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A Midsummer Day Spell. BY THE LATE ETHNA CARBERY.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Mairgread Magennis lifted her foot from the rocker of the cradle and the purring noise that had filled the kitchen ank softly into silence. Outside the illage children were at play, and sank solity into were at play, and village children were at play, and sounds of gay laughter and merry badinage reached her ears, where she sat brooding alone with her grief.

The merriment jarred upon her painfully, now that her cruel sorrow cried out for sympathy.

How long a time ago it seemed since her own little Patrick, her one baby, Tho wison

Now he, or something that wore his face and form, lay there on the pillow, white and rigid, and her heart was tortured with the agony of a pain past the skill of human healing, the pain a mother knows when the child she has borne in suffering is gathered from her bosom for the Garden of God.

the Garden of God.
Was it only yesterday that the kind neighbors had decked the table in the window with wild rose blossoms from the lane and lighted the blessed candles the carreits? 2 Only yes on each side of the crucifix? Only yeson each side of the crucinx? Only yesterday that gentle hands had dressed her little boy in the narrow linen robe, which clung to the tiny, cold limbs, and laid him in his wicker cradle—only yesterday, and it seemed an age to her bewildered brain. She remembered how she had interrupted passionately their words of comforting, and snatchtheir words of comforting, and snatch ing the dead baby to her breast cried out that he slept and must not be awakened; that he would open his blue awakened; that he would open his blue eyes presently to his mother's kiss, as he had done each morning of his one brief year. Then, still holding him, she had swept the roses from their vases and crushed them into the fire, pressing the green stems and tinted petals deeper and deeper in a gush of uncontrollable anger.

They had watched her as she blew out, the gandles and to the leaves the samples and to the leaves the

out the candles and tore the white drapery from the cradle, had knelt beside her, praying in their soft (1) side her, praying in their soft Gaelic that resignation might come like a holy balm to her afflicted soul; but she gave

no heed to their prayers or counselings.

At intervals throughout the day and night following, they had returned to offer her food and homely needful services, and she had frowned impatiently, begging them to leave her in peace. Even when Garry had pressed her head against his shoulder in the tender way she used to love, showering kisses on the pale cheeks upon which his own tears fell, she had withdrawn abruptly from his embrace, clasping the baby still closer, until its bright curls were hidden under the dark folds of her

shawl.

For hours she had sat thus silent beside the fire. When Garry spoke she startee and gazed at him with stony eyes that did not understand. Then he grew afraid, and taking the child from her arms, in spite of her protests, laid

it back upon its pillow.
"You can rock him better in his own little bed, Mairgread, love," he whispered: "see how nice and smooth the

cradle moves. 'Tis a sweet, soft place to sleep in, isn't it, a gradh?'' A fleeting smile crossed her pale lips A neeting sime crossed are pare type as she placed her foot upon the rocker and began, very softly, to hum a slum-ber song. The sunlight was flooding the kitchen now, and a ray slanted across until it touched the golden head of little Patrick. Garry bent over his

See, a-chuisle, 'tis like the crown "See, a-chuisie, this fine crown he is wearing in Heaven this minute. Think of that—our little lamb an angel of glory up above—and take comfort to yourself; won't you now, my girleen?"

Hush, Hush! you'll waken him," Mairgread whispered, warily. "He has slept badly these last nights, and is never have believed it of Marie, and Rose, and Bridheen, now would you?"
"Ah, but a chuisle, I'm afraid 'tis

only too true, God help us."
"Hush, now," said Mairgread. "Your voice is too loud; let the child sleep."

Sleep soft, my treasure, in the night Your mother's arm shall hold you tight; Your mother's breast shall be a nest For my own dear baby, Sho-heen sho-lo, Lul-ia-lco.

Then Garry stole out quietly with the measurements for the tiny coffin, leaving his wife still sitting by the cradle and crooning her low sweet song. Through her monotonous rocking the Through her monotonous rocking the sound of laughter and hurrying feet on the roadway had penetrated, first awakening indignation at the callous-ness of the world, then a desire to shut out all the thoughtless stir. She rose

to close the open window, when a strange muttering voice sounding nearer at hand arrested her attention. at hand arrested her attention.

