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WELLINGTON PLACE
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This fine institution recently enlarged to over
twice its former size is situated conveniently
near the business part of the city and yet suf-
ficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion
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Under the special patronage of His Grace the
Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the
Basilian Fathers.

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The Course of Instruction in this Academy
embraces every branch suitable to the educa-
tion of young ladies.

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The Faculty of Applied Science and
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McIntosh Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-
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Homestead Regulations

A NY even numbered section of Dominion
lands in Manitoba or the Northwest
Provinces, excepting 8 and 23, not reserv-
ed, may be homesteaded upon by any per-
son who is the sole head of a family, or
of any male over 18 years of age, to the ex-
tent of one-quarter section, of 100 acres,
more or less.

EMPRESS HOTEL

Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets
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TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY
Electric Cars from the Union Station Every
Three Minutes.

GRAND UNCLE TIMOTHY

Alma was plainly dissatisfied. "I
hate a collar band that's too wide!"
she muttered, critically inspecting the
neatly made waist, the result of her
mother's three days of patient labor.

"No," replied Mrs. Boyce. "He's
coming to spend six weeks with us."
"Is it our turn?" asked Alma.
"Yes," said Mrs. Boyce, "it's past
our turn."

"You shan't have to," said Ruth,
gathering her mother into her strong
young arms and presenting a rounded
shoulder to be wept upon. "You may
be perfectly easy in your mind, moth-
er, I'll look after Uncle Timothy. There,
you've had a lovely cry. Now let's
go pack your trunk. It'll cer-
tainly do you good to go to Aunt
Emily's."

"Where's Uncle Timothy?" asked the
returned traveller, who appeared much
benefited by her trip.
"On a feather bed on the sewing-
room floor," returned Alma, in a tone
of deprecation. "He said his bed
was too soft, the couch too hard, the
other spare room bed was too
springy, and that the wall paper every-
where else made him dizzy. But what
brought you home?"

"I think," said Alma, one day,
when the sisters were in the kitchen
trying to cut bread to a thickness
that should meet with the nearest
approach to approval that the visitor
was able to feel, "that Uncle Tim-
othy has the vilest disposition of any-
body I ever knew, and such a sour-
and-vinegar expression! I wish I
knew whom he reminds me of. It
bothers me because I can't find out."

"Well, maybe there is a family re-
semblance, admitted Alma, grudgingly,
"but don't you dare to say that my
disposition is like his!"
"My saying so wouldn't make any
difference," said candid Hannah, "but
two dispositions more alike I never
did see."

"I hate potato soup. Isn't there
some kind we've never had?"
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were deeply engaged in making plans
for the comfort of the coming guest,
but they were mistaken.
"Girls," said Mrs. Boyce, rising
suddenly, and in her agitation scatter-
ing a small snowdrift of paper on the
rug. "I know it's cowardly - I
know I ought to be ashamed of my-
self-but I'm all worn out. I
haven't a scrap of courage, and-
girls, I'm going to run away!"

"Run away!" echoed Alma.
"Yes-to your Aunt Emily's. Real-
ly, girls, I haven't the courage to
plan meals for your Uncle Timothy. I
-I just can't do it. You've kept
house before, and Hannah is perfectly
competent to do all the cooking. I
ought to-oh, dear! I've been sewing
too steadily, or something. It isn't
right of me, but I'm-I'm not able to
stand Uncle Timothy."

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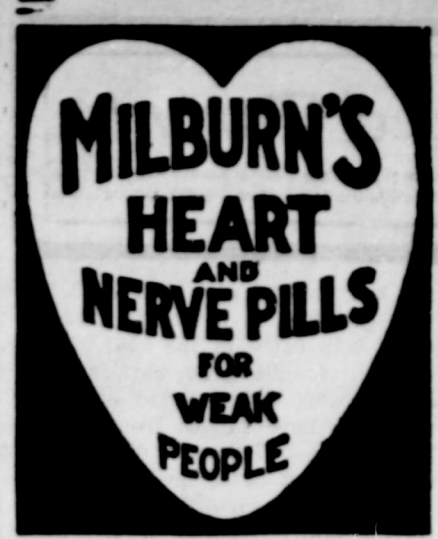
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These pills cure all diseases and disor-
ders arising from weak heart, worn out
nerves or watery blood, such as Palpi-
tation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering,
Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anemia,
Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog,
General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

