It was commencement day at Mount St. Edward's. The sombre granite building had assumed a festive look, column and balustrade decked with the class colors in gay bunting, and with Old Geory floating triumphantly to the breeze. Even the hothouse had the breeze. pressed into service, and Brother elm and brought forth his most Anselm and brought forth his most treasured pots of ferns and palms, not to mention huge bouquets of roses, to enhance the general beauty.

The soft June air was liquid in its sweetness. The breezes played cares-

singly over beds of geranium that relieved the green sward here and there and blew in at the windows of the study nall, where already the ranks were

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formed for the entrance march.

A band of handsome lads indeed. Any college might be proud to call itself th alma mater of the most ordinary in its ranks, and the picturesque caps gowns of the graduates served to render these all the more attraction ese all the more attractive.

"Now, Frank, are you quite sure of your lines?" queried Brother Ambrose, as he paused in his survey of the well-formed rows and addressed the first graduate, a slender, dark-haired youth. "Yes. That's good! All ready now:

There was a burst of applause from the breathless, audience as the young men stepped upon the stage, and fond mothers and proud fathers craned their ecks to secure a better view of some beloved hopeful. In the front seat Ruth Ransom sat with her father and mother, and in all that assemblage there was no bappier heart than hers. And why not? Was it not Frank Ransom's graduation days? Was not Frank her only brother, her idol, the object of her worshiping devotion? Was not Frank the valedictorian of the occasion, and was not this the glorious climax of all his years of study and achievement? Ruth, who was three years Frank's junior, could scarcely contain herself, but kept nudging her mother every few minutes as some evolution in the march brought him inte better view. But her rapture knew no bounds when Frank, without note of ; kind, stood erect and calm, ready to de-liver the valedictory. The handsome lad, with his earnest, thoughtful face, now becoming flushed, his gentle, manly bearing, charmed the audience at once and as the well-delivered oration ended he sat down amid rounds of applause Prouder than ever though was the moment when the Brother Director, during the award of diplomas, made the acement that for studiousness and general excellence in conduct a special gold medal was bestowed upon Mr Frank Ransom. The picture of the young man kneeling to receive the handsome badge from the hand of his late instructor was one that Ruth Ran-som treasured in her memory through

all the after years.

Well, it was all over, and the boys stood clasping the hands of doting parents and admiring friends, and receiving with becoming modesty their

congratulations.
"So this is our little Ruth," cried Frank, as he gave the girl a brotherly caress. "How you have grown since last September! If you keep on, you'll be taller than your big brother, sis."

"Oh, Frank, I'm so glad you are co ing home for good," the girl cried. have missed you so much. Still, you must be sorry to leave this lovely place where the Brothers are so kind."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the youth, with the lofty air of eighteen. "It is rather poky at times, you know. A fellow longs to cut loose. Of course, the Brothers are all right, though." There was a suspicious break in the lad's voice

as he uttered the last words. As the party made their adieus at the door, Brother Ambrose drew Mr. Ransom, unobserved, aside and said: som, unosserved, aside and said: "You have a good son, Mr. Ransom. Frank is a studious, elever boy, but he is apt to be a trifle willful, and may require a strict hand. But you will have no trouble with him' I am sure. Frank has been excellent in conduct as was shown by his winning the medal, but I, who have been so close to him, understand better perhaps than any other the un-dercurrent of his nature."

How often did this warning recur to the mind of Mr. Ransom in after days! Very gradually, indeed, but none the less surely, the realization of his son's imperfections came home to him with a bitter pang. At first Frank was a model, the leader in all the societies his parish had set on foot for the advancement of The cleverest in debate, the its youth. most skillful in athletics, he promptly became the centre of an admiring group who were ever ready to do his bidding A stronger character might have riser by the very spur of this adulation to better and higher things, but Frank be-longed, alas! to that too large body of young men which present-day society embraces. His head was turned by flattery; his willful spirit soon learned to chafe against the wholesome restraints of home and church, and the call of pleasure did not pass unheeded. Very quickly he tired of his parish compan-They were too ignorant, too he would assert, with a lofty narrow," he So it was that presently he made friends among more worldly, even dissolute men, an association his family

viewed with grief and disfavor. Had Mr. Ransom been spared to his family, this budding propensity might have been checked at the first sign, but, unfortunately, he succumbed to a mal ady of which he had long been a victim, and to the mother was left the responsibility of governing the proud spirit of

For a while all went well. Frank had secured an excellent position with a large manufacturing firm in the little town where they resided. The situation was a clerical one, and there was a clerical one, and there was town where they resided. opportunity for advancement. dued by the loss of his father, Frank settled down to business for some months.

