1904.

hat the good reserve toisekeeper in in order, we eable suspicthe world, last to think the thing was ourse of his ever could by l, he would, the lookingt of counter or an instant.

f age, but as
as at twentyold bachelor, e world over lety-studied grew tired of a quietly at spend the re-his money as as possible, dea of ever

life. poor soul! if or holier rela-hat of an hon-a kind, indui-ter her mind, be wondered looked on her-servant. She early educa-omplishments, very one else t was as plain clean white at her girdle, gent, respect-ke at once her she had to ex-dle Jerry and

ry happily to-fied with the g a reasonable or exercising a If any thing n a long time, ness between that unfortueating her u in vain did ut of it, when th his flies and tting cosily to-ne draw on his to rebuke him, more than comly charge him taken an un s in vain. To le on that head, way his face to making many a is throat, would that it might he had his own indeed, was all er gave, and do Mrs. Motherly

out a little, but yourself in the ase tell the docthat I'll return turned the key had quite done d herself before ssed against her of astonishment, pictured in her

m. But to re-

hispered Uncle

g posture, and without saying said the latter, t's the matter." It's no harm to s it mean?" in-

himself suddenly

veying the dim-. Guirkie from does it mean, in may look a little can't help it." ous, look at the ne window. Is it

re out in such a ad as that, Mrs. ownright water it won't signify.

ossible.'' I ask, sir, do you surely be any and death that'd

day as this, after

t," replied Uncle erious affair : but

had yesterday.

prious affair; but oncern about my ow very prudent, respect;" and he ton in the breast rd be about us, n to that! if that don't beat out. Prudent, coat to the Blind

nd came home to old pensioner in

ou needn't speak orly," he replied, or door; "I ac-grong in that in-

rudent when you piece to that vil-Manus McGillak and stole six of

my geese, that the like of them weren't be seen in the parish."
"And how could I foresee—"
"Yes, sir, but you did, though; you

he wis sir, but you did, though; you knew in your heart and soul he was a thief, and especially when he got drunk, that nothing was too hot or heavy for him. You knew that well, sir. And what's more, Mr. Guirkie, you encourage the villain in his thievery, to my

'I encourage him?"

"Yes, sir, you. When Captain Petersham sent him that wet day last week for his coat to Castle Gregory, with a token to his sister, it was six bottles of brandy he asked for, instead of the coat, and you gave him a shilling of your own very fingers, for playing

I declare!" exclaimed Uncle Jerry

"I declare!" exclaimed Uncle Jerry again, after a moment's reflection; "I believe I must admit—"
"O, admit—you're very good at admissions; but where's the use of them? Ar'n't you just as bad as ever, after all your promises and admissions? God help me, anyway; my heart's broke with you; so it is."
"Indeed," replied Uncle Jerry, tapping his lips with the but of his riding

ping his lips with the but of his riding whip, and looking as crest fallen as a boy caught stealing apples, "indeed, it's nothing but the truth; I'm very troublesome, I suppose, to every body I have any dealings with. But you'll excuse me, Mrs. Motherly; it's time I was gone, if I mean to go at all;" and he began to slide off towards the hall

"Stop," cried Mrs. Motherly, as he lifted the latch; "you're not going out that way, are you?" "What way ?"

"Why, look at your leggings." 'My leggings!

"Yes, don't you see you've buttoned them on the wrong legs!"
"That's nonsense! — the wrong

Nonsense or not, it's the fact, nevertheless; the tongues are both on the inside, and the buttons too." "Well, I declare," said Uncle Jerry,

turning his little leg round and round, as if seeking for some pretext on which to justify the blunder; "I declare," he repeated, "I declare upon my word and been it." and honor, it's very strange, but surely I must have been asleep, when I put

them on."
"O, you needn't be trying to make any excuses about it—it's just of a piece with all the rest," said Mrs. Motherly, handing him a chair to sit on, while she knelt down to adjust the difficulty; "that's the first time you buttoned your own leggings these five years," she continued, "and you buttoned them wrong. It ought to be a lesson to you, Mr. Guirkie; it ought to teach you that you can do nothing

