ARCH 23, 1901

be a manhood of connot suffocated with n, or political success, the spiritual beyond things temporal.

ment must come from , in which the divine th forms the model of for the family is the which the state is

s to meet the intellect. e character of the age, should be thoroughly or the battle. It is no ion of warring sects, ail to satisfy the de It is now at battle bend unbelief, between ndividualism, between on and the purely nat-

n, the Catholic college mendous responsibility saving society to Christ. training to fit him for sined the knowledge by e to understand the ren man and man, bed society, and between

for the future is in the It is in the lives of It is in organizations g Men's Catholic Asso congratulations to your n your work of twenty ir prayers for you that continue, that you may now the one true God, m He has sent, for this

DLESS PEOPLE.

V. G. Puddefoot, of Bosof the Congregational n a recent interview : prised to find that there amentable falling off in of children among the Eugland. I visited one time ago, and when I ere was no Sunday school told there were no chilpains to get figures, and in sixty families there child. There were cats ugh, in quantities.

was considered among the the heaviest punishment the Lord could visit a

essed the reverend gentlenew. There is evidence at the childless of New so by their own choice and The town of which he

have been composed of Englanders almost exclus-Nathan Allen states that f destruction and prevenong the Irish, English and New England. publish what they know ct it would make a shockre." And the Rev. Brenclair, paster of Old South Church, of Newburyport, in a sermon preached in nd reported in ov. 9, 1891: "The prevenpring is pre-eminently the y of Newburyport and New nd if not checked it will later be an irremediable Society, the (Protestant) the public conscience is

matter. should eulogiza Romanism, an Catholic Church is the which is a practical foe to orn sin which has fastened d death venom in the vital

rriage. y with pretended horror at t of Catholic domination. d that the Roman Catholics to possess New England. our sins they are. And they One thing is of paramount God - He intends to fill this righteousness, and he will hat the people who violate shall perish from the earth, those who obey his precepts y the place of a disobedient the Romanists will obey matter and rehabilitate the decaying, rotten wrecks of England home. State and obliterating this sin, then

fanticide is the national sin ngland. I do not fear but ot it out, as He did Sodom and dge from the sixty families ne child, sixty homes that o to the patter of children's laughter, the warnings and n of the pastor of the O.d sbyterian Church at Newhave died out and left no

nd ought to possess the land

WITHOUT TRYING.

st lie wins it."

Y. Freeman's Journal.

ster was one day walking oad, and to his astonishment crowd of boys sitting in front g with a small dog in the When he came up to them he llowing question: are you doing to the dog?"

le boy said: "Whoever tells

id the minister, "I am suryou little boys, for when I ou I never told a lie vas a silence for a while until

e boys shouted: "Hand him

THE QUEEN'S SOUVENIR.

Revealing the True Soul of a Modern

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Mr. Bobby Dyer shook his fist savagely and, addressing an invisible spectator, said: "I'll be hanged if I don's pay you out for this. You just

No human being was ordinarily nore inoffensive than Mr. Bobby Dyer ; but at this moment his pink and white, cherubic countenance was distorted with a scowl that boded ill to the unfortunate person that was to be paid out.

For Mc. Bobby Dyer's self-esteem had received a rude shock. Bobbyof the most popular and petted youths of a very smart set; Bobby, who led the cotillion and designed waistcoats-had been made the butt of pretty, witty Kitty Northrup's little red tongue. And, that, moreover, before a room filled with fashionables. And, that, moreover, Bobby's wits were slow. In an encounter of repartee he was always vorsted. How, then, could be expect to cope with so famous and skilled an intagonist? He had made a brave effort, to be sure ; but Miss Kitty bad harried and worried and pinked him ; had thrust him through and through and the bitter reminiscences in which he was now indulging were a series of quickly dissolving views of elegant women tittering behind their fans and "fellows" nudging each other and putting up their hands to conceal

Babby's voice was now for war on Miss Kitty Northrup. But how? She stood on so stately a pinnacle. She was so remote, so brilliant and such a octal law unto herself, how could he hope ever to wreak revenge on her pretty nut-brown head !

For, though Bobby was decidedly in the swim, he could by no means rival Miss Northrup's prestige. The exalted position of the Northrups was one born of distinguished lineage and enor mous wealth, while Bobby was a mere social mushroom.

But Bobby Dyer did not despair. Some way to satisfy his wounded vanity must surely open. In one fashion another he must prick the pride of this radiant Lady Diedain, who had s publicly and scornfully flouted his pre-

tentions to persiflage. And a way did open in so sudden and unlooked for fashion that Bobby had not time to think -a tedious pro cess which as a rule he abhorred.

