JUNE 28, 1902.

But I should have expected an Italian to give a blow in the dark !" "The choice of weapons lies with

you," replied Daretti, scornfully, turn-ing on his heel. "I await your con-" I shall not give you the satisfaction

of the fight you would like," hissed Oeglaire, "but I challenge you in my own way. Understand that it is a duel own way. Understand that it is a duel between us from now on—a duel to the death. To the death !' he repeated. "A duel, if you will," replied Daretti, carelessly. "In your own way, with your own weapons, and te the death !"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SOUL OF SEXTON MACGINNIS.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Sister Margaret's rosy face looked more rosy as the fresh, frosty air struck her checks. The convent habit—supposed by the romancers to represent a pensive soul dead to all human interests had no manner of special detachment in her case ; it fitted very well with the in her case; it fitted very well with the air of bustle that pervaded the city land-scape. Every negro for miles around was shoveling snow from the pavements, and Sister Margaret, who was of an en-ergetic turn, clasped her hand in despair within her spotless sleeves as she viewed the movements of two black "boys" of forty and sixty on the pavement of the convent. Pompey and Crear turned their spades with the graceful languor of wavers of fans in the

nmer. "It's me-it's I," she said, correcting herself, for, although Sister Margaret was not a teaching Sister, she was a grammatical purist-"it's I that would grammatical purise amongst them. Sure, one Kerry man would do more in half an hour with his hands than all of them with their oden spades.

There had been a ring at the convent door-bell, and Sister Margaret had, in the temporary absence of the portress, opened it; but no one was in sight.

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opened it; but no one was in sight. Sister Margaret, from her position on the high steps, looked about sharply. A young girl with dancing blue eyes, a sprightly step, and high bows in her hat

sprightly step, and high bows in her hat as blue as her eyes, went by, smiling and nodding at the good Sister. "Mary Ann Magee," she said to her-self; "and it's Mary Ann Magee here and Mary Ann Magee there, with her blue bows and her gay ways, and the table houng men maying her attention. "Ah, since I foolish young men paying her attention, and her old mother working away at the wash-tub. 'Tis the way with Irish the wash-tub. This the way with Hish mothers—they're foolish and tender with their children. Mrs. Magee is a Tipperary woman, and Tipperary isn't Kerry. And what did you want?"

Sister Margaret was accustomed to The convent was by no means tramps. rich, and the prioress, Mother Juliet, had some economic notions about the treatment of the poor who could work ; but nevertheless, and in spite of Sister Margaret's cool and deliberate gaze, which pierced through the excuses of men, the weary if not always worthy wanderer found the convent alms plain

but bounteous. The man who had suddenly bobbed The man who had studenty bobbet up from under the iron steps had a gray kitten in his hand. His red, uncut hair had made its way under the bat-tered crown of his hat. His upper gar. was a ment, buttoned close to the chin, coat of the kind called Prince Albert, glossy, worn ; and it had evidently been for a much shorter person, and this red-haired man was very tall. His shoes were tied with rope, and his pink, frost-bitten wrists shone below the frayed sleeves of the glossy coat.

Another drinking man, I suppose," thought Sister Margaret, discontented-

ly. One look at the clear complexion, One look at the clear competence, marred by several weeks growth of sandy-colored hair, undeceived her. She knew her world well, and tramps were as much of her world as the inno-cent little boys who beseeched her for and bread between school molasses hours. There was an honest look in the helpless brown eyes of the man that to her experienced gaze showed that he

was not of the vicious class. nan to manage him

"Tell the truth, now, as you're an she said, t man. "To tell the truth as an honest man,

replied the applicant, with lead on his voice, "I've been neglectrui. I've been to Mass off and on the year, but not reg-'lar.'

