the day's correves up some tin the reports of the s and gives an enon all important, ful questions. Pius relessness, lack of or of exactness. tious, he does not

details. Merry del Val, pro-and His Holiness e delicate and diffiforeign governthe official recepate or for business, to the day of the h stated audiences of Monsignor major mals, to the various e secretaries and to ut it is the special e the Pope most, hem rather freely— visits from Bishops, ors, representatives, persons of note nerely an interview er of business to be n to be decided; he

s, blesses all. Those who come in peak of him as of a to stand for a few teroom and watch from an audience, the first one they see what affection at once. The faces y, many even weep an old prelate from

g from an audience, custom, in the hall es Hall, in order to the prelate was so could not hold back vant, rather alarmed, wer was overhead ave the happiness of X. you would be as am. That man is a

e Pope dines ; after neal he takes a short m, a rest that does n an hour. Then he is breviary again and r occupations. At 6 accompanied by Don lligent and sympatty who for the moment Mgr. Bressani as the Secretary; by Mgr. berlain, and by Sili, in the third loggia wn artist painted th rts of his time and Galli and Consoni ling and painted some

X.'s Pontificate. he Pope comes out on is there some twenty He talks for a few astonishing all preshis marvelous knowln of little importance, he extreme kindness ability with which he

ors. liences are over, the ne with his secretary, g on the loggia are se for the sake of air sed, a guard is placed to keep people out. Is wholly free and walks lking with the secre-ecalls his own Venice, tings and decorations, erfails to cast a glance the surrounding hill hat height, the hills a tangled network, a setting on the horizon nopy of clouds of gold

not last much longer, withdraws into nal apartment, taking nterrupted labors till he day. After half an reciting his breviary, ittle time he may read t never later than halfne goes to rest-and he

and Education.

sons education is merely money; in so far as it l, it is considered good; oes not further money-sidered worthless. education is to get rich, ; but if the end of eduonly this, but besides r, nobler, grander, then,

reasoning faulty, their

idea of education has ne development of the only a sound mind in a not only the imparting ge which will enable one ng, but it aims also to spiritual side of his na-him to know God and to ove virtue, to hate vice; trong, manly character,

n with money, but with-? Money lost may be ? Money lost may be racter lost, is lost for-at does it profit a man to world and then lose his

y of education being but oney, even leaving aside ral, is forcibly brought on we find men with little on, but very rich, who their wealth for an eduTHE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

"I am the resurrection and the life." (John 11: 25.) Every sermon preached from the Catholic pulpit is supposed to be the official answer of the Church to the questionings of the human mind and

questionings of the numan mind and heart. On the feast of all the saints from every consecrated altar in the Church throughout the world the Church throughout the world the smoke of sacrifice ascends to God in praise for those whose lives were spent in doing His holy will. But while we celebrate as Catholics the Feast of all the Saints the Church does not permit us to be unmindful of those whom she so affectionately calls her faithful departed. The Church is, indeed, a parted. The church doing? The disciples were thing to say. What in the world did He intend doing? The disciples were the greatest consternation. Here was Lazarus already dead and buried.

And the Master was going to bring them back among the Jews again, and such an occasion concern the dead and our relations to them. If the sermon from the Catholic pulpit is always supposed to be the Church's official answer to the questionings of the human mind and heart, we cannot do anything mind and h mind and heart, we cannot do anything better this evening than take the sercan remember the efforts that we made can remember the efforts that we made to console ourselves and friends. We can remember the silent thomats, as we passed uninterested through the crowded streets. The "Dies hae" never sounded more pathetic, and the "De Profundus" never sounded more above in its awful grandeur, than solemn in its awful grandeur, than when we knelt before the altar in the presence of our dead. How many ques-

tions of the most mysterious character came to our minds? They speak about the mystery of life. But death itself is a hundred times more mysterious. And on that occasion, when a thousand questions came to us about our dead, what tions came to us about our dead, what answer was given us by the Church? While the remains of the departed rested before the altar where their owner once had worshipped the Church called one of her sacred ministers be fore the very tabernacle of the living God Himself and she placed the Book God Himself and she placed the Book of the Gospels in his hands. She told him to stand within the sanctuary and to turn to those who were in grief and sorrow and to read for them the story from the gospel of St. John about the raising of the dead to life. With nine-ten handred years' agreeines her teen hundred years' experience be-side the silent forms of her children the Catholic Church has never learned of any better comfort for the sorrowing and for those bereft. And so this even and for those bereft. And so this evening, I am not going to preach a sermon to you. I am simply going to recall that incident to your minds. Then, see if it does not an swer every question concerning your december loved ones. In thinking departed loved ones. In thinking about our departed, the virtues that we need most are resignation and the most absolute trust in God. And there is no incident in the gospel that teaches these lessons so effectively as

