

shaking himself loose and returning to the piano-stool. "Stop talking nonsense and look over this score with me. You never heard such a thing—drama and music all together. There hasn't been such a tragedy since the old Greeks."

"There'll be another tragedy if we stay to hear your 'Tristan and Isolde,'" said Dorette. "As I have had a headache for a fortnight, and I don't want him contaminated. Come, Saverio mio," laying violent hands on Agostini's slender frame, "off with you to rehearsal! Will you walk, or be driven?" And, saying nothing more, she drove them out on their hats, and, one taking his music, the other his violin, they set out for their morning's work.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

JAMES RAYMOND PERRY, IN HARPER'S. Mr. Tecumseh Clay had never travelled on a railroad pass, though he had often wished that he might. So when Dr. Erasmus Evans, who had an annual pass on the A. B. and C. road, offered to let Mr. Clay use it, the doctor was eagerly accepted.

"The pass is non-transferable," said Dr. Evans, "but that won't make any difference. Just pretend you are me if the conductor says anything; but he won't."

Mr. Clay took the night train, due in St. Louis the next morning. He awaited the advent of the train conductor in some trepidation, wondering to what extent he might have to prevaricate should the official prove to be of the extra-insolent type. Mr. Clay didn't like to lie, and hoped the conductor wouldn't make him. At the same time he was a determined man, and did not intend that a fib or two should stand in the way of a free ride. Besides, the safety of the doctor's pass might be imperiled if he exhibited any weakness or confusion during the possible cross-examination.

But when the conductor appeared he merely read the name in the proffered pass, returned it to Mr. Clay and went on leaving Mr. Clay rejoicing. Not even the slightest and snowiest of fibs had he had to utter. So, Mr. Clay with a pleasant consciousness of both thrift and rectitude, settled comfortably back on the cushions in his section of the sleeper; and presently, having let the chocolate-faced porter make up his berth, he proceeded to doze off as the rushing train might permit.

At midnight he was aroused by a voice at the curtains of his berth. "Doctor!" it said. "Doctor! wake up! A man in the next car has been taken sick, and needs something done."

It was the conductor, who had noticed that the name on the pass carried an M. D. "All right, I'll be out in a moment," answered Mr. Clay, with a promptitude that surprised even himself. "The dickens!" he muttered, when the conductor had departed. "Why didn't Evans tell me that doctors are called up in the middle of the night on sleeping-cars just the same as anywhere else? I'd have let him keep his pass and paid my fare if I'd known. There's nothing to do, though, but go and see the man. If he's really sick enough to need a doctor, I'm sorry for him."

Mr. Clay, having dressed hastily, made his way into the next car, and was conducted to the patient. With commendable gravity he felt of the man's pulse, placed his hand on his chest, and counted the respirations, then asked to see his tongue. This done, he stood for a moment gazing contemplatively upon the luckless patient. The bystanders thought he was pondering deeply; he was really wondering what he should do next. Then—it came like an inspiration; he had seen Dr. Evans do it one time; he lifted the patient's hand and studied his finger-nails in a meditative manner.

"Have you some whiskey?" he asked, turning to the conductor. "Yes, sir, I can get some," was the answer.

"Very good! Give him two teaspoonfuls in half a glass of water, and repeat the dose at the end of an hour. I haven't my medicine case with me, unfortunately, and can't prescribe just as I'd like to. But the whiskey will act as—"

What sort of an actor the whiskey would prove he evidently regarded as of no great importance to his listeners, for he broke off, and remarked that he was sorry he hadn't this thermometer with him; he would like to take the patient's temperature. He evidently had some sense, after all. "But give him the whiskey as directed," he concluded, with brisk decisiveness, and "if there should be a change for the worse let me know."

Back in the privacy of his berth once more Mr. Clay smiled broadly, and then sighed deeply. "Poor fellow," he thought. "I hope it's nothing serious."

"Doctor!" called a voice, just as he was dozing off. "The man seems to be getting worse. I guess you'd better take another look at him."

"All right," answered Mr. Clay, cheerfully, but groaning inwardly. "I wish," he muttered, "that confounded old pass had been taken up and cancelled before it ever fell into my hands! What the deuce am I to do, anyway? The man may die for lack of a little medical skill. But I can't confess that I'm no doctor; I've got to bluff it out."

"There's another doctor in the forward car, sir," said the conductor, as Mr. Clay appeared. "The patient's friends are getting kind of nervous, and thought perhaps you'd like to consult with him." "I'll roust him out if you think best."

