already! And with the addition to be

made from the tobacco not smoked dur-ing the past month, it would amount to

ing the passing the properties of the passing and all safe in the eigar-box as if it were in the bank at Chicoutimi! That reflections in the bank at Chicoutimi!

tion seemed to fill the empty pipe with fragrance. It was a Barmecide smoke;

out she could not resist his fascinating

personality. She gave to the creature the love which belonged to the Cre

ator. And now she was his promised

The morning hours sped on. The sky cleared and the April sun shone brightly. Vivian and Mr. Forbes con-

versed gayly. Mr. Courtney looked moodily out of the window watching

the varying landscape.
Geraldine turned the last page and read it eagerly. Then she noticed that the flyleaf was covered with lines

"To the hall of that feast came the sinful and

fair,
She heard in the city that Jesus was there.
She marked not the splendor that blazed on
their board.
But silently knot at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so

Hung dark o'er the blushes that burned on her

And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave

As her lips to His sandals she throbbingly pressed.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the

In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the

snow, He looked on that lost one, her sins were for-

And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven!"

baried in thought. To her compan-ion's questions she returned monosyl-

It was nearly noon when Geraldine,

some distance and lay upon the floor unconscious. Mr. Forbes was trying to stauach the blood streaming from a

deep gash in his head, and Vivian lay

pale and faint, her right arm hanging oruised and broken at her side.

Every one in the coach was more or

was near a town, and the injured were

back as soon as possible.

The injured man was in a very dan

tears fell, Geraldine bent over him.

her. She arose, shuddering when the voice of the tempter seemed to say

"What right have you, a renegade to your faith, to pray?" Up and down the

room she paced, bending occasionally to look, with suspended breath, at the still white face lying on the pillow.

Wearily the time dragged on. Somewhere in the distance a clock tolled out the hour. It was 3 o'clock. She had not noticed it strike before. Like an

inspiration the thought flashed into her

As a sudden burst of light across an

inky sky came a ray of hope that illumined the black despair of her soul.

The compassionate Saviour, suffering in

he Garden of Gethsemane, would hear the Garden of Gethsemane, would hear the prayer of the repentant sinner. She thought again of Mary Magdalen, who went forth in the beauty of heaven," from the least. Then she sank upon

mind: "The night of agony is ner passed," and then the words: "The is no sorrow like unto My sorrow."

" The night of agony is nearly

ing her hands. "So young and stricken down to die!"

o still and so lowly she knelt in her

closely written in pencil:

smell it only; and w it is good, then I But the little found tter!' It will last a til we have the boy at ybe the girl.'

trial of his virtue was

River of Barks-the

em of the expedition, so

a bear. Now the bear the chase, at least in of the most illusory of

manner of hunting is sists in walking about

ods, or paddling along a ou meet a bear: then hoot him. This would

the Rev. Mr. Leslie

against the desists of century, "A Short and But in point of fact principal difficulties.

at you never find the where you are looking

second is that the bear

s you when—but you happened to us.

ed the whole length of

Barks with the utmost

tion, never going out,

lueberries, without hav-hand, loaded for the ex-

er. Not one bear had eemed as if the whole just have emigrated to

ame to the mouth of the

it empties into Lake comparatively civilized

several farm houses in

opposite bank. It was g place for the chase;

ran down with a little

ly, cheerful rapid into

left the rifle in the case,

ast afternoon, to stand

rocks at the foot of the t the fly. alf a dozen good trout;

was still hot, and we

rait awhile for the even-

o we turned the cance ong the bushes on the the trout away in the

it, and sat down in a

used the jewelry-shops, aring to go to the asylum en Patrick put his hand with a convulsive grip,

nuge bear, like a very big sheep with a pointed his way down the shere.

allong lazily and uncon-his bones were loosely in a bag of fur. It was ferent and disconnected aver saw. Nearer and tored, while we sat as

ad been paralyzed. And

r knew this I cannot tell; e certainly did, for he

suspiciously, thrust his ler it, and turned it over hat knocked two holes in

to the fish, licked his

slightest appearance of

le up his mind that he

our personal appearance leisurely up the moun-

could hear him crack-

brush long after he was

ed at me and sighed. I

The French language

w it, seemed trifling and

t was a moment when do any good except the

ne took out the cake of looked at it, smelled it,

, and put it back again.

s long as his arm. He pipe into his mouth, and it for awhile in silence.

tenance began to clear, laxed, he broke into a

or!" he cried, slapping cred beast of the world!

its case at the tent!

ce among the stone that about Quebec.

among the stones to

he main object of o

but the itimes of it were potent, and their invisible wreath framed the most enchanting visions of tall towers, gray walls, glittering windows, crowds of people, regiments of soldiers, and the laughing eyes of a little boy—or was it a little girl?

