tone, which was, his appearance, for istakable traces of les, " here are the who is always de. pleasure, has de.

plied the King with the more sensible the Earl's part, as very little towards at you have totally room through the hardly know if it s gentleman of the

Parkhead, "I preptly orders given to y them by spending silk stockings and

Sir Parkhead," anthe satire natural Doubtless it would long to attire your.
If or I know you are omed to it: so we rom it. But another ayor us with your areas of the satire your and the satire your areas of the satire ayor us with your areas of the satire and your areas of the your areas of the your and your areas of the yo avor us with you d request you to y than the one you d which has so im. the smell of horses, window," piteously "and then we can head! Our sojourn tly please us, but he

Parkhead, deeply only a plain soldier, as, not know how to t who knows how to

asure—that of in-

the Court.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DERELICTS.

Dr. Ogden Moore leaned back in his

official chair and let his clear gray eyes

rest critically upon the rows of path-etic taces before him.

The clinical hour was almost up, the

day sweltering hot and the patients, victims for the most part of the per-

sistent sultriness and the lack of that potent therapeutic agent, a little bright ness in their dreary lives, must soon

make their way through the furnace-like streets to the suffocating kennels where they had their wretched beings.

His eye picked out several of his oid chronics "—a little broken down ex-

officer of the French army: a pretty

woman of not more than twenty two who gave her name as "Mrs. Morell,

who gave her name as Mrs. Morell, and who was recovering from a rather suspicious case of gas poisoning; two little shop-girls, with pale, pathetically cheerful faces; a tough old adventurer and gold seeker racked from dissipa-

and gold seeker racked from dissipation; a poor but handsome Armenian
student with a pleasant voice and wonderful eyes. The fine brow of the doc
to corrugated.

Personally, he was in striking contrast to his patients; strong, handsome,
elegant, a product of the best in the
land. Immaculate from the top of his
elegant, a product of the top of his

might a crystal globe.

A thought flashed through his alert

mind, was dismissed with a frown, crawled back, then was gathered up

and put in action.
"The following patients will please

remain." His voice was as cool as the whir of the fan above his head. He called a dozen names; the other pati-

ents trooped out.
"I have asked you to remain," he said, "because I feel that you all need

a little outing to assist my treatment, and I wish to ask you if you will be my guests to morrow on a trip down the Sound."

There was an astonished silence.

street. I will make all the arrange ments, and if any of you wish to bring

word with a bow.
"M. le Docteur honors us. Me, it

will give me great pleasure to accept the invitation."
"Good," replied Ogden heartily.

"Good," replied Ogden heartily.
"How about the rest of you? We will have the boat all to ourselves."
The astonished patients having by

that time recovered, there was a unani-

"That's first rate," said Ogden

"I'll look for you all to morrow morning. Mind you, don't disappoint me.
It's part of your treatment, you know,"
he added with a kindly smile.

* * * * *

The Japanese lanterns that fringed the veranda of the club house at Sachem

dances there were wafted across the still water the tinklings of mandolin

and guitar, musical laughter and deeper voices, mellowed by the amplitude of space, from the fleet of little yachts at

anchor in the basin.
Miss Gladys Harte rested her round elbows on the rail of the rustic summer

with danger.

orse, Sir Parkhead." s, secretly delighted e of Angus's cousin, ontinued, "when we we will beg you to t the stables need not tell us you on such an occasion Parhkead, who was "Be pleased to lay books"—indicating

books"—indicating table—"and convey our cousin; but I adore you appear before Earl that which you -change your shoe nson with anger, left

replying.
Francis as soon as had died away in the ave made an irreconyou?" laughed James. sist telling him of his till makes me laugh of his confusion.

