honor going:

8, 1908.

n me, an' poor-fumbling in his this to your-rvice and love,

" said John little package own silk in his r and over with and gold. " ! rslaimed, while

eak poor Nora's ed it, sir. She until the dark roth she knows s hands than in ; for I wouldn't Glendariff if I it 'ud never do,

ell," said Mr. emotion, "tell rioan. I won't stura it to her, fold. But it is nnis. You must ore heart's best a kiss on Grace's tell Desmond to e of his mother en now my poor has broken her get there as fast om I am safe and my wife," said ng one of the m his forehead e my love, too, to know she is

n' wallet, your in a choking ided to undo the ar garb to hide dit. I fear it is

counterfeit well.

I hoped a few ould deliver you 1 the yoke which when thy own turn their eyes ats to all sacred st, would that I ald that I could your cold hearts a. that the deathvain : my wishes prayers—all are iend."

the offered hand man. A wed by ief, he could not d walked swiftly poor comfort his o the lonely and endariff.

EMEMBRANCE. lling her I would or her sake; also r from the ion. If I don't old her I would ar me limb from annovance would All for her sake ! y courting days, only smiled at it dear, you're too

er! bless her! m., pacing the t bare ; there's a i or give vent to se Elinor, a wee the compressed s, fears, anxieties of the emotions. She knows there's ne past hour. I am e this on the eve . Up and down, ther fancy I must a hundred miles, g so soundly.
a sleep for a few
the poor kiddie,
s a dear!" My

rsuasive, gent e, Golly raises one hing hold of my flercely. How I Has Golly dis-perpetual motion, I to become like omed for a certain head droops ; the

v she has suffered! e been to utter 3 when I ought to I take her little if g curls, golden , and look at the wed with tears.

I whisper to her, ddy will take care

ery much in negli-ad, shall I confess

on the mantlepiece me I can't prevent
ack to my bachelor
of many a little slub where a small enthusiasts would ne with song 8 approach of dawn

varned us that it was certainly time warned us that it was certainly time for all respectable people to be at home. At I but that was before Phyllis came on the scene. She, whose dainty little ways took my heart captive; whose sense of humor was delightful, whose love of music was only exceeded by my enthusiam, and whose woman-liness and girlishness were altogether bewildering and fascinating.

And how I wondered whether I should speak to her, and tell her I loved her? I had nothing to offer her; what was

speak to ner, and tell ner I loved ner ?
I had nothing to offer her; what was enough for one was certainly not able to go round for two. My stock of hope was enormous, but the world is essentially practical and Phyllis was practical, too, though adorably poetic and musical.

Her brother and I were great friends, and many times I found myself welcomed at their little home, and found my heart gradually becoming more and more engaged, as I saw her in her home life, sweet, simple, charming, un

affected.

The struggle was a fierce one. Prudence said "Pull back, don't be a fool;" the voice of the world rang in y ears: "You've no right to ask her bengage herself. Coward! pass out ther life, and lose yourself!" And Let Phyllis decide. It is for her

My heart won the day. I am looking at Golly now; her curis, her chubby fingers, her pink cheeks, her perfect

And again the picture of the old bachelor haunt comes before me. There is Stodgers at the card table; how he sneered when I told him it was the parting of the ways; that I was em-barking on a new life. Dodson, handome, dashing, but cynical; what hor-rible views he held on life! Ascher, doubting, combative, pugnacious; why I wonder now, how I ever came to chum with such a lot. But there was one—Darnell; he to whom my heart warmed from the very first moment; musical, literary, poetical, humorous dramatic; what friends we became and dramatic; what friends we became how he wrung my hands when I told married! "The

how he wrung my hands when I told him I was getting married! "The best of good wishes to you both," he said I understo d.

I am thinking of it all now, whilst poor little Golly lies asleep in my arms. The words Phyllis spoke, "Sure, dear, I'm northing greater in this world then I'm nothing greater in this world than yourself, it it comes to that; I don't want a fortune. We love each other and that will be a great help to us.'

That love was a great help; it meant everything. Phyllis was so good and such a housekeeper, and what a knack she had of making the house pretty, and turning every little corner to advantage. She brought the sunshine with her into that little house; it was very tiny, but Phyllis said we'd make it so heart that happy that no millionaire's palace would be equal to it. God bless her. She did her share. How I looked forward to the evening, returning from the city; there was the piano open after tea, and Phyllis was singing and playing all the music she knew I loved. Happy! The thoughts of the bacher days and the bachelor club van-

ished; where Phyllis was, happiness existed as it had never been before.

