you come no fu'ther, in't got no ound here. 'Jack, hey, ores in th at nights."

OCTCBER 14, 1905.

"Dunno's you're any more foolish than a man that keeps on doin' what he don't

But what made you come away

Sewing. Other people at Bytown were less forbearing. They tried their best to find out scmething about Fiddlin' Jack's

past, but he was not communicative. He talked about Canada. All Canadi-ans do. But about himself? No.

If the questions became too pressing, he would try to play himself away from his inquisitors with new tunes. If that

c among it s place and de for him. disposition or just the the social It was not tore-keeper, twas rather

like. But what made you come away from the boys in the woods and travel down this way?" A shade passed over the face of Jacques. He turned away from the Isop and bent over the violin on his programme refore knees, firgering the strings nervously. Then he spoke, in a changed, shaken responsibil-of the tran. at it. He risitor ; and voice. "Ah'll tole you somet'ing, Ma'am-selle Serene. You ma frien'. Don' you h'ask me dat reason of it no more. Dat's somet'ing vair' bad, bad, bad. Ah can't nevair tole dat—nevair." "There was something in the way he hily as a na-he first, the to leave the first, the

was an idler. ved at that ich an orna-rted at the and earned

ck, cheerful nothing that Moody's es d pile to the d not bear

eaver," said day; "but ch ambition. es his wages, and plays." ose Ransom, philosopher, tion. That's e don't know the world : much ez he jess like a to eat and a s all right. house of his things ?' suggested by had just put ner's guiding

imagination ning an addi-e shape of a of contempt, or the unam-this was the

every one in men of the un of him at n one or two dling. But to take no cood humored, in his way o n died out. his way into The

village. re swiftly and before the always ready w all kinds of long as any dance.

rs, or only a s just as glad uiet audience int, plaintive ongs-" A la n Canadien 'y Promene" ody from the miliar Scotch Canadien ings that he where, and d of meaning,

his vein when a in the kit of sewing in a lamp; he in ve, with the der his chin, ir to another, she looked up work and told

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

College? What'd you go off to the but it was Hose Ransom who settled the case. He was a well-known fight-ing man, and a respected philosopher. "Ah'll get tire' fraum dat teachin "Ah'll get tire' fraum dat teachin" -read, read, read, h'all taim.' Ah'll not lak dat so moch. Rader be out-door-run aroun'-paddle de canot-go wid de boys in de woods-mek' dem dance at ma musique. A.ah! Dat was fon! P'raps you t'ink dat not good, hein? You t'ink Jacques one He swung his broad frame in fron ; of

He swung his broad frame in fron; of the fiddler. "Tell ye what we'll do. Jess no-thin'! Ain't Ball Corey the blowin'est and the mos' trouble us cuss 'round these hall woods? And wouldn't it be a fust rate thing of some o' the wind was let out 'n him?" Concel assent greated this pointed good, hein? You t'iak Jacques one beeg fool, Ah suppose?" "I dunno," said Serena, declining to commit herself, but pressing on gently, as women do, to the point she had in view when she began the talk. General assent greeted this pointed

inquiry. "And wa'n't Fiddlin' Jack peacerble

'nough 's long 's he was let alone ? What's the matter with lettin' him alone now ?''

The argument seemed to carry weight. Hose saw his advantage, and clinched it.

" Aia't he given us a lot o' fan here this winter in a innercent kind o' with his old fiddle? I guess there aia't nothin' on airth he loves better n that holler piece o' wood, and the toons that's inside o' it. It's jess like a wife or a child to him. Where's that fiddle, anyhow ?"

Some one had picked it deitly out of Corey's hand during the scuffle, and

now passed it up to Hose. "Here, Frenchy, take yer loog-necked, pot bellied music-gourd. And I want you boys to understand, of any one teches that fiddle ag'ir, I'll knock