The three lived very comfortably in the neat home which Mr. Ransom's thrift had acquired for his family. Their income was sufficent for their needs, and of myself I'll hang it on my watch chain Frank's salary was taxed but little for the general support. Ruth had turned * * * * * * * * * * the general support. Ruth had turned her attention to vocal music, and, having

justly proud, she was now devoting her ustly proud, she was now devoting her time as much as possible to the cultivation of a rare contralto voice that promised great nown.

Voice, It was good of you to favor us. I expected to find it somewhere along especially when your beautiful singing is in such demand."

"Mugg River, sir," said the man in the low representation of the low control to low and the low cont

promised great power.
One night, a glorious June night it
was, Ruth had returned from choir was, Ruth had returned from chor-practice, and now hurried up the garden walk to the porch, where she had left her mother sitting. "Well, mother, her mother sitting. "Well, mother, here I am. I was not gone so long, was I? Why, Frank—why, mother, what's the matter?" she cried.

Without answering, Mrs. Ranson broke into silent tears. Frank, with his arm caressingly about his mother's shoulders, replied: "Now, nothing to worry over, little woman. You see, worry over, little woman. You see, Ruth, old Davis and I had a dispute to-day, and I simply quit, that's all. There's no other position in this dull town for a fellow, so to-morrow I'm going to New York to try my luck." "Oh, Frank, I'm so distressed!" mur-

mured Ruth, dolefully, as she sank down on the low porch step and looked first at Frank and then at her mother's face. "I do wish you were not so proud and hasty I dread to see you step into the maels trom of a great and wicked city." "Fudge, kid! You talk as if you

were forty. I can take care of myself, rest assured. Now cheer up, both of you. I have the best of references, and know I'll find something worth having." York at the end of a few days that he had been engaged by a large and wealthy firm, and that he should enter

looked promising.

For a short time letters came frequently. Visits were necessarily scarce but he made flying trips whenever possible to do so. After a while these also grew few aud far between. Mrs. Ranom's health had become so delicate that Ruth could never leave home for long at the time or she would have taken occasional journey's to the great sisterly surveillance. The advisabilit of leaving their native home and remove ng to New York in order to be near

city in order to keep Frank under sisterly surveillance. The advisability was more than once considered, but the ncome that warranted a comfortable maintenance in a village would, they all knew, barely furnish the necessities of life in the vast metropolis. As they had, however, almost resolved to risk all and for the sake of their loved one break old ties, a letter came from Frank stating that he had been ordered West on business of importance for his firm and, being compelled to go immediately, the opportunity of making them a long anticipated visit was denied him.

A chill went to the heart of each patient, waiting woman as they read this letter. Something was wrong, they felt. That instinct which is said t guide woman aright, without direct nowledge, served now to raise a doubt could you spare me for a day while I go to New York?" Mrs. Ransom answered promptly: "Go, Ruth; I cannot wait. You must find out what Frank has been

"Ransom—Miss Ransom? No, I do not recall the name. But be seated, Miss Ransom. What can I do for you?" It was the private office of Newcome & Co., and a gray-haired, kindly gentleman spoke the words, as with old-time courtesy he placed a chair for her be side his desk.

"I have called," murmured the girl, her embarrassment overcome by the encouraging gentleness of the other's eyes, "to inquire about my brother, Frank Ransom, who is in your employ, and whom you have ordered West on

"Frank Ransom? Why, Miss Ransom, we have no such young man wit' us; never had. But wait. I remember now we once did have a clerk by that name, but he remained with us only a few months. Are you his sister?"

Mr. Newcome hemmed and hawed. It was a severe trial to look into the depths of those tender, pleading blue later."

bear good fruit, Frank was discharged, of the multitude is not so dear as the after which nothing had been seen or welcome tribute of the returned prodiheard of him. Ruth never forgot the gal whose restoration was brought fatherly kindness with which Mr. New-come admitted these unpleasant facts, but it could not lessen the pain that the recital caused in her loving heart. With whirling brain Ruth left the office. proceeding with all possible speed to the address of Mrs. Ferry, the old lady with whom her brother had boarded. Here she learned other unpleasant details— how Frank had drifted from one position to another, each one less remunerative than the last, and that just a few days previous to his sister's coming he had informed Mrs. Ferry of his intention of "I am going leaving the city for good. West, he said, miss. 'Perhaps in that far-away country I can begin life all over and lift my head again.' Ah miss, it was a sad sight to see how such a fine young man had come down in the world, e was and he told me it was never out of his Sub-keeping. It was a beauty, with the

her attention to vocal music, and, having been graduated at the convent academy, of which the prosperous town was our poor little church hears such a lost his way, "where is Mugg River?

