brass, decidedly." mustn't hear me aid Emily, hastily ves of her music—
a little piece of hat will just do— And running a the strings of th cter—in a tone of ningled, however, of palpitation and

ST 5, 1905.

eart his dwelling has e cheek and burns in u of the ty:ant be ; ? sickness? or chain;

ied, and the tempted charges of grief and im at once to the temb

ellent!" exclaimed door, which, open-stant, gave to the d and (so far as one ppointed ladies, the on of the author of nade a bow to Miss to Miss Bury, and as it was a rare to to receive a comly from a lady, to the solemnity and ner which became as Bury's execution "he went on adith a pick-pocket

Ir. O'Neil, my cont me to let you re-sure you -I mistook

hear this, Miss O'Neil, interrupting or fellow that hasn't to him by anybody d-well !-well !-it an ancestor of mine, , said to Lord——"
that before," said

of it! Well, whose it for ?"
' said Miss O Brien.
' Any thing to the rore ? They're th ds I know. A grand-David Hamond, was the O'Learys of family-I recollect ying—''
ve of theirs.''

ve seen him at the

the young nabob? means—he's one of nic. He's only fit grag and bobtail of like myself, who are myself, who are eir family. I might a fellow for an even-ad money and I had not like that any of bers of my family n. Enough for such elf to be seen in such

too hardly of your. ; we all know that e of the best in Ire-

am, surely I know it Miss Bary, I have s I sit here, there's ily that wouldn't be speaking to me in There are few be-We were v of us. at my cousin g, or vain-glory, I was I the poorest of the I you believe that

ly believe that you vanity out of such a

lear !-it's my pride why not? Arn't my family? Supposing espectable in my own rieve to say is a very it a great thing for there is none of my If a man deserves espect on account of the higher they are greater his access eredit could I receive was below me? Ay, uch as to say, that us lad—but doesn't it t? I felt more proud en my uncle Richard tle than if I had got a

true Sosia, Emily,' n, as another pattering ore gentle and insinu-which was used by Mr. was heard to echo ous hall.

, a rich, though rather ard in parley with the Miss O'Brien's second It was Eugene t. It was shown up.

eived him kindly, but Neil stood as straight re substituted for his aghable enough to obcold, repressing pride man, who confessed in every respect, and se of mental as of cors, stood up to receive d, elegant, and unas-who now stood before did not heed, nor this-but the deporties touched him more to make the reader nto his feelings ll shortly explain the in which both parties

nd's determination to in life, and endeavor nself in a rank above been hastily considered from no better imof an idle vanity.

Naturally gitted with a quick eye, and ready apprehension of the peculiar tone of any grade of society into which he happened to be thrown, he required but a very brief acquaintance with the world, to enable him to discover all the difficulties and mortifications he ground have to encounter in the tions he would have to encounter in the tions he would have he weighed those undertaking, and he weighed those undertaking and seriously against the advanwhich he proposed to himself from

"I admit," he said within himself, as he mused by his atternoon fire, over the kindness and the slights which he had met with in the course of the morning—"I admit that for the insts of society in general, and for e of morality, and of religion itself, buld be much better that all men ould remain in that rank in which they were born, or at least that nothing less than a development of capabilities, absolutely wonderful, should entitle them to seek a place above their fathers. If distinctions of rank are in any degree useful or commendable, it is necessary they should be maintained even to exclusion, unless in a very few instances, when the applicant for adinstances, when the applicant for admission brings an ample equivalent in some one great and beneficial quality to the fortuitous superiority of those whose acquaintance he cultivates. I admit all this. But the case is other than the system of a checket and wise—that system of absolute and un relenting exclusion is not maintained, reienting excussion is not maintained, and the question is, whether my case is not peculiar enough to justify me in seeking for an additional infraction. My poor friends must not be my com-panions—that is clear. The accident of my infancy — my disposition — my education—habits—all have conspired wall between me and the to place a wall between me and the humble life from which I sprung, which I cannot, and would not, if I could, Cincumstances have fitted overleap. Circumstances have fitted for another station, and that station left open to me. It is true that I shall meet, as I have met, many a cold repulse in the attempt, but there are, likewise many over balancing delights. Those smiles, so ready, so sweet, so winning, so hearted, or seeming hearted (and that for me, whose chief wish is to steer clear of the asperities of life, would answer almost as well as of life, would answer almost as well as the sincerity itself) so courteous, and so kind—their brilliant trifling and re-fined pleasantry—are these nothing to the favored and initiated? I will make the trial at all events; and if I fail—if the cold eyes and staring, un

moved faces that glauce like horrid spectres upon the path of the young and unacknowledged fashionist should

and anacknowledged lashlonist should multiply upon mine, why then, farewell happiness and high life, and welcome once again my lowly cot and homely Munster village!"

