e furrows. Sibble that since his ore about nce across her from othing esy unkempt

er greatly;

wing things d been her n his latter

those about

grief which fort in her est of all to

er than ever

d in getting

of them, she

an old maid, id, and then rd, things benow but what y comfortable

are too sure

en after the snothing but

isfaction had

as her friends ow about tell-Bannon, the

nxious, far-of

world and its

g old, father,' at herself. "his morning."

orday, since I can't be more ago. Twenty-can't call you n visiting that forney O'Dono-niserable state, and woman his

ind woman his where is, I

Flaherty and

in her place ?" never be com-

ff eyes looked

whose face the ood.
eat contrivance

n," she said, in get away from n awkward sub-

ent to me from

I, I'm afraid to the children in

wing me and the s. You wouldn't he rain off. For

le roof it is."

Bannon's acquisi-to be so, "What

ne—it's called an

good many people hat it's like. It

too."
Sibbie, politely

ibbie, child, since

Supposing you Sunday? I know

-it is to all the

e, finally confessed emptation—it was ning in the parish

that date as the her Bannon had

in her best to do

Her best was a loosely fitting ed stuff, white and

th a scarlet ribbon

itted stockings and

never went out in when she took off k and revealed her

took snuff and paid

his breviary when

the window that

ley of the Daugh of the mountains

igh for a wedding, "Sit down, child, ea. I'm expecting

here he is! Ho

from Sibbie's red a half guilty air. ck again it seemed of briars and thorns

the girl during the ad of the sweet nat-

oic of a few moments to on the edge of her attitude, her mouth and so chilly, so un-as no wonder poor the green coat with

knee breeches and

gray worsted stock-

sudden chilled and

ad taken his best est of drawers, where

l had last smoothed credit to the great

here. But there she beautiful than he

er — but so cold, so Why he had done

hat look to her face. housekeeper came irtains, hiding the

king tea with become him remark-He had not known

oticed it. Il, Sibbie," he

ke his

903.

mountains and the cold glimmer of the river in its valley under the winter evening sky. She lit the lamps and stirred the fire. The room with its books in dull bindings that had only an odd glimmer of gilding, its few good pictures, the sacred emblems on the mantel shelf, the dog lying on the faden trug, the snowy cloth, with china and silver laid for the tea, were very grand and imposing in the eyes of Corand silver laid for the tea, were very grand and imposing in the eyes of Cor-ney and Sibbie. They almost forgot their shyness of each other in watching their shyness of each other in watering the priest ladle from the old silver caddy a few precious spoonfuls of tea and pour the boiling water upon it, of the short table meal maid of all r in bright tea was delicious—most grateful The tea was deficious—most grateful to Sibbie's feminine palate; but it did r thoughts in his negnot unlock her tongue. She had seemed quite willing to chatter when she came but the arrival of her fellow guest the thrifted to serve tion of the

by the game, and the thick shutters had nearly kept out sound. Sure enough, the wind was crying along the valley with an ominious moan; through the shutters he could hear the streaming of the rain upon the glass.

the rain upon the glass.
"We'd best be getting home," said Sibble, standing up.
There was a pattering of hailstones on the window and the wind cried in

the chimney. "Yes," assented the priest. "It's

not a long way, and you'll be home before the storm breaks. That reminds
me, you never saw the umbaella after
all. You shall go home under it. You
think you can hold it over Sibbie's
head, Corney?"

"Naver feer, your reverses."

head, Corney?"
"Never fear, your reverence!"
"I wouldn't be taking Mr. O'Donovan to far out of his way," said Sibble,

in a mineing voice.
"Sure, 'tis my own way,' said Corney, turning red. "Only for that I would'nt be troubling you."
"I'd take no harm with my cloak,"

said Sibbie. "And the umbrella," said the priest.

"You couldn't hold it over yourself, but Corney'll hold it for you. You'll bring it back safe and sound to me, Corney? Now, Sibbie, are you ready? I'll open it for you when I get you outside the door. 'Tis too big to open in the hear.' The umbrella of the late '30's, the

first which had found its way into the first which had found its way into the parish of Newtowncross, was very unlike the slender, elegant umbrella of to-day. This particular example was as large as the canopy of a four-poster bed. It had huge ribs of whalebone and a stick great enough for a giant's walking stick. The wind was blowing a half gale by this time, and it was with great difficulty Corney was able to carry the umbrella.

carry the umbrelia.