Ah can't nevair tole dat—nevair." There was something in the way he said it that gave a check to her gentle curiosity and turned it into pity. A man with a secret in his life? It was a can element in her exercised it was a

enough at heart to respect his silence. She kept away from the forbidden ground. But the knowledge that it Jacques and his music. She em broidered some strange romances around that secret while she sat in the kitchen Other people at Bytown For some weeks after the incident of the violin and the carving knife, it looked as if a permanent cloud had settled upon the spirits of Fiddlin' Jack. He was sad and nervous; if any one touched him, or even spoke to him suddenly, he would jump like a deer. He kent out of everybady's way as He kept out of everybdy's way as much as possible, sat out in the wood shed when he was not at work, and could not be persuaded to bring down his fiddle. He seemed in a fair way to be transformed into "the melancholy

his inquisitors with new times. It that did not succeed, he would take the violin under his arm and slip quickly out of the room. And if you had fol-lowed him at such a time, you would have heard him drawing strange, mel-Jacques." It was Serena who broke the spell ; and she did it in a woman's way, the simplest way in the world-by taking

simplest way in the work of the second no notice of it. " Ain't you goin' to play for me to night?" she asked one evening, as Jacques passed through the kitchen. Whereupon the evil spirit was exercised, to its ancholy music from the instrument, sitting alone in the barn, or in the darkness of his own room in the garret. Once and only once, he seemed to come near betraying himself. This and the violin came back again to its come near betraying ministric line was how it happened. There was a party at Moody's one night, and Bull Corey had come down from the Upper Lake and filled himself place in the lile of the house.

rom the opper take and their massiv up with whiskey. Built was an ugly-tempered fellow. The more he drank, up to a certain point, the steadier he got on his legs,

place in the file of the house. But there was less time for music now than there had been in the winter. As the snow vanished fron the woods, and the frost leaked out of the ground, and the ice on the lake was honeyand the lee on the lass way from the shore, combed, hereking away from the shore, and finally going to pieces altogether in a warm southeast storm, the Sports men's Retext began to prepare for business. There was a garden to be point, the steader he got on his legs, and the more necessary it seemed for him to fight somebody. The tide of his pugnacity that night took a straight set toward Fiddlin' Jack. Bull began with musical criticisms. The fiddling did not suit at all. It was to a going or else it was too slow. He too quick, or else it was too slow. He failed to perceive how any one could tolerate such music even in the infor-nal regimes and he approach the pro-

pusiness. There was a garden to be planted, and there were boats to be painted. The rotten old wharf in front of the house stood badly in need of re-pairs. The fiddler prozed himself a Jack-of-all-trades and master of more

Jack-of all trades and master of mote than one. In the middle of May the anglers began to arrive at the Retreat—a quiet, sociable, friendly set of men, most of whom were old time acquaintances, and familiar lovers of the woods. They be longed to the "early Adirondack period," these disciples of Walton. They were not very rich, and they did not put on much style, but they underthey told him to shat up. And Jack fiddled along cocerfully. Then Bull returned to the attack, not put on much style, but they under-stood how to have a good time; and what they did not know aboat fishing

Then Buil returned to the attack, after having fortified himself in the bar room. And now be took rational grounds. The French were, in his opinion, a most despicable race. They were not a patch on the noble American race. They talked too much, and what they did not know aboat nshing was not worth knowing. Jacques fitted into their scheme of life as a well made reel fits the butt of a good rod. He was a steady orsman, a lucky fisherman, with a real genius for the use of the landing net and a chose They talked too much, and race. They talked too much, and their language was ridiculous. They had a condemned, fool habit of taking the use of the landing net, and a cheer-ful companion, who did not insist upon giving his views about artificial files and advice about casting, on every occasion. By the end of June he found off their hats when they spoke to a lady. They ate frogs. Having delivered himseli of these sentiments in a loud voice, much to the interruption of the music, he marched over to the table on which Fiddlin' Jack was sitting, and grabbed the He li

song of Schubert—it was to her that he would play it first. If he would per-suade her to a boat-ride with him on the lake, Sunday evening, the week was complete. He even heremal to have backwoods etiquette allows between complete. He even learned to know

complete. He even learned to know the more shy and delicate forest blossoms that she preferred, and would come in from a day's guiding with a tiny bunch of belated twin flowers, or a few purple-fringed orchids, or a hand-ful of nodding stalks of the fragrant purple for her

pyrola, for her. So the summer passed, and the autumn, with its longer hunting expedi-tions into the depth of the wilderness; and by the time winter came around and by the time winter came around again, Fiddiin' Jack was well settled at Moody's as a regular Adirondack guide of the old-lashioned type, but with a difference. He improved in his Eeg-lish. Something of that missing qual-ity which Moody called ambition, and to able H as thereor gave the name thy which Moody cannot another, and to which Hose Ranson gave the name of imagination, seemed to awaken with in hm. He saved his wiges. He went into business for himself in a modest way, and made a good turn in the manu facture of deerskin mittens and snow shoes. By the spring he had nearly \$300 laid by, and bought a piece of

land from Ransom on the bank of the river just above the village. The second summer of guiding brought