He did make the trial; and he soon

easily surmounted as he thought they

might be. The encouragement which he met with was much more than suffic-ient to have established a blunter and ient to have established a blunter and less vulnerable nature in perfect peace in the new region; but Hamond's was one which would make no exertion for itself, while it took fire at the slightest act of neglect from others. He seemed to expect that all should agree to drag him forward in spite of himself, and consequently made very little account of condescensions, which were estimated at a high value by those who conferred at a high value by those who conferred them. A hankering consciousness clung about his manner and his conversation, even in his intercourse with even in his interconstance of the first amilies who were best disposed to receive him as an equal; and it was scarcely to be expected, that while he scarcely to be expected, that while he received the scarcely to be expected, that while he seemed bent upon carrying the recollection of his low origin always about him, other people should endeavor to forget it for him. Besides, it was not very agreeable to his new friends to find that they must always speek under FAILED ON FIRST PRINCIPLES.

The road wound in and out among find that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they could hardly venture on a jest, or a sly speech, whatever were the subject of it, without finding Mr. Hamond's spirit, without finding Mr. Hamond's spirit, without finding Mr. Hamond's spirit were any effence intended towards him. He began to feel the consequences of his suspicious and sensitive temper—people shunned him—some gently, some promptly and without apology, some in the find that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they must always speak under the long drawn in and out among the Jack-pines, through thickets of him revealed, into which streams of him revealed promptly and without apology, some in pure pity, some with marked contempt, and some in apprehension. Then the truth broke upon him : suspicion of the he saw others of far inferior pretensions to himself, by a little assurance of manner and an indifference to the fleshwounds of neglect and accidental coldness, succeed in fastening themselves upon the fair eminence, on the crumb-ling and uncertain brink of which he was yet toiling, in the anxiety of hope and iear; and he made an exertion to imitate their example, and to assume an easy callousness of heart, until at least, his hold should be made permanent and secure. But he miscalculated his capabilities most egregiously. A more hideous and painful spectacle, perhaps, cannot be met with in the everyday occurrences of society than that of was yet toiling, in the anxiety of hope naps, cannot be met with in the every-day occurrences of society than that of a person of incorrigible timidity and reserve, assuming or attempting to assume, by absolute violence, the ap-pearance of perfect ease and uncon-scious openness. If Hammond's gentle pearance of perfect ease and uncon-scious openness. If Hammond's gentle embarrassment and absence of manner rendered him a burthen to his com-panions before—his new demeanor his strange familiarity—his queer em-barassed laugh—his ill-timed joke that made everybody look serious, and his intrusive dogmatism of remark, abiolutely astonished, frightened and discussed them. gusted them. Having once convinced himself of the expediency of doing violence to his own feelings, he knew not where to stop, and on passing the boundary which his own heart pre-scribed to him, he trampled without discrimination, and indeed in absolute ignorance, upon those which custom and decency had marked out for his

observance. He was once more compelled to retire in disgrace into his natural self; and almost began to entertain thoughts of quitting the field in despair for ever, when a new and strange accident—
strange to him, though of very usual
occurrence in the history of the human
heart—prevented or delayed his retreat. A titled beauty had proudly
declined the honor of dancing
with him at a fashionable party,

Naturally gifted with a quick eye, and and he was silently stealing through the company, with the intention of get-ting everything ready for his departure for home on the next morninghappening to cast a hurried glance aside, he perceived, in the aperture between the conchoid of a gentleman's nose and the rosy rotundity of a marchioness cheek—a soft black eye, in the distance, directed full upon him, with an expression of the tenderest interest his poor forlorn heart had ever experienced since it had been cast upon th busy wilderness of fashion. There never was an eye—not in Ireland; no. yeoman's service like that one.

