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as far, in fact, as those standing

on the piers could see through the

morning haze, was a long line of steam-

morning haze, was a long line of steamers. Idly they lay at anchor, one behind another, quietly awaiting the signal to pass on through the canal. There was no impatience, no noise. The distant whistling of the new arrivals and the black another relief.

als and the black smoke rolling from

every funnel were the only signs of life in this peaceful fleet. No, the excite-

ment was not there, for a captain can do no more than his best; but, a little

should be opened at thousands of break-fast tables, there would be suddenly

anxious men, and busy telegraph wire anxious men, and and rumors of heavy losses in the man and rumors of h

trade. "Jimmie" Schwarz alone would know the precise situation. Carter had wired him that whaleback "Number

Carter liked to say he did not believe

in luck; but, as the sun climbed higher over the still sleeping city, and as he

twenty-first. The prospect of going before President Schwarz with the

agreeable to Carter.
It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon

pull. In the stern of the

wind just to have stood around and

ratched him.

The line was hauled up through the

over the railing on the pilot house with his eyes fixed on the tall, thin figure in

again.
"Now-all together-let her go!".

Bells jangled in half a dozen engine rooms, there was the splash of one screw after another, and hawsers came

up dripping from the water and stretched slowly taut. For a moment there was a strain—it looked as it some-

thing must give way—then a shiver ran through the "Pewaukee," and a scow

through the "Pewaukee," and a scow rubbed against her side with a groan.

superintendent stood on the

shoulder.

watched her pass. Carter had slipped back into the system. Once more he

had receded into his shell as acting

manager on the Lakes for the corpora-

"Look here, Mr. Carter, I'm going

what reluctantly, for a born worker finds it hard to let go. As they started

off, he remarked:
"I guess I got stirred up some last night. I don't know but I called you

some names."
"It is all right, sir," said the super-intendent, warmly; "don't speak of it." A moment later he added, "Say,

was gorgeous!"
President Schwarz and one of his

partners entered together the New

York office that was the center of the

"What are we going to do about this, Schwarz?" The partner held an evening paper in his hand. "Must we

send all that ore by rail? The Soo

canal has been blocked for nearly twenty-four hours."

universe for so many thousand men.

superintendent gripped his

the stern of the "Pewaukee."

later in the morning, when the

### " B. CARTER." STORY OF THE " SOO."

By S. Merwin. When the corporation took the when the corporation took the new navy contracts, and sent a hurry order by mail to Duluth for forty-two thouby mail to Dillitar sand tons of ore from its own Lake Superior mines, Carter was taken somewhat at disadvantage. His largest Captain Mac somewhat at disastrong ship, the "Pewaukee," Captain Mac-bonald, was getting in new engines, schalebacks "Number - Five" and halebacks Number Six " were laid up for repairs, and four smaller steamers were lying at Superior: all his other ships were at the farther end of Lake Erie, a

thousand miles away.
"Well," said he, tossing the letter
on the desk before him, "I guess it's

Buffalo or bust." It was the third of April, and eight thousand tons must reach Buffalo by the twenty-first. The interests in-terests involved were too complex and wide-reaching to admit of delays. Carter set the start for the fifteenth, the 'Pewaukee" to sail first ; put on three shifts to push repairs; chartered two tugs and set them, days in advance, to breaking the ice in the channel; and to "Jimmy" Schwarz, wrote simply the president of the corporation : -

the president of the course," with eight bousand two hundred and fifty tons of ore, will reach Raffalo April 19 or 20, the balance of order following within four days Yours Gruly, B. CARTER.

On the tenth of April the ice broke on the tenth of April the fee broke in the St. Mary's River. This was the signal for the vast, restless activity of the Lakes to burst again into being. There was stir and movement on city There was stir and movement of city wharves; harbors were churned by bustling tugs, steel freighters, tramps, and whalebacks; sidewheel excursion steamers in new paint were torn from snug winter berths and set at the old work ; and white-clad life-savers were drilled for the long battle with the spring storms. Lights were flashing and bells ringing, and the trailing smoke was blending sea and sky. The

Lakes were alive again.

