MAY 10, 1902.

one woman I would choose. I reverence

and admire her, we are congenial in our

tastes, and she would have my undivided

a moment. Disdier held out his hand to Daretti. "The world has not yet

to Daretti. The world has not yet spoiled you," he said, "though it is trying its best to do so. Your wife will be a happy woman. I appreciate the compliment to my Catalina that you should

shoose her from among so many others,

for if report speaks true you have many opportunities of choosing far more favorably from a worldly point of view. I

have told you what my strong feeling is in the matter—that it had best end here. It is not for her good at the pre-

that he has a mother to support and tw

Adriano returned homeward thorough-

piano. Adriano could not but reproach himself for his lack of observation. Here was Casimir, who cared more than

have had the first chance. How blind and stupid and selfish he had been

"Adriano, come here and try this aria from the 'Queen of Sheba.'"

"I cannot sing," said Adriano, crossly. It jarred on his feelings that Casi-

"Just try it over to please me!"

"But it is a tenoraria!
"I will transpose it for you."
"That would ruin it. It needs the tenor timbre. Good heavens, man!
Do you think I feel like singing at such

stool an angry kick that sent it flying across the room. Then he fell to pacing

the floor in irritable, gloomy silence.
"One must feel well and free from care

and began improvising in tender minor from the theme. The heart-weariness

of the lover, who recognizes in the woman he loves the betrothed bride of

his king, sighed through every harmony. Adriano was touched, his spirit

Then he felt a pair of strong arms round

his shoulders.
"Adriano! Let me go! You are a

very bear for hugging, and my ribs are

just half a tone lower. It goes no higher than A, and I ought to be able

The willing accompanist bent his skilful fingers to the task. Adriano

roused himself to his utmost and threw

across the music-desk and bent his head

ulex straightened up and looked

sadly into his face. Then the two men

put their arms round one another and each held the other very close. And

that was all the confidence that passed

The moment of separation came at

last s such moments must. Teodoro faceu it with sullen desperation. It

"It never can be the same," he pre-

dicted, gloomily.

For once in her life her tongue failed

her, and Espiritu had nothing to say.

dreadful for words.

was suddenly dumb. It was too

Madame Valorge and Adriano moved

a little aside that the children might say to each other all that was in their

hearts without being overheard, but they simply stood and looked at each

other in silent misery, the tall thin lad

and the little plump fairy of a girl. The blue eyes met the brown, and there

Good-bye, dear Espiritu; re-

member your big brother sometimes," and he stooped and kissed her cheeks,

what seems so hard now.'

"Carissimo Casimiro, transpose that

not made of iron

and lonely!"

ment?" and Adriano gave the foot-

oulex played the noble aria softly,

air could think of operas at such a

towards this dear, faithful friend!

itself."

rough exterior."

to sing.

We will let the future take care

He glanced curiously at

10 1902.

esirable attachite marriages; case, it was ince the Dis-ne state of his chly, and were on his character, encouraged the reason to hope ccepted without se. He walked oulevards, with a ry smile for his He was conand good looks, fine bearing, the in its simplicity

He was cones turned upon
utter in feminine the gilded youth n vain to catch reless grace and inimitable step. nature that to all this silent fresh and swee to him or fuller

r voice, with a n an instant He would seize self as a suitor for turn in the park,

oon?"
o do so," said the
"I was turning ompany tempts me genial mood, and

beautiful paths in shine. It surprised happy this sudden ent destiny made he friendship, the ongenial marriage more desirable exactly with Catarather indistinct his own mind who hings to him. He ce them as they upon their charac-what sort of wives

rned to go home ating heart, Adrihe moment to speak

case in a manly, on. He could not e gour daughter," reat sincerity, that d to make her his r permission to try
n. To his surprise,
greatly disturbed.
eted, indeed, that
uld need to be perand tenderly per-never for an instant hat he should meet from her father or he had presented r Disdier without a

this—truly sorry for blete surprise to me, you any encourage-very young, and she a career for which and in which she is I do not wish her ed Adriano. "On

ld aid her in it." id her. I have seen c marriages," said "The artistic temt shines in domestic nature, which lives ves, does not permit d speaking fact that nhappiness than any

not a little irate at opera-singers, Adriup to his full height in a very theatrical

candals as there are perty sooner, as the characters and the no privacy in their ed, rather haughtily. enor Disdier, if I say generalizations. To and of good breedis and of good breed ratic stage has given trust that in this inu know your daughd you have professed

said Disdier, more is for both your sakes o keep apart. If you rartistic career uny domestic life at the outside of your pro atalina is to fulfil her e will never be satis-made the effort to do not marry at all till wenty-five years old. k-master—she cannot y and do her duty to he same time. She is her studies, and has I do not wish to dis-

th questions of mati-Neither do I think will cause you great If I understand men u are not in love with

and flushed uncom-

fortably. "I do not love any one else, for good or for evil, senor," he replied. "I find myself for the first time in a position to marry. I desire to establish, myself, to have a wife and a home. Your lovely and gifted daughter is the sea woman I would choose. I revergence though it were half your kingdom. Come, Tedi, what are you going to ask for ?"

