### EMANCIPATION OF CAPT. BRENT

Uncle Billie Brent sat on the porch peeling apples. Big Joe Burton came down the street on his way to his grocery store and stopped for a moment's chat. There was nothing unusual about the fact that Uncle Billie was sitting on the porch or that he was peeling apples, nor about Big Joe stopping for a chat; the unusual thing was the chat, for they usually kept pretty close to some common topic, like the weather or the price of cattle and hogs. But to-day Joe said, in his blustering, whole-souled way:

"Say, why can't you go to Chatta-nooga with us boys? 'Twould do you a world of good to get out with old comrades once more! You stick too close at home for a man of your age!

Just then the screen door was open and by Martha Ann, Uncle Billie's married daughter, who said, in her high-keyed voice: "Pa's not able to take no such trips as that, Joe! and you oughn't be egging an old man on to do things he's past doin'. Home is the best place for an old man like Pa! I don't want to hear of them Reunions and such things; they ain't no sense in it!"

She shut the screen door with slam as if to emphasize her remarks. The light that had come into Uncle Billie's dim eyes faded, and picking up an apple he went to work nervously, as if to make up for lost time. Big Joe coughed, and cleared his throat as if to say something, then turned and went down the street.

"Tis a measly shame," he said to himself, "the way Martha Ann rules her father. I don't believe he dare draw a long breath unless she tells him he may. Takes charge of his pension as soon as he draws it; uses a good part of it, too, I'll bet. Never lets him talk to an old comrade in any peace, in his own home, and never lets him 'tend any of our Reunions. Strange how she got him under her thumb, for he used to have as much spirit as any man I ever saw. Too old to get away from home? Shucks! He's just a year older'n me, and I'd like to see kanybody set me down in a chimner cormer and tell me to stay there the rest of my natch'rl days! If something could only happen to make him spunk up a bit and show her that he is somebody, he might get possession of hisself again. I believe I'll make something happen'; as a thought flashed through mind, he went chuckling down the street, intent on making plans for the something that he meant to make happen.

In the meantime Upele Billie was something to peel. There were the potatoes all the year round; and this week he had been given the task of peeling apples to dry. "It was no peeling apples to dry." "It was no peeling apples to dry. "It was no peeling apples to dry." "It would trip, "Suppose, then," her were told, Presently some one callbeau trip." "Suppose, then," her were told, Presently some one callbeau trip." "Suppose, then," her were told, Presently some one callbeau trip." "Suppose, then," her were told, Presently some one callbeau trip." "Suppose, then," her were told, Presently some one callbeau trip." "Suppose, then," her were told, Presently some one callbeau trip." "Suppose, then," her were told, Presently some one callbeau trip." "It would it." Thim sitting around with nothing to had not told any of the old stories had not told any of the old stories Miriam sprang to her feet. "Charlow ribbon looked faded and old. peeling all day long. Next week the would be ready to can, and he would have to peel on indefinitely! He did not feel rebellious; that feeling had past long ago. He had been made to feel that his day was over when his wife had died and his daughter and her family had moved in to take care of him. He had given in, stubbornly at first, but gradually; he had crept back out of the way, willing at last to do anything requirl ed of him, if by so doing he could escape the tongue-lashings of Martha Ann. The hardest thing to give up had been his comfortable sitting-room with its cheery fireplace, and to have his things huddled back into the little bed-room off the kitchen. Martha Ann had needed his room for a spare room, she said, so she cleaned it regularly spring and fall, and shut it up closely the rest of the

Uncle Billie sometimes dreamed of Whe days when he was Capt. Brent, looked up to and respected by all; but when he woke an abject look crept into his face, as if he was apooccupiedin the world. The peeling went on all week, and

Big Joe did not stop again until the aniddle of Thursday afternoon. When he came up the walk he gazed cautiously about, then asked in a low "Martha Ann anywhere about?" "No; she's gone to Aid Society; won't be back till near night; did you want to see her?" Uncle Billie

ready answer in Big Joe's natural the hill and had upset a part of them, rolling them clear down the you to go round to the station with hill. In the afternoon they visited me to see us boys off to Chattanoo-