When we same out. tween the cake of Vir-Patrick's virtue must When we came out of the mouth of La Belle Rivière, the broad had e during the last ten pedition; for we went ere des Ecorces, and La Belle Rivière, the broad blue expanse of Lake St. John spread before ere des Ecorces, and trip, and full of occa-18, calm and bright in the radiance of us, calm and bright in the radiance of the sinking sun. In a curve on the left, eight miles away, sparkled the slendor steeple of the church of St. Gérône. A thick column of smoke rose from somewhere in its neighborhood. "It is on the beach," said the men; "the boys of the village accustom themselves to burn the rubbish there for a bondre." But as our canoes danced lightly forward over the waves and came nearer to the place, it was ation is needed. After s work cutting out an ge through the woods, so over the incredibly some outlying pond for ugging the saddle and back to the camp, the ster supper, seemed to unspeakably. If their wa a little short under and came nearer to the place, it was evident that the smoke came from the village itself. It was a conflagration, and hunger, now they good-natured t on logs before the stockinged feet stretch. but not a general one; the houses were too scattered and the day too still for aze, and the puffs of a their lips like tiny comfortable flames or rned upon the altar of too scattered and the day too still for a fire to spread. What could it be? Perhaps the blacksmith shop, perhaps the bakery, perhaps the old tumble-down barn of the little Tremblay? It

vas not a large fire, that was certain. iced about this time, ossible, and as near as smokers. He said that the mosquitoes. There with the smoke drifting The question, becoming more and more anxious, was answered when we arrived at the beach. A handful of boys, eager to be the bearer of news e, both hands in his about Quebec, and despied us far off, and ran down to the shore to meet us.
"Patrique! Patrique!" they shouted arative merits of a boy addition to his house

English, to make their importance as great as possible in my eyes.
"Come 'ome; kveek; yo' 'ouse ees hall "W'at!" cried Patrick. "Monjee!

And he drove the cance ashore, leaped out, and ran up the bank toward the village as if he were mad. The other men followed him, leaving me with the boys to unload the canoes and pull them up on the sand, where the waves would not chafe them.

This took some time, and the boys helped me willingly. "Eet ees not need to 'urry, m'sieu', "they assured me; "dat 'ouse to Patrique Moullarqué

me; "aat ouse to langue have see hall burn' seence t'ree hour. No t'ing let' bot de hash."

As so as possible, however, I piled up the stuff, covered it with one of the tents, and kaving it in charge of the steadiest of the boys, took the road to the village and the site of the Maison Mullarkey.

Alt had vanished completely; the walls

of squared logs were gone; the low, curved roof had fallen; the door step with the morning glory vines climbing up beside it had sunken out of sight; nothing remained but the dome of the clay oven at the back of the house, and a heap of smouldering embers.

Patrick sat beside his wife on a flat Patrick sat beside his wife of a haz stone that had formerly supported the corner of the porch. His shoulder was close to Angélique's — so close that it looked almost as if he must have had his arm around her a moment before I came up. His passion and grief had calmed themselves down now, and he was quite tranquil. In his left hand he held the cake of Virginia leaf, in his right a knife. He was cutting off his right a knile. He was cutting off delicate slivers of the tobacco, which he rolled together with a circular motion between his palms. Then he pulled his pipe from his pocket and filled the bowl with great deliberation. "What a misfortune!" I cried. "The pretty house is gone. Lam so corre

pretty house is gone. I am so sorry, Patrick. And the box of money on the mantel piece, that is gone, too I fear — all your savings. What a terrible misfortune! How did it hap

cloud around the rugged top of the mountain at surrise I could see that his face was spreading into a smile of ineffable contentment.

