OUR SEPARATE SCHOOLS. (WESTERN DIVISION.)

THE PUPILS' GAZETTE.

No. V. Being a Series of Literary Specimens Written by Fourth Form Children.

Mors.—The following pieces are the result of a circular issued by the Inspector at the beginning of the present session. The cordial response universally given by both teachers and pupils is worthy of the highest commendation. It is confidently hoped that the experienced reader will allow to these juvenile authors the indulgence due their yet immature minds. The places are named in alphabetic order:

A Base Ball Game.

As an out-door game and a healthy exercise. I think base ball is the best that could be had for the summer months. To have the game played properly is to have nine men on each side, namely: the catcher, the pitcher, the shortstop, the first, second, and third basemen, and the right, left and centre fielders. The way the men stand on the field is like this: The catcher stands a few feet behind the man that is striking, with a mask on his face to prevent the ball from hitting him in the face, a pair of gloves on his hands to prevent the ball from hurting his hands, and a chest protector, to prevent the ball from hurting his hands, to the protector of the pitcher's box to throw the ball. The short-stop stands between the third base men and the pitcher, to prevent the ball from passing him. The first, second, and third base men stand with one foot on the base in readiness, and the other three fielders stand outside of the diamond. If the striker strikes at the ball three times and it is not caught he has a chance to run to his base, but if it is caught he is counted out. Three men have to get out before the other side gets in. Four balls takes a base, that is to say, if the pitcher throws four balls that are not fit to strike at, the batter takes his base, but if he runs over the base and is touched with the ball he is counted out. The game is composed of nine innings for each side. Great liveliness is required if you wish to be a good player.—Chas. Fraser, Toronto.

Value of Time.

Value of Time.

Time is invaluable; yet how few of us bear this in mind, and as a consequence how imperfectly is our work done. We school girls are very much inclined to be idle or waste our time in trifles, for so many things appear to draw the attention from what we are engaged in, that it requires a great deal of interest and application on our part to keep us from wasting it. Time is important, and is needed for everything, great or small. It is necessary for the acorn to become an oak, for the seed to become a flower, for man to make full use of his reasoning powers, and, since God has ordained it, time is necessary to obtain Heaven. Many who are well fitted, either by education or by nature, to fill a high position in the world, make no use of their talents. Perhaps, when young, they wasted time while at school, where it was of such infinite value, and which would have helped to form either habits of diligence or idleness, which habit once acquired would never forsake them, even when they have grown to manhood or womanhood. If it were the good point, they would have had the benefit of it here, and hereafter in having less to answer for; but if it were the other, the effects of unhappiness would be felt in this world, and greater still in the next. After having acquired the latter habit, they may have paid no attention to the flight of time, wasting hour after hour in idle dreams of the future, and wondering what Providence would send them, or carring little for advancement in virtue or knowledge. Daily and hourly we are drawing nearer to the end of our time on earth, and we are free to make good or bad tue or knowledge. Daily and hourly we are drawing nearer to the end of our time on earth, and we are free to make good or bad use of it, since God forces no one. God placed us here to make good use of our time, and for a definite purpose, which is to see and be happy with Him forever in Heaven. As we know that it is of so much importance we should try to waste no opportunity of doing always that which will help us on our journey to eternity, where time will be no more.

— Ellen Christie, Toronto.

Self-Help.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves" is a well tried maxim, embodying in a small compass the results of vast human experience. The spirit of self help is the root of all perfection. Whatever is done for men takes away, to a certain extent, the necessity of doing for themselves. Even the best institutions can give a man no active help; the most they can do is perhaps to leave him free to develop and improve his condition. All mations have been made what they are by the thinking and working of many generations of men, patient and persevering laborors in all conditions of life, cultivators of the soil and explorers of the mine, inventors and discovered the state of the sta

