

THE TRAVELLING 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...

Yet it was on the filling of this canvas that the whole of his future career depended...

The old city was famed all the world over for her artist sons...

For three years he had lived for his art alone, morning any night had he worked, climbing rung after rung the ladder which was to lead him to fame...

It was an ambitious subject that he had chosen for the competition; a subject drawn from ancient mythology...

It was this alternative that now, when the moments were so precious, rose up a hideous spectre before him...

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...

An hour flew by, every passing moment 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...

"You have wasted your time over all this drawing," he said at last, in business-like tones...

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

"It is nothing," the answer came, so low that he could hardly catch the words. "Please don't mind; it's all right now..."

"Miss Madeline," said Paul, who had 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..."

"Are you working on a canvas or on a 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 was thrust through the slip in the shrunken, loosened boards, widening it to nearly half an inch..."

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...

For all her eighteen years, she had been a child when she first came to the art school, ambitious for success...

Her easel had been placed in the studio next to Paul's, and day by day, as she crept quietly to her work...

Months had passed before their acquaintances grew. Then, one day, in a back street that was a short cut to the art school...

The glad light that had sprung into her eyes when she saw him forcing his way towards her would have told a vainer man her secret, but Paul noticed it...

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"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...

that of his own will he had turned his back on art forever, and in the other Madeline stood lost in admiration of the work of his hands.

For two days the art world of Montreuil lived in a state of breathless excitement...

The moon that in the darkening sky shone bright and clear seemed to fall out from behind a cloud, and her rays falling through the skylight showed with alarming distinctness...

"Paul, Paul, what have I done? Oh Paul, forgive me," she cried, "I thought you knew that you despised me..."

"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 travelling scholar." He passed his hands over his eyes...

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 at home...

And so his mind rambled on in disconnected wanderings, whilst his feet carried him away, far from all who could know or understand his failure. But when the second morning dawned, and it came back to him that at midday all the world would know who had gained the prize that so many had striven for, he turned, reluctantly, yet surely, on his feet...

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 onlookers there to see the road-stained traveller drag his weary frame closer, closer to the fatal placard...

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

Unfinished, half completed, his sketch had been adjudged the best but one, and that one—did he not had a second glance to tell him who had won the scholarship—he knew. Oh, the mockery 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 Motte! Yes; he had guessed aright...

A few years must pass in toil for those at home, then, perhaps—perhaps—

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 joy...

"Who is there?" he asked. "Who is it?" "It is I, Madeline; and, oh! I thought you would never come."

"You! Mademoiselle Madeline! and here," cried Paul, forgetting his fatigue in his astonishment...

"No one has told me, but I have seen for myself, Mademoiselle. I give you 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 tones...

"Ah! so it is still there; that is strange," said Madeline, in a still colorless tone, as though the subject was one in which she had no interest. "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..."

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St. Paul says that piety is useful for all things, but he did not add that it suffices for all things.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

Montreal, June 12.—The sixth provincial convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters, which had been in convention for four days at Lachine, was brought to a close yesterday...

Delegates to the international convention were elected as follows: District of Montreal, Rev. Thomas P. Fay, John Scanlan, J. J. Pigott, W. J. Proulx, Rev. G. Le Paillier, Dr. J. B. Martin, James H. Fosbre, C. A. Martigny, J. B. Bissonnette, Arthur Geoffrion, E. A. Grise, F. X. Blodeau, Dr. Lalonde, J. A. H. Hebert, C. E. Olivier, J. S. Blodeau, and Rev. Mr. Chateaufort...

At present the religious celebrations are held every year at one central point, but it was decided that these celebrations should be held every second year on Corpus Christi Sunday in the different sections where the order exists...

The committee appointed to consider the question of assisting the members of the order who had suffered by the disastrous fires at Hull, St. Hyacinthe, Marieville and Coteau Station, recommended that the sum of \$25 be voted to each of the victims, and that five cents per member be asked from each of the subordinate courts.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS IN CONVENTION

Nearly one hundred delegates representing the various State Councils of the Knights of Columbus attended the twenty-first annual convention of the supreme body at New Haven, Conn., last week.

In his address Supreme Knight Hearn said from the viewpoint of organization the past year was a busy one. The order has been extended into California, Texas, New Mexico, Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, South Dakota, Oregon, Washington, Montana and the Province of Ontario. The total number of councils now is 730, with a membership of 88,993.

