never to touch the floor. Suddenly he stopped. Eila glanced around, but was unable to recognize the spot as any which she had visited The place in which she found herself was a long, narrow passage, and opening from either side of it were a number of entrances. Pushing open door to his left the monk entered. followed, and, to her astonishment, found herself in a small underground chapel

or crypt. Once more a strange, half fearful feeling of awe took possession of the girl. She turned to look for her guide, but he was now nowhere to be he had disappeared as mysteriously as

he had come! As we two waited alone among the rains in the dead of night a strange feeling of awe crept over us. I have often heard that moonlight has a strange, rather weird effect upon some natures; but whether this is true or not as regards my own case I would not

It was a beautiful night; not a breath of wind stirred among the wild bushes or detse undergrowth that covered the ruins of the Abbey; the air was not exactly cold, but so the immovable posture had caused our limbs to ache and grow stiff. We were both about tired of the position, and began to wish that we were once more cozily tucked in between the sheets, when suddenly a strange object at-

tracted our attention.

From behind a huge pillar of stone a weird figure arose and made its way towards us. When our astonishment had been overcome by a little common sense, we could collect our scattered senses, When our astonishment had we saw that this mysterious creature was enveloped in a long, brown habit caught in at the waist by a cord.

Somehow it did not surprise us that the object on which our eyes rested resembled in every particular the ghost resembled in every particular the solution of which we had heard so much. It was without doubt the very spirit who was supposed to haunt the Abbey. Now was our time, I told myself; but, in was our time, I told myself; spite of this feeling of joy that the mystery was about to be cleared up, a stronger and a stranger awe crept over me. What if after all there was more in this than we imagined? Could it really be possible that this monk was no earthly visitor, but a spirit-from the other world?

Almost at that instant, as the thought entered my mind, I was startled by a low, piercing shriek. For a moment nothing but the horror and unearthliness of that weird cry filled my mind; then, before either Jack or myself had recovered sufficiently to act or speak, the solitary figure suddenly disappeared, and as it did so a number of objects, all clad in similar attire,

showed themselves.
So sudden had been their appearance that it seemed to us, the astonished on-lookers, as though these figures had from the earth just as they

With a barrow full of something before them, every man, by a given signal, took up his load and began to move on. Down towards the river the small procession slowly wended its way, and certainly had we been but a little more superstitious we must assuredly have fancied that the procession of silent workers, with their heavy loads, only represented the already much-talked of monks, who were supposed to be engaged in carting the utensils for the rebuilding of their former monas

As the long line of religious began to disappear in the distance Jack Leigh turned execitedly towards his friend, the mystery at least is explained to

But before another word had escaped his lips a piercing scream, long, heart-rending and full of terror, reached our ears from some unknown, unseen,

though evidently nearby quarter.

With the cry of "Follow me; some one is in need of our help," Jack dashed out from our hiding place, and a moment later had reached the ruined wall where we had first seen those mysterious brown figures. Imagine our horror as we reached the spot to see a girl's head and shoulders suddenly ap-pear above a hole or trap door in the

pear above a noie or trap door in the ground, while her agonized screams still continued to rend the midnight air with cries for help.

In a moment we had seen how things went, and I rushed forward just in time to trip forward the huge monster in monastic attire who was almost upon the heels of that terrified fugitive. Another few seconds found me grappl ing for very life with a being who I soon found to my cost was anything but a spirit, being instead a rather substantial monster of flesh and blood. It is not at all unlikely that my part of the story might have terminated rather abruptly during this encounter, for my antagonist, being a burly and desperate fellow, was determined, if possible, to do for me, had not my friend suddenly laid down his own fair burden and come

to my assistance.

At last, having overcome the supposed monk, I turned upon my friend with the words, "What does it all mean?" For answer Jack led me to the spot where the still insensible girl lay. A terrible cry broke from my lips as I recognized in that unconscious form, clad only in night attire with a morning gown cast over her, the unconscious

lowed, as she thought, her supernatural visitor through the secret panel by the statue. The shock she received on finding that her saintly guide had disappeared and she was alone had been the cause of her sudden awakening.

