

HOW DOLAN SAVED THE TRAIN.

BY EDWARD J. JEDDELL.

On the books and time-tables of the company, "the Mixed Pickle," as the men along the line irreverently called her, was known as "Passenger Train No. 27." She was made up of a combination baggage and smoker, two coaches and four immigrant cars, the latter necessarily even more dilapidated and tottering than the former. Her engine, No. 426, a small affair considering the weight of the seven cars, was remarkable chiefly for her tremendous smoke stack—big at the top and small at the bottom, and her persistent inclination to lose control over the cars on a downgrade and to haul them at nothing more than a snail's pace up grade.

Nevertheless Dolan loved her, for he had opened and shut her throttle fully ten years; had driven her through prairie fires and into snowdrifts; stood by her when she crashed through the rear of the mall, and more than once had felt safe and secure in her cab while the conductor and the rest of the crew were fighting off the masked men who had held her up. Her bolts were loose, and she creaked when she started and moaned when she stopped. But Dolan understood her; and when she would seem more than usual, he would give her extra dose of oil, and an extra twist of the wrench here and there, and she would acknowledge the kindness by puffing more resolutely and changing her piston less plaintively. And because Dolan understood her so well, old 426 continued to haul "The Mixed Pickle" day after day, leaving at 6:15 with unvarying regularity from two to three hours late. Her running time, although solemnly chronicled in fat black type upon the time-table, was largely a matter of conjecture, from all of which it may be gathered that one panting little engine is no match for seven big, heavy lumbering cars, and the rails light and in bad condition besides.

No. 27's starting-point was a town of very slight prominence, and she brought up with a jerk and a jar of overworked machinery some eighty miles hence, at a place of equally questionable importance. Withal No. 27, like most mixed trains, on decidedly one-horse Western roads, was a profitable enterprise, and though heartily cursed by those who ran her, she was as fervently blessed by those who ordered her running.

I rode on "The Mixed Pickle" because my business was urgent, and to have waited for a better and more comfortable train would have entailed a delay of several hours. Through Dolan's courtesy and his knowledge of the circumstance that I was acquainted with the road superintendent, I was permitted to ride in the cab.

Dolan had barely reached the ground and started to fill the cups on the right side piston slide when Sam Easton, the telegraph operator, white and wide-eyed, rushed out upon the station platform and shouted:

"For God's sake, Dolan! get 'er a-going. There's a crazy lunatic behind you on a C, B. & Q. compound, running her wild cat for all she's worth. Went crazy in the cab. Kicked the fireman off! Wire's just in! For Heaven's sake, get a-going!"

"Can't," gasped Dolan; "ain't coaled yet!"

"You've got to! The compound won't last more'n a few miles. Better run for it than lose your train standing still! Pull out, man! Pull out! Here she comes. For God's sake pull out!"

About three miles up the track, around a wide, sweeping curve, there came into sight the form of a swaying, swiftly moving locomotive, her headlight reflecting thin rays upon the rails which but a few seconds before were dark and lost in the gloaming.

Quick as thought the fireman drew the rubber hose and Dolan jumped into the cab, and, throwing over the reverse lever, backed for the train. He struck her with a jolt that made the cars windows rattle and the weary axle spring screech, and scarcely allowing the brakeman, who did the coupling, to get clear of the track, he opened the throttle wide.

Luckily we were on a rather steep down grade, and "The Mixed Pickle" got under way quickly. Our steam-gauge showed 115 pounds, the safety blow off at 135, and the fireman began to ply his shovel with a vim that made his fingers swell and his hands blister. Swaying and jolting and jumping, we went thundering down that hill, increasing our speed at every yard, and straining old 426 as she hadn't been strained in years. The faithful little engine shook and trembled and her puffing sounded like a death rattle and the flooring of her cab quivered and groaned.

"Dolan!" I coughed into his ear, "why didn't they throw the compound off the track?"

"Ain't a switch for twenty miles to throw 'er," he answered twice before I could understand, for the rocking and the racket were so prodigious that speaking and hearing were difficult operations.

"Wouldn't care," he added in jerks, "if I hadn't lives behind. Only immigrants—most of 'em—but human beings they be, jest the same. See if she's gaining."