teaches these lessons so effectively as the one we are going to consider this wept. And the message been in the very words in which the sorrowing sisters had expressed it; "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest, is sick." It was no mistake to say that on privine Redeemer had a great regard for Lazarus and his two sisters. Not once, but many times, He had been a guest in their household. And the Gosses is not unto death. But for God may be glorited in it." It was a very strange thing to say. The file words that told their grief so well, lissishness is not unto death. But for God may be glorited in it. It was a very strange thing to say that the loved the contion of the patient had become every oment worse. In later at the contion of the patient had become every oment worse. In later at the contion of the patient had become every oment worse. In later at the contion of the patient had become every oment worse. In later at the continuous continu departure of the messenger, the condition of the patient had become every moment worse. In fact at the very time when the message was being de-livered, and while He was saying: livered, and while He was saying;
"This sickness is not unto death,"
Lazarus was already dead. We can
imagine the state of mind in which the
sisters were, thinking that perhaps the sisters were, thinking that perhaps the messenger had gone astray, for they knew that Jesus loved their brother, and they felt that if He had only known it in time, that brother might have been restored to health. But now they were broken hearted in their affection, and the Friend who loved and the Friend who loved their brother, knew it not. It must have been poor comfort when the traveler from Perea returned, and with both eyes fixed upon the face of the both eyes fixed upon the face of the dead, gave them this strange message from the Wonder-Worker: "This sickness is not unto death." And there was the dead body before him, wrapped in spices and in linen, waiting to be carried to the grave. The only explanation was that there must have been a mistake.

been a mistake. In the meantime our Divine Re-In the meantime our Divine Redeemer remained two days more with
His Disciples in the land of Perea.
They must have been under the impression that by this time Lazarus was
already on the high-road to recovery.
Little did they think that he was dead
and busied notwithstanding what the and buried, notwithstanding what the Saviour had said. They never dreamt of such a thing as going to Bethania. of such a thing as going to Bethania. In fact they were surprised when our Divine Redeemer expressed His intention of returning into Judea. They reminded Him of the fact that it was only a few days before that the people tried to stone Him there. But He set their fears aside by saying; "There their fears aside by saying; "There their fears aside by saying; "There tare twelve hours in the day. And if a man walk in that day-tight there is no reason for him to fear." They must have known that

He spoke figuratively. Then He went on, and said to them:
"Lazarus, our friend, sleepeth. But i go that I may awake him out of sleep."
And thinking this meant that the patient was almost well again, they replied: "Lord if he sleep, he shall do go the High-priest it was decretion of the High-priest it was depatient was almost well again, they replied: "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." But Jesus was only using the ordinary metaphorical expression for death. And He knew indeed that Lazarus was already dead, although no messenger had brought that news to power of Remo. They knew that nother than the surgestion of the High-priest it was degestion of the

messenger had brought that news to Him. Then, therefore, Jesus said presence of danger, to show how little
He feared it. He was going to bring
them into the presence of death, to
show that He was the master of both
life and death. He had already raised
life and death. He had already raised
and yet she has six children. She is a
life and yet she has six children. She is a better this evening than take the sermon that the Church herself preaches on the occasion of a funeral. The longest and the saddest day in your life and in mine was when we followed the remains of a departed loved one to their final resting-place beneath the consecrated earth. We can remember, as it is were only vesterday, taking the secrated earth. We can remember, as if it were only yesterday, taking the last farewell look at the face so soon to be hidden until the resurrection. We be hidden until the resurrection. We we self. And He was going to do leto the ade everlasting glory of the everlasting We God, and to show His sympathy for an afflicted family, and at the same time His regard for the man who was already dead. It did not make any difference to Him whether the Sanhedrin should hold a special council of condemnation or not. It did not make any difference to Him whether the spies and cut-throats of the Scribes and Pharisees were in the crowd or not. It did not make any difference whether this case was to be a test for His destruction or