However, he was a bit of a yachtsman, and very soon he learned the secret of holding the umbrella against the wind, which was now blowing furiously from the southwest.

"If it was to get under," said Corney to his silent companion, "it 'ud, maybe, blow me away to the moon, ourse, I'd never let go of it-athing that belongs to the priest."

A little later:
"I think the best thing I could do 'ud be to shut it up. I'm misdoubting that maybe it'll carry me over the

They were at this time on a steep, They were at this time on a steep, descending path, on one side of which was a wall of rock, on the other a precipitous fall into the valley below. Sibbie uttered a little shriek and suddenly caught at his arm and clung to it. The wind blew and buffeted them; the umbrelle was blown this way and the umbrella was blown this way and that. If the hurrying moon amid her ragged clouds had had time to shed a ray on Corney's face it would have revealed an expression of amazed and incredulous delight.

credulous delight.
"Sure, you wouldn't be telling me to
let tle priest's umbrella fly away?" he faltered.

Your life's more than the umbrella, she whispered back.
Correy's face grew roguish in the

You'd better not be holding me, "You'd better not be not said "or you'll maybe go over along with me. If I was only out of this place I'd be shutting it up as his rev-

He staggered before the force of the wind and the umbrella leaned to the Sibbie caught him with both hands and held his arm tight to her. He had an idea through her her. He had an idea through her thick cloak he could feel the beating of her heart. However, he still held on to the umbrella. The wind sighed and died away just long enough to allow them to pass the most dangerous part of the path. They came to a point, at

of the path. They came to a point at which it was possible to clamber over the boulders to a bit of a field on top. "I think we'll be shutting it up here," said Corney, making the most of the lull. He climbed up the bit of path to the field, planted the umbrella like an mushroom in the nearest ridge and was black again to help her over the last bit of the climb.

"Now to shut it up," said he. But

that was easier said than done. They pushed and pulled and squeezed and felt for hinges in the ribs, all to no purpose. They remembered too late that Father Bannon had not taught

them how to close the umbrella. " Let us get home before the wind rises," said Sibbie, "I can see the light in the kitchen window where Bessie is waiting up for me. There Bessie is watting up for me. There isn't a house we could get into, but there's great shelter inside the four walls of the garden."

On the instant there was a great flash the instant there was a great flash it.

them and went flying over the gray fields. Whether they followed it of their own will or whether they were simply blown before the storm, as everything in its path was that night, Sibbie never knew. She only knew that she was carried off her feet for

tunately away from the storm.
"You're terrified, darling, and no

There's a few cattle in here. We needn't turn them out, the creatures."
"No indeed!"
"And here's a a manger full of hay.
I'll spread my coat on the hay and you can sit down, or lie down if you like better. Why, is it shivering you are, Sibbia?"

better. Sibbie?" She found herself caught to Corney's

She found herself caught to Corney breast and held there. She felt kisses upon her hair. The cattle had come closer to them for protection. She felt the warmth of their breath and heard the deep sound of it. They were in a little space of peace and quietness, while the world seemed given over to destruction outside. destruction outside.

"Will it ever be over?" she sighed against his ear.
"Is it the storm? Sure, I don't care." to me

To morrow you'll be freezin' to me Her uplifted arms held him about the

Her uplifted arms held him about the neck. He could see her eyes shining in the obscurity. "I always loved you," she said. "Why were you such an omadhaun as never to ask me?"

"Never to ask you, light of my eyes!
Sure I thought you wouldn't look at

"I never looked at any one else, not

in that way."

"Sure, how am I to go to Father
Bannon?" he asked, happily. "Isn't
his umbrella gone off to the North Pole somewhere?"
"We'll get him another. I don't be-

lieve in them contrivances. Sure, if God sends rain, it must be good,"
"I'm obliged to the umbrella," said Corney. "Only for it you'd have gone on freezing me."

ror. "It isn't because of that you're asked me, Corney?"

