had often visitip step in and ant wine?" be-lutter.

?" asked Lady had not heard, er at Pamela.
" Mrs, Ashley She is mine now

now. But whose ame yours?" pretty, la. "Run "Run along are storing the ft. Run and see

d enough to es y Mary, turning

rs. Ashley's face, year a look of dis-ow, how did she

y lady, her own her here. Her e her to me. A died she said to ays she—''

your nice cool and you shall tell thank you, Harffered her Lady-

Ashley." Lady ad I cannot bear The sight of that bek to me. She is

don, my lady, she ear, pretty mother Archie.' Lady Mary did iced Mrs. Ashley's d. We saw that et? Ah how cool t! Now tell me he child and her

t into the great chair in Mrs. Ashwaved away the said ; go on. Tell

ld!"
mfortable face had and anxious look-ice she told Lady tell about Pamela's apers, some clew to

ked the old lady.

esk, my lady; you rself. But there is brooke burnt a great

She was not Mrs. ady A'Court.' o impetuous ?" said elbow. dear, I am not. You the child is Archie's

now now that the ate Air" and which nis belongings must it of his wife. The ig over again." ady; so she is," ashastily. "But here with the poor lady's Now we shall see

ined nothing, absocould lead to identi-lary had brought to ther the things that things which Mrs. g. Even the underame or initial. When said good-bye to her I said it forever.

rs. Ashley's absence omething more Lady liss Hobbs: she said, "of doing 'she said, "of doing Archibald; I mean, of he would never find by came to keep me.

drove a woman away father went near to? Oh, Archie!" wered the cry in the wered the cry in the beal in the bright old own dim.
ly," she said. "Mr. oved. He had a good

d soul, you good crea-Mary, pressing her hley was in the room said.

thing had been exam-ult, and Mrs. Ashley, of relief, had carried onder-scented bundle the cupboard upstairs. disturbed and guilty examination, if there y observant enough to ther Lady Mary nor bundle had been re-

Mary said something bashell to Mrs. Ashley's erfulness. a month's time," she take the child with

" cried poor Mrs. Ashed face, ed lace, "her mother the pretty lamb. We rown child. I don't by would say. And the up in her." randchild," said Lady land somewhat prouderry grateful to you for

rery grateful to you for taken of her. I hope e to—"

e to—"
your Ladyship," interhley, as proud as herur mamma left £200 for
he bank in her name, nor I would ever touch 'Twasn't much she

e pretty dear, and the s well repaid by the joy

broke down and sobbed of her apron. Lady sshed an instant. Then

heaving shoulders.

"I am very sorry," she said. "But you see the child is mine, and I have to take her. You would not have me forego my rights? I leave her to you a few days longer—a little thing, yet it costs me something to do it. Get her used to the idea of her grandmother."

When, a week later, little Pamela was brought to the Manor wearing her best lavender muslin freek, the parting belayender musin trees, the parting be-tween her and Mrs. Ashley was a sad thing to witness. Indeed, there was quite a scene before they could be sep-arated, and when Mrs. Pamela, screaming and struggling, had been carried off to the big, empty nursery, where her little bed stood by the bed of the smart nurse who had been engaged for her, Lady Mary positively wiped her brow, as a woman of the people might.

"Such a spitfire!" she murmured. " And to think the people should have taken such a hold on her !"

"I should not mind that, my lady," put in Miss Hobbs. "I should say it showed an affectionate and loyal heart. And it proves how good they were to

her."
"The Ashleys would be that," said
Lady Mary. "It was fortunate such
people had her. They are as honorable people had her. They are as nonorable in their class as we in ours. Yeomen farmers in this parish for hundreds of years, Harriet, and intermarried more than once with gentlefolk." "That explains the boy," said Miss

"What boy?"

"The tall, handsome boy we saw standing by the ladder as we drove away that evening with little Pamela on his shoulder. He might have been any one's son."

"I searcely noticed him. He wore rough country clothes, and I was grandaughter."

"It would seem unjust after he had done so much."

"He has had the estate and revenues all those years. Not that I would do Norman a wrong. I am glad he had consented."

rough country clothes, and I was rather annoyed at his carrying the consented to live in the Manor House, even if he should have to turn out some time."