Madame Valorge drew nearer the little group and smiled indulgently upon them. Adriano listened in some curiosity for Teodoro's latrequest.

Teodoro still gazed earnestly at his ttle princess in silence. Then a light little princess in silence. and she would have my undivided allegiance. I trust that in time she would learn to find her happiness and love in her husband, as I am confident of finding mine in her."

They were approaching the busy They were approaching the busy streets now and both men stood still for streets now and still for s

It was very still in the little room. The man and woman listening felt themselves grow pale and tremble. Why should youth think of death?

And Espiritu Santo bent towards him, and whispered, "I promise," and and kissed him on the forehead. At last he stumbled to his feet. There was no use prolonging the misery, but even in his misery he did not forget his manners. He bowed low before Ma-dame Valorge and kissed her hand, murmuring in a choked voice words of gratitude and farewell. She embraced

him affectionately and tearfully.

God preserve and keep you! God give His angels charge over you to keep Adriano a moment as they were parting, then added, hesitatingly: "I had not expected this from you, but I had not expected this from you, but I had thought it possible of your friend." "Not Choulex!" exclaimed Adriano. "Perfectly," replied the other. "He has given me to understand, however, you in all your ways!" she said, fer-vently, and he bent his head to the blessing. Then he moved slowly to the door. On the threshold he turned again and held out his hands to Espir-itu. She sprang to his side and their younger brothers to educate, and it will be many years before he is in a position to marry. But I wish him well. He is a fine, substantial fellow, with all his

"I have done the child injustice," thought Adriano "I feared she did not care for him as deeply as he cared for her, for she always seemed equally ly out of sorts with the world and with himself. As usual, Choulex was at the piano. Adriano could not but reproach self-possessed and joyous whether he came or went. But now she has been absolutely dumb for full five minutes, and I recognize that it can be no ordinary emotion that would produce such an e could for Catalina, and ought to

And now Teodoro had groped his And now Teodoro had groped his way to the door and through the ante-room. Adriano, with a hasty adieu to Madame Valorge, followed, and the orphans closed behind them the door of the home that had been so lovingly opened to them.

'It will never be just the same again," said Teodoro, lifting sad eyes to "It will never be just the s

again," echoed Adriano, gazing into the future with troubled look. TO BE CONTINUED.

MAY-DAY IN OLD ENGLAND.

A Study.

BY NORA RYLMAN

Once on a time, when I was a little child, I was passing through an old, old town at Maytime. It had been raining; there were rain-drops on the petals of the spring flowers—on the pale, rath primroses, the stately auri-

pale, rath primroses, the stately autrelias, and the soldier-like tulips; on all the summer heralds, in fact.

The arc of promise spanned the sky; the ancient, time-worn buildings looked what country folk term "freshened grew quieter, and his eyes filled with tears. Was there ever anything so delicious, so soulful, as Casimir's divine Choulex wandered on, playing his heart out in exquisite modulations.

All was fair and beautiful. One felt that "summer was a cumin," as

Chaucer puts it.

Down the road came a moving mass of greenery, all decked with flowers and shaped like unto a beehive; round it danced men and women, twirling tame bourines, singing May songs. It was "Jack o' the Green," with his courtiers, it was a bit of Old England, merry, Catholic, Tudor England, sandwiched as it were into modern life. When I think of this scene my thoughts

his whole imagination and sympathy and artistic resource into the heart-

carrying offerings to her shrines; young mothers naming new-born babies over them.

Adriano stooped tenderly over him.

Casimir, he whispered, I suspect
we have both of us had something to
make our hearts feel a little despondent after her in great temples, sweet, cool, stately, dim. tately, dim. . . . . Let us for a moment leave the hurly-

burly; let us imagine ourselves in tha England in which the "O Salutaris used to ring through the narrow

was in Maytime (if I remember rightly) that the Archbishop Thomas a Becket came back from banishment in France to his See of Canterbury, and made that famous truimphal progress

to his own cathedral city. The poor, the halt, the oppressed were glad to welcome him whom Cæsar was all a terrible blank beyond, a dull, hopeless blank, and no promises of future meeting brought him any consolahated! Lazarus entreated his blessing: Rizpah found consolation in his benignant smile. Children strewed bluebells, primroses, cowslips before him.

