## After The Battle.

lante

The vulture gloats o'er his hateful re-

past, ,And darkness gathers around-And therkness gathers around—
The streaming fire
Of the Gatting gun,
Shrappel and bombshell
At last are dumb.
The ghastly work
Of the day is done;
And the horrors of
The night begun;
Soldiers are dying, one by one,
Soaking their blood in the ground

Friend and enemy, Briton and Boer, Lying around by the hundred score, Catching the moon's pale light. Covered in blood,

And dust and sweat, Agony on each Feature set, Clutching the place Quivering, gasping, Where the lead was met—

Struggling yet— Beating the air in the throes of Death, Rendering indeans night. Who can describe with speech or pen

The Great Guns' throats are silent at. That cry of thousands of so i ging That breaks on the horrified ear i-

That breaks on the horrifled ca
Moan of anguish.
Shriek of pain
Itavings fleros
Of delivious brain
Itsing and falling
And rising again,
Mingled Augusther
In terrible strain.
Like waves of a sea of agony,
Filling the soul with fear.

And for what is all this bloody strife, This reckless slaughter of human life, What can such sacrafice mean t 'his bus the way

## Stanmore Grange

"This, M. Le Cure, must be my farewell visit, I fear, for I am seriously thinking of turning my face towards England's shores once more."
The good Cure tapped his santif-box preparatory to opening it, and before replying helped himself to a liberal pimetr of its content:
"Well, my good young friend," he said, "much as I shall regret your absence. I think your decision a wise one. When looking at you 6 often say to myself softo voce, you know—Why stand you here all the day idle?"

Come, now, Monsieur, don't be too "Come, now, Monseur, don't be too hard," protested the young man, "have I not ever hoped that some day or other you would hold out to me the possibility of aspring to better and holer things?"

The Oure closed his snuff-box with a sharp click.

"No need, my dear boy, so open up that mestion again. I think I have

"No need, my dear boy, no open the that question again. I think I have already told you very emphatically that among the in my graces bestowed upon you by Almaghty God. He has not seen fat to include that of a vocation to the religious. He nor the holy priesthood, you have, however, many duties in another state of life to fulfill. It is now inter years since you came of age, and what have you done? Your estate is left entirely in the came of age, and what have you done? Your estate is left entirely in the hands of your agent; are you sure that he administers justice and kindthat he administers justice and kind-ness to all those over whom he has control, or, on the other hand, may he not be using the means within his reads to serve his own ends and pur-poses for

Cecil Stammore's bandsome face hore an expression of gravity as he lis-

neu. 'You are r.ght, Monsieut," he said, "You are right, Monsieut," he said, "I have been a very foolish young man indeed. Though I never intended to shirk my duty, I see I have been very remiss, but I will endeavor now to make reparation to the best of my white?"

make reparation to the best of my ability."

"Have you seen the new statue of St. Anthony just erected in the church?" asked the Cute.

"No. Monseut, I have only just returned from Jurges, where I have been staying for a couple of weeks," replied Cecil.

"Well, then, my dett son, this is, as I am sure you already know, the feast of St. Anthony, go now and pray to him. I have heard he is a powerful advocate to find the right partner for those who ask him, and I wish you would also say a prayer for the soul of the generous benefactor who gave the statue."

Cecil Stanmore reverently knelt with howed head to receive the sood priest's blessing, and a tear dimmed the Cute's eye as he warmly shook the young friend's kind.

The Cute stood where he young friend left in m, gozing into squee It

Cure's eye as he warmiy shook the young friend's Lind

The Cure stood where he young friend left nin, gozing into squoe It was a novelty for the busy prost to indulge in day dreams, but at that precise noment he was oblivious of his surroundings—his memory had flown back to thereter years before when he first knew Ceal, a bright and happy little boy of cheven. At that time the good Cure, broken down in seath from excessive and incremitting labor in a large and seatered pariss lying on the outskirts of the old Belg an capital, was compelled to abandon hes atdoors duries for a while in order to regain the strength that had been so severily stronged and shattered. Gladly, therefore, had he availed himself of the professed totorship of Ceal Stammer, it was just the thing he wanted.