The second summer of guiding brought him in enough to commence building a little house. It was of logs, nearly squared at the corners; and there was a door exactly in the middle of the facade, with a square window at either side, and another at each end of the house, according to the common style

house, according to the common style of architecture at Bytown. But it was in the roof that the touch of distinction appeared. For this, Jacques had modelled after his memory of an old Canadian roof. There was a of an old Canadian root. There was a delicate concave sweep in it, as itsloped downward from the peak, and the eaves projected pleasantly over the front door, making a strip of shade wherein it would be good to rest when the after-

noon sun shone hot. He took great pride in his effort of He took great pride in his chor of the builder's art. One day at the ba-ginning of May, when the house was nearly finished, he asked old Moody and Serena to stop on their way home fron the village and see what he had done. He showed them the kitchen, and the living-room, with the bed room partitioned off from it, and sharing half of its side-window. Here was a place where a door could be cut at the back, and a shed built for a summer kitchen -for the coolness, Jou understand And here were two stoves-one for the cooking, and the other in the living-room for the warming, both of the new-

est. "An' look dat roof. Dat's lak' we make dem in Canada. De rain ron off ea-y, and de san not shine too strong at de door. Ain't dat nice? You lak' dat roof, Ma'amselle Serene, hein?"

Thus the imagination of Jacques unolded itself, and his ambition appeared to be making plans for its accomplish gent. I do not want any one to sup pose that there was a crisis in his affair of the heart. There was none. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether anybody in the village, even Serena herself, ever dreamed that there was such an affair. Up to the point when the house was finished and furnished, it was to be a secret between Jacques and his violin; and they found no difficulty in keeping

Bytown was a Yankee village, Jac-Bytown was a Yankee village. Jac-ques was, after all, nothing but a frenchman. The native tone of relig-ior, what there was of it, was strongly Methodist. Jacques never went to church, and if he was anything, was probably a Roman Catholic. Serena was something of a sentimentalist, and a great reader of novels; but the inter-national love-story had not vet been ina great reader of novels; but the inter national love-story had not yet been in-vented, and the idea of getting married to a foreigner never entered her head. I do not say that she suspected nothing in the wild flowers, and the Sunday evening boat-rides, and the music. She was a woman. I have said already that was a woman. I have said already that occasion. By the end of state he todate himself in steady employment as a guide. He liked best to go with the anglers who were not too energetic, but were satisfied to fish for a few hours in the interval of the state of the s

men. "Jack, you're the boss fiddler o' this hull county. Have a drink now? I guess you're mighty dry." "Merci non," said Jacques. "I drink only de museek dis night. Eef drink only de museek lost drock."

I drink two t ings, I get dronk." In between the dances, and while the suppor was going on, he played quieter tunes-ballads and songs that he knew

Serena liked. After supper came the final reel; and when that was wound ap, with immense hilarity, the company ran out to the side door of the tavern to shout a noisy farewell to the bridal to shout a housy larewent to the bridge buggy, as it drove down the road to-ward the house with the white palings. When they came back, the fiddler was gone. He had slipped away to the little cabin with the curved roof.

All night long he sat there playing in the dark. Every tune that he had ever known came back to him-grave them over and over again, passing round and round among them as a leaf on a stream follows the eddies, now forward and returning most frequently to an echo of a certain theme from Cropin-you remember the nocturne in G minor, the second one? He did not know who Chopin was. Perhaps he did not even know the name of the music. But the air had fallen upon his ear somewhere, and had stayed in his memory; and now it seemed to say something to him that had an especial