e God, Sire," replied "that the confusion nay not one day cost ghtly said the young can't pay too dearly especially one in my

ot wrong in his surmise ad drawn upon himself ty of Sir Parkhead—a at this crisis. Hardly etired from the King's ed out in a fury :

narch ! Pray God you my mercy, for, by the e of Douglas, I would for your outrageous

ancis had unpacked the The choice was good, as if the selection had meone end-wed with a noce. There was a hisd from the time of St. hich the young King acquainted with the

acquainted with the his ancestors; a copy des Guerres of Louis of France, from which the art of governdidly-illuminated Ritual and furnished food for as for the mind. Evias for the mind. Evinot Angus who had
or he certainly would
ut into his prisoner's
nok as the "Rosier des
ses was looking at the
the Ritual, and Frand with the "History of
m all at once Francis

is odd !" ked James. so stuck together that te them," answered the ks too, as if it had been

so? And why?" Il, but I must positively ome water, damped the

leaves, and, after wait-e, tried them again, and now open them. see?" he cried. ?" asked the King, his

ed. poor boy could hardly if for joy. He went to the tapestry, went out-

ent, and then quickly re-: "No one is there, ne, let us move farther is it?" asked James in-

whispered Francis in

abjects, who wish to res-is captivity. If he believes

is captivity. If he believes place confidence in his send him as soon as pospontains which separate from Roxburgh, to a the Black Gorge, and

repeated James, much and from whom?"
hat we are going to find ancis, who opened the ook out the paper, and ws, but in such a low th so many precautions, could hardly hear him: of Scotland has faithful And from whom?

"I have heard that it is supposed to be the cause of insanity," she replied saucily; "but I supposed that your specialty was diseases of the heart."
"Then I fear that my time has been wasted," he replied mournfully.
"Look at the more saws more place."

around at him with a defiance out of keeping with the glamor of the night.

"Because the moon is the best ally a man can have in a case like this."

God will confound the traitors. Live the background. I must look quickly—before the shadow falls." She turned from him until he could see only the contour of brow and cheek and firm little chin.

> "But that is natural, dear-" he She looked up swiftly.

King. "That at last your Majesty's friends are holding up their heads. I will go sire; I will start to-morrow for the Black Gorge, even if to get out of the castle I have to throw myself from this window into the Tweed."

"But anopose it is a snare planned "You must not call me that, Ogden. I have not said that I would marry

"But you will, won't you, dear?"

he pleaded.
"No!"
"Why not?" he asked quietly. "Because I don't love you. Nor do think," she pursued relentlessly, that you love me."

"Then you don't know anything about it," he replied calmly, "because

window into the Tweed."

"But suppose it is a snare planned by Angus?" said the King quickly.

"I never thought of that," replied Francis gravely. "But what Roes that matter, Sir? If it is a snare, it will only endanger my life. They will find out that I am devoted to you, and will punish me—perhaps kill me; but for fear that it may be a snare shall I renounce the chance of procuring your liberty? Oh, no, no! To morrow I will invent some pretext. I will ask leave of absence for a few days, and, please God, I shall return with good news for you, sire." "Words are so easy," she observed

coldly.
"I don't believe that I quite understand you, Gladys," he answered rather please God, I shall return with good news for you, sire."

That very evening Francis asked to speak with Angus, and begged leave to go to Edinburgh for a change, as he said he was weary of the castle.

Angus, who saw no reason to distrust him, and, who, besides, needed a research to carry some secret descriptions.

Stand you, Gladys, he answered and formally.

She turned to him in sudden anger.

"Can you blame me, Ogden?" she asked swiftly. "Last week I wanted you especially for a sailing party which Jack Reddington was getting up, but trust him, and, who, besides, needed a messenger to carry some secret despatches to the capital, readily acceded to the young man's request, and bade him be ready to set out the following morning at break of day. Francis obtained permission to take Harry with him, who under the name of Moses, always attended on him, and had never left him since his arrival at the Court.

no, you had an engagement— "But that was one of my clinic days
"he interrupted, a slight change in his voice.

"Yes, and you were unwilling to give t up for just one afternoon for me — "
Again he interrupted her coldly. "Do you realize, Gladys, that there are about fifty sick and destitute people dependent upon me?"
"You could have got some one else to take your place for that one day—"

"But you see, I understand their cases, and they want me." "And of course you can sympathize with them in that—" she began, a trifle

with them in that—" she began, a trifle sarcastically, then paused, a little con-No Ogden, you were right in that, of course. But, then, when I wanted you the next day for a bridge party at

the Bentleys—"
"I went to see one of my dispensary patients who could not get to the clinic, a poor little actress who got ptomaine poisoned at a table d'hote—"
"Spare me the details. Surely there