Ceal was a sonownat deheat a my having just recovered from a se this littless, and being an only child time was no care his parents would not bestow and lavisse upon him. He was deemed too dehe to, for a time at least, to rough it at school with other boys. His parents, therefore, thought themselves happy and privileged in securing the services of the good Cure. The Cure had his own tacthod of imparting knowledge; he simost disparting to the prize made little journeys together across the briny deep, and occasional sujourns on littituitus and normal to the prize of two years together across the briny deep, and occasional sujourns on littituitus and active work here and after a lipse of two years together across the briny deep, and occasional sujourns on littituitus and refrect be returned in sound and perfect he returned in sound and the spiritual wants of h

Tis but the way
Of a nation great
Settling account with
Another State
Forming forever
A kingdom of hate
Twixt the two sides
Of the human debate,
Paying the price with the life-blood
red,
Of the soldiers of Boer and Quedo
From Belgian Times and News, Feb.
10th, 1900.

Cecil Stanmore made his devotions before the illessed Sacrament and then turned to the newly erected sta-tue of St Anthony, the aspect of which pleased his artistic eye and devocional mind 'ntensely', it represented the saint in his usual posture, hold

votonal mind intensely, it represented the saint in his usual posture, holoing in one hand the white lily of purity and in the other a book on which stood the infant Jesus careasing the saint with infinite tenderness. Cecil thought he hou never seen a more devotional or life-like statue.

He knelt on, heedless of the flight of time, though he searcely gave utterance to vocal prayer. His dand reverted to the years that were irretrievably pass and gone. He blamed himself for shirking duties that had been laid upon him, but there should be an end to it now the responsibilities of life. In his betevenent and loneliness his heart yearned more then ever for the sympathy of his old friend, the Cure of St. Etienne, whom he ever regarded as his "friend, philosopher and guide." Ite now clung to him with still greater

Etienne, whom he ever regarded as his "friend, philosopher and guide." He now clung to him with still greater affection, he was the one link between the desolate present and the happy, joyous fast.

The trustees appointed an agen, to look after the estate during Cecil's minority, and tithe young man returned to the Continent to continue the studies that had been incerturated by his parents' death. Time went on and at laste he came of age, but still fac lingered, shrinking from the thought of eturning to his once happy home.

To be the heir and sole possessor of Stømnore Grange and all the rich, bread acres appertaining thereto was a position calculated to make many a young man swell with pride, but pride and pomposity had no share in Cecil's composition.

How long Cecil knelt there before St.

composition.

How long Cec. | knelt there before St. How long Cecil knelt there before St. Anthony's statue reviewing the past and making generous resolutions for the future he knew not, so absorbed was he in his own reflections. He thought be was alone, but in this he was mistaken.

He was aroused at last from his resure by the maximum of a four-

was mistaken. He was aroused ut last from his reverse by the movement of a figure draped in deep nourning. It was a young girl who dond kneit there long in deep and silent prayer. She rose to 190 now, however, but before doing-so approached the statue to light ap a votive candle.

Cecil's eyes koilowed her movements, and artist that he was he could not fail to be struck with the rare beauty of her countenance—so sweet, so pure, so gentle. But as he stole a second glance he perceived sorrow and suffering were evidently depicted on the fair young face; the flickering light from the candle revealed a large, bright tear, ghistening like a diamond on the dark, long lashes.

Margatet Seager, after paying this last tribute to St. Antaony in the church she loved so well, tried to stifle the sob that rose like a lump in ther throat. When would she stand agam within the precincts of that sacred edifice, the wonderet! Never

her throst. When would see stain again within the precincts of that sacred edifice, the wonderelf Never again, perhaps. With anguish she though of the dear remains of him

though of the dear remans of him who beneath the soft, freshly-distourbed turf was sleeping at a last sleep.
Overcome with a sense of her lone-liness and her loss, she hastily quitted the church without perceiving that she had iropped her rosary. It caught, however, Ceut's quick eye, and ho stooped to pick it up, intending to foll with the retreating figure, but his arti tie apprecia ion and love of the beau. In a process of a moment to admire its exquiste heauty and workmonths. It was the finest specimen he had ever seen—mother-of-pearl beads mest tabouately mounted in elegantly wrought silver.

He hurried then to overtake the young lady, but, alast he was too late. Just as the reached the church door she had entered a carriage and was being driven rapidly away.
Suppressing an exclamation of annoyance Cecil possed the rosary into his pocket; the only thing do be done was to hand it so the Cute. Doubtless he could easily restore it to the owner.

