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tions, provided at them, intending to hold them thus till there was more space between us, and then make a dash for liberty. Suddenly, without sound of warning. I felt myself pinioned from some moments, but it was useless, and I sullenly submitted, while they led me back to the group by the fire. "Gentlomen," I said, "I reekon I had between us, and then make a dash for warning, I felt myself pinioned from some moments, but it was useless, and I sullenly submitted, while they led me back to the group by the fire. "Gentlomen," I said, "I reekon I had between us, and then make a dash for some moments, but it was useless, accept

ly. I handed my revolver and knife to the eldest of the three, who received them with a gracious sweep of the hand, and threw his wide cape over my shoulders as I knelt shivering before

belonged to the inferior first of the second test of the second test warm in a big city. I have called her a dressmaker. In fact, she worked buttonholes for a liv-ing. The matron of the Young Women's Boarding-Home had "genwomen's Boarding-Home had "gen-teel" sensibilities and promoted her "guests" according to a social sliding scale of her own invention. "Dress-maker" was better form than "button-holer."

holer." The Little Dressmaker's bedroom was in " the fourth storey " " back." She shared the eight-by-eight dormi-tory with Milly Wilson, who made " pants " in a ready made cheap cloth-ing shop. Milly's fingers were rough-ing shop. The charge clothe she ing shop. Milly's fingers were rough-ened and dyed by the coarse cloths she worked upon, and she brought into the worked upon, and she brought into the hall bedroom at evening a smell of greasy wool and tobacco. The pro-prietor of the shop worked with the "hands" and smoked a pipe all day. As Milly was afraid of the night air if the window were left open, and afraid of burglars if the doors were left woolded the atmosphere of the more

unlocked, the atmosphere of the room was thick and foul by daybreak. The The Little Dressmaker always saw the day break under the yellow Holland shade that would not come down further than the top of the lower sash. She had lain awake so long by the time the sash lain awake so long by the time the sash became a "glimmering square," that the dawn was like the visit of a friend to her tired eyes. The Lady Doctor, whose name appeared in the reports of the Home as "resident physician," the Home as "resident physician," thought buttonholing bad for the Little Dressmaker's eyes. As the girl could get no other work, she bought a pair of spectacles and kept her place in Ma-dame Fisher's establishment. One Friday evening when the left eye was dimmer than usual, she called on her way home from work upon the resident, physician, who lived a mile

with you to-day?" The patient was breathing fast and more loudly than she considered re-spectful and she hastened to apolog-

ize. "It's the spring weather, I s'pose," she said. "I get weaker all the time, and my stomach doesn't seem to go even, you know. That's why I breathe

so queer." "You are not well in any respect. I've seen that, this great while," an-swered the Lady Doctor. "I've done my best. There are complications! I'm going to put you into more skillful berde "

After asking a few questions, she wrote, not a prescription, but a note to a physician so distinguished as a specialist that even the Little Dress-maker had heard of him over her but-

"Gentlemen," I said, "I reekon I had better, under the circumstances, accept your hospitality for the present." "Reekon yer had!" they replied, dry-iy. I handed my revolver and knife to the eldest of the three, who received them with a gracious sweep of the better, under the week by working hate and he had leisure to be kind to the had written somewhat at length. When he had used the stethoscope upon lungs and heart, and catechised the rabout everything he could think of her about everything he could think of, and a hundred things she could never The next w

shoulders as I knelt shivering before the embers. And so ended my brief, inglorious career in the service of my country. TO BE CONTINUED. WHERE THE LANE TURNFD. The Little Dressmaker was thirty-seven years old and unmarried. She belonged to the mighty tribe of bed-roomites that swarm in a big city. Leave called her a dressmaker. In

inexcusably healthy girl in the Home, whose cheeks were like scarlet August tomatoes, loudly envied Miss Small's lady-like skin. It was so interesting. She could not be paler for what she had heard, but a bluish tinge crept into She could not be paler for what she had heard, but a bluish tinge creptinto her lips and her face was smaller and oddly pinched. Her eyes challenged the speaker steadily, and her own voice did not quaver. "Are yon perfectly sure ?" " I am. There can be no mistake.

the speaker steadily, and her own tota did not quaver. "Are you perfectly sure ?" "I am. There can be no mistake. Dr. Riggs knew it when she sent you to me. If you were not anaemic and if your general health were better, there would be one chance in a million that the end might be delayed by careful nursing and nourishment. You could never be cured. As it is—"

He was provoked with himself for hesitating to go under the challenging eyes. She took up the clipped thread. eyes. She took up the clipped thread. "As it is"—in just the tone he had used—"I am likely to die any minute." "Just that. You are a brave woman to take it so well."

