, ONT

ESPIRITU SANTO.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

This book will be held as a notable addition to literature—more than that, as a wholesome contribution to that which is purest and noblest in the world of letters,—Baltimore Mirror. Price \$1.25.

THREE ANNUALS FOR 10 CTS. Little Folk's Annuals 1900, 1901, 1902—all for 10 cents, Address: Thes. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

atoxicants, he said:
ifests itself there is
acle of grace, or by
Dixon's cure, about ken so much lately, value of the Dixon ich it has effected st come to the con-onged for for twenty at last been found

o Mr. Dixon, No. 83 Canada.