

throne of Britain, was living in the Palazzo Savorelli, with his wife, Maria Clementina, daughter of Prince Sobieski of Poland. Their younger son Henry had been lately (1747) created a Cardinal. The visitor from a distant country, might have met Alphonsus Liguori, then a priest, come up from the Kingdom of Naples on the business of his new congregation of the Holy Redeemer, on the subject of his great work on Moral Theology, then in progress. Assemani might have been found at the Vatican Library, and Paul of the Cross was erecting monasteries for the first Passionists in the Pontifical States. In the Roman schools Lagomarsini filed the chair of Greek, the illustrious Boetius of modern science, and the discoverer of the ingenious theory of the Constitution of Matter, in the chair of Philosophy. The Scots College was at that time in a state of more than usual efficiency. The office of rector was filled by Father Lorenzo Alziezz, S. J., one of the best superiors the college ever had. On April 2nd, 1758, Mr. Hay received the order of priesthood from Cardinal Spinelli, in his domestic chapel. In the near prospect of his return to his native country, Father Hay dedicated his former acquisitions, as a medical practitioner, to the service of religion, by a vow which he took, March 27th, 1759, never to accept of any remuneration for medical assistance rendered to anyone in his future labors at home.

On Friday, April 27th, 1759, Father Hay, accompanied by two college companions, bade adieu to Rome and started homeward. Their voyage was some what adventurous, and among other incidents the Genoese barque in which they were bound for Nice, was taken by an English privateer, near the island of Algiers, on suspicion of having French goods on board; but after a detention of three or four days, it was found impossible to prove the goods to be French property, so the barque was permitted to enter the Bay of Villa Franca, and the travelers sustained no loss. As they approached their own country their difficulties much increased. Besides the imminent risk they incurred of being taken by the British Government, and punished as Catholic ecclesiastics, they had, as British subjects, to face the additional danger of being taken prisoners by the French. After visiting Paris and proceeding thence by way of Douay, Lille, Ghent, and Antwerp, partly on foot and partly by coach, they set sail from Rotterdam on Aug. 9th, in a Dutch vessel bound for Leith. After a voyage of six days they entered the Firth of Forth late at night; and next morning the wind being contrary, they anchored at Buchhaven, a small fishing village on the coast of Fife. An excellent opportunity was then afforded Father Hay and his companions of landing without being subjected to the rigorous examination which awaited them at Leith. The inhabitants of Buchhaven took them for merchants who had smuggled goods on board, and everyone they met was civil to them in the hopes of getting a good bargain. They walked along the shore to Wemyss where they engaged horses to Kighorn, and reached Edinburgh by the ferry the same night, nearly four months after leaving Rome.

On his arrival Father Hay was appointed to the charge of the parish of Rathven, in Banffshire, and to his residence at the village of Preshome. Father Hay restored the old chapel which had been abandoned since its pillage by the English soldiers in 1746, and after it was reopened for divine service, he was, one Sunday, standing at the altar, vested and brought to him by some one who, as usual, had been set to keep watch outside, that a soldier was seen approaching. Father Hay immediately withdrew into the vestry, and adjuring himself he was informed that the alarm was a false one; the bright scarlet waistcoat of a worthy citizen had been mistaken for the military uniform. Father Hay's whole time was systematically divided among his various avocations, and as long as his health permitted he performed with his own hands the menial offices about his room, such as dusting it, making his bed (which consisted of a mattress and two blankets, without sheets) and kindling his fire. He never wore linen nor any garment with the slightest pretensions to fashion, though he was always scrupulously neat and clean. His food was of the most frugal kind, yet those who knew him best affirm that his manners were cheerful and engaging; in lively conversation and humor no one excelled him; in the art of telling an amusing story he had few rivals. The appearance of his countenance indeed was at first sight somewhat austere; but the severity of his lines was soon forgotten when his varying expressions began to give effect to what he was narrating, accompanied by appropriate gestures. Children were fascinated by his stories; and the boys of the seminary, of which he was for years the rector, used to contrive to meet him in his walks, and draw some amusing anecdote from him. In the play room of an evening games were thrown aside when the old man came among them and began one of his charming tales. He excelled in music, both vocally and on the violin. On one occasion at a social party at Edinburgh Father Hay was invited to sing. He gave the company a song from his own "Collection," entitled, "O the Year's Many, Many Years, that I Have Lived in Vain," arranged to an excellent Scottish melody. Mr. Alexander Wood, an old medical friend, who was present, was affected to tears, and at the conclusion of the song remarked, while wiping his eyes, "O Geordie man, I didna think ye had sae muckle po'er ower me." Father Hay played on the violin chiefly for his own recreation, with great truth and feeling. His playing of Scottish airs was especially beautiful.

