was no safety in jumping, no escaping being dashed to death against the wall es, no chance but to reach that of trees, no chance but to leave the stretch of open ground which seemed so hopefully far off. Daretti's face was hopefully far off. white and set; he leaned forward, very white and set; he leaned forward, holding a steady rein and urging on the grays with voice and whip. Teodoro felt strangely calm. He crossed himself mechanically, but his brain seemed sell mechanicary, but his brain seemed paralyzed. The young groom slid down from his high seat behind and hung at the back of the pheaton. Theodore shricked to him, but his voice was drowned in the clatter of iron-shod The runaways were leaping on hoofs. The runaways were leaping on to them now, and the groom sprang at the leaders' bridles. He had calculated well. The startled animals swerved and plunged, the groom was borne off his feet but clung frantically to his hold his feet but coung frantically to his hold on the curbs. The pole-horses dashed blindly on, rushing against the leaders, who fell sprawling and kicking, the groom underneath, and then there was heaving, struggling mass piled in leading, fighting confusion. Teodoro bleeding, fighting confusion. Teodoro gave a cry and covered her face at the gave a cry and covered her face at the sickening sight. The grays tore on, the open was reached, and Adriano turned sharply and skilfully across the uneven turf, trying to soothe the excited beasts. Not hearing the runaways thunder by as he expected, he turned his head, saw the struggling hear a few rods hehind, saw the groom's turned his head, saw the struggling heap a few rods behind, saw the groom's seat empty. "Good God!" he cried, and tossing away the reins he sprang from the phaeton, leaving the grays to their fate and ran back to the scene of

the accident.
"He is under the leaders! Hold down their heads, while I cut the traces and set the others free!" called Adriano to Teodoro, who had quickly followed him. It seemed an age before he could disentangle the harness from the terrified Then coming forward he saw the mangled body of the poor groom it lay crushed beneath the heavy ders. He turned deadly sick and faint at the sight and staggered back-"Oh, Thompson, my poor faith-O God, put him out of his suffering! O God, have mercy on us all!" Gathering up the reins and broken traces and binding the helpless horses tightly, heads and hoofs together, the two men rolled the quivering bodies to one side, and tenderly extricated the poor young fellow, moaning and writh-

ing in anguish.
"Thank God, help is coming—help is coming at last!" exclaimed Teodoro, as coming at last! exclaimed Teodoro, as figures were seen running towards them from the open. An ambulance was quickly summoned, and there were plenty now to help, but when the poor bruised body was laid on the stretcher Adriano knelt by it, and all the way to the hospital held the bleeding head on

Teodore knelt by Adriano's side. "Do you remember, brother," he whispered, "she said she would be praying for you in half an hour? It must have been at that very moment that your life

was saved."
"Saved for what?" muttered Adriano,
turning away. "And at what cost?
The only son of his mother, and she a The innocent for the guilty! TO BE CONTINUED.

HE WHO WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

Maurice Glennon was feeling painfully undecided, and, at the same time, feebly vexed with himself for his indecision. Some people, knowing him but little, thought him cautious; in his heart of heart she knew himself for what he was, irresolute. Once in a rare burst of confidence he had said of himself that the only thing of which he was ever certain was that he was uncertain. Just now he was contemplating matri-mony, and wrought himself into a condition of irritable perplexity in his effort to decide which girl to ask. For there were two, and all the current of Maurice's being (an uncertain and hesitand his sense of duty cried aloud to sense of duty" when he tried to reason the matter out. In reality it was cupidity, but Maurice was a euphemist when engaged in labelling his motives.

And "relatives" really meant his thin-lined covered by the shop when he entered, a big blue appron before her, and blue cases coverlined the shop was a couple of sons. She was working in the car jolt so much that Katty and his only hope lay in making the car jolt so much that Katty and his only hope lay in making the car jolt so much that Katty and his only hope lay in making the car jolt so much that Katty and his only hope lay in making the car jolt so much that Katty at really meant his thin-lined to leave his daughter in some endearments, no assent even. There lipped, energetic, strong-willed sister. True, his father and mother echoed her tury, since she was a girl of fifteen, she had ruled the roost; her father, mother and brother were ciphers. And she had enough character to make up for her brother's lack of it. The people of M—, who knew her well, said she could "herd a field of mice." It was who decided that Maurice should go into the Civil Service, who energeti-cally supervised his studies, who ruled m from the farm at home during his ten years in London, and who now had picked a wife with money for him, and was determined he should have her.