They are a true heart tonic, nerve food
and blood enricher, building up and
renewing all the worn out and wasted
tissues of the body and restoring perfect
health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25,
at all druggists.

for Uncle Timothy, and he grumbled,
grumbled, grumbled. Very well, said
she, would show him what she could do.
She would do better than her best.
He should have perfectly sumptuous
meals.

"By the perfectly sumptuous meals,
too, failed to please him. In fact,
they made him ill, and for twelve
hours more Alma labored faithfully,
if not altogether uncomplainingly, to
make her querulous guest comfortable.
Her efforts, however, were not ap-
preciated.

Just before dusk on the third day
of Hannah's illness Mrs. Boyce unex-
pectedly returned. Alma gave a de-
lightful cry when her mother walked
in.

"Mother," demanded troubled Alma,
"do you think I'm like Uncle
Timothy? Of all grumbling, hyper-
critical mortals!"

"Well," admitted Mrs. Boyce, try-
ing not to smile, "there have been
moments when you've reminded me
of your Granduncle Timothy. You cer-
tainly have characteristics!"

"Then I'll get over them!" declared
Alma, grimly. "I don't like what
I'm coming to-an Uncle Timothy in
petticoats! Ugh!"

"Oddly enough, a few days later Uncle
Timothy, recovered from his ill-
ness, expressed a fear that he was
growing like Alma, who for the mo-
ment had forgotten her intention of
reforming-a seventeen-year-old habit
does not vanish in a moment-and
was grumbling bitterly because the
tameline skirt sagged in the back.

"I abominate a skirt that hangs in
scallops!" said Alma, twisting to
cast a displeased glance over her
shoulder at the long, graceful folds
behind her. "All the skirts you
make, mother, go up and down in
waves."

"Ruth," demanded Uncle Timothy,
in a loud whisper, "am I anything
like as disagreeable as your sister?"
"I'm afraid you are, sometimes,"
confessed truthful Ruth, with the
smile that came near to pleasing even
captious Uncle Timothy.

"Well, if that's the case," he re-
turned, "I'd thank anybody that'd
just say 'Alma' whenever I seem to
be getting as hard to please as she
is. I'd-I'd join a don't grumble
club."

It really seemed afterwards as if
Granduncle Timothy's visit had proved
generally beneficial, for it was no-
ticed by all the large family connec-
tion that with time Alma certainly
grew sweeter, far more considerate
towards her mother and decidedly less
petulant; and that Uncle Timothy oc-
casional stopped short in the mid-
dle of some sharp tirade, exclaimed
"Alma!" and then became, in his
suddenly altered mien, almost lam-
blike.

Can Cancer be Cured? It Can, Sir.
Send 6 cents (stamps) for booklet,
"Cancer, its cause and cure." Stott
& Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Praise for Intercolonial Railway
The Montreal Herald of May 30th
has the following expression of a well
known professional man:

Stage People as Catholics

(By Rev. John Talbot Smith, in
Donohoe's for June.)

