of her martyrs, and ennobled by the blight of religious persecution. This

enment from a religious standpoint

-it is only the natural outcome of the

penal laws which proscribed learning, the speaking of the Irish language,

the continuation of Irish customs, and which aimed with deadly pre-

eagle, though victorious in Britain, feared to conquer Ireland at a time when a nation's progress in civilization and prosperity was adjudged by the calibre of its soldiers. "More than two-thirds of England," writes Montalembert in his "Monks of the West," the word its final conversion to the

"owed its final conversion to the labors of the Irish monks of the great

schools of Iona, Old Melrose, and Lindesfarne." Irish exiles flocked to the Continent during this time, carry

ing with them the lamp of faith, as well

as letters and civilization; so much so, that Ireland was honored with the titles

of the "Lamp of the West," and of "The University of Europe." Thus

'Tho Island of Saints and scholars,

and the proudest boast of princes and nobles of France and Germany was

Whatever Ireland be now, it was once the educator of England and the

Ireland, if Irish literature and arts

have received no encouragement since, if a chance of education has not been

given to all, then Ireland and Irishmen

are not to blame, but the unjust laws and the grinding tyranny of an alien

rule. If the Irish people to day be not the most ignorant on the face of the globe, England, "the land of enlighten-

ment," is not to be thanked, but that innate love for learning in the Irish

sons and daughters, let them reme

let them not accuse of ignorance the motherland of their inspirations, the

that "they studied in Ireland."

XXIX. e morning of the orror. This was

geon, and muttered This is the day! This is the day! a sound. Were a sound. Were eet and crouched thest corner of his only the bread and the rough hand drank greedily drank greedily TINUED.

OF IRELAND'S ITY."

alian Catholic Record, y, 1903. ross, a little time. , but it fell at my crumbling mortar, in, and therein lay t spoke of the ious past, and mind in mind in vivid been the theme of vonder of many ages hing fidelity to the

rtar from the cross ently in the folds of es must have passed abedded in the morabling wall—perhais ne heart of some sain; tears of some suffer persecution, had en-id made of it a holy filinching fidelity we dwell on th er, the endurance on ng those long centured ld be well to consider trength of cha durance, and try to our own. Other lands es, other lands re-many centuries cher-gift of faith. Other birth to saints, and rsecution came, the ce failed, the golden them to Christ's own ere broken, and they

into dark oceans o this, let us take the arteenth century. At ope were in commun-of Rome. With the y came Calvin and e doctrines taught by ted, as they were, by lers, were taken up by nd, Denmark, Norway ne country, the mos was Ireland, poor, hat was the secret of What prerogative bet was unknown to other

s above and before all e of prayer—the spirit s golden light on every g and marvellous life. prayer was his comfort, even then, as we know ssions," he was wont to dred times by day and y by night." During y by night." During the spent in France, and as by prayer, constant he landed in Ireland, olate of prayer he used t against the powers of e need not follow the luring his long years of n that life was drawing en the noble frame was the weight of years, we the weight of years, we scending the holy mount to hold silent commun reator, to plead and to long weeks that the land he loved and lab

t retain the faith from o generation. glorious supernatural St. Patrick taught the that they should ever such, that they should the casket of their hearts surround it with the of gratitude ; for this h ne true spirit of prayerighest, purest, stronges the constant uplifting God; the living, as erpetual remembrance ce, making Him the

desires. On all occasions he promise that He had g with those who assemin His name. "Where are gathered together in are gathered together here shall I be in the midstautiful, consoling promise, the through centuries of forefathers, and claimed daily but hourly, for every

daily but hourly, for every friends began and ended name of the Creator e you kindly," "God e," "God be with you." On every work shed, the blessing of God—"God bless the work." Br it." When joys came, d praises be to the god the aspiration ever ready he aspiration ever ready autiful of all. When ser-hen death claimed for his beloved and dearest of all, rds "Welcome be the will re sure to come from the rembling lips of the be

us spirit of prayer became of the Celtic nature, pree simple holy customs, and by the glorious traditions d sages and martyrs, it ther to son, from mother to a precious heirloom, too be be torn from them by

In an unfinished poem, written by an Irish poet, in the early years of the nineteenth century, this beautiful spirit of living in the presence of God is well described—a noble hearted Celtic such Mat Hyland, thus addresses the youth, Mat Hyland, thus addresses the

" I see Thee in the winter's snow,
The scholing bolt and roaring thunder,
And waves that foam, and fires that glow,
And sounds of a we and sights of wonder.