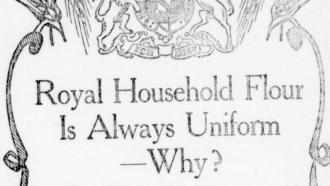
At last he let the bow fall. He patted the brown wood of the violin atter his old fashion, loosened the strings a little, wrapped it in its green baize cover, and hung it on the wall. "Hang thou there, thou little vio lin," he surmured. "It is now that lin," he murmured. "It is now that I shall take the good care of thee, as never before, for thou art the wife of Jacques Tremblay. And the wife of 'Osee Ransom, she is a friend to us, both of us; and we will make the music for her many years, I tell thee, many years-for her, and her good man, and

years-for her, and her good mah, and for the children-yeas?" But Serena did not have many years to listen to the playing of Jacques Tremblay : on the white porch, in the summar evenings, with bleeding hearts abloom in the garden; or by the winter free while the nale blue moonlight lay fire, while the pale blue moonlight lay on the snow without, and the yellow lamplight filled the room with homely Tadiance. In the fourth year after her marriage she died, and Jacques stood beside Hose at the funeral. There was a child—a little boy— delicate and blue-eyed, the living im

age of his mother. Jacques appointed himself general attendant, nurse in ex-traordinary, and court masician to this child. He gave up his work as a guide. It took him too much away from home. He was tired of it. Besides, what did he want of so much money? He had his house. He could gain enough for all his needs by making snow-shoes and the deerskin mittens at home. Then he could be near little Billy. It was

pleasanter so. When Hose was away on a long trip in the woods, Jacques would move up to the white house and stay on guard. His fiddle learnel how to sing the pretriest slumber songs. Moreover it

prettiest slumber songs. Moreover it could crow in the morning, just like the cock: and it could make a noise like a mouse, and like the cat, too; and there were more tunes inside of it than in any music-box in the world. As the boy grew older, the little cabin with the carved roof became his favorite playground. It was near the river, and Fiddlin' Jack was always ready to make a boat for him, or help him eatch minnows in the mill dam. The child had a taste for music, too, and learned some of the old Canadian and learned some of the old Canadian and learned some of the offic Canadian songs, which he sang in a curious broken patois while his delighted teacher accompanied him on the violin. But it was a great day when he was eight years old, and Jacques brought out a small fiddle for which he had convelle sont to Albany and presented out a small hulls for which at marked secretly sent to Albany, and presented it to the boy. "You see dat feedle, Billee? Dat's for you! You mek' your lesson on dat.



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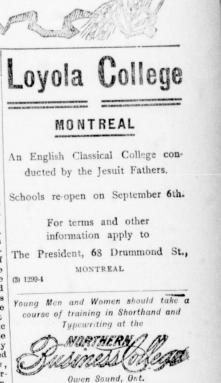
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wasting a vast water power to turn its wasting a vast water power to thin its dripping wheel and cut up a few pine-logs into fragrant boards. There is a big steam-mill a little farther up the river, which rips out thousands of feet of lumber in a day; but there are no more pine-logs, only sticks of spruce which the old lumbermen would have thought hardly worth cutting. And down below the dam there is a pulp-mill, to ctew up the little trees and turn them or three industrial establishments, with our three industrial establishments, with quite a little colony of French Cana-dians employed in them as workmen. Hose Ranson sold his place on the hill to one of the hotel companies, and a huge caravansary occupied the site of the house with the white palings. There were no more bleeding hearts in the gardea. There were beds of flaring red geraniums, which looked as if they were painted; and across the circle of smooth lawn in front of the

piazza the name of the hotel was printed in alleged ornamental plants-letters two feet long, immensely ugly. Hose had been elevated to the office of post master, and lived in a Queen Antic cottage on the main street. Little Billy Ransom had grown up into a very interesting young man, with a decided musical genius, and a tenor voice, which being discovered by an enterwhich being discovered by an enter-prising patron of genius, from Boston, Billy was sent away to Paris to learn to sing. Some day you will hear of his debut in grand opera, as Monsieur Guil-



work and told , with smooth, e color of the clossom on the was slight and her or from Phila nummer at By her chest, and hat she ought te. That was ered the Adirfor consump-

Bytown were g much atten-physicians in held that if a great advan-ut if you were ake the best of he weather as

ne and a lapted the situation. ter more that a quieter way ld never have here was only eyes, and a rown hair, and on her cheek. nd of reading his that made of the violin. it, and turned soul. I thin the soft tones sentimentalist, all he was so at comes later. addle, Jack? s they sat to-

