McIntyre's bed. He saw that the pillow was thickly covered over with apots, where the unfortunate mother had wept over the child she was compelled to forsake. It proved to him how weak and ill she must have been, and the fierce blaze of indignant wrath the sight of the child in his bed provoked died away. He breathed heavily

voked died away. He breathed heavily under the struggle of his conflicting emotions as he looked down on her.

That steady, perplexed scowl seemed

There cannot be in real love, how-

ever disrupted hate; there can be bit-terness of disappointment; but a soft-

ening influence stirs it ever into man-nanimity. The child, unknown to him-self, began at once to fill the empty

Once, while sitting on his knee he asked

Mag. "Mag what?"

her what her name was. She told him

And as time went on, his little com-

panion effected a marvelous change in his disposition. He became friendly

with his neighbors and amazingly com-municative. He taught his charge to

municative. He taught his charge to call him "Murty" and might often be seen going off with her for walks in the fields. Here she learned from him the names of wild flowers, the birds she

gan going to the national school. Her

terrible recluse showed them he was

merry voices refashioned that soured heart. He began to go to Mass with

Maggie, helped her of an evening with

She was now fourteen, a girl in all

slumber; she opened

f its dust

who

of its idence k-eyed in the lowless s door ossible only

sed his aselves. le, but employition of with a fling inf. a wide looking hannon their re-

migrated

ly. One in an old ass and a looked is cabin onsent to he had is was all ix years friendly d neigh-ful man a he leaves, ere madly agegiving k came to mumbling at so late

ar woman hild, tighthawl. ing up into , evidently yther food me child.

s, me good

gave your. d comin' to to take to help here."
be that hard stranger in t worse—to t this bleak shelterless." wife; ye ye had the g to say to

th a vicious e raised her tch, for the rees on the of ould times, ration ye had

d, pausing in om the door. Lord knows ne over agin;
bitther dishere, and not ut this night e sleep, so be

night ?" she growing loud

ck unwillingly
g Devlin, the
to earnestly,
gagged outcast
le threw open

then," he said, r. He quickly larkness. This in my father's it next morning ing, and it was with the whole

that morning,

the rights of it; yer poor mother never tould me much about it." may be better to you than me."
She for whom this half - incoherent petition had been made lay asleep in McIntyre's bed. He saw that the pil-

She did not ask him anything else, and he soon found her something to do, for she seemed to be brooding over what he had been forced to disclose.

But another evening, while she was again sitting close to his elbow, she returned to the question of his parent-

"What was my mother to you,

Murty?"
"Ah!" he ejaculated with a start,

"Ah!" he ejaculated with a start, then paused while he wiped his brow with his handkerchief; "she was everything to me-that's once on a time before something came over her and she married, and . I be came a lonely man, and me heart was althered, so that I had to quit the place I was born in for fear of meself?" He took her hand, with an unusual warmth, and, drawing her close to him, said, very tenderly: "But that's all over now, thank God! and me ould life and most of its blessin's are wid me agin." That steady, perplexed scowl seemed to disturb her calm slumber; she opened her blue eyes snd gazed up at the sullen man in awe. His silence, and the fact of her being alone with him, terrified her little heart. She screamed loudly for her "muddy." The secwl softened, his humanity asserted itself; he spoke with a gentleness long absent from his lips. He tried all he could to soothe the frightened child, and this difficult task of pacification revealed his kindly nature. Ere long she had confidence enough to clasp him round the neck, and the touch of those little hands roused that divine instinct of Nature — pity for the young and help-less.

agin." But why did you keep me all this while?" was her next inconvenient question.
"Because ye wor yer mother's child,

and because she axed me to afore she "Then you ought to have taught me

to call you father, since you were all "Ah, sure I liked better to hear ye

"Ah, sure I liked better to hear ye call me Murty," said he, putting his arm around her and drawing her closer to him; and perhaps ye are now ould enough to understand the message yer poor mother—God rest her sow!—left for me the night she may she brought ye here; she sez, Murty, she may be betther to ye than me, and ye have been all that to me, a lanna, and maybe ye'll be more to me still when ye're oulder."

Maggie looked steadily before her, self, began at once to fill the empty place in his heart; she became his companion, finally his life.