not. The word was arready spoken, and He would not repent. It might be a rock of scandal and a stumbling block for those who wished to have it so. But our Divine Redeemer was determined that the world should have one more evidence of His divinity, second only to the wonderful resurrection of Himself, so soon to be the most indisputable fact in all the history of the world. Jesus therefore came and found that Lazarus had been already four days in the grave. The broken-hearted Martha the grave. The broken leater that the grave. The broken leater that to them: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Jesus said to her: "Thy brother shall rise again." Martha said to Him: "I know that he shall rise again in the return the last day." Jesus surrection on the last day." Jesus said to her: "I am the Resurrection and the Life : he that believeth in Me and the Life: he that believeth in Me although he be dead shall live: and every, one that liveth and believeth in Me shall not see death forever." Then He turned to Martha, and He said to her in particular: "Do you believe this?" And Martha with the most sublime faith in Him, although He had not restored her brother when he was sick unto death, replied: "Yea, Lord, I have believed that Thou art the Christ. have believed that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." Martha went to call her sister, Mary,

Then

The word was already spoken,

When He had salt trees the stone had been rolled away from before the entrance to the tomb; and He was face to face with the dead. And he cried out with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth!" What wonder that the come forth!" crowd stood back! What wonder that even the two sisters could not dare to even the two sisters could not dare to keep their eyes upon Him! What wonder that the very earth on which they stood was trembling! What won-der that the very angels came from Heaven to stand before the Saviour in that supreme moment! There was that immens; throng of people, frie ds and enemies. There were the disciples lost.

enemies. There were the disciples lost in wonder and amazement at the boldness of the expression. There were the two sisters weeping in each others arms. There was the Galilean Wonderworker standing in the presence of the dead, and in the face of His enemies, dead, and in the face of His enemies, not more than a few hundred yards from the gates of the Holy City. It was no longer the helpless Infant, Whom they had seen some thirty years before in Bethlehem. It was not the little Child Who had spent two years an exile in the shedow of the Pyramids. It was

in the shadow of the Pyramids. It was not the dark-eyed Boy of Nazareth, playing with His associates. It was not the friend of fishermen, or the wornout Traveler resting by the wayside. It was not the broken-hearted Man of Sor. rows. It was not the Child of Mary. It was the Christ, the Son of the Living God, Who stood there in the sunshine, in the presence of the dead, and with all the majesty and all the power and all the confidence of the everlasting God, spoke the words: "Lazarus, come forth!" And the reserved.

And the man who was four forth!" And the man who was four days dead stepped from the tomb. And the amazement of the multitude was beyond expression. Then Jesus turned to some of those who stood beside Him, and He said: "Why do you not set him loose from winding bands, and let him lose from wind

What a multitude of people are watching out for "To morrow." "To-morrow I shall be better," murmurs the invalid. "To-morrow I shall have bet-ter luck, shall do better work, shall be shaper in my bargains, shall beware (f former mistakes," thus say the unfor-tunate, the careless, the speculative, the remorseful. Yet, commonly, to-morrow, to-morrow becomes to day only power of Rome. They knew that nothing but the Roman Empire could begin to find the invalid dead, the unfortunate ately disappointed, the sinner deeper

that they were, they were afraid of Rome. Little did they think that in a in his crimes.

We are too much inclined "to reckon without our host," in regard to the illusive "to-morrow," and we dispose of it, in advance, as though it were our to the control of th own, whereas there is naught on earth so uncertain as that mysterious day that lies so near us in the future.

