

# AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents falling out. Mrs. W. Fenwick, of Higby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair began to grow again, and it has now become gray, and is as thick as ever."—H. W. Fenwick, N. S.

# AYER'S Hair Vigor

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For Sick Headache, Dizziness, and all the troubles of the head.

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## FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eight Sunday after Pentecost.

THE WISDOM OF THE WORLD.  
"And the Lord commanded the unjust steward, and said to him: 'Be wise, for the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.' (St. Luke xvi. 8.)"

The Gospel which you have just heard, my brethren, is somewhat hard to understand at first. Here we have an example of the most flagrant kind of dishonest dealing, and of cheating an employer, and yet we read in the words of the text that "the Lord commended the unjust steward forasmuch as he had done wisely." Is not this a little strange, and contrary to what we call our modern enlightened notions of right and wrong? Let us examine the case carefully and see.

And first, we must not make a mistake about the words. We might at first sight easily think that "the Lord" means the Lord Jesus Christ; but it really means the Lord, the master, the employer of the unjust steward, about whom Jesus Christ is speaking. That bad, crafty fellow had been cheating his master, and persuading and assisting other people to cheat him also, so as to get them on his side, and have some friends to go to when he should be turned out of his place. And he certainly had done his bad work very cleverly; he had laid his plans very well, and had taken a great deal of pains about them. There was not any doubt about that. And the Lord, or, as we should say nowadays, his employer, when he found it all out, could not help admiring the shrewdness of the sharp practice on the part of his steward, even though he must condemn his dishonesty. He "commended" him—that is to say, praised him for his worldly wisdom and cleverness. I fancy he might have said: "Ah! the sharp, cunning rascal! What pains he took and how shrewd he was, in making friends for himself with money. I wish I had only half as much honest cleverness in managing my honest business. I should be a rich man in no time!"

You see, my brethren, his employer did not praise the steward for his honesty, or for his faithfulness, but only for his shrewdness. And then Jesus Christ finishes His parable by saying: "For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." And is not this true, my brethren? Do you not see and feel every day that the "children of this world"—that is, those who live for this world alone, and place all their happiness and hope here below—are far wiser in their own way, and among their own sort, than good people are? See how men slave and toil, and cheat and lie and steal, and sometimes murder, to get a little money, a little of the riches of this earth. How much trouble do good people take, or how much self-denial do they suffer, to gain the riches of heaven? See how craftily wise the unjust steward was to get friends for himself, to receive him and give him a home when he lost his place. How much wisdom do we show to get for ourselves true friends, and to make sure of a heavenly home when we die?

This is what Jesus Christ means: bad, wicked people put us to shame by the cleverness they show, and the pains they take to win earthly goods, while we do not manifest half the wisdom, or take one-fourth the pains to win a heavenly reward. We could very well take pattern by bad men in this regard. We know that heaven is better than earth, and yet how many really strive harder for heaven than for earth?

"Make unto you friends of the mammon of iniquity." Yes, use the riches God has given you, be they much or little, to get true friends with. Give alms to God's poor; help to pay the holy souls in Purgatory; do something for Catholic schools. Thus you will gain friends indeed—friends before God's throne—friends to intercede for you in heaven—friends who, when you fall, shall "receive you into everlasting dwellings."

## The Papal Choir.

The finest choir in the world is that of St. Peter's in Rome, known as the Papal choir. It is composed of sixty boys, and some of the best singers are not over nine years old. Their training begins as soon as they get control of their vocal cords, and at the age of seven they are admitted to the choir. The most difficult oratorios and sacred music are rendered in such manner by these youths that one would think that the choir was made up of celebrated vocalists.

If you would have an abundance of dark, glossy hair, if you would have a clean scalp, free from dandruff and irritating humors, or if your hair is faded and gray, and you would have its natural color restored, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is unquestionably the best dressing.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to the cemetery. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Hildreth's Anti-Cough Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant to take, sure and effective in destroying worms. Many have tried it with the best result.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25-cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Poor Digestion leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

July.

