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In the meantime Protestants, who would not see the fundamental principles of Christianity swept away, would do well to acquaint themselves with Modernism and its tendencies. When they have done that they will recognize that Pius X. in combating Modernism stands forth as the champion of Christianity. - N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

QUESTION BOX.

Question - If John Huss was burned at the stake, by order of the State, would not Luther meet the same fate? - J. B. Covington, Ky.

Answer - Luther's condemnation came a hundred years later than that of Huss. Germany had learned, probably during the interim that burning a heretic did not burn out heresy.

Question - Did not the Pope sanction the burning of John Huss? If not, could he not have prevented it?

Answer - None of the large claimants to the Papacy, who divided the obedience of Christendom at that time, was consulted about the burning of Huss. If one, or all three, had protested against his punishment it is not at all probable that the protest would have been heeded. Neither is it probable that John XXIII., or Gregory XII. or Benedict XIII., would have protested against the execution had they been present at Constance.

Question - Is it possible for priests to commit sin; if so, to what extent? Are they permitted to serve in the Church after they have committed sin?

Answer - It is possible for priests, Bishops and Popes even to commit sin, venial and mortal. If a priest were guilty of grievous sins, and if this came to the knowledge of his Bishop, the latter would take steps to prevent him from serving in the Church.

Question - Was Luther ever ordained a priest? Did he not advocate the marrying of priests?

Answer - Luther was a priest and monk. He advocated the marrying of priests both by precept and example.

Question - Who was the infallible head of the Church when there were three Popes at one and the same time?

Answer - There was never but one true Pope at any one time. He was the infallible head. There were at times anti-Popes and more than one claimant to the Papacy; but mere claimants are not legitimate Popes.

Question - Is Rome an eternal city; will it never be destroyed?

Answer - No, city is eternal. Rome is called "The Eternal City" by way of compliment; it is a poetic phrase, which is not meant to be taken literally.

Question - Why are convents so securely protected by high walls, surrounded by iron spear points? Is it to keep possible intruders out, or the inmates in?

Answer - They may serve both purposes; but high walls are built to keep inmates in only when the latter have been committed by police judges or parents to a reformatory, like that of the Good Shepherd. - Rev. W. S. Kress in Catholic Universe.

God seems to vouchsafe a truer vision of things to us as we grow older. Thoroughly we realize bio-steps in many things that we once regarded as evils.

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ly no one who sincerely believes in Christianity, can contemplate with indifference, much less with approval, a movement which logically leads to such a result. Yet there is such an inborn hatred of the Papacy in the Protestant mind that Modernism, which has drawn upon itself the severest condemnation of the Vicar of Christ, is hailed gladly by some Protestants who have lost faith in the religion of their forefathers. The Rev. Newman Smyth is evidently one of these, as is shown by a sermon he recently delivered. Referring to the present condition of Protestantism he gives us this picture of its decadent state:

"Protestantism has passed already through two distinct stages. First, in Luther's time it protested against the Church then existing. Then it constructed new churches and new creeds. But for a hundred years we have been breaking up creeds rather than making them, and now are in a third stage, facing the question, 'What is Christianity? How can it be realized on this earth?'"

The Divine Founder of Christianity furnish an answer to this question when He founded His Church on the rock of Peter. But for almost four hundred years men not divinely commissioned have been trying to improve upon Christ's plan.

That they have miserably failed is now evident to all. The Protestant clergymen to whom we have already referred gives us the following broad sketch of this failure:

"Protestantism, as organized, or rather as disorganized, has lost control over large areas of religious thought. It is not that worldliness is coming in, but that much religion is withdrawing from the churches. With all this, Protestantism has utterly lost the unity of the Church. The Roman Church was a strong cable, one end of which was bound to the Eternal Power and the other fastened to the whole mechanism of human life. It controlled the world and it moved it whither it would. In Protestantism the rope at its human end has frayed out in many threads. No single strand is strong enough to move the whole social mechanism; at best one thread may move only a few wheels."

One would suppose that holding this opinion the Rev. Newman Smyth, having lost confidence in Protestantism, would be disposed favorably towards the Church which he acknowledges has exercised so powerful an influence for good in human affairs.