"Very well, if the patient's friends desire it," answered Mr. Clay, both relieved and annoyed. "That doctor will see through me in about thirty seconds," he reflected, gloomily. "I wonder if it would kill a man to jump off the train? It's going pretty fast."

But Mr. Clay did nothing so rash as that. He was gazing calmly at the patient when the consulting doctor arrived.

"This is Dr. Evans, Dr. Brown," said the conductor, guttural of intentional falsehood.

The two professional men bowed gravely to each other. Dr. Brown had brought a small medicine case with him, which he set down in the aisle.

"Well, Dr. Evans, what are the symptoms?" he asked.

"Just take a look at him and see what you think, Dr. Brown," replied Mr. Clay, with admirable self-possession. Dr. Brown drew a fever thermometer from his pocket, shook the fluid down with a quick professional jerk, and inserted the end under the patient's tongue. Then he felt his pulse, and Mr. Clay noted with envy that he did not look at his watch, as he himself had done. Mr. Clay recalled that Dr. Evans seldom looked at his watch while counting a patient's pulse.

"What has been done for the relief of the patient, Dr. Evans?" asked the consulting physician, as he withdrew the thermometer and silently studied the temperature registered.

Mr. Clay told him. Doctors had disagreed before, and they might as well do so again, reflected the unhappy Clay. Besides, there was nothing to do but tell him.

Dr. Brown made no comment for a moment. Presently to Mr. Clay's relief and astonishment, he said: "Well, I think you did the right thing. I should advise continuing the treatment through the night, and if the patient hasn't improved by morning we can decide upon further treatment. His temperature is not alarming."

The next morning the patient was reported very much better, and Mr. Clay's heart overflowed with gratitude. As he left the train he met Dr. Brown. They passed through the station together, and as they started to part on the street, Mr. Clay said, with a confidential smile:

"Between you and me, doctor, I'm not a physician at all. I couldn't tell the conductor so, though, because I'm travelling on a physician's pass."

Dr. Brown's lips twitched, and he held out a cordial hand. "I brought along this medicine case," he said, "just as a bit of a bluff. I'm no more of a physician than you are, but I'm travelling on Dr. Brown's pass."

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

April 30.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

How these Dominican saints cluster together during this month of April, as if they enjoyed each other's company," remarked Miss Catherine, Aunt Kate, as every one called her. "First comes Saint Vincent Ferrer, then Saint Agnes of Monte Pelicani, then Saint Peter Martyr, and, to crown them all Saint Catherine of Siena. Yes, I will say, to crown them all. I used to wish I had been born on the 25th of November so as to claim Saint Catherine of Alexandria for my patroness, instead of the 30th of April, which gave me into the care of Saint Catherine of Siena; for our birthday settles, once and forever, one of our names and at least one of our patrons; and my name is not only Catherine, but Catherine Siena." "But why," asked her young friend, Drusilla, "did you prefer Saint Catherine of Alexandria to Saint Catherine of Siena?"

"Because she lived so many hundred years earlier than Saint Catherine of Siena and there were so many beautiful legends about her and so many pictures have been painted in her honor; and then, she was a princess and learned and the idea of converting forty philosophers was a very pleasing one, to say the least; forty learned men made ready for martyrdom, was a great triumph in a human way and very taking for a girl's fancy. But now I am quite content with the Catherine of the Fonta Branda, Siena. When I saw her relics, under the form of a lovely statue lying in full sight, below the high altar of Saint Mary on the site of the old temple to Minerva, goddess of wisdom, in Rome, as one of the patronesses of the City of the Seven Hills. I made up my mind that I had only to study her character and imitate it to become not only learned but wise in the things of earth as well as of heaven, and in a wonderful way I have found her an example fitting in to our modern affairs. The part which Catherine of Siena took in the national events of her time, the honors with which her counsels and her instructions were received not only by learned men in the world but by ecclesiastics of all grades, even the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Gregory XI., give us to understand the mind of the Church, in all ages, on questions that move us our society people, and suggesting all sorts of extravagances. The perfect simplicity of purpose with which Catherine lent herself to the necessities of her day and of her time if limited, would soon settle all these vexed questions and women would find nothing whatever," as Bishop Spalding says, "they can do well," without a disturbance to the community or detriment to themselves. But the one element of sanity or the one grain of worldly ambition determines the character of the action and its fruit.

