

HOW MRS. JANE STOOD OUT.

BY MAUDE MORRISON HUEY.

"There, I guess you can carry them out now, Edwin!" Mrs. Jane Ellis stooped for the last anxious touch to the boxes of huckleberries that sat on the floor, distributing the few extra large ones on the top of the baskets. Then she tucked the newspaper cover in at the edges.

"There's an even bushel, and Barker's paying 5 cents." Then she looked at Edwin who stood with his back toward her, drumming his fingers with irritating noise against the front window pane and kicking the toe of his newly-polished boot along the mopboard—polish obtained by not a few minutes of labor from Mrs. Jane the night before, while the rest of the family were enjoying the comfortable unconscious of sleep.

"Edwin!" Her voice had a little touch of sternness in it that was unusual.

Edwin turned around. It was seldom Mrs. Jane ever "spoke out." He looked at her curiously, but her pale gray eyes looked out unwavering from under the light lashes. He frowned at her, but for once she stood and met his frown without a quaver.

"They're ready, Edwin," she repeated, quietly. "There's a bushel of them." Then she began taking the pins from her thin hair. "Aren't you going to hitch up now, Edwin?" she said, and looked up at the clock. It was 7:30.

Edwin Ellis grunted and scuffed out into the middle of the room. "Guess I'll be ready as soon as the rest of ye!" he said grudgingly. He looked around for his hat.

"Aren't you going to change your clothes, Edwin?" Mrs. Jane took the hairpins from her mouth and stood with folded hands before her husband. "Your shirt's fresh ironed, and I've got the buttons in it. Your clothes have been sponged and pressed; they're in there on the bed. The children are most ready. 'Twout take me long to dress."

"I never see a woman yet that could get ready to go any place—" he began, but paused. Mrs. Jane had gathered up her hairpins and gone into the other room and closed the door decisively.

Her husband stood and looked after her with aggrieved wonderment. Never before had Mrs. Jane ventured to speak out so boldly. He had closed the door against his last word. He picked up his hat sullenly from the corner and went out.

Mrs. Jane, standing before the cracked mirror in the kitchen, heard the door slam and her thin face drew itself into more rigid lines. She smoothed her hair down with hard, steady fingers and fastened it into a secure little knot behind. Then she went into the bedroom and began to dress.

She had "held out" against Edwin. She took off her every-day calico and hung it behind the door, and then buttoned on her best black cashmere and fastened it at the throat with the cameo brooch that had been her mother's. She tied fresh ribbons on little Marion's hair and buttoned clean blouses on the twin boys. She did all this with steady, determined fingers. There was an air of victory about her. It had been gradually taking possession of her for a week.

A week ago they had first heard about the circus, and this was the day it was to be held at Georgetown and they were going. She had asked and Edwin had refused. She had pleaded and Edwin had frowned; but she, Mrs. Jane Ellis, had persisted. After fifteen years of silence she had dared to stand out against Edwin—and they were going. Her hunger for some small bit of pleasure and excitement after all her dull, starved, obedient, slavish years frightened her.

She looked up into her own face as she stood before the looking glass, putting the last finishing touches to her neck gear with a sort of bewildering feeling. Had Edwin really given up to her? A flush crept into her sallow cheeks.

She watched him drive the horses around to the front gate, and her heart fluttered wildly as she saw him coming up the path. Her husband, Edwin Ellis, giving up to her! There was a little quiver about her mouth, and she turned away to hide it as he came in. With not a little consternation in her eyes, she watched him silently putting on his best clothes.

Was it really right for her to stand out against Edwin? Her conscience gave her uneasy qualms. She, a puny, undersized woman and Edwin—a she looked over at her strong, brawny husband. Grandma Lewis said a body had only "to look once at Edwin Ellis to see who was head of the house." Really, wasn't it her place to submit, after all?

Little Marion touched her gown. She looked down into the child's face, and that decided her. Little Marion, in her best blue frock that she had worn so few times, with a look of unchildish patience upon her face, waiting meekly as she, Mrs. Jane, had waited so many weary years! When she looked at Edwin again her face had regained its firmness.

She had picked the bushel of huckleberries that was to buy their tickets, walking away on past the cedar swamp after the dinner dishes had been washed, carrying them home in time to get Edwin's supper, bending over the low bushes till her shoulders ached and her head swam. Three afternoons she had picked berries, in order that going to the circus wouldn't be any expense to Edwin.