Uncle Billie dropped the apple into the pan, and let his knife fall clat- lows had climbed the Ridge and captering to the floor. "I-I-guess I tured the artillery of the rebels. better not," he stammered. yes, you will," Big Joe said. "Wash your hands and come on; you're always clean and trim, owing to wear-

the wearing of Martha Ann's checkered aprons tied about his neck to protect his suit of army blue was stood on Lookout Mountain, and Intion of curious questions. "Fifty cents, sir," said the barindeed a thorn in the flesh to which cle Billie, looking away across the For a few days the pretended to tender, as Mr. Hedwig turned to pay he could never become reconciled.

woman, if I was the man that had more the old battleground and to restood firm in some of the hottest new old friendships; but to no other battles this country ever had! Come one of them had it meant as much came from Calvert, and soon she be-

ted around to the pump to wash his with which he had been treated on hands, and then walked down the all occasions, had completely emanci-

Joe, when they were all comrade again put under subjection. said Big Joe, when they were all comrade again put the success of his scheme, try would bring up.

Mr. Hedwig suddenly looked so sortoarding the train. "The train don't He doubted the success of his scheme, out on the Arizona plains the rowful. He turned away without a put to any one and drove to market. we'll play like you're going, too."
He drew the old man up the steps He drew the old man up the steps gry, when, on returning from Aid permit the eastbound Overland to into the coach, and not heeding his Society, she had found the apples unpass. The passengers of the westexpostulations, he placed him next peeled and her father absent from his bound grumbled at the delay, but the window and sat down; just as accustomed seat; but when, after an the train started with a clanging of hour's search she had failed to find if she could find any subjects for her

said good-naturedly:

"I've kidnapped you; but don't take it to heart, old comrade. You're on your way to Chattanooga to have the time of your life. I knew if I could get you off that to fall others that she had most desired for her father. She had an to have the time of your life. I to act as if it was the one thing mess. There on the observation are in the handsomest millinery store in the city. He stood up straight and tall more than the medicine must suffer, but unless.

The medicine is the medicine must suffer, but unless to medicine must suffer, but unless.

But the anticipated snapshot was never taken. There on the observation platform of the rear car was and didn't mind the curious looks of prophecy.

1

he did as he was told. To be really travelling once more seemed delightful to him, for he had scarcely been outside of his own town for years. The fellowship of his old comrades was very pleasant, and through the journey from North to South he did not realize that he was tired; but Big Joe knew that the trip, which was only play for him, was a hard drain upon the strength of the home keeping old comrade; so, when they had reached their destination, he secured a good room and persuaded Uncle Billie to rest for a few hours, although the old man insisted that he was not tired. "I've been tireder a many a day from peeling apples,!

he said When Uncle Billie came down dinner he met a score or more of his men whom he had not seen for many years, and their hearty greetings, "Why, here is Capt. Brent!" are you, Captain?" "Glad to "Glad to have you with us!" gave him a thrill of pride that he had not experienced for

a long time. After dinner, when they were watching the dress-parade and drill of the cavalry troops, Uncle Billie straightened his shoulders and said to Big "Of course, this is a big sight to these people who know nothing about real soldiers and their work; but it's nothing to compare with what my men could do," and then he launched into a series of stories of the wonderful feats of his men, that made Big Joe shake with inward laughter.

The next morning they took the train to the battleground, and visited the monument in which they felt so much interest. When once he had reached the old familiar ground Capt. Brent was in his proper element. He had no need of a guide, nor yet of the markers that told the story of other days to the younger people. Like the war horse, he seemed to sniff the battle from afar, and he was soon at the head of a crowd of people, who listened eagerly to his slowly, "that I should like to go to every remark. They crossed the Chickamauga Creek and came to the site of Alexander's Bridge, and the to the city to attend the grand camp- field for thought.

peding apples mechanically. It seems always always but he listened attentive ding trip."

It would be meantime Under Billie was predicted by the listened attentive ding trip."

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It would be a seem by the listened attentive ding trip."

It would be a seem by the listened attentive ding trip." it seemed that old stories like old long sealed up, for he talked so elodence in himself, that the applause was long and loud when he sat down.