At first its peculiar tones, with an intense vibration as of suffering or tragedy running through them, puzzled her; then, in a flash, her dazed brain remembered. It was the little fairy woman passing outside in the sunset. on her way to Knockhega. What evil inspiration prompted Mairgread to start up and call this pariah of the village into her cabin, she did not know, but here she was, standing in the doorway

with beckoning finger.

The little woman came slowly over the threshold. She was bent and wrinkled with many years and hard-ships. If the Good People had really shed their golden store upon her, as was solemnly believed around the countryside, the signs of their generosity were few and far between. Her tattered red cloak had been darned and patched until the ragged rents could not be longer held together; the winsey petticoat was no whit better, and the bare, thorn-torn feet gave evidence of many a weary tramp through briar-grown a weary tramp through briar-grown lanes and muddy ditches. Her old grey head was uncovered, and wet with the last sudden summer shower, but underneath the shaggy brows her deep-set pale blue eyes gleamed coldly and

pale blue eyes gleamed cold clearly as the waters of a well. She scented business and profit in roughly, with querulous complaint:

was gracious as she addressed Mair-

was gracious as she addressed Mairgread.

"What is it, ma'am? What can I do
for ye the day? Is it a love drink ye
want or a cure?"

"Neither," said Mairgread gently,
"neither, good woman. But I need
your services, maybe, all the same."

"'Tis my little baby they say is dead
—my only little boy," she continued,
turning its bright head on the pillow so
that the other might see its face. "And
"I'll not

turning its bright head on the pillow so that the other might see its face. "And I don't believe them. I can't believe them; God never could be so cruel." "Lay the child down on your lap till

Mairgread obeyed, gazing at her visitor with strained eyes, into which a

faint hope sprung.

The wise woman stooped above little Patrick, gently touching the chill brow over which the soft curls hung cluster-ing, and taking into her yellow palm the dainty small hand like a waxen rose-leaf. She peered into his face under the heavy white lids that only half-veiled the eyes of forget-me-not blue. Then at length she turned to the mother, watching intently for her flat of joy or

"I can't make it out at all," she cried suddenly and angrily. "I can't know who has got him, whether the Good People or these others—angels you call them, ha! ha! But he's someyou call them, ha! ha! But he's somewhere on Heaven or earth. With Heaven I've nothing to do, but if your child's in Knocksheega, I can tell ye how to find it out. An' I'm tellin' ye because you're the first that has spoken to me friendly for years in this place—an' you're not too friendly, either; only wantin' me to do ye a good turn, an' so you're civil. Well, I'll not hold it agen' ye, poor woman, because I see an' so you're civil. Well, I hot how it agen' ye, poor woman, because I see you're heart-broke for your loss, an' if ye do what I'm goin' to bid ye ye'll maybe discover something to set your mind at ease. But, mark me, ye'll be run-

nin' a risk, for 'tis dangerous to meddle with the Little People, or look on them at their sports."
"Danger!" Mairgread burst out wildly. "Danger! Sure I'd dare any danger to have my leanbh mo chroidhe

again; ay, any danger in the world! 'Then listen to me carefully," said "Then listen to me carefully, said the other. "This is Midsummer Day, an' at night they'll all be out for their sports at the Fairy Knowe. All—the Shee King and Queen, an' the lovely little ladies an' gentlemen. An' they'll have the mortal children that they've have the mortal children that they testolen there as well, spell-bound in the ring, so that no human eye can see them. But the eye I have touched can see both fairies an' children. Lean towards me an' close your eyes."

towards me an' close your eyes. Mairgread bent her head forward and the wise woman, drawing a small bottle from somewhere about her ragged garments, shook a few drops of thick liquid into the hollow of her left hand. Then, dipping her right foreinger into it she touched Mairgread gently on the eye-lids. A pungent odor filled the kitchen, and Mairgread felt a stinging pain

under her lashes.
"Open them now, an' look at me," commanded the old woman. "you've got the vision. An' you may beg your saints to be with you this night on your

'Come to the Knowe at full-moonon the stroke of twelve, an' crouch quietly in the shadow of the thorn trees, and you'll see them distinct at their and you'll see them distinct at their frolic, an' you'll see the human children, too, playin, inside the ring. If your own is there call him three times in your Maker's Name an' he'll come to you an' they'll fade away like mist. But if you don't see your child there then he's somewhere else, beyond my

power to reach." "Oh thank you for that hope," cried Mairgread, "thank you a thousand times. I'd go through fire and water to find him again." "He find him again."

