occupy them polishing into me of doctrinal from offending f their congr into the affairs and leave the nen of business e working pur-ve allowed the ed by the nev economy. This most barefaced yet been openly

15, 1903.

to regulate it God or re-law. The clergy vup, to take po penetrate schools of the action of ven so much a remonstrance."
for years against conomy and the of it, and char-f the Established of men who dined preached to the ic Church stands for the spiritual d, never allowing overshadow them, ine of Our Lord, t a man if he gain t a man if he gain suffer the loss of ught she to speak inchingly who ds upon the v gs of the present This has Pope Leo cyclical on Labor. , S. J., Liverpool

TRAST.

great city, but on a mmer isle of Eden, asteless ingenuity, enal settlement. A conducted there by city; and we had o hear the convicts' is pretty late when our way to dinner ough the dormitory puts of the prisoners. ck, and the summer g across the bay, neadlands all around lls of the ships, and shadows of buildings, wooded promontories ning sea. All was and sweetness with kness and desolation w but strong cages, alls and partitions o and a net of strong front of each cage, one the little air, and om the outer hall penell was eight feet ven at that early hour, mmer evening, had its Some were in bed; rily on the wretched stared like wild beasts Some were in bed e. I have often seen hen, even under wors nted my imagin

stepped, free and unen

honored by the very eld in their hands the

uman cages. The sum-

pressive in its heat and

are steamer, well filled hion and style of a great

. A band was playing. thought to the entomb.

ellow mortals just a few

ngs later, I, too, was a comparatively early such solemn twilight as I at a Cistercian ls had ceased their interg; the rumbling of the ned; the pattering of feet, he very birds, as if rerappist rule, were silent. t the white statues glimt the deep background of cels. If there be any spot e there is peace, and rest, here. Some day, a tired lemand monasticism as a cessity. But that was not s I sat there, and put my ne such work of Catholic as the Imitation, or the St Augustine. f St Augus n the "isle of Eden" and their occupants. What gulf separated one condine other! There the one rmost was the degradation ; here you experienced its It was the nadir and zenith And yet, the conditions differ so much. Nay, so And yet, the control of differ so much. Nay, so cal comfort or enjoyment, are much better off than The latter rise earlier, have er and more meagre fare, r, keep perpetual silence, r, keep perpetual steines, arder couches, submit to miliations. And yet, there le width of the horizon of tween them. There you ompassionated; here you are not envious. Despair seemed envious. Despair seemed envious.

rer the prison; but it is the igels that lift the fringes of that sentinel the mountain e is something more curious this. I should not like to hose poor, squalid prisoners dly exchange their lot with s. That is doubtful. But he re deput that the monks. be no doubt that the monks, pon, would assume the garb s of the felon, and in the tersmutation experience only the by.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, in hin.

of Mother Graves' Worm Exter-il convince you that it has no equal medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if please you,

please you,

CE IS A CURSE — "Know thyself
admonition, whether referring to
ical condition or moral habitudes
into is acquisited with himself, will
to acc when any disarrangement in
manifests itself. Dr. Thoms
ill is a cheap and simple remedy for
ill is a cheap and simple remedy for
action of pain from the system and
to of all broachial troubles.

A TRAVELING SCHOLAR.

In one of the small box-like studios of the arts school of a town in Southern France a young man stood before an easel on which a fair, unstained canvas rested. His box of colors lay open beside him, his strong, nervous fingers were closed firmly on his brushes, and his eyes appeared to be absorbed in the study of the neighboring chimney tops, but his bent brows, the spasmodic movements of his lips showed that they were unseeing, or rather that a picture conjured up by his own imag-ination possessed them, to the exclusion

Yet it was on the filling of this canvas that the whole of his future career depended, and the moments were pass-

g-flying. The old city was famed all the world over for her artist sons, and to keep up the traditions of older times the au-thorities every three years offered a traveling scholarship to the student who outshone his companions in a given competition, and Paul Sablot felt the power within him of reaching this

For three years he had lived for his art alone, morning and night had he worked, climbing rung after rung of the ladder which was to lead him to fame; he had made no friends, he had oined in none of the amusements that his companions enjoyed. Art was his friend, his joy, his life, his all.