The mule of the man before whom loomed martyrdom trod on flowers.

And, when he had witnessed a good confession and been raised to the altars

of the Church, Maytime was a season in which hundreds of pilgrims flocked to pilgrims flocked to his shrine. Merchants and nobles, kings and princes, men from green and pleasant places, and from outlandish pleasant places, and from outlandish parts over sea, all had something to ask of the good St. Thomas. And numbers came in May, when the hedges were in leaf and the merle and mavis sang.

Once the Emproper Chesles of Section

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain was no hope in either gaze.
"I trust I am doing right. I trust it is for the best," murmured Adriano, is for the best," murmured Adriano, And the old chroniclers tell us, also, And the old chroniclers tell us, also, apologetically.
"I believe you are," responded Madame Valorge. "Life must go on, and we cannot retard everything to keep a little pain from our children, who are themselves passing on with the world. They will be stronger in the future for what seems so had now."

that he "went a-Maying with Queen Katrine." Even in the eyes of the non-Catholic, the pre-Reformation Henry, scholarly, kind, genial, the huskeeping innocent woodland feasts, must be a more noble figure than the postbe a more noble figure than the post-Reformation Henry, the wine-bibbler, "I hope so—I hope so," assented Adriano, and then he stepped towards the children. "We must go now, the lascivious, toying with wanton women, watching the smoke of martyrs'

There was no Maytime for Henry the pyres. Eighth after he left the Church : " only from which all the pretty pink color had fled. She was very, very white and a horror of great darkness and of deso-

wherein the Franciscans first settled). In faithful times there was "The Crow-nin' of Our Ladye of Walsinghame." The country-folk brought garlands, and crowned the noble statue over the gate-way of the abbey. Surely Heine's lines from "The Pilgrimage to Kerlaar" apply also to these pilgrimages:

"The Mother of Christ at Kerlaar Is crowned and robed to day; To day she must succor many, For many have come to pray. Many came hither en crutches Who since the dance have icd; Many can play the viol Whose flagers before were dead."

The fisher left his creel and asked The fisher left his creek and the "Star of the Sea" to guide his little boat; the monarch prayed her to guide him safely through life's tempestious sea.

Mothers in sandstone and rubble cots who was also our Ark; and in Mary's

apply to this house also:

And this house is now an ale-house With a nicely sanded floor,"

But it still bears its old title of "The Pilgrim's Rest."

In past times it was an hostel for pilgrims, and its oaken staircase has been trodden by hundreds of weary

Where are they now, those pilgrims? Crowns for the faithful, for weary ones rest."

Ah, let us hope that these old Maytime palmers have found the crown and the rest "that remaineth" in the House of Eternal Rest, have beheld the Mother of Jesus crowned with stars, have gazed on the Beatific Vision, and been satisfied!"—Rosary Magazine.

## THE SAINT OF IMPOSSIBLE

di Cascia, a small village in Umbria, in the year 1381, of respectable and pious, though not wealthy parents. The child was born when her parents were advanced in years, and came as an answer to their fervent prayers. In her child-hood the girl was distinguished for gentleness and docility. She never could be induced to ornament her person as young girls liked to do, and she was allowed finally to dress as simple as she pleased. She took great delight in was allowed finally to dress as simple as she pleased. She took great delight in Rita replied that she would like her passing hours in adoration before the friend to go again into the garden Blessed Sacrament. Obedience and charity were her characteristics. Her parents' wish was law, and she de-lighted to invent ways of helping the sick and the poor of her native village.

When eleven years old she felt strong-ly attracted to the contemplative life. Her parents refused to allow her to enter the Augustinian Convent near her home, as they had other designs for her. Their increasing infirmities com-pelled her to devote a good deal of time to them. With all humility and readiness she accepted the will of God, and stifled her longings for the cloister, not, however, renouncing her intention, but praying for patience and resigna-tion to wait the hour when God would enable her to follow her vocation. Alarmed by her persistence, her parents resolved upon her marriage, and chose for her husband a young man of good family and comfortable property called Ferdinand. The young girl yieldblinded with tears. Surely the world had never heard such singing—so manly, so thrillingly tender, so gloriously rich, so grandly sorrowful! Was there ever any one like Adriano—so gifted, so lovable, so loving? A sthe song ceased, Choulex threw his arms across the music-desk and bent his head religion. He overwhelmed her with abuse and ill-usage. She accepted all with perfect submission, and by her gentleness and sweetness finally were out his ill-temper, so that one day he threw himself upon his knees before her, imploring her forgiveness. Her two sons inherited their father's irascible temperament; and proved a con-

