

THE DEACON'S TRIAL.

S. M. H. G., in Catholic World for September.

A clear, cold November day was drawing to a close, and giving promise, through a peculiarly brilliant sunset, of warmer weather on the morrow.

The country roads were seamed with deep grooves worn by the heavy wheels of numerous stone-wagons bearing away great gray slabs from a celebrated quarry.

The noise of one of these burdened vehicles almost drowned the voices of two men who had stopped on the highway to exchange salutations.

One of them bestrode a fine colt, that he held in check with a quiet exhibition of good horsemanship; the other was an elderly man seated in a narrow buggy, hung upon high springs. The leathered top was flung half way back, and the large, ruddy face of the driver was thrust beyond the cavernous enclosure, in order to catch the words of his neighbor. "I do not suppose," said the horseman, "that the deacon's trial will come off before the middle of the month; Squire Pierson's been sick."

"No, I ain't heard no date fixed; thought maybe there might be somebody down to the office to-night that would be likely to know. I declare for it, it's hard on the deacon to be fetched up afore folks at his age along o' that blamed cow. I never see her, but Wells and Walters both say she's a first-rate milker and they're suppoened to testify that she wa'n't no kicker when deacon had her."

"Yes, I feel sorry for him, very sorry; but it was a poor trade for Mrs. Baldwin. I don't quite understand it. The cow—Deb, they call her—was warranted to be all right, and Mrs. Baldwin says she went straight over and told the deacon about it; but he was short with her, and she made up her mind that he knew something of the trick before. Going to get our Indian summer yet, I guess; that will help us out on our husking. Good-night."

Mr. Whitridge sat quite still for a moment after his companion had left him, and then, swinging the reins across the back of his pony-built horse, jogged slowly forward. Half a mile further on he halted before a big, square frame structure, whose front was liberally belettered—the most effective decoration being the announcement in large type, that Samuel Tibbetts, proprietor, was also "Postmaster of the U. S."

There was a motley group gathered about the red-hot stove within, and as Mr. Whitridge entered some of the men nodded familiarly. But a topic of great interest was on hand. Several voices were discernible in the dispute, and more than one of them rang out in angry tones.

Ordinarily the distribution of the mail absorbed the whole attention of the persons present, and no greater altercation arose than might arise over the anchoring of a letter allotted to the box of a rich spinster; but to-night this curiosity of the bystanders had received a counter-blow. In a moment of comparative sobriety and order in the discussion, a tall, thin man with a sallow face and a piping voice strode across the store, and with peering into the square glass compartment supposed to contain his correspondence, he said, with great earnestness: "Cheatin' a woman is a low-down, low-lived trick; and I don't care who does it, I'm for havin' him hung." This bold sentiment provoked a smile, and it was a second or two before any champion of the abused deacon gathered courage to attack the speaker.

"Nobody denies the meanness of cheatin' a man or woman—specially a woman—but what I say is, that it don't stand to reason a man like the deacon is goin' to risk his reputation—leavin' out his soul—for a few dollars."

"He didn't count on Mrs. Baldwin suing him," said another. "You know just as well as I do that Deacon Wilder's as close as the bark on an apple-tree, and such folks takes a good many chances. For my part, I was always suspicious of the true convertin' of several of our church pillars. Some of 'em are hollow—you can stand by that."

Mr. Whitridge, whose mind inclined toward the innocence of the accused, was not a man of independent thought. He was rather weakening now in his defence, and as the door opened to admit Deacon Wilder he shrank back from the light emitted by the glowing stove, and crept into the gloom of the back store, whose darkness was intensified by the dingy oil lamp on the counter.

Deacon Wilder came irresolutely into the circle. He was a small man, with thick, iron-gray hair and full beard. His head was bowed, not by years, but habit, as if a continual consciousness of physical inferiority had humbled him.

One or two of his defenders rose and shook hands with him, and he saw fit to lengthen his grave face and speak in a funeral voice; but no one alluded directly to his misfortune.

Meantime the postmaster and his wife, whom he had called from the dwelling in the rear of the store to assist in distributing the mail, had finished their task, and now announced it to the assembly by vigorously thrusting aside the "show-winder" that shut them off from the view of the public.