The buoyancy of youth was in the air, and Carter, standing on the bridge of the "Pewaukee," as she picked up the twinkling range-lights at the head of the St. Mary's, felt something of the stir and energy within him. Long and lean, was Carter, a man who played for keeps since his school days, who had fought up from nothing with his fists,-with nerves of steel wire and quick, impatient eyes. He was part, if new part, of a system that belted the globe, and he knew, as he watched the Upper Range Lights slowly coming line, and the steamer swinging to meet them, that that first month would decide everything for him. "Jimmy Schwarz's men never stumbled twice.

his watch, holding it out in the faint light from the fore lan tern. They were still a little ahead of time, in spite of the stiff new engines and the breakdown off Copper Harbor. The two red lights of the Lower Range were in sight—soon the steamer was heading for them,—then on, leaving heading for them,—then on, leaving Pointe aux Pins and the red light at

Foote Dock close on the left hand.
"Mr. Carter, do you see that white light, a little to starboard, between the

The captain was speaking from the over the wheelhouse, a post he had hardly left for twenty-six hours. lust as Carter's eyes found it, the light

Carter had been holding his watch in his hands; then, with a sense of relief, he slipped it into his pocket and

ounted beside the captain.

The lights were all about them, and they could make out the end of the The captain rang to slow down, but the pulse of the engine went steadily on. There was something the matter in the engine room. Carter, coking out at the lights of Sault Ste. heard the bell clang a second time, and, turning, saw that Captain MacDonald was bending forward and

them; he had just assigned anchorage to half a dozen freighters, whose red and green side lights could be seen up Captain MacDonald was the river. Captain MacDonald was off directing the six tugs that were vainly coughing and steaming at the ends of eight-inch hawsers. It was a sober little party, for they had just come up from below, and they all knew that the "Pewaukee" was in a bad way. "I'm afraid, Mr. Carter, I shall have to take presented.

have to take possession of the ship," said the superintendent.

Carter did know what it meant. He knew that traffic footing up to millions of dollars must pass daily through this canal. The arnouncement in the morning papers, that the canal was blocked, would be a blow to all the great ship-ping interests beside which a strike would seem a joke. The Lakes are the ly. He was beginning to see his way clear.

neck of the hourglass, as it were, in the traffic of East and West. Carter

was thinking fast.
"Can you give me twenty-four hours?" he abruptly asked the super-

Twenty-four hours!" The other captains looked blankly at each othe They, too, were sailing on close sched-ules. But the superintendent was open

to conviction.

"What do you think you can do?"
he asked. "Your furnaces are flooded, so that you can't pump her out. You couldn't even unload in that time, and she is so hard aground that nothing can move her.
"You had better use dynamite right

now," said a captain; "that's the sur est way out of it."

The revenue officer seemed to ap-

prove of this, but Carter spoke directly to the superintendent.
"If you will give me until midnight to-morrow, I will have the channel clear for you.'

The two captains were not in a mood for reasoning. One of them snapped his watch shut, and said, sharply: "You can buy ships, but you can't buy time.

There was a moment's silence, while the men looked at one another. On the piers a crowd was rapidly gathering, and the shouting and talking could be heard through the still air. Farther off the steamers were whistling back and forth as they fell into their places in the line. At length the superintendent nodded brusquely to Carter.
"All right," he said, "it's worth

trying.' The two captains returned to their ships in disgust, the revenue officer went back to his launch to continue patrolling the line, and Carter, who stood alone in the track of the Lake trade, pushed back his hat, ran his card plurged fingers through his hair, and plunged

into the work before him.

The old superintendent, curious, noncommittal, stood aside. From the start
he had been impressed by a curt directness about this lean young fellow, and be had wondered a little what he meant

to do. He was to find out.

It was for Carter such a moment as may come once in a lifetime, to a fighting man-a moment of absolute control over men and means, a moment with verything at stake-and every drop of blood in his body. acted like a grindstone on his wits; it loosened a torrent from his tongue. That brief "all right" from the superintendent had thrown him into element; at the word he was lost in his work, buoyant as a duck, and perfectly happy. His orders came out with the brevity and directness of a Napoleon, but between whiles it was just Carter— Carter at his best-or, if you prefer, a his worst, but at any rate downright

There he stood, his hat jammed or the back of his head, his face alive with the enjoyment of perfect self-possession, his eye everywhere at once—and just to look at him and listen to him, the superintendent knew that the work was as good as done. There would be no hard luck, no "just-missed-it" story Carter was the work. there. Carter was the work. It seemed to flow out from him on all sides, to give a hand to a burden here, to throw a laugh and a song into a be-wildered mind there, and to key up every man to concert pitch and irresistto hold him there. All about there was confusion-the screaming of hoarse whistling of steamers-men were nervous and excited; Carter alone knew what was to

