A MAY ELOWER.

O Mary, all months And all days are thine bwn: In thee lasts their Joyousness When they are gone: And we give to thee May.

Not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
[And is pledge of the rest,
—Cardinal N -Cardinal Newman.

SEALED ORDERS

led in .

Bess Courage was standing at her door. Her golden nair was flying a little wild, round her face; she gath-cred her black skirts with one hand behind her, and with the other began

flinging crumbs to the peacocks. Up the avenue came a rattle and frip of horses; the peacocks fled shricking down the great white step, and the lady's skirts were half hidden in a gay whirl of feathers. She laughed to herself, and then looked with a little dread at the carriage roof side with trumbs. roof piled with trunks.

"How do you do, Polly !"

The visitor was a stout woman, elderly, and of the kind who pry. She hopped up the steps, with the bold air of a near relation.

"It was kind of you to ask me. Aunt dizabeth," she said. She never al-ower poor Bess to forget that she was her aunt by marriage.

Bess put up her hands to her flying golden hair and smiled. The visitor followed her to look to where a lean man was tramping up, dragged down by the weight of a huge portmanteau. "It can't be Joseph ?" she cried and frowned.

"Oh." said Bess quickly, "I thought you would amuse each other "

It was her duty to ask these relatives once a year, and she had thought to take them both at a gulp. But the arrivals glared at each other with eyes fall of deadly hate, as the man approached, injured and hot and dusty Why are you avalling I" oried the stess shocked.

He put down ais portmenteau with an offected sigh.

"It's nothing, my aunt. Simply the lack of Mammon."

Bess was accustomed to thrusts like that made by her late nusband's peo-ple. The general had been arbitrary in his testamentary dispositions. "I'm so sorry," she said.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "The carriage had to go to the other station for thirs. Cox, but I said a cab."

"The porter was very pressing that I should laste a cab," said Joseph, with the ax of having outwitted an interested party; but I caught up my bag and slipted through the upper gate. I can't afford".

"You would not have had to pas for it," said Bass. "I ordered the cab to bring you."

it," said Bess. "I ordered the cab to bring you."
"Oh!" in is rueful gasp.
Bess turned toward the hall.
"Come in aud have tea before you go up to dress," she said with a perplexed smile. Foor things, they hated her, as she knew; but it, was awkward to find that they should also hate each other. They followed her in, walking far apart.

"Anybody dining with you to-night!" abked Mrs. For vasually, as she stirred her tes.

red her tem.
"I've asked Dalcarres."

The enemies' eyes were lit with a audden gleam.

John Gordon, of Dalcarres, was standing tall and shy, among the dim lights of the lirawing room. It was empty; but libere was a slight quiver in the curtains shutting in the little writing den beyond. He heard a strange sound, like sobbing, behind the glimmering Indian reeds. He had begun to march forward, and then he had stopped, afraid.

He was a big man, with strong arms

net was a big man, with strong arms and a little stoop of the shoulders—not a writing stoop, but the kind that often comes with leaning over a horse, as a dong man will. There was no mistaking John Gordon, reat in the

He took a long stride at last--cagor. unsteady, -across all the gry litter of this woman's room; but his step had been heard already; the woman's in-side had lifted her heart with a start. He reached her to an instant, parting the fingling reads.
"Why were you crying?" he said, ab-

ruptly. "It was nothing," said Bess. "I-I'm

ratther tired."
She looked straight at him, with a little defiant smile, but her lip was quivering back to tears John Gor-don took both her hands determinedly

in his; hisears were startied yet with that sound of bitter crying. "Look here," he said. "What is the matter? Prust me, I'm an old friend. Mrs. Courage—I'm un old friend. Per-

He broke off abruptly, waiting. Her

He broke off abruptly, waiting, fler cheeks grew scarlet, and she could not any longer look him straight in the face; she turned away her rumpled golden head as she felt his strong fingers tight on hers.

"Ch," she Said, "don't mir d. I'm just a coward. I're got those two in the house, and they hate me wo. They would like me to die; they are always watching, watching. I remember—I heard—how eager they were once when I was ill."