Mr. Whitridge was among the first to receive his weekly paper, and was well on his way to the door, congratulating himself that he had not been recognized by the deacon, when a woman's hand was thrust outside the square opening, and, as she waved it

wildly, she cried: "Mr. Whitridge, if you're a-goin' by the North road, wisht you'd take this postal card to Miss Jones. It come yesterday, but none of 'em an't been in; and as it says her mother's comin' to-morrow, I reckon likely she'll want to make some extras beforehand."

He turned slowly around and grudgingly received the card, which he deposited in his pocket and through the stress of the uncomfortable circumstances connected with it, utterly forgot to deliver it!

Some of the men lingered to do a little "trading," and among these, when the deacon had circumspectly departed, the subject of his "counsel" was approached.

"Mrs Baldwin'll beat him sure as you live, whoever he gets; for she's goin' to have that young chap from the city, Peaseley. They do says he's a buster. He's been to college and to law school, and now he's just carryin' everything before him."

This information rather abashed the other side, who knew that Deacon Wilder had already put his case into the hands of the old town stand-by, John Snell. They contented themselves with that comfortable assumption of the triumph of the "right" which lends a bold front to many an unpopular cause.

The little company next decided that it would be far better for all concerned to delay the trial until Squire Pierson's health would permit him to "sit," rather than let the case fall under strange jurisdiction. The cost was canvassed, some present declaring that the losing party would have to fork over to Peaseley not less than fifteen dollars and carfare, while Snell was always reasonable in his charges, and possibly his service could be secured for five.

"Who's suppoened?" asked the thin man. "I ain't heard much about the particulars afore to-night."

"Wells and Walters is on for the deacon. They'll both swear Deb was all right when he had her."

"She's that slim-tailed, yallerish brown cow he bought at the vandoo over to Lysander, an't she? I bid on her myself, but I soon see the deacon meant to have her, so I drew in my horns."

"Lucky you didn't get her; the suit might 'a' been on your hands."

"No, I don't never law much. It mostly costs more'n it comes to, I calculate."

The thin man, who had a semi-judicial cast of mind, now came forward again, both arms laden with packages, and added: "There's one question that pesters me. I'd like to have some of you tell me why, if Deb was all right and a good milker, the deacon ever come to sell her to Mrs. Baldwin. He an't made of the stuff that don't hold on to the good things of this world when once he gets 'em. Now, there was a reason somewhere for the sellin'."

Butter's high; Deb come in in September, and will give her full stint up to Christmas, fallin' off then, perhaps, till fresh feed along in the spring. Them as had owned her told to the vandoo that she don't dry up but a little while afore calving. Them things works in my mind."

A dead silence ensued, and it seemed a clear case against the deacon until one of his defenders, unable to turn the tide of argument, resorted to strategy.

"Haw, haw!" he laughed, as he shook his shaggy head, "you ought to have been a lawyer; you've got some of your big points. You can hint and look mysterious, and wink away a good man's reputation without even waiting for the trial to come up. Deacon Wilder will clear all this circumstantial evidence away, now I tell ye, when he comes to be put on the stand."

He then arose and walked off, leaving his hearers as thoroughly convinced of the reasonableness of lawyers in general, and the innocence of the accused, as if the verdict of the Supreme Court had been published in all its length and breadth.

Mrs. Baldwin, too, had her sympathizers. She was an exceptionally tidy housekeeper, and in the early afternoon sat down to complete a garment upon her sewing-machine. Scarcely, however, had she filled the bobbin and oiled the driving-wheel, when the click of the gate latch aroused her curiosity, and she looked up in time to see the minister's wife hurrying toward the house. She smoothed her tightly-drawn hair, tied the strings of her white apron a little more precisely, and opened the door.

"I do declare, Mrs. Brown, this is kind."

The visitor, who was a plump little body, with a pale face beaming with smiles, and curling hair fast growing gray, did not at once reply, but put into the hand of her hostess a large can of Bartlett pears.

"There's just a sample of what our tree did last year, or rather of what the tree and me did together. They an't done up pound for pound, so they won't hurt any one."