I stepped down between the engine and the tender, and taking a firm grip on the grab rails, leaned far out and looked backward. There, less than a mile behind "The Mixed Pickle," rushed the spark-spitting compound. Fury symbolized, and I fancied I could see her mad engineer lean out of the cab, and I prayed as I was looking for the innocent and helpless in the train. I had hoped to see the smokestack emit

clouds of white steam, which would have indicated that her stroke was not cut and that she would therefore soon exhaust her steam supply; but instead of clouds of steam the compound breathed only a thin, bluish vapor, which proved that she was cut close to the centre and was safe for a good, long run.

"She's gaining!" I shouted to the fireman, and his energy increased.

"She's gaining!" I screamed, as I climbed back into the cab, and Dolan's face twitched a bit and grew a bit whiter. "Wouldn't care!" he jerked out, "if it warn't for the people behind. The women and the children."

Our steam gauge now showed one hundred and thirty-five pounds of pressure. Dolan had nursed his engine going down the hill, and as we struck the level he opened the throttle wide again and our speed remained unchanged.

The compound, I argued, no matter how carefully nursed by the madman in her cab, was sure to give out before long, her firebox being unfed, and her rate of speed one that must inevitably shake her fire to pieces. At the same time I knew that even under the given conditions she had some chance of beating us, four hundred and twenty-six being half her size and hauling seven crowded cars besides. Yet the possibility of a crash I dare not contemplate, so frightful did it seem, with the immigrant cars crowded with men, women and children to their fullest capacity and more. Darkness was settling, and that darkness added to the horror of the scene which, my efforts to the contrary notwithstanding, my imagination was relentlessly conjuring up before my mind's eye.

The momentum that had carried us along after the rush down hill was spent, and the burden of panting old 426 thus multiplied, our speed was sensibly slackening. The steam-gauge, too, indicated a sinking of the pressure, and when, the water in the boiler being low, Dolan opened the injector, the needle was forced down to 120 pounds.

"See if she's a-gaining now!" Dolan yelled, and again I stepped down and leaned far out. The compound was not gaining! We were holding our own. Her headlight had gone out—shaken out evidently, so prodigiously did she rock—and the volume of shot upward from her stack betokened that her fire was more loose than before.

I returned to the cab and reassured Dolan. He smiled grimly, and pointed to the gauge. The fresh water in the boiler was quickly turning steam, and the pressure was rising. Things looked favorable. The chances were no longer against us.

I was mumbling a fervid "Thank God!" when the fireman, his face very white and very drawn, poked his head into the cab and blurted out, in accents of agony:

"Dolan, coal's out!"

Dolan turned and his lips moved, but he articulated nothing. For an instant he remained motionless and speechless, and then at the top of his voice he shouted:—

"The baggage! Use the baggage!"

We understood. With an agility and a celerity born of desperation, the fireman and I made our way, over the swaying, pounding, stumbling tender, to the front platform of the baggage-master, and we began—the fireman, the baggage master, his assistant and I—to heave over into the tender every bit of baggage we could lift or move. The light trunks and the light boxes of merchandise went first, and as soon as there were enough of them together the fireman clambered back on to the tender, sprinkled them with lubricating oil, cut them up with an axe, and stuffed them into the firebox.

Meanwhile the fire had sagged and our speed was again decreasing. We worked desperately, indefatigably, lifting heavy trunks and merchandise cases as though they were hand satchels and boxes, and throwing them over into the tender as though they were made of paper and hollow.

When the baggage car was practically emptied and every movable stick of baggage was either already consumed or awaited consumption in the tender, I returned to the engine, and once again leaning out, looked back. It seemed to me that the compound was nearer than before and gaining; but I could not tell positively. At all events, she was still a good half mile to the rear. I entered the cab to look at the gauge, and found that the pressure was rising.

Old 426 was doing nobly, but it was evident that she could not continue much longer. A strong, pungent odor, emanating from somewhere beneath the cab, told a story of hot bearings, and the cylinders were spitting water as the pistons moved in and out. Her trembling had grown so violent that the water gauge cocks would come open on their own account as often as they were shut on Dolan's, and her reverse lever was straining on the catch that held it close up to the center. Her boiler was covered copiously with perspiration, and the gauges on the patent eccentric lubricator in the cab showed that all the oil was gone.