"If it was going to cost him any-

thing I wouldn't stick out so," she told her. "I'll tell him, too, when we get back, that I guess I can do without any new hat this summer. That'll chirk him up some. I'd planned on having one, but I guess I'll try and get along. I won't tell him now—I'll save it till we get back to sort of chirk him up."

A sense of misgiving took possession of her as she locked the little low front door and led the way down the front path to the wagon. A weight of responsibility seemed resting upon her shoulders. Edwin let her help little Marion up to the high spring seat and clamber in herself, unassisted. Dread apprehension made her almost wish herself back in the homely safety of duties left behind. "What if something should happen?" she kept saying to herself. She felt better when they began to move slowly along the dusty July road.

The cool green of waving oat fields, the silver ripple of rye and gold of wheat, the crisp emerald of young corn seemed to roll like mighty waves, nearer and nearer—great, glorious waves of beauty, till they wrapped her and held her in cool arms of rest. How can petty worries and miseries stay in a mind that sees the wind on growing grain?

Wild roses grew in tangled confusion all along the way, and the birds sang as birds only can on dewy mornings in mid-July. Tiny clouds drifted boatwise over the blue of the sky. The air seemed heavy with scents—now clover, now buckwheat, now ripening orchards.

Mrs. Jane sighed and settled back in the high spring seat and tried to forget that she had stood out against Edwin. Little Marion sat obediently straight at her right hand, careful not to rumple her blue frock. One twin sat at her left, the other twin sat up in front beside his father. She looked over her tiny brood with anxious pleasure.

She had got them ready with such painstaking care; she had sat up till the wee small hours, sewing buttons on little shoes, darning stockings, brushing and pressing clothes, fastening a bit of ribbon to Marion's outgrown bonnet, and trimming her own faded black straw into respectability. No one to encourage her as she worked, no one to utter a bit of kindly approval now it was finished.

Her eyes sought the dumb breadth of Edwin's coat appealingly. Her lips trembled to ask for his commendation, but pride kept her silent. She wondered if he had noticed the new ties she had made for the twins from a good breadth of her silk wedding gown. Did he see the little breeches she had made them by planning and piercing the cloth of his old blue ulster?

She sat listening to the dull rumble of revolving wheels. On and on, and on and on. It was fourteen miles to Georgetown. Mrs. Jane realized the passing glory in a dumb, dazed way. "See the pretty bird," she said, pointing little Marion to where it sat on a bending alder bush, pouring its little life out in melody. She smiled faintly; then she sighed. She sniffed at the flowers mechanically as they passed. Wild plinks and elder and roses; somehow they smelled all the same. Little Marion's frail hand crept into her own and lay there. She tightened her hold of it, and somehow the birds sang sweeter so.

At last the houses grew thicker; they were nearing Georgetown.

Mrs. Jane stirred uneasily upon the high spring seat. She looked down at the crates of huckleberries by her feet. Would she have to sell them—she, Mrs. Jane? Would she have to carry the money? She was possessed with misgiving. A dollar and sixty cents. Should she carry it in her hand till it was time to buy the tickets, or would it be safer to tie it up in the corner of her pocket handkerchief?

She had not owned a pocketbook since she had been a girl. Edwin Ellis handled the money. His wife had grown to feel that in some way she was incompetent to be trusted with it. The thought of doing so now, after fifteen years, filled her with consternation. What would Edwin say? What would the storekeeper think? She reached out and touched the black sleeve before her timidly.

"Edwin!" she said, hesitatingly. "Edwin!"

Edwin Ellis turned partially around. "If you'd as lief, you can let us out at the hotel. We'll need to dust up some. You'd as lief drive down with the berries, hadn't you, Edwin?" Her voice was wistfully anxious; her eyes watched him appealingly.

He gave a little unintelligible grunt and wheeled back to his former position but the sound seemed to relieve Mrs. Jane. She sighed and sank back into the seat.

He let her out at the hotel, and she led the children up into the stuffy little sitting room. From the window she watched Edwin drive away; then she brushed her clothes and the children's and they all sat down, stiff and uncomfortable on the corner sofa to wait.

