the church services.

Consequently, we must attempt to find something that will prove a safe-

through carelessness and religious in-

It is a serious problem which is to

neans we are to give our kindest at-

tention to the boys. It is a sad but somewhat true statement Mr. Anken

bauer makes in the last issue of the Universe: "Our Church does absolute-

simply not reach and cannot reach

we wish and ought to reach.

those we wish and ought to reach.

Will temperance societies do the
work? Again we reply in the nega-

tive. The very name would deter the

can we fill the want which needs must

be filled? Therein the real difficulty

of theories will eventually bring forth

Well, let us state, then, we must es-

tablish societies or associations for our

young men, give them lawful and in-

nocent amusements, to which they feel attracted and by which they may im-

respect, love and assist one another

Of course, let these societies be at

tached to the parish; let the pastor, or rather, his assistant, visit them regu-

larly, be agreeable and kind to them

provide instructive addresses for them

ous and bids fair to develop and so

either phlegmatic or sanguine-indis-

posed to attend and work, or overstep

ping your rules and a general smash-

" Hem! it is an idle dream!" I hear

There may have been some misunder-standing. We know older men easily

" Alas! we are struggling for exist-

in the parish as an orphan asylum or

a hospital in distant New York or Tokio. Had we but the same earnest

Let the beginning be humble, but intend to climb upward. Let the rules

be somewhat elastic so as to admit all

the Catholic young men of respect-ability. Have the parents interested

in it; have the leading men in the parish interested. "The world needs leaders," says Bishop Spalding. "Those born to lead will find follow-

misunderstand younger me

beggars !

complish the desired results.

up in the consequence.

lies, and we sincerely hope a discussion

boys, as experience will testify.
What, then, is the remedy?

desired result.

raments.

vent mixed marriages ?"

Flavius passed his hand over his fravius passed his hand over his forehead and sighed again. "I had not realized it. I am afraid that I keep her too much with me, and she keep her too much with ine, and sale has few pleasures such as young heeple enjoy." And Valerian vowed to himself by Hercules, his favorite god, that before many moons had risen and set he would bring some of those nd set he would bring some of those same pleasures before that fair shrine.

As a means to that end he talked with the old enthusiast about the music of Rome as compared to that of Greece, of Rome as compared the new song, and brought forward the new song, which really had been his object in coming. He talked so eloquently and so well that when he rose to go the so well that when he rose to go the half had not been said by Flavius, and he eagerly cried, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder: "Come to me again, Valerian, and, by Minerva, me again, valerian, and, by Minerva,
I'll convince you yet that the world
has never heard the equal of the Oles
of Horace. Come and dine with us tomorrow. There will be no other

He had dined with Flavius that night and many other nights, and there been many moonlight excursions on the bay and the Sarnus. For young Valerian, the wealthy son of a wealthier Roman father, who preferred the soft southern air to that of Rome, had yet to learn that anything could oppose his will. He was the product of the nes, and with the example of a profligate court before him he gratified

his every desire.

There was something about this young Greek girl, some subtle power, which held him, yet repelled him. His thoughts were all of her, and his gay young friends found him a poor com panion. He would feel a great love in his heart, and with the love light in his eyes he would see her only to find burning words grow cold on his He could not explain this, nor in days that followed, what it was drew him again and again to her side, if it was not a love that he could

One evening they were sitting in the garden. Flavius had been called into the atrium by some clients. The water d down from the urn over the rocks and the air was full of the odor of flowers. She had grown more lovly than ever, in the young Roman's eyes. He was lying on the soft grass t her feet, as she sat on a low marble seat with her hand lightly clasped in her lap. He lifted his head, which was resting on his hand, and looked at her so intently that her eyes dropped.

"Look at me." For an instant their eyes met. There was a whole world of etness in the gaze of the blue that was caught and melted into the glad light from the brown. He sat up and leaned forward until his face almost touched her clasped hands.

"Plotina," he said again. She did not answer. He looked up into her face, but she closed her eyes so that they could not speak the love that filled He bent his head and pressed his lips to her hand. Again he looked up, and now her eyes were open wide.