Spare me the details. Surely there were plenty of doctors closer at hand ! "Gladys," he said sternly, "one would think to hear you talk that you were as cold blooded as a snapping-

turtle, whereas you are, actually as kind hearted a woman as—'' "Thanks,'' she interjected dryly. "The trouble is that you have been brought up in the lap of luxury and know absolutely nothing about poverty and suffering. If you would only come with me some afternoon

"That is all very interesting," she interposed, "but permit me to remind you that you are interrupting the thread of my argument. Yesterday I took advantage of your insistently re-peated requests to use the Lotus and made up a little party for to-mor-row afternoon. Now you tell me that you have made other plans for Sunday anistocratic head to the tip of his polished boot, he seemed as impregn-able to the assault of vulgar germs as

"But, my dear girl!" he cried desperately, "why didn't you let me know? I promised the Lotus only yesterday afternoon to some friends

"Why can't you tell them that they must wait?" she asked sharply.
"Because—" He hesitated—"I can't," he finished abruptly.
"Who are they?" she asked indifferently, albeit with a slight tremor

in her voice.
"They are patients of mine. See here, Gladys, you know perfectly well that you can have the boat any time you want her, for the rest of the season—for good and all; but I just can't disappoint these people to-mor-

"I should like to have you meet me to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock on the pier at the foot of East Twenty sixth "Oh, very well," she answered ghtly. It really is of no conse-uence. Your uncle said that we could lightly.

se the schooner if we wished. a member of your family or some friend I shall be glad to have you do so. Tomorrow is Sunday, you know."

There was a pause, then the little Frenchman, M. Lajoux, stepped forwalled the sunday and Ogden walked slowly up and down the pier walked slowly up and down the pier was a glorious August day, and Ogden walked slowly up and down the pier awaiting the coming of his guests.

They were punctual in arriving, and with their coming the young physician experienced a succession of shocks. There are few people so destitute as to be unable to rally for an outing, and while Ogden was personally acquainted with the conditions, financial as well as

with the conditions, financial as well as physical, of his prospective guests, he had not reckoned on the ingenuity born of poverty and the paradox of lower mathematics where nothing plus nothing equals something.

M. Lajoux was the first to arrive. The little Frenchman was elegantly at tired in a stylish blue serge suit, immaculate linen, patent - leather halfshoes and a new Panama hat—all doubtless borrowed for the occasion. Harbor were burning a pale yellow in the white blaze of a great mid-summer moon. In the intermissions of the

shoes and a new Panama hat—all doubt-less borrowed for the occasion.

"Ah, Docteur Moore!" cried the volatile patient, his quick eye taking in at a glance Ogden's costume, the cutter and the yacht, "it is upon your yacht that we are to sail! What hap-piness!" A pathetic note crept into his voice as he concluded wistfully. "It is many, many years since I have had the pleasure of being entertained aboard a yacht." His face brightened, "Hola! Here come the others!"

house on the point of rocks and gazed long and thoughtfully at the great Here come the others !' Ogden glanced up and discovered the old prospector, who was stalking down the ill paved sidewalk, one of the little whose counsels are so fraught That is right," observed Dr. Moore, who was standing at her shoulder. "Look at the moon!"
"Why?" she demanded, glancing

the ill paved sidewalk, one of the little shop girls on either arm.
"Morning, Doc!" called the miner cheerfully. "Here we are—me an' the gals. I met up with 'em on the First avenoe horse car and tuk 'em right in tow.''

right in tow."
" Good," replied Ogden cheerfully, noting with fresh surprise that the hardened old "rustler" was, when care fully groomed, a really distinguished looking man, tall and with a stern, "Then I fear that my time has been wasted," he replied mourn'ully. "Look at the moon some more, please; quick — before it gets behind that cloud!"

She shivered slightly and drew the cashmere scarf about her bare neck and shoulders. The moon vanished and a pale shadow enveloped them, but he could see that she was regarding him seriously.

"That is the trouble, Ogden," she replied; "there is always a cloud in searf and polished boots of the "con is carf and polished boots of the "co

gress" type "I tuk advantage of your liberal invite to fetch an old friend o' mine—old Major Harris. I ran into him the other day down to the Mills

Glad of it," said Ogden heartily. He glanced up to see a daintily-gowned woman carefully picking her way be tween the piles of fire proofing with which the wharf was strewn. Not for several seconds did he recognize in the flushed and pretty face that was up turned to him the unfortunate victim of the illuminating gas.

of the illuminating gas.