pined. "If I had known it would be like this. I couldn't have waited!" "It's easy for you to look pleased, Miss Small, when you've got all the light there is in the room." The snappish accents did not reach the dreamer until her name was called. A cloud had covered the sun and the "You are very good to tell me the plain truth. I am much oliged to you." There was a change in her whole bearing—an indefinable touch of dignity he would not have thought could be engrafted upon the ill-assured manner

engrated upon the massured mannet of the shop-girl. "I suppose"—speaking to herself rather than so him—"that was what she meant by talking about the long lane and the turn." "Probably," answered the doctor, indulgent of the fancy he knew noth-

Dressmaker's eyes. As bought a pair of get no other work, she bought a pair of spectacles and kept her place in Ma-dame Fisher's establishment. One Friday evening when the left eye was dimmer than usual, she called on her way home from work upon the resident physician, who lived a mile from the Boarding Home. The resident physician nodded kindly to her visitor, and pushed a chair to-ward her with her foot, her hands being busy with something she was writing. "Well !" she asked. "How goes it with you to day?" The fickle weather had changed since "Dome Friday even her and the source of the fancy he knew hold-ing of. "And this—the turn—may be close at hand—just before me, maybe?" still dreamily, a strange light beginning to shine in her eyes. Then pulling herself to use y kind to me, sir. I shall always be thankful to you—and to Dr. Riggs for seding me to you." "You are very welcome," he an-swered gravely, and his august hand opened the door as she moved to go. "Good morning !" her comrade would have replied with cold eivility and kept her seat. To-day she could not afford to let slip a chance of lifting even an ounce of her neighbor's burden. The forewoman neighbor's burden. The forewoman had her incisive word, as the offer was

on the face upraised in eager depreca-The fickle weather had changed since

The fickle weather had changed since she went into the great doctor's office. The chill and smell of the big city struck her rudely. Involuntarily she turned up the collar of her jacket about her throat, then let it go and laughed in the glad surprise of the thought that flashed into her soul. "Why! it makes no difference to me,

Now: Swiftly as the caged doves fly to skyward windows, followed a verse of now

her motoer's favorite hymn:

" No chilling winds, no poisoncus breath Can reach that healthful shore; Sickness and sorrow, pain and death Are felt and feared no more."

After asking a few questions, she After asking a few questions, she a physician so distinguished as a precialist that even the Little Dress-maker had heard of him over her but tonholes. "Take this to him between 10 and 12 some morning," she directed. "You manage to get there then, as those are some morning," she directed. "You manage to get there then, as those are bis office haver." In the glow of the sentiment she lore-bore to scold an apprentice who had puckered a skirt band in putting it on. "Rip it off carefully and try again," she advised. "We all have to learn." avenuent with a motion not unlike flying. "It's like packing up to go home he advised. "We all have to learn." for life itself, where will these, our The hands exchanged looks that wan-lered to the lily in the window, then ack to the Little Dressmaker's face, before returning to their work. She lingered when the day's task was the barren negations of the spirit, which the sharen negations of the spirit, which the sharen negations of the spirit, which the sharen negations of the spirit which the spirit which the sharen negations of the spirit which th after I've been away ever and ever so long," she said to herself. dered to the lily in the window, then back to the Little Dressmaker's face, A ragged street Arab thurst into her before returning to their work. She lingered when the day's task was done to assist the other girls in putting by their bulky fabrics, chasing rolling spools and hunting 'agrant's cissors, saying little during the labor of love, is a wing little during the labor of love, saying little face a stubby bunch of violets he had probably found in the gutter. "Please buy my flowers, lady!" he whined tor. "Don't get discouraged," added the resident physician. While she talked the Lady Doctor held a pencil between her lips. The upper lip had a funny little point of a bird's beak. It kept the pencil from falling, while she talked on each side of it. She had odd little ways of her own, but she had a heart behind them all. The trouble was she had kept it behind so long and so hard had kept it behind so long and so hard whined. She dropped the coin into the grim palm and smiled into the old-young eyes. by their bulky habits, chang formed is spools and hunting vagrant scissors, saying little during the labor of love, but, unknown to herself shedding the mysterious light of her happy secret into each life. Two of the girls were impelled to walk part of the way home with her. For a moment she was sorry, then took herself to task for entertaining the regret. "When I have so little time to please would have bought then for them in, and all eternity for what I want to think about !" woman who had granted her leave of absence very sourly. At her best estate the functionary was sub-acid. The Little Dressmaker phrased it

making buttenholes and eyelets and gilded was not yet gray. The West but complete the man as God intended

The high-stepper shied at a tray of flowers on the vender's shoulder; the driver three herself back with all the weight upon the ground and had hold of the horse's bit before he could trample the prostrate figure. Signal definition of which David was the prophet, waters of which David was the prophet, but of which the dear Christ is the true Shepherd." With Mrs. Howe we deplore the de-cadence of religion among the non-catholic Christians of New England Catholic Christians of New England