Maurice was a clerk in the second and had done very well. Without strength of character, he yet had many minor good qualities. appearance and manners were refined; he was industrious, punctual, steady and painstaking. He might never hope to attain to great heights, but promotion within average limits was sure and He was a respectable medi-Girls called him a nice fellow, most men said he was a poor thing. His sister's private opinion was that of most men. Usually he was pretty well satisfied with himself, but at rare moments he looked into the washy little soul and

writhed under a sense of his feebleness. Just now, as the train rushed on towards Holyhead, he was torn with conemotions. First vexation with tending emotions. First vexation with himself because he could not decide, then with fate because is would not decide pleasantly for him without burdening him with responsibility, then again resentment against his sister because she would thrust her choice on him, and yet again grievance because his choice had no money whereas her choice had. His head ached, he chewed his neat little fair moustache, he drummed crossly on the window, feeling all the while an ill-used man. He hated perplexities, and this situation was very perplexing. Repty amiability as he was, too good

women loved him, and both, as he knew

were waiting for his offer of marriage.

He was on his way home to Ireland for his month's holiday, and had looked forward to doing so as the promised husband of Agnes Carrol. Pretty, gentle, graceful Agnes. Of all the gentle, graceful Agnes. Of all the good and charming Irish girls he knew in the pestoffice she was surely the best. He thought so when he first met her at the Gaelic League, he thought so more than ever now. She was all that a man could wish for as a life com panion. But alas! she had no fortune. Maurice had little else to indicate that he came of Irish farming stock but his hunger for a "fortune" This was on Monday. Yesterday at the outing in the forest he had tried hard to say the word to Agnes. She looked so very desirable, so cool and dainty in her pretty dress, she moved so nicely, she talked so well. And he was sure she would have him if he asked her. Many opportunities occurred during the walk through the forest, at the dance on the green after tea, and when the velvet dusk fell, and the whole party moved homeward like deep shadows through the afterglow. The were together, he and she, all the moved homeward like deep time. They understood one another almost without words. He wanted to speak, but the thought of his sister kept him silent. Agnes knew it; her quiet eyes read him. She knew his weakness

lived, and she knew he was going home to take his sister's choice. He looked out now at the green levels of the English midlands, and thought of that choice. It was unpleasant. liked pretty things and poor K liked pretty things and poor Katty Malone was not pretty. She was, indeed, almost painfully plain. The deed, almost painfully plain. The thought of her nearly rung a groan from him; he felt she wanted all her "fortune" of £1,500 to make her at all possible. He recalled her appearance at the races last year, her good-natured platter face, her high cheek-bones, her thick untidy red hair, her freckles, her big honest mouth that guflawed rather than laughed, her plentiful hands and feet encased in coverings obviously too small for them, her clothes, good and expensive, but looking as if they had been thrown at her, her shocking hat of provincial shape and make. He tried to picture her as the mistress of "an eligible villa residence " in Chapham, and

and, womanlike, excused it even while she chafed under her sense of it. And so

the day passed, and the night came

bade her good night at the door of the house in which she and a fellow clerk

but nothing definite was said.

somehow she would not fit the part at all. And poor Maurice wanted to have a nice genteel house, in a select suburb, with a pretty graceful woman to look after him. Now if Agnes Carroll had that £1,500 all would be well; there would not be a happier man in suburban London. But Katty Malone in Clapham! O Lord! He groaned, and felt that holy Job had easy times of it compared with him.

The passage across was rough, and his night in a Dublin hotel sleepless. noon on Tuesday he was home again, delighted to be there, it is true, but fearful of his sister. There was, however, a real affection between them. If she ruled him, it was for his good. He knew that; he was, too, really anxious for the £1,500, but Katty was tied to the money, and she was an awful pill to swallow. He knew his sister would brusquely brush aside hesitations, and bring about the match before his holiday was over. Once she had him in hand she would give him no peace until he

had made poor Katty his own.

She tackled him as soon as he leapt off the side-car. Had he called on the Malones before coming home? No. Well, why not? Oh, he was anxious to see herself and father and mother. Mary

Glennon smiled a little grimly. She saw he wanted firm handling. On Wednesday Maurice obediently walked into the town of M— to pay his respects to the Malones. The Glennons' farm was about two miles outside. ant current, it must be confessed) flowed towards the one, whereas his relatives Richard Malone was a grazier, a snug Richard Malone was a grazier, a snug man in every way, for he had a butcher shop as well in the town, and contracting the sleeves of her dress. She was a girl with very little nonsense about her; the work that fell to her lot, the bookthe work that fell to her lot, the book-command to him to marry the girl she had chosen, but then they always echoed her. For a quarter of a cen-good will. To a lover the look of frank pleasure that came into her eyes would have been very delightful. Maurice. however, was not her lover; he was only in love with her "fortune." He winced at her boisterous welcome, and at the hearty grip of her red paw. He shuddered as he felt the bits of suet clinging to it, and thought wistfully of Agnes Carroll's cool little roseleaf of a hand.