our minds many happy memories of child-hood; while the bright summer months remind us of our youthful hours, when all was sunshine. But let us stop at autumn! Does not this season procure for us an excellent subject for reflection? Certainly you will say that it does. In the first place let us dwell upon the surrounding scene. How gorgeous the earth appears, wreathed with nature's garlands of crimson and gold, mingled with many other shades which display themselves as the leaves are rustled to and fro by each passing breeze; and to crown all, let us gaze intently on our glorious sunsets, which seem to smile upon earth's radiant beauty! What a fund of knowledge we can reap from those delightful scenes-knowledge that will aid us in securing a happy home for all eternity. Alas! how few of us consider that, when our springtime and summer of life are over, autumn will wend its way slowly but surely, and, like the leaves that waved in the summer air, wither and decay; so too will we fade away gradually and return to mother earth. But while all these things are going on around us we; must not be dreaming, for beyond the grave there is a tribunal of Divine Justice to which we must render a strict account, and it is only then that we shall fully believe that we have not meditated profoundly enough on God's wondertul works.—Ellen Brown, Toronto.

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A Canadian Autumn.

Of the four seasons perhaps Autumn may be considered as the most beautiful. A most beautiful sight is the appearance of the sky in an autumn evening. The rich purple clouds, through which breaks the golden reflection of the setting sun; the grandeur of the autumn woods and the rich waving fields of grain present a scene which has inspired many of nature's admirers with enthusiasm. The temperature is cool and refreshing, and to the weary laborer it would seem that God, in His mercy, had provided this autumn season in order to strengthen his drooping creatures after the hot summer months and also to prepare them for the hard, cold season of winter so close at hand. Many people are now obliged to change their light summer clything for heavier ones, such as tweeds and flannels. Business men look forward to this season with new hope, for many, having left the city in the summer for cool sea side residences, now return to resume their occupations; and thus as the population increases business will revive. As the season advances everything assumes a different aspect. Fields are bare with the exception of a few dead stalks idly basking in the sun. The gardiens, recently so blooming, are now dreary looking and the wind, whistling through the naked branches, would seem to be sighing for the flowers which are nowhere to be seen. The forest is clad in her gorgeous robes of crimson, red and yellow, but her glory is short lived. Soon these beautiful eaves will stade and fall, and her branches will stand out in dreary nakedness. The birds will forsake these cheerless abodes and

Our Silver Jubilee.

The children's class-room is indeed a pretty seene at any time, but very much so recently, when within its happy limits bright-eyed little girls were circled around one another in all nooks and corners of the room, quite warmly discussing one of the greatest events in the annals of the school. The celebration of their Rev. Pastor's silver jubilee was indeed a worthy subject for joyous children. At last the festive day arrived, and dawn brought the little girls from their slumber shadowel by fairy visions of the approaching day. After breakfast they donned their white dresses and went to the church, where an imposing sight met their view. The church was beautifull dowers. Our venerable Archbishop and about forty priests occupied the sanctuary. A grand High Mass was sung and an impressive sermon followed from Rev. Father McCann. The priests and people read addresses centaining expressions of their deep esteem and gratitude for his devotedness and their fervent wishes that he might be spared for many, many years. A touching sermon from His Grace followed the addresses. The children's part came next. The address was read, not one penned by a master, but a sweet proof of love and devotion. In kind and simple words he spoke to his little flock and assured them of his fatherly care and hearty wishes for their future welfare. Twenty five years previous he had finished his student's life; this brought him back to his own childhood; he knows so well how to appraciate the youthful efforts of children, to guide their steps through the varying stages of life, that after the battle is o'er their spirits may join in eternal biss. With music and song the festivities draw to a close, and the little hearts go forth bearing one great wish for many, many such occasions with their beloved

times been amongst the greatest of workers: though only the generals' names may appear in the history of any great campaign, it has beenin a great measure through the valor and heroism of the privates that victory has been won. Many are the lives of men unwritten, which have nevertheless as powerfully influenced civilization and progress as the more fortunate great whose names are recorded in biography. Even the hamblest person ilie has a present, as well as a future, influence upon their well-being, for his life and character pass unconsciously into the lives of others and propagate good example for all time to come. L. Larkin, Toronto.