"Plotina, beloved, I love thee." He almost whispered, and taking one of the small hands in each of his he placed them against his face. He felt them tremble, and he could hear her quickened breath above the sound of failing water. She leaned over closer and closer until her lips touched his hair. It thrilled his sensitive being through and through. He pressed the little hands closer and murmured

"I love thee, Plotina."

"And I thee, Valerian," she whis pered. He rose to his feet, still hold-ing her hands in his, and drew her up from the carven seat, close to him. He put a hand lightly on either shoulder, and looking down into the beautiful eyes he sai

than life itself; it is thou who hast taught me what truly is love. Thou hast been to me a goddess to be wor-shipped. At thy shrine, fair one, I long poured out the offerings of my heart. I have come to thee many mes, beloved, to confess my love, but ever there has been some mysterious force which held thee from me and stopped my words; but now thou art

A tear of happiness, which could not find expression in words, hung on her long brown lashes and brushed He spoke lightly: See, beloved, thou hast baptized me again." She draw me away from him, and sitting down on a low seat made room for him beside her. Dost thou believe in the gods,

'As my life, and my love for thee,'

he replied wonderingly.
"Dost thou remember what thou saidst to my father about the Arena?" "That I would like to see every one of the new sect of the Nazarenes thrown to the beasts and killed as ercilessly as they crucified the mad Carpenter. Is that what thou speakest of, Plotina?" She shrank from

the arm that would encircle her. "Wouldst thou see me the prey of wild beasts?" He started and the color left his lips. He was impulsive and sensitive, and whatever he did or believed he did and believed with his whole soul. He said slowly and with

'Art thou a Christian ?"

"As I live and love thee, Valerian." He bowed his head in his hands and sat with his eyes fixed on the mosaic floor. Slowly he lifted his head and looked at her.

than his horror, his determined lips relaxed and, drawing her to him, he

else in the world ; more than my re ligion, more even than the gods."
When Flavius came back to them his surprise was no greater than his pleasure, for he had already loved

Valerian as a son.

The days passed in happiness for the gentle Plotina and her lover. The happiness was not unmixed with sadness, however, for the young girl had embraced with her whole soul trine of the new religion. Living as she had without young companionship, when her old Roman nurse first had hinted at the faith which kept her from sacrificing to the gods and made her always tender and happy, she had list-

ened eagerly, and gradually the light of Christianity was shed over the pa-gan maiden's life. It was a great sorrow to her that her God was not Valerian's god, and many times since they were betrothed she had tried gently to win him to her faith; but the young Roman, deeply as he loved her, was intolerant of her belief, and he hoped that she would of her own free will come back to the re-

ligion of her fathers. He awoke one morning with a feel-

ing of great foreboding.
"By Pollux!" he exclaimed, "Justinian's dinner ran too richly with wines last night. I will go to my Plotina, and in her beauty and grace forget myself and my ills." The pall which smothered Vesuvius seemed strangely ominous and weighed upon his spirits.

He found her where he first began to love her, and where the image of Julia died in his heart. She knelt by the side of the marble basin throwing some food to the fishes. This time

she knew his step and rose smiling.
"I was thinking of thee, Valerian."
"Ah, when do I cease to think of thee, Plotina !" he exclaimed, bending to kiss her warm little hand. "I was sad and I came to thee, and already I feel that sadness leaving me for who can feel sorrow with the

loved?" And he looked at her fondly. "What tasks occupy thee, Plotina when thy Valerian is not with thee? he said, drawing her down beside him on the seat, all inlaid with pearl and covered with soft cushions.

"I think of thee, Valerian, and I pray often that thy heart may be inclined to the true faith ; that the love of that same Christus Who died for us, for thee, Valerian, may fill thy heart.

"Thou knowest not what thou askest. I love thee and I love the gods, and only they have the power to save; but if thou wilt believe in an unknown God, my love is so great, as great as life itself, that even this cannot bring a shadow between us, and in my house shall be placed an altar to thy God." So engrossed were they, they had not noticed a suddenly increasing darkness. He was interrupped by a slave with a frightened face, who rushed into the chamber

shouting:

"Fly! Save yourselves! Pluto is raining fire and stones upon the city!"