There not even in Manster, nor in bright-eyed Limerick itself—that did its owner ade as swift work of Eugene's heart as (the reader will pardon our sacrific ing elegance to strength)—as a pavier's rammer might have done. It was an eye that had been following Hamond in ilence throughout the evening with a kinder closeness of observation than mere commiseration might suggest; and was now, at the particular moment when it came in direct contact of intel-ligence with his own, filled up with the gentlest concern. On inquiry, Hamond discovered that it was the property of a lady of high birth, and (of course) fine accomplishments; her name that of the fair songstress to whom we have

lately introduced our readers.

From this moment the whole object of Hamond's life was changed. He no of Hamond's life was changed. He holonger courted the patronage nor heeded the neglect of fashicn—and only stole quietly through its bye ways to secure himself a place at the side of her who now appeared to him to constitute its sole attraction and adornment.

"I was mistaken in it," he said, in his distaste and impatience; "this proud world is not made for me, nor I for it. I will return to the condition for it. I will return to the condition from which I was taken, and divest my-self as speedily as possible of those unluxuriances of feeling which my poor uncle, in endeavoring to make a forced plant of me, little calculated on producing. But before I return to the ways of plain and honest nature I will endeavor to pluck out of this rank and unweeded garden, that single rose for the decoration of my humble hearth."

That little rose, however, happened

to be a great deal more thorny than he apprehended. Although he was not long in ascertaining that he had made a long in ascertaining that he had made a progress in the good opinion of Miss Bury, which might have satisfied even the voracious craving of a sensitive love like his, yet there were many annoyances equally disagreeable to both parties, which mingled in the delicacies parties, which mingled in the delicacies of their intimacy their intimacy, and retarded that perfect union of spirit which is ever necessary to the gratification of a heart that is at all dainty in its affections. Emily had betrayed some lack of self-knowledge, when she declared to hereigned Martha, that she had no pride found that the difficulties which he had anticipated were not so fleeting nor so friend Martha, that she had no pride. She had not enough to enable her to master her passion for her plebeian lover-but she had quite enough to feel annoyed and humiliated by the slights which were continually thrown on him and in her presence. On these occasions, when Eugene attempted to resume the conversation which had been so disagreeably interrupted, he would find Miss Bury a little reserved and lukewarm, and could sometimes trace the shadow of an inward fretting upon her brow. His own pride took fire at this, and frequent and mutual embar-rassment was the result. At length, grown absolutely weary of the gauze paper miseries and difficulties of their flickering acquaintance, Hamond man-fully made up his spirit to the resolution of dissevering or uniting their fortunes

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAILED ON FIRST PRINCIPLES. from the crumpled half of an old news-

He raised his head and listened impatiently, but the call was not repeated and he turned again to the paper, which contained a woodcut map of the Philip contained a woodcut map of the Philippines, indicating by gaudy-colored lines the field of operations of the American troops. Then he took an old geography map from his pocket and unfolded it, and traversed the route from New York to Manila with his berry stained forefinger. His eye kindled with imaginative fearures the glamor of strange lands finger. His eye kindled with imaginative fervor; the glamor of strange lands was upon him. Here lay the world. It was the only chance he would ever have of seeing its wonders. Joe would have gone to the Philippines, too, if he had lived. He meant to see it out, he said, when he went away. If Joe couldn't stand it here, how could mother expect him to? Joe was only just turned stand it nere, new could modifier expect him to? Joe was only just turned eighteen when he enlisted. He, him-self, was seventeen past; that it was only a month did not make any difference; was in his eighteenth year, any

The look of unrest on his face grew into miserable discontent as he f up the papers and put them back into his pocket. All the boys had gone; there was nobedy left but kids. Joe and Will and Charlie Johnson. These three comprised "all the boys."

It was almost noon when he picked up the two pails of huckleberries which had been his morning work, and went home. Dinner was ready and waiting; fried pork and Johnny-cake, to which his mother added a few huckleberries from the pails. "They'll over-run that much," she told him. "There won't be nothing but Johnny-cake to-morrow if you don't make haste and get to town with your berries; that's the last bit It was almost noon when he picked

down when he tried to clamber up into

his lap.