That, however, is not the case. Rather than accept the Church founded by Christ, who for almost nineteen hundred years has attested her fitness for the sublime mission committed to her by her Divine Founder - rather than do that, we say, the Rev. Newman Smyth prefers to pin his hopes to an amalgam of Modernism and Protestantism. The latter he acknowledged would be a failure and apparently the only thing he knows about the former is that it has fallen under Papal condemnation. He, however, believes that the amalgam, which has stirred his hopes for the future, will accomplish great things for humanity. Here is how he gives expression to these hopes:

"What is the significance of this failure of Protestantism? The new age is coming. Turn to the signs already above the horizon, of the coming Catholicism - I mean the Catholicism which is to fulfill alike Roman absolutism and Protestant individualism. Within the Roman Church there is a movement which Rome recognizes as no ordinary event. Men are wrestling as loyal Catholics with the problems of modern life. Not with the tone of Erasmus, the scholar, but with the ring of Luther's voice; they end their appeal to the Pope by saying: 'We will stand firm at our post, prepared to sacrifice everything except the truth.'"

"Turn again to Protestantism. There is coming a new Catholicism for our Protestant faith. For us no one Church, no one faith, is big enough to hold a Christian man. These two movements - within the Roman Church and among the Protestants - complete each other. We shall hold our own fidelities in the larger loyalty of the greater faith."

As we have already said, it was to be expected that Modernism should receive a glad welcome from representative Protestants, who recognize the failure of Protestantism. It will be regarded by Protestants of this sort as a substitute for the religion in which they have lost faith. They, however, will stop and reflect that a man-made religion will have no more chance of success in the future than similar religions have met with in the past. An amalgam of Protestantism and of Modernism, if it ever should take place, will be foredoomed to share the fate of every other attempt that has been made to supplant a divinely founded Church by churches fashioned by men.

By favor of the darkness Sara had managed to reach the atrium of the church, but she had to make a supreme effort to prevent herself screaming with horror as she gazed within. By the ruddy light of a faggot which outlined the forms of that internal circle on the walls of the temple, she saw that some men were struggling to raise a heavy cross, while others were weaving a crown with branches of brambles and sharpening on a stone enormous iron nails. A frightful idea passed through her mind; she recalled that her people had been accused more than once of mysterious crimes; she remembered dimly the terrified story of the Crucified Boy, which, until then, she had believed a gross calumny invented by the common folk to curse and malign the Hebrews. But here there was no longer any doubt; the terrible instruments of martyrdom, and the ferocious executioners were waiting only for the victim.

Full of holy indignation, thrilled with nervous anger, and animated by the unquestionable faith in the True God whom her lover had revealed to her, Sara could not contain herself at the sight, and breaking out through the foliage that concealed her, she appeared suddenly on the threshold of the temple.

On seeing her the Jews gave a cry of surprise, and Daniel taking a step towards his daughter, in a threatening attitude, inquired in a hoarse voice: "What are you looking for, wretched one?"

"I have come," she replied, her voice firm with resolution, "to throw up against your infamous work; I have come to say to you that you shall wait in vain for the victim of the sacrifice, unless it is that you intend to stake in me your thirst for blood. The Christian whom you wait for will not come, because I have warned him of your schemes."

"Sara!" screamed the Jew, roaring with rage, "Sara! that is no true; you cannot have done us treachery up to point of revealing our mysterious rites; and if it is the truth that you have revealed them, you are not my daughter!"

"No; now I am not; I have found another Father - a Father all love for His own, a Father Whom you people crucified on a fearful cross, and Who died upon it to redeem us, opening to us the gates of heaven for eternity. No! I am no longer your daughter, because I am a Christian, and I am assumed of my origin."

At these words, pronounced with that entire energy which heaven puts alone in the mouths of the martyrs, Daniel, blind with fury threw himself upon the beautiful Hebrew, and bearing her to the earth and seizing her by the hair, he dragged her as if possessed by an evil spirit to the foot of the cross that appeared to open its fleshless arms to those around it.

"Here, I deliver her to you; do you justice on that infamous one that has sold her honor, her religion and her brethren."