ambitious subject that h had chosen for the competition, a subject drawn from ancient mythology, one which he had pondered over many an hour and which he felt would show out his talent to the full. If this picture met with the examiners' approval, then he was indeed an artist; if not-

It was this alternative that now, when the moments were so precious, rose up a hideous spectre before him, that stayed his hand, that held him like some dreadful nightmare. Up to this he had been obliged to turn for help to that little country home where every penny was so sorely needed. Instead of aiding his father to bear the burden of poverty that weighed him down, he young, strong, active, was only another weight on those shoulders already bowed and bent beyond their years. But such a state of things could not go on; unless by means of this scholarship he became independent, self-supporting, he must turn his back on his beloved, he ist renounce art and take to some profession, some trade, in which he could earn enough to keep himself and help to educate the younger brothers and sisters at home. With an effort at last he thrust this thought aside. He must, he would, succeed. Seizing his pencil with feverish energy, he began to sketch in his subject, and as it grew beneath his touch all apprehension faded away; the future was forgotten in the all-absorbing interest of the present.

An hour flew by, every passing mo ment brought fresh power, new life to the figures that were growing on the

canvas.

Gradually, however, a change crept over the absorbed expression of the painter's features; his brush no longer moved with the force and decision that at first had characterized it; he hesitated, paused and finally flung down his palette, and an exclamation of irritation escaped his lips. The studio was bare, more like a huge wooden chest than a room, and through the thin planks that separated it from counterpart next door the sound of

low sobbing came sadly. "
What is the matter?" cried Paul, knocking softly on the partition. "Who is there? Are you ill?"

At the sound of his voice the weeping

"It is nothing," the answer came, so low that he could hardly catch the words. "Please don't mind; it's—it's all right now," but a stilled sob broke ceased abruptly. through the reassuring sentence.

recognized the voice, "there is something wrong with you, and if you don't tell me what it is I shall have to call the custodian. I can't have you making to scrape it off impatiently again; the custodian. I can't yourself ill like this."

"Please, please don't," cried the irl. "It's only that I was getting on so beautifully with my sketch, and now I don't know what has happened, whatever I do only seems to spoil it."

"Are you working on a canvas or on block?" asked Paul.

'On a block.' "Very well. Do you see the crack that runs along the partition close to the outside wall? See, here, where my knife is," and the blunt palette knife knife is," and the blunt palette knife was thrust through the slip in the shrunken, loosened board, widening it to nearly half an inch.

"Now, pass me in your block and let me see if I can help you."

It was against the rules; no competitor was allowed to help another, but neither thought of that now. Paul could not bear to hear a woman in dis-

could not bear to hear a woman in distress, and it was with a view to comforting the girl, the only student out of the three score who attended the classes who had roused in him the slightest feeling of interest. Like himself, this feeling of interest. Like himself, this seeing of interest. Like himself, this girl had kept apart from the others. She was a pale, slight little thing, with strangely wistful eyes. Art was, Paul thought, the love of his life, yet he felt will be a supported to the state of the state of the state of the state. thought, the love of the idea curiously uncomfortable at the idea that those sweet soft eyes should be shedding tears. And Madeline! Poor shedding tears. And Madeline! Poor little foolish Madeline would have passed her right hand through that crevice had her silent, masterful neighbor wished it. She, too, had once thought that art could fill her life. No feeling of envy had ever touched her at the sight of her companions awaiting or being waited for by some one chosen friend. Her pencil was more to her than all the world beside.

For all her eighteen years, she had been a child when she first came to the art school, ambitious for success, for fame, perhaps, but looking on love with

careless, unknowing eyes.

Her easel had been placed in the long studio next to Paul's, and day after day as she crept quietly to her place he had welcomed her with a quick nod or understand his failure. But when the second morning had welcomed her with a quick nod or understand his failure. But when the second morning her perhaps a short word of greeting. Then without realizing it, he learnt to look midday all the world would know who shelter of his arms and he kissed.

for the little flush, the tiny dimple that

her answering smile would bring.

Months passed before their acquaintance grew. Then one day in a back street that was a short cut to the art chool he had found her surrounded by rough noisy crowd that had come

The glad light that had sprung into her eyes when she saw him forcing his way toward her [would have told a vainer man her secret, but if Paul noticed it, he thought of it merely as noticed it, he thought of it merely as joy at finding a protector. Yet as she shrank against him he felt a hitherto unknown pride in the strength of the arm that shielded the slender form.

