the coverlet.

A moment later he was hurrying down a street in a quarter of St. Petersburg where those live who are neither poor nor rich, and where the gensdarmes find that order of thinking which in the Western World we call originality and reward with success, but which, in the Eastern World, is called criminal and finds its reward in the sait mines of

finds its reward in the salt mines of Siberia, or a political dungeon in some other kingdom no less terrible.

Paul walked until he grew very tired and was almost overcome by sleep,—the sleep he should have hid after the register of this stick! star climbed out of his sight. He looked about for some possible refuge, and close at hand, next to an old stone house, he saw a shed with a heavy two wheeled cart in which sand and stone wheeled cate in which said and stone were hauled for the streets. He climbed the rough wheels, dropped into the cart.

and soon fell asleep.

He awakened with a start and real-

He awakened with a start and realized that the cart was moving on, and with an exclamation, he stood straight up and took hold of its sides.

"Holy Mother, protect us!" exclaimed the laborer Grotsky, who was walking beside the horse, "the Christ Child has come to bless my labor." Put Paul cried out, "I am hungry."

"Hungry!" repeated Gratsky, then, little one, we shall turn back." He swung the big, dapple-gray horse around, and went back a hundred feet to the stone house the child had seen beside the shed where the cart stood.

"Here, old woman," the laborer called loudly, "come and take this child in, and give him a bowl of milk."
When she came, he said, softly, "Deal very gently with the little one, for I believe it is the Christ Child that is come to us."

It was a superstition, perhaps, but, since they had lost their little boy called Pio, named for the great Pope, they had cherished the thought that some time the Christ Child would come to them and tell them how it fared with their little one. The peasant's eyes filled with tears, and the mother led the little boy in, wiping her own eyes with her great blue apron. No royal guest was ever entertained with greater gentleness than that which Paul Welonski met with in the home of sible. But there is only one thing that so this back, and that is to stay

After two days, the child determined to tell these kind friends about his promise and his journey, but an instinctive dread kept him silent. He had a feeling that somehow he might interfere with his brother's plans and his return with their father. So he lissed them all groud night and on the listen and the listen in the scale. his return with their father. So he kissed them all good-night, and on the next morning crept softly out in the same way he had slipped out of the in-

same way he had slipped out of the inclosure.

He wanted to leave them something, but he had nothing; then he thought of his new shoes, and he took them off and placed them on the little bench where he had slept. It would be very hard travelling barefoot, but he wished them to know he cared for their tenderness to him.

In the pliant clay the means of readily expressing the thoughts that were with him night and day. Meanwhile, the sculptor, Antocolski, in his own mind, was working out a way to win back the exiled brother.

This sculptor was in high favor at St. Petersburg, and the Christ which had gone to the church in the center of the city was a gift of the exarc himself.

sight of a rude image upon which two men were at work in front of a strange house,-strange to the child, for the roof was made of glass, and there was a great door in the center, and a small door within the big one; and the small door had swung open. As the child watched these men working at this rough-looking statue, he thought they must be beginners, for he knew nothing of a statue's growth from the crude stone to the finished work. Through the small doorway he caught sight of a white figure of Christ. One of the the small doorway he caught sight of a white figure of Christ. One of the men saw him looking at it with an eager expression, and said: "The boy kept the face before him until he was a youth of seventeen. The last four years he had spent at the a good look for yourself. It's going away soon; and it's only just fingled."

"Going away," Paul thought, and the good medal and the Prix by taking the gold medal and

"Going away," Paul thought, and then he asked, "Where?" for only heaven, it seemed to the child, could be fit for such a beautiful thing; and, led on by the kind words of the workman, he stepped through the doorway and stood before the heroic figure of Christ with arms extended as if saying: Suffer little children to come unto

Slowly the little legs sank under him, and he fell upon his knees, his hands clasped tightly to his breast, and his eyes lifted to the face that seeme to possess all the tenderness he had ever dreamed of, and to understand all the problems that had perplexed him. He thought that this must have been the face the star was thinking of when it rose so steadily and gleamed always

He had been kneeling several minutes when the master who was about to enter the studio, stopped in the doorway, struck by the artistic beauty of the child, and by his abandonment to the feeling that swayed him in the eestacy of his vision.