Ella's first impulse was to get b her room as quickly as she could; but seeing that she was in a strange place, she was frightened and glanced curiously around. The apartment was lighted by small, latern like lamps, The apartment was which hung from the walls and ceiling Sufficient illumination was given by this means to show all that the room contained. From its appearance it might have been a sacristy, so well was the place filled with the vessels of silver and gold usually used in the services of the Church. There were also a pile or rich satin and vestments, a quantity o old lace, old plush and silk curtains, as well as a number of heavily worked gold and silver candelabra and other

costly ornaments.

The sight of all these beautiful and costly things so took away Ella's breath that for a few moments she stood gazing around her in delight Suddenly she was recalled to a sense of her strange position by the sound of a heavy rumbling noise, accompanied by the patter of feet. Fear for the moment held her spell-bound; but the steps instead of drawing nearer faded away the distance, and thoughts for her

ersonal safety rushed before her mind. Where she really was she had not the ightest idea, but to make her escape om this strange place was now her only desire. Leaving the chapel or store-room in which she had found her-self on awakening, she made her way long a low, narrow passage, and as she did so her heart stood still once more, for in the distance at the end of the passage she saw a man's figure making his way

towards her. What prompted her to act as she did she never knew, but the sight of this rough, burly-looking customer in the monks' habit seemed to strike terror in her heart. Taking to her feet the ran with all her might down the passage, which suddenly seemed to ter-minate in a long ladder which led to an space or trap door. Seeing the bright moonlight streaming down, Ella made at once for it, and raised at the same moment that cry for help which brought her brother and devoted ad-mirer so quickly to her side.

That same night the supposed monks vere all arrested. They proved to be a most dangerous gang of church rob-bers who, having found the secret and subterranean passages connected with the old Abbey, had so worked upon the superstition of the country folk that by adopting the garb of the monks they were enabled to ply their nefarious work unsuspected and by the aid of a small boat landed their sacrilegious

The manner in which so many great hurch robberies had so far managed to pass undetected was solved at last, and things were recognized and claimed by owners which had been brought ome hundreds of miles by the wily

Evidently the secret entrance from the major's house was not known to the gang; for had it been so, there is but little doubt that they would have made use of it to help themselves to that gentleman's property. Sure enough they found the secret panel at the old statue just as Ella described it from her dream, while buried among the ruins was found the little crypt or secret chapel in which the false monks now had stored their ill-gotten goods.

Whether the girl really was favored by a visitor from the other world, or whether it was but the outcome of a highly sensitive and imaginative mind whose thoughts were dwelling constantly on the old legend, I do not presume to give an opinion. I simply state the facts as they are and inform the reader that Ella Leigh was never troubled with somnambulism again, nor was the ghost ever afterwards seen within the precincts of the Abbey.

WONDERFUL LOURDES

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE OF SISTER ANNE MARIE. Writing of this year's national pil-

Writing of this year's national pilgrimhge at Lourdes, a special correspondent of the Ave Maria says:

"The storm of persecution raging over France did not spare Lourdes, and the enemies of the Church loudly boasted of prohibiting this year's pilgrimage. The material prosperity of that Pyrerian region, however, is so dependent on the sanctuary that Premier Combes was compelled to allow Our Lady's worshippers to pray unmolested at the grotte. Dr. Boissarie declared that up to the 19th of Angust there had been to the 19th of August there had been firty four trains more than at the same date last year. Thus the national pil-grimage took place with its accustomed splendor, nay, with increased faith and

splendor, nay, with increased faith and centhusiasm.

Almighty God mercifully granted many a request. One of the first in date and importance was the cure—almost a resurrection—of a Franciscan nun residing at Rue Dombasic, Paris. Sister Anne Marie, aged twenty five, belongs to a congregation of nurses of the poor. These Sisters accomplish much good in the working district of Vaugirard and are beloved by the suffering poor, who look upon them as

Vaugirard and are beloved by the suffering poor, who look upon them as real ministering angels. Needless to say their task is wearing.

Sister Anne-Marie, after a series of night watches in June, 1903, began to suffer from irritation of the stomach and loss of appetite. On the 10th of November, just after dinner, she was seized with violent stomachic pains, like the plunging of a knife, accompanied by a severe fit of retching. Later on, November 24, there came a vomiting of black blood, a symptom that returned frequently, the blood flowing sometimes in considerable quantities. with the words, what does it all mean?" For answer Jack led me to the spot where the still insensible girl lay. A terrible cry broke from my lips as I ide by a severe fit of retching. Later on, November 24, there came a vomiting of black blood, a symptom that recognized in that unconscious form, clad only in night attire with a morning gown cast over her, the unconscious figure of the girl Hoved—Jack's sister, Eila.