Afterwards the incident

Afterwards the incident had almost faded from his mind, but to her it was faded from his mind, but to her it was an ever present reality. In the chill darkness of her attic home, she had lived through those brief moments again and again. Once, if never to be more, she had crept into his arms, her cheek had pressed the rough shoulder of his coat, her hair had touched, had linggred on his check, it was a memory lingered on his check, it was a men could not forget, and when he she could not lorget, and when her artist soul was called on to produce its best, its very self, almost without knowing it her pencil had traced that scene, the scene that in one brief moment had closed and sealed the doors

of her childhood to her.

What would he think when he saw the subject of her picture? Could she —could she let him see it? For a moment only she hesitated: a second demand from that imperious voice was not to be withstood. With trembling fingers she obeyed, waiting with beatneart to hear his verdict. And he?

If love is blind, surely some hearts where love has never been are blinder At a glance he recognized the group; his own figure, tall, commanding, the embodiment of young strength, with the shrinking girl hiding her face upon

his shoulder, and all around them the eager, pushing, angry crowd. Every detail of the picture was drawn in with delicate precision; the expression of each evil, brutish countenance was shown as in a miniature.

From the cursory glance that now and again he had thrown on the easel that stood beside his own Paul knew that color was Madeline's weak point.

Often he had wondered that the masters had not told the girl to give up painting and confine herself to the less ambitious plane of black and white, where her talent could not but excel. "You have wasted your time over all this drawing," he said at last, in business-like tones. "You must just wash in the background and then work

in the central figures as much as you "But-but its just the coloring that I don't know how to start on," came back the little piteous voice, trembling now and filled with a longing fear to

know what he thought of her choice. "See," resumed Paul, oblivious of the wooden wall that divided them, put in the warm colors so-and darken

The moments were still flying. A new meaning sprang into the street scene under the rapid brush. The background filled in, the girl's figure grew more and more lifelike, his own stood out firm and distinct.

At last he pushed the block from him

with a short laugh.
"I was forgetting you, Miss Madeline," he said, "in my interest in your picture. Take it now and work hard. I think I've made a good beginning for

Carefully widening the crevice as before, Paul passed the now glowing picture back to its owner and then turned to resume his own work. But the spell was broken: the vivid mental conception that had upheld him before was gone; he no longer lived and breathed as he had seemed to do, sur-"'Miss Madeline," said Paul, who had completed the relation of the studio stared blankly

Here and there he tried a color, only to scrape it off impatiently again; nearer and nearer came the hour when the task must be completed, and yet he stood there motionless, helpless, not daring to touch the work which, all unfinished as it was, was so full of power and of possibilities.

At last the clock struck its long, slow sentence. A general movement was heard throughout the silent corridor; there was a rustling of papers, a creak-ing of easels. In two studios alone the silence was unbroken. Paul, his dark head bowed, was fighting the demon of despair which told him that by his own act he had shut the door which was to have led to life, that of his own will he had turned his back on art forever, and in the other Madeline stood lost in ad-

niration of the work of his hands. For two days the art world of _____ lived in a state of breathless excitelived in a state of preathless excitement. The classes had broken up, yet the students had not yet dispersed to their homes; all were waiting to know their fate; each one was trying to picture his or her name appearing in large, the black of the major walls. distinct characters on the mairie walls.

One alone of all who had followed the One alone of all who had followed the classes was missing from the group of competitors who were gathered together in the market place waiting for the stroke of noon to learn the judges decision. Paul Sablot had turned his back on city life; why should he tarry to hear of another's triumph? Paul to hear of another's triumph? Paul the artist was dead; he had taken his life with his own hands; the Paul who trudged along the sandy country roads heedless of where they led him, was

only a machine.

He had left his soul behind him; left it forever in that bare, narrow cell, and it was better so; it would be wanton waste to wear a soul away in breaking stones, in ploughing, reaping, shearing; no, a machine was all that was wanted to fill those hungry mouths

And so his mind rambled on in dis-And so his mind rambled on in disconnected wanderings, whilst his feet carried him away, away, far from all who could know or understand his fail-

had gained the prize that so many had striven for, he turned, reluctantly, yet surely, on his footsteps, traversing once again the path that only yesterday he had vowed to tread no evening found him back within the city

a rough noisy crowd that had come upon her unawares, and she, frightened and powerless, was hustled here and there amongst the excited, jostling mob.

walls.