Springing up and drawing aside the curtains, Valerian saw that the slave was right. Fine ashes and stones were coming down in the peristyle like rain. Together the lover ran to the entrance. Frightened slaves with cries and groans were rushing past them out into the street, was confusion-slaves call ing upon each other and the gods for help. Terrified horses, becoming un-ruly, dashed past and flattened the people against the shaking walls. Shrieks of fright from children, loud cries from men and women, mingling with the snorts of terror from the ani mals, filled the air. Great stones were falling from no one knew where, walls were suddenly crashing inward and

the cries became groans of pain. "O my Plotina! I love thee more Thy people by Thy holy cross and suf-As though in answer to her prayer old Domitilla, her nurse, cried out to her above the terrible sounds :

"The bay, the bay! The fire comes from the mountain; let us fly to the

bay."
"Christ, I thank thee!" Plotina said before she ran through the deserted

house, calling for her father. Together the four made their way through the confusion of the streets, passing the shops so gay but an hour before. It grew darker. Before the temple of Juno, into whose doors poured a stream of believers imploring the protection of the goddess, stood ar old man, one of the sect of the Nazar-

enes, crying in a loud voice: "The wrath of God, the Father of

will save her people."
"Woe to thee, young man! Repentere it is too late. Leave thy false images and turn to the true God." In his Christian zeal he would not let them pass, and this and his words fired the young Roman's blood with a sud-

the young Roman's blood with a sudden antagonism.

"Listen, oh listen, Valerian!"
pleaded Plotina, desperately.

"Come," he cried, almost roughly
forcing her toward the temple; "Juno
will protect us." Aud, followed by
the others, he made his way through

the throng.

with his arm and drawing her to him, Every pastor of souls knows the dansaid gently, "Witt thou not pray to gers that beset his path at this period lune now. Plotine?" And so standing of life—few there are who can restrain said gently, "Wilt thou not pray to Juno now, Plotina?" And so standing there in the midst of idolaters he repeated with them their entreaties to their deity, while the prayer of this Christian maiden rose from the degralation about her as purely and truly

as the thin flame rises from a rubbish heap high up into the clear air. A sudden hush fell upon these ter rified people as a white-robed priest of Juno appeared among them. Valerian, with those about him, fell on his face before his sacred person. Even Domitilia, with a servant's humility, bowed low before him-in respect, perhaps, to his white hairs! It was like the sound of reeds blown by a sudden wind. The stricken people were prostrated; only one remained standing upright, with hands clasped before her and her rapt, beautiful face upturned and glorified with a look of perfect trust.

Slowly the priest raised his arm and, pointing to Plotins, took one step to-

At the sound of crashing walls it was as though a whirlwind had caught the reeds and tossed them wildly about, breaking themselves upon one another, standing upright only to be hurled back again. The one moment of awe and calm had passed, and again the din of terrified men and women filled the air and all was confusion. When Valerian struggled to his feet

Plotina was no longer by his side.

Domitilla had gathered her up in her arms, and with one band over Piotina's mouth, silencing her cries, she mut-tered to herself: "If they think that tered to herself : marble woman is going to keep these walls from falling on their heads they can stay here until she crushes them; but Domitilla prefers a surer safety,

and is going to save her child. With a superhuman effort she made her way to the shore with her now un conscious burden.

When Piotina's eyes opened again she was floating on the troubled waters far from under the dark and awfu

cloud. The red glare from that mountain of death lighted the bay with its many small boats filled with fugitives like herself. She was alone save for her nurse. The falling walls of the temple, with the molten lava, had buried the two hundred worshippers for centuries from this world.

The warm sun was shining into a little room in Rome as softly as though a beautiful town had not become a

'city of the dead. The room was bare save for its narrow couch and its table, holding a silver ewer and basin. Before a rude cross made of twigs twied together with fibres knelt the white robed figure of a young girl, her long, soft hair, al-most as white as the garments she wore, waving over its loose folds; her eye looking up with hope and with a deep happiness that pierced sorrow, a hap-piness not of this world but as one who sees a vision above and beyond it.