To carry the only half-conscious girl home, rouse the house and return with more help, was our next move. Upon hearing Ella's strange story, it was proved without a doubt that the girl in her dream had risen from her bed and fol-

were extreme, must be taken without delay to the Catholic Hospital Saint Joseph.

suffering, put all her hope in the inter-cession of the Bessed Virgin. The national pilgrimage was at hand; this would be her chance. Dr. Durry, seeing her so often in a swoon, stro disapproved of the plan, and the super-ior, half shaken by the medical man's ior, half shaken by arguments, reluctantly gave permission to the dear sufferer to set out.

On Wednesday, August 17, the sick nun was conveyed to the Orleans de-pot on a mattress and carefully placed n a third class car-like all the other sick-with three Sisters to attend her. The parting from all the rest of the community who had come to see her off was really affecting. As she feebly waved her hand in sign of adicu the train moved on and the nuns remained weeping on the platform, fearing they could never again see their gentle com-Her death see emed so impanion alive. minent that her nurses took hem everything necessary for such an emergency. No sooner had the "White Train" steamed off than the superior, fearing a fatal issue, reproached her-self bitterly for not having gone her-self to assist her spiritual child, and she could not resist taking the next train.

On arriving at Lourdes, she saw the three nurses without the invalid, and thought she was dead. No, not dead, The journey, though broken at Poitiers, had been one long agony, the exhausted patient fainting away continually; she was just alive on reaching Lourdes, Saturday, August 20, and was immediately carried upon her mattress to the grotto, and then to the piscina. During the pr the afternoon she lay almost inanimate. Just as the Blessed Sacrament passed before her, the Sister felt an exerucibefore her, the Sister felt an exeruci-ating pain in her stomach, lasting about two minutes, followed by a de-lightful sensation of relief, and at the same moment a desire for food. She rose to her feet and, after being bed-ridden for several months, found her-self able to walk.

She returned to the hospital, where she ate a hearty meal of mean and

she ate a hearty meal of meat and vegetables, which was digested without vegetables, which was digested without the slightest difficulty. Sister Anno-Marie enjoyed a night of calm sleep, an ineflable blessing after her long suffer-ings. Next morning, Sunday, she took a substantial breakfast; and, feeling like another person, she presented here like another person, she presented her-self at the examination office. The doctors found no trace of the malady— The nothing left of the sickness save the extraordinary emaciation of the frame. She followed all the ceremonies of

the pilgrimage and returned to Paris on the 24th. When the train entered on the 24th. the depot at a slackened pace, there she stood at the carriage door, selfshe stood at the carrings day, san possessed and smilling. When the nuns, come to greet the miraculee, beheld the one they had prayed for so fervently, they gave a great cry of joy and rushed forward to see the wonder they could scarcely credit.

CURE OF A PARALYTIC. The procession of Sunday, August 21, was also marked by several notable cures. The Blessed Sacrament was carried by the Abbe L'Etourneau, cure carried by the Abbe L Etourneau, cure of Saint Sulpice, Paris. The sick lay upon their litters appealing to the God of the Eucharist, while the rain fell in torrents upon their wretchedness. According to the custom at Lourdes, the priest stopped before each of the grands malades (desperate cases): and just as he lowered the monstrance over a poor paralytic woman, whose head the ladies in attendance (voluntary nurses) raised slightly, the patient suddenly sprang to her feet and walked. The venerable priest was so overcome that his hands trembled, and as soon as the sacred function was over he hurried

to the Bureau des Constatations. The favored woman was there, facing command she walked quitefreely, bending and extending each limb as they bade her. The following is her story, signed by Dr. Pruvost, August 10, 1004. voted assistant. Dr. Cox. At their

" Madame Marguerite Codron, of Bourborg, Nord, aged 32. Dr. Pruvost declares that he treated her for lesions of neuropathic origin, resulting in contraction of the lower limbs, with absolute impossibility to move them. This paralysis set in ten years ago, and for the last four years the patient had

been unable to walk except on crutches. Up to this day her complaint has defied every kind of treatment."