"Why?" asked Dalcarres. He remembered. There had been stories of their impatience. He had ridden ten miles each evening, and waited in the smow to catch the doctor. Had she heard that, too?

beard that, too?
"Because of that awful money. Oh,
bow I harte st."

bow I bate \$t."

A various live came around John Aurious moutin, as if,—but he held her hands fast and listened.

"I saw ithem look at each other," she said, "and their faces were simply murderous. If they can look like that at each other because one of them might—get it—oh! how must they look at me if It frightens me. I see them wish poison into the cup I drink and if I should hear them at night creeping—oreciping—"

and it is sould lear them at hight creeping—orceping—"
The little bands lightly clasped in his were snaking. Was this the Bess Courage whose pluck was famous, the richest woman in the county, and the most brattainable." "Essigh at me," she said, wistfully. "Oh, laugh at me; but remember I'm.

a most poor woman and a stranger, and-and I'm all alone."

Jahn Gordon felt w sudden leap at his acart; he put out his strong right arm to fold wound her and hold her sade—and then there was a high cae-kle behind the reeds, and Mrs. Cox sid-

"balf in the dark, Aunt Engageth.
Do you want your poor relation to
break her neck?" putting relation in
the singular was a fine slap at the
man who walked just behind.

"It's dinner, I think," said the widowed girl, who held that mock title. She lifted her head bravely, as became a general's widow, and led the way formally with Dalcarres. The other two fixed to walk side by side.

Involuntarily they tooked at each other and then at the pair in front. "Eh?" said Joseph

"Humph!" said Mrs. Cox, signifi-cantly. "Too cautious." Then they cantly. "Too cautious." Then they glared at each other again like tigers.

They were still stitting at dessert, a silent little company. Bess had been trying to talk and failed, and Dalcarres hvas gazing at her with a slow res has gazing at her with a slow earnestness that was not lost upon the two third parties. Now one of the servants brought in a telegram. The mistress of the house took it up listlessly as a thing of insiness; then she read it with a dittle cry;— "Oh, it's Archie," she said. "It's Ar-

onic."
They all started. Surprise had driven away all the wistful awariness of her manner; her eyes were shining, her cheesk were red.

"And who is Archie!" asked Joseph, quickly.
"My cousin—my soldier cousin," said
Bess. "He has got clave—he is com-

Bess. "He has got elave—he is com-ing home—he has landed," Mrs. Cox tooked at her thoughtfully,
"Let me see," she said. "Did I meet
him at the—wedding !"
"No." answered Bess, a bright scar-

let heightening the young cagerness in her face. "He sailed for India that

"Oh!"
"We were brought up together, you know," said she, turning to Dalcarres—the only one who had asked nothing "and I haven't seen him since. Polly

Mrs. Cox was attentive. "You must stay on with me while he is here, to-to-"

"To play propriety," said Mrs. Cox.

"I shall be charmed," said Joseph, calmir addong, winself to the invitation. There was a certain breathlessness in both their voices.

John Gordon said good-night soon, his lorse was brought round, and he galloped away in the dark. Gess had thanked him for coming in a neigh-borly dashion to cheer them up, but her eyes were still dazzled with that Joseph, having politely seen him to

the door, returned to find that the other two had retired. He was about to take up his own candle, when he heard a rustle of skirts above—Mrs. Cox foraging for a novel to read in bed. She paused on the stairs, and then, believing the coast clear, ventur-ed. "Oh!" She halted, caught in her then, believing and coast, caught in her ed. "Oh!" She halted, caught in her thick red dressing gown, with her half pinched up in pins all around her head—and the rest left behind her—and she glared at Josepa as one might at a

serpent.
"I am exceedingly glad to see you," "I' am exceedingly glad to see you," the said. There was a civility in his said. There has a new civility in his tone, or else a horrid sarcasm. It arrested her in her flight.
"Why?" she asked.
"Because I think the time has come for assto form an alliance."