"Mugg River, sir," said the man in the doorway of the log cabin, pointing to a dry gully a short distance ahead, "has been postponed this year on account of the weather." account of the weather. Tould the choir at home in the East. Since I took up concert work I have been a veritable tramp, but now that methods in some professor of meditary account of the weather. Tould the concert work I have been a veritable tramp, but now that methods account of the weather." I took up concert work I have been a veritable tramp, but now that mother and I have settled for a while in this pretty Western town you must let me sing often in your dear little church. And now, father, I am told you have some rare vestments and altar vessels that you occasionally show to visitors. Will you let me look at them when you are at leisure?" are at leisure?"

"Delighted, Miss Ransom. No better time than the present," cried the priest, whose great hobby was the collecting of elegant altar furnishings. Father O'Neill alegant altar lurnishings, rather of hemon on account of ill health, had been com-pelled to reign the charge of a wealthy church in the East, and in a picturesque church in the East, and in a picturesque hamlet among the Western hills had built a neat chapel, to which his rich friends made frequent and valuable donations. With the eagerness of a schoolboy he promptly led the way to the sacristy, where he unlocked a closet and a heavy iron safe. Seen Buth with ou. I have the best of references, and now I'll find something worth having."

And Frank did. He wrote from New things, was examining vestments of embroidered silk and satin and altar cloths of daintiest lace and linen.

wealthy firm, and that he should enter at once upon his duties. He had secured board with a respectable old lady in a fair neighborhood, and everything looked promising.

For a short time letters came freby my parishioners and friends. To-day I used it for the first time. See we have placed the gems just as they came have placed the gems just as they came from their original settings. Here is a diamond from a birthday ring. This ruby was in a bracelet given by our organist. But I like this little crown of pearls, and the story connected with it s interesting. Some time ago I was called to attend a young man at the Blue Crest Hospital Blue Crest Hospital here. Grace, apparently long dead, had been awakened in his heart. For many a day he had ot received the sacraments, and he led wild, reckless life for years. But beieving death to be approaching, he sent for me. Well, I frequently visited him, and was glad to discover that a real change of heart had taken place. His sorrow for the past was most edifying. The upshot was that when the doctors and nurses had pulled him through all right I interested myself in securing a position for him at Creston, near here, and o-morrow, with health restored, he goes to fill it. One day hearing of my projected chalice, he drew from his breast pocket a large gold medal set with pearls. 'Father,' he said, 'this medal vas won by me at dear old St. Edward's when life held out glad promise to my youth—a promise, alas! that, through fault of my own, has never been realized. knowledge, served now to raise a door, as to the plausibility of this story. However, the plausibility of this story. When, therefore, Ruth said: "Mother, I prize this next to the pictures of my mother and sister that I wear with it mother and sister that I wear with it nuch for me that you must take it for When its gold touches your chalice. the precious blood of our Lord it will speak my gratitude to Him for calling a poor lost sheep back to the fold.'

"Father, you know all," gasped his carer. "You have guessed the truth, hearer. "You have guessed the truth, that this is my brother, my poor, erring brother that mother and I have sought for years in vain! Oh, he told you of us, did he not? But where is he? Tell me at once, that I may go to him, that I may take him to my mother's arms that have waited for him so long!

Tears made even more benignant the gentle smile with which the priest reyou sing this morning, and was told your name, I was struck with the coincidence, and resolved to investigate. That was Ruth detected a note of sympathy in the last words, and her face blanched. Why I sent you a message requesting you to call on me this afternoon. Now be calm. I have sent for Frank, too, and he Ruth detected a note of sympathy in the last words, and her face blanched.
"Why, why, he told me—there must be waits for you in my study there. You will find him changed, no doubt, but a will find him changed, no doubt, but a woman's love makes every allowance. There, do not stop to thank me. That is the door; go in. I will come to you

s it were, from the heart of a chalice.-

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I say, do you think that Wiggins man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes, rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!"

"Yes: but with anything of value, I

"What business is papa in, mamma?"

"Why, he is a tea sampler; he samples the different kinds of teas."

" Mamma.'

"Yes, my boy." "Do you know what I want to be when

I grow up?"
"No. What, my boy?" " A pie sampler !

The late Protestant Bishop Potter used to tell the following story upon nimself: "I was the speaker at a meeting in the interest of an organization of which a woman is the president. I inquired of Mrs. N., with the idea of being facetious, 'How many long - winded speakers will there be at this meeting, madam?' 'You are the only one,' she * replied charmingly.'