We reached an up grade and were slowing visibly. Dolan unhooked the reverse and gave her more stroke, but still she slowed. I was about to leave the cab again to see how the compound was doing, when Dolan clutched my arm.

"Look!" he roared, pointing ahead, "the freight!"

Two or perhaps three miles up the track appeared two tiny moving lights, the tail lights of the fast freight. She should have been fully ten miles ahead of us, even though we were far ahead of our schedule, but

she had evidently broken down somewhere on the road between Black Gulch and Pine Hill, or had gotten stuck somehow and was behind time. I felt a chill come over me, and then my head grew hot and throbbled. A lunatic on a widest compound a half mile behind and the fast freight, oblivious of everything, pounding along at moderate speed two miles ahead! It meant death to the immigrants or death to us; and I knew that Dolan's decision would mean the latter.

I half determined to jump, and hoped the fireman would do the same. Dolan I knew, would not so long as old 426's wheels were still grinding on the rails. I looked out the cab window and saw the telegraph poles fly past us, and I abandoned all ideas of jumping.

I grew dizzy. A nerve-racking fear assailed me. I believe, in fact, that fear made me lose my senses for a moment at least my thoughts jumbled, and the fireman says I assumed an attitude of supplication. Of this I was not conscious. All that I do remember is that I suddenly heard Dolan scream:

"Cut off the rear car! Don't stand there, you fool. Cut off the rear car! Move, for Heaven's sake, move!"

It was an inspiration. His words had a magical effect; in an instant his meaning flashed upon me.

"Pull the bell-cord," he continued, "and I'll shut off steam and as the cars bump draw the pin. Move! Move!"

I fairly slid off the cab, and with feverish haste crawled over the tender and jumped upon the baggage car platform. How I ever managed to make my way through that train, filled with panic-stricken, praying, weeping foreigners, who crowded and jammed and choked the aisles, I do not know. I do remember striking men and knocking women right and left and trampling upon children. Once, I recollect, train struck a sharp curve and I lurched frightfully, and I fell in a heap on top of a woman who held a child close to her bosom and was praying between sobs in a foreign tongue.

At last, after what seemed ages of suspense, I reached the last car, the conductor following close behind me. It was deserted, the immigrants, who had perceived their danger, having sought refuge in the cars ahead. I threw myself down flat upon the platform and firmly grabbing the guard rail with one hand I reached for the pin with the other.

"Pull the cord!" I shouted to the conductor. Dolan shut off steam and the cars at once bumped together, releasing the strain on the pin. I gave a mighty pull, but I was too slow. The pin remained fast, and from the slight bound forward I knew that Dolan had again opened the throttle wide.

"Pull it again."

Once more the steam was shut off, and once more the cars came together. I reached away over and half raised myself with the heave. I felt a burning sensation in my arm and shoulder, and when my hand shot upward it held in its grip the dust-covered, rusty pin. I was too weak to rise, and there I remained prostrate upon the platform.

At once a gap opened between the train and the uncoupled car. Five yards, ten yards, twenty, thirty, fifty! and less than one quarter of a mile behind I could see the thundering, leaping compound tearing away on the vibrating rails with unchecked fury. The conductor pulled me to my feet, and with a vague sensation of a racing pulse and difficulty in breathing, I leaned against the door. The car had dropped farther and farther to the rear till its contour became indistinct in the darkness. Suddenly it rose into the air—rose like a sentiment being in extreme agony—and ere the reverberations of the crash had died away, it toppled over on its side and upon it, crushing and rending it, tumbled the ponderous C, B. & Q. compound, enveloped in a cloud of hissing, sizzling steam, a ghastly, unshapely mass of overheated, twisted, distorted iron.