"Obed Munger, ain't you ashamed?
There, don't cry, Johnnie. Mother will give you some huckleberries all by yourself and put sugar on 'em," she said consolingly, as she took out another handful and, putting them into a cracked saucer, sprinkled them with brown smart from a small paper purcel on the sugar from a small paper parcel on the

"What's the matter of having a little sugar on our'n, too ?" Cub's manner was rebellions.

"There ain't more'n a spoonful left. Somebody will need that for medicine, likely. Folks that want sugar on their erries better hustle a little and earn

is provided," he told her suggestively.
"Yes, in jail. Be you thinkin of goin'?." "There's places where a man's sugar

"There's ther places," he said

laconically. "Yes, I s'pose there is, Cub Munger. Joe got his sugar provided for him. That air't all he got, either; he gct a bullet through his head. Ain't hankerin' to try your luck, be you?" Her cheek had paled under its tan. She had never before voiced the fear that was tugging at her heart, but she

had felt its presence.

Cub did not reply; he had never openly defied his mother's authority. He ate on in dogged silence. "There ain't nothing here for a feller," he

or a feller, ne broke out presently.

"There's just as much for you as there is for me and the children. It's all we can both do to make a livin' for

"I s'pose 'tis, in this hole." "I s pose tis, in this noie."
"This ain't no worse than some other places I've been dragged through. We always wandered from pillar to post as long as your pa lived. I'd rather stay here and starve than to drag around any longer. Joe was just like him, and now you. It ain't patriotism; it ain't love of your country; it's just the curse of the wandering foot, and a worse one never wore a body out. It finished your father; it finished Joe, and it'll finish you, likely," she said flercely. She was unconsciously breaking the Johnny-cake into little golden bits but she did not eat them.

Cub rose abruptly from the table and went out. He yoked the steers and hitched them to the rickety old wagon, hitched them to the rickety old wagon, then he drove around to the door and loaded in the huckleberries. There were the pickings of himself and his mother for three days; three bushes in all. With them he must buy meal and pork and sugar, and soda and tea. If there was anything left he was to get himself a pair of overalls. One garhimself a pair of overalls. One gar ment at a time as it was most needed; that was the way they managed. That his needs were always considered first

he never stopped to think.

His mother brought out the list written down on a scrap of wrapping paper and read them off to him. "You won't need the overalls if you enlist," she told him bitterly. She stood miserably by the side of the wagon while he fastened in the endboard and climbed fastened in the endboard and climbed up into the seat. She could not let him go in this uncertainty, "Cub, you ain't calculatin' on goin, be you? What could I do with the children alone? The protein all more in all more. what could I do will alone; I'm de-alone? The rest is all gone; I'm de-pendin on you." She cleared her throat alone? The rest is all gone; I muspendin on you." She cleared her throat
bravely and waited for a reply, but
Cub only sat and looked down at the
old wire-wound tire that threatened to
fall off the wheel. "Anyhow, you
ain't old enough—not for a year. I can
fetch you back if you do go," she continued desnerately. He started the tinued desperately. He started the oxen on. "I shall come after you if you ain't home before midnight," she called after him, and the hills across the track took up the echo, and re

peated it warningly. The road wound in and out among

rabbits alone. The river was low at the ford. There had been a bridge here once, but it had gone out in a freshet some time ago. Since then they had forded the stream in summer; in winter they crossed on the ice.
There were so few to travel the old woods road now; most people went around by the state road, but that was all of few miles forther. all of five miles farther. It was 4 o'clock when he drove the steers up to the watering trough on the outskirts of Nistonee. He watered them and then took his berries to the store where they were in the habit of trading. He they were in the habit of tradings bought the meal and pork and sugar and the rest of the groceries, but he did not get the overalls "Might not

and the rest of the groteries, so did not get the overalls "Might not need them," he muttered grimly.

Then he sauntered down the street with his hands in his pockets. There was a good deal to see that would naturally interest a boy like Cub from the barren region of the plains, but there was only one place for which he looked was only one place for was only one place for which he looked with both eyes, and that was the re-cruiting office. There was one here somewhere, he knew, but he had never run across it. He had always meant to find it, but the right time had never seemed to come till now. Up and down, street after street, he pledded doggedly, and presently he found it; an unpre tentious entrance in an old brown build-ing. He had thought to find flaunting

flags and beating drums.