On the next Sunday his sister, in pursuance of her firm policy, took him to the town to High Mass, and then on surged through her mind; she seemed to the Malones' house to spend the day. She set her lips determinedly as she schemed ways and means to bring him to the proposal point. Mr. Malone and herself cracked jokes that had pointed reference to the young lovers, as they were held to be. Maurice did his best to look unconscious, praying all the while for the jokers, while Katty blushed a fine peony color under her freckles.

Midway in the next week the local races took place. Katty was here, of course, "dressed to kill," as the neighbors said, but vaguely uneasy at heart.
Maurice was hanging back unaccountably, in spite of Mary Glennon's determined efforts to thrust him on. Truth to tell he felt a martyr every time he looked at his possible fiancée. Last year he had not known Agnes Carroll, and still he felt that £1,500 was not a penny too much for taking Katty's red head to his bosom. Now, however head to his bosom. Now, however—well, words failed him miserably. He tried to take comfort in the thought of her good qualities of heart and head, of her good qualities of heart and head, of the same investments he would well. snug investments he would make with the money, of the toning-down influence Clapham or Brixton would have on her, but it was no good. She did not seem to fit any genteel suburb he knew—north, south or west of London.

And so the four weeks went by, Maurice trying to screw his courage to pro-posal point, and Katty getting more and more uneasy. She was no fool, and her warm affection for the nice-mannered, good looking, well-tailored civil servant could not wholly blind her to the fact that he continually fought shy of her. His sister, who had early learned something of his philandering with the pretty post-office clerk, had written to friends in London of his engagement to Katty Malone as a settled thing, and had even given a date in the autumn for the wedding day. Still it was not settled, though Mary Glennon raged and gave him no peace, and though he had come wofully to regard

it as inevitable.

On the last night but one before his holiday was up his people asked some friends and neighbors to a bit of a dance. The Malones—the father and daughter, that is—were of the com-pany, and Katty felt that this was the crisis. His sister arranged her plans so as to leave Maurice and Katty constantly together. He had given his word that he would ask the momentous question that evening, and his sister was watching him sharply to see that he did so. But the night wore on, and nothing was said. He felt like a man standing beside a river that must be crossed, cold, dark and swirling though to be and who hesitates fearfully before taking the plunge. At last his
sister growing exasperated, called him
out from the room where the dancing
was going on, and proceeded to demand energetically what in the name of God he meant to do. Nervous and per-plexed, halting between the fear of his sister and his own desires, between wistful fondness for pretty Agnes with her gracious ways on the one hand and poor Katty's "fortune" on the other e answered back sharply. think it was an easy thing to do?" he asked irritably and half-defiantly and then proceeded to justify himself by blunt, and even coarse, reference to poor Katty's physical defects, to her gaucherie, her awkwardness and the ike. However, he said he would make he proposal on the way home to M-, for, as Mr. Malone had gone early, he

was to be Katty's escort.

Meanwhile the cause of the dispute, flushed and blown from an energetic dance—for Katty did everything heartily -had walked out in the air to cool herelf. She was alone, and through the self. She was alone, and through the half-opened window of Mary Glennon's bedroom she heard nearly every word of the conversation. At the first mention of her name she felt she ought to go away, the training the partial of the list of but curiosity prevailed, and she listened on to the bitter end. Poor Katty! She was no heroine, and the sharply uttered criticism she heard dealt wound to her vanity. Her face did not grow rigid, she did not clutch her throat or go through any pantomine of that sort, but she cried long and miserably among the cabbages. Then she wiped her swollen eyes and went back to the house, trying to keep in the shade as much as possible. Mary Glennon noticed her, but attributed her woegone appearance to another cause than the real one.

Well, the dance was over at last, and Katty, cloaked and bonnetted, was ready for home, Mary Glennon walked with the side-car along the boreen, and significantly bade her brother take good care of his charge as she wished her good-night. Maurice felt that his hour was come, but he decided to wait until ey were in the shadow of the trees that grew about the Black Bridge. fair, white moon troubled him: it made his thoughts dwell persistently on Agnes.