The conductor jumped for the bell-rope and gave the signal to stop. Dolan answered with a long, grim howl from the whistle, and I could hear the grinding noise of the brake shoes as they were pressed tightly against the smooth surface of the wheels. A couple of minutes later "The Mixed Pickle," officially known as "Passenger Train No. 27," came to a full stop. Less than two hundred yards ahead were the twinkling tail-lights of the fast freight, whose engineer was whistling for "brakes," so that the crew could go back and ask the "Mixed Pickle" what it was all about.

Faithful old 426 was sending a thin, sickly little stream of steam upward from her safety, and her cylinders were covered with big drops of water, that looked for all the world like tears.

And sitting on the little step between engine and tender I found Dolan, his head buried in his hands, and saying nothing.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One of our afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition, Parmenter's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

HUMORS, boils, pimples and all eruptions are due to impure blood, and by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla they are CURED.

ST. ANTHONY'S BREAD.

A Franciscan's Masterly Reply to Certain Critics of the Devotion.

Clients of the "Wonder Worker of Padua" in this country will read with pleasure a masterly reply addressed by a distinguished Franciscan priest in England to certain critics of the world-wide devotion known as "St. Anthony's Bread." The criticism was started in the columns of the Northwestern Chronicle of St. Paul, Minn., and was quoted, with approving comment, by the Weekly Register of London. The Franciscan's reply appears in the columns of the latter journal, issue of July 13. It is as follows: Editor of the Weekly Register:

Sir—I have but this moment seen the strong words used by the Weekly Register of June 1 in connection with the devotion known as St. Anthony's Bread. As director of St. Anthony's Guild, established by the Franciscan Capuchin Fathers at Crawley, and now numbering about one hundred and twenty thousand registered members, perhaps I may be allowed a word of reply to your surprising paragraph and the quotation it embodies from an American newspaper. Be it said at once that the object of our guild is, first, to spread devotion to St. Anthony of Padua, and secondly, to distribute St. Anthony's bread to the poor. As such the guild has received the approbation of the Holy See, and its members granted diverse plenary and partial indulgences.

You speak of "the hysterical, not to say superstitious developments" at touching to the devotion of St. Anthony generally. If, sir, you or the writer in the Northwestern Chronicle found yourselves in epistolary contact with the daily increasing thousands of St. Anthony's clients, you would, I feel sure, on the strength of a little knowledge made greater, to call a world-wide devotional movement of mind and heart either hysterical or superstitious. In the absence of any definite statement as to what are "our inherited devotions," it is not easy for one to express intelligently his loyalty to them, each and all. But the phrase seems to savor of a nationalism that would admit of no devotion beyond the limits of the English Appendix to the Breviary, or else implies that while nature evolves, and thought progresses, devotion must stay where it was in the days "of our fathers."

But the main offense is St. Anthony's bread, and the "mercenary spirit" it is said to introduce into religion. It would be hazardous to deny that any devotion, "inherited" or not, ever known in Christianity has been without some abuses of varying degrees. And, probably, too, there may be individual cases among the clients of St. Anthony where zeal or other causes give reasonable ground for adverse comment. But the wholesale condemnation of St. Anthony's bread is not, therefore, either logical or just.

"This devotion," says the American journal, "seems concerned chiefly with temporal things." Does the writer object to the principle of praying for temporal blessings? Who then taught the world to say "Give us this day our daily bread"? Or does the word "chiefly" express the point of the objection? It were, indeed, literally preposterous to place temporal concerns before spiritual ones in a case of conflicting interests where one or the other has to be sacrificed. But is it true or fair to presume that petitioners for daily bread necessarily forget their souls? Saint differs from saint, even in heaven, as star from star, and Biblical and ecclesiastical history both show that angels and saints in the mysterious dispensation of Providence have been allotted definite and distinctive charges. St. Anthony has been sought after for the alleviation of wants which he was characteristically generous in attending to during his earthly career, and if to day there seems a predominance of petitions for temporal blessings, it only proves that behind the devotion to the Saint of Padua there is a need deep enough for brotherly sympathy and profounder, perhaps, than journalism has occasion to know.