There was nothing in the face of the elderly, gray haired man seated at the eaule to suggest an army officer; no epaulets or insignia of rank. He shuffled awkwardly into the room; the man looked up inquiringly.

looked up inquiringly.

"Is this the place folks go to enlist?" he blurted out. His tongue

" Possibly," he said,
" Ain't too slim nor nothin'?"

"Well, you are not very heavy, that's a fact. What is your name?" "Obed Munger."

"Obed Munger."
"How old are you?"
"I'm in my eighteenth year." Cub had planned his answer to this question long ago. It would answer the same purpose as if he had said eighteen, he decided, but the next remark dispelled

"You are only seventeen, then?"
Cab nodded. Whether this spoiled
his chances or not, the glance of the
man's eyes compelled an honest an

wer.
"Did you get the consent of your parents to enlist?"
"Cub hesitated a moment then he

"Cub hesitated a moment then he shook his head.
"D d they know o'your intention?"
"Did she say you could go?"
Cub shook his head again. There was no use of lying. He had never made a practice of lying; he would not begin now.

not begin now.
"Sit down and let us talk a while." The gentleman motioned to a chair and

cub slouched into it.
It brought him into direct line of vision with the kindliest gray eyes Cub ever remembered to have seen. They ever remembered to have seen. They searched him through and through and left nothing of all his life untold which Cub could remember as worth the tel-ling. When it was finished he waited

expectantly, but his listener suddenly expectantly, but his listener suddenly straightened up. A steely sternness tempered the gray of his eyes.

"You would not make a good soldier," he said gravely. "The first commandment in a soldier's decalogue commandment in a soldier's decalogue is obedience. Every soldier has to stand an examination before he is adstand an examination before he is admitted to the service; you have stood your examination—and failed. Go home to your mother and try again."
He got up decisively as if the interview many action and try again.

view was at an end.

Cub looked up in shocked uncer-

"Go home to your mother and try tainty. again." The words were repeated this time with a more kindly intenation. He put on his old straw hat and went

out without a word.

The man watched him out of sight with satisfaction. "It's a good thing Haines was away this afternoon-for

Haines was away this afternoon—for the boy," he said musingly.

Cub stared about in surprise after he left the building. Great masses of purple black cloud were rolling up from the west, which occasional flashes of lightning broke into ragged fragments. The stoom were airaid of of lightning broke into ragged frag ments. The steers were afraid of thunder. He went rapidly down the street. A deafening crash seemed to open the earth at his feet. He broke into a run. They were tied, but they might break away. He stopped at the store and got his bundles, and the overalls, and went on. He had unhitched the steers from the wagon and tied them to a post. The post was there, and the wagon, but no steers. Only a bit of rope clinging to the post and a few straws of dry pony grass and a few straws of dry pony grass showed where they had stood. He put the parcels into an old rubber bag which he always brought along for pos sible showers, and throwing it over

shoulder started for home.

Here and there were ox tracks which passing teams had not obliterated. They would make directly for home, he felt sure. It was rapidly becoming dark, but flashes of lightning kept him on the right track after he had turned. shoulder started for home on the right track after he had turned off the main, traveled road. He had left the last house when the storm left the last house when the storm broke, and his only refuge was a scraggy Jack-pine, but he was thankful for even that. Torrents rained from the clouds such as he had never seen before. He could only gasp breathlessly and cling to the friendly Jack pine. A gully beside the road quickly became a seething pond which the lightning revealed, into which streams of water were pouring from every direc-

At home his mother had watched him At home his mother had watched him out of sight with misgiving. There was no knowing what Cub would do when he got one of those sullen spells. They were such spells as his father used to have when the old restlessness came upon him. Nothing would exercise them but change, and they had goaded him on and on until he went to his grave. She used to wonler sometimes if he was really lying under the sweet fern where they had laid him. It was in the blood; she might have known Cub would not have escaped. If only she might make things a little known Cub would not have escaped. If only she might make things a little pleasanter for him; but there was little she could do and so little to do with. When he came—if he did—she would do what she could.

All the afternoon, she scrubbed, and

would do what she could.

All the atternoon she scrubbed and scored. Only so could she work off the miserable unrest that goaded her on. The children brought flowers, which she set on the table in a handle

1388 pitcher.
Wheat flour was a luxury to be used only on special occasions, but she took a part of her cherished one sack to make a huckleberry shortcake for his supper; there would be sugar for the

dressing when he came.