I'm very glad that you could come Mrs. Morell," he said cordially, then turned to the others.

"Those of us here might as well be getting aboard. The boat will have to make another trip. We'll leave the Colonel as chairman of the reception committee." committee.'

The sun was about two hours from the clear western horizon as the fleet Lotus ripped her way through the calm

The day had been one of unalloyed delights. Thanks to the candid hospitality of their host, the guests were entirely at ease with their novel surcoundings before Hell Gate was reached.

From the first their delight in the From the first their delight in the swift motion claimed all of their attention. They overhauled waddling excursion steamers, skimming past them with aristocratic ease, the target for scores of admiring eyes. They had seen the big cup defenders out for practice sails, and listened with deep-tripterset to the skilled but compressions. est interest to the skilled but compre hensible comments of their host on these marvels. Later they had landed at Lobster Bay, where a delicious "shore dinner" had been served them shore dinner"

at the Casino. Ogden, from the bridge where he had ogden, from the bridge where he had gone to speak to the captain, contem-plated his guests thoughtfully. His eyes rested upon them successively. The Armenian student, a handsome fellow naturally and becomingly dressed in a suit of clothes given him by one of the clubmen for whom he rendered of the clubmen for woom he rendered valet duty, might easily have passed for an aristocrat. The same was true of M. Lajoux, with his little ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur. Martin, the grizzled miner, and his loquacious old friend, Major Harris, were the typical statesmen of the Southwest. As for the women, Ogden thought that he had been often presented to those of far less charm of manner and appearance less charm of manner and appearance than several among his guests. Yet all these people represented a class as far removed from his set as if they had belonged to a different race. They were the "other half," "the herd;" indigents; objects of charity. He felt that he was drawing closer than ever in his life to the deep truths of human-His firm lips came together with

a new decision.
"Every Sunday hereafter," he said to
himself. "These or others like them.
Hereafter the clinic gets a seventh share. n this packet, Gladys or no Gladys!'

in this packet, Gladys or no Gladys!"
He walked aft and a moment later
was pointing out various places of
interest on either shore to Mrs. Morell
and the little shop-girls. While so
occupied the captain approached.
"Dr. Moore," he said, "the Aurora
is becalmed on our port bow and is sig-

naling that she would like to speak to you, sir."

Ogden glanced up in vexation. The Aurora recalled an episode of the even-ing before which he had been trying all day to put from his mind. Had he sighted her in time he would have in-structed the captain to give her a wide berth. As it was, there seemed to be no way of avoiding her, especially as she was the flagship of his home club and owned by his uncle. "Very well," he replied; "run over

and see what she wants."
The fleet Lotus was soon abreast of the stately schooner, which lay motionless, a silent tower of tall canvas, creamy pink against the late sun. In the shadow of the mainsail was a bright little group of people, and as they lowed down alongsi middle aged man in ducks and serge walked to the rail and hailed them through a megaphone.

"Can you take us aboard and drop us at the Yacht Club? The tide's turned ahead and this calm is likely to

last until midnight."

Ogden's face hardened a trifle. Just for the instant it struck him as a shame for the instant it struck him as a sname that these rich pleasure-seekers could not leave his poor little party of patients to enjoy their day in peace. Still, it was impossible to refuse the request, especially as the Sachem Har-bor Yacht Club was only ten miles to the westward and directly in his

"Very well," he replied, a bit stiffly "Shall I send a boat?"
"No, we'll take one of ours." He wheeled about. "Call away the

cutter."
"A-x-a-y, cutter!" sang the mate, and the smart sailors sprang to the boatfalls. A few moments later the deep-laden cutter shot alongside the Lotus and a gaily chattering party filed up the little accommodation

ladder. The newcomers proceeded to dis-tribute themselves about the decks of the little yacht, some glancing curiously at the rather odd-looking group of people under the after awning. For Ogden himself there existed absolutely no doubt as to the ethics of the situa tion. The patients were his invited guests, and as such were the peers of any who chose of their own accord to make use of his vessel. While the

numbers made a general introduction uncalled for, he would not hesitate to present any individual of either set who happened to become adjacent. He saw at once that the party which He saw at once that the party which had just boarded his yacht was the one arranged by Gladys Harte, and for the entertainment of which she had asked him for the Lotus. He could easily guess that the girl herself had vehemently opposed the transhipping, but had doubtless been overruled by the

others.