It was at the Mortimer ball, a big, blowsy, noisy affair, which had been blazoned for weeks, where the crush was tremendons and everybody was

Kitty Northrup was especially bored. She had languidly danced, and then had given vent to a few of the scintil lations of wit which were always ex-pected of her. Now she sat in a cur "I shall be there. Good night, Miss tained window seat, moodily watching the magnificent mob charging the

Her red lips curled with scorn as she studied the scene. "What a disgrace-ful scramble!" she murmured. "I'm

one corner of the vast baliroom, ed her in her curiosity.' speaking to no one, but gravely look.

dark eyes. He was an absolute I could! How cool and impassive his stranger. A gentleman undeniably, face, but those eyes! Heaven! He irreproachatly dressed and carrying

there, serene and self contained, to many of the flushed and jabbering in a hansom. Bobby saw him, too, young men scurrying in and out of the supper-room that Miss Northrup was enchanted. She admired this big, did you get on with Lady Kitty?" strong limbed fellow, the resolute, clean cut face. She wished to see those lustrous eyes at nearer range.

She desired to hear him speak. At that moment, as all malign influ ences would have it, Mr. Bobby Dyer sauntered past the Turkish corner where Miss Northrup had snugly ensconsed herselt.

Kitty beckened impatiently with her fan. "Bobby," she said, "come here Tell me, who is that man? I don't seem to know his face, though I should. He's the only decent locking

man in this room."

Bobby glared, first at Miss North rup, then at the man indicated. And slowly a gleam of unboly joy over-

spreak his round, seraphic face.
"Why," he drawled, "is it pos sible you don't known George Dalton? Awful mice chao Od college chum of He's been away for some time, and just got back. Shall I introduce

"By all means," said Kitty.

Booby had an insane desire to yell, but heroically restraining this im pulse, he crossed the room to the stranger, and touching him on the shoulter, said, "How are you old

The stranger turned and surveyed him leisurely for a momeut. "Oa," said the unabashed Babby.

"I see you don't recall ma. I am Deer, you know I was one of Coloner Ransalaer's party that night at the prize

fight - you remember? courteous reply. "Yes. I'm glad to face this proud, radiant young beauty see you agatu, Mr. Djer" again. So Dilton stood behind tall

little matter. Just step this way " assemble The stranger, looking a bit puzz ed, glance.

followed his guide across the great room

to Kitty Northrup's remote seat.
"Oa your life," muttered Bobby as they approached the girl, "don's dis-pute a word I say. Its a wager. I'll explain later," and then aloud, "Miss

Northrup, my old friend and class The stranger started, shot a piercing, fiery look at Bobby, and then bowed low to the beautiful girl before

Kitty Northrup! So this was the famous belle of whom he had read col umns of twaddle in the newspapers And what on earth did sho want with him? sAnd what did young Dyer mean by introducing him in that fash-

Bobby had fled. So Mr. Dalton stood perplexed bu; imperturbable, his soft dark, brilliant eyes fastened on the pretty, piquant face, turned toward him with a rare, sweet smile.

"Mr. Dalton, I saw you looking horribly bored, and as I was horrible bored I thought we might as well be bored together. Won't you sit down?"

She swished her silken skirts aside. making room for him on the divan. Dal on hesitated. To tell the truth. he was frightfully embarrassed. What it all meant was beyond his compre hension. That this stately belie should

condescend to him was past belief. However, Dalton was a man, and his usually cool head was a trifle turned. If this lady wished to talk to him, why

should he hesitate?
"Your friend says you have been out of town for some time," Kitty be

"Yes, Miss Northrup, I have just re turned from London," replied Dalton, his eyes opening a little wider as he thought of Bobby Dyer as his friend. "That is, of course, the reason

have not chanced to see you before, went on the balle. "Possibly, Miss Northrup," in a matter of fact tone.

K tty, too, was puzzled. Though the wonderful eyes of this handsome man plainly exhibited admiration of her exquisite self, he paid her no compliments, an absolutely unheard of and inexplicable thing. She peeped at him over the lace of her fan.