On the following day, when the pealing of the Gloria on the cathedral bells came down the fresh breeze, and the worthy burghers of Toledo heard themselves in shooting crossbows at the slaves in judas, just as they still do in some villages, Daniel opened up his little store as he was accustomed, and with the eternal smile on his lips saluted the passers-by without desisting for that from tapping on the anvil with his little iron hammer. But the shutters of Sara's mortal coil case did not open; nor did any eye see again the beautiful Hebrew reclining in her window seat with the colored tiles.

They relate that some years afterwards, a shepherd brought to the Archbishop a flower never seen till then, in which were all the implements of the Savior's martyrdom; a strange, mysterious blossom which had grown and weathered its stems among the broken-down walls of the church ruins. They add that digging in the place in the endeavor to investigate the origin of the marvel, they found the skeleton of a woman, and with her buried the Divine Accessories as depicted in the flower.

Although never proven of whom it was, the skeleton was preserved for many years with special veneration in the monastery of San Pedro el Venero; and the flower which to-day is quite common, is called the Passion Rose - Fleming Banner, in Chicago New World, from the Spanish of Gus.avo Adolfo Baquer.

PROTESTANTISM AND MODERNISM

It was to be expected that the doctrines of Modernism would find acceptance with those Protestants who, after tearing down the old landmarks of Protestantism, have set up in their stead those supplied by the "Higher Criticism" and the "New Theology." A class of Protestants to whom we refer instinctively recognize that there is a bond of union between them and the Modernists, who would re-establish the Catholic Church on Modernist principles. We have a sample of this kind of Protestant in the Rev. Newman Smyth, Pastor of Cent Congregational Church of New Haven, Conn., who frankly confesses that Protestantism is passing away and who would have a coalition with what he is pleased to call "the new Catholicism," which has been defined by Pius X. as "the synthesis of all errors."

We do not know whether the Rev. Newman Smyth has bestowed much thought upon the nature and the tendencies of Modernism as set forth in the Encyclical Pascendi Dominici gregis. If he has, we marvel much that he sees in it a prospect of a revival of that spirit of Christianity which he believes is dying out in Protestantism. Whatever may be said of the latter, it has preserved and reverenced the doctrines it inherited from the Mother Church. Modernism would destroy these doctrines root and branch and prepare the way for atheism of which it is the precursor, as Pius X. points out in his Encyclical letter to the Universal Church. Sara

know more than you know nothing, and would continue to know nothing, if the hour had not arrived for telling it all. Good-bye; advise our brethren that as soon as possible they come together. To-night, inside of an hour or two, I will be with them. Adios!"

And so saying, Daniel gently pushed his questioner toward the street, gathered together his tools very slowly, and began to shut up the doors of the little store with double locks and bars.

The noise which this produced in closing the sides grating on their heavy hinges, prevented his hearing the sound of the shutters in the oval window above, as if the Jewess had just retired from her window-seat.

It was the night of Good Friday, and the inhabitants of Toledo, after having assisted at the vespers services in their magnificent cathedral, had just dismissed themselves to slumber, or by the freight were relating stories like that of the Christ of the Light which, stolen by some Jews, left a trail of blood by which the crime was discovered, or the tale of the Holy Child of Guadalupe, in whom the relentless enemies of our faith revived the eternal Passion of Jesus. A profound silence reigned in the city, broken now and again by the distant voices of the night-guards who in that epoch watched around the castle, and by the walls of the wind that whirled the vanes on the towers or mumbled among the twisted turns of the streets. The owner of a little barge that was swinging tied up to a post by the mills that look as if encrusted at the foot of the rocks by which the city is seated, bathed by the Taj, was watching a person, whom apparently he impatiently awaited, and who approached the bank, descending laboriously by one of the narrow paths which lead to the river from the summit of the walls.

It is she," the boatman muttered between his teeth. "It seems to-night as if all that damned devil of Jewish flying around. Where in hell have they made their trust with atan that they all take my boat, and the bridge being so near? No, they are going to no good when they slip round so as to avoid butting into the men-at-arms of San Servando; yet that is what lets me earn good money, and its their business and I neither go in nor come out of it."

