tary's willingness to give all the help

and assistance possible, it was some considerable time before Michael Joyce

it was wonderful, you know, that poor

confidence! And I-oh, time will tell

Rev. Father Power, S. J., has again

HOLY COMMUNION.

pearance of our food and thus become

tendencies. He knows our ignorance, our blindness, our weakness, but He,

empty away." Receive in profound adoration, with boundless confidence and with a thirsting soul. Long to have thy heart resemble more and more

the heart of thy Jesus. Hear Him say:
"My flesh is meat indeed and My blood

is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath

life in him, and I will raise him up again on the last day."—The voice.

Temerity, Timidity and Sanity.

success in some way. If we find our co-religionists deprived of their civil or

political rights, because of their faith, we are urged to say nothing. If, as in

the Philippines, we find a systematic ef

fort made to deprive hundreds of thou-sands of our fellow Catholics of their

sands of our ferrow Catholies of their faith, we are still urged to say nothing lest we may get ourselves talked about, or, in some way, involve the Church in politics."—Catholic Telegraph.

This is true. And it has always been so, not only here, but in England, Ire-

land and other countries. O'Connell in his struggle for Catholic emancipa-

tion was referred to as "that rash young

man," by Lord Fingal and other Irish Catholic peers. Temerity is rash; timidity is cow-

remerity is rash; thinding some ardly; but sanity is what we want. We prefer temerity to timidity, but we prefer sanity, — the sanity of moderation and wisdom,—to either.

It is probable that back of much sanity is Catholic.

the timidity we complain of in Catholic

opinion we may find sheer indifference to Catholic interests. The remedy for

this, of course, is largely through the

" by Lord Fingal and other Irish

if I am to go over to Rome!"

02.

erald.

h."

triment and ollowers. he course of closing exerhat the "new nat there are he masculine d vary," said

compass, they at masculine ury, however, hat we are ary of the She is pass-veering round

flident, chang-reater opporrotection and vns upon the tennis, tanned in still more e law and the inning to disly a little less hey want more and less of the are returning hioned, pure,
This is your
and prosperity

chief and last e trully happy. Il thy affection and things creou seekest thy-

test away with.

CHRIST.

ngs principally as flowing from and therefore ned to me as to

iving fountain, and they who re me, shall reory in anything ightin any good e established in his heart, but t with perplex-

not ascribe any-, nor attribute give all to God, othing.

e all the time Perry op a stomach'ache, h to make a strong led by imitations.

CURE CONSTIPA.

found in that ex-Bickle's Anti-Con-and diminishes the of the throat and ign remedy for all pain or soreness in It has cured many advanced in con-

ner Grave's Worm its good effects on bottle and give it a

and kindred com-rappearance at the tweather, green ns. etc., and in rred frem eating at they need not r. J. D. Kellogf's kee a few drops in ps and cholera in a sure to check every RE CONSTIPATION.

ANSWERED. BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

" Now," said Hester Deane in a triumphant tone, and with an extensive sweep of her arm — "now confess, Eleanore Lee, that I have not exaggerwould you see such coloring, such greens and purples? And look at the clouds! They are distinctly Irish

The two girls had dismounted from their bicycles and stood on a slight elevation that commanded a fair view the country around. On the right hand the hills, covered with the tender green mountain grasses and patches of heather, rose to a considerable elevation; on the left was the bold rocky coast that is so characteris-tic of the West of Ireland, and beyond that the restless Atlantic.

that the restless Atlantic.

Eleanore Lee laughed. She was some years older than her companion, and the strain and worry of a journal-istic life made her look less young than she really was. She had consented to spend her short annual holiday in Ireland at her companion's urgent entreaty. Despite their difference in treaty. Despite their difference in years, and also in disposition, a very warm friendship existed between the two, though Hester Deane never guessed how much of her success in

try is very beautiful; but the clouds.
Don't they foretell rain?"
Hester looked up at the sky.
"I think not, and we may as well walk down this hill. It is rather

" Rather!" Eleanore laughed.
" Well, rough, then," Hester said; nd after a momentary pause added, I can scarcely believe it is two years

since I was here before.'
"Time flies." "I suppose so. I was summoned to Monte Carlo from here, Eleanore."

"I know."
"Poor Lionel!" Hester's voice
grew a little tremulous. "He was my
only brother. He lost the money of his employers—he was a clerk in London warehouse — at the gambling table, and then—" Hester paused.
"Yes, dear." Eleanore had never

before heard Hester speak of her dead brother, but she had learned from others how the foolish lad when on a business journey had been tempted " to try his luck" in the fair southern try his luck in the lair southern town; how he had lost, not only his own money but that of others, and end-ed by taking his own life. She had heard, too, that Hester had arrived at his bedside in time to hear his last words and close his dying eyes.