Little by little, as the first half hours rushed by, a sense of order, of organiza-tion, began to lift its head above the

turmoil. The six tugs stopped their useles straining, for nothing short of a miracle could have moved that steamer, wedged in and freighted down as she was. Two of them came alongside, and were set to pumping her out with long lines of hose; the others disappeared in the MacDonald was bending forward and speaking sharply through an opening to the wheelmen below. Throwing an eye ahead, Carter saw that they were bearing down near the worth prior for the large at such a moment, and found the superintendent, looking off astern, but the superintendent, looking off astern, and found the superintendent, looking off astern, and found the superintendent the buildings on the south the wheelmen below. Throwing an eye alead, Carter saw that they were bearing down upon the north pier, for the wheelmen could not, at such speed, complete the turn. Somewhere off to the right a revenue cutter sounded three peremptory blasts. The captain's hand had not left the bell pull, and he rang the emergency signal, "Chezk, and back ströng," At length the engines stopped, but they would not reverse, and the orgineer called up through the tube that the was helpless. They struck the piers amost bows on, They struck the piers armost bows on, ith a crash, and threw Carter back on the leak. The tugs came back from They struck the piers almost bows on, with a crash, and threw Carter back on the railing. There was a sound of wood splintering,—men were shouting off in the dark,—and the captain was considered below deeds to pier the tags came back from their mysterious journey towing lines of dump-scows and brought them along off in the dark,—and the captain was off in the dark,—and the captain was giving hurried orders. Two half-dazed deck hands were trying to get a line ashore. Finally came a slow listing as she swung athwart the channel, and the "Pewaukee" settled squarely on the rock bottom in twenty-five feet of "Pewaukee" settled squarely on the rock bottom in twenty-five feet of water. The ship canal at Sault Ste. Marie was closed to navigation.

An hour later they stood on the forward deck,—Carter, the canal superintendent, and the anxicus captains of two other steamers. A revenue officer was climbing over the side to join them; he had just assigned anchorage in his office, cajoling, coercing, dragging everybody and everything into line, and errying it all along with a rush, and then he wondered what his

wife would say if she could see him. The scows were to float the "Pewau-kee." They were ranged alongside and made fast while the divers, with hardly a rest after their labor in the hold ent down to put the chains in place. Carter got permission from the revenue officer to run whaleback "Number Six" said the superintendent.

He spoke deliberately, for he knew there could be no appeal from his final decision.

"There are a hundred steamers within a day's sail, and you know what that means."

"There are a hundred steamers within a day's sail, and you know what the means."

Carter did here what it was a large and a canal steam of the steamer's stern six inches to a foot in order to swing it inches to a foot in order to swing it around far enough, at least, to permit the other steamers to pass, for she was the other ste the other steamers to pass, for she was lying almost squarely across the head of the canal. The cargo was being hauled out of the after hold as fast as two hundred men could do it. As the night wore on into dawn, Carter's hand sought his watch less and less frequently. He was horizoning to see his way

The first light of morning, spreading slowly over the Canadian shore, and touching with red the higher buildings "That "Hum" came nearer to down right praise than anything that had ever been said before about B. Carter, but of course the latter didn't know. of Sault Ste. Marie, showed a strange of Sault Ste. Marie, showed a strange scene to the stragglers of the night's crowd and the earliest comers of the new day. Extending far up the river, It was just as well that he didn't for there was nothing he disliked more than soft soap. Business was business with Carter.—Success.

#### Blessing of Throats.

Next Tuesday, Feb. 3, is the feast of St. Blase, on which day the blessing of throats will take place as usual in all the city chareles. This custom, and the city churches. This custom, and the invocation of St. Blase by those afwith throat troubles, grows flicted out of an incident in the Saint's life. St lase was Bishop of Sebaste, Armenia, in the year 300. During the persecution of the Christians the Bishop was thrown into a dungeon and such was his reputa-tion for sanctity and miraculous power that hundreds of sick were to him. Among these was a boy, who had a fishbone lodged in his throat in such a way that it was impossible to extricate it. St. Blase made the sign of the cross over the suffering youth, and all trace of the trouble immediately wired him that whateback "Number Six," with seven thousand tons, would reach Buffalo on the twentieth or twenty-first, and that he had chartered two steamers of the "Red X Line" to disappeared. In consequence of this miracle St. Blase is appealed to in carry on the "Pewaukee's" cargo at throat troubles.