In 1894 the young woman's health failed, owing to ill treatment on the part of a brutal husband. She suddenly lost the use of her left side, and very soon fell into the sad condition above described, dragging herself on above described, dragging herself on crutches, her feet crossed one over the other. The very moment the menother. The very moment the mon-strance was lowered she felt a sharp pain and cracking of her bones. She then rose unimpeded from her bath chair, followed the Blessed Sacrament with a firm step, and knelt daws are no chair, followed the Blessed Sacrament with a firm step, and knelt down among the enthusiastic crowd, crying: "God be praised! God's holy Name be praised!" All pain had vanished. She took part in the torchlight procession which lasted two hours; and later that the procession which lasted two hours; and later than the highest could gearedly re-

patient, whose emaciation and weakness l'Hypnotisme, an adept in physchoatient, whose emaciation and weakness there extreme, must be taken without theraphy. He had come in a hostile spirit, but was forced to admit the absence of suggestion at Lourdes. "For an excellent reason," he said, "you don't know how to hypnotize." On several occasions Dr. Berillon exposed his theories at the invertex of the invertex of the invertex of the contraction o his theories at the investigation office before the assembled doctors. He af firmed that ordinary physicians nev have resourse to psychological agents; this was their great mistake and showed their ignorance of the art of curing Emotion and the resisting power of the spirit contribute much to restore health and can even effect the cure. He concluded by citing a personal ex

ample. Tae Abbe Bertrin asked leave to put a few questions to the skeptic scientist. "Do you recognize, Doctor, that there occar here very extraordinary and unquestionably authentic facts?"

Oh, certainly I do !" " Is there not absolutely good faith e part of those who examine these

" Most assuredly. I even admit that I expected to find here a theatrical display, which is totally absent. You just let things go; you do not help them in the least. So far as the meditions of the state of the rtificates stating the malady and mit me, Doctor, to record and to

state before your confreres the avowal you have just made; there is no cheatno voluntary inaccuracy, no aim fect to act upon the imagination of sick. It is quite clear you admit But you apparently wish to exof the emotions, and you bring up your emotion and suggestion? One only—a case of constipation. constipation. Now, here we can show many more co clusive cases. Can you say upon what diseases your method of suggestion may act? Can it, for instance shut up instantaneously a wound of thirty cen-timeters, as has happened here?"

"Oh, no, not that!"
"Then how do you explain it?"
"I don't explain it."

"Ah, but you must explain it! A fact stands before you; in the name of science, you must endeavor to find an explanation, or admit at least that science is unable to furnish it. Now, Doctor, tell me candidly if you know of nt, physical or moral, able to any agent, physical or moral, able to heal instantaneously a wound of thirty centimeters ?"

"Thank you! That is precisely what we wanted to ascertain."

what we wanted to ascertain."

Dr. Berillon, revertheless, kept to his theory of the power of suggestion, going so far as to affirm that Napoleon had stopped an epidemic by hypnotization, his carmy, wherepron a military ing his army; whereupon a military surgeon of high rank objected, that he had lived many years in the army and had never witnessed anything of the kind. He himself had experimented with the method without any appreci

Dr. Berillon furthermore maintained that paludine fevers were perfectly curable by suggestion. "Well, Doctor," observed the abbe,

' you have an excellent opportunity of proving your theory in France. The region of Rochefort is afflicted with these fevers. I don't propose that you yourself should go to the place; but send five or ax of your pupils. Let them hypnotize the district, and if they succeed in checking the permanent epidemic, they will have rendered and immense service to humanity and to

the Revue de l'Hypnotisme."
"You are jesting, monsieur l'abbe.
You are aware we can operate only upon chosen subjects. You, too, select

"Doctor, let me show you how it is When the national pilgrimage left Paris an assembly of some thirty physicians, headed by Dr. Boissarie and his denine sick had died. If there be any

the invalids."
"Well, so much the worse. might have more cures if you chose

the patients.

"Doctor, that would not be acting honestly toward the public. But if we choosed otherwise than you, we have not at all the same means of curing."