She prayed.

"Day and night I will pray unto
Thee, O Christ, Son of God. Thou
divine man, who with us did suffer and for us was crucified that we, with Thee, might live not for this life alone but far the eternal happiness of the here-after, grant to me, O God, the souls of my beloved and my father; grant to me life on this earth that I may pray continually unto Thee, that forever w may dwell with Thee in happiness until Thou hast pardoned their souls the blindness which kept them from Thee in this life, and gather them to Thy loving bosom. Then, my task on earth being finished, let me too die

end come to Thee-and to them. She rose to her feet and, walking to the window, looked out across the Plotina took the cross from about her neck with trembling finger and murmured, "O Christ! save us; save Thy people by Thy holy cross and suffering." As though in answer to her window, lighting and glorifying the wistful face of the first Christian Nun.

WANTED: A LEADER.

Practical Suggestions for Parish Associations-A Work for Laymen,

Catholic Universe, Editor: The Universe generously

invites the communications anent the subject of young men's societies. It is admitted by all that discussions on the object and methods of young men's societies are timely. Young men en-counter more temptations than young women; they also run greater risks in their early manhood than a later "The wrath of God, the Father of Christ, is fallen upon an unbelieving city. O ye idolaters! your marble goddess cannot save ye." He stood in their path with threatening arms uplifted, the light of a fanatic burning in his eyes.

"Give way, old blasphemer!" cried Valerian. "Give way, I say; Juno will save her people."

"Woe to thee, young man! Repent ere it is too late. Leave thy false images and turn to the true God." In his Christian zeal he would not let period of life. Men who have passed

blem : it is a serious condition and not blem: it is a serious condition and not a theory that confronts us"—as the Universe aptly puts it. Take a youth between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, and observe him in all his relations with the outer world. None there is who fain would not sympathize with all his opportunities. All in all, he is what the student of sociology would call "a victim of circumstances." Now, he can go where he will. He may read, hear and see everything. If he be wealthy, he will the student of the world will be wealthy, he will the student of the world will be wealthy, he will the student of the world will be wealthy, he will the world will be wealthy, he will the world will be wealthy to see the will be wealthy, he will give sound advice, to sketch perfect "O Valerian I Father!" implored will. He may read, hear and see Plotina, when she could make them. hear his voiceabove the din about them: hear his voiceabove the bay, away from the "Come to the bay, away from the value of his Catholic faith; if poor, he value of his Catholic faith; if poor, he wish to contribute our mite ience; we wish to contribute our mite mountain. Come with me to safety." value of his Catholic faith; if poor, he blazed and, drawing her to him, he blazed and, drawing her to him, he himself before the altar in an agony of himself before the altar in an agony of himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar in an agony of society and bid good by to his Church himself before the altar i

ment of higher talents, may keep on stirring up the question.
"Agitate" it, agitate it again, in a tear as they remember the sad wretch stranded on this treacherous shore as

eason and out of season. What must be done to keep our young men? If institutes will keep them, let there be such in each parish of the diocese. they lay down the Parish Records and look about in vain for the youths "conspicuous by their absence" at Supposing the pastor calls a meeting

of the young men and announces his ntention to form such an organization. He explains the importance of the work guard against these dangers; we must build up in each parish "a break water" that will keep our youths out-side the shoals and shallows. We needs must attach them with "hooks of steel" to the Church which many and its productiveness. He urges the young men to attend the first meeting and requests the parents to do their share. A small house, or a portion of a house, may be rented. Practical Catholicity is made the essential point for membership. Some will take a fancy for athletics, others to games, members have abandoned at this period others to literary work. Let the supply be regulated by the demand and the demand by the means on hand. Literary work should be encouraged. Intoxicating drinks should always be be solved actually by every pastor of souls. The young ladies are better able to take care of themselves; the Sisters may guide them, but by all

excluded.