Kebeck," anhand ng his hand ent, as he al-ne spoke of it. n ? W'at to de College , w'en Ah was

ere you in the

violin from his hands. 'Gimme that dam' fiddle," he cried,

nal regions, and he expressed himself in plain words to that effect. In fact,

even the faintest praise. But the majority of the audience gave him no support. On the contrasy,

damned the performance without

"till I see if there's a frog in it." Jacques leaped from the tale, trans ported with rage. His face was con vulsed. His eyes blazed. He snatched a carving knile from the dresser be-

a carving shile from the dresser de-hind him, aud sprang at Coroy. Tort Dieu!" he shrieked, "mon violen! Ah'll keel you, beast!" But he could not reach the enemy. Bill Moody's long arms were flung around the struggling fiddler, and a pair of brawny guides had Corey pinned by the elbows, hustling him backward. Half a dczen men thrust themselves the would be combatants between There was a dead silence, a scuffling of feet on the bare floor ; then the danger was past, and a tumult of talk burst liking. forth.

But a strange alteration had passed but a strange alteration had passed over Jacques. He trembled. He turned white. Tears poured down his cheeks. As Moody let him go, he dropped on his knees, hid his face in his hands, and prayed in his own tongue. tongue.

' My God, it is here again ! Was it not enough that I must be tempted once before ? Must I have the mad-ness yet another time? My God, show these yet another time? My God, show the mercy toward me, for the Blessed Virgin's sake. I am a sinner, but not the second time; for the love of Jesus, not the second time! Ave Maria, gratia plena, ora pro me !" The others did not understand what

The others did not understand what he others and not understand what he was saying. Indeed, they paid little attention to him. They saw he was frightened, and thought it was with fear. They were already discuss ing what cught to be done about the fraces fracas.

It was plain that Bull Corey, whose It was plain that build over whose liquor had now taken effect suddenly, and made him as limp as a strip of cedar bark, must be thrown out of the door, and left to cool off on the beach. But what to do with Fiddlin' Jack for his attempt at knifing-a detested crime? He might have gone at Bull with a gun, cr with a club, or with a chair, or with any recognized weapon. But with a carving knife! That was a serious offence. Arrest him, and send him to jail at the Forks? Take him out, and duck him in the lake? Lick him and duice him art of the torm?

who were not too energetic, but were satisfied to fish for a few hours in the orning and again at sunset, after long rest in the middle of the afternoon. This was just the time for the violin ; and if Jacques had his way, he would take it with him, carefully tucked away in its case in the bow of the boat;

and when the pipes were lit after lanca, on the shore of Round Island or at the mouth of Cold Brook, he would dis course sweet music until the declining sun drew near the tree tops and the veery rang his silver bell for vespers. Then it was time to fish again, and the flies danced merrily over the water, and the great speckled trout leaped eagerly to catch them. For trolling all day long for lake-trout Jacques had little

"Dat is not de sport," he would say, "to hol' one r-rope in de 'and, an den pool heem in wid one feesh on t'ree hook, h'all tangle h'up in hees mout' -dat is not de sport. Bisside, dat leef not taim' for la musique."

Midsummer brought a new set of guests to the Retreat, and filled the ramshackle old house to over flowing. The fishing fell off, but there were picnics and camping parties in abund nce, and Jacques was in demand. The ladies liked him; his manners were so pleasant, and they took a great inter est in his music. Moody bought a piano for the parlor that summer; and there were two or three good players in the house, to whom Jacques would lis-ten with delight, sitting on a pile of logs outside the parlor windows in the

warm August evenings. Some one asked him whether he did not prefer the plano to the violin. "Non," he answered, very decidedly;

" dat piano, he vairee smart ; he got plentee word, lak' de leetle yellow bird pientee word, lak' de leetle yellow bird in de cage-'ow you call heem ?-de can-narie. He spik' moch. Bot dat violon, he spik' more deep, to de heart, lak' de rossignol. He mak' me feel more glad, more sorree-dat fo' w'at Ah lak' heem de hea' 1''

Through all the occupations and Through all the occupations and pleasures of the summer Jacques kept as near as he could to Sorena. If he learned a new tune, by listening to the plano-some simple, artful air of Mozart, him, and drive him out of the town ? There was a multitude of counsellors,

in the way that he did.