That night, long after Uncle Billie home. His letter was for the Brayton Daily News, and the article was made up almost entirely of the saywas now attending the grand Reun- cept a proposal like that." ion at Chattanooga. It told of the respect and veneration in which he was held by his men and all of his old comrades. There were tales of his courage and daring during the perilous times of war that the young people of Brayton had never heard of and the older people had forgotten; but, Big Joe had not forgotten and he knew how to tell a story so that it would appeal to Brayton readers. And Uncle Billie slept on peacefully, all unaware of the effort that was logizing for the amount of space he being made to give him notoriety in his own town.

The next morning they were out bright and early to go to Striker's ed from crossing the pontoon bridge. From there they went to other in-

teresting points. At one place Uncle Billie exclaimed, "Why, over there is old Aqueduct Hill," and immediately a crowd gathered about to hear him tell how they had fired across at the guns on Missionary Ridge, where so many markers showed where the brave ter-

'At night they attended another again in demand, and Big Joe sacrificed another hour's sleep after they had gone to their room to write an-Uncle Billie blushed like a girl for other column for the Brayton News. The days were busy days, and on the last morning of their stay they

wonderful scenery, heaved a sigh herself that she did not care. She his bill. "What you afraid of?" Big Joe ask- of regret that its was all over. It flirted desperately with Jack Holed, as the old man still hesitated. had been a grand time for all of the men who had gathered to view once his tender speeches lacked the inflec- "Please-let-me-have - it - for as it did to Uncle Billie. The sight Uncle Billie untied the apron, trot- of the old ground, and the respect street beside Big Joe. At the sta- pated him from the timid, shrinking tion he was greeted cordially by many old comrades, all expressing the wish that he, too, was en route for Chatthat he, t life of the past years; and he start-

Martha Ann had been extremely anthe bell and a shrill whistle. Uncle him, her anger turned to an awful camera. Pillie started up in dismay, but Big dread, and it was with a feeling of Joe held him in the seat with his relief that she listened while her beyond the switch, and she trudged strong arms, until the train was run-ming at a high speed; then looking work how her father had been seen down into the trightened old face, he to go away with the old soldiers when they started for Chattanooga

price when we get through with it, and ever have a chance to pay it back, all right: and if you don't it's all right. We're out at Brayton now; draw a long breath and begin to enjoy things!"

Uncle Billie was accustomed to obey in these latter days, and now he did as he was fold.

When the News came out with its glowing tributes to her father, she read the article through with snapping eyes. She would show folks that they shouldn't get ahead of her in doing him honor; she would make a big to-do over him when he first returned, just to show them a thing or two; she could easily get him back "Miriam!" he exclaimed, joyfully, "it's awfully good to make a was fold."

to her 'husband's grocery, saw the proceedings, and chuckled glectully life just to say you're glad to see proceedings, and chuckled glecinily over the success of her big husband's scheme. Mrs. Joe had assisted in the scheme by persuading Martha Ann that her services were much needed at Aid Society on the eventful afternoon of Capt. Brent's departure.

Ille just to say you're glad to see me," she said, saucily, as soon as speech was possible. He laughed.

"The train wasn't going fast enough to make it a dangerous accomplishment, and I didn't want to have to follow you. Absence has made me more intelligent. It couldn't hat. Drawer after drawer was openful.

surprise that the shutters of the front room were open, just as they had been before Martha Ann's reign began; but Uncle Billie did not seem her hands with a happy smile. at all surprised. When he started to- "I believe you, dear," she said wards the house his old comrades softly, "but I shan't put you to the called after him, "Gaod-by, Cap-test. I'll accept the old proposal called after him, "Gaod-by, Captest. I'll accept the old proposal tain," and turning, he invited them and take a bridal trip to California." to call in often to talk over old times He caught her in his arms again,

and the Reunion. he walked directly into it, took off served Calvert. his hat, and seated himself in his old gone on, rocker with a sigh of content; • then called to her: "I'd like a fire kindled in the fireplace, Martha Ann; it Gate. seems a bit chilly in here.'