Well," replied Mr. Guirkie, with a little more irritation in the tone of his voice than usual, "I'm not so particular about the buttons, perhaps, as I ought to be; but it's only a small matter after all—make your best of it."
"Small matter, indeed! I would

like to know what part of your dress you're particular about, large or

"Hush, Mrs. Motherly, hush, I say, or you'll wake the doctor."
"I'll not hush, sir; I can't hush; I'm responsible for you, and I must "And can't you speak without raising the town?" said Mr. Guirkie, slapping his sealskin cap down on his knees, and

scratching his gray head in utter per-plexity; "can't you speak with some sort of moderation, ma'am?" 'No, I can't, for you won't let me-

no, I can t, for you won to the but no matter; you may go—you may go, sir," she continued, rising from her kneeling posture, and shaking both hands at him, as if she would shake herself clean and clear of him forevermore. "You may go—I'll not be accountable for you any longer—not another hour, sir; and if you come back dead to us, don't blame any one for it

but yourself." Mr. Guirkie lost not a moment in quitting the house, as soon as Mrs. Motherly withdrew her opposition, but rushed out through the rain, ambling his way, as fast as his legs would carry him, to the stable, and mounted Scotchy, already saddled and bridled

for a journey. Hardly, however, had he got his foot in the stirrup, when Mrs. Motherly, accompanied by Dr. Camberwell, whom she had just waked up, came running out to detain him. But it was too late; Uncle Jerry was

already in the saddle, and in the act of

gathering up the reins.
"Let him go," he cried, as he saw
the doctor approaching under au
umbrella, bare-headed, and blear-eyed for want of sleep; "let the horse go, you scoundrel, let him go;" and giving Scotchy a cut on the flank, off he trotted down the avenue towards Bally-barran Bash the property of the property of the state of the st hernan Beach, the rain pouring on hi in torrents, and the cape of his drab surtout flapping about his ears.

"May the Lord pity you, poor man," exclaimed Mrs. Motherly, gazing after him till he turned the corner; "may

the Lord pity you."

"Amen," said the doctor, closing his umbrella at the door, and retreating backwards into the house; "he's an extraordinary individual."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Habit of Kindness.

Take life all through, its adversity as well as its prosperity, its sickness as well as its health, its loss of its rights as well as its enjoyments of them, and we shall find that no natural sweetness of emper, much less any acquired philosophical equanimity, is equal to the support of a habit of kindness. Never-theless, with the help of grace the habit of saying kind words is very quickly formed and when once formed it is not speedily lost. Sharpness, bitterness, sarcasm, acute observation, divination of motives—all these things disappear when a man is earnestly conforming himself to the image of Christ Jesus. The very attempt to be like our dearest Lord is already a well-spring of sweet-ness within us, flowing with an easy grace over all who come within our CROOKED HANS.

SIMPLE STORY BY WHICH ONE HERO RECOGNIZES ANOTHER.

By Helen F. Huntington. Not all heroes are on the rolls of the

Legion of Honor.
"Ten days more of this!" grumbled the Hero, looking about at the bare rough walls of his prison. "And ten

It was the first time he had complained of anything. The three men smoking by the stove looked over at

him collectively.
"Got misery?" demanded the man in

the leather shoops.

The wounded man nodded mutely and put his hand to his breast. He sat bolt upright in the stiff little stretcher, his head swathed in bandages, and a frieze greatcoat loosely buttoned over his shoulders, for the room was draughty in spite of the roaring fire. He was a hero in the hearts of his rough companions because he had risked life and ions because he had risked life and limb by standing at his post when all others deserted; but the men of Murdock were a silent lot; their deepest thoughts seldom passed their lips, wherefore no one had told him how he

stood with them.