In the month of August, 1767, Father Hay was transferred to Edinburgh, and a few months later was consecrated Bishop of Daulis, in partibus, and coadjutor to Bishop Grant, who was in charge of the north-eastern district of

Scotland. In 1778 Lord North's Government thought that the time had come for doing something to soften the rigors of the Penal Laws against Catholics, and thought it more prudent to begin their negotiations in Scotland. The confidential agent of the Government was Sir John Dalrymple, one of the Scottish Barons of Exchequer. Sir John was acquainted with Lord Linton, eldest son of the Earl of Traquair, a Scottish Catholic peer, and in order to procure an introduction to Bishop Hay, he employed the good services of Rev. Alexander Gordon, the principal of the Scots College in Paris, whom Sir John had formerly known intimately in the French capital. Negotiations were thus commenced. Sir John waited on the Bishop and expressed his wish to know the sentiments of the Catholics on three points: (1) How were they generally disposed to regard the war with America? (2) What grounds were there to expect that they would enter freely into His Majesty's service if invited? and (3) What ameliorations in their social condition would they look for as an equivalent for their services?

In the course of an answer to these queries, the Bishop assured the government agent of the loyal sentiments of the Catholics, and that, although they were incapacitated by law of serving their country, either as military men or as civilians, their honest endeavors were directed to the discharge of their private duties to their country as good citizens. "As to the conditions which might be requisite to engage the Scottish Catholics to enter in a body into His Majesty's service," Bishop Hay continued, "it is not easy to determine. Were the whole of the Penal Laws against them to be repealed, and they restored to all the rights and privileges of their fellow-subjects, this would doubtless attach them wholly to His Majesty's person and Government forever. But as a total repeal is not to be thought of in the present situation of affairs, the removal of three impediments would suffice to effectuate what you propose, and would be necessary for that purpose. First, a repeal of the old sanguinary laws against all hearers and sayers of Mass. While these laws are in force, which make it death or banishment to be supposed that they would enter cordially into the affairs of the nation, or that they would consider themselves as looked upon in a friendly light by the Government. Secondly, a repeal of those statutes which enable the Protestant seller of an estate to take it back from the Catholic purchaser. Thirdly, that that part of the Attestation Oath which regards religion, be taken away, and those who enter military service be required only to swear fidelity to the king, and obedience to the laws of the King."

Lord Linton's opinion, which Sir John had obtained independently, agreed with Bishop Hay's in every particular; and it was decided to make their opinion the basis of further negotiations with Lord North's ministry. The last week in April we find Bishop Hay in London with Lord Linton, deeply engaged in those important negotiations. By the death of Bishop Grant, on December 3rd, 1778, Bishop Hay became Vicar Apostolic in the Lowland District of Scotland. The knowledge that measures were seriously in progress for passing the Relief Bill added fuel to the flame of agitation that raged against the Catholics in Scotland. The "Friends of Protestantism" put themselves in communication with Lord George Gordon, who was at the head of a similar fanatical party in England. Counsel were engaged to oppose the passing of the Bill at the Bar of both Houses of Parliament, and handbills of the most inflammatory character were circulated among the people. When a Catholic was recognized on the street it was the signal for outrageous cries: "There's a Papist; knock him down; shoot him!"