"It was dreadful. Poor Lionel! I hate the name of that place. I was ill for a long time afterward.

clamation from Hester.
"Why it is going to rain! And we shall be drenched."
"Are the

Are there no houses near ?" Elean-'Not one; but get up, Eleanore. There is an old chapel a short distance away; I think it is always open. We can take shelter there."

Ten or twelve minutes brought the two to Mountrath Chapel. The building was a small one and showed signs of disuse, being used only on rare occa-sions as a place of worship. The door was partially open and the two entered it as the rain began to come down in

torrents.
"Well, we're in luck to gain shelter," Hester said! "Come inside, Eleanore. Eleanore hesitated.

"I have never been in a Catholic church before. I have always tried to

church before. I have always the avoid entering one," she said.
"Oh, you strict—Calvinist, is it?"
Hester laughed. "I wonder you haven't grown more liberal-minded, Eleanore—really, I do."

I like to see people keeping to the practice of their religion, whatever it

may be."
"And I don't find fault with any one's religion, nor approve of any one's," Hester laughed, "I am new-womanish enough for that."

"I wish you wern't," Eleanore said, her sadly, "I dislike that expresrather sadly, "I disl sion—' New Woman."

Eleanore !'

"Yes, I do. A woman should be religious, If she isn't—"
"Well, if she isn't—"
"Never mind now. What a very shall building, and how ruinous the

"Mass is only said on the occasion of a funeral or the like," Hester said. A new church has been built a mile or

so away And that altar ! Is it an altar ?" Eleanor paused where, just outside outside the sanctuary rails, a statue of the Blessed Virgin stood. As a work of art possessed little value, and the lace drapery surrounding the wooden erection on which the figure stood was was worn and yellow; but half a dozen lately gathered bunches of wild flowers d that some pious person still came there in reverential mood.

"No, no,; not an altar. It is just a statue of the Blessed Virgin, of the Madonna. I wonder what is written on that paper into her hands." Hester spoke in clear, high tones.

"If you care to hear I shall tell you,"

a man's clear voice said, and the strangers turned round to meet the pleasant smile of a young priest. The rain was running into little pools from The

rain was running the his long thin coat.

"Like yourself, I presume," he said,
"I have been caught in the shower.
One needs to remember that the Irish
One needs to remember that the Irish
One needs to remember that the Irish climate is a variable one. I am the curate of the parish, Father Greer." "And we two tourists from London," Hester explaiend. "I was wondering what might be written on that paper. She pointed towards the sheet of paper

"You can see," Father Greer replied quietly, and he reached for the paper and held it forth, "Just these

words: 'I leave Michael to your care, Mother Bridget Joyce.'"
"What do they mean?" Hester asked, bending forward to examine curiously the slip of paper in the priest's hand. priest before answering, drew

The priest before answering, drew forward a rough bench.

"Will you not sit down?" he said courteously; "the shower promises to be a rather lengthy one."

"Thank you," Hester said. She had constituted herself spokeswoman, and Eleanore, naturally shy, and always distrustful of anything Catholic allowed her to do so.

"To me," the priest began, "Bridget Joyce's simple faith and confidence to fix the guilt on a young soldier whom the captain had treated with considerable severity. The man had been dismissed from the service with the crime he had at once admitted it; and informed his accusers that his get Joyce's simple faith and confidence trial would take place before no earthly

"To me," the priest began, "Bridget Joyce's simple faith and confidence is most touching. She was a poor peasant woman who had suffered much. Her husband had been evicted from his farm, and died from exposure to cold. Her one son, the Michael spoken of here,"—Father Greer touched the paper—"was rather wild, I am told. No one said there was much harm in the lad. He was a bit unsettled and very impulsive. Well, on one of his hunting—poaching, perhaps, I should say—expeditions, the son of the landlord who had evicted his father had him arrested, and Michael was sent to jail arrested, and Michael was sent to jail for three months. On his liberation he for three months. On his liberation he old peasant woman's confidence in the made use of many threats against Cap-

tain Deverill."
"Yes," Hester said. Eleanore was

guessed how much of her success in finding employment as an artist on various illustrated papers was due to Eleanore's influence.

"Yes," the latter assented, "the country is very beautiful; but the clouds. Don't they foretell rain?"

Hester looked up at the sky.

"I think not, and we may as well was lucked with the country is not they foretell rain?"

Hester looked up at the sky.

"I think not, and we may as well was lucked was supposed to the following news paragraph from lucking about the spot not very long before the time of the murder—for I feel was supposed to a rey methods: fear it was murder-was supposed to ary methods: have been committed."