"Do you dance?" she asked, with a challenge in her voice. Dalton looked her directly in the

"Not here, Miss Northrup," he said. Kitty was piqued. Who was this impassive person? Why had he the impertinence to own such eyes? The audacious beauty determined to rouse

him if possible. Her chaperon was approaching, and she saw she must cut short the interview with this man who so puzzled and fascinated her. She rose, and giving him a fusillade from her spark ling eyes, she murmured : "I am gosuddenly she had become tired. Sae ing now. I hope I shall see you at the Robinson wedding to morrow even-

> Northrup." She extended her slender gloved hand. He took it. Was it his fancy, or was there a gentle pressure

from the small fingers?
"Weil." Dalton murmured as he returned to his corner of observation, disgusted. I shall go home. Heavens! "that is certainly the most extraordin-how stupid. Same old crowd. I ary experience I have ever had. What would give a good deal to see a new a lovely creature! I could worship a face. There isn't a man worth look- woman like that! Oh, what a blooming at in New York to day."

She paused. Her eyes had sudden price on her part. A caprice ing fool I am! It was merely a caly rested on a man who stood quietly and that young scamp aided and abett-

"He is certainly the very handsom who was he? Miss Northrup did Miss Northrup, as she leaned against not know that splendid figure, that calm, strong face, those keen, brilliant, am. "I could love that man! Yes, am." est man I ever looked at,'

As Mr. Dalton was walking down himself with ease and dignity.

He was such a contrast as he stood

Fifth avenue about 3 o'clock that morn ing he saw Bobby Dyer's yellow head

could control me with one glance!

"Now, Mr. Bobby Djer," said Dal-ton, resolutely, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain the meaning of the masquerade of this evening Why did you present me to that lady Moreover, why as your friend and classmate?"

"Because I owed her one," burst out Bobby, an ugly look crossing his face "Sae's too high and mighty. I wanted to take her down a peg. By to morrow night the story will be tell in every drawing-room on Murray Hill;

yes, and in every club '
'You cur!" said D said Dalton, quietly, "if you ever say one word in a club or drawing room of what has occurred to night I'll break every bone in your cursed bidy. Stop this bansom! I won't lower myself by riding with a

dog lika vou He sprang from the hansom, but turned and faced the indignant and spluttering Bobby. Remember what I say," he stormed, a wicked gleam in is eyes. I'll keep my word, Mr.

Dyer." Everyone remarked that Kitty North rup had never looked so radiant as at Nanny Robinson's wedding. She was all in white, like a tall, stately lily.

There was one man there toat night who looked sadly at her from across the drawing-room and murmured to himself: "She is a queen—my queen. I shall always revere and worship her for her graciousness to me.

Kitty looked everywhere for that man, but he managed to keep out of "On, yes, perfectly now" was the sight. He felt that he could never again. So Dilton stood behind tall

About midnight a flunky approached | ways at the command of the highest

refreshments were awaiting him in death from a loathsome disease, - whose the library upstairs. Dalton was various stages he immortalized in un weary, and glad of an opportunity for printable and natranslatable verse—a quiet smoke, and at once followed distrusted by friend and despised by the servant to the room. The man enemy. A character, that would have

Served him and then withdraw.

Daiton was glad to be alone. Far off of degenerates. resounded the delicious strains of music, faint laughter and the sweet ripple of women's voices. The heavy sent of the roses and lilles rose from every corner of the great mansion, bringing with their wafts of perfume strange memories, strange thoughts.

Dalton found himself toly wondering where was now that beautiful girl his eyes had followed all the evening. What was she doing? What was she saying to the men who fluttered about her like moths about a brilliant flame? A strange new sensation stole over him. A strange new pain gripped at

his heart.
"What in heaven's name am thinking of?" he fiercely demanded I'm crazy, that's what I am, crazy. Just then the portiere behind him tipkled. He turned quickly. Kitty Northrup stood before him.

Daiton set down his glass and raced er, resolute, composed, but white as death. Kitty came toward him, a caressing

smile in her eyes and a delicious pout on her scarlet lips, her white hand extended "Mr. Dalton !" shecried. "Wretch ! Monster! Where have you been all the evening? Why have you not looked for me? I am not used to such

cavalier treatment, sir," and she tossed her adorable head with a mutinous air. Dalton summoned all his courage. He felt that he needed it now, it ever. "Miss Northrup," he said, slowly, "did you ever read the story of Ruy

Blas?

She looked at him intently. His eyes held her enthralled. She trembled. flushed and then grew white as her gown He thought she was going to faint.