ineffable contentment.
"My faith!" said I, "how can you be so cheerful? Your house is in ashes; your money is burned up; the voyage to Quebec, the visit to the asylum, the little orphan-how can you give it all

up so easily?"
"Well." he replied, taking the pipe from his mouth, with fingers curling around the bowl, as if they loved to feel that it was warm once more— well, then, it would be more hard, I suppose, to give it up not easily. And then, for the house, we shall build a new one this fall; the neighbors will new one this fall; the neighbors will help. And for the voyage to Quebec—without that we may be happy. And as regards the little orphan, I will tell you frankly"—here he went back to his seat upon the flat stone, and settled himself with an air of great comfort. himself with an air of great comfort beside his partner—"I tell you, in confidence, Angélique demands that I prepare a particular furniture at the new house. Yes, it is a cradle; but it is not for an orphan."

It was late in the following summer when I came back again to St. Gérôme. The golden rods and the asters were all in bloom along the village street; and as I walked down it the broad golden sunlight of the short afternoon seemed to glorify the open road and the plain square houses with a carcless, homely rapture of peace. The air was softly fragrant with the odor of balm of Gilead. A yellow warbler sang from a little clump of elder-bushes, tinkling out his contented song like a chime of tiny bells, "Sweet—sweet—sweeter—sweeter—sweeter—sweetest!"

There was the new house, a little farther back from the road than the old

all abloom. And there was Patrick sitting on the door-step, smoking his pipe in the cool of the day. Yes; and there, on a many-colored counterpane spread beside him, an infant joy of the house of Mullarkey was sucking her thumb, while her father was humming the words of an old slumber-song:

Veillez ma petite!
Endormez ma p'tite enfant
Jusqu'à l'age de quinze ans!
Quand elle aura quinze ans passé
Il faudra la marier

"Hola! Patrick." I cried : good lack to you! Is it a girl or a boy?"
"Salut! m'sieu'," he answe
jumping up and waving his pipe. answered.

s a girl and a boy!"
Sure enough, as I entered the door, I beheld Angélique rocking the other half of the reward of virtue in the new

MARY MAGDALEN'S FUNERAL TEARS.

By Consuelo. For two days the rain had dripped For two days the rain had dripped drearily from the overcast heavens. On the morning of the third it had ceased falling. There were "tender glints of promise in the sky," and a delightful breeze made the spring air fresh and invigorating.

The party of four young people, who were traveling westward in the comfortable ceach of an express train, had

able coach of an express train, had managed to pass the time pleasantly, despite the disagreeable weather. Their eyes had grown accustomed to

dun sedges and rain-scaked fields. But as the forencon advanced patches of azure sky peeped between the ritts in the lowering clouds and finally a burst of dazzling sunshine transfigured the

At the same moment, a change ap At the same moment, a change appeared in the landscape. The train rounded a curve, and a silvery lake, bordered by perennially green trees, and a distant glimpse of mountains came into view.

"'Oh, how delightful, how entrancing From this drear thraldem to be free."

Miss Vivian Courtney sang the operatic selection soltly, with a musical riple in her rich, contraito voice. Then she said, gayly:
"We are at last emerging from the desert, and the sun-shine is welcoming us into the land of promise. Are not the fates propitious, Geraldine?"

Miss Courtney turned to her com panion, a young woman becomingly attired in a blue traveling gown. She was rather tall, graceful in figure, and her face might have served as a m for the American type of beauty. She had regular features, clear, expressive blue eyes and wavy brown hair. Alto-Miss Geraldine Tremayn Was

very fair to look upon.

She glanged up from a book she had been perusing, smiled slightly, inclined her head and resumed her reading.

Vivian, dark eyed and vivacious, chatted pleasantly with the two young men sitting opposite. One was her brother Chester, the betrothed of Geraldine; the other, Mr. Forbes, an old friend. The four were going to visit Mrs. Courtney, who, a few months before, had gone from the East to Denver for her health.