Once more he presented himself in

once more in the control of the Cure's presence "This, Monsieur," he said, drawing forth the rosary, "was dropped in the charch by une jeune democselle. I have brought it to you that you may

return it to her"
In a moment the priest recognized

In a moment the priest recognized the resary.

"Quel dominage," has exclaimed, putting his hand up to his forehead and slowly allowing it to travet across his hald head, "la pauvre printe! How grieved she will be."

"But, Mondeur, surely it will be an easy matter o return it o her the next time she comes to church?"

"Non, mon garcon," replied the Cure, "she has stirted for Ostend, and to-morrow she inlends crossing over to

England. Well, I must send a to her through the post now; but meanwhile I know how sorry she will be thinking she has lost it."
"She seemed to be in deep moorning," said Cerll, interested enough to try to glean a mule further information.

"She seemed to be in deep mourning," said Ceell, interested enough to try to glean a mule further information.

"Yes, Indeed, poor child. She has passed through the crucible of suffering. Left nu orphan when a mere baby, she was ad pict by her sant, and uncle-la-law, who, being childless, bestowed upon her the wealth of their deep affection. They lived in Brussels a portion of every year, so they had become great friends of mine. About a year aga Monseur had the misfortune to lose his good wife; he and his nicce sought to find solace in their sorrow by traviling After journeying around they and settled down here ugain, when unfortunately Mr. Oldham was taken fill and died suddenly, sine there the trouble did not end; no will was found, and the whole of his property, which he intended leaving to his adopted daughter, was claimed by a coust—of whom he find stoown very little, and carred for still less—as being the next of Kin; the poor girl is consequently left without means for being his wife's niece only, she inherits nothing according to law, but I trust St. Anthony will now befriend her."

"What a sad history," said Ceerl sympatheteally, "and what will the poor young lady do now, I wonder?"

"Oh, she is prave, so brave, "sand the Cure; "she is quite crushed, it is true, all the death of her adopted parents, but no 4 o the monetary loss, she does not seem to mind that at all. Her intention is to seek a situation in the teaching line, for she is highly accomplised; and which that object she has returned to England, to stay wells a fruend whole she looks out for a position that will suit her. Let me see, I have her address about me, I think Vola! here it is—care of Mrs. Lamoureux—"

"Surely not having ut 13 South Parade, 41—" broke in Ceen, excitedly, "

"Vo.da i here it is—care of Mrs. Lamoureux—"

"Surely not diving at 13 South Parade, ii—" broke in Cecil, excitedly, "Exactly," said the Oure, looking up in surprise. "Do you know her?"

"Why, she is no other than my sespected godmother," replied Cecil; "she has only recently settled in II—, and as you already know, that is the nearest town to Stammore Grange, and it was my antention to ride over and see her on my return. If you like, Mons cur, I will keep the cosarty, and when I to home I will call on Mrs. Lamoureux without delay,"

"Very good, my young friend; that is a wery satisfactory arrangement," said the Ourc, feeling relieved of a responsibility, and with a few more adieux Cecil departed

Gathering together his belongings, he started on the following hay for Bruges, where he was detained by business a little longer than the anticipated; however, he set said at last for England to take up his residence in his beautiful Sussex home.

his beautiful Sussex home.

After an absence of several years Ceoil Stanmore stood once more beneath
the portal of his ancestral home, unexpected and unannounced. All mature was talorned in his most festive
adornment at this home-coming of
"the young squire," us he was-rommonly called.
Cecil was deeply touched at the acclamations of delight with which he
was received on all sides and in every
direction. It was the dawn of a new
era for those poor people who had suffered much since the decease of the
squire and his good lady.
Cecil was not unmindful of the rosary in his charge and he was impatient to restore it as speedily as possible to fits owner, but unavoidable business with his agent detained him for After an absence of several years Ce-

ble to Its owner, but unavoidable bus-iness with his agent detained him for a few thays, and more than a week had elapsed from the day he found it before he had his horse sæddled and sev forth on his projected visit to his godmother, Mrs. Lamoureux.

"There, I do think St. Anthony ought to grant my petitions now. Don't you thank so, dear Mrs. Lamoureux? This is the last day of the no-

vena, you know."