"Then follow what I've told you nas slept badly these last nights, and is tired with the dreadful convulsions. The poor little man, but he's cold. Weren't they cruel to tell me he is dead, Garry?' lifting her face with its pitful questioning smile. "You'd till the revels are over an' then steal pitful questioning smile." You'd till the revels are over an' then steal pitful questioning smile. away quietly. Now, I'm goin' an good luck to you."

When Garry Magennis returned he found Mairgread moving about the kitchen preparing their evening meal, and the kead child lying peacefully in the cradle. It gladdened him inexpressibly in soil of his second to see the ibly in spite of his sorrow to see that the stony glare had left his wife's eyes as she stepped cagerly across the floor to meet him. He had feared for her reason during the unnatural mood of the past day and night. the past day and night.

"That's my good girl," he said fondly, putting his arm round her; "my own good girl that won't grudge our lamb to Heaven."

Kneel a stor, kneel and say your prayers with me, and we'll beg for strength to bear this sorrow. And we will be heard, Mairgread, my heart, we'll be heard and comforted."

She tore herself out of his

the good you think of me after all these years? Sure I loved you well enough to keep you from danger when we were weeny tots together long ago, and when we grew up and became man and when we grew up and became man wife did you ever know my love to fail? Surely not, my poor girleen, and it'll not fail you now, when your heart's and your mind disturbed, and

broke, and your mind disturbed, and evil things are at work about you."
Mairgread walked over to the cradle, and stood looking steadily on the dead child. Garry knelt on the other side and kissed the little face. His hot tears fell fast on it.

What are you crying for, Garry? "What are you crying lor, Garly, Crying over something that's not ours, nor Heaven's, only a changeling of theirs, that left it here? But, oh! 'tis so like, so like! Little Patrick, my heart's treasure, is it you that's lyin' here, you that I nursed and danced in y arms many's, oh, many's a time? it you? Tell me, tell me, somebody, or I'll go mad !" Her voice rose into a shriek; then, as

leave that weeny little cold child lying there all by himself? 'Twould be better to take him to the Knowe, Garry, wouldn't it, so that his own might get him safely back? Just because he's so like. Oh, Mary Mother, keep me this night—he's so like my own little boy that I'd never have left alone in the dark. Fairy or not, I'll carry him there, in the name of God!'

where, Garry, and he sleeping snug and warm under my cloak. We'll start now—'tis late enough. Isn'tthat 10 strik-

Her husband looked at her sadly. Her husband looked at ner sadly.
"Tis an unlucky errand as I told you,
Mairgread, and our child above in
Heaven will be sorry this night for his
mother and father. Think of him, dear, the little white soul sorrowing among the holy angels, and the hot tears of him, maybe, dropping for you and me. Tis not right to run into danger of this sort-you've heard before now what happened to those who meddled."

Mairgread vouchsafed no reply, but opening the door unsteadily, passed out into the shadows. Garry saw her stumble on the uneven stones of the stumble on the uneven stones of the village street, and in a second had his strong arm about her. They walked on without speaking, down the country lanes, bordered by thick thorn hedges, through which the wild rose and bramble clambered in a trail of delicate blossoms. The scent of new-mown hay came heavily on the night air, and the moonbeams flittered down in delicate noonbeams flittered down in delicate mooneams interest the branches of the tall beech trees. Garry's sad, dark eyes were bent on the face of his wife with a mixture of passionate love and reproach in their depths.