tinual anxiety to their holy mother. Her biographers tell us that in spite of continual provocation she would never allow anyone to speak of her sufferings, but would change the subject quickly whenever the conversation drifted in that direction. After eight-teen years of married life her husband was barbarously murdered by an old enemy, who took him unawares and un-armed. Rita sorrow at the death of her husband, dying without any religious consolation, was increased by the fury displayed by her sons, whose minds with thoughts of revenge. Her entreaties proving vain, she finally besought the Lord to take her boys unto Himself, rather than allow them to commit the grave wrong they contemplated Hea prayer was answered; her two boys were seized with a very serious illness, and although tenderly and de votedly nursed by their mother, expired within a few days of each other, strengthened with the last Sacraments of the Church.

Freed from all obligations to the

world, Rita sought entrance into relig-ion, but thrice she was refused, since the nuns declared they never accepted widows. Her admission was finally brought about by means of a miracle. One night while Rita was praying she heard her name called, while some one knocked at the door. Seeing no one band of one wife, kneeling before the shrine of the purest of Mothers, keeping innocent woodland feasts, must the Baptist, St. Augustine and St. Nicholas. On their invitation she arose and followed one of them, who was no other than St. John the Baptist. She herself supernaturally at the found door of the monastery, which opened to receive, her and then instantly closed. still.

"Now say good-bye to Teodoro, and tell him, like the princess in the story, to ask some favor which you will grant,

"East Anglia (that eastern sea-board when the nuns came down for Matins they were astonished to find Rita in their chapel praying. Their astonishment was increased when she ishment was increased when she modestly and simply gave them the minus came down for Matins they were astonished to find Rita in their chapel praying. Their astonishment was increased when she modestly and simply gave them the muns came down for Matins they were astonished to find Rita in their chapel praying. Their astonishment was increased when she modestly and simply gave them the muns came down for Matins they were astonished to find Rita in their chapel praying. Their astonishment was increased when she modestly and simply gave them the nuns came down for Matins they were astonished to find Rita in their chapel praying. Their astonishment was increased when she modestly and simply gave them the nuns came down for Matins they were astonished to find Rita in they were astonished to find Rita in they were astonished to find Rita in their chapel praying. Their astonishment was increased when she modestly and simply gave them the nuns came down for Matins they were astonished to find Rita in their chapel praying. Their astonishment was increased when she modestly and simply gave them the nuns came down for Matins in their chapel praying.

This book will be held as a notable addition to that which is purest and the praying their chapel praying. Their astonishment was increased when she provided the praying the praying the praying the praying the praying the praying that the praying the pra

account of her miraculous entrance. She was instantly clothed in the novice's habit. She was then thirty years old. In the convent she was allowed the she was allowed to be she distinguished by her great charity. She observed a religious silence in speaking of other people unless some good might be done by words of advice and warning. She was constant in her visits to the sick and spreamful doing all she could to sorrowful, doing all she could to strengthen the weak and console the afflicted. In order to try her, the Abbess one day ordered her to water daily a dead tree in the garden of the monastery. Rita obeyed without question, and the result of her obedience was shown in the recovery of the tree. She practiced extreme poverty and was allowed to exceed the nuns in the austerity and rigor of her penances. The favorite subject of meditation with her was Our Lord's Passion. A sermon once preached to joy all rejoiced.

In that old world town of which I have already written stands a red sandstone building, with hooded windows and gabled front.

In that old world town of which I crowning with Thorns so greatly impressed her that she implored Our Lord to allow her to share in this particular suffering. Her prayer was heard, and I am sorry to say that Longfellow's one of the thorns from the crown on the lines in reference to the sometime house of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, she was at that moment kneeling, became suddenly detached and fastened itself so deeply in her forehead that she could not remove it. The wound be-came worse and gangrene set in, while the odor emanating from it compelled her to remain almost entirely in her own cell and alone for fifteen years. When Pope Nicholas V. proclaimed the Jubilee in 1450 the Abbess refused permission for Rita to go with the nuns to make the Jubilee at Rome on account of the wound in her forehead. Another miracle then happened. At Rita's prayer all trace of the thorn At this s prayer an trace of the thorn has disappeared, rejoicing she was en-abled to join her companions in their pious journey, which was undertaken on foot, and which she followed with joy in spite of her age. On her return

to the monastery the wound reappeared and continued until her death. 1453 she was seized with a fatal illne and passed four years of continual suffer THINGS.