Mag Delvin was brought from the workhouse, a corpse, by Murty himself a fortnight later, all bitter feelings hushed by the Great Reconciler. She had succeeded in tramping that far to secure the benefits of the infirmary, and had lain there hoping to the last to recover strength enough to face the Maggie looked steadily before her,

and had lain there hoping to the last to recover strength enough to face the road once more, with her child, as a mendicant. The neighbors helped him to bury her, and this enforced association with them opened the way to a better understanding. They were naturally inquisitive about the woman and her relations to him. She was an acquaintance of his, they went to the same school in their young days: that in aggin is she could not understand it; it was all so strange, so inexplicable, this world in which she lived. Having this world in which she lived. Having to go into Riverstown a few evenings after this, the wife of a laborer returned with her part of the way home.

"Don't ye ever be thinkin' of leavin' where ye are?" said this woman to Maggie.

her relations to him. She was an acquaintance of his, they went to the same school in their young days; that was all the satisfaction the taciturn man would give them.

In feeding his little charge, dressing and undressing her, and giving her all those cares her tender years needed, his troubled spirit found alleviation.

Once while sitting on his knee he asked Why? 'Tis my home!' returned

"Why? Its my babe."
Maggie, amazed.
"But ye'ar so big new! Sure, 'tisn't dacent livin' in the same house wid
a man that's nothing to ye."
The words recalled hints she had regeneralized.

The words recalled hints she had re-ceived from others. Her schoolmis-tress was a very sympathetic maiden lady, whom she esteemed very much. She told her of what passed between herself and her guardian, and the sub-sequent remarks of a woman on the "Mag what?"
But she could not remember any other name. He was pleased.
He slowly grew into a different man.
He abandoned the craze for altering the position of his door, and, instead, devoted his spare time to the cultivation of his garden. He still coldly shrank from too intimate familiarities with his neighbors; but whenever they came to nim, he received them gracioussequent remarks of a woman on the way from town. She advised Maggie to mention it the next time she went to confession. And probably she did.

"Murty, are any of my mother's people alive?" she asked him one Saturday night after she had been to

with his neignbors; but whenever they came to him, he received them graciously. He had made a rockable cot for Maggie, in which he carefully tucked her every night, patiently coaxing her warm and the property of the part of the property of the part of the pa "Yes, acushla, that is there was an aunt of yours kept a huxther's shop in That's beyond the Shannon, isn't her every night, patiently coaxing her to sleep; and when her eyes were closed, he gazed into her face, tracing every line that resembled the dead mother's, and saying to himself over and over again, "She may be betther to ye than me."

And as time went on, his little com-

"Ever so far beyant—a good six hours' walk. That's the place I was born in, and many wor the happy days —God be wid them!—I had there. 'Twas before me heart was darkened by the throubles, an' the lonesomeness came so sthrong at me. Ah, may ye never feel, or any other creathur, as I did then! 'Tis bad to feel too much.'' You are not like that now, Murty?"

she asked, wavering in her purpose.

"Ah, no! since yourself came, for ye
brought something wid ye that I needed.
Ye banished the lonesomeness from me names of wild howers, the birds she heard singing in the trees, and other things, so that this constant intercourse with her guardian made her old-fash-ioned, and her precocious chatter pleased him exceedingly: then she bealtogether."
"But if I went away would you be

gan going to the hardwar school. Her school companions took to her, often escorting her home—an office they per-formed at first with much timidity, uncloser acquaintance with the

not so bad as their imaginations had painted him. Those joyous, smiling faces daily tripping in over the once forbidden threshold, their bright laughter, their

"Musha! do tell tell ye that?" he said, with a frown.
"Yes; and Father Killeen tells me the same. But why can't I live with you, as I have done all these years since my mother died?"

indeed, why can't ye avour-"Yes, indeed, why can tye avoid een? That's a question for yourself, not me."
"I don't want to leave you, if it can

Maggie, helped her of an evening with her catechism, and so prepared her for confirmation. Soon came the great event of her life—of both their lives, perhaps—her First Communion. She stood before him in her white dress and flowing veil that Sunday in the innocence and sweet candor of her girlhood. His eves filled with grateful tears as he His eyes filled with grateful tears as he gazed on her, and he fancied her mother's voice, came out of heaven, assuring him, "She'll be betther to ye be helped."
"But what's to prevent ye?" he "asked, with a sinking heart.
"Father Killeen says I must not.
But why can't I?"

"I dunno. 'Tis something that's in his heart, not mine. Well, it the priest tells ye to go, I suppose ye must."
"I must, mustn't I?" she demanded, She was now fourteen, a girl in all her ways and actions too advanced, perhaps, for her years. As a pious Catholic, punctilious in her religious duties, she was truly excelling. She had long since heard the story of her life from her companions, so much of it as they had learned through Murty's loosened tongue, and as she grew in

" Of course ; ye must do as he bids "Of course; ye must do as he bids ye. I'll put ye across the Shannon as soon as ever I can hear if yer aunt is alive, and will have ye."