Mr. Courtney's eyes kept roving in

the direction of Geraldine, and at last he asked, rather satirically: "May I inquire the title of that all-absorbing book? You have scarcely raised your eyes from it all the morning." Miss Tremayn lifted her head, and

an unwonted sparkle came into her blue eyes. Uncoassiously, perhaps, there was a challenge in her look. She hesitated an instant, then closed the book and held it to ward him, still a keeping her finger in the page she had as been reading. It was a pretty volume been reading. It was a pretty volume neatly bound. In the center of the cover was a large gilt cross. Under-"I cannot tell," he answered rather slowly. "It is the good God. And he has left me my Angélique. Also, m'sieu', you see"—here he went to the pile of ashes, and pulled out a fragment of charred wood with a live coal at the end—"you see"—puff, puff—"he has given me"—puff, puff—"a light for my pipe again"—puff, puff !

The fragrant, friendly smoke was pouring out now in full volume. It enwreathed his head like drifts of cloud around the rugged top of the

appropriated it."
Vivian peoped over Geraldine's shoulder at the book, "Why, how appropriate!" she exclaimed. "To-morrow is Good Friday."

row is Good rriday.

A convulsed expression passed over Geraldine's mobile face. What a host of memories the holy words recalled.

Again she was a child kneeling beside Again she was a child kneeling beside the image of Christ Crueified and kiss-ing the Five Wounds. How long it seemed since she had followed the sor-rowful Way of the Cross. She glanced from Chester Courtney's face, his lips still curled in sneering laughter, to the volume lying in her lap. He

reached forth his hand.
"Let me throw it out of the window,
Geraldine." His tone was sweet and

persuasive.
"No." Her other hand came down on it protectingly. "I want to finish reading it."
Vivian laughed at her brother's look

of angry discomfiture. Geraldine again resumed her reading, quietly, to all appearances, but secretly filled with conflicting arctices. If any arctices are the secret of pearances, but secretly filled with con-flicting emotions. If any one had told her yesterday that she would have dis-regarded the wishes of one for whose sake she had apostatized, she would have rejected the prophecy with con-tempt. But although she did not realize it, the grace of God was knocking at the door of her soul. The compassion ate Shepherd was searching the highway for the sheep that had strayed from

Geraldine Tremayn was an orphan. She scarcely remembered her father, who had been a convert to Catholicity. Her mother, a most devout woman, had been called away when her child most needed her love and care. At that time Geraldine had been a day pupil at physician said, the patient would re-

was sincere in the thought that to have her niece proclaim herself a Catholic Then, in the privacy of her own room, Geraldine thanked God for granting was to ruin her prospects for the future. So she brought worldly influences to bear upon her. The result was what might have been expected. Geraldine became vain and frivolous. She grew neglectful of her religious duties. If the unspoken prayer of her heart. Her mind was made up. She would leave all to follow Christ. She had rejected His teachings. For wealth and worldly honors she had forsaken Him, and in her heart had been enshrined an earthly the hope of one day returning to her allegiance still lingered in her mind, it idol. If death's cold hand had been laid upon him, her punishment would was dispelled completely when she met Wealthy, bandsome, born to command, and highly gifted intellectual ly, his was a sad waste of talents, a lamentable abase of nature's noblest have been justly deserved. But God had mercifully spared him. Her re-nunciation was complete. She reserved but one privilege, that of praying as long as she lived for his conversion.

gitts. At one time he had professed belief in one of the numerous sects of Protestantism. Finding nothing to hold him, he became skeptical, and at last drifted from the parrow channel of doubt into the open sea of infidely the little belt status programming with long as she lived for his conversion.

Mrs. Courtney came on the morning
train. At noon Chester asked to see
Geraldine. When she stood beside him,
to her surprise he asked: "Where is
that book you had yesterday?"

"I have it still. Why do you ask?"

"Unwould like to read it, if I may." ity. His book shelves were lined with works by atheistical writers. He sneered at the mention of religion. Often Geraldine shaddered at the irreverent expressions he made use of,

"I would like to read it, if I may." able.