"To start with, our Catherine of Siena, born as she was, in that year 1347, which was in the very midst of frightful discords in Church and state, was a child of faith; and when we read her marvelous story we thank God that she never went through that terrible ordeal of doubt, in one degree or another, to which it is supposed to-day all intelligent people are doomed before they can be intelligent believers; and the story of the large family, more than twenty children and she one of the youngest, proves how the members of a family educate each other, while the supernatural favors granted to her at a very early age prove, also, that God often chooses the weak of this world to confound its wisdom. As I stood near the Fonta Branda in Siena and looked up at the irregular pile called the Church of Saint Dominic, and remembered that just at this spot and looking up at the great church, the little Catherine had her first celestial vision, I realized how the surroundings of a

true faith had made an atmosphere in which the inspirations of God could work through a human soul. And to work out, in our poor, finite lives, the inspirations of God! To act not according to the world's idea of goodness but God's. Look at the obedience which Catherine practiced toward her parents and at the same time, keeping her promises to God. Look at her charities to the poor while she had, herself, nothing of her own; at her charity to the sick, even to lepers, nursing them herself, and, moreover, bearing with that wretched Tecca, whose leprosy was of the soul as well as of the body; conquering, by her tender assiduity, her evil dispositions until she saw her dying in a state of grace. Still further, let us look and study her charity towards her open enemy, Palmorina, whom she won to a fervent repentance and the graces of a happy death.

"But the day in which Catherine lived, demanded heroic souls, and see how she throws herself between the nobles and the people, even standing on the scaffold to sustain the courage and the faith of a victim whose life she could not defend but whose soul, under God, she was privileged to save by inspiring him with perfect contrition. These acts, all prompted by the most lively charity, were performed without the least regard to herself. She had, all through her life, but one motive, the salvation of souls, of her own and of every one who came near her.

"But there is one phase which is better than any treatise or exhortation, what it is to obey God's inspirations, and this was the perfect simplicity with which Saint Catherine called, within the reach of her voice, those whom she desired to influence for good. It mattered not to her when or where these listeners came to her, in a court yard, a piazza, or the street corner; and no sooner was heard that clear, sweet voice, penetrating not only the ear but the heart, than the people flocked to hear her; to hear her speak of their souls' salvation. The very mountaineers came to the city to listen to her words; monks, from their cloisters, craved to catch the words of heavenly wisdom from her lips; parents, children, priests, soldiers, and the day never was that men learned in any school but the school of divine love. All this was so exacting, but it was perfectly understood; that community, which measured things by the rule of heaven not of the world nor society.

"And now we come to the peace which she brought about between Urban VI. and his own cardinals and even the sovereigns of Europe to whom she addressed letters in the same spirit that had won a wild rabble to submit themselves to her gentle influence. She was, what the Florentines called her, "A dove with the olive branch in her beak."

"Never do I read the life of our Saint Catherine of Siena," continued Aunt Kate, "but I feel above all things, the difference of motives in her actions from that which we see so life among us, so that one almost dreads to relate these incidents lest they should be misunderstood; and yet, perhaps there is no saint in the calendar who can do more for the high soul, well intentioned women of to-day, than Saint Catherine of Siena. The late Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston gave the school of Saint Catherine of Siena soon after he received me in the Church, and I had it placed, immediately, in the reliquary cross of gold which had been given to me years before, when I knew little about the saints or their relics, by another prelate, Francis Patrick Kenrick, at that time, Bishop of Philadelphia, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore. Now I wish I could place before your eyes, Drusilla, these great ecclesiastics who had guided my bewildered steps into the path of life! The portrait of Bishop Fitzpatrick, to whom Thomas William Parsons paid such a tribute in verse, was painted by our own George P. A. Healy and might have been called a Saint John, Evangelist, resting on the breast of his Lord at the Last Supper, so perfect was it in the expression of a personal love for his Lord. To say that a priest has a special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is hardly proper, since we know the whole life of all priests is devoted to it; but we can say of one over another, perhaps, that he inspires a great devotion to it in others, and this was true of Bishop Fitzpatrick. Of that profound lover of the Holy Scriptures, Francis Patrick Kenrick, called the Saint Jerome of the United States, his humility was what always subdued my rebellious will to rebellion to the rule of faith. How could one resist the graces won by his prayers?"

"To let you see how one thing leads to another by that association of ideas which philosophers dwell upon so much, I must show you a medal which our Father J. L. O'Neil, O. P., kindly managed to have sent to me from the first home of the Dominicans in Rome, San Sisto, and with a Dominican blessing upon it."