Dr. William Osier, tornierly of Johns Hopkins, now Regius professor of medicine at Oxford, was talking, during his Canadian tour, about the importance of precision in the writing of prescriptions. "Wherever a sentence may have two meanings," said Dr. Osler, "rest as-surred that the wrong meaning will be

taken. Hence it is important in pre-scription writing and in directions to patients that the greatest clarity and precision be obtained.

"A young foreigner, one day, visited

physician and described a common halady that had befallen him.

"'The thing for you to do,' the physician said, 'is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning,'
"'Write it down, doctor, so I won't forget it,' said the patient.

Accordingly the physician wrote the directions down — namely, that the young man was to drink hot water an our before breakfast every morning.

The patient took his leave, and in

returned. Well how are you feeling?' th physician asked.
"Worse, doctor, worse, if anything,"

was the reply.

"Ahem! Did you follow my advice,
hour before and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

"'I did my best, sir,' said the young

man, 'but I couldn't keep it up more than ten minutes at a stretch.'" BRUCE'S MOTHER

The inspector was examining Standard I, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master. "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject. "Now, tell me," said the Inspector, who was the mother of our great

cottish hero, Robert Bruce ? He pointed to the top boy, then round he class. There was no answer. Then the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leapt with joy. The boy who was anding at the very foot had held up

"Well, my boy," said the inspector, "Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce." who was she?

Shortly after Mr. Gladstone's death. a local politician delivered an address upon the life of the statesman before hool. When he had finished, he said Now, can any of you tell me what statesman is?" A little hand went up, and a little girl

" A statesman is a man who "Hardly that," answered the politician, who loved to tell this story. instance, I sometimes make speeches

and yet I am not a statesman. The little hand again went up: "I know," and the answer came trium-phantly, "a statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"

THE DIVINE HARVESTING.

CONTINUED.

As long as we are in life we shall always be subject to change. The flower that is blooming to-day will be dving to-morrow, and so our souls, which to-day may be pleasing to God, full of life and beauty, may, unless we watch plied: "Yes, I do know all. True, I and pray, fall into sin and their life and never expected to meet the beloved sisbeauty vanish. It is God's grace alone ter of whom poor Frank Ransom spoke to me so often, but Providence has surely sent you to this place. When I heard that can keep our immortal souls constantly pleasing to Him. His grace is the life of the soul and as long as we are faithful to its influence so long will virtue flourish in our hearts; but once w yield ourselves to sin, then our souls are dead, because the spark of life (God's nerciful and to the sinner dead in sir He would breathe anew the breath of restore the life which sin has killed. Flowers and all the fair things of nature are but for a day. They gladden the eye and refresh the senses and then fade depths of those tender, pleading blue eyes and admit that it was the questionable habits of her brother which had caused his speedy discharge. The facts did not come out all at once, but after a while Rath, by dint of persistent questioning, realized the sad truth. Her brother had for many months pursued a course of deception. He had been in the employ of Newcome & Co. but a brief time when it was discovered that his habits and associates were such as to make him unworthy of confidence. When repeated persuasions and reprimand from Mr. Newcome failed to bear good fruit, Frank was discharged, just as the wheat must be protected from the cockle, lest it choke and die, so must His grace in us be kept free from the

blight of sin.

Let us, then, co-operate with our merciful God in His efforts to save us. A little effort on our part is all He asks of us. Some few commandments must be kept, some little self-denial, and then perseverance in them for a few years at most, is all He asks that we may merit eternal life. "for the just shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of the Father."

Up to His passion and death our di vine Lord was sowing good seed; sow ing divine truth; sowing the saving words of truth and salvation; sowing the knowledge of God and His infinite love for men, and many were led to believe and follow Him.

In His death He prepared this world

to receive the seed as it would still be given by Him through those He would send in His name, namely, the apostles and their successors, for He bedewed this world with His blood, pouring out the last drop from His sacred heart. After His resurrection His first recorded appearance was to Magdalen

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coming to her in the guise of gardener, showing thus that He was now ready to go out to the world at large and sow

the seeds of salvation among men through the sowing of the divine word. The seed is the word of God. It has received the adhesion of the wise of every age; it has been preferred to life tself by the million martyrs to the faith.