"But I don't want to leave you if it could be helped."

"It can't be helped, avourneen, so say no more about it." loosened tongue, and as she grew in years she had thought a good deal

"Who am I?" was the question with which she electrified her guardian one afternoon on returning from school.
"What do you mean?" he asked, evasively.
"Who was my father, and what has become of him?"
"He left the counthrp when ye were a weesha bit of a child, acushla," he returned, uneasily, hoping she would ask him nothing else.
"And what for?" she demanded, arwing her stool quite close to his knee.
"Ah! — thin I couldn't tell ye the rights of it. I think 'twas to betther himself; but I never come across anywan from them parts to give me the

know, Murty."

"No . . . yo can never come

know, Murty."

"No ye can never come back to me ag'in — not as ye're now," he said, biting his lips.

"I can when I'm a woman."

"Ah, ye won't — ye can't! God bless ye and take care of ye! Yes, avourneen, we'll meet ag'in when we're both better off. Good-by, and the Lord be wid ye!"

He kissed her and sent her on her

when we're both better on. Good-sy, and the Lord be wid ye!"
He kissed her and sent her on her journey, watching her, with the tears running down his face, till the bushes hid her from his view. Re-entering the boat he shoved off, and let her glide out into the middle of the river. Eager to get another glimpse of his little girl he stood up. He could not see her. His lonely future came full upon him, and, in a fit of vehement despair, he cried: "Never, never! She'll never be wid me ag'in!" passionately stamping his foot at the same time. The force of the blow sent his foot through the bottom, and in a second a great volume of water rushed in completely filling the boat. The heavy anchorial is the send in a twinkfilling the boat. The heavy anchor stones helped to sink it and in a twink ling he was dragged down into six fathoms of water. Thus his life merci-fully closed as the olden torture of loneliness was again clutching at his tender steadfast heart. — Paul L. Goode, in

COUNT ALBERT DE MUN.

HEAD OF THE FRENCH CATHOLIC PARTY. Oftentimes more is learned of a man's true worth from the violent abuse of his enemies than from the praise, however just, of his friends. I have long known of and admired Count Albert de Mun as one of the most brilliant orators of France and as the most untiring worker in the people's cause, but it was not until I went among the most rabid of the reactionary Catholics of France and listened to their vapid vaporings, heard the tale of their senseless plottings, and heard their worse than senseless anger with the wise Mun as one of the most brilliant orators than senseless anger with the wise patriot who would not plot or plan with them, nor lead them rashly to their own destruction and the destruction of all they should hold dearest, that I learned the real value of the great leader who, most happily for France, is at the head of the Catholic party in that country to-day.

It is not the Catholic party alone, it is all France which stands indebted to day to Ccunt Albert de Mun for the wisdom he displayed and the calming influence he exercised during the periods of storm and stress which have convulsed France in these recent years. It cannot be denied that the Catholics of France are suffering wees innumerable at the present time, but the woes they suffer now are as nothing to the woes they and all France with them would have suffered if the Catholic leader had not resolutely stamped on the treachery and treason which at one moment was on the point of burstwisdom he displayed and the calming on the treachery and treason which at one moment was on the point of bursting out in the name of religion, but, in truth, in the cause of revolution. It was wrong to say, as I have said, giving too ready credence to the report of M. de Mun's retirement in broken health that the Catholic party. broken health, that the Catholic party wants a leader in France to-day, great marshal of the Catholic has not laid down his baton; he has not thought of laying it down, and there is no need there should do so, for he wields it to-day with his accustomed vigor, with zeal unlessened and with heart undaunted. Of this I received ample proof during a conversation which I had with the Count de Mun when he was good enough to receive me in his apartment in the Avenue d'Alma

public succeeded, I learned from him, however, that his hopes for the future success of the Catholic party at the polls in alliance with the moderate Republicans, or as he calls them, the Liberals, are undiminished. He says "It is in the hands of the Catholics, in the hands of the Catholics and the Liberals of all parties to throw off the the hands of the Catholies and the Liberals of all parties to throw off the odious and inept dictatorship of the small, the very small party of which M. Combes has made himself the servant, if they are only willing to come to an understanding, to unite for the common danger, to renounce their divisions, their intransigeances, the prejudices of Right or Left and in good faith oppose a Bloc of the Oppressed to the Bloc of the Oppressors."