"Then, taking them all at haphazard you must have a terrible death roll."
"You shall have the facts, doctor. Upon ten thousand sick conveyed by the national pilgrimage during the last ten years, and sojourning here thirty days (three days each year), we have registered twenty deaths, an average lower than in any hospital; and yet we must take into account the great

fatigue of the journey."

Dr. Berillon, visibly annoyed, asserted that journeys were favorable to the sick. The other physicians present protested the contrary. As he insisted again upon the therapeutic virtue of suggestion, the Abbe Bertrin observed: 'You yourself are well aware of the

limited action of that power. Allow me to quote the words of the greatest hypnotizer of the world, the head of the school of Nancy, far bolder, as you know, than the school of the Salpe-triere, Paris, founded by Charcot. Dr. Bernheim, one of the chief contributors to your review, declares that suggestion does not kill microbes, does not vivify tubercles, does not heal ulceration of the stomach; and, furthermore, sug-gestion can act only upon functional disorders; it remains powerless upon the organic evolution of diseases. Is not this clear? From the very words

in the presence of about twenty physicians, five or six politicians, priests and two ladies, one of American birth. The audience warmly expressed their admiration of the abbe's courte ous but logical irresistible argument.

JOY SUCCEEDS DESPAIR. In the Home of Mr. Joseph Hilton, Thorold. Out.

B DAUGHTER, FLORENCE, WAS ALL BUT DEAD FROM DROPSY—HER DOC-TER HAD GIVEN HER UP—DR. WILL IAMS' PINK PILLS WERE THEN USED AND TODAY SHE IS WELL AND STRONG. From the Post, Thorold, Ont.

Everybody believes in a dreamy sor of way of the efficacy of a well and wisely advertized medicine, when the recorded cases of restored health are at a distance; but when a case comes up in a home town, when the patient is newn to everyone, and when the cu is not only positive but marvellous, the efficacy of the medicine becomes a fac

a decided thing. For many years the Post has advertized Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People; large quantities them have been sold by the loca drug stores, and many remarkable cures have been effected. One of these atacted the attention of our reporter and he investigated. Miss Florence are are concerned, the sincerity case documents is undeniable and accuracy complete. Only there as the explanation of these facts, are applied to the complete constraints of Joseph and Mrs Hilton, living in the west part of the town, was taken ill carry last summer with dropsy, croupled west part of the town, was taken early last summer with dropsy, croup o give up one duty after anothe down. Her suffering was intense and medical skill did all that could be done. Florence, however, grew worse, sitting in her chair day and night for five long months to get her breath, and the parents despaired. At last the doctor gave her up and said further visits were futile. The poor girl's limbs were pitifully swellen and finally burst below the knees. She sat helpless and weak, gasping for breath and at times could difficulty. One night the neigh came in and said she could not live till morning. But to-day she is alive and well, moving about among her young companions a remarkable and miraculous contrast to what she then was The reporter called one evening at the Hilton home, but Miss Florence was out visiting. The father and were in, however, and freely told him of the cure, which they attribute en-tirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first box was brought to her by her grandmother who urged their use Then Mrs. Hilton herself remembered that she had the previous winter been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of a slight attack of dropsy, and also re-membered the many cures advertised in the Post. She bought two boxes and Florence took them, three pills at a dose. In two weeks she felt a slight decrease in the pain in her limbs, and decrease in the pain in her limbs, and more pills were procured. For five months—five long pain-laden months—the weary girl had sat day and night in her chair, but now she began to feel the pain leaving her and to see her limbs resume their natural size. Fourteen boxes of the pills were taken and the leaving way rewarded. at last her perseverance was rewarded. She rose from her chair; her former strength gradually came back; one by one her household duties were taken up again, and when The Post repre-sentative called he was met by beaming faces and thankful hearts and a grateful readiness to give to the world the facts that had saved a bright young life and had brought joy instead of grief to a

Thorold home In thousands of other homes, scattered over the length and breadth of Canada, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought health and joy and gladness, and in every home in the land where sickness and suffering enters, new health and strength can be had through a fair use of this medicine. Remember that substitutes can't cure—they make patient worse, and when you ask for this medicine see that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale is printed on the wrapper People, around the box-then you are sure you have the genuine pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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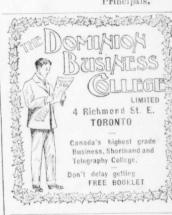
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