Under the head of "charity" the supreme knight spoke of the Catholic missions for Indians in the Southwest being most deserving, and continued: "Let us stop and consider the condition of our coreligionists in Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico and the distant Philippines. There are great needs to be done in all these countries. There is need for a strong, active and permanent Catholic organization, especially in the Philippines, where a crisis in Catholic affairs is approaching which must be met and averted. The schism of the Independent Catholic Filipino Church is a fact and is growing in strength and numbers in defiance of rightful authority. The united influence of American Catholics must be brought to bear against the dangerous movement, and the Knights of Columbus ought to take a prominent part in the work. I am convinced that the Knights of Columbus, with its Catholicity, its patriotism, its organization, its force, its purpose and its magnificent results would satisfy a great many of the needs in the Philippines and in the countries nearer home. There are many of our members scattered throughout the Philippines who are without organization, and the Knights of Columbus once established would have their earnest support and would appeal to the honest-minded and intelligent Filipino whose love and devotion to our holy faith and to his native islands are his life and religion. Further, prudent and conscientious fraternity will cultivate and strengthen aims for God, for country and for truth, and likewise the deserving Catholic Spaniards in our insular possessions could find in the Knights of Columbus an honored and undying memorial of ancient glories of their country."

"The following officers were elected: Supreme knight, Edward L. Hearn, South Framingham, Mass.; deputy supreme knight, Patrick L. McArdle, Chicago, Ill.; National secretary, Daniel Colwell, New Haven; national treasurer, Patrick J. Brady, Cleveland, O.; national physician, Dr. William T. McMannis, New York City; national advocate, James E. McConnell, Fitchburg, Mass.; directors, J. C. Peletier, Boston; William S. McKay, Boston; Dr. A. Smith, Brooklyn; Charles E. Weber, Brooklyn.

It is a liver pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

MARTYRS TO CUSTOMS.

Why does a dog walk round in a little circle before lying down? Because his ancestors had to beat out a hole in the grass or the snow to make a comfortable bed...

Why does a cat wash herself so carefully? Because her ancestors had to be clean, or their prey would smell them and escape. Instances might be cited by thousands of ancient habits preserved by animals long after they have ceased to be useful. Now, man does exactly the same thing, without knowing it—preserves innumerable habits for centuries after they have ceased to have any meaning.

Man as a street building animal is guided by instinct far more than reason. A builder is accustomed to houses with windows all over. Suppose he puts up a corner house, where windows are needed only on the front. Still he makes imitation windows on the side wall, with lintel, ledge, and sills, and in some cases actually paints shaves and curtains inside the frame. No matter how hideous the result, he is accustomed to windows on every wall, regardless of cost.

Look at a corner post now, and you will see that it is shaped and banded like an old gun, with a half ball on top in memory of the round-shot in the muzzle. Look at any iron railing. The posts are shaped like spears, shaft and tip, in memory of some ancient, forgotten usage of weapons. Spears were used for the fencing of tidyards in the tournaments of the Middle Ages.

On gateposts you will frequently find a stone ball. Who would ever suppose that the balls on the gateposts were the heads of family enemies? It was once the custom to stick your enemy's gory head as a trophy on the gatepost. On the gates of towns were stuck the heads of traitorous persons. In old London, for instance, the bridge gate and Temple Bar were always decorated with ghastly relics of the kind, and the memory of the custom survives on the gateposts of modern suburban villas.

On the back of a man's coat there are two buttons, because our ancestors needed them as rests for their sword belts. Now that women wear an imitation of men's coats, they have the buttons, too, yet it never enters their heads that they are only useful for the sword belt. And the modern dress for sword play has no tail buttons.

When railways first came into use, road coaches were mounted on flanged wheels and hauled along the track by the locomotive. Look at any English railway compartment to-day, and you will see that it is moulded and painted in imitation of a stage-coach. Its seats, shape, windows, doors and hatracks are imitations of the forgotten mail carriage.

The hairdresser's shop has a painted pole in front. That pole was the sign of the old barber surgeon and meant "bloodletting done here." How would a modern surgeon like such a sign in front of his house? Nearly every carpet has a flower pattern, because in the days before carpets, the floors were usually strewn with rushes, interspersed on state occasions with living flowers.

At the head or foot of every business letter you will see the address of the person to whom it is written, because in the days before the envelope came into use the sheet of the letter was folded up, sealed and addressed to its destination. On the flap of the envelope is a mark in imitation of a 12-Register...12. seal because long after envelopes were invented people distrusted the gum and still used wax for security.—The Guidon.

TESTED BY TIME.—In his justly-celebrated Pills Dr. Parmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alterative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

Without books, God is silent, justice dormant, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.

Educational

St. Michael's College Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Commercial, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

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There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world as discretion. Some people are like a river. The only way they can attract attention is by going on a rampage.

The Wife Men found the Child of whom they were in search in Mary's arms, and their joy was thereby increased—may, doubled. Now, it happens that for a long time you strive to find Our Lord in prayer, in meditation—that is, to find His grace and His consolation—and do not experience the happiness you desire, you know to whom you must have recourse in your need in order to find Him, and to experience a two-fold joy in finding Him. It is to Mary that you must turn; she is the Gate of Heaven, and she will give you access to the King.