ers.

who

from

eapi.

f our

them

age.

art is

Even

their

s has

been

object.

er re-

to the

o true

s more

assing

of the

n from

orosini,

about

angers

away a

er her a

to her

stood all

it must

t a good

on't you

world a

complet-

what a

or child,

, and the

polluted. er; for in

e angels sinners;

rried the

utter un-

ament left that this

I gave the

nyself and

riting and

the living

deception,

say-men

white heat

g remorse; should have

a court of

e is weak ;

en my little

w me as an

I to divulg. short years y its revel-

is an effort

ough its re-

o my mind h youth and

s, time—one ed—has soft-

the scar re-

led ; only to

ese memories

as its story

a record like re pleased to

nich criticism

n; for though

it was the in-

rer and more

n mine could

undefiled by

ite it all calm.

pating, or ex-

lows, I would

e eyes of my-

ack is difficult

ngs overcome

oo slow for my

sk of unearth

ound for years.

that my hand

le-I, who al-

ptuous pity for

corous strength

days of the rd. There are he old comrades

in my youth-

but whose pas

r near the sur-

re was never s

olly too wild for

re that smacked but that I must

aidi was another

ng all my artist

o the man who

was indeed the me in sport.

were the merry, the real stress of o far my exploits

in.

not.

had been but boyish follies with no grave consequences. Afterwards things began to look more serious, when I had set up my own studio to begin work as a sculptor in earnest (if the work I did then could be said to have anything earnest about it). True I had a certain ability—great ability, friends told me (if I had only chosen friends told me (if I had only chosen to use it; and I knew within myself I was born for a sculptor and nothing else; for from a baby I done naught but model, in sand, in clay, in whatever could be found. Bui I woold only work when the spirit moved me, now favor. when the spirit moved me; now feverishly, then lazily; then not for weeks at a time; for in a fit of irritation I would often destroy the work of months. As time went on the natural result of my ill-regulated life followed. I drank, I gambled with the money earned by an occasional fit of hard work; and little by little I fell into bad company and the way of a thoroughly dissipated life. Religion I had lost long ago; the tendencies of atheism found a ready reception in my proubrain and overwhelmingly arrogant will, impatient of all control and selfrestraint. I fully agreed with the demagogues who preached the doctrine demagogues who preached the doctrine that no men of brain and spirit should be under the guidance of priest or church. Casting off every restraint, I went as far as the worst of them, reckless and impulsive in this as in everything, without belief in God, a future, or anything else pure and noble and Gradually the mode of life beand to tell on me and on my art; un-certainty clouded the power of ability, and I knew myself, what I never would have acknowledged to others (for I hold —what many people do not—that a culptor or artist, if not deluded by too much modesty, is the best judge of his own efforts), that the quality of my work was going down. It was a faithful reflection of myself; wayward, uncertain, doubtful; now apparently full of strength and power, then feeble and futile as a girl's first efforts, Good people, nay, even respectable people, began to look askance at my wild doings and my idleness, but worst of all (to me at that time) sculptorfriends would look at one of my gesso models critically; then turn away from it without the joking, yet often frank and true, criticism of its badness or the tribute of jealous praise for its perfection. It was a bad sign, for I knew the fraternity and what that silence meant-utter disappointment, and may be pity for my inability.

Only one man of the better set had

until now no blame but encouragement for me always—a man who had been my friend from boyhood, and who had first started me on an artistic career. Every one knows the sculptor Franceco Lorenzi and his work. His splendid statues have gone over the far and wide; and his name was already celebrated when he lent a hand to passionate, headstrong boy, whom he only for miserable failure. always declared " not only had the artistic face, but still worse, the artistic temperament-all ups and downs! Figlio mio, it is not good, but you can do better," he was wont to say at when he saw my life was going from had to worse, my art in consequence blamed me unsparingly for the wilful and devil may care turned daily losing of talent and soul. Arrogant always, I brooked control or advice from no man, even my life-long friend. First contemptuous, then passionately the trammels of conscience once and

After my curt dismissal Francesco Lorenzi never came to my studio again An estrangement arose between us, and we seldom met; for his way of life and his companions were very differ-ent to mine, Indeed, I tried to avoid hlm, for somehow or other I dreaded the full, honest glance of the kind face ; and with the capacity of an evil nature to corrupt good into bad, I was beginning to hate the sculptor as much as I had loved him formerly. On the rare occasions on which we me he had looked at me wath a grave, al most pitying look which maddened me. Then poor blind fool that I was I would redouble my reckless talk-ing, and pile on all the bitter, revolting cynicism I was capable of; con-tent if I could, as I fondly imagined shock him into turning away, pained and serious. But now I know better. "Maestro!" you with your wide, great-hearted knowledge of the world of men and things, were not shocked, or even yet impressed, with my par-rot like puerilities, but your good heart yearned with unavailing pity for a foolish lad who, like so many other young idiots, was ruined by men believing themselves not one atom of the foul doctrines they preach, yet leading others to the brink of dam-nation. Certain it is that my new friends did little for me in return for

considerable amount of gratification; would be no difficulty about getting within my breast. For a second I showed a confidence in my abilities I had begun to lack sadly myself of if not, well, there was always the wing even the worst of us—has his moment.

late. It was the statue of one who might stand for the patron saint of the sect I elected to follow, a renegade and apostate monk, whom the false sentiment of a materialistic age would fain embellish and erect into a martyr For awhile I put all my powers of conception and execution in my subject. Heaven knows I had ideas evil onough to create a thing breathing forth the failen soul of Lucifer; but how to combine it with power and nobility; above all, to render it convincing enough to be held up as an ideal, a martyr of the intellect to the people? This was the obstacle that rose like an fron wall between me and success, task to puzzle cleverer brains than mine. Harder and harder I worked at the statute; destroying model after model in dissatisfaction, and tolling with a frenzy of industry not known for months. But all in vain. The day came at last when I saw my model was a total failure; weak, faulty in every line, lacking in conception, realization, and above all in virility. I failed to infuse even the soul of evil into my marble renegade; and not all the angry, surging passion of mortilimbs of the dummy. Fairly beaten, I flung down my tools hopelessly, giving myself up to an access of de-

ever; and in imagination I saw myself fallen to be one of those aimless.
unoccupied beings who haunt the studies in hopes of obtaining a few stray jobs. What added most to the fury of impotent passion was the fact that the artist world rang with the praises of a successful statue Francesco Lorenzi was completing. A "capolavolo," a triumph of pure idealism this and other praises, couched in terms of wild extravagance, made me see the thing which had evoked such a storm of approval. I knew he had a commission from Prince Morosini, about the same time as mine, for a statue of some saint or doctor of the Church, for the sculpture hall of the great palace; and that he had been asked to go to the palace to do the work. But since then I heard nothing more of the matter till the news of his extraordinary success came to me, in the day of my own bitter failure. Well, he had succeeded where I had failed; he, the rich man, who needed no more laurels to add to his fame, while I, who might have made a nam just by the one success, was destined

All the hot envy rose rampant with in me at the thought. Never taking into consideration Lorenzi's years of patient, steady work contrasted with my own hit and-miss efforts; his first, when my failures were only the result of boyish carelessness or negligence; for his faith in my talent was as unbounded as his generosity. But my envy; finally persuading myself that my former friend had done me a positive injury by his success. I drank deeply to drown the thoughts which following its footsteps, Lorenzi spoke deeply to drown the thoughts which to me seriously, and rebuked and filled my brain, and from being gay moody and morose. I was left much alone; ifor the merry lads of the studio; were afraid of me, none daring to arouse me from sullen apathy into to light a wax taper, shading it with

men of the world, who had thrown off and the very truth of their carelessly chamber on a stone pedestal, veiled pungent Roman wit made me long to draw a coltello from under my cloak and stick it in them, though their words only increased the longing to

words only increases
see my rival's masterplece.
"Young Guidi's going down the
hill fast, isn't he?" said the elder of
the two; "drinking himself to death, they say. But he always was a massalzone (good for naught); that race, with a temper like his, never come to a good end."

"Gia," assented the other; " his artistic career is about ended now with the mess he has made of Sor' Carmano's statue! Small wonder he threw the work up, for a worse attempt I never saw. Per Bacco! his renegade monk resembled a timid novice more than an apostle of the new regeneration, looking as if he hadn't the courage even to be a common heretic! Lorenzi's statue is worth a dozen of it. Well, well, caro mio, give me the saints instead of the sinners, if that is the way

they make them." Then they both laughed, and, dis missing the subject of my poor statue contemptuously, launched into a real of praise on Lorenzi's, until my blood, heated with drink, fairly boiled over with passion; and it was all I could do to keep my head enough to get out of the place before doing the gossips some

harm. That night, returning to my lodging, I cogitated as to how I could man age to secure a glimpse of Lorenzi's statue; to judge for myself what mancame like a thing accursed into my life; bringing me, through my own blind jealousy, to the deed which no repentance can blot out from tima's avenging are the advanced and religious sect, conticulation of a marvel had so aroused Rome's at resentment broke over my soul, in which ten thousand evil demons whisperson over flowing self-satisfaction by ready overflowing self-satisfaction by a self-satisfaction by a self-satisfaction by the deed which no repentance can blot out from tima's appropriate that and jealousy returned a hundredfold. A storm of bitterest hate and passion. A storm of bitterest hate and passion. nation for its execution caused me a sculptor was temporarily absent there

home, I dived back again into the narrow, winding streets of old Rome that lie towards the Tiber; emerging at last upon the Sant' Angelo Bridge. The night was dark as yet, though the moon was slowly rising; and the lights on the grand old Angel Fortress and the lights of the lights of the light o moon was slowly rising; and the lights on the grand old Angel Fortress and the exquisite turn of the river gleamed out brilliantly. But my mood was not one for picturesque effects, as I strode on swiftly through the darkness, evad-ing gay bands of carnival revellers making their way homeward. Passing the bridge and the grim shadows of the Borgo, I reached Pa-

lazzo Morosini at last. The portone was closed; but the side way through the gardens was still accessible once the wall was scaled, and I had climbed fully as high in many a boy ish freak The quiet street was utterly deserted; the old and rotten masonry of the wall with its many footholds, aided my attempt, and in a few seconds I was up and over, dropping lightly into the soft turf around the orange trees in the court yard garden. A scund of voices made me remain quietly in the shadows. One of the voices sounded strangely like Lorenzi's; but probably this was only imagination, as long be fore this he had gone home to the queer old nest near Trajan's Forum where he had his studio. Finally the voices when the commission must be finished; yet all the long weeks passed in futile endeavor saw the work absolutely no neerer completion. All my dreams of fame and distinction vanished. The creative power had gone from me for feel altogether a fool, to be lurking about another man's premises like some thief or criminal, to gratify a jealous whim. What would be Prince Morosini's opinion if he found me peering in at his windows or trying to force my way in at midnight? The explana-tion of wanting to see Lorenzi's statue would appear but a bald one looked at in the light of clear common sense and it is more than likely I might find myself to morrow with a doubtful rep long with a sick, jealous longing to utation added to a ruined art career But, God help me! I was never one to stop to think before acting; I only be-gin to think after the harm is done. However, now that I had forced my way in, I would see this thing through and catch a glimpse of the statue, even if I were to be caught. I crept past the three windows of the studio building ; they were all closed ; then by the door, trusting as a last resource to force the lock The darkness was dense in the shade of the ilex trees, but putting out my hand cautiously at the doorway to feel for the lock, I found to my astonishment that the door-knob yielded to pressure and opened. Could the sculptor be still at work? But there was no sound or light. Novertheless the fact of his having gone away and left the studio open seemed incredible; even though, practically speaking, the statue was safe once the outer portone of the palace was closed, as no one could possibly steal so colos-sal an object. Still I hesitated. What

my purpose. With a cowardice unusual and unaccountable, I pushed the door open and entered. All was darkness; and I had the fits of passion which were its only my hand so that no ray of light should a cloth. My goal was in sight. With a trembling hand I tore off the covering, the sudden draught raised by the movement extinguishing the taper. Simultaneously a burst of moonlight clear as day flooded the high-barred windows, and fell full and searching upon the pure marble of the sculptured form ; revealing in that coldly-clear and merciless light every exquisite grace of its chiselling and its perfect execution—of which no smallest part escaped my trained eye! And this was the thing they had called merely beautiful, with their painful meagre ness of speech! Beautiful? Gran' ness of speech: Beautiful properties beauty worthy of the master Greeks; and gazing spell-bound, I was fain to lift my hat from my head was fain to lift my hat from my head involuntarily as one does in a church I, who had never entered a church for ears nor felt the sentiment of pure motion!) It stood there towering above me in awful majesty, like the form of some avenging angel, with hand outstretched in denunciation, an unearthly caim depicted on the chiseled ascetic features, the deep set eyes blazing forth a scorn which seemed to blast and scorch me. Such must have been the aspect of the Augel of the gates of Paradise, driving back sinstained humanity from the golden por-

if he should be inside?—the man of all

men in Rome that I least wanted to see. However, this was no moment for delay. So far luck had favored

me, but at any moment I might be forced to escape without accomplishing

Softened but momentarily, however, with unwilling admiration called forth by this vision of unearthly purity, my mad jealousy returned a hundredfold.

avenging record.

My first large commission that of a monument for a public square was an important one for a young sculptor just beginning his career. My nomination for its execution and it I went there at a time when the indicate the control of the control of

dow, and I could climb tike a cat. My of mercy. Then the spell was broken.

Moscillary startling myself with my sine and my short commond was made up. "Diamene! I would go that very night and risk it.

So, turning from the direction of my home, I dived back again into the narrow, winding strangs of old Rome that on the face of a marble saint! Bab lust. To Tace I control to the late.

busy." My jealous passion overflowed with a sudden burst of homicidal fury; and as I would have killed the man in in cold blood if he had stood before me at that moment, I took out my vengeance on the unoffending marble. Sastching a hammer from the heap of tools and muffling it in some sacking, I struck repeated, heavy blows at the statue; hacking, marring, and dis figuring it into a shapeless torso.

The fiendish work took but a few moments to accomplish; and when I paused before the marble fragments littering the floor my white heat of frenzy cooled instantaneously, leaving only despair like that of a lost soul, to be replaced in turn by the animal instinct of self preservation, engendered

by the dread of discovery.

A slight rustling of the curtains which hung across the doorway made me start as if shot ; then remain rooted to the spot, when they were drawn slowly backward and a figure appeared in the opening -that of Francesco Lorenzi; his facestrangely aged and drawn, and ghastly pale in the streaming moonlight! Like one in a nightmare I stood confronting him, my eyes fixed on his face, my feet weighted with lead; unable even to move or speak, much less to escape from the place. The sculptor made one step forward, with agonized eyes turned upon the rain of his work-the the masterpiece of his old age -and on its destroyer—his once dearly loved friend and pupil! Then, with a terrible cry which rang out in the still-ness, throwing up his arms as if in acute physical agony, Lorenzi fell heavily to the ground not may yards away from me !

Throughout this heart breaking scene I had looked on dumb and frigid as the marbles around me. But with the dull thud of that falling body life and, as it were, consciousness awoke within me of overwhelming guilt and consternation. My madness had passed—but too late, too late! For as in an agony of remorse I knelt beside the prostrate figure, striving to raise the gray head on my knee, it fell back helpless and inert. Again and again I felt for the heart-it had ceased to beat; and, knowing little as I did of death, I realized that this was no swoon or unconsciousness. Lor enzie was dead ; killed as surely as if had murdered him with my own hand, and the mark of Cain stood out branded on my brow where all men

could read it. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD FROM THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

(The following article on the Presious Blocd, compiled and written by a non Catholic, shows that the sincere Christian heart takes naturally to Catholic truth. Such a heart can not be far from the Church of Christ.)

If we have faith that the Precious Blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin, we may surely love and adore the Sacred Heart; for which is holier, the Blood within the Heart, or the Heart which sauctifieth the Blood? As our Blessed Redeemer died for all, so His tured Him and nailed Him to the Cross. The blessed crucifixion makes the very wood of the Holy Cross adorable, and much more so His precious blood shed ding, by which He obtained for us the hope of heaven. "We beseech Thee, therefore, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood." (Te Deum) Let us now meditate upon the seven mysteries of the Precious Blood of the Szcred Heart.

"I. Jesus shed His Blood in the circumcision. Let us pray for obedience to God's holy laws and for charity and true compassion.
"II. Jesus shed His Blood whilst

praying in the Garden of Gethsemane. Let us ask for the spirit of faith and of orayer. "III. Jesus shed His Blood in the

terrible scourges He endured for us. Let us pray for the grace of humility and mortification.
"IV. Jeans shed His Blood by the tearing of His Sacred Head wounded

by the crown of thorns. Let us cease ar concern for worldly honors and enspicuous positions. Let us pray in the spirit of content.

"V. Jesus shed His Blood while erry Davis." 25e. and 50e.

EVERY HOME NEEDS a remedy that is adapted for use in case of sudden accident or illness. Such a one is Pain-Killer. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis." 25e. and 50e. our concern for worldly honors and conspicuous positions. Let us pray for the spirit of content.

charity, humility and fortitude, patiently carrying the cross which God has placed upon us.

The superiority of Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. has placed upon us.
"VI. Jesus shed His Blood in the

agony of the crucifixion. Let us pray for grace to endure our sufferings and to forgive our persecutors and slander

ers. side the Blood and water of redeeming love. Let us pray for the confirmapenance, that we may enjoy the lifegiving Eucharist.
"O Elernal Father! we offer to

Thee the merits of the Precious Blood of Thine adorable Son our Lord and Catholic Church.

"O Blessed Lord Jesus, by Thy five holy wounds, I beseech Thee uphold "Dyspepsi."

GREATEST.

INDIGESTION, resulting from weakness of the stomach, is relieved by Hood's Sarsapartilla, the greatest stomach tonic and cure for Dyspepsi. Saviour Jesus Christ, in expiation for our sins and for the needs of the Holy

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Thirsting for souls, Aching for sinners, Broken for love of us, Proceed for love of us, Torn with sorrow unspeakable, Pierced by cruelty of unbelievers, Compassionate for the sorrowing, Beating in sympathy for sufferers, Filled with the Precious Blood of pity, Out-pouring with redeeming affection, Faithful and true always, Overflowing with tenderness, Spring of consolation, Well of sympathy for the oppressed.

A fountain of living waters,
A reservoir of Life eternal,
Never-failing supply of Divine love,
Offered for suners,
Refuge of the wretched,
Carbot of pressy. Casket of mercy,
Treasury of hope for the despairing,
Furnace of Divine love,
Emblem of affection,
Sacrifice for all,
No gift more precious,
No effering so costly.

No offering so costly,
Pledge of brotherhood,
Have mercy on us!
Let us meditate upon the Sacred
Heart of Jesus, from which the "healing flood" proceeded, to cleanse, sustain and nourish all for whom He died.

"My crucified Jesus! I devoutly adore Thee for Thy love and precious bloodshedding for me, and I grieve that my sins should have been occasion of Thy pierced Heart and cruel sufferings.

"Soul of Christ! sanctify me,
Body of Christ! save me,
Blood of Christ! refresh me,
Water from the Side of Christ! cleanse me.
Passion of Christ! strengthen me.
O good Jesus! hear me,
Within Thy Sacred Wounds hide me.
Permit me not to be separated from Thee.
From the malignant enemy defend me.
At the hour of death call me.
And bid me come to Thee.

And bid me come to Thee,
That with Thy saints I may praise Thee forever. Amen." "Jesus, most dear to sinners ! no one

who ever had recourse to Thy Sacred Heart, implored for help in vain. No one who ever sought its mercy was ever abandoned. O tenderest and truest of Hearts! I fly to Thee, and cast myself before Thee, sighing beneath the weight of my sins. Accept my penitence, my sorrow, and my humble prayers, and graciously have pity upon me and save me. Amen.

" Jesus meek and hamble of Heart, Make my heart liks unto Thine.

O Heart of Jesus, burning with love for me, inflame my heart with love of Thee.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus once in agony, have pity on the dying.

O Jesus, dying on the cross for love of poor sinners, through Thy sacred wounds have mercy upon messand those I love, both now and at the hour of death.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, mayest Thou be known and loved and adored through out the world. Amen." "Rock of Ages cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."

WM. THORNTON PARKER, M. D. An Episcopalian on Negative Chris

"Negative Christianity-and Prot estantism is, by its very name, shown to be negative-proves its utter in sufficiency," says the Living Church (Protestant Episcopal) of Milwaukee and Chicago, "in the astounding increase of such cults as Christian Science First contemptuous, then passionately angered by his plain speaking, I told to fits of passion which were its only alternative.

One evening I overheard some sculptors talking in a "caffe," where I spent my nights as usual drinking; and the very truth of their carelessly and the unjust, ing of the human soul for a positive retruly given for the just and the unjust, the Jew and the Gentile, the saint and t Precious Blood was shed for all. It was and the like, which shows the yearn faith, and the feeble hold on prayer of Protestantism alike are shown tendency of Protestants, within as well as without the Catholic Church, to seek these cravings of the human soul-religious certainty, faith, and prayer, in grotesque forms which parody the Church's doctrines, rather than in the Church herself. It is a fact easy to liscover that where individuals have had the full conception of the Catholic position of the Church, her losses to Christian Science and kindred cults have been trivial; but where Protestantism is uppermost, her losses have been large.

The martyrs and virgins alike live and die not for themselves and for their own even lawful glory, but for God and His Christ, at the foot of whose Cross they always stand in spirit with Mary, the Mother of Jesus.—Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J.

atrial.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Care removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.

The past, present and future of Hood's Sarsaparilla are: It has cured, it is curing, it will cure.

Satisfication are: It has cured, it is curing, it will cure.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and hearing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, Inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a fayorite with ladies and children.

America's Greatest Medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it possesses unequalled curative powers and its record of cures is Greatests.

Indigestion, resulting from weakness of

Sick Headache

Bilious headache is the same thing. Most people that are subject to it do nothing for it until it prostrates them. Then they only take a dose of physic on

And so it comes on soon again, - just as soon as the stomach is again disturbed by

Mrs. M. A. McLeod, Goderich, Ont.,
Joseph Cole, Reno, Ohio, Geo. W. Doll,
Locust Valley, Pa., and J. Van Hee, Poultneyville, N. Y., were all subject to it, and have voluntarily testified, as others have done, that they were permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Faithfully taken this great medicine corrects the bilious habit and gives vigor and

Accept no substitute for Hood's Sarsapa-

You May Need Pain-Killer

Cuts

THE

Diarrhoea. All Bowel Complaints

There's only one PAIN-KILLER

Educational.

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED.

We teach full commercial course, As well as full shorthand course. Full civil service course.

Full telegraphy course. Our graduates in every department are to day filling the best positions.

Write for catalogue. Address J. FRITH JEFFERS, M. A. Address: Belleville, Ont. PRINCIPAL.

ASSUMPTION + COLLEGE.

THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASS-including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per am-num. For full particulars apply to Rev. D. Cushing, C.S.E.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE. BERLIN, ONT.

Reopens Sept. 5th. Commercial Course.

Academic or High School Course. Arts
Course. Moral and Religious Training.
Terms Sit2; ten monits.
For particulars address:
REV. JOHN TEHRENBACW, C. R., D.D.,
President, Berlin, Ont.

Fall Term Begins on Monday, Sept. 2nd at the ON NORTHERNA Business offeges

OWEN SOUND, ONT. Young men and women cannot do better than take a course at this Institution as a start in life. A post card will bring you full particulars. Address

C. A: FLEMING, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 3rd.

Business Pollege

STRATFORD. ONT.

Never before in the history of our college have our graduates been store the cessful in securing excellent situations immediately on leaving college as during the present year. A business education such as can be obtained in our school is the substantial foundation of a successful life.

May we send you a catalogue?

May we send you a catalogue?

J. ELLLOTT. Principal.

CONCENTRATION of time, talent and money has made our school worthy of the liberal patronage of over 700 members annually which it enjoys. The best of it is that no graduate, tolour present knowledge, is out of a good posi-

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

A strong school. Ten regular teachers. Fine quipment. Good results. Write for circulars. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt There is no room lef for doubt as to the use fulness of Malt Extrac



in weakness and nervou in weakness and nervous
diseases, provided you
use Ma't Extract, carefully and honestly made
from Barley Malt.
Your Doctor will tell
you O'Keefe's Liquid
Extract of Malt is the
heat for he knows how best, for he knows how it is made and what it is made from.

If you need Malt Ex-

tract and want the best insist upon getting

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

NEW STOCK OF HAND BIBLES

Bound in fine satincloth, gllt black title, gilt cross on side, square corners, red edges, large print.

Boundin French morocco, limp, gold back and side titles, round corners, carmine under gold edges. Combaining 32 beautiful phototype engravings, large print. large print \$2.50 pr sale by Thomas Coffey, CATHOLIC RED, London.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. 180 King Strees,
The Leading Undertakers and Embalysers
Open Night and Day,
Talanhone—House 175: Feature 549

PROFESSIONAL. PR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR Graduate Toronto University, Graduate, Philadelphia Dental College, 189 Dundas Sc. Phone 1831.

Phone 1351.

DR. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS ST., London. Specialty—Anaesthetics, Phone

DR. WAUGH, 557 TALBOT ST., LONDON Ont. Specialty—Nervous Diseases.

DR. WOODRUFF, 185 QUEFN'S AVENUE Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, Glasses adjusted. Hours: 12 to 4.