The look and there was all satisfywhich he answered her was all satisfy-

After all, there was great mercy in their night in the dun, for as they came over the fields in the gray morning, when the storm had luiled, they found that the chimney of Sibbie's room was down on the bed where she would have slept. In their passionate

thanksgiving the ravages of the storm vexed them but little.

A report came from somewhere about Tory Island of a strange apparation in Tory Island of a strange apparation in the sky the night of the storm, like a queer, unchancy sort of boat sailing and a bare mast stuck up out of it.

That was the last ever heard of Father Bannon's umbrella. — The

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

DECEMBER 2.

A young Spanish gentleman, in the dangerous days of the Reformation, was making a name for himself as a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Paris, and had seemingly no higher aim, when St. Ignatius of Levels higher aim, when St. Ignatius of Loyola won him to heavenly thoughts. After brief apostolate amongst his countrymen in Rome, he was sent by St.
Ignatius to the Indies, wherefor twelve
years he was to wear himself out
bearing the Gospel to Hindostan, to Malacca, and to Japan. Thwarted by Malacca, and to Japan. Thwarted by the jealousy, covetousness and careless-ness of those who should have belied and encouraged him, neither their opand encouraged him, neither their opposition nor the difficulties of every sort which he encountered could make him slacken his labors for souls. The vast kingdom of China appealed to his charity, and he was resolved to risk his life to force an entry, when God took him to Himself, and on the 2nd of December, 1552, he diec—like Moses—in sight of the land of promise. sight of the land of promise.

Success by methods such as a Chris-

QUESTIONS OF HONOR IN THE FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES. CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ment.

AT HOLY COMMUNION.

priest has left the altar.

this world," writes St. Francis de Sales, "the interior consolations granted there are nevertheless se ineffable that no

earthly bliss and enjoyment can equal

The soul in purgatory, though suffer-

What is "A Good Home?" "The phrase 'a good home' may have many meanings," says the Catholic Columbian. Some parents imagine that their children have a good home

one where these things are abundant and something else is lacking."

of future glory.

In this, the fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," there is conveyed an important and serious lesson. In uttering the words we make confession in the first place that we have transgressed [Cod's laws We again awayledge our Katharine E. Conway.

It should be remembered that the faithful intending to receive Holy Communion should rise and approach the altar, after the Domine non sum dignus, when the bell rings three times. Some-times, especially at the High Mass on Sunday, when there are very few com-God's laws. We acknowledge our selves to be what we are, and we beg Sunday, when there are very few communicants, these appear not to notice or to know the signal, and will not approach the altar till the ablutions.

The motive of this delay seems to be a sort of false modesty, which at other times leads its unfortunate possessor to kneel at the extreme and of the railing. of God pardon for our sins, and remis-

sion of the punishment we have in-curred on account of the same.

These results, however, are not se-cured by merely petitioning for them. On the instant there was a great hash of lightning, and then, as though it had let loose the wind, the storm broke over them with incredible violence. The umbrella was whirled away from The umbrella was whirled away from a most significant condition. It is a condition that is of much contract the state of the contract the contra sequence because upon it rests God's promise to forgive in. It is also a

had frozen the current of her speech.
And as for Corney, Corney was as dumb as though he had been born so dumb as though he had been born so dwhile they sipped their tea from saucers, sitting atarm's length from the table, Father Bannon eyed them with an expression half despairing half waggish. He was obliged to talk for three. A cold curtain of constraint hung over the room. He rallied, he tooxed, he tried all his arts to make the two talk to each other, but in vain.

This afternoon had been very still. As the darkness gathered there was a moan of wind; again a clapping of wind which seemed to rattle the invisible sails before it died away. After teasin a hospitable endeavor to please his guests, the priest brought out a domino bord and instructed them in the rules of the game. It had been his beloved companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been as the companion since he had been as the decompanion since he had been as the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been a student of the companion since he had been as the companion since he had been as

guests, the priest broughout them in the rules bard and instructed them in the rules bard and instructed them in the rules of the game. It had been his beloved of the game. It had been a student companion since he had been a student companion since he had been a student subject of Denai, in France.