St. Anthony's Bread is said to teach, at best, "a selfish kind of charity, not spiritual, elevating nor Christian." I think that to ask heaven for a favor and take it with what, if the saints may be believed, is very little gratitude, is much more selfish than to ask the favor and promise to think of your needy neighbor, by almsgiving, as God has thought of you. Probably the writer of the words "selfish charity" knows little of Christian theology and less of the psychology of man. For the former would warn him to consider the Royal Prophet's words, *Indignati cor meum ad faciendas justitias tuas propter retributionem*, and the latter would teach him that the elimination of self in religion as regards average human nature is and always will be *vox et praeterea nihil*. "The healthy man of intellect," it is said, "cannot subscribe to practices which appear to him utterly childish." This is not to be wondered at considering that the so-called healthy man of intellect is not as a rule a Christian, and is never devout, whether Christian or not. I use the words "healthy man of intellect" in the sense of the Northwestern Chronicle. And in any case He Who gave healthy intellects to men said: "Unless you become as little children you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." One of the most masculine intellects I ever had the honor of meeting was the late Mr. Coventry Patmore, and from his poem entitled "The Toys" your American confrere, sir, may learn a pretty lesson on the ineradicable childishness of human nature.

The notice in an English church that "money received for St. Anthony's Bread really goes to the poor" has undoubtedly a regrettable implication.

It certainly would be a grave scandal if money given for bread for the poor were allocated for other purposes, however religious. But that is a matter which can surely be left to the conscience and integrity of the clergy. From the inception of St. Anthony's Guild at Crawley it has been found useful to insist on saying that when bread has been promised it must be honestly, honorably and with Franciscan simplicity given to the poor. For this purpose we have always encouraged local branches the world over to have their own alms boxes, whence the poor may be helped by the parochial clergy who best know them. Nevertheless many people will persist in thinking their alms ought to go for the Church and its requirements, and hence the above notice may have served more purposes than one. The Northwestern Chronicle's reference to "boxes for the alms of the credulous and too little faith in God" seems to me to imply an accusation of silliness on the part of the faithful and of money-making on the part of accredited ministers of the sanctuary, and such an accusation is scarcely compatible with much faith either in God or in one's fellow-creatures, unless it be faith that is only sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

In fine, whatever mistakes may be made in isolated cases, the devotion to St. Anthony and the charity of his bread have a solid dogmatic basis, and speaking for ourselves and our 120,000 members, I beg leave to assure you, sir, that in our faith in the saints' power to obtain blessings, spiritual and temporal, great and small, and in our attempt to teach every one who receives of God to remember the needs of his neighbor, we are more philosophers of an experimental school than we are the "bedazzled infants" of the Northwestern Chronicle, or the soulless mercenaries one might picture from the denouncing language of the Weekly Register.

I am, sir, your servant in St. Francis.

FATHER ANSELM, O. S. F. C.

LET THE MAN REFORM BEFORE MARRIAGE—"A girl should never marry a man that she may reform him," writes Margaret Sangster, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "If he is in need of reformation let him prove himself worthy by turning from evil and setting his face steadfastly and perseveringly to good before he asks a girl to surrender herself and her life to him. Nor should a girl be too impatient with father, mother and friends if they counsel delay in deciding a matter which is to influence her whole career and her lover's, when they, with clearer eyes than her own, perceive in him an unsuitability to her."

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folk. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.



CUTICURA RESOLVENT is so pure, sweet, and wholesome that all ages may take it with pleasure and benefit. Its mission is to cool and cleanse the blood in eczema and other torturing, disfiguring, humors, rashes, and irritations, while warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP cleanse the surface of crusts and scales, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment soothe and heal itching, burning skin.