The door opened suddenly letting in a driving gust of wind and a big, gaunt lad, who shuffled into the room with a lurch that emphasized his awkwardness of figure and carriage. His big hands were crooked and stiff, and several fingers were bent almost double. But for all that he could swing an axe at the lumber camp as well as the best of his fellows. Every night since the stranger's advent, Crooked Hans had appeared at the shack at the same hour and taken his seat behind the rusty stove, always hoping to hear something of the great world beyond the silent, snow bound forests of his home. "Well, Hans, what news?" asked the

Hero, unenthusiastically, knowing very well that Hans had no news to tell. " News don't come this way between easons," remarked the man of the

leathern jacket.
"Then tell me a yarn, one of you, to speed the time along."
"We don't have much use for story

books, neither."
"I don't care about made-up stories Give me something true. Things happen even out here, I suppose, don't they? Come, talk up, the youngest first. I'll do my part when my turn comes. Hans, tell us a story." Hans grew very red of face and thrust

his great feet further under the stove. "I dunno none, meester," he stuttered

apologetically.
"Tell 'im about the Norris kid you found in the snow the winter you got your crooked hands and feet," commanded the man in the leather coat, whom nature and habit had made spokes-

man.
"Oh, heem jus' a lil babby," said
Hans awkwardly, "an' I not fetch heem Th' half breed do dat."

home. Th' half-breed do dat."

"Tell him how you found 'im," the other man admonished austerely. To the Hero he added, soberly. "Twas bed, and the Hero raised himself and the Hero raised himself and bed, and the Hero raised himself and the Hero raised him then he got his crookedness, savin' a widder's son from freezin' to death."

"Yes, tell me about it," urged the Hero, drawing his coat closely about his shoulders and looking intently at the stolid, homely face of the young

"Ain't nuttin' much to tell," Hans began haltingly; "jus' bout a lil boy five year ole wad got strayed off frum hees mudder when we work up at Gran' Reeber where not much people lives. De wolves putty hungry dat year, foh de deer all been gone sout' t'ward Gran' Prix, where de moss ain't all been covered wid freeze. It been so col' de trees snap lak glass w'en de wis' stilke deer bard. win' strike deem hard.

"Nobody couldn't see de babby's tracks, foh de snow been freeze hard, The Church is the vehicle, or medium, by which we have the security that callin' way up de devide, an' once I tol' fader listen; but he laugh an' say I been crazy, toh not lil boy couldn't cross dat greet snowbank. Fader he not let me go. He say I been too young, an' no good. I save mah are some and wend devides and the catholic faith, and thanks God for the say I been too young, an' no good. I save mah are some and the catholic faith, and thanks God for the catholic faith faith makes life worth living? No, for the chattering ape does that.

A Godless life is a worthless life; but a Godly life is always worth living. And what is it that makes life worth living? The presence of Christ in the catholic faith, and thanks God for the catholic faith, and thanks God for the catholic faith, and thanks God for the catholic faith faith makes life worth living? No, for the chatme go. He say I been too young, an' no good. I save mah supper and wrap it up w'en he not lookin' an' go to bed ve'y early, jus' waiting foh been sleep, but he sit up long time befoh de fire smokin', an' bym'by I get
up and creep out. Mah shoes been
dryin' befoh de fire, so I tak de mocasins wad mah fader fine in de oamp, an'
dey been so ve'y light I go fas' an'

easy.
"All time I hear day lil voice, ve'y
sof' an' low, lak de sob of de win' ve'y
far off, an' I go swif' across the greet
snow-bank t'ward de nort'. I t'out snow-bank t ward de nore. It could be bout day lil boy way off in de col' an' ran so fas' till mah blood boil an' keep me ve'y warm, an' I stop an' listen often, toh dat sof' voice in the fores'. often, foh dat sof' voice in the lores'. Bym-by it cum clear, lak a chil' cryin'. How I hear it, meester? I dunno. It many miles off, an' de col' been snappin' de trees when I run pas' lak glass breekin' in camp, I don't hear it wit' man ears, but here,' putting his crooked hand to his heart.

crooked hand to his heart.