Yet as time went and the evidence she desired could not be found, Lady and course, I am spin he is a very good. of course. I am sure he is a very good lad. I must see what can be done for him. And Sir Norman—but no; I cannot approach Sir Norman and ask him to reward these people on her account. The child may push him out of so much. The child may push him out of so mach.

I must see to it myself. They must be poorer than I thought or they would not have taken a lodger."

But the real facts of the case, so far

as that went, were that the lady, Mrs. Brooke, had accosted Mrs. Ashley by the roadside, asking her where lodg-ings might be found, and that good Samaritan, being struck with pity for the evident delicacy and fatigue of the lady, and perhaps won by the beauty of the child, she held by the hand, had offered her a lodging for the night— the night which somehow extended itself to many nights.

Any doubt there might have been in Lady Mary's mind was set at rest by Pamela's recognition of the pastel por-

"Mother, mother!" she cried, stretching out her hands for it, and when Lady Mary had given it to her, she sat nursing it on her little knees, with her eyes on the picture as though the could never get aponeh of it.

with her eyes on the picture as though she could never get enough of it.

It was harder to wean her from Cherry Tree Farm than Lady Mary had feared. Three times she escaped her nurse's vigilance and was brought back weeping by Mrs. Ashley, also in tears.

"This is too much for every one, Harriet," said Lady Mary at last. "I must break her connections with the place sooner than I had thought of

So Pamela was carried off from the leafy country where Cherry Tree Farm stood and taken away to the Continent, where for some years she lived with Lady Mary and Miss Hobbs and a couple of elderly French servants at a

little country house not far from Paris.
On their way through London Lady
Mary had an interview with a firm of Mary had an interview with a firm of private inquiry agents. She did not think of going to Messrs. Lumsden & White, who had managed the A'Court business time out of mind. Now they were Sir Norman's men of business as well as hers. She shrank from asking their help in dispossessing Norman, who had been so poor before he succeeded, with his big family of tall boys and girls, and who had dealt handsomeand girls, and who had dealt handsomely by her, refusing to evict her from the Manor House, as he had a right to

Pamela grew up as the years passed into a very pretty girl, with that air of fragility combined with perfect health

brows, the skin fine as porcelain, the high-stepping, dainty walk made a charming personality. She only knew a few old French ladies and the masters a lew old French ladies and the masters who came to her for music and drawing and her different lessons. She neves went to Paris except escorted by Mis-Hobbs when her wardrobe needed renewing. Yet growing up near the gay capital, she somehow acquired the French woman's deftness and daintiness or that the ness, so that she represented within herself the charm of two countries.

She was a delight to Lady Mary, to whom long ago she had learned to give In that walled in garden a filial love. In that walled in garden of a place she, so young, so brilliant, so alluring, grew with the air of a Shir-That was the flower she ley poppy. That was the house and most resembled, both in her color and her step. She was always quietly joyous, too, never seeming to ask for mor pleasure than her secluded life afforded And, indeed, short of gayety, her adoring grandmother, as Lady Mary persisted in calling herself, lavished on the girl everything heart

Lady Mary had her reasons for the seclusion in which Pamela lived. years had brought no proof that she was Archie's daughter, nothing to idenwas Archie's daughter, nothing to identity the weman who had died at Cherry
Tree Farm with the original of the pastel drawing, "The Lass With the Delicate Air." Mrs. Brooke, if she had been Archie's wife, had cut most effectually her connection with the old life.

What, after all, was the evidence? A chance likeness, a child's recognition of a picture. Yet the keener Lady

she stood up and put her hand on the Mary's disappointment at finding no evidence, the stronger her belief.

"I tell you, Harriet," she said to Miss Hobbs, "if the proof were all the other way my faith would never falter. The feeling I have for the child is

"Mr. Smith seemed to think," said Miss Hobbs, "that it was unlikely the lady, if she had left her husband, would have returned to the reighborhood of his old home."

"Stuff and nonsense!" shouted Lady Mary, indignantly. "What does Smith know about it. Let him mind his own business. It wants minding or he'd have found out something for me before this time. How can he tell the door thing's motives? Perhaps she was on her way to me. Perhaps-a thousand things. I don't pay Smith

for thinking."
"It would be hard on Sir Norman if he were to be dispossessed now!" Miss Hobbs went on, with a musing air. "I acknowledge that Norman has done very well," replied Lady Mary,

with the manner of making a concession He has cleared the estate from debt I hear, and manages to do a deal of good despite that big family of his. I don't suppose they give Norman trouble, any more than he gave his father and mother."