He sprang to her and gently assisted her to a chair. She sat there cold and white as a statue, her head turned away from him. "Ray Blas, you remember," he said a duil voice, "was paimed off on the

in a dull voice, Queen of Spain as a noble. He was only a lackey.' No answer from that cold, proud

figure sitting stolidly there.
"I cannot fill the rele of a Don Cæ sar de Bezan," Dalton went on, his heart pounding like a trip hammer, what it all meant. But afterward I met Mr. Dyer and insisted upon knowing the truth. For my unconscious share in the travesty I humbly beg

you to forgive me."
"Who are you?" suddenly and imperiously asked the girl." "I am," said Dalton, with an air of proud humility, "the detective sent from headquarters to guard the guests

and presents from possible robbery. Kitty Northrup rose and slowly wasked to the doorway. Grasping the tapestry in her hand she paused a moment and looked Dalton full in the face. Trembling in their lu trous depths he saw a tenderness no other man had ever seen in Kitty Northrup's eves "But Ray Blas loved the Queen,

Dalton's heart stood still. "Yes. he managed to answer, "Ruy Blas loved the Queen so well that he died for her. For you know he could not live for her.

Kitty smiled a little, faint, frosty "That is true," she said. Goodbye.

picked up a white rose which had fall. en from her breast. He looked at it What an original way those Euro sadly, hesitated a moment, then put it peans have of sleeping! But, as he tenderly in his pocket.

Six months later when Dalton was shot while bravely doing his duty in a raid on a gambling house, they found in the pocket over his heart a withered white rose. It was carefully wrapped in paper, on which Dalton had writ ten, "A souvenir of the Queen to Ruy Blas."

The little circle of police officers and detectives huddled around the dead man looked stupidly at one anothe "And who the i-uce was Ruy Blas?" asked the Sargeant, turning his fat, red face anxiously to Duffy, the detect

ive, who knew it all
"Let me think," said that omniscient one, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand. "Wait. Ah, I have it! H; was an attache of the Spanish Legation at Washington three years ago.

"That's it, then," said the Captain of the precinct, with becoming solemnbut this is the first I ever knew that poor Dalton was in the secret service during the war.

REFORMATION KNIGHTLINESS.

The Commonweal, a new Canadian weekly, contains in its first number a statement by a McGill, professor that there was a "Knight of the Ra formation," Uirich von Hutton, no

Is this another exposure of the ori gins of Protestantism as having for its "Kuight," that "sad rascal," as the Protestant Mr. Starbuck cells him; of whom Father Ganus writes:

"Urich von Hutten was one of the vilest and most despicable characters and instruments employed by the Re formere. To tatellectual brilliancy of high order he united a scurrility of

him and imparted the imformation that bidder, and finally he died a wretched given free scope to Nordau in his study

A MISSIONARY INCIDENT.

An Oblate missionary in Ceylon sends the following interesting experience, which came to him recently

in the course of his work.

"One evening about 6 o'clock I received orders to be at a certain church, twelve miles away, by 7 o'clock the following morning. Shortly after, I set out in a builock cart driven by a Sinhalese boy. We had not gone far when night came on, for, as you know, in tropical countries as soon as the sun sets it is dark. Oa that par ticular night the darkness was some thing most unusual, and our little lantern just sufficed to show us the part of the road on which the bullock trod. Here and there we met other cars and drivers whose approach was always announced by an unearthly musical ear, but even if I were I don't elieve I could appreciate such strains. By a stranger unacquainted with the people it might be interpreted Your oney or your life.' There is no harm in it however, it is only a polite way of saying : 'Look out.

After three hours on this road we had to abandon it for the more rugged jungle track. The road we had left vas by no means a safe one on a dark night, with ditches on either side and no fences. Yet it was safe by com parison with the next. This was crocked, uneven, full of pools of water and deep ruts. The poor bullock had now enough to do. The boy also had his share of work in trying to avoid a collision with the tress and other obstacles, and to keep the poor beast from falling it to the tuts.

"I was beginning to console myself with the thought that I should soon reach the church and have rest and re freshment, when the only candle w had for the lantern flickered out and was gone. There we were in the jungle in total darkness, not able to distinguish the road from the rest of the forest. I offered up a silent prayer.
. . . 'What is that? A light! Let

us make for it.' With great difficulty, and much jolting and shaking, we succeeded in approaching, and then the boy leaving me went to procure a torch. The light we had seen was a fire caused by some villagers burning branches of the cocoanut palm. A few of these branches tied together and ignited with last for half an hour and While the torch was being pre pared a villager came out of one of the little houses hard by, and, having learned of my presence in the neighbor to be the village schoolmaster, and from him I learned that, although the church was but a quarter of a mile away, it was uscless to go on as there was no mission house adjoining. It was now past 10 o'clock, and, as he offered me his hospitality I gladly accepted it. Having conducted me to a ittie hut that had been formerly used as a school, but was now cut of date. went to prepare some supper for me My appetite was keen, and justice was d ne to everything served up. While I was thus occupied, a bed was prepared beside me. I had to allow the boy to sleep in one corner of the room, while I had my shake down in another. The portiere tinkled. She was gone.
The headquarters man stooped and The boy, who was a Buddhist, showed down to say my night prayers. He saw I had not made up my mind to re main in that peculiar position for the night, he threw himself on his and soon began snoring, while I said a lew prayers for his conversion.