I hear Thee in the rustling woods, When darkness rests on grove and fountain, When the in the rushing floods, I read Thee in the lonely mountain. From household love—from friendship's tie— Though sweet, the transient bliss we borrow Soon soon, the frail enchantment fly. And leave us wrapt in lonely sorrow.

For Thee alone our love was made, In Thee alone it centres purely. There lives in light that n 'er can fade, There rests its tired wings securely."

With this spirit the Celtic people wended their way along the varied paths of "Life's Pilgrimage." Clouds rose on the horizon, dark, heavy, sortalwale but in the control of the control o rose on the horizon, dark, heavy, sor-row-laden clouds, but in every dark cloud they saw the silver lining, the pure bright silver of eternal hope. pure bright silver of eterminates.

Storms of persecution swept over the land they loved. What matter? God was with them, and they loved Him with a great, generous-hearted love, the storm of the surface for they felt it was a privilege to suffer for they left it was a privilege to suiter for Him, a glory to die for Him. Undaunted they met their enemies—they might throw them into prison, fetter them with cruel chains, bear them to the torture-chamber or to the scaffold. What matter? St. Patrick had taught

What matter? St. Patrick had taught them to live in the presence of their Creator, to call Him into their midst, and He was the "Alpha and Omega" of their highest aspirations.

This spirit of prayer, the secret of Ireland's fidelity; is it with us still? Alas! alas! the sweet Celtic aspirations are heard but seldom now. The tions are heard but seldom now. rush, the worry, the turmoil of the lat ter years of the nineteenth century have obliterated, in most places, the sweet old customs, the grand traditions of the past, that have done so much to strengthen and preserve faith. The tastes of our people have become vitiated, the struggle for existence, the love of excitement, the rush for crowded cities and large towns, the panic to make fortunes, the flood of evil litera-All these tend to materialize the mind and to rob the heart of its spir-

Here and there we find the old cus toms; the Irish mother parting from her daughter at some way-side station, will still be heard murmuring in broken ill still be heard murmuring in broken ceents, as the train steams away, Oh, God be with you, accushla, God e with you!" We know that poor other, when she returns to her lonely be with you!" hearth and feels the full weight of her orrow, will cry out from the depth of

sorrow, will cry out from the depth of her sorrowing heart, as did our ancestors, "God help me!" "God help me!" The 20th century is advancing, the Irish language is being revived. Let us revive with it the sweet greetings and aspirations that were a living part of that language. The Church has many that language. The Church has many enemies; if we have a holy pride in our glarious past, let us prepare to be have a siddlers as our forest than brave soldiers, as our forefathers were. For this we must put on the breast-plate of prayer. We must drive from our homes the evil literature that comes like a fetid stream into our land, poisoning the moral atmosphere around. We must foster and encourage the lives and traditions of our saints, of our martyrs, of our noble heroes and our great scholars. Irish mothers, at home and far away, do your duty and place before the young people "noble ideals," if you want them to be noble hearted. In the name of Heaven, let us, in this new-born century, have the good and true woman, not the "new woman," that is the woman who calls herself dependent, but is the veriest slave of every evil fashion, the woman who calls herself educated, and uses slang, which had its birth in low-class theatres and drinking-saloons, and could not be

found in any dictionary.