The next was the happiest and busiest

her strength." "They've been up there fourteen years, come August," she mused fear-lessly now, "I s'pose I should hardly know little Jack, but Tom will be on

the look-out for me, and the baby won't bondage through fear of death! She was like one who, in blindness and deafness, had held her doors against the lover for whom her soul waited and pined. "If I had known it would be

nto the other room. "If the truth were told, better off than

the happiest of us!" he reiterated pen-sively, thrusting into the waste-paper basket the Easter Illy the Little Dress-A cloud had covered the sun, and the "hands" were huddling towards the windows. The person addressed arose maker had dropped at the Turn of the Long Lane.—Marion Harland.

#### "I'm sorry, Miss Beach ! Won't you please take my place? I can see further back." RELIGION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

In a recent Christian Register Mrs. In a recent consistent degister Affs. Julia Ward Howe writes on "The Religious Education of the Young," and, we are glad to say, commends it. This Catholic truth gradually percolates able of her fellow-workers. Yesterday her comrade would have replied with the aridest earth ; thus Catholic waterdrops in time wear down the hardest Sacred Heart Review.

stone : After glancing at the upturning of the religious ideals of "us Americans" (Yankees) during the past century, of the breaking of their religious fetters and substitution of a simple and childhad her incisive word, as the offer was accepted in ungracious silence. "I should say, Miss Beach, that, with her weak eyes, Miss Small needs more light than you do." The corner to which the little woman had withdrawn with her button-holes was actually illuminined by the smile on the face unraised in eager deprecalike Christianity, at which she rejoices,

" Oh, no !" with her happy stammer. "I have all the light I need. I'm so glad to do something for somebody. There won't be many more chances, you offence and failure ? What will console know." The girls looked curiously at her again, and then, as they recollected atterwards, silence fell upon them, for perhaps five minutes, and solent searchings got hold of some hearts. The lily was propped up against a window casing with the stem in a tumber of water. As it began to breathe freely in the warm air, the fore-woman put out a bony index finger to

**Generalized in the state of the state of** A young girl, daintily dressed, drove a smart dogcart around the corner, her groom sitting with folded arms beside over the rough debris of all that has

> A crowd collected in a minute. Foremost in the press and nearest to the unconscious woman, was the girl who had caused the accident. " Bring her directly into the doctor's office !" she cried, pallid with distress. " You must !" as a policeman demurred. " He is my own physician. He will help her if anybody can." gence and common sense may in genee and common sense may in the prevail, and that it shall not need many more instances of youthful de-pravity and crime, so prevalent nowa-days, to convince all or nearly all Americans that religion should form a vibra divergion should form a

Americans that religion should form a portion of every child's education. Mrs. Howe could do much toward bringing about this desirable and most worthy end, and we trust she may think seriously of it. She is eminently patriotic, and if education with religion to for buttor them without it, why are be far better than without it, why are be far better than without it, why are not Americans entitled to the better bind 2. For Americans the very best. The best courses in Canada and reasonable kind? For Americans the very bes of anything should be none too good .-

## MIDDLE AGES.

Hamilton W. Mabie, writing in the Hamilton W. Mable, writing in the Outlook, describes the beauties of some Norman cathedals. "In Rouen," he says, "there are so many beautiful churhes that one is tempted to forget churhes that one is tempted to lorget all other interests and surrender him-self to the loveliness of the French Gothic, with it masses of flower-like carving, its delicate manipulation of stone as if there were something fluid in the materials which it shapes with a hand at once free and sensitive. One understands what the Florentines meant

when they called their scuptors 'masters of live stone.' This free, masterful treatment is a sign always of the areating

of the creative age. "The eathedral and St. Ouen, to say nothing of the loveliness of St. Sauveur and St. Pierre, and of four or five other

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like Christianity, at which she registery Mrs. Howe writes: "But let me ask, Do we wish our children to enter this field of practical life without religion? What other power will guide them among the pit-falls of temptation? What other agency will redeem them after repeated offence and failure? What will console