Miss Hobbs noticed the bitterness in her patron's voice.
"Dear Lady Mary," she said, "I wonder whether Pam would be equal to

she desired could not be found, Lady Mary, Miss Hobbs suspected, felt that her hopes would never be realized. And the proof was the eager way in which she began to set money aside for Pamela. She had no secrets in that way from her faithful friend of many years, and Miss Hobbs noticed with a pang that the old lady when the mists of summer drove them from their river-side house to the mountains or the sea, would do things in a way far other than what she had been used to, traveling in cheap ways and selecting cheap hotels in order that Pamela's portion should

The girl saw nothing, suspected nothing. She had been taken away from the simple life of the farm to a life little less simple and far more uneventful. If Lady Mary's surroundings were refined, the life of the farm had its plain refinement, too. People like the Ashleys had their traditions, as they had their old silver and china, glass and napery, and no one need have dis-dained their way of living.

Probably Pamela had forgotten all

about it before now. Miss Hobbs often wondered if she had. There had been no direct communication between her Tree Farm during all the childhood. But there were years since childhood. imes when Pamela sat thinking; those blue eyes of hers had memories in them. Miss Hobbs often wondered if they could be of Cherry Tree Farm and the Ashleys.

She was soon to know. Lady Mary got pneumonia in a draughty mountain inn, chosen because of its cheapness. At her age the doctor shook his head over her chances of recovery from the beginning. They were not long in sus-pense. There was no time to summon Sir Norman before the end came.

He traveled from England to attend the funeral. Pamela felt an instant liking for and confidence in the tall, gray-haired gentleman in whose face years of thought and love for his fellow-

creatures had traced exquisite lines. will. It was the first confession of defeat that had been extorted from her, and Miss Hobbs remembered that the

will had been made some years back.
Sir Norman, in the kindness of his Sir Norman, in the kindness of his heart, would have carried Miss Hobbs and Pamela back to the Manor. But they would not go. Miss Hobbs had an old mother waiting to see her at he Manor House, as he had a right to the Manor House, as he had a right to the Manor House, as he had a right to the Manor House, as he had a right to the Manor House H who she was; a child that Lady Mary had picked up somewhere; the child of a dead and gone Mrs. Brocke, who had dropped out of the skies and had no relatives any one could trace. In her grief Pamela was irresistible. It would be fire and tow if she were to be shut up in the house with those lads. She who she was; a term that the base was in the base had not a dead and gone Mrs. Brooke, who had dropped out of the skies and had no relatives any one could trace. In her grief Pamela was irresistible. It would be fire and tow if she were to be shut up in the house with those lads. She had a snug little fortune, too. But still—the A'Courts had always married people whose family tree was to be read by everybody.

Presently Pamela and Miss Hobbs

by everybody.

Presently Pamela and Miss Hobbs were back in London, and there, on the evening of their arrival, Pamela made a

startling revelation.

"I'm not going back to Bath with you, Hobby dear," she said; "I'm going down to Cherry Tree Farm."

"You don't mean to say you remember them all these years!" groaned Miss Hobbs. startling revelation.

"Do you think I am going to let you

No, her old impressions of the place had that any change must be for the not been wrong. She could safely leave

her darling there.
When Mrs. Ashley's first shyness at When Mrs. Ashley's first shyness at finding Pamela a charming young lady had disappeared before the girl's caresses and had been replaced by half-tearful ecstacies at her restoration, Miss Hobbs went off to eatch her train with a light heart and an easy mind. There was nothing about Cherry Tree Farm to which one could object for the child. She could enjoy her time at Bash till the month was over, after which she and Pamela had agreed to make plans for their future way of

parlor she remembered. The bookcases and their contents were a new feature.

Mark Ashley came home rather tired from his market, earlier, too, than his mother expected him, or she would not have allowed Pamela to meet him in his rough suit, his high boots redolent of the market, his long coat and soft traveling ear.

traveling exp.
But Pamela saw nothing amiss. The sunburnt face, with its dark gray eyes and firm mouth, was comely. She gave a little shrick of delight as she flew to him, dropping hands soft as rose petals into his large brown hand, per even at the moment a little dirty.