Irish fathers at home and far away, guard your sons from evil companionship. Keep them away, far away, from the enemies of our Holy Church, and the worst enemy of all is the "wolf in sheep's clothing." The bad Catholic who is only in name a Catholic, who tells you that he is liberal, a " liberal Catholic,"—using the name as a cloak for the license which he gives himself to break the most sacred laws of the Church—he has naught to offer it, save the ever-ready sneer; keep him away, far away, he will poison the pure

atmosphere of our homes.

May the holy shrines of Ireland be again visited and loved, revered and honored! May the Irish saints be invoked to preserve the glorious faith of our country, and above all things may of Saints bless in a special manner the confraternities and sodalities, which do so much to draw hearts ogether in spiritual union and spread abroad the true swirit of prayer, the special heritage of the children of St.

Penance for Lent.

So many relaxations have been made in the fast of Lent that little of it is left and what remains is not observed by all the members of the Church.

For those who really cannot fast without grave injury to their health, there are other good works to do.

They can hear Mass every morning,

ven if they have to get up early.

They can abstain from all intoxicating

They can give more than ordinary

alms to the poor.

They can take the discipline every They can refuse to eat desserts, andy, cakes and fruit during the peni-

tential season. Where there is good will to do penance, ways will surely be found.—Catholie Columbian.

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To have a soft, smooth skin, free from cruptions and pimples, the blood must be healthy and pure. Freezone invigorates enfeebled blood, and cleanses it of impurities and poisons; it brings color to the lips and checks, brilliancy to the eyes whithens the teeth and sweetens the breath. No tonic compares with Ferrozone in rapid action and permanent results. Try it. Perce 50c. at druggis's, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE HEADACHE.

WHY CATHOLICS, AND PARTICU-LARLY THE IRISH, ARE RE-PUTED "POOR, IGNORANT AND SUPERSTITIOUS.'

M. Lane, in the Australasian Catholic Record January, 1903.

Urder the name of Ireland, some-times the Church of God is held up for ridicule, and the Irish people are poor, we are told, because they are under the yoke of a foreign despot, the Pope, and because they have no liberty of con-science, and have forsaken the true religion which spells material prosperity and worldly comfort everywhere; they are ignorant, for the Cathilic Church has never prospered, except amongst people remarkable alike for gross ignorance and intellectual stagnation; and they are superstitious, for the Catholic Church is one vast net-work of superstition, and Catholic priests are entaged merely in throwing clouds of superstition over the people lest the dark clouds roll by and a clear atmosphere help to rescue from the fogs of superstition the victims of the wiles of the Roman Pontiff and his satellites. Let us examine each of the above

and which aimed with deadly precision to upreot not only religion
but arts and literature in Ireland, and to thus anglicize, protestantize, and denationalize the Gael.
Ireland, whilst it governed itself until
the Danish invasion, far surpassed
England in commerce, in literature, and
in civilization. The B-etons, the in
habitants of England, were then despised by the Scots, the inhabitants of
Ireland and of Caledonia. The Roman
eagle, though victorious in Britain,
feared to conquer Ireland at a time separately.

The Irish people are poor because Church, they do not belong to the true Church, whose subjects are rewarded with worldly happiness and prosperity. See, for example, say these heralds of the true religion, how successful Protestant England is from a commercial stand-point; see its grandeur, its riches, its splendid territories, its civilizing influ-ence, and see by contrast how poor are Catholic countries like Ireland and Italy! This is an old objection, and implies that the supposed true religion brings to those who profess it worldly happiness and prosperity. When did God ever make a promise of this kind, I ask? When did He say "You will know My followers by their riches, etc"? Does membership with the true Church imply riches in profusion here? Our Divine Lord's words ? Our Divine Lord's words those who wish to belong here? to those who wish to belong to His Church are, "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Me." "Beware of riches." "It is as hard for a rich man to go to Heaven as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle;" and again, "No man can serve two masters, for he will either serve the one and hate the other, or hate the one and serve the other. No

man can serve God and mannon." Pagan Greece and Rome were once the richest and most powerful nations in the world, therefore it follows by analogy that Greece and Rome were rewarded for being pagan nations, with the same reward meted out to Protest-ant England for being a Protestant nation. Are riches an incentive to virtue and to godliness, or has the abuse wealth brought down the anger o God on more than Dives of the Gospel, who "died and was buried in hell? Is not the humble cottage in the thralls of poverty a more congenial soil for the propagation of virtue than the lord-

And certe, in fair virtue's heavenly road.
The cottage leaves the palace for behind.
What is the lordling's pomp? a cumbrous
load. Disguising of the wretch of human kind, Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness re-flued."