Of it an Augustine wrote and a Chrysosom spoke, and down through the tom spoke, and down through the ages it has been on the lips and in the hearts of the learned and good of every age, race and clime. And how could it be otherwise, since it is the word of God? For what can be more sublime than that which proceeds from sublimity itself, as is the wisdom of the Father, or more is the wisdom of the Father, or more comforting than the promises of His Word, who is eternal truth. "Man liveth not by bread alone," says our Lord, "but by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God." His word, then, is the stay and support of the soul. His wisdom is the light of our understanding, as His goodness is the consolation of our hearts. With tender, fillal care and picty, therefore, has holy Church. and piety, therefore, has holy Church handed down to this our time the sacred words of holy writ, and the unwritter word, which together make up the prec-ous deposit of faith, and from its stores of divine wisdom she enriches the minds and the hearts of all who give her their respectful hearing, for faith, as St. Paul

says, cometh by hearing, and our divine Lord has commanded His Church to go forth and teach, saying that "He that believeth shall be saved, but he that be lieveth not shall be condemned." Accordingly the Church continually preaches the word of God, sows the seed of Christian truth in fulfillment of her mission and if it does not take root and fructify it is our own fault. The word is efficacious in itself. It needs not the eloquence of a Bossuet or the suavity of a Fenelon, but of itself is sufficient to lead to penitence and reform the most sinful heart. Once having heard it we can have no excuse from practising its teachings. It is suited to the understanding of all. In the main so simple as to be intelligible to the most illiter ate, and yet so sublime as to command the admiration of the greatest minds. How often have we acknowledged eauty of its teachings as we heard it for the thousandth time put forward by the Church for our pious consideration and vet how little have we practised it! We have been taught from childhood our duties as Christians, and we are accountable to God for the lights He has given us. But do we burn with Christian charity, and are we ardent for the ncrease of the glory of God? We show no proper appreciation of our faith if we do not practise its teachings, and are, moreover, robbing God of the glory we owe Him in return. How many men, who are yet in the darkness of infidelity, would gladly take our places and fulfill the duties of the Christian state were they to be shown the faith as we see and know it!

This is the seed, this is the divine ord that has made innumerable saints. This is the doctrine which underlies very principle of justice and order ex-sting among men. It is wisdom to the earned, light to the ignorant; it is a check on the prosperous; a consolation to the struggling; it is, finally, the esence of all that is good for time and sternity.—Bishop Colton in Buffalo eternity.—Bishop Colton Catholic Union and Times. -Bishop

SELF-CONCEIT.

This is one of the vices to which the human race is most commonly addicted. It is a vice with which, young and old, learned and unlearned, poor and rich, are more or less affected. It is found even in those who, otherwise, would ap-

pear to us as almost perfect.

What is self-conceit? It is a secret over-estimation of one's own ability or talents. It does not show itself openly and directly, for then it becomes pride a vice which is abhorrent to all. But self-conceit manifests itself in many and devious ways. Thus one who, by elecnevious ways. Thus one who, by elec-tion or appointment, is suddenly raised from a lowly position to a place of dig-nity and grave responsibility is apt to imagine that, by the very fact of his departion by her all the services. elevation, he has all the qualities requisite for the due fulfilment of his obligations. He spurns the advice and counsel of those who, by maturer experience, might rightly guide him in this dis-charge of his duties, foolishly fancying that by consulting others, he might

lower his dignity.

Again there are those who imagine that they are superior to others; that, by education, they are fitted for better positions than those they occupy, and hence are dissatisfied with their lot. They will not express themselves freely and openly on this subject, but their conversation leads to nothing else. They are constantly talking of what they have done and of what they are doing. They

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are incessantly leading the topic of conversation on to their own concerns. What interests others does not interest them at all. They are apparently honest and sincere. They will ask the opinion and advice of others, but they invariably follow their own counsel, and find a thousand and one excuses to put aside the pinion of others.

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To all of those addicted to self-conceit. our Lord says: "Learn of Me, be-cause I am meek and humble of heart."

Catholie Rhode Island.

The Lutheran Witness (Pittsburg)

According to a religious census, taken in 1905 in Rhode Island, the results of which are now made public, it appears that there are now more Catho-lics in the commonwealth founded by Roger Williams than all other religious denominations combined. The exact figures, as officially compiled by the state commissioner of statistics are: Roman Catholics, 243,936; all others, 236,146. The most Catholic city in the State appears to be Woonsocket. where the population drawn from the province of Quebec is exceedingly large. There the Catholics number 25,-900 and the Protestants only 5,700.

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Coated Tongue, aching head biliousness, digestion, constipation alternating with oseness of the bowels, feelings of depresion and ill-temper. These arise from sluggish, torpid action

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with the liver right there is usually no disurbance of the digestive system or bowels, therefore get at the cause of trouble by awakening the liver to action by use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Mrs. L. Phillips, Virgil, Ont, writes:—"I have used a number of b xes of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills and consider them excellent for torpid liver." them excellent for torpid liver.' One pill a dose, 25 cents, a box.

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