### AN EPISCOPALIAN TRIBUTE.

TRENTON MINISTER ON CIVILIZA-TION'S INDEBTEDNESS TO THE CATH-OLIC CHURCH.

sipped his eighth cup of black coffee in the lee of the after deckhouse and watched the endless line of laborers tramp past, he thanked his stars that Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, rector Trinity Episcopal Church, Trenton, N. Y., in a recent sermon said:

"I would place loyalty to their he had allowed two days for emergen-cies between the fifteenth and the

Church as among the foremost of the virtues exhibited by our Catholic excuse even of a wrecked steamer to explain his failure would not have been brethren. You will seldom find a Roman Catholic denying his faith. Vhatever baseness he may be guilty of, he will never stoop to that.

It was 4 o clock in the alternoon. Groops of exhausted laborers sat on the pier, or lay asleep. The "Pewauke" was surrounded by scows, each sunk deep in the water, and whaleback "Number Six" was backing up toward " Attendance at church services, the observance of fasts, the repetition of prayers and other acts of devotion are things for which they must be accorded the sunken vessel's stern to pick up a hawser that was trailing across one of the scows. Tugs were clustered about the foremost place among Christian people. I am filled with admiration then I contemplate the crowds which wherever they could get in to push or throng the Catholic churches at hours when most other Christian people are steamer stood two men—Carter, with hollow eyes but steady hands, and the lying comfortably in bed. A religion which is able to make people shake off superintendent, jaded, anxious, bet grateful that he had been there to play natural sloth and indolence and set them about their religious duties as the grateful that he had been there to play some small part in the achievement. For many years he had been seeking the man who is equal to the situation, and at length he had found him. It first obligation incumbent upon them has certainly a great deal to commend it from any point of view.
"Catholicism lays great stress upon was worth a day and a night in a whirl-

the performance of outward acts, while Protestantism affects to make light of rrotestantism allects to make light of such things. In this attitude I am firmly convinced that Catholicism is right and Protestantism is wholly stern hawse hele of the whaleback, and made fast. Its captain was leaning wrong. A genuine religion must manifest itself in some outward way. CATHOLIC LIBERALITY TO THE CHURCH.

"Liberality to the Church is another distinguishing note of Catholics. In what other religious body will you find one had handed Carter a megaphone, one had handed Carter a megaphone, and he put it to his lips.

"Are you all ready?"

The tugmen were hanging out of their windows, watching for the signal. The so great a willingness among its mem-bers to contribute of their riches or of their penury to the needs of the Church? buzz of the crowd died away. The I suppose there is no Christian body in superintendent looked at Carter, gazed the United States whose members give at him, could not take his eyes from proportionately as much money as Catholics do. The vast majority behim, for there he stood, this young man, knowing that one moment would decide whether his ship was to be saved longing to this Church are among the roorest in the country—yet every toyal member feels it his bounden duty to or turned over to the dynamiters, and or turned over to the dynamiters, and not for one moment of the previous sixteen hours had he been cooler. His eyes were rapidly taking in every detail, making sure that the tugs were ready, that all lines were secure, and that each scow was firmly lashed in place. Then he raised the megaphone give to the very utmost of his ability. When I realize how large a portion of hard earned wages these poor people cheerfully give to the support of

blush for the meagre sums many of our rich people think sufficient to contribute the cause of religion.
We ought to honor Catholics for the frank and open manner in which, notwithstanding popular misrepresentatheir tribute of rever tions, they pay nce to holy things.

their Church and other institutions, I

ABSOLUTE NECESSITY FOR RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

"Another point which it seems to me calls for our admiration is the supreme importance attributed by Catholics to the religious education of w that the buildings on the south their children. Viewing the matter their estandard, very slowly, moving the matter from their standard, we must admit that they are justified in establishing their own schools, where their children shore were slowly, very slowly, moving first steamer entered the canal, and close after her was the whaleback, "Number Six," with orders to make all speed for Buffalo. Carter and the all speed for Buffalo. Carter and the appropriate of the control of the close of t the child is yet in its most impressionable stage is one which is generally recognized by all parties. Bodies other than Catholic attempt to do this in Sunday schools. Catholics believe that such teaching of religion is not sufficient. They desire that religion shall enter into the daily life of the child and that a knowledge of it, shall recognized by all parties. child and that a knowledge of it shall go hand in hand with secular studies. Who shall say that they are wrong? Certainly the fact that they willingly home, and I want you to come along and get a square meal and some sleep." Carter turned to look at the heaps of ear the great expense of supporting their parochial schools when they near parochal schools when they night send their children without cost o the public schools is the best evidence ore on the pier.
"Oh, you can't do a thing here now. The 'Red X' boats won't get in before daylight tomorrow."
"All right!" Carter replied, somethat they are arimated by purely conentions motives.