But not to mince matters, if our blue canopy of heaven—the Irish hedge Divine Lord wished His Church to be rich and to be known by its riches, school. We have seen that when other countries were steeped in ignorance, and blinded by the fogs of infidelity, Ireland was the seat of enlightenment, did He found it in poverty did He select twelve poor, illiterate men to be its pillars on earth? Why did He Himself select the blessed faith and prosperity; and if these countries to day boast of their learned Virgin, a poor woman, to be His mother? Virgin, a poor woman, to be His mother? Why was He born in the stable at Bethlehem? Why did He elect to live almost all His years with a poor carpenter? Why did He select for friends the poor? And, finally, why did He allow Himself to be crucified—to die an outerst to the world on the they owe much to poor, distressful Ire-land, and to the crumbling ruins of Bangor and Clonmacnoise. Above all, to die an outcast to the world en the hill of Calvary? Why then boast of riches in connection with the Church of God when our Divine Lord preferred of God when our Divine Lord preferred poverty, lived among the poor, selected twelve poor, illiterate men to be the pillars of His Church on earth, and finally died a poor Man, despised by the world? The Catholic Church, then, if poor, I say is possest Churches have been erected every-where by the Catholic poor. God loves the poor, for as a writer puts it, "God would not have so many poor unless He loved the poor," and to poverty borne with resignation is attached by our Lord Himself that crowning blessing of life eternal. "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The ignorance of the Irish. Are the

The ignorance of the Irish. Are the The ignorance of the Irish. Are the Irish people ignorant at the present day, and if so, who is to blame? Were they steeped in ignorance and barbarity when they received the gift of Faith through the medium of St. Patrick? Let us take up the latter question first, as it is the more importquestion first, as it is the more import-ant, for ignorance and Catholicity are bracketed by some. "If," writes ant, for ignorance and Catholicity are bracketed by some. "It," writes Father Morris, "the Irish were styled barbarians in St. Patrick's, time, they were barbarians of the stamp of Caractacus and Clovis, and the men who put living blood into the veins of expiring Earope. It is their glory that they were the first of the new born nations of the West who began the work of the spiritual and intellectual re-organizspiritual and intellectual re-organization of Europe. Ireland had already won the title of 'The Island of Saints' at a time when Clovis and his Franks were still worshippers of Odin, and the Arian Goths were enemies and destroy-Arian Goths were enemies and destroyers of Christianity as relentless as the pagan." No better proof of the enlightenment of the Irish people at the time of St. Patrick can be given than the fact that Ireland was the only country in Europe that was bloodlessly converted. Men embraced the Gospel of Christianity with an open heart, and ever since they clung tenaciously to that Faith, never falling for a moment of Christianity with an open heart, and ever since they clung tenaciously to that Faith, never falling for a moment under the lumbering wheel of oppression, whilst other nations sold their Faith for a mess of pottage. Other nations were robbed of their Faith, and in turn of the lumbering with an open heart, and pulling each a plant of kail. They must go out hand-in-hand with eyes shut and under the lumbering wheel of oppression, whilst other nations sold their Faith for a mess of pottage. Other nations were robbed of their Faith, and in turn of the first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a plant of kail. They must go out hand-in-hand with eyes shut and not till then.