The splendor of His Heart, though June is past,  
Fills all the world with a soft after-glow.  
The sharp-edged hedge has doffed its blossoms of snow,  
And is with wild rose blushes overcast.  
The climbing vines have reached the eaves at last,  
The clear voiced streamlet sings in murmurs low.  
For rain falls seldom, and its bubbling flow  
Is checked by lilies and the reed's slim mast.  
The lilies white that float in ponds and streams  
Are symbols of the Heart Immaculate,  
The deep, red roses that rich odors shed,  
And seem to burn in fire of July's beams,  
Are human hearts, prayer-laden, taught to wait,  
Low at His foot stool, love enraptured,  
—Niagara Rainbow.

## A Loving Sister.

A young woman, from childhood, should cultivate proper habits of industry, economy, self-denial, and such like home virtues whose absence in woman makes home most miserable, renders that which was ordained to be a home nothing but a wretched abode. The measure in which a girl is able to contribute to the order, comfort, cheer, and happiness of home is the best test of her true womanhood. Since this is the case, having become mistress of the art of keeping it in order, she should learn how to govern it, not by force or tyranny, but with prudence, love and meekness. Watchful interest in all the members of the home circle, care for their wants, attention to the many little things which the thoughtless so frequently overlook, but which in reality are the very essence of true domestic happiness, are the qualities which point out a loving sister and a devoted daughter, a young woman whose affections are centered at home, and who is more anxious for its welfare and happiness than for the outside world. Especially devotion to her brothers and younger sisters, if she has any, sacrificing herself to their wishes, constantly guarding them from the evils of the day, yet not in a domineering way, for "men must be taught as if you taught them not," but with a true and unselfish sisterly interest and love: always prepared to smooth the difficulties which appear; acting peacemaker in the petty disputes that arise; correcting faults by apparently overlooking them, while allowing no good action to pass without notice.—Catholic Witness.

## Farwell.

BY FRANCIS F. CORCORAN.

To-night we sing our parting song,  
Though sad that song must be;  
For we must part to launch our ships  
Upon the unknown sea.

And ever as our course we steer  
The rocks and shoals among;  
This most true shall guide us through  
"Look up, look forth, look on."

Grim Father Time may span us not;  
His hand he never stays;  
But memory shall light our path  
With thoughts of other days.

But, as we part, we all would fain  
In your remembrance live;  
A golden link of memory chain  
For dear old friends.

—Class of '95, Epiphany College, Balto., Md.

## A Hero of Our Day.

Many years ago there was a great fire that burned down a large part of the city of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were swept away; and many strange events occurred while the flames were raging, says a writer in *The Little Ones*.  
A rich lady was hurrying through the crowd of frightened people, trying to save a few of her household goods. She saw a small boy, and called him to her, saying: "Take this box, my boy, and do not part from it for one instant until I see you again. Take care of it, and I will reward you well."  
The boy took the box and the lady turned back to save some more of her goods, if possible.

Soon the crowd came rushing between them, and they were separated. All that night and the next day passed. The lady took refuge with friends outside of the city, and heard nothing more of boy or box.

Her diamonds, a large amount of choice jewelry, and all her valuable papers were in the box, and of course she was in great distress at losing them.

But on Tuesday night a watchman found the boy sitting on the box and almost buried in the sand and dirt that had fallen about him. He had been there all through the long hours, without food or shelter. At times he had covered himself with the sand to escape the terrible flames.

The poor child was almost dead with fright and fatigue, but had never once thought of deserting the precious box that had been entrusted to his care.  
Of course he was amply rewarded by the grateful lady, but the boy who could be so faithful to a trust would be rich and noble without any gift.