She flushed angrily as her eyes fell upon Ogden, who was standing by the head of the ladder to receive his self-invited guests.

"I am sorry that we were obliged to

aside to let her pass.
"Great luck, Ogden—catching you just as we did!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and he turned to face the com-modore. "Might have drifted around here all night." He glanced aft. here all night." He glanced aft. "Who are your friends? Anybody I know?

"I farcy not, uncle," replied Ogden, dryly. "They are patients of mine whom I have asked for a day's sail."

"By George, that's elever of you! Eh, commodore?" commented a rather adipose man standing by the rail. "Nothing like a steam yacht to drum up practice! I wonder that more struggling young practitioners don't

use them."
"Why, you see, Bentley," replied
Ogden, "pills don't bring as big a
profit as soap. Besides," he pursued
thoughtfully, "drumming isn't included in the early stages of a medical educa-

Mr. Bentley laughed with a slight effort and walked forward. The com-modore whistled softly under his breath.

"By the—I say, you got him with both barrels that time, Ogden. Don't you think you have it in a little solid?" "Oh, no, he's fairly thick in the pelt! Besides, why can't he mind his own business? Hello, Van Beuren!" he called menially to a pleasant-faced young fellow who was walking past. "Hello, doctor! I say, doctor, who's that pretty woman talking to the little Frenchman? Introduce me, will you?"

"Certainly," Ogden led him aft.
"Mrs. Morell, let me present Mr.

"Mrs. Morell, let me present Mr. Van Beuren," he said quietly, adding, "M. Lajoux, Mr. Bentley."

Ogden saw the color stealing into the woman's face, as did also Van Beuren, who, a trifle puzzled, opened the conversation casually. Ogden paused to speak to the little shop girls, who were stealing admiring glances at the women from the schooner. As he strolled for from the schooner. As he strolled for-ward again he observed that the genial commodore had entered into conversation with the miner and Major Harris.
"Dr. Moore!" called a pretty woman with kind eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Ogden recognized her as a young widow who was rather celebrated about the Vacht Circle

harmless gaieties.
"Who is that stunning looking young man with the eyes?" she whispered.
He is an Armenian, Mrs. Town-

send. He is studying law in New York. ... Oh, do bring him here. I want to talk to him."

Ogden walked over to the Armenian and told him his mission. The young man was delighted. man was delighted.

Leaving them, Ogden walked forward and lit a cigarette. Before he had been there long Gladys swept past him, her face crimson. He caught the

angry flash from her eyes and at the same time noticed that her youthful escort wore an expression of horror and amazement.

"I say, Dr. Moore," exclaimed the young man, "can I speak to you a moment? Do you know what that Armenian chap talking to Mrs. Towa

"I think so," said Ogden.
"Well, I'll bet you don't! He's avalet in the Powhatan Club!"

Ogden's straight eyebrows came to-gether and his cold gray eyes grew

"Do you know what else he is?" he

asked.
"What?"
"He's a guest aboard my yacht, and as such is not open to criticism."

The young man drew back a trifle, and Gladys came to his rescue.

"That appears to cover a multitude of delinquencies." she retorted. "One of the young ladies in pink sold me several yards of silk the other day in Terne's

"Indeed? I fail to see that that is ything against her. "If you must invite valets and shop girls and people like the woman with the dyed hair, I should think that at

least you might refrain from introducing

least you might refrain from introducing them promiscously to your friends," said the girl in a low voice.
"Pardon me, but I have not introduced any of your party to my guests without being requested to do so. Also permit me to point out the fact that I had invited these people whom you find aboard, whereas, if I must say it, the rest of you have invited yourselves!" Gladys' face paled with anger.

Gladys' face paled with anger. "Will you be so good as to put us ashore?" she asked, in a voice that

weak and sickly.

NOW:

entire body.

inconvenience you," she said coldly, at the same time unable to avoid a curious glarce toward the people aft.

"I am sorry that you should feel so about it." he replied evenly, stepping

"Before I go ashore, doctor," he

"Before I go ashore, doctor," he said, "I want to tell you that I think you are a brick! Lajoux has given you dead away. I am going to find something for that little chap. We can always use an alert Frenchman in our exporting business." He held out his hand, which Ogden took, blushing furiously and hopelessly embarrassed for the first time in the whole day.