As the year passes on each season performs its duty and brings with it many changes which should be valuable lessons for all of us. The brings well-besons for all of us. The brings well as a future, influence of the fortest he and character pass unconsciously into the lives of others and propagate good example for all time to come. L. Larkin, Toronto.

As the year passes on each season performs its duty and brings with it many changes its duty and brings with it many changes its duty and brings with it many changes who have suffered for our Holy Faith, and gone through till and suffer on the whorm we have chosen as the subject of this brief sketch. After spending many years among the tribes of the West, he capture of the English, under Kirk. On all the capture of the fortress he and Champlain were taken prisoners and seat to English, under kirk. On all the capture of the fortress he and Champlain were taken prisoners and seat to English, under the vest. Assoon as the restoration of Canada to France permitted it, he capture of the fortress he and champlain were taken prisoners and seat to English, under kirk. On the work of all time to come. L. Larkin, Toronto.

As the year passes on each season performs its duty and brings with it many changes its duty and brings with it many changes there are none mone worthy of grant with a little consing any to the five capture of the fortr

bend beneath their herculean task. With feet torn and bleeding from the sharp rocks beneath the water, they crosssed o'er shallow torrents, and, after many weeks of toil and suffering, reached at last their distant home on Thunder Bay. Their destination reached, the exhausted priest was deserted by his sullen, unfeeling companions, to find his way as best he might to the wigwams of his friends. When the well-known form was seen advancing he was halled with cries of delight, and soon willing hands had constructed a plain though rude dwelling, one part of which was to be used as a chapel. Among the many articles he brought with him were a clock and a magnifying glass. When the clock would strike twelve he would tell them it said "time to hang up the kettle" and when it struck four "time to return homeward." They would then go home and he would say his office. After several toil some years, when many converts were added to his flock, a terrible disease broke out among them. The most superstitious among the savages charged the priest with having brought on them this affliction, and by many this was believed, so that even friends turned against him. The plague having ceased, the superstitious lears vanished, and the number of converts increased more than ever. But when there seemed every hope of the conversion of the entire nation the Iroquois swooped down upon them, massacred the Jesuits and exterminated the Huron tribes. Thus ended the life and labors of one of the most noble missionaries by whom the cross was planted on our Canadian shores.—Bessie Corte, Toronto.

"Friend Sorrow."

"Friend Sorrow."

Toronto, Oct. 5, 1893.

Dear Mary—I cannot tell you how very sorry I was to hear that you had lost your darling little brother. I did not know of your trouble until it was all over, so I hope you will forgive what seemed a very unkind act on my part. I know I can say very little to comfort you, for no matter what we say words can do very little to make up for your sad loss. Still I am sure it will be some little sunlight in your sorrow to know you have the sympathy of your friends. Then, too, you know that your little brother is now in heaven, away from all trouble and sickness. I am sure you would not want him to come back and suffer what he did before his death; you are sure now that he is happy and away from all suffering. Then again you should be glad for yourself, too, because you have two angels to watch over you and keep you from all harm. I know very well that you will miss his dear little face and sweet childish voice, but you must remember that in a short time you will be all together again. My mother joins me in offering your mother and father, as well as yourself, our deepest sympathy. Trusting we shall soon hear from you, and in the meantime I will not forget you in my poor prayers, I remain your sincere friend—Ne'lie Murphy.

Autobiography of a Potato.

Autobiography of a Potato.

Autobiography of a Potato.

I grew on a farm with hundreds of my kind and was left alone for quite a time during the spring until I began to show a quantity of green leaves; then my happy days ceased, and I went through my life of misery. First, a man with a spade came along and dug me out of the clay; while doing so he gave me several deep gashes. I was then piled in a heap with more of my fellow-creatures, until we were taken in a wagon to the barn or storehouse and prepared for sale. I was tied up in a bag with the rest of my brethren and sent to a market to be sold; some of us were sold in bags the same as we had left the farm, others of us were sold in measures and thrown roughly one upon the other into baskets, boxes and different utensils. I was taken with others to a gentleman's home and prepared for my death. I was first put in water to soak. Then my coat was roughly peeled off with a knife. This nearly killed me; finally I was put into a saacepan of water to be boiled to death. I was then taken out of the water and placed on the table. Then I was on a little girl's plate and the thread of life that remained in me was cut short by her sharp teeth.—Alice Kinsella, Toronto.