Writing of Freach monopolies, I have said in a previous article in this paper that the government is upheld by the placeholders. In the most remarkable manner the Count de Mun confirms my words: "French parties ha Bloc of the Oppressors. by the placeholders. In the most less markable manner the Count de Mun confirms my words: "French parties, he says, "cannot be properly understood if the prepondering influence which the authority of the administration exercises on the course of the elections is not appreciated. It is the natural result of excessive centralization, of the imperfect organization of the system of universal suffrage, and of the immensity of the number of officials who are of necessity, subject to ministerial influence. The elections of 1902 proved to be more characteristic in this respect than any of its predecessors, and in the whole electorate the Government obtained a majority of, roughly speaking, no majority of, roughly speaking, no more than 200,000 votes, which is practically the figure represented by the body of Government officials." The Count de Mun has been known

himself; but I never come across anywan from them parts to give me the thrue varsion of it."

"Where did he go to?"

"O, God knows! I heerd it was a long way off."

"But wasn't he a bad rogue? You might just as well tell me the truth, for I'm sure to find out."

"Well, I'm afeerd he was," answered Murty, unwillingly. "I don't know this extra load, he rowed down to the high road, cartway leading up to the high road,

had recalled the lost blessings of his life. He kept his feelings well under control, but he could not trust himself classes over an area infinitely wider than any covered by the French flag, which, though it has produced lasting good is likely to be for a moment forgotten in the heat and bitterness of the desolating religious quarrel.
Count Albert de Mun was, and is the

first and greatest of the Christian Socialists. It was, I believe, during his captivity in Aix la Chappelle after the Franco Prussian war that he turned his mind to social questions and, as I have said, "resolved to do something for the working man." Since then he has labored day and night in the peoples cause. I do not know if he ever accepted the term "Socialist" as a accepted the term "Socialist" as a proper designation for the party of which he was the real founder as well as the acknowledged leader. I know he repudiates the name now, and the aims of socialism. "You are the revolution." he We are the counter-revolution," he cried out to M. Jaures in the French chamber in a glowing phrase in one of his most eloquent speeches; but it is because of the atheism, the anti-Christianity which he believes to be inherent tianity which he believes to be inherent in the socialism of his opponents that he repudiates them. In real truth he is the most advanced Socialist of his time. He is applauded and disgusted by the attacks which the Socialist are making on religion. It would be idle to tell him or any Catholic of France at the moment that the fury of socialism the moment that the fury of socialism against religion has spent itself, although those who are not in the heat of the pattle in France where Socialists are straining their every effort to crush the Church know this to be so, and as long as he believes socialism and relig-ion to be antagonistic he will have nothing to say to the name of Socialist. nothing to say to the name of Socialist.
Still a man is to be judged by his acts
and not by the party name he gives
himself, and judging him by his acts the
Count de Mun is the first and most advanced, because the most enlightened of contential Socialists. Any person who will trouble to take up that work which has come within the last year to be regarded as the standard work on continental socialism, "Social Unrest," by John Graham Brooks, and read therein what Professor Brooks says of the tendencies of socialism: any person who will take the trouble to look around him at the development taking place in the great centres of industries in the United States, and who will then study the collection of the speeches of the Count do Mun or make himself ac-Count de Mun, or make himself ac-quainted with the history of his life's work, will find that Count de Mun the expression of the coming socialism, the socialism of fact and act which will blot out and obliterate the socialism of fad and fallacy which for a time de-luded men and frightened cowards.

The key to all the Count de Mun's social policy is to be found in a famous phrase of his, "Labor is a social function." He strives at all times to give ocialism is becoming sane. effect to the policy embodied in these words. Undoubtedly he aims always at spreading the gospel and reaching the Christian ideal, but that is not inconsistent with true socialism, as thank God! is now recognized on all sides: and undoubtedly he strives at all times to reconcile workers and employers and to reconcile workers and employers and make their interests one, but, again, we may express our thankfulness, it is daily more and more admitted that true socialism needs not to be based upon

class war.

In 1884, when the liberty of association was granted for the first time to trades unions in France, the winning of this liberty for the unions was in a great measure due to the effort of the Count de Mun, but nevertheless the law acceptaged was not the law he Count de Mun, but nevertheless the law as passed was not the law he sought in its full entirity. True to his aim to unite masters and workmen and make their interests one, he sought In in his apartment in the Avenue d'Alma in his aim to unite masters and workend to have recognition of the legal status of their corporate existence given only to the mixed unions of which masters and workers formed part, and endeavisation of him I had come straight to ayone did."