That afternoon, greatly wearled, Geraldine fell asleep in her chair. She was awakened by the ringing of a bell. The deep, sonorcus tones reminded her of the bell that was christened "St. Mary," in the Eastern church where she and her mother had worshipped in her girlhood days. One day when the wife, and their marriage was to take bell was ringing, she remembered hearing her mother say; "Listen to the voice of Mary. It seems to be saying: "Come! Come! Come!"

She thought the bell was repeating the same message now—"Come! Come! Come! The rose, dressed for the street, and quietly left the hotel. A few minutes later she was ascending the steps of the church dedicated to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. She made the Stations of the Cross and once more knelt and kissed the Five Wounds of the image of Christ Crucifled. Some time later, when Geraldine left the church, she met three Sisters just outside the door. There was a startled glance, an exclamation of sur prise, and the hands of one of the Sisters were clasped in those of Gerald-Chees.
But so still and so lowly see and shame, shame.
It seemed that her spirit had flown from its frame.

ine.
"Is it possible — Sister Ignatius

"The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be objects more meat. away out here?" she asked.
"It is quite possible," the Sister
said. "I am Sister Ignatius." She
looked puzzled, then a light broke
over her face. "And you are Gerald For the wealth of the perfumes she showered at His feet. over her face. ine Tremayn!" She marked but her Saviour, she spoke bu in signs. She dared not look up to the heaven of His

Sister Ignatius had been Geraldine's teacher and her mother's dearest friend. For several years, owing to poor health, she had lived in Colorado. Her brother was pastor of the Church of the Holy Rosary. The child of her dead friend had been very dear to her. She had grieved when Geraldine was removed from school and had never ceased to pray for her. Thus the two had strangely met. Geraldine accepted the invitation of Sister Ignatius and went into the Sisters' house adjoining the church. Before she left she had Geraldine closed the book and sat told her friend her story, sparing her-self in no way. When she had finished, she said: "I fear I have forfeited your labic answers. Chester Contracy was angered and half alarmed at her strange conduct. good opinion, Sister." Her cheeks ourned and her voice was low and faitering. Sister Ignatius laid her hand gently on the bowed head. "No my child. Although we despise sin, It was nearly noon when Genands, still pondering the beautiful and pathetic story, felt herself thrown violently forward. For a time she lay stunned, bearing as in a dream the sound of splintering wood and the we must love the sinner. Who among us is without sin? Many who vainly boast have never been tempted. God crash of breaking glass, mingled with shricks of pain and fright. Then she rose to her feet, dizzy and bewildered, but unhurt. A scene of horror met her gaze. Mr. Courtney had been hurled will reward you for the sacrifice you are making. Be comforted for there is oy in heaven when a sinner does pen-

Geraldine returned to the hotel greatly comforted. On Holy Saturday afternoon she mingled with the throng of penitents. On Easter morning she received her risen Lord. She, too had risen to a new life.

The waters of Life had gushed forth from the grave.
From the wounds of the Victor Who suffered to save,"

less injured. The accident had been caused by a broken rail, and a scene of confusion ensued. Fortunately, it Three days later Chester Courtney was able to be removed to his mother's home. His last interview with Geraldine affected him greatly. She told conveyed to places where they would be cared for. Geraldine found rooms dine affected him greatly. She told dine affected him greatly. At last they filed out. Geraldine bent forward to look at the gifted Brother Joseph. For an instant their eyes met in mutual recognition. It was Chester Courtney. Like a flash she comprehended every. for the members of her party in a hotel.
After Mr. Forbes' wound had received medical attention, he was able to conduct the suffering Vivian to her mother's home only a few miles further on. Geraldine remained beside Mr. Courtney who was still unconscious. Vivian had promised to send Mrs. Courtney Vivian

Sister Ignatius consulted with her brother, Father Wynne, and the latter obtained a position for Geraldine. A erous condition. Indeed, when the pnysicians left that night, they had little hope of his recovery. With face as white as the one upon which her friend of his, the pastor of one of the large churches in a neighboring city, desired an organist. There was also an excellent opening for a teacher of music. Geraldine's talent fitted her for the position. An accomplished pianist, she possessed a beautiful and well-trained voice. Indeed, it was her musical ability that had first attracted Chester Courtney, who was also a fine musical. She gratefully accompand tears fell, Gerands, "he may not live The doctor's words, "he may not live until morning," still rung in her ears. "It cannot be," she moaned, wring ing her hands. "So young, so strong, And stricken down to die!"