Sold everywhere. Foreign depots: F. NEWBERY, Ltd., 11, Mark Lane, E.C. 3; T. W. & S. G. KIDNEY, 10, Peter Street, London, E.C. 4; J. B. & S. G. KIDNEY, 10, Peter Street, London, E.C. 4.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be Seen at our Warerooms DUNDAS STREET. SMITH BROTHERS Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers LONDON, ONTARIO. Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters. Telephone 538.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN any book of the kind now in the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine. The author is Rev. George M. Scott. The price is exceedingly low, only 15c. Free by mail to any address. The book contains 200 pages. Address: The Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, 150 King Street, The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day. Telephone—Home 275; Railway 34.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS "THE SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH" AND "CATHOLIC CEREMONIES." THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS. BY JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, the fifty second edition of which has been issued with 300,000 copies, is now on sale at this office. Price (paper) 60 cents and (cloth) \$1.00. Another good and useful work is "Catholic Ceremonies and Explanation of the Ecclesiastical Year." It contains ninety six illustrations of articles used at Church ceremonies and their proper names. From the French of the Abbe Durand. Price (paper) 30 cents. The Sacraments of the Holy Catholic Church, by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., author of "Masses for the Dead," "Mixed Marriages," etc., etc. Price (paper) 25 cents. Any of these works are extremely useful to hand to an inquiring non-Catholic. Sent anywhere on receipt of price.

Address: The Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

"To Be or Not to Be."

That is the question that concerns every mortal: whether it is better to be half ill, nervous, worn out, or to be well, strong, cheerful and useful. The latter condition will be yours if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine,—there is nothing equal to it.

After a Cold—"I was completely run down by a cold. My son persuaded me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the use of two bottles I found I was getting an appetite. When I had taken three bottles I was cured." I. P. Vernet, 117 Champlain Street, Montreal, Can.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Educational. LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

CONDUCTED BY..... English Jesuit Fathers Reopens September 5th.

Calendar Mailed on Application. REV. G. O'BRYEN, S. J., President.

1135 8 BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE Established 1889.

We teach full commercial course, as well as full shorthand course. Full literary service 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., Principal, Belleville, Ont.

Fall Term Opens Sept. 4th. CENTRAL College

STRAITFORD, ONT. No less than eight large business colleges have applied to us within the last six weeks for our graduates to take positions as teachers in their schools. As many as five business firms have applied to us in one day for office help. This is surely the best school for you. Catalogue free. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

NORTHERN Business College

OWEN SOUND, ONT. Re-opens for Fall Term SEPT. 3rd, 1900. Young men and women who wish to be successful should call or write for particulars and be ready to start on Opening Day. C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.

THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL and Commercial Courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to REV. D. CUSHING, C.S.B.

SUMMER SCHOOL.—From July 30th the CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, offers an excellent opportunity for Teachers and Senior Students to enjoy a short term in the Business, Shorthand and Penmanship Departments. Members may enter at any time and spend from two weeks upwards, as desired. Special terms. Write for particulars. Regular work commences right along into the fall term, which opens September 4th. Catalogue free.—W. H. SHAW, Principal, Yonge and Gerrard streets.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to—REV. THOMAS SPETE, President.

DAY BY DAY education—the kind of education you can put to use each day, no matter where you are. That's what you need. Let us tell you about our courses.—Forest City Business and Shorthand College, London, Ontario. J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

Church Bells, Chimes and Peals of Best Quality. Address: BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, The E. W. VANDEUSEN CO., Cincinnati, O. ESTABLISHED 1826. BELL'S CHURCH BELL FOUNDRY, 1826. BELL'S CHURCH BELL FOUNDRY, 1826. BELL'S CHURCH BELL FOUNDRY, 1826.

TO SUMMER TOURISTS. THE FRASER HOUSE, PORT STANLEY, affords a delightful place to spend a quiet vacation.

LARGE SUMMER HOTEL, situated on the north shore of Lake Erie, in the midst of a magnificent park. BOATING, BATHING, FISHING and amusements of various sorts. Suites of airy rooms, and table provided with the best of the season.

SPECIAL RATES TO TOURISTS. Connections at St. Thomas with G. T. Ry., Wabash, M. C. R. & C. P. R. and L. E. & D. R. Ry. Twenty-four miles from London and eight miles from St. Thomas. Three trains daily.

Apply WM. FRASER, Prop., Port Stanley, Ont.

SACRED PICTURES. We have now in stock some really nice colored crayons of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary—size, 12x22. Price, 50 cents each. Good value at that figure. Same size, steel engravings, 75 cents each. Extra large size, (steel engraving), \$1.50 each.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. Colored pictures of St. Anthony of Padua—size, 12x16—25 cents each. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ontario, Canada.