The light was fading, only a line of gold upon the horizon showed where once the sun had been. The market place was deserted, there were no oncloser to the fatal placard. In thick black characters two words stood out distinctly, yet in a flash the familiar letters of his own name were first im-

printed on his brain.

Besides the prize winner three others were mentioned in order of merit, and there it stood heading this little triple

Unfinished, half completed, his sketch had been adjudged the best but one, and that one—he did not need a second to tell him who had won the glance to tell him who had we see scholarship—he knew. Oh, the mock-ery of it! His work, his skill had earned the prize, yet the name that was on every lip to-night was not his own—Madeline de la Mothe! Yes, he own—Madenne de la Motne! Yes, he had guessed aright; his little neigh-bor's street scene had been singled out, had been thought the best of all those sixty efforts that had passed before the indexes.

before the judges.
Yet it was not all bitterness now. A flerce pride raised him from his despondency. Though none would ever know it, he was the winner, and the "never more" that for two days had sounded like a death knell in his ears had changed now to "perhaps, some

day."
A few years must pass in toil for those at home; then, perhaps — per-

No feeling of bitterness towards the

No feeling of bitterness towards the girl who, unknowingly, had done him such an injury entered his mind. After the despair that he had passed through, the knowledge, the certainty of his power brought him a throb of hope, a flush of pride that was almost hope, a flush of pride that was almost joy. The long, steep stairs that led to the little room beneath the roof which for three years had been his home and which he had thought never to see again seemed longer, steeper than ever again seemed longer, steeper than ever before to the worn-out limbs. Higher and higher he climbed. A curious feeling of peace now filled his heart. Each step rang out in comforting reiterance, "Some day, some day."

The other occupants of the house were still abroad. He met no one as he peaced on his unward way, but on

he passed on his upward way, but on the dark, narrow landing outside the dark, harrow own door he paused, an instinct told him that he was not alone. "At last!" a little gasping sigh fell

upon his ears. "Who is there?" he asked. "Who

"It is I, Madeline; and, oh! I thought you would never come."
"You Mademoiselle Madeline! and cried Paul, forgetting his fatigue in his astonishment.

She had come to him before when in trouble, but what had brought her now in the rush of her triumph!
"Yes, M. Paul, it is I. Have you heard? Has any one told you." The eager tones seemed to ring exultingly

in his ears. " No one has told me, but I have seen

for myself, mademoiselle. I give you joy." There was a moment's pause. joy." There was a moment's pause.
"Do you mean, do you think, then,
that I have claimed the prize?" The
girl's voice was cool now, a touch of
scorn sounding through its repressed

"I," Paul hesitated, a sudden wild leap of his heart choking his utterance.

leap of his heart choking his utterance.
"I read your name—"
"And you thought me mean, base, deceitful enough to profit by—by what you had done?" The passionate question brought the blood tingling to his cheeks.

"And yet it was early when I went to the examiners and told them that the winning sketch was not in reality my work. I confessed to having broken the rules of the competition, so the next name on the list is now the first."

The mean that is the daylowing sky

The moon that in the darkening sky shore bright and clear seemed to sail out from behind a cloud, and her rays falling through the skylight showed with alarming distinctness the change that suddenly came over Paul's pale from. He staggard forward and would face. He staggered forward and would have fallen, but in an instant the girl was at his side. "Paul, Paul, what have I done? Oh,

Paul, forgive me," she cried. "thought you knew, that you despised

She clung to his arm, raising a face

She clung to his arm, raising a face towards him scarcely less white and weary than his own.

"Then," he said, unsteadily and slowly, "then I am the traveling scholar." He passed his hands over his eyes. "It is no dream. No, I am awaka and chillic life, how sweet it. nis eyes. It is no dream. No, I am awake, and oh! life, life, how sweet it will be now." He threw back his head and laughed aloud as the glory of the future dawned upon him, utterly forgetful of his companion: then the remembrance of how his good fortune had come smote him, and he turned

Even in his dull ears her despairing cry had struck a note which no fear, no regret, no remorse could reach. He stretched out his arms, and as he drew her to him he felt her trembling, and something in heart awakening told

and sometimes in the solution of the solution " This is love."

is as life to a condemned prisoner, but now that I have it I find there is some-Dear heart, will you teach me to lil it? love?"