for us to form an alliance." She looked at him sharply, and then, suddenly, she sat down. They ex-changed glances of intelligence, in their eyes an odd mixture of triumph

and apprenension. "We both know the terms," said Jo

"We both know the terms," said Joseph, "of our late uncle's will."
"Everything to his widow," answered Mrs. Cox promptly, "until she married."
"Or if she died," said Joseph, it would go to the next of kin."
"Don't suggest," gasped Mrs. Cox, looking guiltily round,
He laughed sardonically.
"I was not suggesting that she should die," he said. "I only suggest she should die," he said. "I only suggest she should marry. By the terms of our uncle's will, if she matries again she is to lose everything—and the money is to come to an individual named in a sealed envelope in the hands of the lawyers. Polly"—he paused, meaningly—"do you rememwands of the lawyers. Polly" — he paused, meaningly—"do you remember how the lawyer looked in our direction asiaen he came to that? That individual must be either you or I. He seemed to suspect as much. She modded.
"I know that. We were his only living relatives, and a—I remember a speech he made to me just before he died—"

"I remember something he said to

"I remember something he said to me; it was as good as a promise." Here there was a brief revival of greed and rivalry in their glance. "We will sink that." said Joseph, recovering himself. "Say, that our grospects are equal; hadn't we better—shi—go chares?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Cox, suspiciously. Had she not often paused in her schemes, struck with horror test she might be contriving his wictory after all? She was sure—quite sure—that hers was the hid—

-quite sure—that hers was the hid-den name; but it might happen to be

his.
"Supposing we married," said Joseph
"It would not signify which of us was

the lucky person.

It was an audacious proposal. Nevertheless it was plain they could fight buter side by side, unhampered by a passionate endeavor to thwart each

Mrs. Cox whought an instant . Her broad face, rimmed with hard ring of frizzing pins, might be unbeautiful, but it was businesslike.

"Perhaps," she said. Then they plunged keenly into bush

"What about Daloarres?" inquired Joseph, "Does he Znow?"

Mrs. Cox's laugh was quick and shrill.

"I only avish he didn't, Trust him," she said. "He was shooting bears somewhere when the gossip was about but I could guess the very month he went to Edinburgh and asked the law-Joseph dropped his voice of the next

Joseph dropped his voice of the next possibility.
"How about this Archie?"
"I've heard of him," said Mrs. Cox.
"Head over ears in love with her six
years ago. But they made her marry the general—a sinful stame"—feelingly. "Ho is a headlong soldier, reckless, imprudent; he will not eare if she has not a penny."

"I hope so," said Joseph, "Are we engaged?"
"It's a fine place," said Archie; "a
fine place. Why, Bess, you're a landed lady?"

Tougher : tanned ? My dear girl, re-

member its years and years—"
They ran up the steps hand-in-hand
girl and boy, as they made believe—
and all ynaware of the two watching them from an unobstrusive outlook. "You are not changed," said Archie. He was regarding her tenderly, as became him after than ing parting. He was at least as handsome as ever, much talter than she, with a fierce

moustache.
"A widow," he continued in a comical

"A widow," he continued in a comical voice that jurred. "A widow. Poor little Bess."
"You haven't been home yet?" she said in a hurry. Archie tooked half reproachful. "No," he said. "You came first. You

were always first, weren't you? But I say, I'd no end of a bother getting "Had you !"

"I kried for it before," he said, "Just "I tried for it before," he said, "Just after the news came that the general —'that—you know—I'd got a bit of a cut on the head, but it healed up before I could get my papers; and after wanted us badly for a pack of little

figure."

"How did you get it at last?" said

"How white ridge "How did you get it at most. Smalless. She saw the scar, a white ridge across his brow, and remembered finding his name, with terror, among the wounded. It made her feel proud and tender; the looked in his face and

"How?" asked 'Arghic. "I told the colonel I manted leave to get married, "But-ard you?" Archie laughed oddly at her excla-

mation.
"I-1-hope so," he said, meaningly.
Then, as tuck would have it, in walked Joseph.

"Ten minutes later he was being literally shaken.
"What possessed you to interrupt

them?" said Mrs. Cox, injured and indignant. "Another minute and they would have come to an understanding. Now it imay be put off for days."
"Elizabeth seemed glad to see me—

almost relieved," said Joseph.

Mrs. Cox looked at him with war-like scorn. "She had to pretend," said

Archie had always been imperious with Bess, and time had not made him less so. His air of proprietorship was less so. His air of proprietorship was the revival of an ancient habit; and yet, when it struck her, Hess felt as if up in arms. He came to her as she was standing at the window in her writing den, and looked over her shoulder. Somebody was riding away from the door.