She started with surprise at change in his tones, then meekly built the fire, for she realized that this was Capt. Brenty-Lulu Linton, in National Tribune.

#### HE LEARNED HOW

"I think," remarked Calvert, very

California." Miriam agreed that California would be a very pleasant place in winter. people listened almost breathlessly, She even declared that she would like while Capt. Brent told how they had to go there herself. With Calvert it stood their ground here from noon was necessary to give more than was until dark, holding Bragg's army in received. He was no conversational-

"It would be pleasant,", he said, Uncle Billie was tired after his un- presently, "to go there on one's wed- from crying aloud.

peeling apples to dry. It was no Joe was pushing him up out of his go. We want to get married. Very that has fallen off Thelma's sunny, very wise woman, thought it was

for a long time; Martha Ann, did lie Calvert," she said, excitedly, "I not approve of his telling them, but could just shake you!" He started wine were only the better for being carry her threat into execution. "Is quently after he had gained confi- you? One would think you had been kindergartners who belong to the L. terbury-bells and all the flower chilsonally conducted tours."

"Really," he stammered, "I didn't mean to offend you, don't you know? have daisy hats.' was asleep, Big Joe was writing I really thought we were going to be married some day.

"We never will notil you learn how to talk," she snapped back. "No wo- lots of boys and girls in Dustin neings and doings of Capt. Brent, who man with any self-respect would acwas infinite scorn in the voice.

Calvert blinked. He had known streets on to Mrs. Summerfield's Miriam ever since they had played farm." dolls together. Even then they had played at keeping house and had an- with a smile. were going to be married shortly. They had persisted long after the price. Run to the kitchen and help usual course of boy and girl low af- your mother wash the dishes and fairs.

him to discover new ability simply be- It was a breathless day in August cause he wanted to suggest that it and the door of the most popular was time they were married?

her uncertainly. Ridge, where the rebels were prevent- drawled, "I had better be going. I don't seem to be any good here. "Go," she said, evenly, "and don't you come back until you learn to coming in to rest and cool off.

tell a woman that you love her as though you meant it!" She waited was led into the shade, watered and until she heard the door close and fastened, and he was in front of the then burst into tears.

ways, but all their lives he had accepted placidly and unemotionally the and soon he was treated to the fact of her love. Womanlike, Cameron's Hill, and then went to hungered for the tender words that are as manna to the heart. Calvert apparently took her at her All the way in he had whistled

word. The next morning there was a that he shouldn't hear the voice in bunch of violets at her place at the his heart saying. "You know you breakfast table, with his card mark- could have given Thelma Lifty cents campfire, where Capt. Brent was ed P.P.C. in one corner. That was if you hadn't spent so many nickels the little Pines were bristling all all. There was some comment that Calvert should leave town in the middle of the season, but no one talking louder now. He could hear supposed that' there had been any trouble between Miriam and him, and the loudest at the stories he was she was at least spared the inflic- telling.

> worth, who made love deliciously, but tion of sincerity, and by the end would be to admit that she did not then a little girl ran in from only wait and hope.

her appearance. They declared that the half-dollar which Mr. Hedwig had tion ever since. "Come up in the coach a minute," afraid. He dreaded to see his old California was the place for her, not fused to his own little girl.

"Come up in the coach a minute," afraid. He dreaded to see his old California was the place for her, not fused to his own little girl. knowing what reflections that coun-

> train was drawn upon a siding permit the eastbound Overland to as fast as he could. It was later

down to get a good viewpoint just as the belated train came speeding She thought it a good chance along. to try the speed of her camera by getting a snapshot of the moving train, and, stepping to one side o

on my side! Not a word about the with her father in his childishness, Calvert, as much surprised as she at money; Twe got it right here. If any way.

see I have learned my lesson and was chafing at the three days it would take me to reach home, and here you are out in Arizona to meet me."

He folded her in his arms and kissed He folded her in his arms and kissed Mrs. Joe, passing down the street her. She made no resistance.