"No review, however slight, of the excellencies of Catholics would be comexcellencies of Catholics would be complete without a mention of the vast work done by them in the field of practical philanthropy and charity. Whatever one may think of their doctrinal beliefs, every fair-minded person must admit that in works of the county and mean they stand meanting. harity and mercy they stand pre-emin-

## Irish Not Good Fighters.

Three Irishmen were discussing the merits of various fighters in an Atlantic City saloon, says an exchange, and in conclusion one said: "Yes gentlemen, the Irish are the greatest fighters in the world." After they left the place a little German, who was contwenty-four hours."

"It is open now," replied the president taking a late message from his desk.

"So he expects little or no delay, does he?" said the partner, reading. After a little while he added," This Carter is our new man out there, isn't he?"

"Yes, and he's a hustler, if I'm a judge."

"Hum! he certainly does keep things moving."

"Hum! he certainly does keep things moving."

St. Blaze.

Tuesday, Feb. 3, will be the feast of t. Blase. The blessing of throats will St. Blase. The blessing of throats will be given in all the churches in the dio-cese. The devotion to St. Blase has grown rapidly and signal exemption from serious throat troubles has blessed these who practice it. Most Catholics and many non-Catholics put themselves every year under the protection of St. Our readers will do well not to Blase. Our neglect it.

A Visit to the Church.

Professional and business men will much appreciation when things visit to the Blessed Sacrament at the nearest church. If it takes but a few moments and the Sacred Heart of Jesus that throbs with love for us will more than doubly repay us for the time that we spend in the Divine Presence Churches are handy in all parts of the city, and the little lamp that burns in the sanctuary is the only companion of our sweet Saviour and loving God, save His countless angels. Let us for whom He died also visit Him occasionally,

#### change. A MOTHER'S DELIGHT.

and we will be rewarded, for He is in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist

not as a severe judge, but as the consol-ing refuge wherein we may find solace. "Ask and you shall receive, seek and

you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you. 'From all Ex-

IS TO SEE HER LITTLE ONES [HEALTHY, ROSY AND HAPPY.

All mothers delight in seeing their little ones bright, rosy and happy, but unfortunately all mothers do not use the best methods to gain this result. When baby is cross and fretful they give him "soothing stuffs," believing they are aiding him—but the result is just the opposite, as these soothing stuffs are poisonous and dangerous. Baby's Own Tablets should always be used and they will be found a prompt relief and speedy cure for all the minor ailments from which little ones suffer. All experienced mothers use these tablets and all mothers who use them praise Mrs. S. M. Black, St. Peter's "I have used Baby's N. S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for most of the ailments from which little ones suffer, and I find them the best medicine I have ever tired. No mother should be without them in the house. These tablets are good for children of

all ages and can be given with absolute safety to a new-born babe. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a by writing direct to the box by William's Ont. Send us your name on a post card and we will mail you a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children.

#### Why Sniffle and Sneeze?

Why Sniffle and Sneeze?

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ment costs of the No. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Oat.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not aware that danger is near. If attacked do not aware that danger is proper medicine. Try a delay in gesting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to

Consumption is a human weed flourishing best in weak ungs. Like other weeds it's easily destroyed while young; when old, sometimes impossible.

Strengthen the lungs as you would weak land and the weeds will disappear.

The best lung fertilizer is Scott's Emulsion. Salt pork is good too, but it is very hard to digest.

The time to treat consump tion is when you begin trying to hide it from yourself. Others see it, you won't.

Don't wait until you can't deceive vourself any longer. Begin with the first thought to take Scott's Emulsion. If it isn't really consumption so much the better; you will soon forget it and be better for the treatment. If it is consumption you can't expect to be cured at once, but if you will begin in time and will be rigidly regular in your treatment you will win.

Scott's Emulsion, fresh air, rest all you can, eat all you can, that's the treatment and that's the best treatment.



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