"Who is that?" he asked curiously. Heas started.

Bess started.

Bess started.

"It's Mr. Gordon, of Dalcarres," she said. "I asked aim to stay to lunch, but he wouldn't; and you had vanished with Polly Cox."

"What did he want?" asked Archie. Bess lifted her chin at his lordly non;

she was not accustomed to any man's

she was not accustomed to any man's imperiousness.
"It was on business," she said. "I'm buying a farm of his."
"Oh," said Archie, "What is it? We mustn't let him obeat you. Can't we ride over and have a look!"
"Cheat me," said Bess. She was angry with Dalcarres; he had been so queer and curt, and had ridden away so fast; but cheat her! If only he could hear that cool suggestion.

could hear that cool suggestion.

"Yes. All these people look upon you as lawful spoil," said Archie.
"A forlorn widow, I suppose."

He did not understand that she was

rather angry.

"Poor little girl," he said sympathetically. "You've been having a had time lately. I dare say. A woman is never happy when she is rich. Well, I'm here; so all that is past."

"Thank you," said Bess. Archie came a little nearer His manner

came a little nearer this manner was more than ever suggestive of the passessive case.

'Mrs. Cox was telling me you had been fairly plagued with admirers. A paok of fortune hunting seamps. She

nade ine feel quite pervous.'

imade ane feel quite pervous.

Bess laughed.

"Oh, no," she said; "I'm spared that.
The will keeps them aloof,"
"The will," said Archie. His fingers
went up suddenly, affrightedly, to his
moustache. He drew back with a

start.
"Yes. You know if I marry Hose it all." 'What I''

Archie was breathless with astonishment, and he looked at her as if she must be mad
"I never heard that. You never told re-"
"I tidd you long ago; in my first let-

"I tteld you long ago; in my first letlet after—after—"
"I never had it," he intrerupted
fiercelyk like a much injured man.
"Annie and John and the matter all
said it was left to you altogether. And
I understood from the lawyers—"
There was an extraordinary change
in his manner. He stared at her,
speaking tike an accuser.
"You must have mistaken them,"
Bess said, steadily. "But, Archie, it
does not matter."
"Matter? The old curmudgeon!
What a shame—what a wicked
shame."
"Bon't" with a warning cry.

hame."
"Don't" with a warning cry.
"I can't help it," said Archie; furi-maty. "I never liked him; i'd too.

good reason. But I didn't think he was such a vindictive wretch to chain you to his grave like that. I hope he's gone to a hot place—that's all." He stopped, confounded.

fliens faced him, white at first, with ingry eyes; but as she listened her

face grew as red as fire."
"How dare you," she orted. "He is dead, and he can't defend himself oh, you coward. I tell you I loved and worshipped him; he was my hero when I was a child-you remember that. I told him I'd rather be his murse than be a Queen; and I was proud of him to the last. He was right-he was right. God only knows what he saved me."

what he saved me."

She flung out her hands as it to ward off a danger, and turned and left him. Arche stood there dumb. He saw her rush past the blank horror of Mrs. Cox in the room beyond, all too near for dignity, and so disappear. There was a crush of a glass door shat very furnously; she could not trust herself in the house any longer. Archée sighed and whistled, utterly crestfallen. Another house of cards had fallen in the dust.

Bess did not know where she was running; she was des erately angry. All she cared for was to feel the wind beating in her face and to get away from Archie.

At last she grew brethlest. She sat down on the grass and laughed and cried, with her checks again white with anger.

As luck would have it, John Gordon, of Dalcarres, was taking a solitary walk round the farm he was going to walk round the farm he was going to sell, and which lay so near the lands of his neighbor. Walking along thoughtfully, with a gun under his arm, he presently saw a rabbit. He fired, and the air was sheken with a little white dash of smoke.

"Oh!" She lifted her had with ery and saw nim-saw his look of hor-ror as he sprung forward and was vith her in three strides.

"Mrs. Courage," he was saying, "I might have shot you. What are you was uncivil in his alarm, Doubtless s'ac made a strange spectacle sit-

"If you must know," she said, reck-lessly, "I was crying." "Why?" ting there.