"How sweet she is,"he thought, "how fair and how young—not fit to do such a deed as this that she had set for herself." How happy his home had been since she had come to it in her shy, blushing girlhood but two short years before and then God had sont them And then God had sent them before. days ere death had robbed them of their treasure. In all the village homes what laugh rang out so gaily as hers, what step so graceful and so buoyant as his wifely when the come to work him. as he had seen her in the wife's when she came to meet him outside the door each evening, with

side the door each evening, with her little son uplifted in her arms for his father's kiss! Oh God, was it only a dream, or did this pain in his heart half - suffocating at times — give token of an agonizing reality? His brain grew dizzy at the recollection of the many weird tales he had listened to, in his boyhood, of the Shee and their doings on the Fairy Knowe of a mid-summer's night, and he trembled. Often and often he had been warned against lamb to Heaven."

She laid her head down on his shoulder with a cry of infinite pathos.

"I'm not content nor happy, Garry, just because everybody says' tis God's will. How could it be God's will to take the one little helpless child we had and put it under the clay? Oh! He remembers how He was once a Baby Himself, and that His mother would have fretted sorely had He been taken from her arms. No, 'tis the fairies that have harmed us—the fairies of Knockshega. They've got a crowd of children there and our own little Patrick was found lying palsied in the dusk was found lying palsied in the dusk

sheega. They've got a crowd of childer there, and our own little Patrick among them."

"Och, darlin' dear, what put this to motion in your head at all, at all? Mercy save us, but 'tis the wicked fancy to take."

"The fairy woman was going by talking to herself, as she does, and I called her in, Garry. I don't know what made me do it, but something I never felt before came over me and I was drawn to speak to her and tell her my trouble. She says if I go this night to the Fairy Knowe, and watch them at their sports, I'll know the truth."

"Oh, Gok forbid, wife dear, that you do such a thing: "Tis unlucky, so it is, to meddle with the Good Perceivalence and an eye-sore to the active family bustling around his chair.

And Mairgread—Garry's pulse leapt faster with fear to realize that his own sweet wife was bent upon a more dangerous enterprise than either of these afflicted examples had undertaken through their foolish bravado. How would she return? God only knew, and God pity them both if the deed brought disaster. He groaned aloud in bitterto the Fairy Knowe, and watch them at their sports, I'll know the truth."

"Oh, Gok forbid, wife dear, that you do such a thing: 'Tis unlucky, so it is, to meddle with the Good People or spy on them, and the saints and everybody holy will turn against you if you go. holy will turn against you if you go.

neard and comforted."

She tore herself out of his arms

She withdrew into the shadow of a

space whereon the fairies held their revels could be distinctly seen. Her husband stood beside her,

"That's always the way of it—you never see things as I see them, Garry Magennis. And I'm going to-night whether you come or no. If the salvation of your child is of no account to you, it is to me. I'm his mother, and if it means my death. I'll go and try to save him."

"Well, God help us both, if harm hennens for I'll never let you go alone glistening silver beauty."

space whereon the fairies held their revels could be distinctly seen.

Her husband stood beside her, nervously expectant. All was peace-fulness around them, save for the far-induced dark blue shy, and its beams turned the leaves they fell upon into glistening silver beauty.

"Well, God help us both, if harm happens, for I'll never let you go alone on such an errand."
"No, no," his wife expostulated; "I'll not draw you into danger, I'll face whatever's before me by myself."
"A-chuisle mo chroidhe! is that all the good you think of me after all these now, and a ray of light, cutting like a sword through an open space in the dense branches, touched, as if with glory, the dead face of little Patrick. Garry clasped his wife more tightly, bending his head to listen to her whis-

bending his head to listen to her whis-pered words.

"There they are, such a crowd of them—riding into the ring. Oh, the cute little ladies, so small and so dainty. Well, now, they're no bigger than my finger, some of them. And the little gentlemen with their green coats and red cocked hats. Who could be afraid of them? There, they're going to red cocked hats. Who could be afraid of them? There, they're going to dance, and choosing partners. Ha! ha! I just thought those two would lead out, they must be King and Queen, for they're the grandest of all. There they go—heel and toe. Up and down as light as blow-balls! Oh, but what's that beyond? Mother in Heaven! 'tis the little stolen children. And they're dancing, too—but different. The poor lost darlings. Is that a gold head over there—I can't see right—it is, it is, but so, it isn't mine, thank God! 'Tis redder, end more like Molshic O'Lynn's baby that was taken last year. Oh, Her voice rose into a snriek; then, as suddenly, she grew calm again.