So saying, the good man seated himself in his boat and shipped his oars; and when Sara-for it was no other, who evidently had engaged him-had stepped into the little skiff, he loosened the painter that moored it and began to row towards the opposite shore.

How many have gone over to-night! she enquired, while they were in the shadow of the mills, evidently referring to a prior understanding.

"I was not able to count them," replied the man. "A swarm! It seems that to-night is to be the last night they will come together."

"And do you know what they are doing and what is their object in leaving the city at these hours?"

"I don't know, but they expect someone who should come to-night. I don't know why they are waiting for him, but I expect for nothing good."

After this short dialogue, Sara sat for some moments in profound silence, trying to arrange her ideas. No doubt at all, she was thinking within herself, my father has surmised our love, and is preparing some horrible vengeance. I must know where they go, what they are doing, what they intend. One moment of hesitation would be fatal.

She stood up for an instant, and, as if to push away her horrible uncertainties, passed her hand over her brow, which anguish had covered with icy perspiration, when the boat ran into the opposite bank.

"Good fellow!" she exclaimed, handing some coins to the boatman, and pointing to a narrow winding path that mounted like a serpent among the rocks: "Is that the road they take?"

"That's it; and when they reach the Moor's Head they disappear to the left. Afterwards the devil and they will know where they go," replied he.

Sara moved in the direction that he pointed out. For some moments she appeared and disappeared alternately amid that dark labyrinth of black jagged rocks. At last she arrived at the summit of the Moor's Head her black silhouette stood out for an instant against the dark blue of the sky, and then she vanished amid the shadows of the night.

Following the road where to-day is the picturesque hermitage of the Virgin of the Valley, and about two crosses, on the road which the public of Toledo know as the Moor's Head, there still existed at that time the ruins remains of a Byzantine church anterior to the conquest of the Arabs. In the atrium, distinguished by some large stones scattered over the ground, brambles and parasite herbs flourished rankly, half hidden among which lay shattered capitals, pieces of masonry rudely carved with interlaced leaves, horrible dragons, and grotesque unformed human figures. Only the lateral walls of the temple remained standing, and some broken arches covered with ivy.

Sara, whom a supernatural presence seemed to guide, hesitated a moment when she reached the spot which the boatman had indicated, undecided about the road that she should follow; but, doubt, with firm resolved steps he walked towards the abandoned ruins of the church.

Indeed her instinct had not deceived her, Daniel was there! not smiling now, not now the feeble and cringing old man, but in very truth flashing rage from his small rounded eyes alive with the spirit of vengeance, surrounded by a throng like himself, burning to satisfy their thirst of hate to one of the enemies of their religion. He was armed, and appeared multiplied in giving orders to some, hearkening others in the work, arranging, in fact, with horrible solitude the preparations necessary for the consummation of the frightful work he had been contemplating for days and days while he had tapped impatiently on the anvil in his den in Toledo.

the Primacy without doffing, even to ten times, the filthy cap that covered his bald, yellow head, nor received in his miserable store one of his habitual clients without slaving over him in humble salutation, accompanied by adulating smiles.

The smile of Daniel had come to be proverbial in all Toledo, and his suavity, in spite of the coarsest horse play and the just and mockeries of his neighbors, knew no limits.

It was of no use that the archbishops, to infuriate him, threw stones at his shanty; in vain did the little pages, and even the men-at-arms of the palace near by, torment him with the most blackguardly epithets, or the devout old women of the True Faith make the sign of the cross on passing the door, as if they saw Lucifer himself in person. Daniel smiled eternally, with a strange, indescribable smile. His thin lips grinned under the shadow of a huge nose, hooked like the beak of a great eagle; and although there might glitter a spark of ill-repressed rage in his small, green, round eyes, almost hidden among the bushy eyebrows, he went on ever tapping with his little iron hammer on the anvil where he repaired the thousand rusted and apparently worthless things of which his traffic was composed.

Above the door of the squalid dwelling, and framed in bright colored tiles was an oval Arabian window, a relic of the ancient construction of the Toledan Moors. Around the fretted work of the oval window and clinging about the thin marble column that divided it, the entire, clambered up from the interior of the dwelling one of those climbing plants, green and full of sap and bravery, that swing from the dulled walls of ruinous edifices. In the part of the house that got a dim light through the narrow clefts of that oval window, the only one in the moss-grown, cracked wall of the alley, lived Sara, the only child of Daniel.