His voice was still unsteady, but very kind. She felt a sunden, bitter imparence at his mancer, like that of a queen's adviser, always faithful, a) little distant. "Because I am poor," she said.

She had not expected to cause such an effect with her scornful words. It was wrost than Archie.
"Poor!" he cried.
He looked involuntarily at the great

house behind, at the land stretching between it and this furthest strip of The richest woman in the c ty was making a strange excuse for

ears.
"I'm the poorest woman in Scotland, 1 think," said Bess. She looked at thim with a defiant smile on her lip. "I baven't a single friend. I'm only a thing with among for a 'little while in its hands, and my trarest friends like me with contion, knowing that any day they may find my hands emtty. I'm nothing without that glitter."

"Tell me what you mean," said Dalcarren.
There was no mistaking his look at

laist. "You—did—nc'—know ?" she said. "No," said Dalcarres. "If I had

known-"
"And Archie Vid not know. The law-"And Archie eld not know. The law-yers must have been strangely mer-oiful; dhey seemed to think it was a kind of slur. Yet—I thought—oh, I though' the whole world knew the thing and shunned me."
"Listen," said Dalearres. "I beg— your pardon, Mrs. Courage—oh, my dearcest!"—It was odd to see the new eagerness in his face. "Others may

dearest!"—It was odd to see the new eagerness in his face. "Others may have known; I did not. And I've never, dared to tell you I loved you because of that black trouble of money that hid you so. Don't be angry. I used to hear people say. 'There's Dalcarres; he must marry mone; watch him with the avidow!' Ihen I had to turn my back. Each time your little hand touched muc, heavy with rings I could not give you, it was 'a rings I could not give you, it was a fight; but the Gordons were always poor and proud."

The strong arm was not around her

The strong arm was not around her yet. She looked at him with a little shiver. This was not the quiet John smeet. This was not the queet some sorters that she knew; it was a strange, eager, ampatient—lover.

"It was ill last year," she said, "and I used to hear night after night u horse in the distance. Nobody heard it but II, as they "caited for me to die. But II usked the dootor, and he said it was Mr. Gordon. I asked him again, and he said it was Mr. Gordon; then I did no task any longer, although night after night I heard it still—I alome. I buly wanted to lie and lisiten; it was so far—so far. And I said, 'I will not die—perhaps'—She broke off, putting-out her hands with a lattle fling of reproach. "The Gordons were always proud," she repeated. "Were they always hard—and unkind!" Gordon that she knew; it was a

ed. "\ kind !" His arm was around her then; it held her safe and happy—and—poor—of last.

. . . . "Allow me to congratulate you-Mrs

Gordon."

The tawyer ispoke as cheerfully as if the had not come down from town expressly to deprive this Mrs. Gordon of all her wealth. His manner was far too shirpy for such a melancholy occasion. In the distance the general's surviving relatives were sitting side by side. The lady was Mrs. Cox no longer, having clinched the bargain irrevocably with the rival party. (Within the next minute one or the other would be made rich, out they had cunningly put themselves past the danger of treachery or a fear of a breach of promise. Now they were able to look forward with an air of assured expectation. The general had directed a solemn opening of his last instructions as soon as the fatal marriage had taken place, and their young aunt by marriage was forgiven by them at last.

Archie was these also, glum and emberrassed—but inquisitive, all the The lawyer spoke as cheerfully as if

barrassed-but inquisitive, all the

There was to reading the counten-stoco of that little gray man with the

shoots of blue paper and the cuvelope scaled with black. He was impassive-ly professional down to his very cough. It was a cough that for the last thirty, years had made belrs-expectant ty, years and made there's epectant fump. His ourt, dry voice went muttering on, repeating the last clauses of the general's will, with its burden of riches to his wife, and its one harsh condition—"like raid lilianbeth Black, or Courage, having forfeited the above h will now break the scal of this en-velope, obeying the above directions, and will disclose the name of the indi-

The second secon

ridual inheriting to her default."