"Tis the fool I am," she said, smiling wanly; "the fool to be forgetting what I'm bound to do. But how can I leave that weeny little cold child lying leave that weeny little cold child lying there all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself?" Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself." Twould be better all by himself? "Twould be better all by himself." Twould be better all by himself. T

him sates, like. Oh, Mary Moss.

night—he's so like my own little night—he's so like my own little hat I'd never have left alone in the dark. Fairy or not, I'll carry him there, in the name of God."

She had lifted the baby again, shuddering as she did so from the chill contact. Garry wrapped the heavy cloak round her in silence.

The did not seem.

Now they're taking hands for a ring of their own. There's not a smile on one of their little faces. Why is that? Such sad little faces. And the music so gay. I could almost dance myself this minute to that beautiful air. May-they're missing their mothers, the better they're missing their mothers. be they're missing their mothers, the poor pets, and fretting for them. There, see, the fairies are linked in a wider ring around them, and the children are ring around them, and the children are hopping to the tune more nimbly, but sadder than ever. Ah," her low tones rose in a piercing wail, "I know now what makes them sad. My God, they're expecting their mothers to come and

save them. She fell back against Garry in a quick shock of horror, and but for his sustain-ing arm would have sunk upon the sward. At that moment the first triumphant ock-crow, tempered by distance, floated on the still night-air from the nearest farm-yard. Mairgread, who, through-out the long watch had never once re-laxed her passionate hold of the dead child, straightened herself up again.

"Where have they gone to?" she ried breathlessly. "There's not one where have they gove cried breathlessly. "There's not one left on the Knowe. Well, that's strange, surely. They've melted away like mist. Oh, Garry, Garry, love, what does it mean?' "It means, my own cailin, that you've been near unholy things this night, and

that the Saviour has been merciful and saved you from them." At the hushed awe in his voice she raised her eyes to his, then, in silence she looked down at the child. When

she lifted her eyes again they were full "Oh, have I dreamt it," she cried, "fairywoman and all! I think I must have been mad. Heaven forgive me!

have been mad. Heaven forgive me!
My little Patrick is really with God, O
my sweet dead lamb," stooping to kiss
its cold brow, "pray for your poor
mother whose faith has proved itself so
weak. But the Virgin knows what a
mother's heart must feel. She will say
a kind word up above for you and me,
my own little boy."
Her tears dropped hetly on the tipy Her tears dropped hotly on the tiny face—the tears that were her salvation. She turned to the big, brave fellow, whose love had been her shield

and support in the trial she had passed through. "It is all over, Garry; let us go back. I shall never vex your kind heart again like this."

Dawn was breaking in piled gold ridges across the grey of the eastern sky, and an early blackbird whistled with aggressive sweetness from a thicket of brambles as they walked down the dewy lanes. When they reached the dewy lanes. house, the fading moon-beams glancing through the fourpaned window lay in faint wide squares upon the kitchen floor. Mairgread crossed them on tiptoe and reverently stretched the baby on his couch. Then she lighted, still weeping softly, the blessed candles that stood on the table and drew once more the snowy muslin drapery around the cradle, folding it carefully down the sides so that the little corpse was fully visible. When she had finished her preparations she approached her hus-

"Will you waken the neighbors, Garry, dear, and beg them to keep this watch with me? They will understand.

watch with me? They will the little Patrick must set out on his last journey before long."

Garry turned on the threshold to look back at her, and his heart swelled within him with thankfulness at the sight. Mairgread's blue eyes, from which the feverish fire had completely vanished, were gazing upwards, and her uplifted hands were clasped in the intensity of

her prayer,

"O, Mary Mother, I gave you my
little child ungrudgingly! Take care
of him, I pray. He is very small and
young, and the journey is far. He is
half of my heart, storin, and you will
not forget what it is to lose a Son."

"The fairt morphight fell across her her prayer,

The faint moonlight fell across her now like a benediction, and outside the village roused itself in the glory of a new-born day.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

" Whiter Than Snow."