What the neighbors of the ward passed the Jew's store and by chance saw Sara behind the jalousies of the oval Moorish window, and then Daniel huddled up near his anvil, they used to exclaim aloud in admiration of the Jewess's loveliness. It seemed a lie that a gnarled tree-trunk could give from itself such a beautiful shoot.

Sara was, in fact, a prodigy of beauty. She had large eyes surrounded by ebony lashes, and the burning light in her pupils shone like stars in the sky of a moonless night. Her kindred ruddy lips seemed as if delicately cut out from the deep red cloth by a spirit's invisible hands. Her teeth were pale white and transparent like the alabaster of the statue from a sepulchre. She had barely reached sixteen, but the sweet sadness of precocious intelligence was already graven on her countenance, and often her bosom swelled and those signs that announce the vague awaking of passion oft-times parted from her lips.

Under the spell of her marvelous beauty the most prominent Jews of the city had sought her for wife; but the Jewess, insensible to the homage of admirers and to the counsels of her father who urged her to choose a husband before the time when she should be alone in the world, remained silent, giving no other reason for her strange conduct than her fancy to continue free. At last, one day, tired of suffering her disdain and suspecting that her eternal sadness was a sure index to some great secret that her heart concealed, one of her lovers paid a visit to Daniel and in conversation said to him:

"Do you know, Daniel, that among our brethren they whisper about your daughter?"

The Jew raised his eyes an instant from his anvil, suspended his perpetual hammering, and without the least emotion enquired of his questioner:

"And what do they say about her?"

"They say," continued the visitor who said what he knew-many things. Among others, that your daughter is enamored of a Christian!"

And here the disdained lover of Sara passed to see the effect that his words made on Daniel.

Daniel lifted his head again, looked at him fixedly for a moment without saying a word; then lowered his eyes once more, and went on with his interrupted work, exclaiming:

"And who says that it is not a calumny?"

"One who has seen them conversing more than once in this same street while you were assisting at the sanhedrim councils of our rabbis!" insisted the young Hebrew astonished by his suspensions, supplemented by his affirmation, should not visibly pierce the old man's heart.

Daniel never faltered in his work, but laid the hammer aside and started burning the metal clasp of a guard-chain with a little file on the anvil. Then he began to speak in a low jerky voice, as if his lips were mechanically repeating the ideas passing through his mind.

"Heh, Heh, Heh!" he chuckled in a strange and diabolical manner. "So that dog of a Christian talks to snatch away from Sara, the pride of the tribe, the staff on which my old age supports itself? And you folks think that he will do it? Heh, heh!" he went on, always speaking to himself and always gibbering while the file chirruped with more force each time that it bit into the metal with its steel teeth: "Heh, heh! Poor Daniel, my people will say, he is in his dotage! What does that old, dying decrepit man want with that daughter, so lovely and so young, if he does not know how to guard her from the envious eyes of our enemies? Heh, heh, heh! Do you believe perchance that Daniel is sleeping? Do you believe that my daughter has a lover-which may well happen-and that lover is a Christian, and tries to seduce her-and does seduce her-for all is possible-and projects to fly with her-which also is easy-and dies tomorrow, for example-which fits in with humanity; do you believe that Daniel will let his treasure be snatched away; do you believe that he will not know how to avenge himself?"

"But," exclaimed the youth, interrupting him: "do you know, perhaps?"

"I know," said Daniel, rising and giving him a tap on the shoulder: "I

Nora shrugged her shoulders, and turned away to conceal the smile that flitted over her face.

"Go, Nora, quickly, and tell Mrs. Shea to prepare the south chamber for Mr. More; tell her he is badly scalded. Go, have it done as soon as possible," said Mrs. Halloran, nervously.

"I am sorry this accident happened, Donald," said John Halloran. "Accident! I am parboiled. My shoulder-my arm-my thigh! Good God, Halloran! I am almost murdered!" he screamed.

"You will feel better soon. Keep quiet. Mrs. Shea has an invaluable remedy for burns."