## A Word to the Girl Graduates.

Think seriously before you destroy school souvenirs. The flower that you wear on commencement day, the gloves, the ribbon that binds your diploma, will be very precious to you, years hence, though now you think little of them, is the advice given by the Brooklyn *Examiner*. The "forlorn" in which you had taken one day when you were "off for a frolic" and in which you look "such a fright," will recall for you a scene more vivid than the greatest artist could paint. You will see the shadows of the leaves, the dazzle of the hot sunshine, the masses of clouds, even the swirls of dust that swept round the door of the little out-of-the-way gallery into which you tumbled to have your picture taken "just for fun." It is a pleasant custom in some schools for the classes

preceding and following that which graduates to present the graduates with souvenirs. Sometimes these gifts are a popular book, sometimes an inexpensive fan, sometimes merely a card with the good wishes expressed in rhyme. No day except her wedding day is of such importance to a girl as commencement day. Be careful how you say good-bye. Some of you will be glad to close the books, others will be heart-broken. Let not the careless ones add to the grief of those who leave the school and old associations with regret. You may not understand the sentiment, but it is genuine, nevertheless. You may be looking forward to pleasure, they know that for them there is little in prospect save hard work. Let the last day of childhood be free from a suspicion of indifference or slight.

## Things That Never Die.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts of youth,  
The impulses to wordless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth;  
The longing after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The strivings after better hopes—  
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
That soves a friend indeed;  
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,  
When justice threatens high,  
The sorrow of a contrite heart,  
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,  
That wounded as it fell;  
The chilling want of sympathy  
We feel but never tell;  
The hard repulse that chills the heart,  
Whose hopes were bounding high;  
In an unfeeling record kept—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Lose not a chance to waken love—  
Be firm, and just, and true;  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee,  
"These things shall never die."

## Not on the Bills.

Jenny Lind, whose singing used to delight the grandmothers of our young people, says a writer in the *Ace Maria*, was noted no less for her kind heart than for her wondrous voice. At one time she was visiting at the house of a friend who lived in rural England, and was taking her accustomed daily ramble in the green fields. Suddenly it began to rain, and the songstress, being unprovided with an umbrella, sought shelter in a picturesque little cottage near by.

The good woman of the house came forward with her best chair, and gave her unknown guest a hearty welcome. The rain was slow in ceasing, and Jenny Lind tried to divert herself as best she could. A cage hung in the window, and a canary was singing with all his might.

"What is the name of your bird?" questioned the chance visitor.

"Jenny Lind," was the reply.

The prima donna smiled—perhaps at the thought that Dick or Billy would have been so much more appropriate for the lady bird never sings.

"Why do you call him Jenny Lind?" "Because," said the old woman, "he is the finest singer in the world."

Jenny Lind's smile deepened.

"O, you dear creature!" she thought, "you shall be paid for this sweet compliment." Then she asked: "Have you heard Jenny Lind sing?"

"Oh, no, madam! Such a great pleasure is only for the rich."

"And would you like to hear her?" The mistress of the cottage sighed.

"I wish to hear her so much, my lady, that it seems as if I could die happy if I could listen even once to her sweet voice."

The singer put forth her hand and answered:

"I am Jenny Lind, and you shall hear me sing. Send for your neighbors, and we will have a concert; and if it isn't as fine as one as the rich people hear, it will be no fault of mine."

And this is why Jenny Lind's friend, searching for her with umbrellas and mackintoshes, found her singing "And Lang Syne" to a row of happy peasant women. He told her afterwards that she never sang so well in all her life.

"It was because I did it out of love, not for money," said the songstress.

## The Two Requests of Jeanne d'Arc.

In return for the inestimable services she performed for France, Jeanne d'Arc asked the King of France for two favors, neither of which was for herself. For her native village she begged freedom from taxation, and until the French Revolution ravaged the land, not a tax of any description was levied on Domremy. Her second request was that the king would, after her death, build a chapel where prayers might be perpetually offered for the souls of the soldiers who fell in defence of their native land. We learn this from the solemnly attested deposition of her confessor Pasquier, whom she often entreated to remind the king of her request when she would be no more. Four centuries have gone by, and the desire of the maiden's heart is but barely fulfilled.

The voice church of Domremy stands on the slope of an oak crowned hill overlooking the valley of the Neuse. The skirts of the hill are cultivated and covered with vineyards, the crests are overgrown with low shrubs and afford pasturage for grazing flocks. Indeed, the scene is absolutely unchanged since Jeanne roamed the hills in her happy childhood. And now her wish is to be fulfilled.