The clock is ticking softly. Four o'clock! I put Golly v ry gently by Phyllis' side. How sweet they look, mother and daughter! How I wonder! and can only wonder! Phyllis so gen tle, true, faithful, uncomplaining. Her hand I place gently round Golly's neck; that hand with the little rings; tokens of affection and plighted troth.

The little engagement ring! How I smile when I think of the superb gifts of millionaires; this little ring, so poor, so unworthy of the sweet hand that was How poor it was, and yet to buy it, to show the dear girl that my affection was real and honorable, what stinting, what husbanding of

How happy, how proud she looked again spoken of His love for little children? was nearly seven years ago; our engagement was to be a long one; for the means were not forthcoming, all at the means were not forthcoming, all at the means were not forthcoming.

nce, to enable us to get married.

I have put the clothes round them omfortably, kissed them both, and taking the lamp go down stairs to the little parlor. I am going to have a smoke for a few minutes.

The bad temper was gone! What a selfsh wretch to think of myself, when she, the dearest creature who had ever come into a man's life to make him happy, had sacrificed berself for my asks. Given necessarily asks. for my sake. Given up, perhaps, better pr. spects, for a tidy home; so small, but yet, made by her so happy. So happy! And then the coming of Golly! Golly with her blue eyes, those wonderful depths that seemed to reflect the mystale of reflect the mysteries of eternity; her

lovely curls; her pink fingers and toes.

Ah! If Golly only knew! My Phyllis was very nearly leaving me! What an anxious time it was! How my heart hearly ceased beating at the doctor's grave face that seemed to prepare me for the worst! the worst!

How pale my darling was! Would the roses ever return to those wan cheeks? Would those eyes greet me again with their wonted brilliancy? She mustn't die! Dear God! Phyl-

She mustn't die! Dear God! Phyllis mustn'n leave me, after all the hap piness she has brought it to my life!

And the good God heard my prayer. The anxious time passed; the crisis was over; Phyllis was herself again, and some analysis the little. and soon able to come out in the little garden whilst I worked at the roses to epare for the golden summer

The house is very quiet now. I have Opened the window; the first glimpse the morning sun comes into the

On the table is the Noah's Ark with which Golly had been playing last night, the little figures tossed here and there; here Mrs. Noah; there, a balamb, for Golly has acquired a whim sleai fancy of making incongrous froups. And in the little corner, the little piano. I seem to see Phyllis seated, whilst she turns to me and asks me what I would like her to play?

What a sympathetic heart, and marvelously responsive temperament! If I wanted my favorite "Tannhauser"—there I seemed to see the tremendons struggle of the angels and demons for the immortal soul; if I were in a little possible of the angels and demons for the immortal soul; if I were in a little possible of the angels and demons for the immortal soul; if I were in a little possible of the first here of the city and the battle of life.—Stephanie de Maistre in The little so many others, he must have forgotten me completely.

Harry Ferrars I Let me hear what he has to say.

"Dear old chap—I course by this time you'll have forgotten me tee-On the table is the Noah's Ark with

lighter vein, then Schubert or Mendelslighter vein, then Schubert or Mendels-sohn delighted me, and if, on an 'off aight' I wanted something very simple, very homely, and shall I say it? some-thing very 'catching' why then there was 'My I rish Molly' or 'The Little wooden Hut," or one of the myriads of tunes which seem to haunt the memory.

And over the piano are some photo-graphs of Phyllis at different times; a sweet girl with long plaits; then a little later, with her hair up—that wonderful day when a girl thinks the whole world is looking at her; and then as I know her so well, my Phylicial

And I sit opposite the piano, so that I can gaze on her picture, and my thoughts go back with pity to the sellows at the club, who have missed all this happiness and who are still wearing out their lives and criting away the glorious years of existence.

The sun is now orillisat; it lights up the whole room. I am not in the mood of turning in, so I go out to the garden and start working at my beloved flowers.

Our garden—I say ours, for Phyllis

has her share in this lovely work— isn't very ambitious, but I pride myself that it has been laid out to ad vautage; roses, creepers and a little plot that i- a perfect bit of Nature; for this is Goily's special corner, and she has brought her Nosh Ark and sometimes her box of soldiers, sometimes her little kitten with his pink ribeon and tiny bell and played about too hours together. for hours together.