When the train reached Brayfon, several old comrades walked up the street with Big Joe and Unite Billie. When the stopped in front of Uncle Billie's house, Big Joe noted with geyes, a new difference in his attitude eyes, a new difference in his attitude eyes, a new difference in his attitude eyes, a her that proclaimed his countries aloud, as he placed the box in the superior of the countries are superior with the countries of the countries of

and for a moment they were obli-Martha Ann came to the door, and vious of everything around them, away tears from his eyes as he took her father greeted her cordially; and Then he looked up whimsically. "I up the reins and said, "Get up, Olaf, she saw the great change that had hope the walking's good," He said, we are goin' to see the temperance taken place in him. She had meant reflectively. She gave a cry. There lady now to show him to the front room, and in the distance the westbound train. He found graciously offer him the use of it was fast receding. No one had nofor the winter; but to her surprise ticed her leave the train or had ob-They had simply "Well." said Mirjam, "let's walk."

And they started for the Golden

### THELMA'S DAISY HAT

"I haven't any money to spare, child; put it back and take your hand out of my pocket. I am in a hurry. I must start to town with that corn this very minute."
"But father, teacher, says we little

kindergartners must have new straw hats with wreaths of white daisies on them. Miss Darlin', she'll do it herself-an' she says fifty cents is cheap for it."

Little Thelma looked pleadingly at her father, who said to himself, "Bless me, if she ain't commenced it young!" while he continued to shake check. After that, the crowd visit- ist. Now he pondered over Miriam's his head and tried to gently push the ed Snodgrass Hill, and then returned admission as though this opened a new child away so that he might get off. The laughing face lost its bright look, but Thelma tried hard to keep

"Don't fuss, child; I can't stand it," said Mr. Hedwig, as he lifted

"Say, father," said Thelma, slowback as though he feared she would ly getting her breath and also a bit carry her threat into execution. "Is of hope, "it'll be lots of fun. Miss she went to the beautiful greenwoods that any way to ask a girl to marry Darlin' she's going to have all us and rank the hare-bells and the Canbrought up in an atmosphere of per- T.L., in the entertainment. We'll be dren came trooping in. birdies and flowers, an' when we're daisies in the grass, 'course we must

"What's all this for, child?" "Miss Darlin' she says we are missioners of the fresh air. She says ver saw none nor nothin' else what There God made, and we can raise money enough to get 'em out of the hot

"All right, dear," said her father "I really must go him. nounced to their parents that they now as fast as Olaf can trot me. We'll see if the corn brings a good shell the peas.

Miriam knew that he was not much Arriving in the city Mr. Hedwig of a talker. Why should she expect was thirsty after his long, hot drive. and attractive saloon stood tempt-He rose to his feet and regarded ingly open. Thoughts of his little "I think," he girl came to the farmer and he was driving slowly by when the saloonkeeper, who knew him, appeared in the doorway and insisted upon his

Almost before he knew it, his horse bar, shaking hands with several ac-She was used to Calvert and his quaintances who, like himself, were bringing corn or butter to market, "hest beer that ever was brewed."

Mr. Hedwig seemed as jolly as the rest but he wasn't really happy. Pretty-by-nights stayed asleep till it even when the men were laughing

cap; and sweet-William threw away "Only - fifty - cents,-father," a

childish voice seemed to say. my-daisy-hat.

gan to worry. To ask questions ter to see if it would ring. Just know where he was, and this would street calling out to him, "Father, subject her to comment. She could please give me fifty cents for a new only wait and hope.

Finally the family began to notice to buy it," and he tossed over to her

> The men could not understand why to word to any one and drove to market thanusual and he feared that his corn would not sell; but an old customer soon slapped him on the shoulder. saving, "Such good luck to find you here, Hedwig. Your corn is so tender and toothsome my wife said I mustn't buy of any one else. I want the whole lot and will pay well for

it, too." big money," Mr. Hedwig said to himself as he drove away from market, "and I know what I'll lo with some of it.'

# J. E. SEAGRAM



WATERLOO

But Olaf," patting the

"that's a beauty hat! Fifty cents!"

we are goin' to see the temperance

He found her at home,-the leader

of Thelma's L.T.L., and told her the

"I know God will help me keep

from drinkin' for Thelma's and her

mother's sake," he said, as he put

the pledge signed, "John Hedwig,"

into his pocket. Y
"Something good has come over

John Hedwig," said a benevolent city gentleman to a friend, who, with him,

was enjoying a successful outdoor en-

tertainment of the L.T.L. a week later. "He dways was one of the

manliest of our farmers, but lately

I have been afraid he was getting a

little too fond of cider and beer.