The church will be the seat of a confraternity whose object is to promote Christian morals among soldiers—the work

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that lay so near her heart during her own short and glorious military life.

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

The young man who is now about to enter the ranks of the work a day world armed with his college diploma is receiving plenty of advice from the veterans who have been through many a campaign. Much of it will be unheeded, but still it is good counsel and worth perusal, and the burden of almost every man who spoke was

Work, Work, Work.

Judge John F. Dillon has this to say to a newspaper reporter in reference to the practice of law:

"When my advice is asked by a young man or his parents whether he should study law, I endeavor, in view of the crowded state of the profession, to dissuade him from it, unless it is seen that he has abilities that in a marked degree demonstrate that he is especially fitted for the law."

If, however, you cannot dissuade him, the next question I ask is, Is he a man of strong physical vigor? Success comes from a happy combination of physical and intellectual qualities, including will, power of decision, moral qualities, integrity and saving common-sense, so that the advice which the lawyer gives shall be practically demonstrated to be wise, as shown in the results. The modern client wants good results."

Dr. Edward G. Janeway said: "There is plenty of room at the top. Apply yourself untiringly and success will come. The harder and higher you work the greater the success. There is plenty of room, and able men of the highest grade are wanted in the profession. If you haven't the qualifications of education, temperament, love for the work and untiring energy, then stay out."

"Electricity is a great field," said a man thoroughly posted on electrical matters, "and no mortal can tell just now large, for we have only entered it. The chances in it are big, very big, and thousands of brainy men are entering it. There is room for all, and the promise for big pay is good. The salaries are large for good men, and the chances for advancement are splendid for men with original minds, who are applying themselves. And there is no telling what great results will come at any time out of original researches. The domain of electricity requires brains, technical knowledge of a high order and a logical, persistent mind, that will bear the strain of close and persistent application. A young man with these requirements will find no difficulty in working to the top."

"I cannot conscientiously advise a young man to take up the business of dentistry for a congenial and paying profession," said a prominent dentist, who is applying themselves. And there is no telling what great results will come at any time out of original researches. The domain of electricity requires brains, technical knowledge of a high order and a logical, persistent mind, that will bear the strain of close and persistent application. A young man with these requirements will find no difficulty in working to the top."

Many young men are contemplating entering politics. Is it a good or desirable business? Is it a paying business? Mayor William L. Strong of New York, said: "My answer is emphatically no! There is neither honor nor profit in it for the honest man. Politics should be a matter of patriotism and not a matter of business."

There are as good opportunities for making a success of merchandising to day as ever," said a leading merchant. "I would say to the young men, go into merchandising and you may expect good reward. You can get good salaries, and you can get good profits from your own business. But remember you must work, work; give your best energies and ample time to your business, and you will succeed."

There is plenty of room in the drug trade," said the manager of a wholesale house, "and grand opportunities for the right kind of young men. The right kind of man is one who is educated, who is willing to begin at the bottom and apply himself diligently to business. If this is done, success is certain. The profits are small in this business, while in the retail trade they are quite large and ample for remunerative returns for the capital and attention required. But then we are fortunate in having a business which runs very evenly throughout the year. The salaries are high, and able men are in great demand and indispensable. Such men are sure of advancement."

## English Catholic Writers.

Here are the names of a few prominent Catholic writers in England and Ireland:

Poetry—Alfred Austin, Aubrey De Vere, Coventry Patmore, Wilfred Blunt, Emily H. Hickey, Mrs. Mayne, Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, Frances Wynne, Katherine Tynan, Father Russell, S. J., Dora Sigerson, Francis Fahy.

Fiction—Justin McCarthy, Richard Dowling, F. Anstey, Rosa Mulholland, Edmund Randolph, Edmund Leamy,

Old Gold CIGARETTES

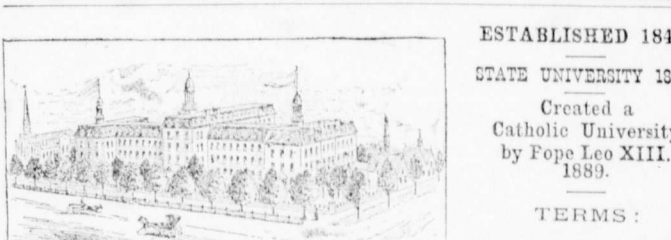
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SEND FOR CALENDAR.