It seemed but a moment until the bridge was reached, and then, taking his courage in both hands, he blurted out his proposal. He felt he must get it out quickly, or it would never come. He whipped the horse up smartly, and thanked fate the well of the car was between himself and Katty. He half-expected she would lean over to him in nothing but the rhythmic hoof beats on the hard road, and then, to his intense amazement and indignation, Katty quickly declined. It was her to do no more than that and to do it on the score of their unsuitability to one another. But Maurice's vanity was hurt beyond measure, and he turned to her sharply and demanded to know why she refused him. He felt as if a great insult had been offered to him. The sharp vexation of his tone was too much for his companion; she turned on him with bitterness and told him the story of her involuntary eavesto realize in a flash of all the meanness and feebleness of the man, and her contempt found vent in words that made

squirm. Utterly crestfallen as he was, the few planation he tried to utter died in his throat. He was spitefully angry with Katty, his sister, himself—everyone, in fact. The few minutes that passed before they reached M—— seemed like a lifetime. Mr. Malone was surprised at his refusal to come in and take a drop of semething, but as Katty had run hursomething, but as Katty had run hurriedly in without bidding her escort good-night, her father suspected a lov-

ers' quarrel and said no more. At the farm his sister met him with an interrogative "Well?" He told her all, and met her angry reproaches as best he could. She was fierce in her wrath, bitterly angry to have her plans destroyed, and she did not spare him. He sat miserable, bruised with the

Acxt morning, nowever, as he set out for Dublin, his spirits rose a little. Per-haps it was for the best. By noon he was sure it was. After all he was free to ask Agnes. Katty would have been a heart-scald in Clapham; he was sure knew—north, south or west of London. East, of course, did not enter into his she would have made a laughing stock, for the women especially. But Agnes

—he lingered tenderly over the name, and found comfort in it—was all that the most select suburb could desire. He saw her installed in Mayfair, even, and holding her pretty head high among any number of Vere de Veres. True, the money was gone, but, away from his sister, and with the memory of Katty's contempt fresh on him, he felt reckless of that. "All for love, and the world well lost" was a glorious motto.

was a glorious motto. On the Sunday after his return to work he did not see her at her accustomed Mass. At Vespers again his eyes sought her, but in vain. The proposal mood was on him now, as he burned to take Agnes' hand in his and tell her how much to loved her. It was Wednesday night before a friend asked him if he had heard the news about Agnes Carroll.

had heard the news about Agnes Carron.
"No," said he, with sudden misgiving,
what about her?" "Oh, she's married,
you know. Got married last Friday.
Regular hurried affair. A fellow from her own place, a doctor in practice in Johannesburg before the war, met her hadn't seen her for ten years, since she was a girl at home, but I expect he was was a girl at home, but I expect he was fond of her even then. She's a nice girl, isn't she?" Maurice groaned as-assent. "Well, any way, he was going back to South Africa

by a boat that sailed last Friday evening. He's a fine, splendid figure of a man, and I suppose he took Agnes by storm. They were married by special license on Friday morning, and sailed from Southampton the same evening. There was a great crowd of girls and fellows to see them off from Waterloo. By-the-way weren't you a little sweet

It was with a very sickly attempt at airiness that Maurice laughed off the question. This time, too, his vanity was hurt, but the wound went deeper than that. Under his breath he anathe matized Katty Malone and his sister.
Agnes, his Agnes, married and gone! She might have waited, he thought with a grieved sense of ill-usage. He went home feeling bitter against all womankind. They were indeed, a fickle and unstable lot, and a good man's affection was thrown away on them .-Dublin Leader.

SUPERIORITY OF CATHOLIC COL-LEGES AND CONVENTS ILLUS-TRATED.

Mrs. John A. Logan, writing in the New York Journal "A Warning to Par-ents on the Education of their Children" calls attention to the evils that arise from lax discipline in colleges and boarding schools. She says:

We think that parents are not alone to blame for the neglect of their children. The educators should share in the responsibility of guarding the young people consigned to their care.
"Girls and boys in the schools of the

present day have very little attention outside of the class room, and this has caused many Protestant people to patronize Catholic institutions. "It cannot be gainsaid that the

Brothers and Sisters who conduct Catholic schools are more vigilant in caring for the moral and physical welfare of their pupils. It is rarely possible for pupils in Catholic schools or colleges to indulge in escapades, simply because they are practically never out of sight of one of the Brothers or Sisters."

The large number of non-Catholics at-tending Catholic schools, and particularly convent schools conducted by the isterhoods, is doubtless owing to the Sisterhoods, is doubtless owing to the fact noted by Mrs. Logan. Catholic educators recognize the fact, as stated by Mrs. Logan, "that boys and girls need the restraint of personal supervision," and this supervision is constant and unremitting. Recognizing the great responsibility they assume and their obligation to parents who intrust their daughters to them, the Sisters are circumspect in receiving pupils, careful to receive none whose character, con-duct and habits might have an evil influence on those already under their charge. And when received, they are received under very exacting conditions.