They say that it is his love for his

Ifttle Thelma, that sweet child there

with the dainty daisy hat, that made

him sign the pledge. See how happy

reached home, "won't you paste the pledge in the Bible, and can't mother

an' me sign it, too?"—Elizabeth P Gordon, in The Union Signal.

When the Flowers Went to

School

(By Mathilde Deanes)

A little while ago-say six thousand years-Mother Nature, who is a

high time that some of her children were going to school. So she sent

out a scarlet-runner to let every-

body know the Indian creepers were

too slow's and when the morning came

Lily and Pink, and Sweet Cicely, and

Violet, and Timothy, and ever so

There was ragged Robin, who near-

ly got shut out for fear he wouldn't

beautiful pink and blue coats all scal-

loped around, that everybody liked

Then there was Mother Carey-that

was when she left her chickens-and a

mourning-bride who wanted to dis-

tract her attention and, if you will

There were some that were very

grand, indeed; there were even a

queen-of-the-prairie and a Baltimore-

belle and a Jerusalem-sage, and ever

But when it came time to call the

classes, you never saw scholars that

wanted to do such strange things. The Sunflowers turned around in their

seats to look at the sun; the Sensi-

tive plants shut up their little green

books if you just laid a finger on

them, and the Balsams fired off their

yellow torpedoes if you only touched

them (that is how they came to be

The Morning-glories shut their eyes

tight and were asleep by ten o'clock;

nearly everybody else went to bed.

The Crane's-bill pinched the Ele-

phant's-ear, and black-eyed Susan

threw snow-balls at Jack-in-the-Pul-

pit. The Lady's finger pulled off the

Bachelor's-button and the Bishop's-

the Lady's-slipper and that was

Job's-tears fell like rain at the sad

scene; the Heart's-ease felt sorry,

too, and tried to bring peace, and the

Wind-flowers blew a sweet little air

on the sand-reeds; but the Blue-bells

rang so fast and the Trumpet-flower

shouted so loud, and the Fox-gloves

put their finger into everybody's ears

So the flower children were all sent

to their homes and it has been vaca-

Sized Him Up

A well-known literary man who has

been spending several weeks at his

old home in Vermont, tells of a con-

versation which he overheard between

two visitors on the porch of the vil-

An acquaintance of theirs had just

passed in the street, and the follow-

ing comment was heard by the visi-

"Thar goes Si Perkins." Then a

meditative pause. "Si ain't the man

"Naw-an' he never was:"-Har-

The life and light of a nation are

so they couldn't hear a word.

so many that I forget.

called Touch-me-nots).

to sit by them.

worse.

lage store.

per's Weekly.

believe me, a lady-in-the-wash tub.

respectable, but he wore such

many you meet with every day.

was one of our leading men."

woman!

ther neither."

whole story.

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trical. 7-Testing.

#### and rank the hare-bells and the Can-How many there were! There were Daisy and the daughter-of-spring Academy St. Alban Street. and bouncing-Bet, and the Mallows, with little round, white cheeses for their lunch, and Olive and Rose, and

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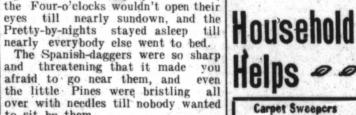
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Great Medicine .- Tonti, one of the pioneers of French Canada, lost a hand and wore an iron hook as substitute. He was in the habit of boxing the ears of refractory Indians with this iron hand, and they have remarked that it was "great medicine." Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is great medicine, it takes hold pain with an iron hand and knocks

it out of the system. Love is a fire that is dreaded by those who have been burned. There are some people who seem to take more interest in our affairs than

we do ourselves. Friendship requires that rare mean between likeness and unlikeness, that piques each with the presence of pow-

er and of consent in the other parts. Signals of Danger.-Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated

tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sick-