Bishop Hay's house in Chalmers Close, was on Saturday, January 30th, surrounded by a mob of idle persons who broke the windows and insulted the Bishop's servants, and anyone who went in or out. Next day an alarming report spread through the city that the mob had arranged for the burning of the new church which the Bishop had built, and for the destruction of the church and priests' house in Blackfriars' Wynd, together with the shops and dwelling houses of the principal Catholics in the town. At this time Bishop Hay was absent in London on the business already mentioned. The provost and magistrates were applied to by the threatened victims of popular fury, who besought them to adopt vigorous measures for their protection. The provost and magistrates in general, if they were not actually in collusion with the mob, manifested the greatest apathy and indifference. About noon, on Tuesday, February 2nd, the mob again assembled around the Bishop's house in Chalmers' Close and began to pelt the inmates with stones, the priest and servants escaping with difficulty. The mob then forced the doors of the house, and it was immediately filled with wild men armed with hatchets and stones, and the vigorous strokes of which the interior of the house soon became a total wreck. The open ground around the house, and all the avenues leading to it, were now filled with a dense mass of the rabble, and a general roar: "Set fire to it immediately!" soon decided the fate of the building. Straw and barrels of fire were distributed over its several floors, and the whole mass was speedily in a flame, which did not exhaust itself until 10 o'clock that night. On the first appearance of the mob around the house the clergy gave notice to the magistrates personally of the threatened danger, and were told that a body of the town guard would be sent down as soon as the conduct of the rabble seemed to justify the use of force. At last the provost went down with a few of the magistrates, and his lordship hung round the rioters from a window in the house, telling them that the odious Relief Bill had been abandoned. He was answered by a shower of stones. More of the town-guard arrived together with Fencibles from Edinburgh Castle; but during the

rest of the outrage the magistrates and military were spectators of the scene and nothing more. The Riot Act was read, but no extra force used by the officers commanding the troops could prevail on the magistrates to use the military force placed at their disposal. Simultaneous attacks were also made on the shops and dwellings of various Catholic tradesmen in the city, and the wife of one of them was violently assaulted by the rabble as she fled to the Castle with her infant in her arms.

Intelligence of these things considerably diminished the zeal of the Government in behalf of repeal of the Penal Laws. The Scottish members were paralyzed by the popular clamor, and withdrew their support from the Bill altogether. Bishop Hay hastened to Scotland to give his poor flock all the encouragement and support in his power, and only enough arrived in Edinburgh at the time the flames were devouring his new church. He walked from the inn at which he had stopped, with his saddle bags on his arm, towards his own house, utterly unconscious of the catastrophe which had just fallen on it. He observed, however, an unusual crowd in the streets, which excited his surprise, and it seemed to increase as he went on. At last he stopped an old woman near the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, and asked her what it all meant. "O sir," she replied, "we are burning the Popish chapel; and we only wish we had the bishop to throw into the fire." Bishop Hay's papers had by good fortune been saved from the fire, but his furniture and a valuable library, the accumulation of three of his predecessors, had nearly all perished in the flames, and had fallen a prey to the rabble, which excited a party distributed by public auction among the riotous populace.

In the course of a debate in the House of Commons on the Relief Bill, Mr. Burke, the famous Irish member, read extracts from a scurrilous pamphlet, then circulating in Scotland, and denounced with burning indignation the project seriously discussed in this pamphlet, of compelling magistrates to put in force the severest penal laws against Catholics—a project which he justly described as a disgrace to every human feeling of the species to every man of sense, and a proposal nearer akin to the malignity of demons than the acts of some of the most savage races of mankind. Bishop Hay was in the lobby of the House of Commons during the whole of this debate. His efforts to secure the object in view were indefatigable. We find him on one occasion meeting the Attorney-General and the Lord Advocate in a coffee room at a consultation; at another time he had an interview with Lord North in the Spey, and offered to charity, by which he is akin to the malignity of demons than the acts of some of the most savage races of mankind. Bishop Hay was in the lobby of the House of Commons during the whole of this debate. His efforts to secure the object in view were indefatigable. We find him on one occasion meeting the Attorney-General and the Lord Advocate in a coffee room at a consultation; at another time he had an interview with Lord North in the Spey, and offered to charity, by which he is

probably more widely known than by any other of his writings. It is entitled "The Sincere Christian Instructed in the Faith of Christ from the Writings of Christ." In the autumn of 1781 Bishop Hay journeyed to Rome on an important business. This second visit to the Eternal City occurred exactly midway in his ecclesiastical course. On September 10th, 1781, he entered Rome for the first time, a youth, to begin his studies for the Church; he now entered it again, after an interval of thirty years, a grey-haired man, not any longer in progress for mass; to Aberdeen Bishop Hay left on a walking tour through the northern part of his district. At this time Rev. Alexander Duguid, a Jesuit priest who had served the mission in the Bichan district of Aberdeenshire, became paralytic, and the charge of the vacant mission was added to the Bishop's other pastoral duties. On one occasion he had a call to baptize a child, which imposed upon him a long and fatiguing journey, twenty-one miles of which he had to travel on foot, where a horse could not carry him across the deep snow. In striking contrast to the conduct of the provost and magistrates of Edinburgh, during the burning of the church and the pillage of the Bishop's residence there, was the prompt measures which the provost and magistrates of Aberdeen took to suppress a riot which occurred there on Christmas eve, 1784. The following letter written by Bishop Hay gives an account of the affair:

"Dear Sir," says the Bishop, writing to a brother prelate, "last night I was through any other channel, I thought it proper to write you the real state of the matter myself. On Christmas eve a great number of people assembled in the close in front of the church, before the doors were opened (or midnight Mass) and were very noisy to get in; and when the doors were opened great numbers rushed in with our people. We behaved to give way, and when all were in, the outer gate was shut, and everything went on to the end with great quiet and tranquillity within doors. But without in the streets great numbers gathered and increased, which looking suspicious, some of ours that were there in waiting informed the officer on guard; but he, not daring to act without the civil magistrate, went to the provost and told him the suspected danger, expressing a desire that some peace officer might be sent along with him. But the provost, who was then in company of about twelve gentlemen upon business, said he would go himself and all his company went with him. When they came, and a party of the military with them, the mob was become very numerous—some said about two or three thousand—and appeared very obstinate to get in, refusing to let the others approach, upon which the soldiers were ordered to present their bayonets and press on, which they did, and the mob retired, so that the soldiers got possession of the gate. But the mob still appearing very

riotous, the provost ordered the soldiers to seize whom they could and put them in prison. This they did, and some of the gentlemen who were with the provost did the same, so that about sixteen were taken into custody, and the rest, seeing things turn into earp, retired and dispersed. The provost, however, ordered some soldiers to remain at the gate till all was over with us and the gate should be shut. While all this was going on without doors, we were perfectly quiet within, and I knew nothing of the matter till next morning, when our door-keeper, who had been called upon by the provost, came and told me the whole, and that His Lordship hoped I was not disturbed, and that he was to call upon me himself by and by. Hearing this I thought it proper to write His Lordship a letter, expressing my concern for his trouble, with thanks, etc., and my wishes that nothing might be done to the prisoners. This letter was given him when he was in council, and several of the prisoners before him gave them a severe reprimand, and told them that he would have given them fifteen days' confinement and a good flogging, but that I, whom they wanted to injure, had interposed for them by letter, and on that account he would pardon them for this time, but that they ought to go and thank me. Thus ended in peace this threatening storm; but I fear that we shall be obliged to give up our midnight prayers on future occasions, not to give a handle to such dangers."

At the head of the smiling and well cultivated valley through which the small river Livat finds its way to its confluence with the Spey, the traveller, passing the base of a hill named the B-ehel, enters a vast amphitheatre, surrounded by hills covered with heather. This amphitheatre is the Braes of Chenniv. In its south eastern quarter, about a mile from the foot of the range of hills which separate Banffshire from Aberdeenshire, is the site of the little seminary of Salan, the precursor of the present magnificent college of Bairs, near Aberdeen, at which candidates for the Scottish priesthood receive their first training. In the month following the defeat of Prince Charles at Oulden, in 1746, a troop of soldiers laid the buildings at Salan in ashes, giving the students and their superiors barely time to escape to the hills with their books and their altar furniture. Bishop Geddes restored the buildings, and further improvements were afterwards made by Bishop Hay. The life at Salan was not one of indulgence. The bell rang at six in the morning; and the boys, who wore the Highland dress of black and blue tartan, with homed-made shoes (brogues) performed their morning ablutions in the Crombie burn. They had meat for dinner only twice or thrice in the week, vegetables, oxtongue, and "soxens" supplying its place on other days. Their breakfast and their supper consisted of oatmeal porridge. Bishop Hay invariably dined with the boys. In the house he generally wore a long coat, or reading gown, of blue and red tartan, spun by the thrifty housekeeper. Whether the bishop was at home or on a journey, however early in the morning he was called, he was always found at his prayers, either in his own room or in the chapel. His reputation as a physician was widely spread in that district of the country, and, indeed wherever he went, and the memory of the bishop often made his visits to the remote parts of his diocese on horseback, attended by his servant mounted on another horse, and having behind him on the saddle a large leather valise filled with necessaries for the journey, often so full as to hang down as far as the rider's feet on either side, and to require a very wide stable door, indeed to admit both horse and valise at the same time. The bishop's visits were often arranged for Saturday evening, or the day before a holiday. Notice was then given to the Catholics in the vicinity, that Mass would be said next morning. The corn kiln (every farm-house had two barns; one larger and rather cleaner, called the kiln, and the other a common one for threshing corn) was usually hung up on these occasions as a temporary chapel; an altar hastily arranged, was erected at one end, a blanket serving the purpose of a credence, and another as a canopy over the altar. Sometimes the bishop prolonged his stay for several days, hearing confessions and giving advice to numbers of people, both Protestants and Catholics, who had flocked to consult him on matters of health. His valise on these occasions was found to be well supplied with medicines—a boon of no ordinary value in a district where a physician is usually unknown. The very poorest received to him in addition and the bishop's friends used to tell him that they believed some of his patients invented ailments in order to appeal to his charity.