The speaker thad just finished plac-The speaker had just finished placing some expulsite roses around the small statue (that stood on a bracket in Mrs. Lamoureux's drawing-room, and she concluded her sentence by turning her sweet, expressive countenance towards her friend.

Mrs. Lamoureux and ceased her embrodery, and her hands lay idly in her lap as the watched Margaret's deft langers so vastefully acranging the flowers.

flowers.
"I to think he ought to send your rosary, dear,, but as for the other restriction, ed., Margazet, I was just thinking and hoping that St Anthony had no handbar, and your shome. sent me a daughter, and you " home. My dear, il with you would never

heave the."

Margaret can e bver and sat down on a low stool near Mrs. Lamoureux.
"Dearest and beat of frænds," she said "I know you would spoil me if you could, but I cannot consent to be u burden on you always. I am poor now, and must work for my living, for you know I lost everything at my uncle's death, but don't think I have any regrets about that—no, indeed." ancies neare, our don't think I have any regrets about that no, indeed." Ars. I amountuix tooked down sym-pathetically at her young friend, who contribute.

Mrs. Lamoureux took hold of her hand. "Well, Maggie," sle said, "I have usked St. Anthony to find me such a place, and although I want him to send me my rosary without delay, well," she added with a smile, "I am not going to hurry him over the other matter. Let me see—like is June, and if he would find for me a suitable plac in September I should enjoy three months of your scolety—that is, If you will be burdened with me for so long a time, dear Mrs. Lamoureux."

Mrs. Lamoureux took hold of her hand, "Well, Maggie," she said, "I have kizen ear to all you have to say; now you in turn smut listen to my plans. In the first place, as for being a burden to me, you know that is absurd and all nonsense. What I propose is—"
But all Yurther conversation was

pose is—"
But all further conversation was there interrupted by the announcement of a visitor.
"Mr. Cecil Standore."

"Mr. Ceell Stanmore."
Mrs. Lamoureux aross and faced the caller in astonishment. "Ceell my dear boy," she exclaimed, "is it really you? Can I believe my eyes!"
"You have excellent testimony." replied Ceell laughingly, as he heartily shook hands with his godmother, and

then he was introduced to Margaret. "Well, thus is an unexpected plea-sure," said Mrs. Lamoureux "I thought you were abroad. When did you return?"

you return?"

"Only a few tlays since," replied Cacal, and I was compelled by a two-fold duty to call upon you wita as little delay as possible—the combined duty and pleasure of paying my devoirs to my respected godmother, and the duty of restoring this"—and he drew out the rosary,—"to Miss Sea-Ker."

Margaret gave an exclamation of de-

Margaret gave an exclamation of delight at the light of her restored treasure, and Ceell shought, beautiful as the looked the first day he saw her in her sorrows and her tears, surpassingly so was have now with the look of radiant happiness on her face "Oh, where did you get at I how did you find it?" has asked, as she took it from his hand. "But I rather suspect St. Anthony had something to do with it," she added, as her heart sent up an ejaculation of thank-giving. Ceell then related the incident of his finding the rosary, with which facts the reader is already acquainted "I do not wonder that you regretted losing it," said Ceell in conclusion "It as such a beautiful rosary, it must be very valuable."

"It was given me by my aunt and uncle as u souvenir of any First Comminion," answered Margaret. "For

"It was given me by my aunt and uncle as a souvenir of any First Communon," answered Margaret. "For that reason I walte it most."

And then they talked of other matters—Cecl's travels abroad, where he had been and what he had seen, the pictures he had painted, and various offer subjects.

had been and what he had seen, the pictures he had painted, and various offer subjects.

A very pleasant afternoon was passed, and evening closed in all too soon for Cecil. He made his adieux and rode leisurely home in the fine summer twilight, whilst an unwonted feeling of contentment took possession of his heart.

This was but the beginning of frequent visits from Cecil. He found his godmother's advice invaluable concerning various plans and projects, and whatever philanthropic scheme he had on hand. If a children's ten or school treat was to be organized, he invariably wanted to consult and ask the advice of Mrs. Lamoureux, whom he playfully designated his "fairy godmother," and a week seldom passed by without his paying her a visit. Cecil meanwhile divived more and more pleasure from his intercourse with his friends, but the was no self-deceiver, and his own feelings soon revealed to him the fact hat, worthy as Mrs. Lamoureux was o' inestimable esteem, yet it was someone else with a younger and faher fact who was the object of his greak attraction. Yes, Cecil had awoke to the fact that his heart had passed into the keeping of another. He was aware of Margaret's intention to leave Mrs. Lamoureux in the month of September, and as August drew to a close he dreaded to think that the ray of sunshine that does not she withdrawn and leave him once again cold and ionely on the wintry path of life.