The following story illustrates the He looked over the place, examine the rules and regulations, etc, and expressed his admiration, but would defer deciding about leaving his daughter until he had made further inquiries about the institution. "Of course," said the Mother Superior, "that is very right. You live so far away you should acquaint yourself of the character of the people with whom you leave your

He made careful inquiries, for he was suspicious of the very name nun, and, being satisfied by his investigation, de-termine to distinguish the institution by leaving his daughter—the daughter of an American general—in it. He smiled to himself, thinking how flattered the Sisters would be by his decision. So at his next visit he brought his

daughter. "Well, madam, I have concluded to words of incoherent apology and explanation he tried to utter died in his intrust my daughter to your care," and he looked to see her make big eyes of he looked to see her make big eyes of elation at the honor and distinction conferred. He was surprised that instead of being electrified she was somewhat embarrassed. She hesitated as it She hesitated as if

choosing her words, and said: "Monsieur, it is our custom to ask for references. We owe it to the confiding patrons of our institution to know the character of those we admit to the society of their children."

These words had a twofold effect on the general. It hurt his sense of self-importance, but it also increased his nfidence in the institution.

"Well, madam, you are very right, and I must commend your solicitude for those under your care. It assures me of the good standing of my daughter's future associates. I am General Soand So, and it did not occur to me that

The great lung healer is found in that excel-lent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti Consump tive Syrup. It southes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all locusts, colds, hoarseness, pain or sorenessin the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cursed many when supposed to be far advanced in consump-

references would be required of me But it is true I am a stranger in Paris, and the few that I know here, being my countrymen, are probably unknown to you, and would need a reference as much as myself. Could you not suggest some one that I could see?"

"Ouil monsieur, I regret the incon-enience to you, but it is our misforvenience to you, but it is our misfor-tune that we have not the honor and felicity of knowing you. Could you not see your American Minister. A note from him satisfactory to the Archbishop of Paris would be all sufficient, and we could have the great pleasure of receiing year daughter.

general went to the American Minister and returned with his note, indorsed by the Archbishop. The daughter was left in the convent; but, while the general felt satisfied as to her he did not feel comfortable himself. His self-importance had received an icecold shower-bath and was somewhat shrunken; he felt that somehow the tables had been turned. He thought he would confer a favor, but when he was through with the transaction he found that the favor had been conferred on him and his daughter. Somehow all that day he felt that his clothes—previously tight-fitting-were just a little too large for him. But he soon got over it. The thought that the loyalty of madam to the other patrons of the institution—a loyalty that had given him the shower-bath—was a gratifying guarantee that his daughter would be in safe hands and in good society during his absence. Being a soldier with a good military eye, he recognized that the French madam had outflanked him, compelled him to change his base, and impressed on him a proper sense of the situation .- N.

ANNE DEVLIN, EMMET'S DE-FENDER.

Only a fortnight ago, Irishmen the world over renewed their allegiance to the patriotic memory of Robert Emmet, Ireland's martyred son; and in many places where the heroic story was recalled, the memory was likewise re-vived of the brave woman who sacrificed so much to shield him from capture.

Anne Devlin was a poor Irish girl as strongly imbued with patriotism as the venerated young martyr himself and came rightfully by her fearless devotion to the cause of her country and its defenders. She was a niece of the famous Irish chieftain of Wicklow, Michael Dwyer; her cousin, Arthur Devlin, was one of Emmet's most trusted lieuten ants, and her brother, Richard, a devoted follower of Emmet. When the latter rented the house in Butterfield, Dublin, she was sent by her father to assist in its care and to act as a servant for En

Here she rendered the patriot all the service she could and when the news of the failure of Emmet's attempt reached her she was on the point of sending sack of ammunition to the rendezvous

A few days later she was placed under arrest by the notorious Majo and every art that inhuman ingenuity could employ was used to make her divulge the secret of Emmet's hiding place. Even threats of death were un availing to extort from her the informa-tion desired. Her constant reply was, "I have nothing to tell—I will tell no-thing." With a rope around her neck she was dragged to a place where the car which had been the scene of earlier torture was converted into a gallows.

Even confronted with what appeared to be the certainty of doom, this stouthearted young woman, then only 26, still refused to betray Emmet. She was suspended by the neck for two or three minutes and then let down and

her life spared. Linked with with the heroic story of Robert Emmet will always be associated that of Anne Devlin, the devoted Irish maid, who was willing to sacrifice life itself rather than betray him. In one respect she has fared better than Emmet. It is definitely known where her bones repose in Dublin.—Boston Republic.

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