Mrs. Baldwin duly admired the gift and complimented the well-known skill of the giver; then she sighed.

"It does me good to have you come, for I don't rightly know just how you and dominie would take this lawsuit betwixt me and the deacon, but I couldn't do elsewise than sue him in justice to myself, for of all the kickin' creatures Deb's the very worst."

"Now don't tell me a word of it," said the cheery new-comer. "I told Elisha this morning that I couldn't stan' it another day without comin' over, and just speakin' out plain and sayin' that I can't possibly understand how such a thing came round between two such good folks as you are—two worthy soldiers of the Cross."

Mrs. Baldwin interrupted her: "I can soon tell my side."

"Not a word, not a breath!" protested Mrs. Brown.

"All I have got to say is that I believe in you both, and nobody can make me think that either of you started out to do wrong. There's a misunderstanding somewhere. Now, Elisha, he mourns over the trial comin' on; for, says he, 'it's a positive disgrace to the church; but I tell him, Would you have had feelin's goin' along year after year, breedin' un-Christian thoughts in secret, when through a public suit the real truth may be brought forward, and we shall all see that Deacon Wilder is the same good man we always believed him to be, and Mrs. Baldwin has only made a very common mistake in prejudgin' him. That's what I told him when I was pourin' tea, and he quite chirped up. So now, it's all over between us two, and we can visit to our hearts' content."

Mrs. Baldwin was surprised into acquiescence, and they chatted away over nite societies and grab-bags, the prevalence of measles and the missionary box, until the advent of other callers warned the little peace-maker that she might not be able to hold her own in face of the enemy's reinforcement, and therefore it would be wise to beat a hasty retreat.

Mrs. Sylvester and Martha Jones, her step daughter, had no such scruples as the minister's wife. They entered boldly upon the subject close at heart, and as the plaintiff proceeded to state her wrongs, with an ardor increased by recent forced suppression, they repeatedly expressed their conviction that Deacon Wilder was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Nobody'll ever make me believe he could have milked Deb twice a day for two months and more, and not found out that she was up to tricks. No more do I think, as I told other comin' over—no, it was whilst we were fryin' the ham for dinner—that he won't shy out of it all when he's up before the justice."

"I don't see how he's goin' to git round the actual facts," said Mrs. Sylvester in a deep bass voice. "Justice is justice in these United States; tant as if it was in Germany. Elmiry Goodsell was tellin' me, last time I see her, about some of their doin's over there, and it beats all! Hermissin' a woman up with a cow to drag fodder! As for me, I don't want to travel in benighted parts. New York State's good enough for the Sylvesters, and the Janeses, too, I reckon, where a woman's word o' mouth can stand law like any man's."

"You are quite right; but I worry myself awful, sometimes, thinkin' of the trial. How am I going to get up on top of the witness box and tell how mean one of the pillars of our church has been, and to a sister in Christ, too? It's a nightmare to me."

"Well, now I wouldn't allow myself to fret over it. Jones says you have got a high-up lawyer, one that can pull you through if anybody can."

This point of view was entirely new to Mrs. Baldwin. The absolute truth of the statement she expected to make in public was to her sufficient warrant for what she was about to do. There was nothing else. Deb kicked; and she had told the deacon about it, and he had refused to make it right, notwithstanding the fact that he had warranted the cow to be a first-class animal. The idea of her lawyer "pulling her through" savored of corruption. She absolutely blazed with indignation. "Do you think I'm goin' to lie over a little thing like Deb, or put the deacon to shame just to favor a spleen against him? Why, what are we comin' too? I'd rather be hitched to a cart with kickin' Deb than to hurt a hair of anybody's head, let alone bein' pulled through." Her visitors were less sensitive beings, and marvelled much at this reluctance to "beat" the deacon in whatever way it might be accomplished. To them a verdict was like a written character—endorsed by the powers that be, and therefore able to sustain one through life. They felt uncomfortable in Mrs. Baldwin's presence after her outburst, and with many assurances of good will they departed, leaving her a wiser but far less contented woman.