"It oughtn't to take him long just to drive to the corner with the berries, and round to the church shed with the team," she mused; but the minutes crept awkwardly past. Ten o'clock, a quarter past, half past, came and went.

"Ain't we going to the circus at all?" questioned little Marion wistfully. "When's pa coming back?"

"He'll be here in a minute," Mrs. Jane tried to assure herself.

A quarter to 11; and soon the clock in the hall struck 11 slow strokes. She went anxiously to the window and

looked out. Groups of people crowded every corner, but she saw nothing of Edwin. She watched vainly crowd after crowd as they passed, and little Marion stood with meek patience beside her.

At 11 o'clock Edwin Ellis lingered in front of Haggle's hardware store, to study the operating of a new seeder on exhibition there.

"You see it beats the old ones all to pieces," the salesman was telling him. "See how even it scatters? Ever see any old one equal to that?"

"Well, I don't know as I have," acknowledged Mr. Ellis, stooping to examine it.

"It's cheap for \$5. Why, the old ones always sold for \$10 and upward! Have you got a good seeder, sir?"

"No, I can't say I have."

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll make a fair and square offer. You pay \$2 down, and you take the seeder on trial. If you make up your mind between now and Saturday night that you don't want it, bring it back and get your money. How's that?"

Edwin Ellis put his hand in his left-hand pocket and jingled the coins there uncertainly. That they were no more than the coin in the pocket of the stranger beside him did not enter his mind. What was his and his wife's was his. He had never taught himself any distinction. He needed a new seeder. Edwin Ellis' great hobby was farm implements. "It don't pay a man to work single handed," he told himself. His barns and sheds were overflowing with reapers and rakes and plows of all makes and fashions.

"It's a fair enough offer," he said to himself. "Chances don't come every day to get a seeder on trial. It's all fustled, spending money to see a one-horse circus, anyway!" he told his conscience. "Women have no judgment. This seeder'll save us dollars, and that circus is money thrown away. Women ain't foresighted," he repeated.

"Women have no sense," he took a round, hard dollar from his pocket. Then he counted out another in change.

His conscience never told him he was stealing—and stealing not the mere money, but the longed-for joy, the pleasure promised by his wife to his children, and her possibility of keeping faith with them. He laid the money on the counter. "Guess I'll take it along home on trial," he said. "I'll drive round for it by and by."

"They ought to see the sense of it," he told himself as he went out. "You can't reason with women folks. She can stay to see the parade come in, if he wants to. I should think that'd be enough for anybody."

He walked up and down the street three or four times before he went to the hotel. It was only when he heard the sound of an approaching band that he climbed the stairs to the stuffy little sitting room.

Mrs. Jane looked up gladly at the familiar sound of his feet. There was a question in her eyes, but Edwin was eyeing the dusty rag carpet and did not see.

"Better hurry down, or you'll miss the parade," he said. His hands groped conscientiously through his pockets.

"What kept you so long?" was on Mrs. Jane's lips; but she only asked, meekly, "Did you get the tickets, Edwin?"

Mr. Ellis stood a minute; then he walked over to the window; then he turned around and faced Mrs. Jane: "You have got to know, I suppose. Well, no, I didn't get them. I got a seeder." He spoke harshly.

Mrs. Jane had stood, and was brushing the wrinkles from her scant skirt. She sat down again, with a collapsing motion. Edwin turned to the window to shut out the sight of her white, condemning face. Little Marion crept up and touched her gown, but she was silent like her mother.

The room was still. There was only the sound of the hall clock, ticking, ticking. The boys sat huddled together helplessly. Then Edwin Ellis turned and went back downstairs.

Mrs. Jane's eyes followed him with dumb reproach. She heard his boots go heavily down the steps and out into the street. Three pairs of eyes sought hers questioning. She stood up, and her lips ceased quivering they grew firm. "We'll go down and see the parade," she said. She took little Marion's hand.

Out in the streets a gay crowd had gathered—men with their wives and children, school children in beribboned hats and ruffled frocks, little boys in tight suits. She pushed her way among them decidedly. Her children should have a place to see! To the very edge of the sidewalk she led them. The band wagon came nearer, with sound of horn and drum, the red coats of the brass banded and bespangled musicians; the tinsel banners of the car glittering in the sun; then the closed cars with tiny bars at the top, filled with mysteriousness.