He stared at her and began to stam-Air." She realized the delightful thought of the old musician in her faint color muslin gown with its French elegance. "Pam," he said, incredulously. "It

can't be Pam. And yet—"
He had never forgotten little Pam's hair and eyes in all those years.

Pamela settled back into the farm

nonen, too, for Lady Mary had provided or her-how well or how ill Mrs. Ashley never thought of asking—would when the Mrs. Ashley never thought of asking—would when the Mrs. Ashley never thought of asking—would when the Mrs. I would be the Mrs. I

So the twenty-eight days turned round, and a day more would bring Miss Hobbs. Harvesting was in full swing at Cherry Tree Farm and Pamela had spent most of her day in the harvest field, lunching with the master under the shade of elm boughs in the hedge, sitting, while he was busy with his men. very well content, with an open book on her knee, and Trust, the collie's head on her lap.

They walked home together in the pleasant cool of the afternoon. Nothing yet had been said of Miss Hobb's coming and what was to happen afterward. But presently Pam broached the subject of her own accord. "My mother will break her heart if

you go." said the young man.
"Yet she will not ask me to stay." An eager hope lit up Mark Ashley's

face. "Would you stay if she asked you?"

"She had better try me."
"What have we to offer you?" His usual calm had given way. "What have we to offer you, a girl like you?"

"This has been my home, the home

it?"
"You were near letting me go," she replied, her eyes dancing.

Late that night Mrs. Ashley, whose cup of felicity was full, came to Pamela's

room.
"Dearie, I have something to confess," she said. "It has been on my

you and none else, but deep down in my heart I feared that something in that packet might rob us of you forever,

"As though anything could do that," said Pamela, taking the packet, and grave despite her shining smile.

"You don't mean to say you remember them all these years!" groaned Miss Hobbs.
"I've had very little else to remember," replied Pamela, which was true enough.
"You don't know but that the people is the properties of the properti

ela. "There was only one person on earth are dead."
"I asked Sir Norman. Mr. Ashley is living and is dead, but Mrs. Ashley is living and well, and Mark carries on the farm."
well, and Mark carries on the farm."
think I am going to let you they would have brought trouble to

"So I thought," replied Pamela .-Katherine G. Tynan in the Quiver.

QUESTIONS OF HONOR IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Katharine E Conway.

Some devout people kneel throughout Farm to which one could object for the child. She could onjoy her time at Bash till the month was over, after which she and Pamela had agreed to make plans for their future way of living.

Some devout people kneer throughout a low Mass, except during the Gloria and the first Gospel—(one always stands at the Gospel, both during the Mass and when the priest reads it in the vernacular)—the Credo, and the last make plans for their future way of living.

She had not seen Mark Ashley. Mark was buying cattle in some market at a distance and had left home the merning before. She rather wondered at the books in their solid bindings—not the books of a dilettante, but those of one with a solid and cultivated taste. books of a dilettante, but those of one with a solid and cultivated taste—which filled glass bookcases in the old parlor she remembered. The bookcases reading of the Post Communions; and at reading of the Post Communions; and at least at the public services of the Church, it is better to conform to the his prevailing custom. Singularly in de-

the choir; rises with the celebrant and stands till the Epistle (in some churches the faithful sit during the Collects); stands through the singing of the Gos-pel; kneels for the "Veni Creator" stands for the "Veni Creator" stands for the reading of the Gospel before the sermon, and listens to the

preacher's reading of it.

It is not polite to open one's Missal or prayer-book, and read the Gospel one's self while the priest is reading it for all the people, though this is

very commonly done. One sits, of course, during the serone sits, of course, during the sermon; stands again at the Credo, sits when the celebrant sits—not before—during the chanting of the Credo by the choir; sits at the Offertory, stands while the congregation is being incensed at a Solenn High Mass, or a Pontifical High Mass. (This late reactor than 1 Pamela settled back into the farm life like a daughter. If Lady Mary had meant to win her from them she should have marked a greater distance between them. There had been nothing in Pam's upbringing to make the farm-house ways strange to her, or at least whatever strangeness they possessed whatever strangeness they possessed conformity to it; though he was the only one in the congregation in ques-

Only Mrs. Ashley sometimes sighed tion who was doing the right thing Only Mrs. Ashley sometimes sighed at the thought of what it would be when Pamela should leave them. Miss Hobbs had impressed it on her that Pamela's stay was to be only for a month. Was it like such a girl, with money, too, for Lady Mars had revoked.