An amusing anecdote will illustrate the inclinations of Bishop Hay: he was fond of purple colored clothes, though their material was usually of the coarsest. Once, however, instead of purple, he ordered by mistake a suit of lilac, utterly unconscious that this color was a very fashionable one for gentlemen's coats. A clever old lady took occasion one day when she met the bishop, in his new suit, to remonstrate with him on his frequent denunciation of fashionable attire in others, especially in ladies. "What the worse are you yourself, my lord, for instance, though you are dressed to day in the height of fashion?" He asked her what she meant and then discovered, for the first time, the secret of his mistake. The lilac coat never again saw the light.

In the year 1797 Bishop Hay leased the farm of Aquorthies, in Donhead, Aberdeenshire, for a new seminary. The house alone without offices cost one thousand pounds sterling, a large sum in those days. It was calculated for the accommodation of thirty students, besides teachers and servants. With the usual idleness of house-builders, the bishop found that the actual cost far exceeded the estimate, and he required every spare shilling of his own to set the establishment going. It was not enough for him to superintend, he must take an active part in

the daily work as long as he was able. In the time of recreation the bishop would frequently mix with the students in the playground or in the grounds. Even when he was very old he might be seen looking on at a well-played game of hand-ball, with all the interest and vivacity of one of the boys. Throughout the winter season the bishop usually joined the boys after supper in the playground, where they often made a semi-circle with the benches in front of the stove. The bishop would then take his seat in the middle, that everyone might see him; and the fascination of his stories by him, he told them so graphically and to the life. The hour for evening prayers often seemed to come too soon, so to interrupt the flow of anecdote. On one of these evenings spent round the fire, the bishop gave the boys a narrative of his father's profession, in 1715, for his attachment to the Stuarts and of his escape. The tears were running down the bishop's face as he related the story. When the boys were sick, the bishop not only prescribed for them, but administered the medicines with his own hands. If they were confined to bed he would often remain in the room with them, saying his prayers and helping them by turns with the tenderness of a nurse. He saw they were better. The children in the neighborhood found the old man equally charming. He was very fond of telling of the Jacobite times and used to amuse the family circle with stories of his own adventures in the Prince's army.

In the annual letter to Propaganda (1803) Cardinal Borgia, the Prefect, was informed that Bishop Hay's memory was so much faded that he could no longer venture to preach or say Mass in public; but while his mental powers decayed his physical strength rather improved. One day, in October, 1805, he walked several miles to see a workman who had been run over by a cart and severely bruised, and returned to the seminary in less than two hours. While one of the Scottish Bishops was on a visit to the seminary he was invited, as usual, to accompany Bishop Hay to dine at his residence. Bishop Hay rode on a little pony and, happening to wave his hat to his companion, who was on foot, the pony being rather lively, took fright, and threw the Bishop. The accident, though not serious, renewed a good deal of the pain occasioned by a fall some years before, by which several of his ribs had been dislocated. His health failed rapidly after this incident. When the little timepiece over the fireplace in the room struck the hour of 12 and of 6 in the evening, the old man, with the instinct of half a century's habit, would kneel down as if to repeat the Angelus, and sometimes would remain kneeling for a quarter of an hour, fidgeting the buttons of his cassock as though he were saying his beads. His whole demeanor, when in repose, was pure and simple as a child's. At last the end arrived on one of his favorite anniversaries, St. Teresa's day, 1811.

In the pleasure grounds of Fetterneer House, near which the Bishop's seminary stood, a picturesque little burying place of ancient date, overhangs a steep bank round which the river Don sweeps; the manner of its waters filling, without disturbing, the quietness of the sequestered spot. It was here that they laid the remains of our Bishop. Since that time a new chapel has been erected there, and the Bishop's grave is now enclosed in the south transept of the building.

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