Little Marion's hand in her own fluttered excitedly. Slowly the cars wound past, their glaring yellow walls telling no word of what they concealed—was it bird or beast or reptile? Then the elephant came—a great gray, moving rock. The twins' eyes opened wide; Mrs. Jane's grew misty to see them.

More cars passed; then a camel, with slow, hunching gait, a gayly-spangled drapery upon him. Little Marion's ponies followed, tossing their glossy manes; trained horses with their performing riders, and a car full of dogs, all sitting up staidly. Lastly, the clown, in funny red and white, followed by a flock of shouting children, another glittering band wagon, and the crowd began to move. They had seen the parade.

The last sound of music died away, and still Mrs. Jane stood, holding fast to little Marion's hand. The street grew deserted, only a few forlorn children still lingered, and a stoop-shouldered woman in a brown gown. "She hadn't any money to go in with, either," thought Mrs. Jane.

A few farmers' wives plodded after their husbands to where their horses were tied. She watched their unsatisfied faces as they rode reluctantly away. Her face had grown not only firm, but hard. It was white and plucked under her rusty black hat.

"It was over now—they had seen the parade," she told herself; still she did not go to hunt up Edwin.

They had been standing in front of the great gilt clock of a jeweller's store. "Come on," she said, and the children followed her in. Her step was not the shrinking, uncertain step it had been an hour before. She went up and laid her hand—calloused hands—upon the glass counter. A plain gold band shone on one finger. Night and day she had worn it for fifteen years, but she slipped it off unflatteringly; only her thin lips pressed one another with painful firmness, and her light eyes grew almost black with their hidden storm of bitterness.

"How much will you give me for it?" she said, subduing the quaver in her voice till it was hard and flat. "Will you give me \$1 for it?"

The man looked at the ring; then he looked at Mrs. Jane Ellis curiously. "I'll give you \$2," he answered, quietly.

Two dollars! She gave the ring, clutched the money in her fingers with nervous eagerness and went out.

She followed blindly on after the passing people—and on till the white tents loomed into sight. She bought tickets and led the children inside. With this sudden throb of pain in her heart she did not mind the new responsibility of buying and selling.

She followed the crowd around in a dumb, dazed way. They saw the monkeys and the lions and the sleek spotted leopards. She pointed out the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus and the orang-utan, and showed them the great giraffe, with his slender neck. She held little Marion up to the cage of gaudy tropical birds, and told them of the frozen region of snow that was the home of the white polar bear.

From cage to cage she led them with trembling determination. She had stood out against Edwin. She lifted her brown, bony hand and looked at the white streak on her third finger, and her face grew more wan and plucked. It was for the children, she told herself, miserably; her children and hers. By and by she left the three standing before the cage of performing monkeys, and went over to a bench and sat down. She was trembling from head to foot, and a cold moisture stood out on her forehead.

What had she done? What would Edwin say? People passed her by. She was only a tired out woman in a scanty black dress and a rusty hat.

Some one stopped. She did not look up. Her eyes did not see the passing people or white walls of the tent. The shrunken white line on her finger was all she saw, and she was thinking of a time when her hands had not been rough—when she had not stood out against Edwin. Some one touched her sleeve, but she did not stir.

"Jane!" It was softly spoken, and it fitted in with her musings. Edwin's voice had not always uttered harsh words. She kept on dreaming.

"Jane!" It repeated. "It's me, Jane." Then she turned. Edwin stood before her, tall, clumsy. She looked up at him, her lips drawn into a pitiful line of resistance. She expected some rebuke, but none came. "Edwin," she began; then her lips quivered and her eyes fell.

Edwin had taken a seat beside her, and had gathered her hand fingers in his own—her bony little third finger with its shrunken white line. He touched it reverently. "I didn't deserve you should wear it, did I, Jane?" he said. His voice was hushed and tender. He stroked the skin, reddened and roughened by hard work, and the touch of it moved him strangely.

"Oh, Edwin!" was all Mrs. Jane could say. All her firmness melted under the warmth of his sympathy, and two great tears fell from her cheeks to her lap.

"I saw you go into Morton's," he told her. "I saw you when you sold the ring."