If others brand Ireland with the titles of "ignorance" and "superstition," Catholics at least should not do anything positively or negatively that

abroad

similiar ceremony is practised at the barn-yard by pulling a stalk of oats, to which, according to its appearance and ripeness, is attached extraordinary significance. The burning of the nuts also takes place, and according as the nuts, burning together jump about or remain stationary, so will the course and issue of courtship be. Another is this, in which the following directions must be strictly robbed others, but Ireland has proved to the world the verification of the words of Tertullian: "Crush us; afflict us; torment us: the blood of martyrs is the seed of new Christians." You may rob Ireland of her industry; you may persente her freely and over you may persecute her freely, and even take away from her the bread of life; but one thing you cannot do, and never will be able to do—you can never rob her of the faith sealed by the life-blood lowing directions must be strictly observed: Steal out alone to the kiln throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn, wind it into a new clue off the old one, dogged determination, despite every and something will hold the thread, who, when asked, will give the name obstacle, to cling to the religion of the Apostles shows the highest form of enat least. Are the Irish ignorant to-day? If so, who is to blame? If ignorance, I answer, prevail in Ireland at the present day—a fact which I deny

catch in your arms the appearance of your future husband. As a last example, if one goes to a south-running stream where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip the left shirt-sleeve, and put it before the fire to dry, and go to bed in sight of the fire, about mid-night the future spouse will come to turn it as it to dry the other side. From this it follows that the fear of fairies and foll-done as well as fairies and folk-lore, as well as legends and traditions, can no more be coupled with Catholicity than with Presbyter-

Let me ask, are the Irish a truly religious people? To illustrate this one has but to recall a typical Irish funeral, and if religion ever shows itself it is in presence of death, especially when it has entered one's household. On the day of burial the friends of the deceased come to pay their last tribute of love and respect to the departed-by of love and respect to the departed—of kneeling beside the corpse and pouring out to God a few prayers from their generous hearts. Stand beside the crowd, sean the faces round about and see the tear rolling down many a cheek. Hear the heartfelt prayers going up to God on every side for the repose of the soul of the deceased. Listen to the pitiful wailing as the corpse is about to be taken away. Watch that mournful procession as it slowly winds around the hill covered with blue heather, and you cannot but admire the faith of those reland won for herself in the sixth century the first place amongst the saviours of learning and civilization generous hearts importuning God by prayer to have mercy on the soul of the departed. The little cemetery beside the hill is soon filled, and so truly touching and pathetic is the scene beside the grave that anyone, no matter how hardened in heart, who joins this little circle beside the grave Continent: to its schools once flocked the leading families of the Continent; cannot escape being moved to tears. This trait of Irish character, I believe, has no parallel in this world, and it is it was once one of the foremost coun-tries in the world, not only for sanctity, as it now is, but also for learning; and one of the most striking evidences of if, since "England has been spokesman for it," learning has been proscribed in

the generous, sympathetic and truly religious Gael. religious Gael.

If the Irish be superstitious, as a writer puts it, "no people have ever sacrified so much for a mere superstition." The history of the Catholic Church in Ireland is a sad and chequered history. In the entire history of civilized nations, no such tyranny and persecution were imposed upon an innocent people. Through the penal days under Elizabeth's reign, and later during the struggle of 1798 and the famine of 1747 and 1748, the poor Cathbreast—a passion which no penal law could subdue, and which led many an Irish peasant at the peril of his life in the frosts and snows of winter to that fountain of knowledge whose only cover was the life haven, the Irish hedge olies of Ireland had to face persecution their religion-persecution and anny that could only be entyranny that could only be en-dured by a nation whose faith was dearer to them than their lives. Bribes, tor-tures, every kind of seduction and were tried in vain to annitreachery were tried in vain to anni-hilate the Catholic Church in Ireland:

"They bribed the flocks to sell their priests, They bribed the sons to rob their sires, Their dogs were tauth alike to run Upon the scent of wolf or friar."