A Ramble Through the Woods.

sammer clything for heavier ones, such as tweeds and flannels. Business men look forward to this season with new hope, for many, having left the city in the summer for cool sea-side residences, now return to resume their occapations; and thus as the population increases business will revive. As the season advances everything assumes a different beautiful flowers. I love to sit and watch the bright and glittering waters in the little brooks and streams running by, and listen to the different birds twittering season advances everything assumes a different birds twittering through the naked branches, would seem to be seen. The forest is clad in her gorge four temporal property is short lived. Soon these beautiful feaves will fade and fall, and her branches will fade and fall, and her branches will forsake these cheerless abodes and fly away to warmer climates; the forest stillness will be broken only by the squirre rustling of the dead leaves or the November winds wailing through the branches.—Clara McGraw, Toronto.

Our Silver Jubilee.

The children's class-room is indeed a pretty seem eat any time, but very muchos recently, when within its happy limits bright eyed it the city were circled around one another through the woods is more than two hours enjoyment. In May we go and of prayer and study. The priest, in deed, cannot be considered a mere passive instrument of divine influences. Vast room is left for his own personal energy, for the play of his personal qualities of mind and heart. Whoever the weeds and took highest branches of the palm tree and pick the whole with the weeds and took highest branches of the palm tree and pick the weeds and took of the steep hills I found in the root of an old tree four tiny blue eggs. I did not touch them, but on my return I saw they were gone, and it was the population of the steep hills I found in the root of an old tree four tiny blue eggs. I did not touch them, but on my return I saw they were gone, and it was the properties of the more marked shall be the result of hea to morrow." Of course we like to go to school, but neversheless we would wish to have one more day in the woods.—Mary A. Duffy, Toronto.

A Country Village.

Nestled in the very heart of one of the most fertile parts of the Dominion of Canada is a small village of perhaps three hundred inhabitants. The name of this village, with which you may not be acquainted, is Meadewvale; but many of you may never have had the pleasure of seeing this delightful spot, so I will endeavor to describe it to you. It is situated in a very fertile tract of land. To the cities and outside world it is perhaps of not much importance, but to its inhabitants it is considered of no small value. And why should they think so much of it? It is because the people who have actually inhabited the place have been born there and grown up together. For they certainly have formed a friendship, and a friendship that is formed in such a place as the country village is almost as lasting as time. This village nestles within a circular-shaped valley, and, guarded on every side by a gradual incline of the surrounding hills, forms a scene so picturesque that it might well be an object of envy to the brush of an artist. One can see nothing on every side but the beauties of nature, which are shown forth in fields of waving grain, its verdant meadows and in the luxurious toliage of the trees, which are studded here and there over the surrounding country. This is a village of quiet repose. All that can be heard is the joyiul song of birds, the merry ham of the distant reaper and the low muraur of the labeling brook, which wends its slow and limpid course through the village to the lake. Thus the village and its surroundings are wrapped in a veil of peaceful seclusion from the noisy world of city life. The inhabitants on one hand enjoy nature itself, while nature on the other hand is enjoying a peaceful place for its own handiwork.—Mary Maddigae, to the lake.

birds chirped a little while in the branches of the trees, and then everything was quiet. We were so hungry and tired that we soon fell asleep. In the middle of the night we were awakened by lour peals of thunder. Right near us there was a large tree all broken to pieces by the lightning. When we did not come home in the evening, father, mother and the neighbors went in search of us and found us by means of the flashes of lightning. Mother kissed us and thanked God we were safe.—James Hanly, Walkerton.

Waterloo, Oct. 6, 1893.