Our garden! Phyllis has worked here, too, and I wouldn't be surprised if the flowers were jealous of her sometimes; ah! but sne is gentle, weet, true and faithiul.

And I wonder to myself, new what she could have seen in me to win the live of that beautiful heart.

Still, I am anxious. She has not been so well; the anxiety, sometimes

we should be miles from anywhere; surrounded by glorious flowers, delic ious hawthorn, tuchsias, lilac; with the cows grazing meditatively; and Golly should scamper all day in the brilliant sunshine, amidst the daisies, the buttercups, watching the butterflies, listening to the drowsy hum of the bees, and then rushing to her mother's arms to restafter the tremend-

ous activity of the morning.

And -- happy thought! -- I would get down the little plano for the month, and Pnyllis should play, as in the happy days of yore until twilight deepened into the evening shadows, and our thoughts would go back to the appy incidents of those most happy

And my Phyllis would wear roses in her cheeks again, and her eyes would regain their lovely soft-ness, and Golly would become so strong i

Seven o'clock! I must come down from the cloud; the world has to be thought of. I must face the day. So I go upstairs to "brush up," whilst the maid, who is accustomed to my early hours, prepares the breakfast. Before descending, I look again at Phyllis and Golly. Still sleeping! I sit by their sides for a moment. Dear,

sit by their sides for a moment. Dear, dear Phyllis! sweetheart, wife, mother! Oh, it's all too wonderful to dwell on! Golly, lovely now, in all the sweet unconsciousness and innocence of babyhood. She will be growing up presently, to be, I hope, such a joy and comfort to that mother who idolises her with an idolatry that only mothers know of—and yet not idolatry for her know of—and yet not idolatry, for has not that God, from Whose hands these little people have come, over and over

in a flood of golden light; the flowers exhale delicious perfume: it is good to be alive at all, leaving aside every thought of wealth, position, luxury, friendship, love — my thoughts are broken by the sound of the postmin's kneck : the maid answers the door there is a slight delay, and presently she enters with a green slip of paper. "A registered letter for you sir." I sign the slip, and she hands me a

letter with the Transvaal postmark. For a few minutes I turn the enve-lope over and over in my hand. The handwriting is unfamiliar, and the let ter is addressed to my old bachelon

quarters. I won't opon it for a few moments Who do I know in South Africa.

Several of my chums have gone to

America, Australia, but—South Africa.

I put the letter aside for a moment, inished my breakfast, and then feeling at peace with myself and the whole world, light my pipe and sit at the window. The letter? Why, I am for catting that a sequenced letter is at getting that a registered letter is at my elbow. I have no rich uncle, and my expectations are certainly far from

great. So, here goes. I cut the envelope, hand meets my view. Something else, a cheque for—Good God! I'm not dreaming! This is not the first of April! I am sitting at the window; there is the garden, there is the piano, there Golly's toys ; shall I rush up and call Payilis or roar at the top of my voice or throw the furniture about in

the wildness of my excitement? Let me read:—
"Dear old chap—" Who in South

stally. I deserve your forgetfulness. totally. I deserve your forgetfulness, for I have been an ungrateful wretch, but believe me, though I have experienced every phase of sadness and suffering, since last I saw you, now, I think, almost ten years ago, I have never ceased to think of your kindness in helping me at a time when I was in a terrible corner. Perhaps you've forgotren the circumstances, I don't, for they are branded into my memory.

for they are branded into my memory.
"I was in a tight corner; tight, ter-"I was in a tigut corner; tigut, corrible. I wanted money to help me, not much, but I did not know to whom to turn for assistance. My father would have shown me the door if he thought was so strapped up. Drink had nothing to do wi h it, and somehow I thought

of you, who though my senior, had been my kindest and truest Iriend.

"Shall I forget your action? You told me you had a little cash lying by, doing no good." doing no good, and offered it to me, telling we to repay it when I was in a position to do so. Dear old chap, you didn't tell me, but I knew you had drawn on your resources to provide me with the means of getting out of my difficulty.

difficulty.
"Somehow, the guv'nor heard of my veldt and on the ranches. What a back at the exhaustor.

The Ladies' Home Journal for the

saken existence: no home, no friends a wanderer whom no one knew or cared And I wonder to myself, now what she could have seen in me to win the live of that beautiful beart.