Charles Reade illustrates this admirably well, in his story of Noah Skinner, the fraudulent bank clerk, who falls, the fraudulent bank clerk, who falls, the author states, into a sleeper's languor, in the midst of his resolutions to make restitution "to-morrow." "By-and-by, waking up from a sort of heavy doze, Noah took a last look at the receipts and murmured, 'My head, how heavy it feels!" But, presently, he roused himself, full of his penitent resolution, and murmured again, brokenly, lution, and murmured again, brokenly,
"I'll—take it—to—Pembroke street mother, and she is counting even the dead. She suffered so much for them, to-morrow-to morrow-to-morrow. The and she loves them so dearly, that she -morrow found him, and so did the

can never forget them. She gave them her very life blood while they were liv-

ing, and now she cannot forget them

when they are dead. Yes, they may be

when they are dead. Yes, they may be gone from her sight, and all the world may forget they ever lived. But she is a mother; and she never can forget. Why do we call the Catholic Church a mother.

mother? There are many reasons for

to her dead. The general name for the

er died. From the moment when the priest beside the font of Baptism places

and prayers. There may be Christians who forget their dead. But the dead are not forgotten in the prayers

and sacred offices, in the sacrifices and oblations of the Church that became

the mother of the child in Baptism. And there is the doctrine that so many of those outside the Church do not want.

They have not enough intelligence and

They have not enough intelligence and delicacy of thought to appreciate it. They do not want the doctrine of the middle state, because their systems are the systems of to-day. We Catholics want the doctrine, because our Church is the Church of all eternity. We are just as much concerned with the future and the past as with the present. We are just as

WHAT THE INFLUENCE OF TWELVE FRE-

QUENT COMMUNICANTS DID.

following instance of it: A lady of a

neighboring parish went to confession

to Father Vianney. He persuaded her, not without difficulty, to go to Holy Communion every fortnight: later on

she consented to go every Sunday, and

he finally prevailed upon her to go

One day she complained that she was

will, and at the end of some weeks she brought two lady friends to the Cure, who encouraged them, inflamed their zeal, and gave them six months to bring each two or three companions to come with them. "Impossible!" they are regist rejectly.

asserted, but who can resist priestly

transformed and its pastor came to Ars to thank the servant of God.

several times a week.

But the metaphor is perfect, and the title justified, especially when we consider the devotion of the Church

detectives—dead."
Would you call that a happy death,
my dear Catholic reader? It was
frightfully desolate, was it not, to die in a dreary counting-room, the very scene of his frudulent transactions, at seene of his trudulent transactions, at the very desk where he had shouldered the sin of his life, with all its burdens of darkness, misery and dread? Deso-late? Ah, hideously so, to die alone, without a friend or comforter, without blessed candle, or the the light of to her dead. The general name for the doctrino is the Commanion of Saints. But there is no more beautiful feature of the devotion built upon that doctrine than the loyalty and fidelity of the Church to those whom she so affectionately calls her Faithful Departed. Yes, and even if the mother should forget the child of her own flesh and blood, yet will the Catholic Church never forget those for whom our Divine Redeemer died. From the moment when the sprinkling of holy water, without prayer or holy Viaticum. Yet, it it the just death of him who puts off till "to-morrow" the case of his soul, the arranging of his accounts, the making of restitu-

tion to God and man. How is with yourself, friend? Procrastinating, are you not? Next Sunday you will go to Mass; next month you will receive the Sacraments; next year you will send our children to the parochial school? To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow! Never now, this, this hour, this instant. hour, this instant.

priest beside the font of Baptism places the stole of the Church's protection upon the little, helpless form of the infant, down through all the trials and vicissitudes of life, through all its struggles and its disappointments, down to the last moment when the eyes are not yet closed after seeing the spirit pass away, yes and beyond the grave into the valley of the shadow of death, the Church follows with her liturgies and prayers. There may be Christians hour, this instant.

Oh, the presumption, the audacity, the barefased impudence of this unjustifiable claim on the morrow that lies in the palm of an All Powerful Hand which made close upon it, so far as you are concerned. Not all the wealth of the ladies can puschese for you that to the Indies can purchase for you that to-morrow, when once it has passed, or you have passed into eternity.

THE EDUCATION OF BOYS.

In The Delineator for November Mrs. Theodore W. Birney has a suggestive paper on the Education of Boys as Future Fathers and Citizens. The gist of her argument is that boys sel-dom receive the sympathy to which they are entitled—not a maudlin, sentimental sympathy that is calculated to spoil the child, but an intelligent comprehension of his needs and an interest in his doings and belongings. Her conclusion is that if parents will only take a genuine interest in all things that interest their boys, they can hold

by the Divine law, for when God in-stituted the sacrament under the form of a secret trial, He by implication required the minister who holds His place The Venerable Cure of Ars may be considered the model of all priests in his efforts in behalf of devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, says Emmanuel. The present pastor of Ars relates the following instance of it: A lady of a quired the minister who holds fits place to do nothing which would frustrate the purpose of this secrecy; and these natural and divine obligations are en-

ratural and a dvine obligations of the Church.