Her mental suffering was intense.
She thought of him dying in his sins and standing before the God Whose existence he had dared to deny. She fell upon her knees and tried to pray but an awful fear and despair seized her. She areas shuddening when the musician. She gratefully accepted Father Wynne's offer.

Several years passed by. Miss Tre mayn had won more than a local musical reputation. Still young, beautiful and accomplished; it was no wonder that she had received several excellent offers of marriage. But she refused them all and devoted her time to teach

them all and devoted her time to teaching and charitable work.

For nearly four years she had heard nothing of the Courtneys. A year after Chester's accident, his mother had died. Vivian married and returned to the East. About the same time her brother went to California. One day Geraldine received a letter for Easter Warne asking her to take from Father Wynne, asking her to take part in a concert for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Rosary. She con

church of the Holy Rosary. See Consented gladly, for the sacred edifice was very dear to her.
Some time before, Father Wynne had received a large contribution from an unknown source. It enabled him to put into execution a long cherished to put into execution a long cherished plan—the building of a school for boys, under the patronage of St. Joseph. The concert was to take place in the hall of the recently completed structure, on the evening of the day of its dedication.

With some emotion Geraldine re-

With some emotion Geraldine revisited for the first time the place where the great change in her life had

Good Bread should please the Eye as well as the Palate.

Why does the dainty housewife delight in snowy napery, glittering cut-glass, burnished silver, delicate china and all other table allurements dear to feminine hearts?

And what man does not appreciate table beauty?

It is not that we appreciate the appearance of our food almost as much as the taste of it?

Bread may be ever so wholesome, wellflavored and made of scientifically milled flour, but with all these qualities we want it to look dainty, appetising, snowy-white, with nutbrown crust, and be firm and silky in texture.

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You can prove this by trying a 25 lb. bag -you must have flour, why not have the

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

the gift of the unknown donor. Geraldine drank tea with Father Wynne.

He told her that a feature of the concert

had been teaching in the old school for

to an enthusiastic encore, she watched

the boys, sixteen in number, come on the stage. The organ pealed forth grandly, the music rose and fell, soft

and low like a lullaby, full and strong like a song of triumph. Then the

clear, boyish voices were raised heaven-

thing. He was the mysterious bene factor, whose munificence had erected

devoted his talents to

St. Joseph's School for Boys. He had

youth, his wealth to charity, his life to the service of God. How good and merciful the loving

Father had been! Geraldine bowed

communicates itself to all our actions.

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Brother Joseph, a fine musician

pleasure in playing on the fine pipe organ in the new building. It was also the gift of the unknown donor.

MONTREAL

had been teaching in the old school for nearly a year. Brother Joseph was highly gifted, but remarkably modest and retiring. Nevertheless, he was to be placed in charge of the new school. An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

Geraldine listened with interest. From Father Wynne's praise, she cone sived an exalted opinion of Brother Joseph. That evening when she had finished her sole and responded Schools re-open on September 6th.

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MONTREAL

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ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN ONT., CANADA. (G. T R.) Tears."

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her knees and prayed.

Good Friday dawned. A dark cloud obscured the rising sun as if nature mourned for man's ingratitude. There seemed to be a slight change in Mr. Courtney's condition. Eagerly Geraldine awaited the doctor's coming. Before his arrival the injured man rebeen effected. Sister Ignatius received a convent school. After her mother's cone; and in the place where the heap of ashes had lain, a primitive garden, with marigolds and lupines and zinnias and zinnias with marigolds and lupines and zinnias are convent school. After her mother's death she went to live with her father's fore his arrival the injured man regained consciousness. Never were tide in the church to pray. She took

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good chance for her, he! ad, I suppose. Perhaps onbs, he? Bajette!" III. end of our hunting and t year. We spent the in voyaging through a ill lakes and streams, in a

money in the cigar-box el-piece at St. Gérôme. stres and twenty sous

ry, on our way home. I Patrick kept his souvenir Patrick kept his souventhis lips a good deal of the ed at vacancy. It seemed In his conversation he culiar satisfaction on the