Still, I am anxious. She has not been so well; the anxioty, sometimes the worry over money matters has weighed, I fear, heavily. I should love to take away to the country for a month; shut up our handoox; get into the midst of a rich, smiling landscapes; settle in a dear old farm house, where we should be miles from anywhere; surrounded by glorious flowers, delicum, my thoughts flashed home to those

ium, my thoughts flashed home to those whom I had left; the old people; how could repay them for all the trouble I had caused them; and then a friend, a true, staunch friend—you, dear old chap—who had in your possession an I.O.U from a worthless scapegrace. I want to redeem that I.O.U.—I want to redeem my own character. I want you to forget my seeming ingratitude; my apparent interest at, say 100 per cent for ten years. It works out at about the figure for which I enclose cheque for my devoted friend.

cheque for my devoted friend.

"Here I am, in a way, as rich as Croesus, a stranger in a strange country, and my heart thirsts for a sight of the old home and the old faces. I suppose you are married, old chap; if so, I wish you have all the happiness that life can give you. There was a sweet girl I knew, b fore I left; I think she cared for me, but I was poor and proud, so I never spoke

"This story of my wealth is a great secret, and I trust you to keep it so.
I shall be in Pretoria in two weeks: address reply to Postoffice, with al news that you know will interest me In two months, please God, I shall leave for home, and then I shall seek out that dear, sweet girl, and if she cared for me when I was poor, I shall still be a poor man, and fird if she can give me a place in her heart. If she can, how I shall repay her love? "Best regards, old fellow,

ds, old lenou, Ever sincerely, The pet robin had come through the window, and was hopping about the table picking up the crumbs.

I hadn't been dozing after my morn-ing pipe; I had not fallen asleep last evening, and remained in the chair all night, and now awoke up with strange

en letter ; the foreign pos mark: "Pay Charles Parker, Esq., or order, one thousand pounds!" Alad-din and the wonderful lamp, and all

the fairy stories vanish at one moment.

Then—Phyllis and Golly! Now, I could put all my schemes and thoughts into execution. Dear wife and sweet heart, your patience, your uncomplaining, your generous sacrifice, your de-votion, your love shall be repaid with generous interest.

That little farm house! Before the That little farm house I Before the week is over, she shall be there with Golly. Already it appears before my view. The simple thatch roof: the trees forming a natural bower; the well trimmed hedges; the beenives; the little flower garden; and then apply the glorious occase.

away the glorious ocean.

And then my Phyllis will regain her And then my Phyllis will regain ner health; surrounded by the roses and the dear wild flowers; and Golly will play all day with the dog and the cat and the kittens.

and the kittens.

And the plano. Phyllis shall play in the evening time all the sweet songs she sings with such art and taste.

Happy; We are going to be happer than prices.

I go upstairs with a bunch of dowers the baside baside Phyllis.

to place on the table beside Phyllis.

Neither she nor Golly has yet waved stand at the side of the bed and lace the flowers near them. I can t wake them, they look so beautiful in that perfect unconsciousness. I will not wake them. I take the letter and writing across the envelope the words
"To my darling," place it in Phyllis's
hand; and placing the hand around
little Golly's neck, kiss the dear fips.
I look at each once more The steep

A MISCHIEVOUS DABBLER IN THE THEOLOGY.

DR. BOK OF THE LADIES HOME

JOURNAL. Each New Year we are in the habit of making an inventory of our merchan-dise on hand, of last year's profit or losses, of our family happiness, of our conscience and its operations and mani-festations, of our enjoyments and be-reavements. Humanicy makes an inventory of its progress; each nation does in particular and humanity in general. The great progress in every department in life is made by special-ists in the various silences and indus-tries except in journalism. The modern journalist is a walking encyclopaedia. He is ever ready to dicuss the most vital question of the day, he acts as i he were a trained metaphysician, a dis ciplined philosopher, an erudite historian and an equipped theologian. We are used to it and are undisturbed. There is so much good in the modern free press that we are willing to over-look the defects. But when a journal mainly devoted to explain the Finffy Ruffles and the preparations of farina rouble; we had a tremendous row, and I left the old home, joined some fellows who were making for South Africa, and commenced a new life on the pudding enters into theological or dog-matic exposition altogether uncalled for and that in an offensive manner, it is

veldt and on the ranches. What a dog's life I had—bunger, thirst, starvation, rags; and all the time there was one thought before my mind—the generous fellow at home who had lent me the money and the horrible thought that I had sunk in your estimation for not repaying what I had saked you to consider as a loan.