Dear Cousin—With pleasure I will write you along letter to tell you how I spent my summer holidays. I went to St. Agatha the first week. We went fishing, and we caught about twenty the first time; but afterwards we caught more every time. We used to go away and not come home till about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The next week we made hay and put it in the barn. We got seven loads of hay, and we used to jump and play on it. One day we had a heavy rain, which spoiled many crops. The next morning we made a little pond, and we made boats with masts and sails. We also made a water fall and a water mill. The next day was Sunday. We all went to the church, and Rev. Father Glowalski celebrated Mass. When Mass was over, we all went home again, and after a while we went out into the garden to get apples. After we found some we were called in for dinner. The next week I went off. I got a white rabbit from my companion for a present. I made a little pen for it and I put it in and got some clover for it. I have it yet, and I et it out of the little pen into the pen again, and so I do it every day. Much love to all. I remain, yours sincerely—Robert Seyler.

[This completes the First Series: but if circumstances permit the Punils' Unsette.

This completes the First Series: but if circumstances permit the Pupils' Gazette will be resumed next year (1894). Meanwhile, the inspector wishes his young friends and their teachers, "A Merry Christmas to all, and to all Good-bye."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON THE PRIESTHOOD.

In a pastoral letter announcing the annual collection for his Diocesan Seminary, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., writes thus of the education of the priesthood:

The building up of the priesthood of the Church is the chief act of Christian piety, the most meritorious before God and the most fruitful in holy results that we can perform. The priest is consecrated in Christ's name to be the eacher of divine truth and the dispenser of divine grace. He is the ruler and the leader of the people, who look up to him for guidance and in-spiration. Where is the priest, there s the Sacrifice of Calvary; there are the Sacramental channels of divine grace; there is the source of heavenly light and of heavenly life. The action of the Church of Christ upon the world is through the priest, in whom her power becomes active, and upon whom she relies for the exercise of this power The Church earnestly desires that her priests be multiplied; each priest is a new medium of action for her in glorifying God and saving souls. And since the more thorough the fitness of priests for their vocation, the more abundant and the richer shall be the fruits of their ministry, she demands that those of her sons who are called to the dignity of the priesthood be prepared for their office during long years

care upon the Levites of our seminar But the building up of the priesthood presupposes ability to dispose of large material means. The expenses of educating seminaries must be paid. as a rule, from the Diocesan Seminary fund. This is true in nearly all case of students in the preparatory course The expenses of the clerical education of young men are heavy, and parents usually are unable or unwilling to bear them. The nation educates its military officers, and so the Church must educate the priests who are to serve her, and to devote to her in love their strength and life Vocations to the priesthood, Heaven be thanked, are not wanting, and few things prove better than this fact the vigor and the fecundity of the faith of our people.

In every age and country the tide of

religion ebbs and flows with the action of the priesthood. Hence all our

energies must be bent, if we would

correspond with the designs of Almighty God, to increase the number

of priests, and to bestow all possible

For pity's sake, don't growl and grumble because you are troubled with indigestion. No good was ever effected by snarling and fretting. Be a man (unless you happen to be a woman), and take Ayer's Sarsapariila, which will relieve you, whether man or

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A STORY FROM THE PAST.

A Roman Princess whose ancestor played an important role in the political history of a former day, told the following interesting conversation which took place between M. de Lally-Tolendal, a French peer, and one of her cousins. The epoch was that of Louis XVIII, and Louis Phillippe; the principal subject Queen Elizabeth. A brave Scotch-woman, Margaret Lambrun, who was in the personal service of Mary Stuart, had witnessed the death of her husband from grief upon learning the cruel fate of that unfortunate Princess. Determined to avenge the death of both, Margaret went to court disguised in male attire and provided with two deadly pistols, one for Elizabeth, the second for herself. But the would-be assassin and suicide joined the crowd of courtiers standing near the Queen's person with too much nervous pre cipitation and one of her pistols fell with considerable noise. Needless to say she was immediately arrested and completely disarmed. Elizabeth desired to interrogate the intrepid prisoner herself, and struck with her noble replies said: "You considered it to your duty towards your husband and your mistress, therefore, to kill But what do you now suppose my duty is towards you?" answer your Majesty frankly," replied Margaret, "but is it as a Queen or judge that she asks the question?" "As Queen," came the proud answer