Sibling always said that she could be two sakes God to measure His forgive-size that the priest broughts always said that she could be two sakes God to measure His forgive-size that the priest broughts always said that she could be two sakes God to measure His forgive-size that the priest broughts and so old that the part of the manner in which we should in the priest broughts and instructed them in the rules was of iron strength and so old that the part of the manner in which we should antiquaries had grown tired of discussions. of the game. It had been his beloved of the game had been a student at the college of Douai, in France. But while the game passed the time, he was aware that neither of the young couple shared his interest in it.

About 8 o'clock the housekeeper came in.

"Tis pouring with rain," she said, "and your reverence's weather glass, thet ran up as if it was running a race this morning, is tumbling down all as fast. Glory be to goodness, listen to the wind!"

Father Bannon had been engrossed by the game, and the thick shutters had been the wind the companion time the strength of the manner in which we should a strength that she could never have reached the dun if it had never have reached the dun if it h

It becomes us, therefore, to have our wonder," said Corney's voice at her ear. "But now we're quite safe. There's a few cattle in here. We given, we must forgive. In order to nearts set in the greatest charity when repeating this petition. To be forgiven, we must forgive. In order to find mercy we must be merciful. And if we but be mindful of the many and countless offences God has forgiven us it should not be difficult for us to extend forgiveness to our neighbor. Such we shall do if we are always guided by the spirit of of true charity Thus forgiving those who trespass against us, we may confidently hope that God will forgive us our trespasses. -Church Progress.

CHURCH CHOIRS

MANY AMENS AND OTHER REPEATED PHRASES CRITICISED.

one family, one body, united for a diversity of ministrations under one Head, From time to time, we get intelligence that the Pope is about to reform our church music; that the more oper-Christ our Lord. The Church never interrupts her sighs and prayers for the faithful deatic style is to be changed to a simpler or Gregorian form, writes Jas. R. Randell in the Catholic Columbian. Some sighs and prayers for the faithful departed, until they have arrived in the port of eternal bliss. After death there is a question not only of consolation for the soul, but also of abbreviation of its punishment. The Church prays, and every prayer of faith, even that of individiduals. dell in the Catholic Columbian. Some of our people do not go to High Mass, on account of the choir, they say, and some may go because of the choir. I am personally very fond of the grand music of the masters; admirably rendered and even with orchestrial accompaniment, but they might be some reform. For vididuals, has expiatory power. Practiced in the spirit of the Church even with orchestrial accompaniment, but there might be some reform. For instance, the tedious repetition of the same words could be abridged, especially, as is often the case, that this repetition either intrudes upon solemparts of the Mass or the priest has to god for having called us to a religious whose maternal care, charity and parts of the Mass or the priest has to pause until the tenors, the baritones, the basso profundo and the chorus all insist upon having their turn in repeating the musical phrase. I was recently God sends rain, it must be good,
"I'm obliged to the umbrella," said
Corney. "Only for it you'd have gone
on freezing me."
"And you breakin' my heart."
"If it wasn't for that, I'd have got
you home before the storm, though the
brunt of it would have fallen on me."
"What'll the neighbors say?" she
asked, elinging to him in sudden terror. "It isn't because of that you've
asked me, Corney?" are seen with
They determined to intone their several
"They dearthly pilgrimage, and fottows to earthly differ our eyes have been closed in
ing the musical phrase. I was recently after our eyes have been closed in
if it our ey They determined to intone their several They determined to intone their several scores, and they did. I do not know how many "Amens" were sung finally, but they were multitudinous, and, I should have supposed, unecessary. No doubt, the choir has its defence, and, when it is a voluntary, unpaid organization feels righteous or artistic indigents. when it is a voluntary, unpart of states tion, feels righteous or artistic indignation when critized; but, on reflection, the vocal members might admit that a little reform would not do any harm, the states of the reform reported moves. even if the Holy Father's reported movement does not "materialize."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

DENYING OURSELVES AND RENOUNCING CUPIDITY.