"I shall not weary you with details of what seemed to me to be a God-for saken existence; no home, no friends:

"One of the exhaustor.

The Ladies' Home Journal for the month of December in a Christmas with the details and with a hound, loosely written, full of glaring mistakes, attempts to settle in a most dogmatic manner the burning question of the Virgin Birth of Christmas Aprona saken existence; no home, no friends:

Back at the exhaustor.

The Ladies' Home Journal for the month of December in a Christmas with the delicated by the learned Bok while devouring a ham sandwich at noon, loosely written, full of glaring mistakes, attempts to settle as an introduction to: "What Dolly as an introduction to: "What Dolly Pround in London," "Christmas Aprona and Pinafores." "Pretty Girls' Oass." in a most dogmatic manner the burning question of the Virgin Birth of Christ as an introduction to: "What Dolly Found in London," "Christmas Aprons and Pinafores," "Pretty Girls' Questions,' "Unusual Christmas Deli cacies," Grandmothers' biscuits and fly buns. Recently we had here a learned professor from Europe to de liver a series of lectures on Tae Virgin Birth; several other professors of fame have recently published learned fame have recently published learned books on the subject and the great Dr. Harnack treats the subject in a learned book. But all this is settled by Dr.

Bok in his fashion paper.

The Ladies' Home Journal informs as that "nineteen centuries ago, in an Asiatic village, a poor woman, the wife of a Nazareth carpenter, gare birth to a Babe, a Child Who came to be known as Jesus," and again "the son of the poor carpenter's wife." In a word Bok sends forth into the many homes of Christian people his fashion plate paper declaring that Mary was not the "espoused wife" according to the Gospel, but the wife married to Jos and hence there was not a Virgin Birth as Christians still believe upon the ground of the authentic narrative of two evangelists and a very ancient tradition, but that Christ was the son of Joseph. This is indeed an audacity as offensive as it is uncalled for? Does Bok know anything of the surject? Is he prepared to talk on it intelligently? Is he familiar with the literature on the subject? By what right and under what specious reasoning does he attempt to dogmatize on that most difficult and to Christians most sacred subject with readers who only expect to be amused by storiettes, fashion plates and Christ

The Rev. Dr. Crapsey (former Epis copalian), of Rochester, was unfrocked, lost his position and his livelihood and life's calling for asserting the very thing for which a superficial journalistic dressmaker gathers in the shekels in the form of subscriptions. The people of Dr Crapsey's parish had to stop paying their pastor a salary because he denied the Virgin Birth of Christ, and as an easy substitute they pay Mr. Bok for doing the same thing. Many honorable and learned Protestant divines will den unce an Encyclical from the Pope of Rome when they complacently pay for their wives' subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal which declares their celebration of Christmas and the sermon on that day a lie. How incorsistent we are! Orthodox Protestant nisters look with disfavor on Prof. Harnack's theory on that subject, yet lo not warn their flock against that

journal. Tae Jews deny the Virgin Birth of Christ, and hence were unwilling to have their children participate in a Public school celebration by those who do believe in it. Everyone knows the stormy meetings of clergymen and the vehement enunciation of the Jewish people. Is the denial of that doctrine by Mr. Bok more tolerable?

And we Catholics are equally censurable. Anything approaching a decial of the Virgin Birth by a Catholic would carry with it severe reproach, and even excommunication and such publication would be placed upon the Index Yet our women pay for that denial in the Ladies' Home Journal. An historical slip in a Protestant pub-lication, a slighting remark on some thing Catholic, a favorable comment on Henry VIII., an historical comment apparently favorable to the Reforma tion by a man like Lord Acton would raise a storm of protest in Catholic papers under the headlines "Poisoni g the Wells," but poison administered to the wife, sister and daughter delivered monthly for 15 cents a package leaves a undisturbed. A franciscan Fath r has recently warned Catholic parents against permitting their boys to sell the ally papers in the street because things which they read may have a debasing effect on their youthful mind. What effect will the denial of the Virgin Birth have upon the mothers and daughters in the Christian home?