" The

THE CATHEDRALS OF THE

The high-stepper shied at a tray of the waves on the vender's shoulder; the

"You must !" as a policeman demurred. "He is my own physician. He will help her if anybody can." She waited in an agony of suspense in the outer office, until the surgeon's work was done. He told her the result in person. He She waited in an agony of suspense in the outer office, until the surgeon's work was done. He told her the result in person. He had known her from childhood, and her father was a wealthy patient. He took her hand reassuringly and led her to a seat. "Compose yourself, my dear," said he, soothingly. "You were not to blame. Those who saw the accident is beyond the reach of human aid. Listen," as she clasped her hands with a cry of horror: "I do not think that you hurt her. The shaft may have touched her, but there is not so much as a bruise. It is a fortunate coinci-dence that the poor thing was in my office this very morning. She went away under sentence of death. I told her that her life was not worth a moment's purchase. A very slight her that her life was not worth a moment's purchase. A very slight shock—a mere start—a touch to the heart—and she wold be gone. She bore the news wonderfully well. Ah, well! She is better off than we are well! She is better oll than we are now." In saying it he stood mechanically to gather from the floor a bruised lily and leaves that had fallen from the dead hand as the policemen bore their burden into the other room. difficulty in this, although the problem is solved daily before their eyes in the many thousands of parochial schools, and although England, Germany and other countries find it a very practical matter. But we have hope that intelli-gence and common sense may in time

As I did np. As I did radually disom my eyes, ess filled my

I whispered, is taking you of glory will is no fear or

ul! day." voice; go!'

ht cry" came soul of God's no longer, but he call in its the first streak rave deep and tangled roots d leaving the

in wide chan-cross above it, rayer before l my own safety

we woods were we by the ever-stay in hiding venture forth either resist-ender. I could would in any would in any rhaps this was but it seeme t after I should to evade the if I were to find anded I should nce. I started ion whence no had not walked fore I suddenly gray crouching

e. slink off, they ight of my wet,

elf, son," said n ?" asked the my hand, their

his office hours."

his office hours." "The forewoman will let me make up my time by taking my work at night, I hope," said the Little Dressmaker, gratefully elate with the thought of a complaint important enough to justify or more intermine with the great dog personal interview with the great doc-

tor. "Don't get discouraged," added the had kept it behind so long and so hard

that it was not easy to bring it to the front when she would fain show it. It's a long lane that has no turnshe added, looking at the glasses ing,"

she was polishing instead of at the small figure that had paused on the way to the door for further instructions. "Good morning! I wish you were well. Don't forget—It's a long lane that has no turning." Then she clamped her eye-glasses

upon the high bridge of her nose again and bent her head over her work. The Little Dressmaker felt, rather

than saw, that she meant to be encouraging, and said "Good morning, Doc-Gossip at the Home ran much upon

diseases. Serious symptoms gave a veneer of distinction to her who ex-ploited them. The Little Dressmaker was late to tea, and the matron was strict in the matter of punctuality. Yet she had sent the teapot to the kitchen to be "boiled up fresh," and was sorry that the beef was all gone, upon learning what had detained the de-linquent, and that she was to have a

consultation next day. "Must be somethin' pretty serious, if that's the case ?" she opined, tenta-

"Dr. Riggs says there's a complica-

after they left her.

Miss Beach was the most disagree-

"She's awful at times. And she does have have lots to put up with. I wish I could make up for the times l've fretted her." In the very shadow of Mrs. Fisher's establishment a man was selling Easter lilies at a shilling apiece. "Reduced from a half-a-crown," he proclaimed raucously. The Little Dressmaker bought one. "It's extravagant, I know," she rea-soned. "But I won't need money much longer. All I can do is to make The Little Dressmaker bought one. "It's extravagant, I know," she rea-soned. "But I won't need money much longer. All I can do is to make people happy while I'm here." The forewoman was astonished by the gift and nuzzled by the donor's smilling nitied on that account. Here

of the shaft overtake the young people decorated ministers the horman and instant thus trained, when even prosperity may bring with it a weariness and distaste for life itself, where will these, our decorated ministers the horman and main and building age these glorious structures

ual will usurp its place. "I myself have not stood aloof from

this contest of a past age. I have rebeiled against the formalism of public service, against the unintelligent wor-ship of the Bible. Yet I grieve to see that is some families attendence at that in some families attendance at church is held to be of no importance. want to think about !" One of the two ran back to kiss her fiter they left her. "You sweet thing !" she cried im-where is in this wonderful book much

"It becomes us, then, to spare no effort to bring the religious instruction of our youth into a just and proper rela-tion with our own time. The cardinal points of religion do not change. Faith, hope and love are to-day as essential to the well-being of the human soul as they were when Paul commended them in his famous chapter. We can present these great themes to-day freed to make the clouds which once obscured them. Aspiration and service, faith in them. Aspiration and service, faith in them. Aspiration and service, faith in them. Aspiration and service for the service of the servi "It's extravage when Paul commended "You're very kind, I'm sure," she muttered awkardly. "I hope the doctor thinks well of your case?" "Oh, yes, ma'am!" The clear shining flooded her face; a joyous little break in her breath made her stammer. "I'm glad you like the lily." The girls nearest them stared after her curiously as she passed on to the chair where she had sat for five years,

shrines, even where they are of great cost, devoid of nobility of outline or spiritual suggestiveness." - Sacred

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