Ashley never thought of asking—would bury herself in such a rustic, out-of-the-way place? It troubled the good woman to see how Mark took Pauela's presence with a kind of grave delight and security, as though there were to be no future without her.

So, the twenty-girlt days turned the security of the Domini benedictum," and remain stand-ing until the words "Benedicat vos," when they kneel, bow their heads, and slowly and solemnly make the sign of the cross.

## SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Only three years ago a woman of the fifteenth century, who had spent her whole life as maiden, wife, widow, and an, in a small Italian town, was raised to the highest dignity of the Church. At her canonization Pope Leo XIII. said of her that she was "the glory and ornament of the Augustinian Order and the jewel of the Umbrian province." the jewer of the Computer province.

More need not be said to show that the
"Life of St Rita of Cascia," translated
from the Italian by the Rev. Richard
Connolly, O. S. A., comes opportunely,
and secure of welcome. Only scattered details of the life of this glorious woman are available, and of these some read wonderfully like the legends of tradition. We are told that, on the fifth day of the saint's existence a swarm of white bees flew about the cradle of the white bees new about the trade of the child, and were seen to go in and come out of her slightly open mouth in a sort of regular order, as if to take from her lips the honey of paradise. Like St. John, our saint was miraculously born, we are told, of parents aged and bar-ren. In spire of her longings for the cloister, Rita, at the age of thirteen, yielding to her parents' wishes, married, and for husband found a brute. Of her trials as a married woman, hero lly borne, of the suffering caused he y her children, of her miraculous en y into the Augustinian convent, or er life there for more than forty years her terrible scourgings and fastings her miraculous wound in the torchead which remained with her for fifteen years, and of the appearance to her of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin to an our Lord and the Biessed Virgin to an nounce her death in three days, le this wonderful history tell. Tw. of the miracles approved for canoniza-tion took place in 1833 and 1877. St Rita has long held the title of Saint of the Impossible and of desperate case and her cult seems daily increasing Indoubtedly she is a model for all, both the young, the married, and religious

A Bad School to go to.

" No one is ignorant of the tempta ions and dangers that beset the young n the streets of a big city after lamp light," says the Monitor. "There is no more fruitful source of youthful deporalization than this practice, to thich too many parents of respectable character seem strangely indifferent. City streets after night have been accurately described as a nursery of youthful vice. No child is ever im-proved in morals or manners by attending this school."

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.

Ca holic Work for the Negro.

"The evangelization of the negro in the United States," says the Messenger, "has received a special impulse from the visit to this country of the Right Rev. Alexander Le Roy, Superior General of the Congregation or the Holy Ghost. Monsignor Le Roy spent twenty years in Africa work-ing among the negroes, and is regarded as one of the most African missioners in Europe. While he has been superior of the order its influence has been more wildly extended, and at present it has 600 members devoting themselves to the evangelization of the negro rare in Africa. The needy condition of the negroes of our country appealed very much to his charity, and he will use all the resources of his order to advance the Catholic interests of the negro."

UNFIT FOR WORK.

The Results of Severe Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

AFTER YEARS OF MUCH DISTRESS MR. W. F. KENNEDY HAS BEEN RESTORED TO A LIFE OF ACTIVITY.

There is probably no man in the township of Pelham, Welland County, better known than Mr. Wilbur F. Kennedy. He is a prosperous farmer and the owner of a large cooperage, and is held in the highest esteem by all who have his acquaintance. Mr. all who have his acquaintance. Kennedy is now seventy-two years of age, and is as active and rugged as many a man years younger. For years, however, he was a great sufferer from kidney trouble and he cheerfully gives credit for his present good health to the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, Mr. Kennedy says: "Ten years ago, as the result of exposure, I think, I was stricken with kidney and bladder trouble in a severe form. The complaint at times caused me most intense plaint at times caused me most intense suffering and great personal discomfort as I would have to arise a dozen times in the night. I tried many kinds of treatment and some of the best physi-cians, but their skilled efforts were unavailing, and as a result I lost in flesh, grew very weak, and was troubled also with insomnia. I grew despond ent and felt that I was doomed to a life of suffering, if not an early death. At this stage I was prevailed upon to give Dr. Williams Pink Pills a trial. After using four boxes I could see a distinct improvement in my condition, and I gladly continued the use of the pills until all the symptoms of the trouble had passed away, and I was the trouble had passed away, and I was again strong and healthy. It is no exaggeration to say that at the time I began the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills I was so weak that I could not be a so we were the so we were that I could not be a so we were the so we we lift twenty-five pounds, while now I am quite sure I can lift as much as any man of my age. I believe the pills not only released me of the misery I