"An' so I fin' heem, a lil black heep in de snow, cryin' foh hees mudder, an' mos' freeze. I jus' grab heem in mah arms an' run I been so glad he not freeze dead. But bym-by I mek heem walk foh to save hees life, foh he been 'most stiff, an' de pore lil t'ing cry an' ory till mah heart ache. But bym-by, w'en he gin to git warm, I sit down an feed heem mah supper, an' he eat an' stop cryin' an' feel good.

"Meester, I been so glad to see dat

lil boy I forget to watch de road, an' bym'by I got fraid we been los' in the greet white forest. De lil boy been so ve'y sleepy he cry an' beg me let heem lie down, an' w'en we foun' two greet pile lumber where de col' win' don' come, we creep in between 'em an' come, we creep in between 'em an' cuddie up foh lil res'; an' de babby he say hees lil prayers, an' go fas' sleep

dunno, w'en dere been no stars to lool

by. Long time we go on, stopping often foh to listen, but couldn't hear nuttin. Mah old meeasins give out, an' de ice cut mah foot till it make me limp, why-foh I not walk ve'y fas'. De lil boy he been so ve'y tired, I carry heem mos' de way till dark 'gin to fall—and heem cryin' foh hees mudder an' so hungry it mos' breek mah heart.

The young man, the father, was Gentral man was breek mah heart.

I hear wolves, jus' a lil cry lak a babby's voice, cumin' creepin' cross de snow.
No, meester, I am not 'fraid den. Why
de Lord let me fin' dat lil boy if He don'
want me save heem? Pretty soon I
hear de boom-boom of breekin' ice way down de reeber, so I nurry has as man feet can go, but t'ain' lak de wolves. Befoh dey cum we foun' lil hut where de trapper leave in fall, built wid big logs, strong an' tight, but de door been Anyway, I tak de babby in an'

mus' hear me.

"De wolves dey smell humans an' go
mad for taste of blood' but I get out mah kuife an' w'en one jump up close to de door, I slash an' cut heem bad, an' de res'lik lick hees blood an' kill heem. But dat wasn't nuff foh de hangry pack! Dey howl an' screech lak debils, an' de half breed cuttin' ice way down de reeber hear 'em an' cum up quick. He been 'fraid foh to use all hess shot foh fear oder wolves foller heem home, so he kill tree wolves an' scare de res' away till he can tek de babby an' carry heem off down de reeber.

"De ice have cut mah feet so bad I not walk fas' nuff foh de half-breed, an' I tell heem I wait in de hut till he tak de boy home an' sen' mah fader back foh me. He look scare an, try mek me come, but he have hurry foh fear de wolves kotch heem, an' so he lif' me up on the rafters so he wolves can't get me on the rafters so he wolves can't get me

an' leave me. "Bym'by de wolves cum back an tear an' crunch de dead wolves in jus'
'bout a meenit. Den dey howl an'
rush into de hut an' try clim' de wall foh to git me, de greet, hungry pack. Yes, meester, I been 'fraid lil while, but bym'by I stretch on mah stomach easylak, an' watch 'em lak dey been kittens; den I fall 'sleep. W'en I wake, mah fader been carryin' me home on hees

back."
"And then?" said the Hero very

softly.
"De lil boy's mudder nurse me lak
"De lil boy's mudder too, an' I ain't she been mah mudder, too, an' I ain't don nuttin' 'tall, foh de half-breed brung de babby home, meester.''

The man in the leather coat looked at the speaker, without visible emotion; then he turned to the Hero and said caimly: "Twas then he got his crookedness. He was in the worst fix I ever saw — his hands an' arm clawed an' ehewed by the wolves an' feet frozen to
the bone!"
"Huns, come here," said the sick

looked, first at the great awkward feet at the misshapen hands, then at the queer, homely, old young face. Then he took both the crooked hands in his

and pressed them hard. "You are the bravest lad I ever knew," said he in a voice of caressing tenderness. A sob rose in Hans' throat and a