"And have you gone to your duties ?" continued Sister Margaret, knowing dise well that her hopes for her compatriot depended largely on his having not done nearly everything he ought to have done. The man blushed and hes-itated. Sister Margaret tried to as-sume a professional manner as portress. "I've not been reg'lar," he said. "If I were near the holy Sisthers, and workin' for them, maybe God would give me the grace-"

"Have you been away from your duties for more than a year? Sister Margaret, with apprehension. "Oh, it's me that's ashamed to con fess it!" said the man. "It's me that's

ashamed, Sisther, to say three years ashamed, Sisther, to say three years and more, come Easther." "Thanks be to God!" said Sister Margaret involuntarily. "You're in mortal sin, man! Go back to the kit-chen gate, and I'll tell Mother Juliet." Mother Juliet had just come into the old-fashioned parlor through the great mahogany doors of Henry Clay's time whoo. Sister Margaret entered. She when Sister Margaret entered. She held Street's "Economics for Young Minds," and the chapter on "Money" was marked by a lace-edged picture St. Stephen with a large arrow in side. Her most important class was over, and as she had put her whole heart in it, she was tired and absent-minded. Sister Margaret loved and revered her; but as she was a convert and not from Kerry, Sister Margaret often felt that

she needed unusual managment ! "Well, my dear Sister ?" ask asked the

prioress, looking, in her white robe, like a very tired and well-bred statue. "It's a soul, Reverend Mother, that's waiting nourishment and work at the back gate " said Sister Margaret-" a

soul "Yes, yes," said the prioress. "Well, Sister, you, know what to do. There are tickets for the Charitable Association on the mantelpiece in the kitchen. Al-though, of course, I agree with what the Holy Father says in his very latest en-cyclical as to almgiving, yet I can not help thinking that the sanest way in which to treat our fellow creatures must

ho based on scientific principles. The Ah, since I heard Father Dudley's sermon on 'The Husks of Science,' it's little I care for it, Reverend Mother. where's a poor soul at the gate, mother, that hasn't been to his duty for three

years, and the number of times he has missed Mass I can't — "Dear, dear". You don't tell me so,

the Charitable Association will do a

poor man in a state of sin." Give him a good cup of coffee, and send him with a note to Father Dudley. He will touch the poor man's heart and lead him to confession. Sister Margaret, I notice that the window panes in

the laundry are not so clear-" "It's little you know of the heart of man, Reverend Mother," said Sister Margaret; "little you know; It's not the higher education that will help you there. If you were brought up with the farming-folk in the old country, things would be different. The heart of man—"

A smile hovered about the edges of A since novered about the eages of the prioress' lips. She understood the heart of woman well enough to see dimly into Sister Margaret's plan. "Well," she said, with the impati-

ence of these details caused by absorp-tion in her thoughts of her own teach-" well, do what you can but reingmember, we are poorer than even out vow of poverty requires, Sister Mar-garet. You, in your kindness, forget that our resources are not what they once Give himself for doing the laundry windows." "I can't forget reverend mother,"

said Sister Margaret, "that there's a soul to be saved."

"Set him to work, then," answered "Set him to work, then," answered the prioress, growing graver at once, "and I will go," she added rather tim-idly, "and read something spiritual to him. There are some beautiful pas-sages in St. Francis de Sales, and he may be an intelligent man." hole bouquet in his coat, showing the Sister to their pew of a Sunday." Pompey was at work for good,—or for bad,—and Caesar had returned; Mag-inn's came only with messages from the church, or to give counsel when some-thing went wrong with the boiler. an intelligent man.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

personated by such a kindly and mother-ly force as Sister Margaret. When he had finished the laundry windows, refreshed himself with unlin distant man

ited walles and coffee, and sifted the ashes, Sister Margaret sent him over to the Widow Magee's to enter there as a lodger until her inventive mind could over some new means of employ-

discover some new means of employ-ment for him. "" He has the making of a decent man in him," Sister Margaret thought, as she watched him cross the wide street. " Heaven knows how he's to pay for his lodging at the end of the week; but God is good. It wouldn't be safe to send him over there with Mary Ann about if I knew she wouldn't try to

about, if I knew she wouldn't try to make a fool of him,-at least, till he has a new suit of clothes—the creature !' Still, Sister Margaret had her doubts Still, Sister Margaret had never solutions She respected the Widow Magee's vir-tues, and she helped her in many ways, but she felt that, once out of her sight, the widow was the abject slave of her in the accressive

frivolous daughter with the aggressive blue bows. Lewis Maginnis was provided with a Lewis Maginnis was provided with a warm room for the present, and Sister Margaret, at the sound of one of the many bells which are as the voice of God dismissed him from her minds. He appeared on the next morning early, very much improved by a bath and a razor, and with a hat, a little too large, had once belonged to the late lamented Magee.