Neither spoke for a while.

Neither spoke for a while. I once did."

Neither spoke for a while.

"Why do people keep telling me I oughn't to live with you now?" she demanded, looking up into his face, earnestly.

"Musha! do tell tell ye that?" he

If I learned nothing from the Count de Mun of what might be expected in de Mun of what might be expected in de Mun of what might be expected in the learned in the live and legacies of real estate or to acquire houses for professional schools, children was public succeeded, I learned from him, however, that his hopes for the future however, that his hopes for the future much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his hopes for the future was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his nopes for the future was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his nopes for the future was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his nopes for the future was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his nopes for the future was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his nopes for the future houses for professional schools, children was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his nopes for the future houses for professional schools, children was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his nopes for the future houses for professional schools, children was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his nopes for the future houses for professional schools, children was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, that his nopes for the future houses for professional schools, children was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, the future houses for professional schools, children was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, the future houses for professional schools, children was much in the idea as he advocated it, however, the future houses for professional leaves and house for professional leaves and hou but the prime minister brushed it aside with the cynical remark that it was no part of the business of the French Government

Government.

The trades unions, or co-operative syndicates of the farming classes, which have sprung up everywhere in France under his guidance since the enactment of the law of 1884, are as enactment of the law of 1884, are as perfectly organized for their members advantage as any of the Belgian cooperatives. They provide for the professional education in farming and chemical science of the farmers' sons, provide schools, how stongile include. chemical science of the farmers sons, provide schools, buy utensils, including the latest mechanical agricultural implements, fee chemical experts, provide for sickness and old age, and furnish loans to their members at nominal rates of interest. All these aids to the farming class may be said to be directly due to the Count de Mun. The working class in the towns bim little leng. A list of all he owes him little less. A list of all he has done and all he has won for it during the thirty odd years he has been laboring for the people would surely be

a long one.

The people may well be content with what he has done for them—but he is not yet content for that he strives for is still far distant from attainment. I do not speak now of his hopes for the Church and for education. What these are and what they mean to his great heart are known to all; I speak of his desires and his demands for the workingman. These are, "That the workingman shall arrive by co-operation at the proprietorship of the enterprises to which he contributes by his labor." not yet content for that he strives for

which he contributes by his labor."
Surely Count Albert de Mun is the
noblest Frenchman of them all !—John
De Courcy MacDonnell in Boston Transcript.

Let us be men with men, and always children before God, for in His eyes we are but children. Old age itself, in presence of eternity, is but the first moment of morning.

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THE HIGHEST WISDOM.

We are none of us perfectly wise and above the reach of even the most ababove the reach of even the most absurb errors, especially when our nature, corrupted by sin, is enlisted on the side of those errors; and, if not in danger of actually falling into any of them in particular, we may at least, acquainting ourselves with those into which great men have been led, be likely to fall into the most dangerous of all errors, that of believing that truth is so hard to find that it cannot be expected that all should find it, and that

pected that all should find it, and that it makes no difference what a man believes, as long as he does what seems to the world in general to be right.

The true course for us is, then, to beware of false guides in religion by keeping out of their way altogether; and, on the other hand, to study as far and the truth which if we learn we can the truth, which, if we learn as we can the truth, which, if we learn it and grasp it as we should, conveys in itself the answer to them all. Listen to the true prophets, and leave the false ones alone; that is the highest wisdom from the mouth of our Divine Lord Himself.

A LUCKY WOMAN.

GOOD HEALTH CAME TO MRS. DESCHESNE AFTER MUCH SUFFERING

Mrs. Abraham Deschesne, wife of a well known farmer at St Leon le Grand, Que., considers herself a lucky woman Que., considers herself a littly would had she has good cause as the following interview will show: "I was bidly run down and very nervous. Each day brought its share of household duties, but I was too weak to perform them My nerves were in a terrible condition. My nerves were in a terrible condition. I could not sleep and the least sound would startle me. I tried several medicines and tonic wines, but none of them helped me. In fact I was continually growing worse, and began to despair of ever being well again. One day a friend called to see meand strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills friend called to see me and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills I decided to do so, and it was not long before they began to help me. I gained in strength from day to day; my nerves became strong and quiet, and after using about a half dozen boxes of the pills I was fully restored to my old time health and cheerfulness. I now think Dr. Williams Pink Pills an ideal medicine for weak women."

cine for weak women."

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brial.

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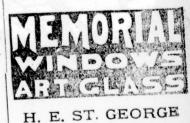
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