During the storm she stood at the window as if fascinated. Cub would be on his road home. After it was over she gave the children their supper and put them to bed, then she went out and milked the cow. She stood a long time at the barnyard bars. The clock struck ten and she counted the strokes strack ten and she counted the strokes hopelessly. It was time he was hore. Suddenly she heard the trampling of feet and the steers turned in from the if you don't make haste and get to town with your berries; that's the last bit of pork in the house. Whatever was you doing so long? 'Pears as if you ought to have filled them pails in half the time. 'Taint no little job to drive ten miles and back with a yoke of steers.''

Her querulous tone irritated him. How, '' he told her. There was a sullen look in his eyes, and he pushed Johnnie

bank. It was a torrent now, with foamy waves. She peered into its muddy depths. Was Cub and the wagon drifting down the stream somewhere between its banks? She sat down and buried her face in her hands. It was nearly an hour later when a wet hand on her hour later when a wet hand on her

hour later when a wet hand on her shoulder startled her into a consciousness of her surroundings. Cub was standing beside her and the water streamed from his clothes.

"Is this you, mother? What are you doing out here this time of night?"

She clung to his hand all the way home. When they went in the clock showed just five minutes to twelve.

"You said for me to get home before

"You said for me to get home before m dnight and I have done it, mother, he said. Then he went out and un-yoked the steers, and his mother took the groceries from the old rubber bag; they were dry and unburt. When she came to the overalls she stopped joy-

fully.

"He's give up going," she said.

Then she broke down and cried.—The Interior.

INTERESTING MISSION OF THE REDEMPTORISTS

The Redemptorist Fathers finished an interesting mission to non-Catholics in Trenton, N.Y. Given in the Cathe-dral, it attracted a great deal of attendral, it attracted a great deal of atten-tion, particularly through the press, and the crowds thronged the church, especially at the closing exercises, when Father Zilles preached on "The Church of Christ" There was a large class of inquirers left under instruc-tion.

tion. The interesting part of the mission was the way it stirred up a couple of ministers. They could not allow so great an occasion to pass by without

great an occasion to pass by without securing some little notoriety. One of them, Rev. Alfred W. Wishart, announced a series of sermons to "non-Protestants" as an offset to the mission to "non-Catholics."

In his sermon as printed in the press, he said: "To night we shall test the claims (of the Roman Church) by the New Testament and chiefly by the teaching and example of Jesus Christ. To anticipate an objection, let me say that in applying the Biblical test, I do not forget that the Church existed before the New Testament and I do not claim infallibility for the Bible.

infallibility for the Bible.

"Jesus was not a priest. He was a layman unordained to ministerial or priestly functions. He made no priests, organized no Church, gave out no creed, established no forms of worship.

Jesus only used the word Church twice. He never ever hinted about a Pope," and so on in this strain. If the Fathers were really wise they would arrange to have this good infallibility for the Bible.

they would arrange to have this good minister follow them up in every instance. The gentleman is the minisstance. The gentleman is the minister of the Central Baptist Church in Trenton, N. J.
The Rev. A. J. Weisley, of the Pres

byterian Church, too, essayed a counter movement to the missions. He said, among other things: "Presbyterianism is based on apostolic foundation and can be trased through the ages, not in an unbroken line, but hy a better an unbroken line, but by a better means than an unbroken line made up of drunken monks who handed down theological dogmas to drunken monks."
(Whew! that is a hard blow. If the drunken monks had only handed down theological dogmas.) He continued: "The doctrine of the Presbyterian The doctrine of the Presbyerian Church does not teach God has elected some men for damnation, nor that children dying in infancy are damned."—The Missionary.

ALCOHOL A POISON.

It is useless for alcohol to go to Sir Frederick Treves, King Edward's physician, for a character. He said the following hard things about it at a meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, at the Church House, Westminster, recently; "It is distinctly a poison and the limitation of its use should be as strict as that of any other kind of poison. "It is, moreover, an insidious poison, producing effects for which the only antidote is alcohol again.

capacity for work fails enormously.

'It brings up the reserve forces of
the body and throws them into action, with the result that when they are used up there is nothing to fall back "On the march to Ladysmith, the

soldiers who were drinkers fell out as though they were labelled."

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