Archie, looking on entirely as a spectator, fancied he caught a twinkle in the formal mark of the speaker, as he paused with fate in his hends. Was he ignorant also, or could he give a

guess ? "An institution, after all, by George,"

said he.
The general's piece and nephew, forgetting in stacir excitement that their interests were identical, glared like a nat and dow at each other stripped of her riches, smiled valiantly at Dalcarres.
""Whereas'"—the scal was broken.

"Whereas"—the scal was broken. They heard the general's commands, stilled and formal, but form as on the field of battle—"whereas," my wife, Elizabeth, has found a man worth all, she has hereby forfeited for his sake; and whereas this man will have married hor for herself, and is proved worthy of her trust—and mine. I hereby leave all 4 die possessed of—te my dear girl as a wedding present."

There was a short hush of consternation.

The general's surviving relatives looked at each other fiercely, each feeling tricked by the other into a match, and the lawyer, his twinkle justified by results, came forward to repeat his cougatulations But Arclie turned on his heel.—R. damsas, in Chambers' Journal.

IN MEMORIAM.

With mournful hearts and tear-strined eyes, let Erin's sons bewail, For cold in his grave a patriot lies, true son of Granuawaile. With pen and voice he always strove

Old Erin to set free,
And like a valiant nero bold he
fought for liberty. Twas on the glorious summer time

the twenty-second day,
Of May in nineteen hundred, that
our dear friend passed away our dear friend passed away Unto that bright celestial home where the good shah all find rest. And dwell on nigh forevermore with saints and angels blest.

O, well may Mother Erin weep-sac lost a soldier true, Who never swerved from her caused

when danger was in view. He was the Irishman's advocate against oppressive greed. And always served his fellow man He apart from class and creed.

A true unselfish patriot-his life was mot in vain, Who strove to see his native land

ther love lost rights regain; Nought could suppress upon earth, till he was laid to rest this The burning love of Motherland that flamed within his breast.

He's won regard, respect, esteem, from those he's 'eft behind, His name with Emmett and O'Con-nell in history shall ever shine. From the pen of able writers the fu-

From the pen of able water ture age may see,
|What those illustrious patriots would do for liberty.

When clouds of dark misfortune leomed o'er his ill-fated land,
He threw aside all obstacles and nobly led the vam,
To abolish cruel landlords' rule and

dynamy to put down;
Oppressors wile were forced to yield when our hero was around. Where is the nation that produced greater warriors.

or more sterling patriots than Ire-land mourns? But the three that are dearest to the But hearts of true Irishmen

Are the illustrious names of Emmett, O'Connoll and Burns.

Experience proves its hard to move Or stop the tides Jehovah guides with the waving of His hand.

with the waving of His hand,
It's just as hard to change regard
where true love it does bind.
For such unites Dr. Burns forever
with those he left behind.
JOHN MOHAN.
Foronto, May 22nd, 1901.

GESERVING THE ROUTINE GESERVING THE ROUTINE From the Family Herald.

Certain of the theatres in Russia are under the control of the Side, and the actors are, factore, subject to government control. A famous dancer at one of these theatres desired to secure a month's leave of absence in order the recover her health by a tour of the provinces. See accordingly went to the government official to obtain the usual permission. He received her politely, and asked for her written application.

piteation.
"I have no written application," was the answer. "I had no idea such a thing was necessary."
"Not necessar, 'madam,!" replied the official. "Why, nothing can be done without it." plication.

without it."
"What am I to do, then?"
"Here are hen and paper. He so good
as to sit down and write what I dio-

tate."
She sat down, and the petition was written, signed and folded.
"And now," said the representative of line State, "you have only to deliver ""

"To whom?" she asked.
"To whom?" repeated the official,
with a smile at her simplicity. "To
me, of course." with a smile at her simplicity. "To me, of course."

Then, taking the petition which he himself had dictated, he produced his spectacles, wiped them and carefully adjusting them upon his nose, read over the whole document as if he had never seen it before, filed it in due form, and then, turning to the impatient danseuse; said, with the utmost gravity:—

gravity;—
"Madam, I have read your petition, and regret exceedingly that I cannot exceedingly that I cannot

EDUCATIONAL.

Mrs. Elsa MacPherson CONCERT PIANIST AND TEACHER.