strange, unaccustomed smile lighted his face for an instant, like a flash of sunlight upon dark, still water, revealing a glimpse of unsuspected beauty hidden in the depths of his mute heart. Then he drew his hands away and shuffled back to his place behind the stove.—

that glorious privilege, he must never forget that he receives his faith, not directly from Almighty God, but from the Church of Jesus Christ, actually mixture in the world. The Church is existing in the world. The Church like a person—a person who never dies—a living witness who was present when Christ went up to heaven, and is here to be seen and heard at this very day in which we are now living. There has been no interruption either of her existence or of the utterance of her message. * * * As each genera-tion of men has appeared in the world, she has been found ready to receive them and to instruct them in the name of Christ. And it is clear that, except the Incarnation itself, no fact of history or of human life could be more momentous for every generation than this uninterrupted living presence, this wonderful moral personality, whose shadow looms gigantic over all the course of these twenty Christian centuries. No man has any right to ignore her or to deny her. She is in the world, and a part of the world's great scheme. She stands for Christ's will, Christ's redeeming love and Christ's undying solicitude. To each individual soul of man and woman she is of essential concern. Happy are those who, from their tender years, have peacefully and thoroughly imbibed her teaching and learned their faith as from a mother's lips! Happy are those who, as life goes on, learn more and more — who, whilst they ever find fresh illumination in her daily utterances, appreciate her for what she is, and realize how significant an interference of God in earthly affairs is this creation of a visible organ of His Holy Spirit.

Our Hearts His,

till mornin'.

"Dere been only jus' a scrap of bread let' foh day lil boy an' he been so hungry he cry foh more. But he good chile. He stop cryin' w'en I tole heem hess mudder been waitin' for heem wit' nice good t'ings an' big fire foh heem warm heesself, so we start out, which way I May our gentle Jesus make our hearts

THE WORST PITFALL.

Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washing-

mos' breek mah heart.

"W'en we cum to de reeber, I t'ink eral Phil. Sheridan—"Fighting Phil," as he was called in those days. The General, the old friend, said:

"Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?" want me save heem? Pretty soon I hear de boom-boom of breekin' ice way down de reeber, so I hurry fas' as man feet, can go hat train' let de walls as man out. Their little mother is a wonderful woman, and worth a regiment of officers, John. I often think what pittalls are in waiting for my small brave soldiers, all through life. I wish I

gone. Anyway, I tak de babby in an' wrap heem in mah coat an' tell heem stay inside while I watch foh hees mudder an' keep de wolves out. Den I call an' call so loud, seem lak mah fader which will beset him the one most to be feared, what would it be ?"

General Sheridan leaned his head against the doorway, and said soberly "It would be the curse of strong drink Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, maybe full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor!
One of my brave soldier boys on the field, when he gave me his message to his mother, if he should be killed said: "Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one drink have I ever tasted." The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said: "General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city."

The Priest-Editor.

The priest-editor is the typical editor. He is a teacher in a dual capacity, accredited both by God and man. Because he is amenable to higher power and because he is never a mere hire-ling, he is far less liable to make a false step than is the layman and far more likely to recover himself if he do. Because he is in relationship so inti-mate with the mystic Sacrifice of the New Law he is incomparably more ready to comprehend and act up to the lesson of the Cross which is of the very essence of Christianity. Were the priest editor omnipresent we should not have to deplore so much Catholic backsliding, so many degrading alliances with so called religious liberalism, so much time-serving worship of the supremacy of the State. But it is the old, old fashion: the harvest is most ample: the laborers are few. We cannot have all our Catholic papers directly under the control of the Church. We cannot legislate for the greatest good but only for the least evil .- John Francis Waters, M. A., in Champlain

What Makes Life Worth Living?