She had entered upon the lawsuit from a firm conviction that she had been imposed upon—"cheated," as she plainly worded it—but now there crept into her mind a suspicion that there might be those, other than the fierce partisans of the defendant, who thought it possible for her to be mistaken, or—and this was still worse—those who deemed her action instigated by malice.

While she was yet thinking about the matter a paper was served upon her, stating that the trial would come off on the "tenth day of December."

"Well, I s'pose there's no stoppin' it now unless I give folks a chance to think I'm a thief more'n an ever. And I reckon the best way is, as Mrs. Brown says, to let the lawyers get at the truth, and then the public will know it." She sighed again and returned to the oiling of her sewing-machine, perhaps dimly wishing that the wheels of life could be kept running smoothly with as little trouble.

The tenth day of December brought the first snow-storm of the season. In the early morning Mrs. Whitridge had examined all the signs through whose consultation she had established a certain local reputation as weather prophet, and she announced to her husband at breakfast-time that if he intended going to the deacon's trial he had better fix up things at the barn in winter shape.

"I hadn't thought of this bein' more'n a squall," he replied.

"I say, two foot o' snow will be on the ground before the deacon's freed."

"That an't tellin' we'll be snowed under to day nor to-morrow," he

laughed. "When once a man gets into the hands of the lawyers there's no knowin' when they'll let up on him. But I reckon you'll see me back before midnight. I'm goin' to get Hiram to do my share of the chores, so as not to bother you."

This arrangement seemed satisfactory, and Mr. Whitridge started off soon after 9 o'clock with a clear conscience.

The "justice office" was in a small building detached from the Pierson homestead, but standing very close to the old house, as if afraid to venture from under the shadow of its progenitor. And yet the little structure had a certain independence of its own. Its architectural proportions were not at all in harmony with the parental edifice, for it had a flat tin roof bordered with an enormous weight of cornice and a "stoop" that dwarfed the suggestive little entrance to the large gabled building. This stoop was, on this auspicious occasion, tenanted at an early hour by men from the far and near farms, grouped under the head of "neighbors." They chiefly were dressed in the garments reserved for Sundays and holidays, which gave something of a festive look to the assembly.

The door stood open and the squire within was making welcome those who had summoned courage to approach "His Honor."

"Cold day for the deacon," suggested the man who had volunteered to "fix the fire." "I hope not, sir," answered the justice, quite forgetting, in his perception of the double meaning of the phrase, that any suspicion might attach to his reply. Then, suddenly remembering his relation to the event, he stammered: "Leastwise for neither him nor Mrs. Baldwin, nor none of us, since you're fireman." Having thus restored his injured dignity, he peered among the people outside and exclaimed:

"I declare for it, the dominie and Mrs. Brown's a-comin'! Fetch two rush-bottomed chairs—the wooden ones sit hard—and kinder help me to straighten out. I had no idee ladies would be here; but this is a case—Howdy do, dominie? Goin' to see Mrs. Baldwin through, Mrs. Brown? Well I guess it's comin' out right all round. Here's a couple of seats engaged for you—reserved seats, as I might say."

His embarrassment was great, and he sought to relieve it by being as jocular as possible. The minister misinterpreted his humor.

"Ah! it is true, then, the story I heard last night—that the parties in the case have come to an agreement; that is well."

"No, no, no! Suit's called in ten minutes. Here comes the plaintiff and her council now."

When Mrs. Baldwin entered Mrs. Brown whispered to her husband and he politely offered the lady his chair, his wife urging it upon her with the suggestion: "You will feel more like home havin' a woman next you."

Mrs. Baldwin smiled a very forced smile, and bethought herself to introduce her lawyer to the minister.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Peaseley," said the latter gravely. "But I regret that it should be under the present circumstances."

The other, who was quite young, well-dressed, and with abundant self-possession, made answer pleasantly: "We lawyers do not regard our duties so seriously. Indeed, I feel that we are virtually peace-makers, for oftentimes our clients are simply blind to certain facts that are brought out in the trial, and even if one party has the costs to pay they are better friends ever after."

He moved away and arranged his effects upon a small table near the judge's desk.

Within a moment his example was followed by John Snell, an ungainly man, whose slow motions were unequal to the impatience of the throng that now swept in a disorderly way into the little building.

