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For illustrated calendar, address, Principal DYER, D.D.

of his heart, that he could engage all the applicants, and satisfy the hungry yearning which his observant eyes marked upon each of their faces. To each he ing which his observant eyes marked upon each of their faces. To each he explained in simple, concise language what he required: a lady to take sole charge of his ward, to live with her at his country house, Manderby Court, to educate her, with the help of whatever masters might be thought necessary, to look after her physical, mental and moral welfare, in fact, to undertake the full responsibility of her training. The salary he offered sounded to the ears of the applicants a princely one; it was small wonder that the two weary looking widows and the rather haggard spinster of forty should each look wistfully into Giles' bronzed face, and express faltering hopes that perhaps they might be suitable for the situation. Courteous to all women, he was perhaps even a shade more courteous to these ladies to whom life had dealt so hardly, and something in his kindly words, his spontaneous and kindly smile put new heart into their tired souls, even though in dismissing them, he only said—

"I will write to you to-night. I am obliged to see all the other ladies with whom I have made appointments before I come to a decision, but I will write directly I am able to decide."

From the depths of the armchair little Sylvia's eyes had watched the three

directly I am able to decide."

From the depths of the armchair little Sylvia's eyes had watched the three ladies come and go, had studied their faces, their voices, their manners, with the keen scrutiny of a naturally observant child, but just as Tredman was turning towards her to ask which of the three had most pleased her, a knock once more sounded on the door and there entered a small lady over whose face there ran a sudden flush as Giles rose to greet her. He saw at once that she was more shabbily dressed than any of the other three applicants, but her clothing was scrupulously neat, and the refinement of her voice pleased his fastidious ear. The daintiness of her complexion, the soft blue of her eyes, and the snowy whiteness of her hair that showed under her black bonnet, made him feel as if he were speaking to someone belonging to another epoch, and something in the gentle dignity of her bearing gave the same impression. It was obvious that she was totally unaccustomed to being interviewed about situations, for she flushed more vividly as Sir Giles asked her one

gentle dignity of her bearing gave the same impression. It was obvious that she was totally unaccustomed to being interviewed about situations, for she flushed more vividly as Sir Giles asked her one or two questions, and a distressed look crept into her eyes.

"I don't think I ought to mislead you about myself," she said, her nervousness of manner increasing as she spoke, "I should like to be quite honest with you. I have never done any work like this before. Perhaps I ought to say I have never done any work at all, and I—am afraid I have no experience," her eyes left Giles' face and turned to the small figure in the armchair, and, as she and Sylvia looked at one another, a smile crossed her face, "only—I am very fond of children, very—very fond, and I saw your advertisement, and I wanted some work, and so—I answered it. But I don't want you to think I am experienced."

"It is very good of you," Giles was beginning, when, apparently heedless of his words, the little lady went on hurriedly, "I am afraid I am not clever enough to educate anybody. I have always liked reading, and I have read a great deal. But I have no certificates, I know nothing of modern methods of teaching. I—oh! I think you must be sure now that I have come here on false pretences," she ended, with a little break in her voice.

"Not at all," Giles began courteously, "I—" but again his sentence was interrupted, this time not by the little lady, but by Sylvia, who had slipped from her armchair, and was standing by her guardian's side, one small hand clutching tightly at his arm, her eyes looking eagerly into his face.

"Please let her come," the child exclaimed breathlessly, "she's different from all the others—oh! please let her come—she has such dear mother eyes."

(To be continued.)

Flustered.—Magistrate (about to commit for trial)—"You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way; in fact, with quite exceptional cunning."

Prisoner—"Now, yer honor, no flattery, please; no flattery, I begs yer."—London Sketch.



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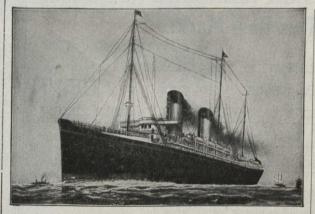
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