"Oh, how I wish my Christ were

as the Christ this child sees!" he ex claimed. In truth this scene was the very Christ Child come again. "What an inspiration for a sculptor!" thought the master. Surely I must hold him until I model his face and his pliant,

graceful figure.' Stepping through the doorway, he spoke kindly to Paul, who started as if awakened from sleep; but, seeing the benignant face of the sculptor,

My boy, do you care for this statue

at I have just finished?"
The child turned to him, his face It seems the very Christ to me. It is more beautiful than the star., The master led the child on carefully, until he had heard much about this star, studying all the time the form and contour of the face and head.

The czar, bowed his head, and a pained look crossed his face. The master presented the youth, who came forward shyly. Half to himself the czar muttered, "He has the face for the work." To Antocolski he said, "You have chosen well."

"What have you been taught to

do?" he asked.
"My brother has taught me to carve wood, but I hope to make a statue— never like this beautiful one, but like those in the square that follow me through my dreams."

"So you shall," the sculptor replied,

"for you shall stay here with me and work." The face lighted up again, then shadowed.
"I cannot," he cried out, although his whole heart beat with joy at

the thought of staying there. "I am starting on a journey, a long

journey. "And where are you going, my child?'

"i don't know. I only know it is far, far away,—that it is very cold there, and that my father went there long ago. We have been waiting for him to come home. Last week my brother started home. Last week my brother states, to find him on the same long journey."

"Your brother started to find him,"

"Your brother started to find him,"

the sculptor repeated, "on the same long journey?"
"Yes." said the child.

"Have you never the name of the place!"
"No. My brother would not let me

ask anyone, and he never told me."
"Where did you live when your

brother went away?"
"I lived past the great church with Mother Grevy, in one of the stone houses where she keeps the gate on the street called—."

"Oh!" exclaimed the sculptor "you

lived in the house that was torn down the day before yesterday, where all There were strange rats in that house,

my little man."
"Yes there were rats," Paul replied. "Whenever I heard a noise at night, my brother told me that Miece, Mother Grevy's dog, had chased one into the

Did your brother go away alone?" "Oh, no! He had friends among the soldiers who might call for him at any time, he told me. 'Noisy fellows,' he called them. They were very good friends of his, and were to go with him to the station,"
"Yes," the sculptor said, "they must

have been very good friends. Now, my little man, you must not cry when I tell you about your brother's going, for I know something about it. He has,

indeed, gone on a long journey."
"But he said he would come back,

After two days, the child determined will bring him back, and that is to stay

the city was a gift of the czar himself ness to him.

On and on he walked until the late

the city was a gift of the czar himself.

For three years the boy worked on, On and on he walked until the late afternoon. His feet were sore when he reached the suburbs that artists have made a rendezvous, — away from the noise of the town, the jangle of bells, and the passing of people. and the passing of people.

He was stopped suddenly by the grown to be his dearest friend. The dog would watch every movement of the boy, and in his lonely hours Max filled, in a measure, the blank left by the departure of that brother whom he prayed for night and morning. All his work was for the return of his brother.

Antocolski brought to the studio, one day, the picture of a very beautiful

During the last year a statue of a little girl had grown in the studio; first in clay, then in plaster, and then in the finest marble that the mines of Carrara could furnish. It was the only daughter of the ezar, the ideal of her fether's heart, who had died idol of her father's heart, who had died at the age at which the picture represented her, and whom sculptor and painter had tried in vain to reproduce to the czar's satisfaction.

The sculptor knew that only one The sculptor knew that only one thing could bring back Frederick Welonski and his father; that no money could purchase their return; that only some gift beyond price could win the word from the carr which would mean freedom to the cairs. mean freedom to the exiles.

At length the statue was completed, and the czar's secretary told Antocolski that the czar would visit the studio to see the tatue and the sculptor who had

The next afternoon there was a great noise outside the studio, and men on horseback and the carriage of the czar stopped there, and the bodyguard formed in a circle round the door. Chisel and hammer were forgotten as the marble cutters gazed in awe at the

royal visitor.

They were going to open the great door, but the czar said he could pass through the small one, and stepped through it with the freedom of a man used to exercise.

Are you the sculptor, Antocolski?" "My czar, I wish I were. But I have one here who, although a youth, has accomplished what I thought was impossible to render. I mean the spiritual beauty of the fairest of all children."

The czar, bowed his head, and a pained

the day before yesterday, where all those dangerous papers were found hidden in the space between the walls.