Well, in the end of June, just after the furniture had come for the house with the curved roof, Serena was married to Hose Ransom. He was a young widower without children, and alto_ether the best fellow, as well as the most prosperous, in the settlement. His house prosperous, in the settlement. His house stood up on the hill, across the road from the lot which Jacques had bought. It was painted white, and it had a neween front more white, and it had a narrow front porch, with a scroli-saw fringe around the edge of it; and there was a little garden fenced in with white palings, in which Sweet Williams and pansies and blue lapines and pink bleeding-hearts were planted. The wedling was at the Sportsmen's

The weating was at the Sportsmen s Retreat and Jacques was there, of course. There was nothing of the dis-consolate lover about him. The nout he might have confessed to in a confident moment of intercourse with his ial violin; but the adjective was not in his lin ..

The strongest impulse in his nature The strongest impulse in his nature was to be a giver of entertainment, a source of joy in others, a recognized element of delight in the little world where he moved. He had the artistic temperament in the most primitive and naive torm. Nothing pleased him so much as the act of pleasing. was the means which Nature had given him to fulfil this desire. He played as you might say, out of a certain kind of selfishness, because he enjoyed making other people happy. He was selfish enough, in his way, to want the plea-sure of making everybody feel the same delight that he feit in the clear tones, the merry cadences, the tender and caressing flow of his violin. That was consolation. That was power. That was success.

That was success. And especially was he selfish enough to want to feel his ability to give Serena a pleasure at her wedding—a pleasure that nobody else could give her. When she asked him to play, he consented gladiv. Never had he drawn

the bow across the strings with a more magical touch. The wedding guests danced as if they were enchanted. The as near as he could to Serena. If he magnet touch, the weating glesss covered, and considered much more formatic and appropriate. You will be danced as if they were enchanted. The formatic and appropriate. You will some melancholy echo of a nocturne of him on the back, with the nearest approximate in the second the back of a gesture of affection that old saw-mill there any longer,

When you kin mek' museek, den you play on de violon -lak' dis one-listen!" Then he drew the bow across the strings and dashed into a medley of the

strings and existed notes in barry of the jolliest airs imaginable. The boy toos to his instruction as kindly as could have been expected. School interrupted it a good deal; and away often; but after all, there was nothing that he liked much better than to sit in the little cabin on a winter play with the other boys carried him evening and pick out a simple tune after his teacher. He must have had

some talent for it, too. for Jacques was very proud of his pupil, and prophesied great things of him. "You know dat little Billee of 'Ose Ransom," the fiddler would say to a circle of people at the hotel, where he

circle of people at the factel, where he still went to play for parties; "you know dat small Ransom boy? Well, I'm tichin' heem play de feedle: an' I tell you, one day he play better dan hees ticher. Ah, dat's grr reat t'ing,

tees ticher. An, dats gr-reat ting, de museek, ain't it ? Mek' you laugh, mek' you cry, mek you dance ! Now you dance. Tek' your pardnerre. En avant ! Kip' step to de museek !'

CHAPTER IV.

Thirty years brought many changes to Bytown. The wild woodland flavor evaporated out of the place almost en tirely; and instead of an independent centre of rustic life, it became an annex to great cities. It was exploited as a summer resort, and discovered as a as a summer resort, and discovered as a winter resort. Three or four big botels were planted there, and in their shadow a score of boarding-houses alternately languished and flourished. The sum mer cottage also appeared and multi plied; and with it came many of the peculiar features which man elaborates in his struggle toward the finest civilization-alternoon teas, and amateur theatricals, and claw-hammer coats, and a casino, and even a few servants

in livery. The very name of Bytown was disconsented gladiy. Never had he drawn carded as being too American and commonplace. An Indian name was dis-covered, and considered much more

laume Rancon. But Fiddlin' Jack lived on in the little house with the curved root, be side the river, refusing all the good offers which were made to him for his

piece of land. "Non," he said : " what for shall I sell dis house? I lak' her, she lak' me All dese walls got full from museek, jas' lak' de wood of dis violon. He olay bettair dan de new feedle, beces I play heem so long. I lak to lissen to dat rivaire in de night. She sing from long taim' ago-jus' de same song w'en I firs' come here. W'at for I go away?

CONCINUED ON PAGE SIX.

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