But before Margaret had concluded her arrangements with the surserior.

But before Margaret had concluded that before Morgaret and constants her arrangements with the superior-ess of a certain convent an incident occurred which completely upset her pre-arranged plans and entirely turn-ed the tide of events.

ed the tide of events.

Mrs. Lamoureux, who was not of a robust constitution, contracted a severe cold, which terminated in an attack of pneumona, and although there was no immediate danger, it was sufficiently serious to cause grave anxiety to those about her. Under the

was no immediate danger, it was satisficiently perious to cause grave anxiety to those about her. Under the circumstances Margare, would not entertain an idee of leaving ther friend. She took charge of the patient, and soon proved herself to be a skillful and efficient nurse.

Mrs. Lamou eux, thanks to the good nursing, and unremitting care beatowed upon her, shou made rapid strides towards recovery. The period of convales recovery were happy time to her, and she was able to appreciate them, to the full all the love and attention that was lavished upon her; the sight of Cecil's exquisite flowers and the delicious fruits which he ceased not to bring in abundance tempted they required mustiff.

and rate exotics refreshed her vision, and the delicous fruits which he ceased not to bring in abundance tempted her returning appetite.

One thay to artis the end of Norember Mrs. Lamoureux, who had quite recovered from her read. Margaret had gone to afternoon Bindiction, and Cecil, availing attack of his feelings in her regard and midden has sence, anburden delassent of his feelings in her regard and midden was no subject of surprise to Mrs. Lamoureux. Sae had one suspended how matters stood, and the up a she wis no material self of the prospect of a union between two was overest ending the first delast the prospect of a union would remove from her mand all further anxiety with regard to Margaret's future, and at the sinae time make Cecil the happent of men.

Well, Cecil, she said, "you must plead your own cluse, and, I most ussuredly sthank your hopes will be fully realized in the answer you will get."

Mrs. Lamoureux spoke with confidence—who had not of 10 to some time past the taletale blush that mantled

Mrs. Lamoureux spoke with confidence—who had not coll for some time that the thetale blush that manifed in Margaret's check when Cecil Stanmore was announced.

"Illess you for those words, dearest of farry gedmothers," said Cecil fervently. "Thus encouraged, I shall put my happiness to the test without delay."

Acting on nie godinother's advice. Occil eloquently pleaded his cause, with the happy result that Margaret with the happy result that Margatet was not cult retsuaded to remain with Mrs. Lamoureux till her year of nourning was over, but at the end of that period to exchange ners in the garb for a bridal array.

Once more the mostly of June came result and well at the fourt of Sr.

Once more the mouth of June came round, and with it the feast of St. Ant. ony. It was an unusually not summer, and the long, struggling street up which the Cure of St Entienne tradged was almost deserted; people were gird to be out of the glare of the midday sun. But it was not altogether the heat of the day that made the Cure civily his shouthed hat made the cure with the algorithm. under his arm while he vigorously mopped his forehead with a large red handkerenief; it was rather his perturbed state of mind that caused the large beads of perspiration to stand

out upon his brow.

"My poor Parre," he murmured.

"What can I do for you?" And then he fell to wondering whether perchance there were a few france stowed away in an old purse that he had not used for some time. "Seven little mouths to be fed daily," he sighed, "and no bread to go in them. But how wrong of me," he added. "Does not 'le bon Dieu' know how to provide for all their needs?"

The Cure had just been vasiting one of his parishioners, Plerre Lebeau, a poor but very good man. He was a mason, and only that morning, whilst engaged in his work, had fallen from a building, the result of which was a broken leg. He was the father of seven small children, and the Cure had been doing and mother. How the

been doing no best to console the poor stricken wife and mother. How the family were to be provided for during the weeks that Payre must necessar-

By he laid up, the Cure knew not.
"It is the feast of St. Anthony," he softly said, as he reached the church door. "I must go now and ask the

door "I must go now and ask the sate's intercession."