One thing is quite certain, and that is that the Ladies' Home Journal is not is that the Ladies months of the the place for the discussion of that question and Mr. Bok is not the man in mental equipment to settle it. But if mental equipment to settle it. But it dogmatic theology is his field then let us stop paying him a salary for denying ignorancy and offensively things we believe in. There is much we have to pas up with in this life, but we need not put up with Christmas buns stuffed with Box theology .- P. F. O'Hare in

One's personal enjoyment is a very small thing; one's personal usefulness is a very important thing.

A RIOT OF "GRAFT." The French Parl ament continues to

occupy its time in long debates con cerning the details of the consumma tion of the plunder of the Church and the clergy, of the dead testators and the clergy, of the deal testators and the living beneficiaries. In one of his speeches this week M. Briand summed up the situation by declaring that by virtue of the separation law the patrimony of the Church has become the patrimony of the poor." One would like to believe him, even though the model of the patrix of the pa it would be a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, but nobody who knows any thing of the methods of M. Briand and his friends have any illusions on the subject. One of the very first things they did, after passing the separation law and lightening the budget of the sum set apart for public worship. to vote themselves a salary of 15,000 francs a year as Deputies, and to in crease in other ways the expenses of Government. But far more suggestive are the latest results of the "liquida" tion" (a truly appropriate word) of the famous "milliard" of the religious congregations, which was also to have been allotted to the poor—and to the

aged poor, to boot.

That brilliant "liquidator," M Menage (not a good name for a "liquidator," for it means "economy, parsimony" and a variety of other domestic virtues) announces that he has "liquidated" already the property of a number of congregations. By of a number of congregations. By "liquidating" them M. Menage means that he has sold then under the ham-mer: that he has collected the money, paid the expenses and balanced the accounts. But M. Menage's bookaccounts. But M. Menage's book-keeping will bring but cold comfort 'to the aged poor." His twenty-seven sales by auction realized 3,710-000 francs, but on the other hand, his little bill of expenses totted up to 3,755,000 francs. So that the French State, instead of gaining something handsome of these twenty-seven burg laries, has already lost 65 000 francs on M. Menage's expenses alone. But on M. Menage's expenses alone. But there are other little bills to come in.
All the lawyers whose services have All the lawyers whose services have been engaged for the sequestrations have not ye' been paid—and French lawyers paid by the Government know how to make up a bill almost as well as M. Menage. Then again, these properties have been "liquidated" with out any regard to the fact that they had been heavily mortgaged before the State had decided to anney them and State had decided to annex them, and there is a decision of the French Court of Cassation of July 17, 1907, which lays it down that the payment of such mortgages must be made by the

"liquidators."
What more? Well, there is still another interesting feature in these "liquidations," and that is the difference between the Government estimates liquidators." of the properties and the sums they have actually realized. Here are some instances: A house belonging to the Dames de S. Mare at Liesse, efficially valued at 194 640 francs, was knocked down for 23 000; the convent of the Capuchin Nuns of Aix, valued at 190, 000 francs, was sold for 35,000; the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Marseilles, valued at 1,235,000

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francs, was given away for 65 500; all the properities of the Brothers of the Christian Schools at Paris, estimated at 18 000,000, found a joyful purchaser at 320,550 francs; the house of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Marseilles, valued at 200,000 francs, brought in 25,300: the convent of the Jesuits at Marseilles, estimated at 1.451,000 france, changed hands at 34,-550; the convent of the Franciscans at Brieux, priced at 100,000 francs, went for 11,000; the house of the Jesuits at Scarlet, valued at 248,500, fell at 8,595; the college of the Endists at Rennes, estimated at 1,145,-000 francs, produced a round sum of 100,000, the convent of the Ladies of the Secred Heart at Laval, valued at 350,000, was ceded for 73.270. But it is not necessary to conriaue, for the other results show the same proportion between the Govern-nent valuation and the sale price. nent valuation and the sale price.
And the moral of this colossal robbery and waste? Oh, the moral was admirably expressed the other day in the Chamber of Deputies by the Socialist, Paul Constans: "You are tearing the civil code to fragments; you are part-ly abolishing the rights of heredity. And we are with you, and we intend to abolish capitalism altogether for the benefit of all." Which is very logical, but not reassuring for that large portion of the French people the individuals of which have acquired even a small property .- Rome.

Ruskin beautifully points out God has lent us the earth for our life and yet how many wish to own it.

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