"Is life worth living?" It depends entirely on what the life is. Some lives are not worth living as they are, but the fault rests with the men who live them. The drunkard's life is not worth living, but it is his own fault. The blasphemer's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The thief's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold-hunter's life is not

worth living; but it is his own fault. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Is such a life worth living? we die." Is such a life worth inving? No, for the beast does that. "Let us study dress and appearance." And is such a life worth living? No, for the peacock does that. "Let us laugh our sorrows out of the world." And is such a life worth living? No, for the chat-

The Church tolerates certain dances while she certainly must be aware that as St. Francis de Sales says, "the best of dances are bad," and as Rev. L. A. Lambert (in his translation of the Lambert (in his translation of the "Christian Father," p. 223) speaks of "the dangers which more or less accompany such entertainments." People, young and old, some of whom are never, or only very, very seldom, seen at Mass on Sunday flock to such places. Why? I always thought that it was especially at balls that the "dayli goes about like a rearing lion." devil goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

Why are married people, and young folks, and even priests allowed to hold and personally attend balls (during

Advent, even)? Dear Editor, I am a great reader of your paper. I trust you will help me over this stumbling block. I never took any stock in balls or dances of any kind, but my children insist on going to them, and I am filled with grief at seeing some very deplorable results of these balls in my family. They have formed acquain ances in these balls that will be the ruin of my

family.

Please give this query a corner in one of the columns of your invaluable paper and oblige. A SUBSCRIBER. St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 25, 1903.

[Dancing in itself is not wrong, not essentially wicked. If it were the Church would not tolerate it under any circumstances. But dancing is so frequently, nay, in modern social condi tions, is almost always so surrounded by circumstances that it becomes a centre of dangerous influences. Public dances, to which any one cau go who pays an entrance fee, are especially dangerous. They give opportunity to the pest-breeding profligate to make acquaintance with young and inexperienced people who would consider asso-ciation with him elsewhere as disreputable. Many a once good woman's blasted and ruined career may be traced to such public dances.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

GAINST THE VAIN JUDGMENTS OF MEN. However, he answered them some-times, lest his silence might give occasion of scandal to the weak.

Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a mortal man? To-day he is, and to morrow he appeareth no more.

Fear God, and thou shalt have no

need of being afraid of man. What can any one do against thee by his words or injuries? He rather hurteth himself than thee; nor can he, bever he be, escape the judgment of

See thou have God before thine eyes, and do not contend with complaining

words; And if at present thou seemest to be overcome and to suffer a confusi which thou hast not deserved, do not repine of this and do not lessen thy crown by impatience; but rather look up to Me in heaven. Who am able to deliver thee from all confusion and wrong and to repay every one according to his works.

Catholics Who Set a Bad Example.

Says the Review of St. Louis: "The Church has a right to complain of those laymen, who, better instructed and enjoying some prominence as well as influence among their fellows, choose to send their sons and daugh-ters to colleges where the teaching is non-Catholic, and the whole atmos phere irreligious. Not only do they thereby discredit their own Church and its institutions of learning, but they recklessly endanger the souls for whom they are directly responsible to Almighty God, while their example leads other souls into the same danger.

Archbishon Bruchesi's Mother.

A very touching incident took place at the dinner which followed the religious ceremony in connection with the 25th anniversary of the ordination of Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal. When the numerous clergy present had taken their places at the table, His Grace entered the dining -room accompanied by his venerable mother, whom he placed to his right, and the touching occurrence was greeted with rounds of applause.

THE BLOOM OF HEALTH.

Little children always need careful attention-but they do not need strong drugs. When any ailment comes they should not be drugged into insensibility with the so-called "soothing" medicines, nor should they be given strong nauseous, griping purgatives. The very best medicine in the world for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, colds, simple fevers and teething troubles is Baby's Own Tablets. If your little ones suffer from any of If your little ones suffer from any of these troubles give them the Tablets and see how quickly they will bring back the bloom of health. Give the back the bloom of health. Give the little ones an occasional dose of the Tablets and you will keep them well. Mrs. Robt. Hanna, Elgin, Ont., has proved the truth of these statements and says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the best remedy for indigestion and teething troubles." The Tablets cost 25 cents a box, and may be had from druggists or by mail from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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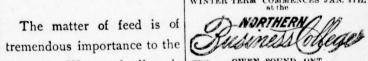
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