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER.

WHY IT IS A DANGEROUS TIME FOR THE LITTLE ONE.

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of every in-fant because of the disturbance to the fant because of the disturbance to the digestive functions caused by cutting teeth during the hot weather. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger for babies as is shown by the increased death rate among them lookers there to see the road-stained by the increased death rate among then traveller drag his weary frame close, terest to every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery of which Mrs. David Lee, of Lindsay, Ont.,

writes as follows:—
"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated, her breath offensive, and she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothaid her any good until I gave her tablets. Now her food digests erly, her breath is sweet, ongue clean and she is quiet and good. can strongly recommend the tablets ther mothers as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all

dealers in medicine or will be sent post-paid at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brock-

ON MATERIAL PROGRESS - THE SECRET OF THE PROBLEM.

ope Leo XIII. Encyclical March 19, 1902.) After alluding to the indefinable prrow which, notwithstanding all sorrow which, notwithstanding all modern material progress, everywhere weighs upon souls, and to the immense void which is in all human hearts, the Holy Father thus continues:

Man may subject nature to his sway Man may subject nature to his sway, but matter cannot give him what it has not, and to the questions which most deeply affect our gravest interests human science gives no reply. The thirst for truth, for good, for the interests have not hear not hear which devours us, has not been slaked, nor have the joys and riches of earth, nor the increase of the comforts f life ever soothed the anguish which ortures the heart. Are we then to lespise and fling aside the advantages despise and ling aside the advantages which accrue from the study of science, rom civilization and the wise and sweet use of our liberty? Assuredly not. On the contrary, we must hold them in the highest esteem, guard them and make m grow as a treasure of great price. or they are means which of their nature re good designed by God Himself, and re good designed by Got Himself, and rdained by the infinite goodness and visdom for the use and advantage of he human race. But we must subordinte the use of them to the intentions of the Creator, and so employ them as never to eliminate the religious element in which their real advantage resides, for it is that which bestows on them a special value and renders them really fruitful. Such is the secret of the

KIND WORDS.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes. There is hardly a power on earth equal to them. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, namely, soften the hard and angry hearts of men. Even quarrels give way to kind words, for an unforgiving heart is a rare mounter. Words have a heart is a rare monster. Words have a power of their own for good or evil. Hence it is that an unkind word rankles longer in the heart than an angry ges

ture, nay, oftener than a blow.

Kind words are like revelations from heaven unravelling complicated mis-understandings and softening the hard-

ened convictions of years.
Why, then, are we ever else but kind? Kind in words? There are some difficulties. It is hard for a clever man to be kind in his words. He has a cheeks.

"No; I swear to you Inever thought of it so; tell me, tell me all; I know nothing. I saw your name—" some difficulties. It is hard for a clever man to be kind in his words? There are some difficulties. It is hard for a clever man to be kind in his words. He has a temptation—a temptation bordering on the irresistible—to say elever things, and, somehow, elever things are hardly ever kind things. There is a drop ever the day of the way and somehow and somehow of the property of the way and somehow and somehow of the property of the way and somehow of the way and somehow of the property of the way and somehow of the way and way and way ever kind things. There is a drop ever of acid or bitter in them. And so on the whole, to say clever things of others is baselle over things of others is hardly ever without sin. There is something in genius which is analogous to a sting. Its sharpness, its delicacy, to a sting. Its sharpness, its delicacy, its pain, its poison — genius has all these things as well as the sting. A man who lays himself out to amuse is never a safe man to have for a friend and the stings of the or even an acquaintance. man whom any one really loves or re-No one was ever known nearer spects. No one was over known nearer to God by a sarcasm. Our Lord's words in the gospel should be our model.—Father Faber.

STRENGTH OF SIMPLICITY.

INHERENT POWER OF HUMBLE, EFFACING NATURES. By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D.