Antocolski went on telling how Paul had passed seven years with this face before him, and then said, "My czar, if you wish to brighten and bless this life forever, speak the word which will recall the brother and father from

The elder brother knew not where he was going,—only that he was treated with a kindness which astounded him. He had, alas! reached that almost comatose condition where the man be-comes as the pick or shovel that he handles, or the benumbing machinery that he watches.

One morning he awoke hearing the bell in the prison at St. Petersburg. The ezar had become so interested in this The exar had become so interested it was story of suffering and achievement that he had planned—for his own happiness, perhaps,—that the meeting of the two brothers should be in his private library with each the sculps. before the statue, with only the sculp-tor Antocolski and himself present. Frederick Welonski's wonder grew when he was taken to the royal palace, when he was taken to the royal palace, and at at length was shown into the czar's private library alone, with only books, a desk, and a covered statue. Soon he saw a face he knew, and Antocoliki entered. The distinguished seulptor did not dare to break the good news too, suddenly, after the awful news too suddenly, atter the awful blank and loneliness of the seven exiled

"So you have come back from your long journey, Welonski, and you will take up your wood-carving again?"
"Yes, I hope so," he answered, with the meekness of one who has been companioned by his thoughts alone and in

panioned by his thoughts alone, and to

panioned by his thoughts alone, and to whom introspection is second nature.

"Have you word of your—" the sculptor hesitated,— "of your family?"

"I have no family, Mr. Antocolski."

"But when you went away, had you not a brother, a small brother?"

"Oh, yes," and the face lighted for the first time, "have you news of him?"

"If I had not, I should not come here to-day to meet you." "He is alive, then?"

Alive and well," the sculptor re-

"What is he doing?" "We will show you presently, but I am waiting for His Majesty, whose prisoner you still are."

At that moment the door opened, and the Czar walked in. He sat down at his desk, and leaned his head on both his desk, and leaned his head on both hands as if in deep thought. He scarcely noticed the two men. Sudden-ly, he seemed to awake. Looking up, he said: "Is this Welonski, the nihil-

ist?''
'Yes, Your Majesty,'' Antocolski

replied.
"This is the prisoner who led that dangerous movement down in—Street, where we found papers inciting thousands of the Poles to insurrection?'

"Yes, Your Majesty."
"Antocolski, lift the drapery off that statue. The sculptor moved forward to do it.

"And very gently, mind you," the Czar added. Welonski could not withhold an exclamation of wonder as he looked at the beautiful figure of the child, stroking her dove. Not only was it carved with the dexterity of a skillful sculptor, but it was touched with the tenderness of a

great spirit.
"Is it not strange," the Czar continued, "that this child should have purchased your freedom, and that to me you are no longer Welonski the nihilist, but Welonski the wood-carver, with a living of your own, and a house great spirit. with a living of your own, and a house

morse's hoofs clatter down the streets with the speed with which the czar's messages are carried about the vast kingdom.

The statue of his child was transferred to his private library, and, as its beauty and likeness grew upon him, the car became impatient to compensate the sculptor for the joy he had given.

Telegrams came and went. Frederick Welouski was at length found, much broken, but still at work in those mines where the strongest lives wear out in a dazen years, and where insanity and death claim both men and women before they have touched the goal of middle age.

For long time the father could not be found, but at length the record came, "Shot for inciting others to escape."

Another Polish martyr was lamented in that silence which is not allowed to be broken throughout Siberia.

The elder brother knew not where he was going,—only that he was treated in was going,—only that he was treated in the sum of the care of the sakakichewan echoing back the fairest airs of beautifal France and such the fairest airs of beautifal France and such the fairst rapids. We see that rapids. But we was a fair miss, these shallows, often so angerous, offer not the least obstacle. Three and the might we see after the showly, are doubtful as to effects, and often impair the health and constitution of the patient. It herefore look upon this remedy as a real bone, recommend it hearthly to all concerned, and bespeak for it here in Montreal there are seems to be no means to find land we anchor on the top of the discussion of the research of

word. Indeed then to case and such act and suffictions.

At day break we quit this inhospitable place. A gende wind swells our sails and we lift our hearts to God. About 4 p m a black spot is to be seen above the distant horizon. It is St. Joseph's mission built on the stores of Lake Cumberland. Rev. Father Boissin accompanied by the majority of his flock is there to meet his Bisnop and to select a blessing for himself and the faithful confided to a could to the zest and ability of fail shock is there to the case of the selection of the Bisnop and to select a blessing for himself and the faithful confided to a could to the zest and ability of Repaskable sacrifices has raised the builting and performed all the work with for the spiritual wants of an interpret of the mission, gathers the faithful whose district. Rev. Father Boissin, now in charge of the mission, gathers the faithful whose day and interprets to them in the Cree language. The Bisnop preaches in French. The mission was closed by a general Communion, Solema High Mass and confirmation. In the evening continual Vespers, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, crowned that beautiful day.