Mary. "In that quality she should pardon me," was the reply. "But what security can you give me," asked the Queen, "that you will not take advantage of an act of mercy and again attempt my life?" "Madame," said Margaret, "a mercy granted with so much precaution is no grace. Your Majesty may act as judge." Elizabeth granted an unreserved pardon in spite of her Prime Minister, saying to ner flatterers: "Since I became Queen no one has ever given me such a lesson." The princess, in conclusion, said that she had heard this story told in her youth by a descendant of Lally Tolendal himself some fifty years ago He was a member of the Stuars who had emigated to France. She very cautiously added, however: "Is it authentic, for I have never found a trace of the fact in the writings upon Elizabeth to be found in Rome?"— Rome Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times

John Wesley's Great Improvement. It is among the most ignorant that we find men the most inconsistent. Years ago we were camping among the moun tains of Pennsylvania while upon a fishing excursion. The only place of worship in the neighborhood was a school-house in which one of the minor sects of Methodists held a semi-occasional service. We, of course, attended this on Sunday, prepared to enter into the worship under whatever form it might be conducted. The pre siding elder called upon the class leader, Brother Jones, to give his "experience," which the brother did by saying that he "thanked God for John Wesley's plan of salvation. elder hemmed and hawed a bit, and said, hesitatingly: "Brother Jones, I suppose you mean the Lord Christ's plan of salvation." "Well, Brother Jones, with a doubtful shake offhis head, "I suppose it was origin ally; but then, you know, John Wesley make great improvements on it .- The Interior.

The Advertising

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FIVE-MINUTE S White Lie

" Wherefore, putting awa There is perhaps no ren, for which people s little real sorrow, or for seldom make a practi amendment, as this m falsehood, of which the speaks. You will hear lies, but there was no h they were to excuse my trouble." They are ma fessed, oh! yes; the lia even run back to say th if he (or quite likely she to mention it at the tin correcting the habit,

another matter. It wo the sacrament of penal to take effect on these confession, without con pose to avoid them for t But the liar will say I have contrition for th me ask, however, what have you? You are so were so that you had t if things were so ag would not you tell the you are sincere, I am say: "Yes, I supp Where, then, is the pu mend? Without purp mend contrition is noth Let us, then, my fri our consciences about t get them straightened o de not want to be too for after all there are s which people call lies, really so, because the they are addressed is no deceived by them, but prevented from askin

tions. Some people, when they do not tell t but we are not alwa truth : and when we a no lie, as long as what ually true as far as it would take too long to cases concerning wha lie : and as a general a little common sense in himself. Find them o advice; and when you you are all right, do n act according to your reason, and do not ma self-accusation out of i But when you can

body, there is no harm false to yourself in this there is harm in it, would not feel uneasy And what is the ha in a lie is simply that therefore an offence a is the truth. "Put on the new man, who, a

is not a lie, then do n

is created in justice truth. Wherefore," 'putting away lying truth every man with Yes, my brethren, C and He infinitely love Himself and in His cres not wish us to sacrifice est degree, even to world from destruct harm in a lie, then : say so, to God Himself est interests. Do not save His interests, or

by lying. Tell the trace look out for the cons the truth for God's s loves it, and hates truth, and love the ti sake. We are, as "created according to of truth;" let us keep which we have been n Stop, then, delibera purpose, which is b But also be careful in

try not even to fal thoughtlessly. Let it pride that your word The Reaction Agai

No Apaist will President of the Ur Apaist will ever be of an American state otherwise available, ha the politics of the las the discovery of the some connection with nothing order. Hatr ingism is one of the s sentiments with the in our American citie

Apaism is K and the people recog Bigotry so organized a few months in spec the tide always turns will not only find dead, but himself p listed beyond the p whitewash him. The ning to turn agains West. One by one is the large dailies will tics to denounce this ticians will eagerly s Those who were so fo aid or sympathy, mu diminished heads.olic Citizen.

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