The obligation is absolute, admitting of no exception whatever. The seal binds the priest and all other persons to whose knowledge the confession has come, such as interpreters, or if ever it should chance that any one overheard what was said; and it extends not only to sins, but also to whatever else has become known in a confession made in order to absolution, the revelation of

One day she complained that she was the only one at the Holy Table in her parish. "That is easily mended," says the venerable man: "promise me to induce some of your friends to go with you." She went to work with a will, and at the end of some weeks she become the two lady friends to the Core.

IN TIME OF TROUBLE. PEACE CAN COME ONLY FROM GOD.

Where should we go in our trouble to the God of all consolation? But asserted, but who can resist priestly zeal in God's cause? At the appointed time, twelve ladies were under Father Vianney's direction and soon went to Holy Communion every Sunday and often more frequently. The parish was transformed and its pastor came to Are if He does not show Himself to us as such, if the answer to prayer does not make haste to come, we lose heart, and leave off praying. We tire so soon. Yet peace is our Lord's word to us all. Peace amid the storm of persecution, the heart-sinking at failure, the monopolity of the monopolity of the storm of the monopolity of the storm of the storm of the monopolity of the storm o tony of well-doing, and watching and waiting for better things. Peace in the harder trials of life, the coldness of the nearest, the peril of the dearest. Peace in the struggle with self—sharp, daily, unrelenting. Only through Him can certain and lasting comfort, resignation, hope and happiness come to us.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

The Story of the Recovery of Miss Falford of St. Elie.

SHE SAYS "I AM CONFIDENT THAT DR. WILLIAMS PINK PILLS SAVED MY LIFE"-HOPE FOR ALL WEAK, SICK-LY GIRLS. To be well, to be strong, to possess

To be well, to be strong, to possess a clear complexion, bright eyes and an elastic step, the blood must be pure and filled with life-giving energy. When you see pale, sallow, sickly girls, easily tired, subject to headaches, backaches, and violent palpitation of the heart, it is the blood that is at fault, and unless the trouble is speedily corrected the patient passes into that condition known as "decline". that condition known as "decline' and death follows. The one sure, posi and death follows. The one sure, positive way to obtain rich, red healthgiving blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This medicine has saved thousands of young girls from a premature grave. Strong proof of this is offered in the cure of Miss Zenaide Falford, of St. Elie, Quebec. Miss Falford tells the story of her sickness and recovery as follows: "Like many other Canadian girls, I went to the United States and found employment in a factory at Woonsocket. The close, indoor work proved too much for me and nearly ended in my death. At first I was taken with headaches, would tire very easily, had no appetite, and first I was taken with headaches, would tire very easily, had no appetite, and no energy. I tried to continue the work, but grew worse and worse, and finally was compelled to return to my home. I was so much changed and so emaciated that my friends hardly emaciated that my irreturn home
me. Two weeks after my return home
I was forced to take my bed. I had a
bad cough, was distressed by terrible
dreams, and sometimes passed whole
nights without sleep. Two dectors nights without sleep. Two doctors treated me, without avail, as I was steadily growing weaker; in fact I could not hold my hand above my head for more than three or four sec-onds, and had to be turned in bed. No one expected I would get better, and I thought myself I was about to die. At this time my brother came from Montreal to see me, and strongfrom Montreal to see me, and strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A supply of pills was procured, and I now bless the day I began taking them. It is enough to say that before, three boxes were say that before, three boxes were used I began to feel better, and from that on I grew stronger every day. By the time I had taken nine or ten boxes I was once more enjoying the blessing of perfect health. No symptons of the old trouble remain, and I am confident Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

Pills saved my life.

Pure blood is the secret of health
and it is because every dose of Dr.

William's Pink Pills make new, rich blood, that they cure such desperate cases as that above related. These pills cure all the troubles that arise from poor blood—and that means most of the ailments that afflict mankind. of the ailments that afflict mankind. Give these pills a fair trial and they will not disappoint you, Sold-by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockwille Con. ville, Ont.

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