III.

In the meantime Father Charlebois had avaired from Pelicen Narrow where he had

In the meantime Father Charlebois had arrived from Pelican Narrow where he had been working forover a year with tev. Father itossigno to erect a new church we are expected at the mission to the 15th of July it covers the floor several inches. All around the mission is destroyed or swept away by a storage to the covers inches. All around the mission increases to a real hurricane. All around the mission below increases to a real hurricane. All the wind abstes and again we enter our traggie bark on note for Pelican Narrows, we expected to arrive there on Saturday night, but a strong head wind prevented us from reaching the mission before nightfall and we are compelled to land in order to celebrate Holy Mass next morning in our tents. It was only late in the after noon we espied St. Gertrude's church built on an et-vated spot, surmounted by a monuental cross overlooking both the lake and the surrounding country. Here again we are the happy witnesses of what apostolic zeal can accomplish, for the splendid chapel is also the work of Father Charlesbois, assisted by Father Rossignol. As the Indians will not be here earlier than august the 15th we set out at once for the mission before the mission, that of Remder Lake, about three hundred and fifty miles I then north. After three days' hard work were at the entrance of the Lake. It is Sunday and we land to spend the Lord's Day with a few families who are glad to avail themselves of our presence to receive the Sacraments of Penance and the mission was established to the word of the word of the service of the service of the mission was established for the service of th

The master than stepped forward to uncover the statue himself, and the car dropped into a chair placed in the shadow of the statue, which stood directly under the north light. He tenderty lifted the draping, as if the were unveiling a living thing, for he had come to love this statue. When it was all uncovered, it stood there in all its white and perfect beauty, a child of six or seven, with her hair flowing loosely in the wind, and holding upon her left hand a dove, which she was stroking gently with her right hand, the winle she looked down at the bird with all the delight children take in the best step love.

The scalptor and his pupils almothed their reparts the chair in which the czar as no movement in the chair in which the czar sone, till saddenly he drew his hand acrosh his forelead, and covered his eyes.

"What is the price you put upon your pupils work, Artocolski?"

"My czar," the master replied, "there has no price. Money cannot buy ir. It is a gift from this studio to your majesty."

"My czar," the master replied, "there has no price. Money cannot buy ir. It is a gift from this studio to your majesty."

"What can my kingdom afford to repay the young sculptor for this perfect work?"

"My poor people! Why poor people!" the czar, I am too peot and the college which and his brother, and how he had come to the studio and was about to start out on the long journey they had taken.

"My poor coople! My poor people!" the czar exclaimed, "how lish is face before him, and then said, "My zar," list for her part her own her and had passed seven y gears with this face before him, and then said, "My zar," life you wish to brighten and bless it face before him, and then said, "My zar," life you wish to brighten and bless this face before him, and then said, "My zar," life you wish to brighten and loss of the proper him and her and he had some a sulptor and her her and his brother, and how he had come had a complete the car, I am too people! The czar exclaimed, "how le when her and his brother, and how he had come

ALCOHOLISM CAN BE CURED.

Rev. Father Quinlivan's Opinion of the New Antidote,

Siberia."

With the generosity and impulsiveness for which the late czar was noted, he exclaimed, "It shall be done at once!"

He did not wait to return to the palace, but turning to the secretary who stood hehind his chair, he spoke a hasty word. One of the guards was dispatched at once, and the boy's heart grew dumb as he heard the horse's hoofs elatter down the streets with the speed with which the czar's messages are carried about the vast messages are carried about the vast messages are carried about the vast side of the multitude in whishing the departing paster a haspy journ'y and as for the Bullitude, he multitude in whishing the departing paster a haspy journ'y and as for the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the friendly face has disappeared they imported he being friendly face has disappeared they imported he being friendly face has disappeared they imported he being friendly face has disappeared they imported he shore when the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor in the short space of the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to direct the liquor in the short space of the liquor in the short space of the edath of lawying in the done and safer the liquor in the short space of the edath of lawying in the done and safer

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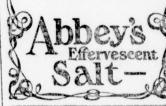
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