Mother Juliet, absorbed as she was could not help observing that Magin-nis seemed to be gradually replacing all the other intermittent "help." The the other intermittent neip. The colored "boys" disappeared, Pompey— whose soul had been saved several times, and who had spiritual relapses whenever he wanted unusual attention

-going last. •• Maginnis seems to be a hard work-er, "Mother Juliet said one day as she examined the crystal-clear laundry "He is that reverend mother," an-

"He is that reverent mother, and swered Sister Margaret, with just pride;" and Father Dudley has him to serve his Mass nearly every day, and sometimes he blows the organ when pride ; there's a funeral in the chapel. "I trust he will not neglect our

work," said the prioress, in alarm. "You can depend on that, reverend mother," answered Sister Margaret. " said the prioress, in alarm. "Such a conscientious worker with the ashes I never saw." Mother Juliet looked pleased. To

Mother Junet looked pleased. To have a man at peace with his Creator and capable of looking after the boiler and the ashes was an unusual thing. Sister Margaret's plans for the ad-

vancement of Lewis Maginnis were more and more successful ; and Mrs. Magee, who now received a modest stipend from her ledger, seconded them warmly, Sister Margaret!" Maginnis of April 30, was no longer Maginnis of February 3. A transformation had taken place. He was erect, mation had taken place. He was erect, respectably clad, alert, well shaven on Wednesdays and Sundays, and still the very symbol of docility. If Sister Margaret had been devoid of artistic feeling, she would have let the result of the work alone ; but one of the re tainers of the church retired from active service, and Sister Margaret at once suggested her protege to Father

once suggester "Dudley. Dudley. One of the colored "boys"—Pompey One of the colored "boys"—Pompey Dudley. -was recalled to make up the lapse in convent attendance : Mother Juliet was alarmed; there was a noticeable

difference in the laundry windows. "It's for the good of his soul that he should be as near Father Dudley as possible, reverend mother," spoke Sister Margaret. Mother Jullet had nothing to say to

this, but she could not help hoping that Sister Margaret's next treasure would

Sister Margaret's next treasment would have a less sensitive soul. Maginnis rose more and more in favor with the Fathers at the church. This Sister Margaret noticed with pleasure. The artist was strong within her, and already she had forgotten the interests of the convent in the vision of Lewis Maginnis as sexton of the big church. "A Kerry boy, too," she said to her-self; "and he'll soon be with a button-

hole bouquet in his coat, showing the

mother ! May our Tertiaries who are vision of the high blue bows obscured the ruddy smile of Lewis Maginnis. When she spoke it was as if to a far-She had assisted him successfully in

his evolution. Spiritually, he was in a state of grace; physically, he was as the dragon-fly to the tadpole; artistically, he was what she had conceived he ought to be. He looked, as he stood in the parlor, with a rosebud in his lapel, the ideal sexton. And yet—

and present them finally as so many spiritual bouquets at the feet of God. Domestic bliss had, so far, been a re-ward for Louisa's fidelity to duty, but it pleased God to darken her life by a B. LOUISA ALBERTONI : A MODEL cloud, and so remind her that the re gard for virtue is not obtained here. MOTHER.

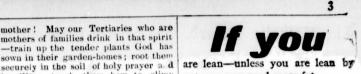
FATHER ALBERT, O. S. F. C., IN FRAN-CISCAN ANNALS.