No one paid any attention to the formal opening of the case, so absorbed was the general attention upon the appearance of the respondent. He seemed to have aged in the past month, and his gray head drooped lower than ever upon his breast. He did not even notice the friendly effort of Mrs. Brown, who conscientiously endeavored to distribute her sympathies without fear or favor.

When, however, Mr. Peaseley had finished his short statement and the name of Mrs. Mchitable Susan Baldwin was called, every eye was fixed upon the plaintiff. She was a sturdy woman, but now it almost seemed as if she would faint, so white and tremulous did she instantly become. The voice of the justice recalled her: "Step right forward, Mrs. Baldwin; don't be afeared; you're among friends and goin' to speak the truth."

Certainly nothing could have inspired her with more daring than this illy conceived salutation. She walked firmly forward, dropped her shawl on the bench beside her, and began:

"I don't know as there's any call to say beforehand, squire, that I'll tell the truth. I ain't givin' to lyin'."

Her counsel interrupted: "One moment, if you please. Mrs. Baldwin, after you are sworn, you will kindly say nothing but in reply to my questions."

The oath was administered and the ordinary formula requiring personal identification.

"You are an unmarried woman?"

"No, sir; I am a widow."

"You are at present, then, unmarried, and managing the farm and dairy on Springhill, where you live?"

"Yes; me and Mr. Smothers."

"Mr. Smothers rents a portion of

your farm. Has he anything to do with the dairy?"

"No, sir; I han't got but two cows besides Deb, and I do my own milkin' and churnin'."

"When did you buy the cow, Deb, from Deacon Wilder?"

"On the second day of November last, and I wish to gracious I had a-done as I wanted and milked her right afore his eyes."

"Slowly, if you please. Did Deacon Wilder tell you she did not kick?"

"I never said he did."

Visible excitement now amid the spectators.

"What did he tell you?"

"He said she was a first-class animal, gentle an' kind, and he showed me the mornin's milk with cream on it an' the butter she made the week afore; an' I told him it was about milkin' time, an' I'd try her if he'd fetch a pail, an—"

"Slowly, madam. What did the deacon say then?"

"Why, he said that it wa'n't worth while, since I had my good clo's on."

"Then he did not seem willing to have you milk her?"

"No, sir, he didn't. I can't say that it wa'n't just goodness on his part for my clo's, but it looked kinder strange to me when I got home and talked it over with Smothers."

It evidently looked strange to the assembly also, for they whispered and nodded without regard to the deacon's proximity.

"When you agreed to take Deb there was nothing more said about her habits?"

"Not a word. I had asked all the questions I wanted to; and I will say for the deacon that he did not stretch it a bit about her butter-makin'. She's a first-class animal there."

"How did you discover that she kicked?"

"Land alive! I reckon it didn't take me long to know. Why I was jam up agin' the fence, and the milk pourin' all over me out of the pail, upot."

Everybody save the accused began to laugh. Even good Mrs. Brown shook behind her handkerchief.

The justice had leaned back against his tall chair with his eyes shut, as he had once seen a distinguished judge in the Supreme Court do; but at this point Mr. Peaseley called his attention by saying with severity: "I must remind your Honor that there is too much levity here."

His honor looked wildly around, and, reaching for his pen, stammered: "I'd-I'd seen that point if there hadn't been so much noise."

Only a few of those present understood why it was a moment or two before the case was resumed. Then the justice nodded as if to announce that the objection was noted, and Mr. Peaseley went on. "Did you ever attempt to milk Deb again?"

"Of course I did. Smothers can't do it; he's got his own chores to tend to. 'Tain't pleasant," she added, submissively; "but it's got to be done, and if a widder woman keeps cows she must milk 'em."

"Did Deb ever kick again?"

"Of course she did. I wouldn't have complained to the deacon about one, but she kep' it up. So I reckoned it was a way she had."

"But—but—the young city lawyer was a little bewildered here—but how could you manage to milk her if she knocked you over every time?" This seemed like improbability, and he was nonplussed. Not so the audience, who laughed loudly at his discomfiture. Even the witness was scarcely able to restrain her merriment.