Drusilla took the medal, always worn on Aunt Kate's rosary, admiringly into her hands. On one side was represented the Blessed Virgin, her divine Son standing on her knees, giving the Rosary to Saint Dominic. "On this," said Aunt Kate, "I always recite a decade for Dominicans all over the world, not forgetting the donor; or a dear young friend whom I knew when he was, as a little boy, wonderfully devoted to Saint Joseph; nor Father Robert, O. P. But look at the reverse."

On this Drusilla saw a charming representation of Saint Catherine of Siena kneeling, enraptured, before a crucifix. "On this," said Aunt Kate, "I say a decade for all the Dominican Sisters in the world, on both hemispheres, specially for those I know personally; that these Dominican Sisters may have the rare graces narrated of Saint Catherine by that Great Dominican name, Theodora Dram, known in religion as Mother Francis Raphael; who wrote, besides this life of Saint Catherine, and many other books, 'Christian Schools and Scholars.' We need such sanctified intellects as that of Mother Francis Raphael to-day and forever; then the name and the relic—who can say," added Aunt Kate, with a dropping of the voice into a tone of thrilling rever-

ence, "What they have done for my soul?"—New World.

NOTE—It is impossible to write a short life of Saint Catherine of Siena. What is now written is only an idea of what Catherine of Siena may do for the world to-day. The events of her life, incidents of her story, her influence upon us, even, are to be found in "Patron Saints," and also in the chapter on Siena in "Pilgrims and Saints,"—E. A. S.

CULTIVATING THE INTELLECT. Practical Plan of Continual Study for Young Priests.

That young priests after ordination and in the stress of parish work too often neglect further cultivation of their intellects, other than the necessary study which comes in the preparation of sermon has been frequently noted and deplored. Ancient this subject The Ecological Review in its April number cites the instance of a certain diocese where a movement for special study among the clergy was made by the Bishop of the diocese.

On the occasion of the examination of the junior clergy the Bishop proposed to them formation of an *Academia*, that is a society, the object of which was to induce the priests who were so inclined to pursue special studies. He suggested that they make selection, each, of some particular study, giving attention to it almost to the exclusion of other accustomed reading, and that this study should be so directed as to enable them to give an account of the results at the end of each year, which might take the shape of an essay intended for publication.

The subject was merely proposed for their consideration at the conference, and they were entirely free to act upon it or not. The Bishop's principal aim was in reality to form thinkers and writers sufficiently equipped to do battle in the warfare against modern error, and to become intellectual as well as moral leaders of the Catholic people in his diocese.

Shortly after the conference most of the junior clergy, altogether more than 20 per cent. of the whole number of priests in the diocese, offered to enter upon special studies. If we remember that the older clergy are naturally debarred from direct co-operation in such a scheme and that even among the younger pastors many hardly have the time to assume any responsibilities beyond their pastoral work, the supervising of their schools, and attending outlying missions in the rural districts, it must be confessed that the Bishop, who does not live in a very populous city, with a cultured young clergy around him, possesses marvelous power of inspiring his priests with the ideals which have previously guided him successfully in his own pastoral life.

"Everybody who is capable of properly appreciating efforts of this kind on the part of the individual priest will realize what it means to him to have the encouragement of his Bishop. A talented life is often left bare of results, and perchance shipwrecked, through a lack of encouragement and direction; gifted men are soured and alienated from their sacred allegiance frequently for want of sympathy on the part of superiors who might easily turn the talent and industry of their subjects into useful channels and thus increase the account of the glory of Holy Church."—Catholic Columbian.

LOYALTY TO PARISH INTERESTS.

By means of some extracts from a letter of Archbishop Vaughan to the "Catholic Children's Crusade in England" we find out one way in which the second Sunday after Easter, or Good Shepherd Sunday, as it is sometimes called from the first words of the beautiful gospel, is observed in England.

"I am," says the good Archbishop, "the father of more than 50,000 children, counting infants in arms as well as those of school age. What a huge family! We have now got in our Homes between 800 and 900 little boys and girls, who are being brought up in safe and happy homes as good Catholics. You, my dear children, are educating no less than fifty of these little ones every year for their maintenance. You have collected over 100,000 pence during the course of each Lent, and you have, therefore, brought me over \$2,500 for our orphans and abandoned children on Good Shepherd Sunday. I hope you will be able to do the same thing this year."