William O'Brien, W. P. Ryan, J. Murphy, J. Hogan, Frank Matthews, Mrs. Keeling, Mrs. Blundell, Hannah Lynch.

General Literature—Prof. Mivart, Dr. Barry, Wilfred Ward, W. S. Lilly, Mr. Earle, Mr. Devas, Mr. Allies, Mr. Maskell, Mr. T. Barnard, the Beckets, Lord Russell, Lord Bury, Lord Anson, Lord Bury, Mr. Orby Shipley, Mr. Thomas Arnold, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Bell, Lady Herbert, Mrs. E. M. Clerk, Miss A. Clerk, Percy Fitzgerald, Frank Marshall, Clement Scott, Wilfred Meynell, Ingress Bell, Vernon Blackburn, Mrs. Bishop, Edward Walford.

These are but a few of the many who are workers in England, enough to convince the reader of the vastness of the English Catholic intellectual movement.

Little Schoolmasters of Wisdom.  
Inspiration, like death, very often comes unexpectedly.

Many young men of to-day need guardians rather than wives.  
The sneer of a cynic and the bite of a lamb are alike harmless.

Generosity often follows the possession of riches, but riches are slow in coming to the generous.

How much sorrow would be prevented if regret would precede rather than follow a wrong deed.

It is always best to avoid controversy with two kinds of people—those who cannot understand you and those who will not.

If common-sense were sold by the yard at a cent a foot, there would be found many not possessing enough sense to buy it.

"What helped you over the great obstacles of life?" was asked a successful man. "The other obstacles," he answered.

In regard to Kipling's troubles with his brother-in-law, *Harpers Weekly* says: "Helping a never-do-well is a business by itself that offers large and continuous employment for energy, enthusiasm, perseverance, and discretion. Persons who would succeed at all in it must carefully obey two rules—first, never expect anything; second, never stop trying."

Pays to be Gentlemanly.  
Colonel F. W. Saxton, of Oakland, Cal., was in Washington recently.

"A little incident that came to my notice just before I left home," he said to a *Times* reporter, "impressed upon me that there is never any use for a man to act otherwise than as a gentleman, and that it is often a financial gain to do so."

"One of San Francisco's capitalists

is Joseph Boardman. It is said he is a millionaire, but to look at him you would not think it. You could hardly say that he dresses shabbily, but he comes very close to it, and appears to a stranger to be some kindly old gentleman whom fortune has never cared to smile upon. Mr. Boardman's house is over in Oakland, but his office is in San Francisco, and each morning he makes the trip over in the ferry."

"The other morning he started for the boat and in his haste he forgot to transfer his pocketbook to his clothes. Of course he did not discover this until he had reached the wharf. There was no one in the crowd that he knew or that knew him. He searched every pocket in vain. A young man standing near by witnessed the confusion of the old gentleman, and, walking up to him, thrust a coin into his hand and moved back into the crowd."

"The young man doubtless supposed that he had done an act of kindness to a needy one, and he hastened away, in order to make it less embarrassing for his beneficiary. He had no opportunity to get far, however, before Mr. Boardman caught him and made him divulge his name and address. The next day the young man was the recipient of a snug check, drawn by the millionaire, and making him richer by \$100 than he was the day before."

We Are Brothers.  
Carlyle said: "A true delineation of the smallest man and his scene of pilgrimage through life is capable of interesting the greatest man. All men are to an unspeakable degree brothers; each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; human portraits faithfully drawn are of all pictures the welcome on human walls."

A Million Gold Dollars.  
Would not bring happiness to the person suffering with dyspepsia, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many thousands of cases of this disease. It tones the stomach, regulates the bowels and puts all the machinery of the system in good working order. It creates a good appetite and gives health, strength and happiness.

Hood's PILLS act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Inflammatory Rheumatism.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago