" And what is it, Lanty ?"

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is in the ckle-shell here goes vale. itting and ok down at ay I niver ; "there and white atle t girl

nd raised pport her gaze down low, when ering fish from the before his and then, t a single confounded and swam asy of deed Lanty,

t the pipe rved, and t. "Well t. "Well my gallant e!—that's blundering sh in that south-east half hour round the y down al-wept past, bring her estranger. tention of ncivil be-refused to hand, she e opposite t of behind

ibe it, the pearing as in a pangazed after le boat as see if any fiture, dis-lishing rod, ly on his ty, buttone he goes, hen roost. ck, I pray!

cast a line must be off l coax Mr. for Uncle le Jerry! Jerry. E you're for was as free acle Jerry, ite, every s you find

arley," reand on her e earnestly at, for the ve one kind-r one kind-fine ould that man mot that you plain-ourse to me l it full o' l it in my

'responded nighty big n. E' thin as to ax yer e powerful isins," re-

harm to me But I don't ing wrong ehow when ark spot in

him somewhere that the bright light

niver reached yit, Else."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman, looking sharply at her companion;
"you suspect him of something?"

"I do."

"And what is it, Lanty?"
"I can't tell; it's a mysthery to myself. But he has that in his eye that's not lucky. What brings him down here so often, I'd like to know?"
"Why troutfishin, av coorse—what else?" replied his companion.
"Pshaugh! nonsense. Else Curley; you can't run 'Donal' on me that way, cute and all as ye are. That man don't care a brass farthin for the best fishin in Donegal, from Onea River to Malin in Donegal, from Onea River to Malin Head. I see it in his very motions. There's not a dhrap o' sportman's blood

in his body."

"O, no! not a dhrap, because he don't go into the doldrums, like Uncle Jerry, at every fin he sees rising above the water. Humph! pity but he wud."

"The fish he's after don't live in wather, Else Curley, and you know it," said Lanty, laying his finger on the old woman's shoulder, and whispering the words into her ear.

"Ay, in troth, jist yourself, Else, and sorra much iv a parish wondher it id be aither, some o' these days, if it turned out that he was trying to buy one Else Curley o' the 'Cairn' to bait his hook for him into the bargain."

The old woman endeavored to look astonished at the accusation, but there was a faint smile in the corner of her mouth, she could not entirely suppress. A stranger would possibly have called it a contortion of the lips; but Lanty Hanlon was an old acquaintance, and knew her better.

knew her better.

"You needn't try to consale it, Else," replied Lanty, "for do yer best you cudn't consale it from me. I know ye too well, ould woman. There's a sacret about that man and the Lees, and no mortal in this neighborhood knows it but yerself.'

sacret! tut, you're dhramin," "A sacret! tut, you're duranin, replied Else, turning away and laying her thumb on the latch of the door; "a secret, indeed! arrah, what in the wide world put that in yer head?"

'The fairies." "Indeed, then, Mr. Hanlon, one id think ye come from that same respectable stock yerself, ye know so much more nor yer neighbors," retorted

"Well, good evenin, Else Curley. I must go, for I've business to do, and I find my company's growin troublesome, besides. But take a word of warnin before I start. If yer bent on makin money out iv this stranger, and if he's money out it this stranger, and it he swillin to spend it ton you and yer sacrets, well and good; I'm content But listen to me, Else. Make the laste offer to thrifle wid a sartin person you know of,—say but a wrong word—breathe but a single bad breath, was it as low as the single bad breath, was it as low as the very weasel's—and my hand on my conscience, Else Curley, from that minute I'll forget that we were iver acquaint, and my vengeance will purshue ye till

and my vengeance will pursue ye that the clay covers ye."

"Why, the heavens presarve us, Lanty Hanlon; what d'ye mane? You cudn't think!'d betray—"

"Think!" repeated Lanty; "well, no matter what I think; I've said my card, and again, wishing, her fair

no matter what I think; I ve said my say;" and again wishing her fair thoughts and a pleasant evening, he turned from the door.

"Ah, the ould schamer," he muttered to himself, as he jerked his black.

thorn under his arm, and tossed his rabbit-skin cap on the side of his head once more, "the ould schamer, she'd betray, the Pope if the bribe was big enough. And still she loves her—av coorse she does—and small blame to her aither; for there's no Christian crathur iver saw God's good light that shouldn't iver saw God's good light that shouldn't love her; and after all, I b'lieve in my conscience she's the only livin thing, barring ould Nannie, she iver did love before, in her life. But love her or hate her, there's one small raisin she can't harm her, and that's just thister there's a sartin Misther Lanty Hanlon, iv these parts, won't let her—even set in case she'd be wicked enough to thry it. So, rattle away, Lanty; the world's big enough for ye—ay, and good enough, too, ye thief, if ye only go through it as ye ought, with a stout least each as heat of the crowd as you do,"

In her lurs and velvets, and even to last and even to ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, isn't it?"

"No doubt, no doubt, "agreed Maria Dolores, beginning to pace backwards and forwards over the lichen-stained and forwards over the lichen-stained marble pavement (stained as by the hand of an artist, in wavy veins of yellow or pale green, with here and there was a great favorite in his diocese. He knew ever arranged in two lines against the larger part of those present wall. They were mostly of the working class, although some were fashionably dressed. There were many priests, monks and students among them, and the larger part of those present should not like to kneel quite in the here are covered with these inscriptions. It is a unique collection; less the arms, studded with miles of wall area covered with these inscriptions. It is a unique collection; and along the base on either side are involved are accorred with these inscriptions. It is a unique collection; where a covered with these inscriptions. It is a unique collection; where a covered eart and an honest conscience. Don't fear, my boy; ye have neither hous or land, cow or calf, penny or purse, and who cares!—ye have clothes on yer back, strength in yer arm, a heart without spot or flaw in it, and wid the essing o' God to back ye, what more d'ye want? So dance away, Lanty, and as ye hop through the figures, don't forget to keep your eye on the fiddler" and thus the reckless, light-hearted fellow tripped along the glen, still singing the old ditty as he went:

"The Sassanach villains—de il tare them!— They stripped us as bare as the 'poles;" But there's one thing we just couldn't spare

them— The 'Kidug' that covers our souls. Right fol de lol oi," &c. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE QUESTION-BOX ANSWERS.

BY BEV. BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C. S. P

Catholic Book Exchange. Father Bertrand Conway has collected from many sources the questions pro-posed by non-Catholics at the missions the enterprising Paulist Fathers to those earnest soekers after truth who are outside the true Fold of Christ. These questions cover the entire field of religious truth, and deal not merely with dogmas as such, but with many points of history and of church discipline. The answers are, in the very large majority of cases com-plete and conclusive. It is no exaggeration to say that every Catholic and every non-Catholic in the Englishspeaking world will find the book both interesting and instructive, and we trust that the leading members, both among clergy and laity, will spread the book generously and unsparingly.—

#### JOHN'S LITTLE LESSON.

THE PERSISTENT ATTENTION OF THE OLD DOPPELGAENER.

By Henry Harland.

Of course there are no such heretical inventions as pews in the parish church of Sant' Alessina. You sit upon the orthodox rush-bottomed chairs, you kneel upon orthodox bare stones. But at the epistle side of the altar, at an elevation of perhaps a yard from the pavement, there is a recess in the wall, enclosed by a marble balustrade and hung with faded red curtains, which looks, I'm afraid, a good deal like a private box at a theater, and is in fact the tribune reserved for the masters of the castle. In former days those masters were the Sforzas. So, from this By Henry Harland.

ters were the Sforzas. So, from this tribune, the members of that race of iron and blood, of fierceness and of guile, have assisted at the mystical sacrifice of the Lamb of God! Heretofore, during John's residence at the presbytery, the tribune had stood vacant. To day it was occupied by Maria Dolores and Frau Brandt. Maria Dolores, instead of wearing a hat, had adopted the ancient and beautiful use of draining a long year of these large.

adopted the ancient and beautiful use of draping a long veil of black lace over her dark hair.

John knelt in the middle of the church in the thick of the ragged, dirty, unsavory villagers. When Mass was over, he returned to the cloisters, and there, face to face, he met the lady of his dreams.

of his dreams. She graciously inclined her head.
"Good morning," she said, smiling, in
a voice that seemed to him full of morn-

ing freshness.

"Good morning," he responded, wondering whether she could hear the tremor of his heart. "Though, in honest truth, it's rather a bad morning. isn't it?" he submitted, posing his head at an angle, dubious and reflective, that seemed to raise the question to a

level of philosophic import.

"Oh, with these cloisters, one shouldn't complain," said she, glancing indicatively around. "One can still be out of doors, and yet not get the wetting one deserves. And the view is so fine, and these faded old frescoes are so droll."

"Yes," said he, his wits, for the instant, in a state of suspended animation, "the view is fine, the frescoes are droll." She looked as if she were thinking

about something.
"Don't you find it," she asked, after

a moment, with the slightest be-puzzled drawing together of her eyebrows, "a trifle unpleasant, hearing Mass from where you do?"

John looked blank.
"Unpleasant? No. Why?" he

asked. "I should think it might be disagree-

"You are a delicate and sensitive woman," he reminded her. "I am a man, and a moderately tough one. However, I must admit until rather recently. The description of the sensitive works and the sensitive works are sensitive. enousyer, I must admit until rather re-cently, I had your feeling. But I got a lesson." He broke off, and gave a vague little laugh, vaguely rueful, as at a not altogether pleasant reminis-

What was the lesson?" she asked. "Well," said he, "if you care to know, it was this. The first time that I attended Mass here, desiring to avoid the people, I sought out a far corner of the church, behind a pillar, where there was no one. But as I had got myself well established there, up bobbed a deformed and lame old man, and plumped himself down beside me, so close that our coat sleeves touched. I think he was the most repulsive looking old man I have ever seen; he was certainly the dirtiest, the grimiest, and his rags were extravagantly foul. I will spare you a more circumstantial portrait. And all through the Mass I was sick with disgust and sore with resentment. Why should he come and rub his coat-sleeve against mine, when there was room in

plenty for him elsewhere? "The next time I went to church I choose a different corner, as remote as m ght be from my former one; but again, no sooner was i well installed, than, lo and behold, the same unspeakable old man limped up and knelt with me, cheek by jowl. And so, if you can believe it, the next time, and so the next. It didn't matter where I placed myself, there he was sure to place him-self, too. You will suppose that, apart from my annoyance, I was vastly per-plexed. Why should he pursue me so? Who was he? Who was he after? And enlightenment, I addressed myself to Annunziata, 'Who is the hideous old to sponsibility. Finally there was a sponsibility of the contrary and a prolonged H-hu-u u us-s-s-h-h-h was passed down the line a third of a mile, for that is Donohoe's Magazine.

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There seems to be no art of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done.—Swift.

See Bad not noticed anyone asked her. She had not noticed anyone kneeling beside me, she said; she had not noticed anyone the said; she had not noticed anyone asked her. She had not noticed anyone through the said; she had not noticed anyone the stream of the discretion. It will prodoc Lips.—Ds Sota, the line a third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for the purpose of discovering the light of the corridor.

There seems to be no art of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done.—Swift.

So we went to Mass, and sure enough no crowd which told us that His Holiness which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely a versual content.

The WILL PROLOGO LIPS.—Ds Sota, the stream of the digestion.

It will prologo the discovering the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for the went for the purpose of discovering the light of the corridor.

"Pretty soon we could see a group of glistening spears over the heads of the great of the digestion.

It will prologo Lips.—Ds Sota, the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at the unusers. The light of the corridor.

The provided me, she add down things and the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for the unusers. The light of the corridor.

The provided me, sale at the entrance, and a prologod down the contrary that I always th

sooner had I found a secluded place, than my old friend appeared and joined me, dirtier and more hideous, and if possible more deformed than ever.

"Yes?" said Maria Dolores, with interest, as he paused.

"When we came out of church I asked Appunging who he was." continued

Annunziata who he was," continued John. "And she said that though she John. "And she said that though she had kept her eyes open, according to my injunction, she had failed to see anyone kneeling beside me—that, on the contrary, she had seen me," he concluded, with an insouciance that was plainly assumed for its dramatic value, "kneeling alone, at a distance from everyone." from everyone.'

Maria Dolores' face was white. She frowned her mystification.
"What!" she exclaimed, in a half-

"What!" she exclaimed, in a half-frightened voice.
"That is precisely the ejaculation that fell from my own lips at the time," said John. "Then I gave her a minute description of the old man, in all his ugliness. And then she administered my lesson to me."

"Yes! What was it? questioned Maria Delegase her interest acute.

Maria Dolores, her interest acute.
"Speaking in that oracular vein of hers, her eyes very big, her face very grave, she assured me that my horrible old man had no objective existence. She informed me cheerfully and calmly that he was an image of my own soul, as it appeared corrupted and aged and deformed by the sins of a lifetime, to God and to the saints. And she added God and to the saints. And she added that he was sent to punish me for my pride in thinking myself different to the common people, and in seeking to hold muself aloof. "Since then," John brought his anecdote to a term. "I have always knelt in the body of the church and I have never again seen my Doppelgaenger."—"My Friend Prospero," in McClure's Magazine.

### A TOUCHING SIGHT.

A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE RECEPTION OF POPE PIUS X. TO HIS LOYAL CHILDREN OF VENICE—HE KNEW EVERY CHILD AND EVERY CHILD LOVED HIM BLESSES HIS OLD NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS.

William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald, gives a very graphic personal narrative of the picturesque occasion on which the Pope received his old friends from Venice, when they went down to Rome, two thousand strong, to see for themselves how "Don strong, to see for themselves how "Don Giuseppi," as they affectionately cali him, is getting on as Pope. The rail-ways gave them reduced rates, they brought a band of music and a choir or singers with them, and his Holiness made them a fatherly, neighborly speech from a platform, which had been erected in the court of Damascus, called after the thirty-ninth Pope, who reigned from 366 to 384 A. D.

"I should think it might be disagreeable to be hemmed in and elbowed by those extraordinarily ragged and dirty people," she explained. "It's a pity they shouldn't clean themselves up a little before coming to church."

"Ah, yes," he assented, "a little cleaning up wouldn't hurt them; that's very certain. But," he set torth, "it's not the custom of the country, and the fact that it isn't has its good significance as well as its bad. It's one of the most impressive and interesting spectacles of his life.

"Long before the hour appointed for the Pope to appear," he says, "the pligrims were conducted into the pligrims were conducted into the pligrims are conducted i cance as well as its bad. It's one of the many signs of how genuinely democratic and popular the Church is in Italy — as it ought to be everywhere. It is here essentially the Church of the people, the church of the people of t

> several delegates from organizations of the local churches of Venice—charitable and literary societies-which brought their banners and other objects to be blessed. Many had gifts in their hands, some had money in en-In their hands, some had money in envelopes, others little keepsakes, books, pieces of embroidery, caps, slippers and other remembrances for their beloved pastor. One lady dressed in deep mourning scored a triumph by bringing a white biretta, which his Holiness in a most amiable manner accepted in exchange for the one he was wearing. And she carried the old one away with an air of satisfaction that away with an air of satisfaction that no woman ever felt before. The Pope's sisters came with the crowd and stood with their former neighbors. They were dressed in plain black gowns, with cheap lace scarfs or mantillas over their heads and no one would have taken them for anything but what they are, honest, intelligent country women. But you can imagine how they must have felt when they Giuseppi in his saw their brother white robes surrounded by the guards

receiving the adoration of the people.
"There was perfect order. Swiss marcs were stationed at intervals along the line to keep the people in their places, and they scolded a good deal at those who became impatient and were running back and forth. It was a long wait, and it seemed much longer than it really was. We could hear the band outside in the court yard playing lively airs which were scarcely appropriate to a clergyman's Sunday reception. Several of the papal chamberlains were on duty—Romans of high rank in full evening dress, with white ties and nosegays in their buttonholes. One of them had a big gold chain around his neck

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gestion and Salt Rheum.

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W. H. Wedder

were there to protect. His snow-white hair was a good deal mussed and he looked tired, as if he had not slept well the night before.

the night before. But the affectionate tenderness with which he greeted his former parishioners was affecting. He stooped to shake hands with every one

he knew; he patted the children on the head and listened attentively to the messages that were repeated to him, and sometimes they brought tears into

his big eyes.
"Several Bishops were with him in
"Several Bishops but nobody saw

kisses. Many tried to follow him, but the four sediaria, or chair bearers, in

scarlet liveries, who closed in behind the Pope to protect him against any possible danger, pushed them rudely back, and the harsh voice of the captain of the Swiss guard could be heard

constantly commanding the people to be quiet and remain in line.

"The Pope was dressed in his usual

robes of white, with a big gold chain twice around his neck, from which a cross, at least six inches long and four

inches across the arms, studded with

FACTION.

Rome Correspondentthe Freeman's Journal.

Naples: "To-day at the cathedral were inaug-

urated the feasts on the occasion of the sixteenth centenary of the death of St. Januarius. The faithful proceeded in

pilgrimage from all the parishes to the Duomo. At 11 o'clock the phials con-

taining the blood of St. Januarius were

borne processionally from the Chapel of the Treasure of St. Japuarius to the

high altar, and, after five minutes, the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood took place amid the profound emotion

of the people. Afterwards a procession was formed in which Cardinal Prisco,

the clergy, the entire aristocratic depu-tation of St. Januarius and the Catho-

Here in Italy we take as a matter of

course the annual repetition of this

miracle, which has gone on for hundreds

lie associations took part.'

of years.

procure.

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diceases which have defied the m dical world and grown worse with age. We care
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Theo. Noel, Geologist. C. R. Dept. Yonge ST. Toronto, Ont.

was coming our way. He moved very slowly. Msgr. Della Chisa, his major domo, came first, with half a dozen chamberlains and gentlemen in wait-If I Don't Conquer a Failing. I must strive with all my heart to overcome -but if I do not succeed, not petulance, nor anger, not bitterness, but contrition, humility, and courage. ing, who cleared the way and pushed the crowd back into line, and was fol-lowed by three of the Swiss guards

clad in the extraordinarily fantastic uniform which is said to have been de-signed by Michael Angelo. They moved Let us not be content with avoiding sin, let us avoid also those things which at first sight appear indifferent, but little by little lead to sin.—St. John backward, with their long spears in their hands, and looked very fierce and formid-Chrysostom. able. There was a striking contrast between their medieval gorgeous-ness and the sweet gentleness of the beautiful old man whom they "Right is neither male nor female,

knows nothing about sex, and is one and the same thing in man and in woman." "What humanity wants most is not

money, but sympathy, comprehension, enlightenment, uplifting."

#### WAKEFUL BABIES.

No baby cries for the mene fun of the thing. It cries because it is not wellgenerally its little stomach is sour, its bowels, congested its skin hot and fev-erish. This is very often why babies are wakeful and make nights miserable for the parents. Relieve the little one "Several Bishops were with him in gorgeous purple robes, but nobody saw them. Every eye was fixed upon the benevolent face of the successor of St. Peter. Every knee bent as he approached, and every lip touched a big red stone set with pearls in his ring. It was too large and lusterless for a ruby, so we thought it might be a cornelian. Some of the women clung to his hands and covered them with kisses. Many tried to follow him, but and among these mothers is Mrs. James Farrell, Banberry, Ont., who says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones. My baby was cross and gave me a good deal of trouble, but since using the tablets I could not wish for a healthier or better natured child."

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THE WIND WAR WINDS

THE MIRACLE OF THE LIQUE. Italy is a strange country those days when practical Catholics are styled by their enemies with what is meant to be the opprobrious epithet of "clericals," while the former glory in the title of "anti-clericals." But even the most anti-clericals. But even the index anti-clerical of the anti-clericals some-times forget their animosity to religion, and only this evening (December 16) the Tribuna, which is a type of the species, published this telegram from

Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood. IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE ARE CURES.—Medical experiments have shown coaclusively that there are medicinal virtues to even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However this may be, it is well known that Parmele's Vegetable rills distilled from roots and there, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

IT WILL PROLONG LIFE.—D. Sota, the

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil-a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

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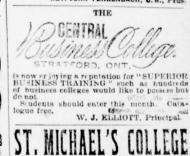
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