In spite of the ban put upon them
by the ancient Puritan prejudice, un-
ited with French superstition, the
dramatic fraternity, which embraces
actors, playwrights, managers and
stage-directors, have a deep and abid-
ing respect for the Catholic Church
and for religion in general. They are
simple folk, like all craftsmen who
live apart from the world. They see
only the picturesque and the beau-
tiful in the Church and in religion, are
not given to close study of modern
books, have little concern for other
interests, and are therefore easier to
please than most people. It is an
immense pleasure to contrast the sim-
ple and vigorous faith of a man like
Frank Keenan, leading man in 'The
Girl of the Golden West, with the
sneering spirit of the late Lord Acton
for example; the latter had all the
opportunities for the development of
a sublime faith, and the former be-
longs to the despised and supposedly
immoral stage; yet Frank Keenan
diffuses among all his acquaintance
love and respect for the Church, is a
real missionary of Christ, while the
humble Catholics who read Lord Acton
suffer tremendous temptations
against the faith. This contrast was
made more emphatic for me the other
day after listening one hour to
Keenan and the next to an insuffer-
able creature, who reminded me
that the Catholic body was made up
of the poor chiefly, that the Catholic
colleges graduated a crude set of im-
possible men that history had a
good case against the Church, and
that the clergy lacked the culture re-
quired of good leaders. It was need-
less to remind him that the world's
majority is of the poor, and that
from their soil spring the powers that
keep society going; useless to tell
him that he knew nothing whatever
about the Catholic colleges; or, that
the American clergy are the superiors
of any American class in the knowl-
edge of logic, philosophy and theo-
logy, and the most influential leaders
of the time. He had been brought up
in the shadow of the Church, close to
the Sacraments, and this was the
result of the fondest care that could
be bestowed on a human being. Frank
Keenan had endured thirty years of
stage-life, which is supposed by the
virtuous to be highly demoralizing,
yet confessed the faith more firmly
than at the beginning of his career.
The other burned with the carping
spirit of Lord Acton.

Are your corns harder to remove
than those that others have had?
Have they not had the same kind?
Have they not been cured by using
Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bot-
tle.

Priest and People

(From the Morning Star.)

The people of a parish should re-
member the following facts, and by
so doing they will recognize more
fully the bonds which unite them to
their parochial institutions and clergy:
For them the priest labors to
build church and school. When com-
pleted these institutions belong to
them, all improvements are theirs; the
simple or artistic decorations are
theirs. Schools are built and main-
tained to give their children a Cath-
olic education, the greatest benefit
that can possibly be bestowed on
them. The priest himself is theirs.
He is ordained for them, he is at
their disposal at all times; when they
call him in the silent hours of the
night, while the world sleeps, he rises
from his couch and out into the blind-
ing storm he hastens to them. The
horrors of contagion have no terrors
for him, nor does certain death af-
fright him when duty calls him to
their bedside. Like his Master he
is to give his life to them if neces-
sary. The priest is your steward and
your friend. He rejoices with you in
your prosperity, sympathizes with
you in your adversity, grieves with
you in your sorrow. When you are
down he encourages you to rise and
hope, and reminds you that often the
darkest hour is just before the
dawn. Every morning he stands for
you at the altar. He puts all your
sorrow and troubles into the chalice
and offers them to the Eternal Father
as an atonement for your short-
comings. From his hands come to
you the bread of life. You pour into
his ear secrets withheld from your
nearest and dearest friends, from the
partner of your life-tales of sor-
row, remorse and sin that weigh
down your very lives, and when the
tale is told he fills the vacuum left
with grace and balm and consolation
and words of forgiveness, and bids
you go in peace and sin no more. Who
but he could have taken such a load
from you and sent you on your way
rejoicing? There is in every parish a
large number of Catholics who are
continually finding fault with the
priest and the priest's actions. How
easy to criticise the priest's actions
and to find fault with the manage-
ment of the parish, but how hard it
is to get the growlers to bear their
share of the burdens of the congrega-
tion! The people who pay their
pew rent promptly are not among
the grumblers. The people who con-
tribute according to their means are
not among the fault-finders. The
people who belong to the church so-
cieties, who take part in the fairs
and entertainments on every possible
occasion, and assist their chil-
dren are not among the mutters.
The people who willingly send their
children to a Catholic school are not
among the discontented. The people
who take into their homes a sound
Catholic paper are not apt to make
ill-natured complaints. As a rule the
silly critics in a parish are "high-
ory" Catholics, and the farther they
are from grace the more fault they
have to find. The best way for them
to start a reformation in a congrega-
tion is to reform themselves.