When the present is gay and the future is bright, we are very apt to fold our arms and think ou work is progressing. Self-satisfaction then slowly sets in, if we get no shoek from the spiritual battery of grace. Louisa got two shocks. She was at the time only thirty-three, and the husband whom she loved so dearly, and who re-ciprocated that same love as a saint only could return it, was struck down in the flower of his age by death. The blow was terrible, but it only served as requisite and responsible seriousness. There is small doubt that much trouble background for the latent heroism of ouisa. "Thy will be done !" was the Louisa. first expression of her conformity the Divine purposes, and, drying her tears, she awaited the inspiration of grace to direct her next step. Soon The first-class comprises the and mis-" for better or did Our Lord signify that she was now free to accomplish the desires of her early youth-to consecrate herself sole ly to Him, and to break with the world. She took the habit of the Third Order, tential of spirit, keeping rigorou uouped, when triends urged her to moderate her austerities, she would re-ply, "How can we live without suffering, when we see our Saviour hanging on the Cross ?" What a lesson for a self-indulgent world ! nearly lost her sight by reason of her continual weeping over the Sacred Passion. Very few damp eyes are discerned in church nowadays. A great portion of the night she spent in prayer. Would that many of us would devote a few moments of the day to that exercise! She used to say that worldly goods were given to be divided among the most destitute, while the current principle seems to be, if you have much, get more, and ignore honest methods. The Saints always point the contrasts of life. She was possessed of this world's plenty, but,

wing to famine which laid waste all Italy, and her munificent charity to-wards the poor starving victims, she lost all, and sank to a state of utter destitution. It was now that, when all had failed, she found the value of divine friendship. God called her to Himself on January 31, 1533, and Clement X. sanctioned her cultus in 1671. FRIENDLY ADVICE To Weak, Nervous and Easily Tired Women. GIVEN IN THE STORY OF ONE WHO HAD

SUFFERED AND BAS FOUND RENEWED HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

It is a good many years since the good wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was first recorded in the columns of the Sun, but during that period the sterling merit of the medicine has increased its reputation and every day adds to the number of those who have found health through the use of these Cithara, a nobleman of remarkable piety, was one of perfect harmony. Then souls were so attuned to each other, that he alloweh her full freedom of spirit in carrying out her works of chatity, and even in dressing in what might be es-teemed a mode beneath her station in life. She went "slumming," but not ina manner to awe the children of Provi-dence. Her manner, speech, and ap-pearance inspired confidence, and in



elimo nature-you need more fat. You may eat enough ; you are losing the benefit of it.

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and prepared to imitate the holy Founder. She had always been peniand making the ground her only bed; but now such penances must be doubled. When friends urged her to Burns

Louisa

Vocation ! How many really grasp the trath that every rational creature has a call in this life, and that the problem of destiny is partially solved by following that call faithfully? by following that call faithfully? Every distinct state of life is a voca-tion, and involves a sphere of duty, a meed of grace and consequent blessing, if entered upon and carried out with

afflicts human kind from either choosing the wrong calling, or from having no calling. calling. The first-class comprises the malcontents, ne'er-do-weels, and mis-anthropes of society at large. Some have taken the vow "for better or worse," whose vocation was single worse," whose vocation was single blessedness. Others have remained iso-olated units whose career would have been properly established by a partnership. Others, again, may have been cut out for the Church, who are wasting their lives in the world; or destined for the plough who are now wielding the pen. These are mistakes seldom or never rectified, and a life built up never rectified, and a life built up in this way is usually not happy. The second class, alas! too common, com-prises the triflers and idlere in the world. They are most-ly of the type of men who are "willing to work, but won't." They have no work to do, or more truly, they have plenty of work, but they will not soil their bands or blight their lives in doing it. They are genuine idlers, and doing it. They are genuine idlers, and feel that the great joy in idleness is to know that there are lots to be done. This is not a mistake—it is sometimes a disease, oftentimes a gift, and nearly

always a sin. The real business of life, therefore, is to find out one's vocation, and then to manfully fulfil all its requirements. Blessed Louisa is a model to us in this

Blessed Louisa is a model to us in this question of God's call. Born in 1474 of a noble line of Romans, she was, by her parents, Stephen Alber-toni and Lucretia Tebaldi, con-nected with the most illustrious fam-ilies of Italy. After a careful training in the help predictors of religion and in the holy practices of religion and the secular subjects suitable to her years and rank, she manifested a deep-ly ascetical spirit—despising the world, despised transformers and trampling shunning its pleasures, and trampling on its frivolities — and, devoted to prayer and to the poor, she desired to consecrate herself wholly to God. She was captivated by the sweetness of spiritual foods, and longed for no other society than that of her beloved Lord. This appeared to be her vocation, and no doubt had she acted impulsively, she would have entered a convent, and settled down to an exclusively religious life. But this was not God's design : He had chosen her to be a wife and a mother, so that the divine wish and her own desire were in conflict. When,

however, her parents announced to her their intention of selecting a husband worthy of her rank, she meekly bowed her head to what she regarded as the expression of the Divine Will.