"Do try, John, to get him up to the south room as once, that something may be done," said Mrs. Halloran, really sorry for him.

"Yes-yes-let me get there. I shall go mad if this continues five minutes longer. Help me up, Halloran. There-Diable! I can't walk." But, with the assistance of a stick, and Mr. Halloran's arm, he succeeded in climbing the stairs, where, in a little while, a remedy was applied, which relieved his pains considerably, and a compress, under draught administered, under the influence of which his irritated nerves were somewhat soothed. Mrs. Shea, sharing in the dislike with which all regarded him, darkened the room, and made her escape as soon as she thought he was asleep. But he heard her go out, and, finding himself alone, gave vent to the revengeful feelings of his dark heart in low, bitter words. "It shall fall on them all," he said. "All I have not degged John Halloran's steps day and night, in vain. He robbed me of my first love-the love of my boyhood. She robbed me of the small inheritance, which should be mine, by her inconstancy; and now this victim-this virago-because I touched her dainty cheek, maims me for life. But vengeance is mine at hand." And he fell asleep, to dream of the ruin he would work.

It was past midnight, and a deep hush was over Glendarriff. All beneath the old roof slept soundly, except John Halloran. He sat watching beside a lone couch, on which reclined his wife. She had refused to retire. A strange, sad presentiment urged her to watch through that night, lest, if she fell asleep, when she awoke, she should find him gone; but at last he prevailed on her to lie down and rest, and, folding her hand in his, sat talking low, and pleasant words to her, until, quite exhausted with the emotions of the day, a deep slumber stole over her. And now she lay so calm and motionless that it looked like death-strangely beautiful and solemn. He dashed heavy tears from his eyes as he leaned over her, and his heart almost failed him. He thought, perchance, he might never look on her face again. A long year would roll by ere he would see that sweet face again, except in visions of the night. A pang wrung his heart and his face grew deadly white. He stopped and gazed her, then took up the small scissors from the work table and cut one of the long fair curls which lay on her cheek, and placed it carefully and tenderly in his pocket book; kissed her once more, and, with a noiseless step, left the room to seek his children. On little pebbles of the brook of life and love! how sure and unerring is the aim with which, at moments like this, ye are slung into the forehead of giant nature, bringing him prostrate to a level with your own littleness! How the blow sinks down into his heart, making it heavier than the nether millstone, and as bitter as the waters of Marah! John Halloran could but weep now; there was no help for it. His tears and kisses fell together on their heads. He lifted their soft, dimpled hands to his bearded cheeks, and pressed long, loving kisses on their rosy lips. But it must end. One lin going look and fond caress, and he tore himself from them. Perhaps something whispered that he should never see them thus again; that one of that twin would flit heavenward, and leave only the vision of a shrined angel in his memory.

And now he is out on the lawn. The full-orbed moon sheds an unspeakable splendor upon the scene, silencing over the antique gables and quaint chimney stacks the old house, and throwing tremulous shadows through the foliage on the deep-set windows. When should he see it again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PASSION ROSE.

One summer's afternoon, in a garden of Toledo, a very sweet and pretty young girl told me this singular story.

While she instructed me in the mystery of its peculiar form, she was kissing the leaves and the pistils as she plucked them one by one from the flower that gives its name to this legend.

If I could relate the story with the soft charm and tender simplicity which it had in her mouth, I would move you as I was moved by the tale of the unfortunate Sara.

But as this is not possible, here is what I remember now of the tradition.

In one of the most obscure and tortuous alleysways of the Imperial City, hemmed in and almost buried between the tall Moorish tower of an ancient Musarabic parish church and the shadows and blazoned walls of an old family dower mansion, a Jew named Daniel Levi had lived for many years in a ruinous old house, gloomy and miserable as its owner.

He was rancorous and revengeful like all his race, but more a deceiver and hypocrite than any.

According to the rumors of the multitude he had an immense fortune yet he could be seen all day wrapped up in the dark doorway of the house repairing and fixing up little metal chains, old girdles, or broken links of guards, with which he did a large business among the petty merchants of the Zocodover, the ressetors of the Portizio, and the poor silversmiths.

Implacable hater of the Christians and of all pertaining to them, he never passed close to a noble or a canon of

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