The Cure reverently entered the church and knelt in fervent prayer. "Now I can rest whilst I say my off ee" be said to himself as he reoff ce" be said to himself us he regained the presbytery, but as he laid his hand on the knob of the presbytery door 'A lody and gentleman have called to see you, monsieur," was the message he received. The Cure turned the handle and in a moment he was face to face with his two young friends, Cecil and Margaret. "My children," he exclaimed, as he looked from Margaret's blushing countenance back again to Cecil's beaming one is it possible? What is the meaning of this?"

It was Cecil who was spokesman,

ing of this?"

It was Cecil who was spokesman.

The meaning of it is this, monsieur, we are on our wedding tour."

"The explanation if scarcely necessary," said the Cuxe, as he rubbed his hands gleefully, "but I am glad—very glad—delighted. But bow came you," he added, "to keep the old padre in ignorance of this great event?"

Again it was Cecil who spoke, "The fact of the matter is, monsieur, we just wanted to pay you a surprise

Again it was Cecit who spoke. The just wanted to pay you a surprise visk."

"Wel it is not only a surprise, but a very pleasant one. 'Oh, my dear young friends, what a happiness it is to me to see you, especially under such happy auspices. What great events nave happened since this day last year. Do you remember it, Cecili "Rather," laughed Coal. "I don't forget that you sent me to pray to St. Anthony, and the incident of seeing a certain young lady let fail her rosary was by no means forgotten." "Oh, to be sure," rejoined the Cure; then, turning towarus Margaret, "So you recovered your rosary. I congratulate you."

"Oh, mon bon Pere, I always thought there was a special blessing attached to that rosary," said Margaret, with animation.

Caell now came forward, and as he

animation.
Cecil now came forward, and as he placed some crisp notes in the Cure's and he said, "This, monsieur, is an offering for St. Anthony's bread it is the first installment of a huge debt

that I never can repay."
"Two thousand francs," cried the
Cure, and the eyes he turned up nowards heaven were swimming in

tears. Cecil and Marguet saw that he was

tears.

Cecil and Marguett saw that he was deeply moved, and when he had recovered his composure he told them of the accident that had befulen Pierre Lebeau, and the consequent state of distress to which his family was reduced. "How opportune is your generous gift," he added. "It lifts a load of anxiety from my mind with regard to this poor family."

Margaret and Cecil listened with interest. "Fill tell you what you are to do," said the latter. "You must make Margaret und myself the bankers of this good Pierre, and you have carte blancae to draw on us ad libitum. He must have the best of medical attendance and everything calculated to facilitate his recovery, so you know where to upply for fresh funds. "God bless and reward you both," said the Cure with fervor, and then, as his eyes again with up towards heaven, he added, "How good is the good God."

Cecil and Margaret now rose to depart.

"What stay do you make in Brus-

Part. "What stay do you make in Brus-

"What stay do you make in brussels i" queried the cure.

"We make no stay," answered Cecil
as he took up his ha! "Margaret
wants to visit her uncle's grave, and
then we journey on towards Paris.
Our destination is Rome, for we intend kneeling at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff."

"Ah." said the Curc, with emotion,
"it is children such as you who rejoice
the Holy Father's heart"

Coul and Margares both knelt be-Cell ind Margare, both knelt before the aged priest, and with uplicted hands he blessed them from his heart "Farewell dear friends," he said, "farewell! May happiness be ever shed around your path, as side by side and hand in hand you glide upon the stream of life. Possibly we may nevand hand in hand you gate the stream of life. Possibly we may never meet again, for I am an old man now, and my earthly pilgrimmage must soon be e'er; but we can at least, lock forward to a happy and everlasting reumon upon the eternal shores."—Catholic Fireside.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION regarding the popular integral and external remedy, Dr. Thomas' Edectric Oil,— does not, so far as is known, exist. The despit, so far as is known, exist. The testin only is positive and concurrent that this article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, enecks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpressant effects when taken internally.

A READY ANSWER.
When Lord Ellenborough was chief justice, a bricklayer was one day called as a witness in an action. When he came up to be sworn, his lordship said to him; "Really, witness, when you have to appear before court, it is your duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance."

"Upon my life." replied the witness.
"if your torish p comes to that I'm
thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your toriship."
"What do you mean !" said the judge

angrily. "Why, faith," said the laborer, "you come here in your working clothes, and I come in mile." EDUCATIONAL.

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