The marriage of Louisa to James di Cithara, a nobleman of remarkable piety, manner to awe the children of Horr dence. Her manner, speech, and ap-pearance inspired confidence, and in consequence she got to know how things really stood with the poor. The modern "slummer" will deck out silk and satin, drive up in a carriage and pair, and condescend to ask the and pair, and cond footman to ring or knock. When the door is answered, a few curt inquiries settle the matter. Nothing is known of the home life or the state of the house; nor is it likely that the poor are seen as they really are when such visitors are announced some day preare when such visitors are announced some day pro-viously to their coming. During the interval the house is a busy hive; everything is cleaned, swept and garn-ished—and it needed it—so that when our slummer turns up, what might have been an animals' den has become human dwelling. This is simply done out of respect for their better-off brethren. No wonder, therefore, the mission fails, and the lower classes remain at a dead level. If we but imitate B. Louisa, and go among Christ's poor as one of them-selves—in fact, as He did Himself—we shall get to know more about them, and, instead of spinning magnificent theores, socialistic and the like, we shall know the real need and hit upon an efficient remedy. A glance at the home-life of our Saint reveals a truly Christian houseballt reveals a truly christian house-hold. She was blessed with three daughters, and their education ab-sorbed much of her day. They were divine grants—the fruits of prayer; therefore, her effort would be to teach them that hereing and from each them that, knowing good from evil, they might avoid the poison of the one and imbibe the honey of the other. To this end she read aloud to them some book discoursing on religious truths, and presided over their prayers, which Never were always said in common. Never did they miss their grace at meals. They needed no special lessons in the art of "how to dress," or "the etiquette of visiting." These were triffes and no time could be spared quette of visiting." These were trilles and no time could be spared for them from the serious duties of home and church. Many dangers were thus warded off; for like the saintly Blanche of Castile, mother of our "tertiary King," Louisa often said that nothwithstanding the love she bore her children, she would scoper weep at

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

mothers of families drink in that spirit -train up the tender plants God has sown in their garden-homes; root ther sectrely in the solid of hory player and humility; teach them how to climo up those many supports of solid virtue— fervour, earnestness and diligence; and thus preserve them from worldly taint,

many

and present them finally as so

poor creature! —he needs. It's the way with half the men—their mothers don't live long enough, and the wives of them get are without gumption at all. "I though Well, what is it, my good man ?' asked in her professio nal tone.

asked in her professional tone. I am sorry to keep you waitin,' Sis-ther,'' said the man, with a rich brogue " but I just jumped down to pick up this poor omadhaun of a little cat, that's got itself almost frozen." The Sister examined the stiff ball of

gray fur. "111 take it. Sure, if Sister Ro-salle can't bring it to life by the kit-chen fire it must be dead entirely."

" Is there any work forme, Sisther?" That brogue—the brogue of her place Kerry— went to Sister Margaret's in Kerry- went to Sister Margaret's heart. She knew that Mother Juliet's economic theories would not be soft ened by the fact that a tramp had a Kerry brogue, for the poor prioress, with all her learning, scarcely knew the brogue when she heard it ! the brogue when she heard it She was well aware, too, that the help lessness of any man would never appeal sufficiently to Mother Juliet to cause her to make work for him when the re-

sources of the convent were taxed to pay the retainers absolutely needed for the care of the heating apparatus and the care of the heating apparatus and other details which Sister Margaret's capable hands could not touch. Some-thing to eat, and perhaps a note of ap-peal for him to some kind priest, were all Sister Margaret saw, in her mind's

eye, for the pathetic Kerry man, Still, Mother Juliet had one weakness, and this was for souls. She would go far for a strayed sheep; and if this man's continue in decome he might taken on soul were in danger, he might taken on to sift the ashes and to help with the oiler until his spiritual health should With fear and trembling be restored. and the sound of the old homely inflec tion in her ears, Sister Margaret asked the question : 'Do you go regularly to Mass, my

good man ? The man hung his head, and even the wisp of hair that straggled beneath his hat seemed to grow redder. Sister Margaret's face was illuminated with a beautiful and hopeful smile.