This charitable work is certainly very creditable to the English Catholic children, and sets a good example for our own to follow. Children should be taught early that it is both their duty and their privilege to help on the good works in the Church of Christ, beginning with the work of their own special parishes. Parents should encourage their families, according to the amount of money the children may earn in any way or that may be given to them, to offer a portion for the church in their societies and all other means by which parochial work may be aided. We ought to rouse in our young people a real loyalty to the parish and its works, from motives of faith and a generous desire to advance the Kingdom of Christ.

The parish is, of course, the religious unit in the kingdom of God, and His faithful servants will rally round the parish banner first of all. If they do not stand manfully and loyally under this—if they desert or are indifferent to this—we may be sure that they will desert Jesus Christ. Strenuous, generous, persevering devotion to the parish is the strong and indestructible foundation on which alone all good works may be successfully built. We must be proud of our parish, and look on our parish as practically and for us the kingdom of God on earth.

If we work around the parish church, the parish societies, the parish rests, and appreciate the graces and blessings that spring from the parish church, we and our children will be a people who will desire to share our advantages with the less fortunate. Not the elders alone, but the young people and the little ones, will feel the wish to have such organizations as the Propagation of the Faith take firm root in their mother-parish; they will want to share in the work; for they will see that it is

a part of the great whole at which we are aiming; namely, that God's kingdom may come, and that His cause may triumph everywhere. And naturally, if we may not rather say, with a supernatural naturalness, they will desire to see their own parish rank foremost in the diocese in all good works. They will become imbued with that spirit of chivalrous loyalty and ardent devotion that can not rest content with doing out a stinted sum, but must lavish the ointment on the Saviour's feet.—Sacred Heart Review.

Give Yourself to Prayer.

Learn to entwine with prayer the small cares, trifling sorrows and the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you, turn it into prayer and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you may make to God. Men may be too little for your great matters. God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.—Little Treasury of Lealties.

SPRING DEPRESSION.

People Feel Weak, Easily Tired and Out of Sorts.

YOU MUST ASSIST NATURE IN OVERCOMING THIS FEELING BEFORE THE HOT WEATHER MONTHS ARRIVE.

It is important that you should be healthy in the spring. The hot summer is coming on and you need strength, vigor and vitality to resist it. The feeling of weakness, depression and listlessness which you suffer from in spring is debilitating and dangerous. You have been indoors a good deal through the winter months, haven't taken the usual amount of exercise perhaps, your blood is sluggish and impure and you need a thorough renovation of the entire system. In other words you need a thorough course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you try them you will be surprised to note how vigorous you begin to feel, how the dull lassitude disappears, your step becomes elastic, the eye brightens and a feeling of new strength takes the place of all previous feelings. Thousands have proved the truth of these words and found renewed health through the use of these pills in spring time. One of the many is Miss Cassie Way, of Pictou, Ont., who says: "A few years ago I was cured of a very severe and prolonged attack of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other medicines I had tried failed. Since that time I have used the pills in the spring as a tonic and blood builder and find them the best medicine I know of for this purpose. People who feel run down at this time of the year will make no mistake in using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills are not a purgative medicine and do not weaken as all purgatives do. They are tonic in their nature and strengthen from first dose to last. They are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, sciatica, nervous troubles, neuralgia, indigestion, anemia, heart troubles, scrofula and impurities in the blood, etc. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Why Sneeze and Sneeze? Don't suffer any more with a cold in the head, just carry CATHARHOZON Inhaler in your vest pocket, use it now and again and you won't have colds, catarrhs, coughs, a cold in ten minutes, kills a headache in five minutes, relieves sneezing, coughs in half an hour. In the pleasant Catharhozone vapor five minutes daily will cure Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Lung Trouble, Deafness, Asthma and Croup in any part of the system. Catharhozone is the most direct, modern and scientific method, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Complete two months' treatment only \$1.00. Price 25c. Druggists or N. C. Paine & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dietary Control in their possession, as a change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on lower complaints, and there is nothing so handy, so sure, so effective, as a bottle of this body with a sure remedy, at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering, and frequently valuable lives. The Cordial has earned for itself a wide spread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

Let it Alone.

Scott's Emulsion is not a good medicine for fat folks. We have never tried giving it to a real fat person. We don't dare. You see Scott's Emulsion builds new flesh. Fat people don't want it. Strong people don't need it.

But if you are thin Scott's Emulsion is the medicine for you. It doesn't tire you out. There is no strain. The work is all natural and easy. You just take the medicine and that's all there is to it.

The next thing you know you feel better—you eat better—and you weigh more. It is a quiet worker.

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taken regularly will keep the stomach in good condition, the blood pure, and the complexion clear. All druggists sell it.

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