Van Beuren laughed and turned away. They had by this time entered the basin off the Yacht Club, and presently the engines stopped, then went astern and the yacht's momentum ceased. At the same time the Yacht Club launch swept alongside in answer to their signal, and the party from the schooner prepared to disembark.

Mrs. Townsend paused for an instant as she was about to descend and held out her hand to Ogden, who was stand-

ing by the rail.
"Mr. Yarosian has told me all about himself "— she paused, and, at the softening of her voice and eyes, Gladys, whom she was delaying, gazed at her in surprise—" and about you," she added.
"I am going to do something for him this winter. He is too bright to press clothes—and I think that you are a dear!" she added impulsively and hur

red down the steps, a suspicious moisture in her sweet eyes.
Gladys' face looked mystified as she followed her into the waiting launch.

One side of the midsummer moon had softened like a luscious peach which has hung too long upon the bough. That evening it had risen blood-red, flushed from its haste to mount guard upon the destinies of men and maids, cooled as it lifted higher and now shed downward a soft and mellow radiance

Dr. Ogden Moore, from his seat upon the broad rail of the veranda, had watched its upward course unmoved, ignoring the potent summons even as he had ignored those of a pair of big blue eyes which many times that even-

ing had sent their pleading message.
"Ogden," said a soft voice at his shoulder, a voice that held the faintest suspicion of a quaver. He arose quickly to his feet.
"Yes, Gladys."

"Ogden, I wish to have a talk with you." A certain pleading accent of the voice belied its dignicy. "Come down to the summer house, where we will not be disturbed."

will not be disturbed."
Side by side, yet separated by an infinite distance, they passed across the dewy lawn. At the entrance to the bower the girl turned to him suddenly and raised her wistful face.
"Ogden, can you forgive me?" Her

voice contained a passionate appeal. He looked at her thoughtfully. "I'm airaid not, Gladys," he answered in a tone of deep regret. "Why not?" she demanded, almost

flercely.

"Because—you see, you insulted my guests: not openly, to be sure, but through me. I would not have blamed you—in fact, did not blame you for what applied to me personally—but, you see, one's guests are sacred, espe-cially when they are so unfortunate as to be unable to defend themselves."

" But I did not know that, Ogden. Idid not understand. It never occurred to me that they were your clinical, charity patients. I do not know much harity patients. about people outside of my own caste, as you said the other day; but I thought that your clinic people were

very poor, destitute."
. They are. I doubt if the dozen people that you saw would be able to raise \$50 all together."

"Then you won't — forgive — me — Ogden?" It was the faintest whisper. "I am very sorry—'he began coldly, then paused, finding the words difficult. Gladys turned slowly from him and started to walk back toward the club house. The mellow moon rays rested lovingly on the fair, thoughtless head, now wiser than a week ago; wiser for the knowledge of some of the exquisite pathos of humanity. Ogden saw her round shoulders lift suddenly and

caught a low, heart-rending sound.
"Gladys!" He reached her in one swift stride. His strong arms drew her to him; her own crept softly around his neck. Her tear-stained face was

close against his chest.

"Oh, Ogden—" she sobbed.

"Hash, darling! Of course, I'll forgive you."—Henry C. Rowland in Pearson's Magazine.

If Jesus allowed His own most holy Mother to be grievously afflicted in this world; if He allowed her to be ashore?" she asked, in a voice that choked a trifle.

"Immediately. There is the Yacht Cub right ahead." Ogden bowed and walked away. Before he had taken a dozen steps he felt a hand laid on his this world free from trials?

FATHER KOENIC'S

A Result Of La Grippe. 1

RIVERSIDE, N.B., CAM.

About three years ago my mother had the
rippe, which left her body and mind in a weak-About three years ago my home and a weak-grippe, which left her body and mind in a weak-grippe, which left her body and mind in a weak-grippe which left her body had no peace of mind at any time, and would imagine the most horrible things. We employed the best physicians but she became worse; then her sister-in-law recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After using it a change for the better was apparent and mother became very fleshy on account of a voracious appetite, and got entirely well. We all thanked God for sending us the Tonic.

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