"In the morning I proceeded to the church, where I had the happiness of offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, thanking God for the Divine protectson; He extends to all His missioners.

WHERE TO FIND FAITHFUL PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL.

The Christian Intelligencer of New York faces the question fairly. It says that fully one half of the people proessedly Protestant have renounced the habit of church attendance, and it asks how this coudition of things can be im proved. There are instructions in the way it answers its own question which must make some popular preachers squirm. It says :

squ'rm. It says:

"Magic lantern shows, more elaborate music, pulpit discussion of current events, an vertisement of taking themes, have been found ineffective, to be of only temporary value, and in the end to increase rather than diminish the evil. This is the natural result. Such methods give the idea that the aim of the church is merely to entertain its attendants, and its attractions will soon become less strong than what is eisewhere offered. If the Church seeks to compete with the opera and the variety show, it will certainly fail. The attractive power of the Church is the same as that of the Cross. Its office is to save men, and nothing will do this but the faithful preaching of the Gospel."

Good. And this faithful preaching

Good. And this faithful preaching of the Gospei is to be found to-day, according to the testimony of such men as the Rev. Mr. Cooke, from whom we quoted some weeks ago, in the Catho lie Church. Let any of our Protestant friends who doubt this attend Mass, as Mr. Cooke did, at a Catholic church "And so am I, deuced glad," said palms and secreted himself in wind w seats, while he watched the brilliant little matter. Just step this way" assemblage before him with an eagle glance.

again. So Difton stood benind tan language winted could rival, and as an exponent of the sermon is not a disquisition on the seats, while he watched the brilliant total depravity he stands without a latest fad in literature or science, nor a discussion about current events, but a court to court,—his venal pen was all sermon on the Gospel of Christ. It some Sanday. There he will find that

may not be always eloquent. But it is always earnest. It never minces matters; never, through fear of offendng somebody, minimizes the enormity of sin. It is always sure to have as it's central idea Christ and Him crucified. -Sacred Heart Review.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of the Fervent Amendment of Our

Oh, that thou didst never want to at or drink or sierp, but couldst always praise God and be employed solely in spiritual exercises!

Thou wouldst then be much more happy than now, whilst thou are under t the necessity of serving the flesh.
Would to God there were no such Mood's Sarsaparilla

taste too seldom! When a man is come to this, that he eeketh his comfort from nothing created, then he beginneth perfectly to relish God; then likewise will he be well content, however matters happen

to him. Then will he neither rejoice for he will commit himself wholly and confidently to God, Who is to all : to Whom nothing perishes or die, Whose beck they serve without delay. Always remember thine end, and

that time once lost never returns. Without care and diligence thou shalt never acquire virtue.

If thou beginnest to grow lukewarm, thou wilt begin to be uneasy.

But if thou givest thyself to feryour, thou wilt find great peace, and the grace of God and love of virtue

will make thee feel labor lighter. A fervent and diligent man is ready

for all things.
It is harder work to resist vices and assions than to toll at bodily labor. He that doth not shun small defects by little and little falleth into greater. Thou wiit always reinice in the even ing, if thou spend the day profitably Watch over thyself, stir up thyself.

admonish thyselt; and whatever be cometh of others, neglect not thy self. The greater violence thou offerest to thyself, the greater progress thou wilt

Loss of Appetite.

A person that has lost appetite has lost something besides—vitality, vigor, tone. The way to recover appetite and all that goes with it is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla—that strengthens the stomach, perfects digestion and makes eating a pleasure. Thousands take it for spring loss of appetite and everybody says there's nothing else so good as Hood's.

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The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are The Proprietors of Parmeiee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes. "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases reouring a catharcan be given in all cases requiring a cathar

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King's Evil

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Ont., had scrofula sores so bad they could not attend school for three months. When different kinds of medicines had been used

necessities, but only the spiritual re-freshments of the soul, waich, alas, we

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