Say what we like, the vast majority of mankind worship brute force. "We like strong men," is the cry of every one. But it is the cry of a low nature, still akin to the brute and the serpent or it is the worn and standard demand of an advanced and perfected civilizaof an advanced and perfected civiliza-tion. On the other hand, gentle, re-fined natures love simple and lowly lives, and humble and pleading actions. That sentence in the Sentimental Jour-nal, in which Sterne depicts his own feelings when the shamed Franciscan feelings when the shamed Franciscan monk turned away and looked down at his brown, threadbare sleeve, finds a responsive echo in all human hearts.

The characters in the novels of that great dramatist, Dickens, which appeal great dramatist, Diekens, which appeal most to our sympathy and love, are such humble beings as Tom Pinch and Little Nell, and Little Dorrit and Florence Dombey, and Peggotty, etc. Ah, yes! but that is fiction. Precisely. But if we met these gentle, pleading beings in real life, would we feel similarly towards them? Yes, if we were

like them, not otherwise.

If we were simple and lowly, and gentle, we would love them in flesh and blood as well as we love their spectral form in literature. But if we were have and ignoble, if we worshipped base and ignoble, if we worshipped strength and distinction, we would de-spise them heartily as beneath us.

Why? Because in the solitude of our rooms we have no eye of public opinion upon us to rebuke us for our weakness in loving the weak. But, with the Argus eye of society upon us, it would be a grave test of our integrity to walk a crowded street with the ragged com-panion of our school days; or to stand up in a heated ball-room with a homely

rustic, and face a hundred eyes of criticism and contempt. But the really humble can rule, and can rule with firmness and success, i unaggessive. There is a world of dif forence between strength and aggresion, between power and the pride of power. It is the sheathed strength that underlies all real humility which we worship. And it will invariably be found that those meek, yielding char acters who never assert themselves who willingly efface themselves, exhibit the fortitude of endurance and the swiftness of strong resource, when in crises of life and death great personal

or state emergencies, such qualities of mind and soul are demanded by the exigencies of the weak, or the panic of the pretentious and the boastful.

And, if raised to power by the suffrages of subjects, or the command of some higher authority, they invariably develop unsuspected resources of spiritual strength and agility whilst their sense of humility and self-nothingness sense of humility and self-nothingness prevents them from infringing on the rights of the weak. They can be im-perative without being suggestive. perative without being suggestive. They can guide without hurting. They can stretch forth the shepherd's crook and lead into line the vagrant and self-willed without pluking one wisp of wool or forcing one pitiful bleat. And they are content to govern and guide their own without throwing coyetous eyes on own without throwing covetous eyes on alien property; or seeking in some re-flex axiom, which is generally an unacknowledged sophism, an exconquest or aggression.—The Dolphin.

BAD CATHOLICS ARE WORSE THAN BAD BOOKS.

From the Ave Maria. It is an error to suppose that anti-Catholic books of the violent sort do any great harm nowadays; they have run their course. Nothing could be more useless than for any enemy of the Church to denounce it now in this country, except where the lives of its members are at variance with their profession. The day of "No Popery" literature has passed, and this fact is recognized even where bigotry still lurks. The truth cannot be too force fully or frequently stated that Catholies who fail to live up to their religion do more injury to it and keep more people from embracing it than anti-Catholic books that could possibly

be produced.

It has come to pass that non-Catholies, when interested in the subject of religion, are willing to listen to authoritative explanations of Catholic principles; they recognize the unfairness of accepting the testimony of the enemies of the Church rather than that of its adherents. But the vast majority of non-Catholics, although less prejudiced non-Catholics, although less prejudiced than formerly, are utterly indifferent to the claims of the Church; and they generally remain so, unless their curiosity is excited or their interest is roused by the example of some Catholic who is keeping himself unspotted from the world and thereby unconsciously rendering himself conspicuous. There is not a power on earth to be compared to the simple preaching of the Gospel, and it is eloquently preached by all who practice its precepts. who practice its precepts.

Beauty Makers.

"The best of all beauty-making foods are fresh fruits and fresh vegetables," said Prof. H. W. Wiley, the famous government chemist, who is incidentally a skilled physician. "They contain relatively little nourishment—a woman could hardly live on them exclusively for any length of time—but for any len for any length of time—but for reasons which as yet are imperiectly understood, they possess extraordinary value as health-givers. If you want bright eyes and a clear complexion, eat plenty of them."

AND ACADEMY

CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME which as yet are imperfectly under-

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viscid phlegm.

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