This is both a crude and imperfect sketch. These few suggestions may suggest other points to wiser heads. I am certain others will improve on it, as the Y. M. l. has already improved on it. At the Pan-American we had ly nothing to bring the young people together, and how are we going to be acquainted, and how will pastors prethe pleasure of visiting the Electricity Building and therein leisurely studied an historical exhibit of electrical ap whilst we are still theorizing, the paratus and motors. What a vision whilst we are still theorizing, the paratus and motors. What a vision of thousands of talented brains of our contents when the paratus are motors. question may be put: Will purely re-ligious sodalities supply the want in own age loomed up, who had contrib-uted their quota of improvement to every parish the country over? We answer decidedly, No, basing our negour Twentieth Century wonders. ative on every pastor's personal experience. The great majority will never join them; the balance will not remain steadfast and faithful, and we will

Each of us is to have a part in the I wentieth Century in our young men's associations. Others will keep it up. We are all and ought all be interested in the welfare of our young men. s not a theory, it is a condition of

things. Let many become interested in it. Let the leaders give in somewhat, choosing the lesser of two evils. Let laymen leaders take the work deeply to heart. Let them become acquainted with the methods of the Y. M. I., or the even Y. M. C. A. Let these new associations become affiliated with the former, avoiding the shoals of the latter. May the question be agitated and encouraged. We shall at least have tried to stem the tide of religious ndifference in our young men the land over, so far as is possible by human J. G. Sch. prove themselves. Thither let the young people of the parish come to-gether socially, that they may know,

Avoid the Occasion,

People go to Confession, and go to Confession, and have pretty much the same sins to tell over and over again, because they do not avoid the occa sions of those sins.

When they make their Act of Conetc., thus keeping them under his eyes and regularly at Mass and at the sactrition, they promised God, for His sake and with His help, to avoid the occasions of sin : and then they go Ah, it is beautiful ! some will muse back and enter into those very same but you are only theorizing, young man. Perhaps I am! I am conscious

The occasions of sin are the persons of the fact from my limited experience of two years in the ministry, that the task is an extremely difficult one, that he places, the actions, the thoughts, the liquor, the books, the amusements etc., that have previously led us to violate the commandments of God.

such societies have been attempted ime and again, have broken up and No one is really sorry for sin, who discouraged the most enterprising and self-sacrificing leaders. Yet we can't does not intend to avoid the occasions of sin. And without sorrow, there is give up the effort. I have formed an association on such lines in my small no forgiveness. missions; it is in existence and vigor-

Keep away from danger; be firm deny yourself; "cut" evil companions
-avoid the occasions of sin. - Catholic We admit you find the boys often Columbian.

The Cause of Nervous Headache.

The Cause of Nervous Headache.

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What Catarrhozone is and is Not

What Catarrhozone is and is Not
Catarrhozone is not a wash. You cannot
force liquids into the lungs. It is not an
ointment to be snuffed up the nostrils. Ointments are useless and disgusting. Nor is it
a powder to be blown up the sostrils and
still further irritate the already congested
and irritated membrane. It is simply balsamic and healing substances breathed into
the lungs and throat. Cures of course. That
is nature's way of curing, and nature's way
is the only true way. It you suffer from disease of the throat, lungs, nasal passages, do
not neglect to test Catarrh zone. Two sizes
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cure Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay
Fever, or your money back. ence as a parish!" is another reply.
"We are poor!" "How can we attract young men?" We admit this to be the case in many missions, but somewhat exaggerated in many more. Constant effort, generous donations and begging for that purpose will improve the young men's rendezvous. Charity begins at home, and the Young Men's Institute is as necessary

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Somehow the ounce produces nose born to lead will find followers "—namely, a society of youth.
Next, then, should be a board of governors or directors. Let them feel they have the largest share of credit, the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able also of responsibility. Men who are trustworthy will also faithfully attend to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do beto this work, provided they be not con-tinually interfered with. Is the Y. M. fore, and that is the way the gain C. A. solely and dictatorially con-trolled by the ministers?

is made. A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

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