Little is known in this country of the Augustine nun, St. Rita, lately canonized in Rome; yet so important is her life that its details cannot fail to be interesting.
St. Rita was born in Rocca Porrena di Cascia, a small village in Umbria, in bring her two ripe figs. The lady never hesitated this time, and going straight to the garden found two ripe figs, which, with great joy, she instant-

ly took to Rita.

Three days before her death Rita had a vision of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, who announced that within three days her suffering in this world would be over and that she would enjoy ong illness had caused them. uns through their tears implored her plessing, which she was compelled to give them, promising to recommend each one to Our Lord. She died May 20, 1457, in her 76th year, and the 44th

of her religious profession.

Marvelous events followed her death.
One Sister saw a vision of angels conducting her to Paradise. At the moment of her death the great bell of the monastery rung of itself. Her cell was silled with a worden light, and the heavy illed with a wonder light, and the body itself not only showed a supernatural beauty, but the wound of the thorn in the forehead was not only healed but emitted the most wonderful perfume, together with a special light. The body was publicly exposed in the Monastery Church, and a relative of hers, who was erippled with par-alysis, was instantly cured by merely touching the flesh of the Saint. Endless miracles followed; the blind re-ceived their sight, the dumb the power of speech, the deaf that of hearing; and authentic proofs of all these miracles were obtained by the authorities and are preserved to this day. In a little book published by the press of the Propagation of the Faith of Rome, upwards of one hundred are recorded, of which thirty occurred in 1896. Rita's body remains incorruptible, and the sweetest odor has emanated from it whenever it has been canonically examined. Another wonderful factin connection with the body is that although Rita died at the age of seventysix her body possesses the beauty and youthful appearance of a girl twenty ears old.

Urban VIII. declared her Blessed on

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ESPIRITU SANTO.

#### STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

We must confess to some sympathy with those of the gentler sex who have misused bright minds. The sphere of a woman's life being necessarily more limited than that of a man, she has not so wide a choice of occupation or amuse-ment. This often causes women who ment. are naturally capable of considerable mental exertion to use their powers in an inordinate and unnatural degree. They choose some peculiar occupation, into which they throw all their energy with such force that they become not with such force that they become not only hard and masculine in manner, but eccentric and (what is so thoroughly repulsive to a man), "strong minded." The reputation for strength of mind is no real compliment to a woman, for it is only another and more polite way of in-timating that the strength is in the wrong direction. Her talents and energies being confined within narrow limits, the susceptibilities become blunted and deadened, interest in the passing events of life ceases, and we may look in vain for that inexpressible charm which throws so bright a halo round the presence of an accomplished and truly feminine woman. The members of the gentler sex, whose habits and tastes form a striking contrast to those of their sterner sisters, often, alas! fall into the opposite, though not less hurtful, extreme. Not being pos-sessed of sufficient force of character to take up any really intellectual pursuit, and being easily influenced by any unusual excitement, they rest their hopes of happiness on such slight foundations that when these fail them, they have no power to rally. The vacant minded broods over trifles for sheer want of occupation; inaction produces a feeling of fatigue, which induces a desire for soll tude; solitude soon gives way to melancholy, and a general weariness of exist-ence makes the sufferer only too glad to embrace any chance of relief. Hence arise ill-assorted marriages, melancholia and divorce.—American Herald.

#### IMITATION OF CHRIST.

But, because I am as yet weak in love and imperfect in virtue, therefore do I stand in need of being strengthened and comforted by thee. For this reason

visit me in thy holy discipline. Free me from evil passions and heal my mind of all disorderly affections; that being healed and well purified in my interior, I may become fit to love,

courageous to suffer and constant to persevere. Love is an excellent thing, a great good indeed; which alone makes light

all that is burdensome, and equally bears all that is unequal. For it carries a burden without being burdened: and it makes all that, which

is bitter, sweet and savoury. The love of Jesus is noble and generous, it spurs us on to do great things, and excites us to desire always that which is more perfect.

"We admonish those Catholics who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, that they seriously consider how many and how great are the dangers and occasions of sin which surround would be over and that she would enjoy the glories of Paradise. When dying Rita humbly asked the forgiveness of the nuns for the bad example she had given them and for all the trouble her that the state of the sta the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore

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>
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