Would it were so with thee, and would it were so with thee, and that thou wert come so far that thou wert no longer a lover of thyself, but didst stand wholly at my beck and at His, whom I have appointed father over thee: then would'st thou exceedingly please Me, and all thy life would mass in juy and peace.

ingly please Me, and all thy life would pass in joy and peace.

Thou hast yet many things to forsake, and unless thou give them up to me without reserve, thou shalt not attain to that which thou demanded.

I counsel thee to buy of me gold firetried, that thou mayest be made rich (Apoc. iii. 18.): that is, heavenly wisdem which treads under foot all things. lom, which treads under foot all things

Set aside the wisdom of the earth. that is, all seeking to please the world and thyself.

I have said that thou shouldst give the things that are high, and of great esteem with men, to purchase those which are esteemed contemptible.

For truly heavenly wisdom seems very mean and contemptible, and is scarce thought of by men; that wisdom, which teaches to think meanly of one's self, and not to seek to become great upon earth; which many praise in words, but from which in their life they are far; yet, this same is that precious pearl which is hidden from

The Voice of the Holy Spirit.

God speaks still, as He spoke to our fathers in primitive times, when there were neither directors nor directions. Spiritually then consists in doing the will of God. Each hour brings a duty to be done with fidelity. Attention to this made saints, and makes saints still.

A WOMAN'S FACE

Plainly Indicates The Condition of Her

HOW TO OBTAIN BRIGHT EYES, ROSY CHEEKS AND THE ELASTIC STEP OF

proach the altar till the ablutions.

The motive of this delay seems to be a sort of false modesty, which at other times leads its unfortunate possessor to kneel at the extreme end of the railing, even though she be the only communicant; thus compelling the priest to earry the Blessed Sacrament half the length of the sanctuary to her. When there are few communicants, or only one, they—or she—whatever part of the church they come from, should kneel in the middle of the altar railing, the clurch they come from, should kneel in the middle of the altar railing, nor compel the priest to take one unnecessary step with the Blessed Sacrament. disease, and perhaps an early death if the right treatment is not resorted to. The whole trouble lies with the blood, and until it is enriched and invigorated One does not linger at the altar rail-ag, especially if there are others wait-ng to receive Holy Communion.

The re-urning communicant shows in ing, especially if there are others waiting to receive Holy Communion.

The re urning communicant shows in her modest and reverent bearing, her consciousness of the act she has performed. Williams' Pink Pills. Good blood means health, vigor, life and beauty, and the one sure way to make your blood good is to take Dr. Williams'

formed.

Well - instructed Catholics do not crowd, elbow, nor jostle one another, on their way to nor at the Holy Table.

The non-communicants in the pew from which the communicant has approached the altar, move in on her reproached the altar, move in on her reproached the altar, move in on her reproached the later, move in on her reproached the altar, move in on her reproached the subject that the fills.

On her part, as they leave the look of the pow. over them to the end of the pew.

On her part, as they leave the church before her, she steps into the aisle for a moment while they pass out of the pew; instead of standing up against the seat, and inviting them to walk over her.

headaches, palpitation of the heart, and pains in all my limbs. I had no energy, no appetite, no color, and my nights were frequently sleepless. At different times I consulted three doctors, but none of them seemed able to cure me. A friend strongly urged me to take Dr. against the seat, and inviting them to walk over her.

The communicant remains in the church for at least a quarter of an hour after the Mass, in thanksgiving; unless, indeed, when she has been among the first to receive at a time like Easter, the Forty Hours, or similar occasion, when there is an immense number of communicants. In such case, as the dispensing of Holy Communion alone may occupy twenty minutes or more, she may leave the church as soon as need be after Mass.

Nothing but an absolute necessity otherwise justifies the communicant in leaving the church the moment the priest has left the altar.

oure you. Be careful to get the genu-ine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams," Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. THOUGHTS ON THE HOLY SOULS. Most sweet, indeed, is the consola-Most sweet, indeed, is the consolation contained in the doctrine of our holy religion which teaches us that true love, founded in God, is not extinguished by death, but gains its realization in and through God; and that by this love, which is the bond of perfection, the Church suffering, the Church triumphant and the Church militant are made one family, one body, united for a div-

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tian cannot endorse, is the devil's failure.