to that at once."

ever an' ever."

gruffly, as he opened the door.

an' picked it up' an' it was this.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

So, with the dress in her hand, she fire and candles all these cold nights went round to the window, through which the first red sunbeams were stealing; and, rubbing the dry mud off that you've been without," said Nora with simplicity. "And you wish no reward ?" he

uite easily, she gave it one good shake. when something fell with a heavy thud asked. "I wouldn't take a cent, sir, by way when something fell with a heavy thud to the floor, and, turning quickly, she looked down and saw the package she had picked up in the snow. Nors laughed a low, merry laugh at her own forgetfulness, for she had never thought of it until that moment, and took it up to examine. "It's an old thing, any-way," she said, turning it over; "an ould, greasy, ragged budget, an' if there's thread an' needles an' some snuff extense in it it's about as much as it's

"I wouldn't take a cent, sir, by way of being paid for doin' my duty, to save me from beggin'. It wouldn't seem right; an' I won't do it.'? "You're a fool, Nora—a perfect fool. But remember, from this day, old miser Mallow, as I am called, is your friend; and if at any time I can help you, I will, so help me God!" said the old man, with quivering lips. "Thank you, sir, A time may come for that. But breakfast's almost ready,' she said, going away. and see if I can be of some use, too," replied Nora, going into the house, and reputed Nora, going into the house, and entering a small room which communi-cated with another by an old fashioned, narrow door. Two or three women were sitting around, taking snuff, and suggesting to each other a thousand intallible remodies for the sick per-son's relief, which in the sork per-

will go

help you at all.' "Well, I don

I don't know about help,-

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STRAYED LAMB.

"Is there not somebody I might get

to come and sit with you a while ?" said Father Logan, as he prepared to

asked for Mrs. Gillan.

twisted.

-you know.'

ing the room to the speaker.

orea

or tobacoo in it, it's about as much as it's worth. What in the world it is I don't know, an' (aith, I'm afeared to handle she said, going away. "Halloo! come back here, you wild

Irish jade-come back." "My work is all behindhand this it ; there's no tellin' the fingers that

tied it up so tight, or what disease was morning: please to say quick what you want," she said, turning back. Anyway, if it's anything worth in 'em. Anyway, if it's anything worth having, it's none of mine, an'I must see

"Leave me to speak of this matter to Mrs. Sydney. I don't like my aff irs gossiped about. If you were to tell it, modest air, "I came with Mr. Mc-Ginnis, ma'am. He is gone for the doctor, and I shall be glad if I can to that at once." By this time Nora had unfastened the numerous strips of red tape which were wrapped around it, and unclasped the steel fastenings; then it fell open some would believe you and some wouldn't : so it's best to come from me in her hands. A mortal paleness over as I believe every word you have said. spread her face, and she sank trembl-ing in a chair beside her, exclaiming, And, mind, you may light me a fire to-night," re said. And a candle, sir !" said Nora,

poor gintleman ! he's dying, I think. I wish to God we could find his friends," said kind-hearted, fat Mrs. Blake, in a distracted manner. "But come in, honey, an' see what you think." And well she might be terror - stricken at first, for it was stuffed with bankturning away with a light - hearted laugh.

After breakfast, Mr. Mallow had a olls of various denominations-some old, some new, but all of high value.

long private conversation with Mrs. Sydney in the parlor; and that same day, without taking a human being into touched them with her fingers, lifting their edges carefully. "One thousand, two thousand, three, four, his confidence, he deposited \$500 in the Trenton Bank to the credit of Nors thousand, two thousand, three, four, five, six thousand i more—more and more!" she murmured, gazing with a half stupided look on the treasure. There was a dimness in her sight, and a strange singing in her ears. "Ho ! lucky Nora I Now are your labors ended. You have found a great treas-re: your trials are next, you need to Brady. He paid the detectives for the trouble and expense they had been at and silenced their inquiries by informing them that he had mislaid his wallet an unexpectedly found it. They thought as he was a very rich old man, such eccentric freaks were not only allow-able, but diverting, and gave them selves no further concern in the affair, except to record the case as being disended. You have found a great treas-ure; your trials are past; you need toil no longer; you can buy another Glen-dariff for those you so dearly love; and, best of all, you can marry Dennis. posed of.

Close up that wallet, you silly child; it is yours; you found it; no one claims it. Mrs. Sydney only spoke more gently and kindly to Nora after that long conference with Mr. Mallow, and Use its contents and purchase happi ness." Thus sang the tempter of her soul to poor bewildered Nora, who sat would frequently lay down her knitting and sewing to take a long, earnest look at her, as she flitted around, through her spectacles, which, whenever Nora trembling and numb, stiil gazing down on the bills, when suddenly a movement of her hand caused a memorandum leaf to move aside, and she saw, in almost observed it, always warmed the blush ible, the name, of "Steadfast Mallow," In an instant the cloud field, and all es on her cheeks, because she could not imagine why she had so suddenly become an object of such particular in terest to the old lady, to whom she was clear. A bright, happy smile flashed over her face, and, falling on her knees, she thanked God in all the was becoming attached. She was gradually winning friends. Her oblig ing disposition, her practical piety, earnest simplicity of her heart for the discovery. "I knew, my heavenly Father, that it was none of mine ; an' I yes, the practical piety and virtue o an humble domestic, caused those who wouldn't have held it an hour longer in lived in daily intercourse with herpersons who rejected the most essential truths of religion ; of whom some were my possession. I would have taken it to the dear soggarth, ( Priest ) thy faithful servant, to be restored to its lawful owner, only Thou hast shown me transcendentalists, and others were bitter and bigoted in their errors - to look with an eye of interest and re-spect towards the old creed whose prewhat to do, for which I thank Thee for ever an' ever." Then she rose to her leet, and, holding the precious wallet cepts her life illustrated with so much are you ill ? simplicity and faith. Even Phillis, sticking her arms akimbo, and holding her turbaned head back with a sagac close to her breast, as If she feared it would fly away, ran with light and joy ous steps down to Mr. Mallow's door, cure me.' where for an instant she hesitated ious and patronizing air, allowed sha but, hearing a movement within, she knew he was up, and knocked. ""What now, Nora Brady ?" he said, was a good gal, an' not so good either that she was goin' to 'low anybody to shuddered.

trample on her. She's done got me under, honey, an' how she's done it dis child's onable to 'spress ; case, you "Oh, sir, here it is! Take it, in the name of God! I found it in the street see, honey, she's sorter kind in her sorter proud like ; and, as the night of the storm, and forgot all about it," she exclaimed, thrusting the to work, ki ! she outwork me any day. I reckon she's a good gal, if she are a Cafolic." Thus spoke the oracle of wallet into the astonished old man's wallet into the astonished old man's hands, as he stood pale and trembling on the threshold of his door. "It is yours, sir; your name is in it." "Eh — mine — street — name !" he gasped out, while he clutched the wallet, and looked wildly at Nora. the kitchen.

"Dear Suz," says Mrs. Sydney, "it's nothing that she pleases me; but to think she's got around and made friends with such a high shiftless body as Phillis, and such a tight person as Mr. "You must have dropped it, sir, that Mallow, is beyond my comprehension. But she's a good girl. She practices night in the snow. I was coming from church, an' stumbled against something, her religion, and is never ashamed to own up to being a Catholic, and can

ith, sir, the storm got so wild at that always give a reasonable answer when minute, and a chimney fell not far off, an' the tiles come clatterin' over an' she is asked questions about her faith." And Mrs. Sydney placed unlimited This helpless sufferer at the mercy of such a guardian! But perhaps the around me, so that it scared the life story confidence in her. The poor old lady. poked it down into my who had always borne her troubles and pocket and run for my life, sir; an' by the annoyances of her position with the time I got home, what with being half frozen, an 'out of breath, an' the scare I had, I never thought of the thing again till this morn'. I took out my cress to wash to day, an' shook it, patience, how obtained some rest, body and mind; for Nora could be trusted in every particular; and the girl would have been quite happy but for those and memories of home, which when out tumbled your wallet ; an' when I opened it, sir, I declare to my came ever, like cold soughs of wind, over the hopeful and genial world of her heart. It would have cheered her uld shoes, I was half kilt with the fright to see such a power of money in the hands of a poor girl like me; an' I'm glad, Mr. Mallow, that you've got it all safe again as if it was my own," said Nora, rapidly. had she received a letter, or even heard where Mr. Halloran was; but several months rolled by, and she had not heard a word either from I eland or of him. She had made other remitor of him. "Stop, stop. Go away until I count it. Of course it's mine, Nora Brady; but it'll be a bad thing for you if a cent is missing," he said, while his teeth chattered with cold, and his whole frame quivered with excitement. "I'll ting for you presently " ances to Dennis for the general fund : and the thought that she was at least aiding to keep away the wolf from the door of those she loved, gave her a degree of happiness; then, when the shadows darkened around her, her firm and loving trust in God would brighten the clouds, until the rainbow, Hope, Over and over again the old man ounted the bills. He lit a candle ; for he light was dim in his room. Excited shone out, cheering her with visions of brighter and better days. Mrs. McGinnis, her friend, had been and confused, he put on two pairs of spectacles, and turned the notes first ill, and, as frequently as she could arrange her basiness so as to leave one side, then on the other. He scrutinized the wallet inside and out ; nothing undone, she had got permission to go and help to nurse and watch with her; and every time she went, the mud - splotches still clinging to it, and the stains of the sloppy place in which it had fallen. Then he counted Mrs. Sydney would place some little delicacy in her hand to tempt the appetite of her sick friend. One night "It's all here; every note. Not even a small gold piece gone. She's she was returning home from her mis-sion of kindness, attended by Thomas an honest girl-an honest, good girl. But she'll want a great reward, I'll McGinnis, when, as they were passing warrant; more than she'll get, that's through an obscure street, they saw three or four men standing on a door He then rang his bell, which Nora step, talking loudly and earnestly, while others were passing in and out, answered directly, for some undefined fears and uncasiness had begun to pos-"Is anything amiss, friends with the Widow Blake ?" asked McGinnis. "It's all right, Nora Brady. It's all here, just precisely as I put it'in myself the day I lost it. You are an honest

"Thrue enough for you ; but there's "Oh that's only a bit of it. It's much longer. I know because I saw it written in a book of mother, s once. no telling who the grace of God is with, and who it isn't, in a dying hour. Anyway, I hope his rev/rence will But she took the book. She put it on I will go for Dr. Bryant, if you the fire and said something about rub bish. But it was not rubbish; it was in, Miss Brady, and sit with quite new. Here comes Mrs. Gillan. Widow Blake, who's a dacent, hard-working crayther as ever broke bread "

You will see in a short time. She "Of course I'll wait, Mr. McGinnis, went to get a proper bed for you, and we will make you comfortable very soon. "What's the use of your spending

the money?" he money?" he said, with a sob. She'll only sell it." "Not this time, I think," said Father

Logan. "You see, now I've arranged with Mrs. Gillan to look after you, and see that you get sufficient food and ars not ill-used. I'll have to go now, soa's relief, which in their own ex-perience had worked miracles. Mrs. Blake now bustled in to get the via-"'On, do come every day! I get so tired, all alone. Give me my parcel now. I'll let you see it, you've been so good." egar-cruet, and in her hurry almost stumbled over Nora, who said, with a

Lovingly he unfolded the paper, and

disclosed disclosed a torn, solied picture, the first glimpse of which brought a rush of emotions to the good priest's heart. It was a representation of the Sacred "No: 'twas in the book she curnt.

t must have been my mother's. I on't remember her at all, and then the pain makes me forget. But I love the and face, and I make up little stories about it.

"What do you make up ?" asked Father Logan, eagerly. He had for gotten all about his uncasiness and the work he must do before sunset. This little one, so wonderfully brought under his notice, must be a child of holy Church, a lamb strayed from the fold.

take his departure. "Yes," repled the sick woman; "there's Mrs. Gillan, in the third room "When she's cross and I'm hungry and cold, or when the pain seems to down the passage. She might come if you asked her." "I certainly shall ask her," rejoined the priest. "Now, good by, and try and remember all we have talked over. twist my poor legs worse, I look at it. and think how kind He'd he then He points to His heart, and so I think that means He would love even me, though she says I'm so bad? Do you know about it?"

I'll come around in the morning." Carefully closing the door behind nim, he turned down the narrow pas-Then, in simple words, the priest told him the old, old story-the little sage, whose walls were dark with age and the accumulated dirt of years. At Babe at Bethlehem in the arms of His he third door he stopped and knocked, dear Mother, the gracious boy of Naz but it was not opened. He knocked again and hearing some shrill cry of "Come in!" opened the door, and, standing on the threshold, looked into areth; the gentle, loving teacher and elper, who loved especially to heal who saffered (here he those little hot hand clasp his more tightly); the dingy, squalid room. At first he thought it was empty, but afterwards the patient sufferer; the willing tim in the greatest tragedy of saw in the further corner a rough bed, made of boxes, on which were spread world; the bright Easter morn, the empty grave and the rejoicing angels. Then he spoke of the love that prompted all, and how those He loved some ragged clothing. Out of the rags peered a thin, sharp face, lit up by piercing black eyes. He started back, and lived and died for treated and treat Him with such coldness; of the the resemblance to a rat was so strik-ing! Then, recalling his grand, he vision of the humble nun, and from asked for Mrs. Gillan. "Other side. What is it you want her for? Thought you might be a doctor coming to see me." "To see you?" said the priest, crossthat the picture of the Sacred Heart.

The keen black eyes were dimmed with tears when the story was ended. and the voice guivered that spoke :

"I'm sure I heard all that before, but the pain makes me forget. Come and tell me often, for I never want to for-get again." Why, "I should think so. Why, I've been in three hospitals, but they couldn't

There was such an unselfish pride Nearly every day found Father Logan by the bedside of the crippled in this statement, that the hearer boy, and he never came empty handed -pictures, books and everything he "I think you ought to be in a hos pital now. This is surely no place for you. Can you walk at all ?" could think of to lighten the long, weary hours. From one of his rich parishioners he obtained an invalid's you. Can you walk at all?" "Never have walked! Why, that's what's the matter. Something wrong with my back, and the legs are all table that could be fastened across the bed and enabled Loys to have his treas was the rosary, sont to him by an other little invalid of whom Father "And no bed but this? How could "Oh, I had a nice mattress, but-stoop down and I'll whisper; she'd Logan had spoken of him. But how different were their conditions! The eat me if she heard me tell. She took The it; it was worth pawning." "Took it! Would beat you! Why, who is she ?" little girl, surrounded by every luxury and comfort love could devise and devise and money procure, and the boy, bereft of all save what charity vouchsafed. Loys loved to hear of Gertrude, of "Aunt Fan. Oh, she's pretty smart; and she'd real good to me, except when her beautiful home or wonderful toys. Often he would sigh at the hearing, but always, if he did, he would say Father Logan was deeply moved. "Never mind. I'll have a beautiful home, too, some day, and I shall be ory was not true. "Wait a while," he said, "I'm just able to walk then." going to Mrs. Gillan. I want her to look alter a sick woman. Then I'll larned to say the rosary, and then, as he would explain quaintly, he never had any more lonely hours, for pain and weariness were forgotten while the beads slipped through his fraid fingers and his loving heart followed him in peace; and so, with his books

all the joys, sorrows and triumphs of Jesus and Mary. He was very happy now, for by some wonderful means, his aunt had been induced to leave and carvings, and best of all, his beads, the days slipped happily away. Father Logan had made due inquiries, and found that his fall name was Aloysius; that his nother had alien ated her family by marrying a Pro-testant: had died when Loys was about five years old, and had been compelled to leave him to the care of bis father's sister, whom she had begged on her deathbed to bring up the boy in the faith. How that proise was kept was only too evident. The boy was eager to learn, however, and the heart that had longed so for some one to love poured out its love on the Sacred Heart, winning in re-turn such treasures of grace that, ere

"And all my things, too? Oh I'll have to tell you. I hid it from her the night she palled away the mattress, but now it's day, and you'll see. Promise I may keep it."

"If it's any treasure of yours, my poor boy, you may keep it and wel-come. Don't you want Mrs. Gillan to see it? The boy shook his head.

"Give it to me, then, and I'll take care of it till you are settled in your new bed."

And, stooping, he received what seemed an old newspaper folded into small square. In a few minutes the exchange was

made. A man from a neighboring shop had brought a small iron bed stead, together with necessary appur-tenances, and in the luxury of a soft mattress and clean bed clothing, his joy was of short duration.

Father Logan, gazing earnestly at him, was strack by his look of extreme delicacy. The skin seem transparent, the eyes darker than ever, by reason of the deep shadows of pain m, and he noticed how much weaker he had grown. The books, the pictures. all were laid aside; only his rosary was is constant companion.

"Perhaps, after all, Loys, we'll say

June," he said, as the thought crept into his heart that the boy might cele-brate the Feast of the Assumption June,' with the countless hosts who press round the throne of Mary Immaculate. The boy's eyes shone wath love and joy, and drawing forth a tiny package from under his pillow, he handed it to

the priest. "I hid it for you," he said. "I meant

to give it to you on the feast, but I'll give it now, and perhaps on the feast you'll bring Him to me." The package being opened, revealed

a small statue of the Sacred Heart, ex quisitively carved. "How clever you are, Loys ! Many

a great sculptor couldn't do betterfied your work. I'm afraid I can't arrange for the day you want, as I'll be so busy.'

"We shall see," said Loys, gravely. Yes, it was, after all, the Feast of the Sacred Heart when the King of Love came to the little longing heart. The frail thread of life was worn, and now Loys, lingering in agony on the thres-

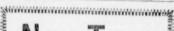
hold of eternity, was awaiting the com ing of the Lord he loved so dearly. ather Logan, summoned in haste, feared lest he should be too late, but the boy's trembling voice rea him as he crossed the threshold. reassured

"I'm waiting, father-oh, such ter-rible pain ! But I know He will take ne when He comes '

Then, folding his frail hands, he made his last confession and prepared to receive his Lord and love, and, hav-ing received, lay so still that he seemed ifeless. The moments passed. Father igan feared that he noted the tremble ing of the hands that clasped the cruci fix, and caught the whisper of the first aspiration he had taught him, "Heart of Jesus burning with love-" he drew back. Not by word or motion would he break in on that holy mom nt, when

the weary little soul was resting in the mbrace of the Sacred Heart Alas! that such calm moments should pass so quickly. The little, feeble

frame quivered, the eyes openea widely.



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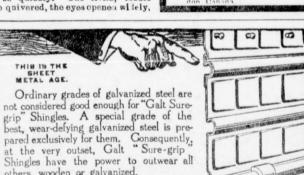
dark with intensest agony, the dew gathered on the sunken face. Yet even in this suffering he managed to whisper: " He comes, father, on the least. He will take me. I'm not frightened

And, as his agony increased, not one And, as his agony increased, not one cry or complaint broke from him, only the holy name of Jesus and Mary. Then the tremor ceased, the lids drooped over the shadowed eyes, and Father Logan, bending over him, caught the last utterance "Heart of Jesus, burning with love--" In the eastern sky the light gethered

In the eastern sky the light gathered and spread in faintest hues of rose and amber ; the morning star, quivering on the deep blue of the zenith, paled be-fore the coming day. Another Feast of the Sacred Heart had dawned upon the waiting world, and in the darkened room the good priest knelt in prayer beside the little lifeless form of the weak lamb now gathered into the bosom of the Good Shepherd.--C. M. in the Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The Spectator believes that in the present, as in the past, lawlessness is regarded indulgently in Ireland, if it is inspired by a political, not a private motive. As an illustration of this, it tells how "an Irish marander," being tried in Dublin in Queen Elizabeth's time on the charge of having burned the cathedral at Cashel, secured his acquittal by brazenly acknowledging that he had done the deed, but thought that the Archbishop was inside. The Court, says the Spectator, directed his acquittal upon the ground that the prisoner's motive was political, as the Archbishop was the Pope's emissory and therefore an enemy to the State. Castet.

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; it down " It is Lout with s that the roses will it it can't to give a e if I can

"Och, the widdy's safe enough ; but it's a gintleman that was passing, an' fell down in a fit, an' we think he's dying," replied one of the men. "An' have they brought a doctor don't, because you never wasted my wood and candles. Now tell me, what

do you expect me to give you?" "Give me, sir? Nothing," she said. "But of course you expect some re ward 2" yet ?'' asked Thomas. "Two or three's gone for the docther but there's none come yet; an' be-dad, it's my opinion that he'll die before one comes.

"Faith, then, sir, I'm paid enough to think it's with the right owner. You dropped it, an' I picked it up; so it's yours, an' not mine; an' I'm only sorry I didn't think of it at first, though to be sure I more descended what it me to thick it's with the right owner. You dropped it, an' I picked it up; so it's yours, an' not mine; an' I'm only sorry I didn't think of it at first, though to be sure I never dreamed what it was. If I had, it would have saved you a deal of trouble, an' you might have had a

come back and we can have a long talk. He was back in a few minutes, look ing very grave. The child's story was evidently true, and the question was how could the grievous wrong be righted. "Now, first of all," he said, "I want

to be your friend, you know. Tell me all you like; what you want and what I can do for you. And how do you pass the days ?" "I'm basy, working !" There was such importance in the voice and look

that the priest repressed the smile that rose at the idea of such a frail atom of humanity working. But when, from under some news papers, the chi'd produced a few arti-

cles of wood, exquisitely carved, he was astonished. "Did you do this?"

"Yes, all myself. When I was in the last hospital a sailor learned me, and it is a real good to help pass the time. At first she wouldn't let me do it, but now that she can sell them, it's different. I can't do them, fast enough for

"Well-oh, what name an I to call vou ?' "Loys Cullan." "Loys! That's a strange name for a

boy.



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turn such treasures of grace that, ere long, he was allowed to prepare for his first Communion. "Father," he said one evening in June, "I would like to make my communico on the Feast of the Sacred Heart."

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ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BRACUMATIC Rheumatic Rheumatic Bin for such a long time before I knew Heart." "I don't think that is possible, Loys. I thought that the 15th of August would be a good day." "The day Our Lady went to Heaven! Yes, beautiful. But I think I've made up my mind for the other. I loved Him for such a long time before I knew

\$\$\$**\$**\$ Him for such a long time before I knew Hir." "But, I don't think you'll be ready by then, and, besides, I'll have such a busy day. You will have to wait. Loys." "Very well," he answered, bravely; but the tears gathered in the dark eyes, and his lips quivered. A look, almost of distress, came into the child's pinched face. He hesitated a moment, and then, stretching out a 40

a moment, and then, stretching out a thin, painfully thin, hand, he grasped

Father Logan's coat. "Just a moment. Will they move me?"

"Yes, of course, on to a nice, fresh, TORONTO, CAN. | soft bed ?'

Then, Galt "Suregrip" Shingles are locked together far more securely than ordinary shingles. Easily and quickly put on and when on will withstand the severest test of storm or lightning. The strongest shingles make the longest lasting roof—and Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles are in every way the strongest. Gost no more than common shingles-are the most economical kind to buy. 416 Write for free Catalogue and further informa-The Galt Art Metal Co., Ltd. GALT, ONT. Galt Sure-grip Shingles

## 

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$**\$**\$**\$** 

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

## ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

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