Then they were silent for a while; only his great horny hand clung to hers beseechingly—she, a puny, undersized woman, and he, a brawny, powerful man.

"At first it made me mad—mad!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "It seemed as if you were treacherous to your wedding vow, Jane. And then it came over me, all of a sudden, what sort of a life I've led you—and have I cherished and protected you, same as I promised, Jane? I saw myself then, for the first time, just as I am. I've been meaner than dirt to you. The sudden seeing of it was like to knock me down, and I knew what I'd done this day—taking the poor little money you'd earn so hard for the children to see the show." His tones were furtive for the throng was close about them, and his lips almost touched her as-tounded ears.

But now the crowd moved on till they were quite alone. He straightened himself up and a flush crept over his bearded face—a flush she remembered from the old days.

"Jane!" he said. Something in his manner so earnest with tenderness, thrilled her with sudden gladness. "Won't you try me over Jane?" he

went on. "See, I thought I'd back. Shall I put it on?" His eyes sought hers.

"How could you, Edwin?" she gasped. "Oh, Edwin! There was a moment of confusion. When Mrs. Jane looked down again, the familiar gold band shone where the white shrunken line had been.

"I didn't need a seeder—not as I needed you, Jane," he told her. It was an awkward sentence to speak, and his voice faltered strangely. Somehow in the stir and excitement he kissed her.

Little Marion came and crept up between them and slipped her hand in theirs—little Marion, who was meek like her mother. And then the crowd came back.—Youth's Companion.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

Confidence is the key to the Heart of Jesus.

Behold My Heart the delight of the Holy Trinity; I give it to thee that it may serve as the supplement for thy deficiencies.—Our Lord to St. Gertrude.

I will place all my cares and all my fears in the Heart of my Lord Jesus.—St. Bernard.

When the young deacon Sanctus was in the hands of his executioners at Lyons he amazed them by the heroic firmness with which he endured iron, fire and the most excruciating tortures. "It was," says the historian of his martyrdom, "because the holy youth was watered and strengthened by the streams of living water which flows from the Heart of Jesus."—Abbe Bougaud.

As a good shepherd gathers his flock about him in time of a storm, so in like manner, Jesus, in the trying moments of temptation, gathers His children close to His Sacred Heart.

We must not examine if our heart is pleasing to our Lord but rather if His Heart is pleasing to us, that Heart so loving to its wretched creatures, provided that they acknowledge their misery.—St. Francis De Sales.

THE LIBERALISM THAT IS CONDEMNED.

The secular press displays gross ignorance about the liberalism that is condemned by the Catholic Church. The liberalism that is barred may be denoted as Rationalism applied to political and social life. For (as in Italy) it first proclaims the State as such to be without a God, and then (as in Germany) the State itself to be God; indifferent to truth and falsehood, it does not recognize the divine law proclaimed by the Church as the highest rule of conduct; but, on the contrary, demands unconditional submission to its own regulations, even when they contradict the laws of God and His Church. While the pseudo Liberal State thus denies the eternal foundations of political and social life, it is still inconsistent enough to wish to have its own authority and the rights of private property revered as holy and inviolable. But the consequent revolution is first developed into pantheistic or materialistic Atheism, degrading the immortal God of the Rationalist, and then into Socialism, which no longer recognizes personal property, after Liberalism has robbed it of its supernatural guarantee.—American Herald.

Bad blood is a bad thing to inherit or acquire, but bad blood may be made good blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Recognized Regulator.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten itsfangs in your lungs and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country, we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

TO HAVE THE STOMACH WELL IS TO HAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM WELL. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they, that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disordered, no better regulator is procurable than Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

Wit is wisdom. Blood is life. Impure blood is living death. Health depends on good blood. Disease is due to bad blood. The blood can be purified. Legions say Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, purifies it. A brief story but it tells the tale.

Nervous Weakness—"I suffered from nervous weakness and loss of appetite. My blood was impure, my stomach disordered and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me entirely." Mrs. E. Lockwood, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Educational.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

CONDUCTED BY..... English Jesuit Fathers

Reopens September 5th. Calendar Mailed on Application. REV. G. O'BRYAN, S. J., President.

1135 8 BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE

Established 1899. We teach full commercial course, as well as full shorthand course. Full city service course. Full telegraphic course.