But in vain, for the Catholic Church utlived it all and emerged from the penal days with the same vigor and freshness as when it rose from the persecutions of pagan Rome and the ghast ly scenes of the Coliseum. The Catholic Church has always suffered. It was planted in blood, and brought forth its by gone soul of their genius, the once teacher of the nobility of Europe and of the English King, Alfred the Great, first fruits in blood, but nowhere has a degged determination to cling to the degged determination to cling to the religion of the Apostles been more clearly evinced, and nowhere has it been more keenly tested too in the cru-cible of persecution, than in Ireland who stands far above all English kings for his learning with the proud title of despised by the world? The Catholic Church, then, if poor, I say, is nearest to God's ideal of a Church. Whether it be rich or poor, it is God's Church, who rewards His followers, not in this life with worldly goods, but in the life to come "with the incorruptible treasures of heaven." The poor have ever been most generous to God, with their hearts as well as with their money. Churches have been erected everywhere by the Catholic poor. bayonetting of every unfortunate Catholic that tried to escape from the burning pile. If a nation that has given such unique proof of a solid faith and a true and sterling piety be styled etc. What explanation can the apostles of the "intellectually reformed" reof the "intellectually reformed" religion give of this fact?
Are the Irish a superstitious people?
"The fear of fairies," said Father Tom Bouthy—" call it a superstition if you will—is at least a proof of the faculty of realising the Unseen." And another writer had said "superstition can only exist side by side with a lively faith."
"The Irish people, true it is to say. superstitious, then I say superstition is superstitious, then I say superstition is the highest form of religion. We are told sometimes it is well to forget the past, and to let "the dead past bury its dead," for the calling up of the persecutions endured by Catholics for heir faith has only effect to sow rancour and breed dissensions in the breasts of Catholics. Perhaps so, but when history is plumed and distorted for a The Irish people, true it is to say, have their folk-lore, fairy tales, weird nistory is pluned and truth require that the facts of history be stated as they really happened. The legends, and romances and traditions woven around forts and castles and fortresses; and in the flight of time only way to forget the past is to forget the past, and then the oppressed will forthese legends and traditions secure the impress of a highly imaginative people.

If the Irish be deemed superstitious past, and then the oppressed will forget it too. So long as a murderer persists in reminding me of my father's murder—so long I cannot possibly forget my father's murderer. So long as the English commemorate their recent victory over the Boers—so long the Boers cannot forget the late war, and jealousies and discords will live become Board Briton. So long then on this account, then other nations, for precisely the same reason, are superstitious too. Take, for example, Burns's Tam O'Shanter, and follow the unfortunate Tam to Alloway Kirk, where the fairies held a midnight revel, clothed in death's shroud and with the coffins tied securely to their backs, and you will be led to conclude that a tween Boer and Briton. So long then to use the words of an Australian in-fidel paper) as an alien population settled on the North of Ireland on land country under the same climatic influence as Ireland, but of a different religion, has its fairies too. Therefore it follows at least that Catholicity is not settled on the North of Ireland on fand confiscated from the Irish hold festival on the day on which Ireland lost its chance of freedom—so long Ireland can-not possibly forget the Boyne water, the only breeding-ground for fairies. for Scotch legends, traditions, and fairy tales, I would recommend Burns's Halloween. Let me mention a few of the practices of the canny Scotchmen on that night when "witches, devils, nor the faithless king who broke the treaty of Limerick. Charity and justice require at least that the conqueror show a little mercy, and, when that is done, the Irish Catholic and English and other mischief-making beings are on their baneful errands. Protestant and Derry Presbyterian will The first ceremony of Halloween is

made by the Irish people for the pre-servation of their faith. Exiles that and something will hold the thread, who, when asked, will give the name and surname of your future spouse. Go unnoticed to a bean stack, and fathom it three times round, when you will eatch in your arms the appearance of your future husband. As a last extended to the faith despite every kind of persecutions of the faith despite every kind of persecutions. tion; and above all, there is an obliga-tion on us to hand down in its purity to the rising generation that faith for which our forefathers have made such sacrifices in the past, and by which alone we can expect to save our souls In this way we shall best refute those who hail us with the ignominious title of "The poor, ignorant and superstitious Irish."

North Queensland.

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