Once, when I was paying parochial calls, and dropped in on a washer-woman who had just got out a line of clothes, I congratulated my friend be-cause they looked so white. So, very much encouraged by her pastor's kind words, she asked him to have a cup of tea, and we sat down. While we were taking the tea the sky clouded and there was a snowstorm; and as I came out the white snow lay everywhere, and I said : "Your washing does not look quite so

like a clean as it did."

"Ah," she said, "the washing is with right enough; but what can stand against God Almighty's white?"

So you may think that you are clean, because you have never seen God. When you see God your holiest day will seem to be imperfect; you will abhor yourself, and repent in dust and ashes, and you will need to say, 'Forgive me my debts as I forgive my debt-

#### FERVID EVANGELIZATION IN FROZEN LANDS.

The New World.

Bishop Clut, ccadjutor of Bishop Grouard of Athabasca, has been in the Frozen North for over forty-five years, with only three or four visits to civil-ization. His diocese would make a good sized empire, and he has traversed it repeatedly in birch canoes, on snow-shoes, making in this way about thirty miles a day. His first thirteen years as missionary were at Fort Chippewyan, Lake Athabasca, and the next twenty-five at Providence Mission, about forty miles down Great Slave lake, in the Mackenzie river country. He passed two winters within the Arctic Circle, where overwork and bad food brought where overwork and bad tool brought him very near to death. For thirty years he had no bread to eat, only meat and fish with rarely a few potatoes. But when, recently removed from there, for treatment of his completely broken down health, he was asked if he expected to return, he answered; "Oh, yes, to be sure. I would not go out if I was not to go back again." This is a passion easily found among those heroic souls. A fellow missionary, and s souls. A fellow missionary, and subject of his, Father Seguin, O. M. I.,
who has been forty years within the
Arctic Circle, and without eating
bread, now nearly blind from cataract,
and for the last six years suffering constantly from a dislocated shoulder,
where there was powhere around him a where there was nowhere around him a surgeon to set, was some time ago ordered to France for treatment. But he pleaded that even if he became blind he might be let return to his be-

blind he might be let return to his beloved savages!

The Indians of Bishop Clut's charge
speak Chippewyan, of which there are
about ten different dialects. All these
the bishop understands and speaks.
They took him a year's hard work to
learn, with no aid from grammar or dictionary. All the tribes of the district
are now Catholic, having taken kindly
to the faith from the first preaching of to the faith from the first preaching of it to them by Father Grollier and others a generation back or more. For the two immense diocese of Athabasca-Macken-zie there have never been more than zie there have never been more than twenty priests. Sisters, first the "Grey Nuns," and more recently Sisters of Providence also, do great work conducting schools, as at Lesser work conducting schools, as at Lesser Slave Lake, Athabasca, Peace River, Vermillion, Wabasca Lake, Fort Chippewyan, Providence Mission. Attached to these schools, and cultivated by Indian children, may be found the best gardens in the Northwest, growing successfully turning carrets, poles. ing successfully turnips, carrots, pota-toes and other hardy vegetables. The new element thus made available for the local food supply vastly benefits the general health; bread once unknown is now supplied twice a day.

MARTIN MAHONY.

If we felt and acted as our faith ight to make us feel and act, we should

all be saints at once. The only cure for littleness —little judgements of others, little values of blessings, little whinings over petty trials and longing for the little occupations—is to be fully taken up with great things.

Catarrhozone,

INSTANT RELIEF AND PERFECT CURE FOR COLDS COUGHS CATARRH DESPNESS, ASTHMA. BRONCHITIS. LUNG TROUBLE AND CONSUMPTION.

INHALE CATARRHOZONE five minutes any time and it kills a courb no cold in the head.

INHALE CATARRHOZONE five minutes four times daily and it permanently curse Chronic Catarrh, Deafness, Ashma and Hay Fever.

INHALE CATARRHOZONE ten minutes every hour and it curse Pneumonia, Consumption, Lung trouble and prevents all contagious diserses. Complete outfit, \$1; trial size, 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Ont.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or Diarrhea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Channe of water, cooking and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kelloge's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Somerhung that Should be Rubbed 18,

when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

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