"Why, I tied her down. I guess you never see a kickin' cow; but if you'll come home with me, I'll show you how to fix Deb. I strap her hind legs too."

"That will do," said her interrogator sharply.

And now the figure of the deacon was seen edging through the crowd. He held up his hand and spoke with decision: "I don't know but it's agin' the law, squire; but if you and these gentlemen can fix it so as it'll stan', I wisht you would. I want to tell my story right here and now, an' leave it to you to lay the penalty."

"Hold on, deacon!" cried John Snell. "Your turn's comin'; first let them get through with their witnesses."

"I don't keer for no witnesses. When you hear my statement you won't, I've hated to talk about my folks; but that what's laid on my mind is all gone now. I guess I can tell it straight."

There was something so pathetic in the whole bearing of the speaker that the young lawyer was touched. He leaned over the table, and a whispered discussion took place between court and counsel. Then Mr. Snell arose and announced, in a wandering way, that it had been agreed between the parties to refer the case directly to the court without argument or further examination of witnesses. The sole evidence to be presented would be a verbal statement from the respondent.

The interest of the spectators was quadrupled. Mrs. Baldwin forgot to sit down, and, in fact, remained standing throughout the recital.

"I had Deb," said the deacon, slowly stroking his rough beard, "just nine weeks afore the plaintiff bought her. Deb's a good cow; a little narrow, three-quarters jersey, gives six quarts to a milkin', and rich at that. I hated to sell her, but—(here there was a slight movement in the throng) now I didn't call'te to tell this, nor to bring Elizabeth Snyder's name into court at all. I thought maybe I could manage to answer the questions so as to satisfy the justice without that. I didn't know nothin' about Deb's kickin', but night afore last I was up

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

Fagged Out

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BEZOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." Ed. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to take anything else instead. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

EDUCATIONAL.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY. — UNDER the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Andersonburg, Ont. This educational establishment highly recommends itself to the favor of parents anxious to give to their daughters a solid and useful education. The scholastic year, comprising ten months, opens at the beginning of September and closes in July. Terms (half yearly in advance): Board and tuition, per annum, \$70; music and use of piano, \$25; drawing and painting, \$15; bed and bedding, \$10; washing, \$12. For further information apply to the Sister Superior.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, Ont.—The studies embrace the Classical and Commercial courses. Terms including all ordinary expenses, \$10 per annum. For full particulars apply to REV. D. CUSHING, C. S. B.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE,

BERLIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses.

And Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to

REV. THEO. SPETZ, President.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO,

Ont.—In affiliation with Toronto University. Under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full classical, scientific and commercial courses. Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition, \$20 per year; half boarders, \$75; day pupils, \$25. For further particulars apply to REV. J. R. TEEPLY, President.

NORTHERN Business College

OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO. Is the Very Best Place in Canada to get a Thorough Business Education.

TAKE A ROUND TRIP AND VISIT A LITTLE EARLY DEPARTMENT in Canada, then visit the Northern Business College, examine every thing thoroughly. If we fail to produce the most thorough complete, practical, and extensive course of study, the full classical, scientific and commercial courses, and the most complete and most suitable furniture and appliances, we will give you \$100.00. For full particulars apply to G. A. BLANSHARD, President.

Belleville BUSINESS COLLEGE

BELLEVILLE, ONT. Holds the Highest Reputation for Thoroughness.

The only ground-floor Business College in Canada. Our Graduates have unparalleled success. A book of valuable and reliable information SENT FREE.

Belleville Business College,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Ontario Business College

Belleville, Ont. SEND FOR THE NEW CIRCULAR. It will help you to decide about your future. Be careful to address,

ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Ontario Business College, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Peterborough Business College

ARE YOU intending to go to a Business College this year? If so, write to the Peterborough Business College for its new Illustrated Circular. It will give you valuable information.

GEORGE S. BEAN, B. A., LL. B. A. BLANSHARD, Chartered Accountant, Principals.

PROFESSIONAL.

CHARLES J. MCCABE, B. A., BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, etc., 69 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

POST & HOMES, ARCHITECTS.—Offices in Royal Street, Toronto. Also in the Gerrie Street, Whitby.

A. A. POST, R. A. A. W. HOL