suffered, but have added years to my Anaemia, rheumatism, kidney trouble, heart ailments, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and the many ailments peculiar to women are speedily cured by Dr. Williams Pink Pills, simply by Dr. Williams Pink Pills, simply because these pills make new, rich red blood, and thus reach the very root of the trouble. There are pink colored imitations of this great medicine, but the buyer can protect himself against these impositions by seeing that the null name "Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or direct by all dealers in medicine or direct by mail from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Broakrille, O. Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

When you can't eat break. fast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and LEARN MORE - EARN MORE want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must cat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone. flesh, blood and nerve.



We will send you a free sample. Be sure that this pictur

in the form of a label is o the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS.

Toronto, Ontario.

Educational.

## BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITER

We teach full commercial course, As well as full shorthand course. Full civil service course,

re to-day filling the best positions. Write for catalogue. Address

J. FRITH JEFFERS, M. A.
Address: Belleville, Out. PRINCIPAL

CONTROL OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR Ontario Business Col ege 35th Year. BELLEVILLE. Most Widely Attended in America. 27 Years under Present Principals.

ASSUMPTION + COLLEGE SANDWICH, ONT.

Address Robinson & Johnson, F.C.A.

THE SYCDIES EMPERACE THE CLASS-I IOAL and Commercial Corress. Terrest-tectading all ordinary excesses, 1569 per sea aum. Ver full particulars apply to Bay, D. Otshira, O.H.E.

For an education that is practical, useful and up to date attend the

D-NORTHEHMAND ON Quesinesslottege

OWEN SOUND, ONT., Best courses of study in Business, Subjects, the thand and Typewriting. Best Methods, he most theroughly equipped College in the lominion. S'indenis may enter at any time. Full particulars sent free to any address, Address C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

BOARDING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME

Cor Baget and Johnston Street

KINGSTON, ONT. Pupils prepared for Commercial Diplomas and Departmental Examinations. Special Classes in Music, Drawing, Painting, Special Classes in Music, Drawing, Painting, For terms, Etc., apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR

GET THE BEST-IT PAYS. Pasiness College.

STRATFORD, ONT. Best place in Canada for securing a thorough business education or a superior shorthand training. Graduates always successful in get-ting positions. Write for catalogue, W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

JEROME'S COLLEGE

BERLIN, ONT. CANADA. (G.T.E.) Commercial Course with Business College Commercial Course Course - Propagation for Professional Studies.
College or Arts Course - Preparation for Degrees and Seminaries.
Board and Tuition per Annum, \$140.00.
For Catalogue AddressREV. JOHN FERRENBACH, C. R., Professional Course Course

## REV. JOHN FEHRENBACH, C.R., Press. ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE TORONTO, CANADA.

Established 1852, in affiliation with Toronto University, and conducted by the Basilian Fathers. Tuition and Board \$160.00. No extras. Send for

calendar. Address REV. DR. TEEFY ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE,

TORONTO. What we teach we teach well. This accounts for the success of our graduates when they compete with those of other colleges. Write for particulars about our course.

FOREST CITY Business Olige ----LONDON, ONT.

Peterborough\_\_\_\_ Business College rives THOROUGH courses in Bock-Keering, Shorthend, Typewriting etc. The demand for effice assistants is often greater than the supply. Write for particulars. Peterboro, Ont. WM. PRINGLE, Prin.

J. W. WESTERVELT,

IT'S TOO BAD ... that your Plumbing is not working right. Telephone us at once and have us put it in first-class order.

F. G. HUNT PLUMBER, 521 Richmond St.,

The London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CAHADA.

FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT

ESTABLISHED

Losges Paid Since Organization, \$ 2.250.000.a.
Bashness in Force. 68,00.000.00
Assets, 688,09,13
Hon. John Dryden, Geo Gillies, Vice-Press.
H. Waddington, Sec. and Managing Director 50c. and \$1; all druggists. L. LEITCH, Supt. JOHN KILLER, Inspectors

TORONTO, ONTARIO