Itiple: A Royal Conservatorium of Music, Leipzig onduct. St. Mary's Choir and Irish Musical Ark STUDIO-5 SUSSEX AVE. TORONTO.

loretto Wellington Place, Abbey.... Toronto, Ont...

This fine lestitution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclution so congenial to study. to study.

The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies.

Circular with full information as to uniform, terms, &c., may be had by addressing

LADY SUPPLIFOR.

WELLINGTON PLACE..
TORONTO

Affiliated to the Univer-

ESTABLEHED 1878. School of Practical Science

This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments:

1-Civil Engineering. 2-Mining Engineering. 8-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analyti-cal and Applied Chemistry.

Special attention is directed to the facilities pos-sessed by the School for giving instructions in Mining Rogineering, Practical instruction is given in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories: 1—Chemical, 2—Amaying, 8—Milling, 4—Steam 8—Metrological, 6—Riectrical, 7—Testing, 8-matrological. c-miseritas, s-missing.
The School has good collections of Minerals, Rocks and Fossils. Special Sindents will be received, as well as those taking regular courses.
For full information see Calendar,
L. E. STEWART, Secty.

Professional.

ARTHUR W. HOLMES.

ARCHITECT.
170 Spadina Ave.
Telephone Main 3248.

TATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

Supreme Coart and Parliamentary Agents.
OTTAWA, ONT. F. R. Latchford, K. C. J. Lorn McDougall, Jr. Edward J. Daly.

SCOTT, SCOTT & CURLE! BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c. Supreme and Exchequer Court Agents.

CARLETON OHAMBERS, OTTAWA, ONT.
Hon, R. W. Soott, K. C., L. L. D.
D'Arcy Scott, Departmental Agent and Parliamentary Solicitor authorized under the Rules of the House of Commons of Consider. HEARN & SLATTERY

HEARN & SLATIERS

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NO.
TARIES, Etc. Proctors in Admiral.
ty. Offices: Canada Life Building, 46
King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
OFFICE 'PHONE 1040.
T. FRANK SLATTERY, Residence:
225 SImcoe St., Res. 'Phone 876.
EDWARD J. HEARN, Residence: 22
Grange Ave. Res. 'Phone 1058.

ANGLIN & MALLON, DARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTAR IES, &c. Office: Land Security Chambers, S. W. Cor. Adelaide and Vio

teria Streets, Toronte. F. A. ANGLIN. JAS. W. MALLON, LILE TELEPHONE 1968.

CAMERON & LEE DARRISTERS, Solicitors, Notaries,
ale. Offices: Land Scourity Building,
cer Adelaids and Victoria Streets, Toronto,
Bolton and Oakville, Ont. Telephone 1803.

D C. CAMERON, B.A. W. T. J. LEE, B.C.L

McBRADY & O'CONNOR. DARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, BTO...
Prosecs in Admiralty. Beens 67 and 68, Canada Life Building, 48 King Ba. West, Teronso.

L. V. McBrady. T. J. W/O'Conwon PRINTEONE 9695. MACDONELL, BULAND & THOMPSON

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTAR. IES PUBLIC, No. Money to Lean at lowest rates of interest. Quebes Bank Chambers, 2 Toronto St. Teronto. A. C. Maddonikli JOHN T. O. THOMPSON Telephone No. 1078

FOY & KELLY.

DARGISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC O Office: Home Savings and Lean Company's Baildings, 80 Church Street Torente. J. J. For, Q.C. H. T. Kally. THERMORE THE

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN Ontario Land Surveyors

Etc., Etc. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Pre-perties, Disputed Boundaries Ad-justed, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located.

Office: Cor. Richmond & Bay'Ste.

TORONTO. TELEPHONE 1336. Rentist.

Dr. R. J. McGahey, (Ronor Graduate of Toronto University) DENTIST

278 YONGE STREET, opposite Wilton Avenue,

DR. S. L. FRAWLEY DENTIST, 21 BLOOR ST. WEST Graduate of Toronto and Philadelphia.

Gold Medalist for the World, Paris Exposition, 1986

E.J. ROWLEY PHOTOGRAPHER ...

435 Speline Ave. (4 doers S. College St. J. Tourent