may be an intelligent man." "Little she knows, God help her !" thought Sister Margaret. "Such a good talk of Kerry days will be better for the boy than all the spiritual reading in

the world." The prioress was relieved by the look of hesitancy on Sister Margaret's face. or nestancy on Sister Margaret's needs "You know better, Sister, how to deal with the case; but get the poor man off to Father Dudley at once, just as soon as you see him softening a

little. "It's strange," thought the prioress,

with a gentle perception of the situa-tion, "that all Sister Margaret's dis-tressed souls are Irish." tion.

In a few minutes Lewis Maginnis was at work, on a ladder in the laundry, battling with that small amount of matter that seldom gets out of place in a convent. His story was plain. He had drifted from a Kerry farm to New York. It was evident that he was simple, good natured, rather soft in temperament, and at the beck of circumstances. He had worked when he could find work for his unskilled hands; when the winter came on he had drifted again - south

In the course of a long and busy life Sister Margaret had never enjoyed herself so much as on the afternoon of her meeting with Lewis Maginnis. Here was material made for her moulding was material made for her moulding hand, clay ready for the potter; here was an opportunity of furthering the was an opportunity of furthering the progress; spiritual and material, of a soul from her part of Ireland, and of having her own way in a good cause. Sister Rosalie, who ruled the kitchen, was urged to unusual efforts in the way of coffee and walles by a graphic scription of Lewis Mrginnis' aptit aptitude for fetching and carrying, for this serv-ing Sister had reason to regard the colored masculine aids as trilling.

Maginnis himself was delightfully

docile and sufficiently respectful. In the twenty-five years of his life he had never done anything but what circum-stances compelled him to do. It was cordial indeed to find circumstances im-

thing went wrong with the boiler. Mother Juliet missed him, but she was silent; she had become rather tired of

On Easter Sunday Sister Margaret's dream was realized. Beaming with pride, his red hair shining above his black coat, which held a large red rosebud, stood Lewis Maginnis beside the church door, waiting for the Sisters the church door, waiting for the Sisters to arriva. They came, and, as Maginnis led the way to their pew, Sister Mar-garet felt all the justifiable pride of a sculptor whose statue has been bought by a really appreciative patron. In the afternoon Maginnis came to the convent—by the front door, as he head at fort come. He sated for Sister

had at first come. He asked for Sister Margaret, and laid his glossy hat on the big volume of Butler's "Lives of the Saints " that graced the table.

"Well, Lewis Maginnis," said Sister Margaret, entering with Sister Rosalie, Tis a happy man you ought to be." 'And I am, Sisther—thanks be to

God and you." " It is I had little to do with it, Masaid Sister Margaret, with ginnis," said Sister much humility. Maginnis blushed.

"If it wasn't for you, Sisther, I'd never have met her."

never have met hcr." There was a pause. A light flashed upon Sister Margaret. "And so you're going to settle down —and it's well," said Sister Margaret, nodding as one who knows the heart of man. "There is no better woman liv-ing then Marga. And L hope ing than Mrs. Magee. And I hope you'll both keep that Mary Ann in

order. "It was Mrs. Magee I thought of rst," said Maginnis, with simplicity, but she thought I'd better take Mary first,' Ann, as it would steady her; and Magee in his grave only ten months would set the neighbors talking." Sister Margaret did not speak. A

A NAGGING COUGH drives sleep and comfort away. You can conquer it with Allen's Luop Balsam, which relieves hard breathing, pair in the chestand irritation of the throat. Give if freely to the children.

children, she would sooner weep at their graves than know that they had been guilty of one grave sin. Model

palpitation, brought about by my ex palpitation, brought about by my ex-treme weakness. My appetite failed me and I was gradually growing worse. I had heard and read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using them a short time a decided change was noticeable, and it is no exaggeration to say that I felt like no exaggeration to say that i field like an entirely different person. My ap-petite returned and with it good blood and strong nerves. I can conscientious-ly say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they did me more good than I can tell.

To all weak, nervous, easily tired, run down women, I say by all means give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and you will be delighted with the result.'

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