Could not Captain Deverill have

resumed his open air meetings in the Grassmarket on the Friday evenings.

Last Friday night, shortly after 7 o'clock, his commanding figure might fallen over?" Eleanore asked.
"There was evidence that a struggle had taken place. The ground was soft," the priest explained. "Michael was the priest explained. "Michael was arrested, tried and failed to account for arrested, tried and failed to account for his whereabouts on that particular evening in any satisfactory manner, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. He said he had fallen asleep in arva Wood."
"Garva Wood!" Hester ejaculated,

rising from the bench on which she had been seated, "Garva Wood," the little Grove that lies beyond Fallen

"Yes," the priest answered,
"When—at what date was Captain Deverill murdered?" the girl demanded, Eleanore was looking toward her friend in some surprise,

"On the afternoon of the 20th of July two years since, "Father Greer said promptly.
"Oh!" Hester exclaimed. "I was here then. On that very evening I received the telegram from Monte Carlo, "—the girl turned to Eleanore.
"Yes; but what do you mean?" the

"Yes; but what do you mean?" the latter inquired.
"I saw a man lying sleeping in Garva Wood on that day, that aiternoon, and—"Hester paused.
The priest smiled faintly.
"That might not mean much in Michael's favor," he said, "No; I was summoned to Monte Carlo, to a heather's deathbed, and then I was ill brother's deathbed, and then I was ill for a long time," Hester explained.

"Your statement might be useful to poor Michael but I don't know. However, it might be well to acquaint the proper authorities with it," Father Greer said.

"But there is more." Hester spoke nervously and hurriedly. "I had a camera with me and I was in the habit of taking instantaneous snap shots here and there of the scenery and houses. That afternoon I had been busy, as camera with me and I was in the habit of taking instantaneous snap shots here and there of the scenery and houses. That afternoon I had been busy, as usual, and I had just taken some photos on tin plates. When I examined them long after I found the appearance of two men, wrestling as I supposed. The men were standing on or near some rock known as—" Hester paused.

"Granin's Rock." Father Greer

He will spare nothing to cure our all-ments. All He wants is our good will and He will communicate His sweet, heavenly peace to us. "Son, give me thy heart:" "peace on earth to men of good will." "Wisdom hath built her wine." She hath sent out her invitations: "Whosoever is a little one, let him come unto Me." Sweet invitation to the humble, but even the unwise are

"Granin's Rock," Father Greer to the humble, but even the unwise are

Hester laughed. "I wonder you haven't grown more liberal-minded, "Eleanore—really, I do."
"I suppose it comes from my upbringing," Eleanore explained, "I dod't think I am illiberal, but I confess Michael Joyce I saw in Garva Wood," Hester added.

"I see, I see!" the priest exclaimed.
"I see, I see!" the priest exclaimed.
"Should you know the man again?" to the humble, but even the unwise are pressed: "Come, eat my bread and drink the wine which I have mingled drink to wine which I have mingled drink t

"Should you know the man again?"

"Yes. I have a keen memory for faces. I remember remarking his," Hester said. "He was of a very dark complexion, and—oh, he had lost the finger of his left hand!"

"Yes." the priest said evolved."

"Yes." the priest said evolved."

finger of his left nand!"
"Yes," the priest said excitedly,
"Michael had but four fingers on the left hand! It looks as if his mother's confidence in our Mother, was well

"What do you mean, Father ?" Elfounded. eanore added the last word half grud-

"Well, while poor Bridget Joyce "Well, while poor Bridget Joyce lived she alwas protested her son's innocence of the crime with which he was charged. With no less insistence did she express her belief that the Blessed Virgin would aid him. She lived about a quarter of a mile from this church, and there was never a day, tool or fair, but, she was to be feund on foul or fair, but she was no be found on her knees invoking Mary's aid. I at-tended her death-bed. Even then her hope of her son's ultimate liberation did not fail. She had the lines on this and not iail. She had the lines on this paper written out, and I promised her that I should place it where you ladies saw it. Your evidence—"the priest bowed to Hester—"should leave Michael a free man."

"Oh, I hope so, I hope so," Hester cried. "Somehow I blame myself for being in ignorance of the trial."
"I don't see how you can," Father Green said.

Greer said.

"And now what is to be done?"
Hester asked. "I know nothing of what should be done."

"And now what is to be done?"

"But I do," Eleanor said. "A distant cousin of mine is Under Secretery of State for Ireland. He will know the quickest way in which to set to work. I never knew the use of influential relations before. Won't you go to Dublin at once, Hester? And' she addressed the priest, you too, Father?"

Father?"
"I must obtain permission first, and then see the lawyer engaged in Micheal's defence,"
Notwithstanding the Under Secreand then see the lawyer engaged in Micheal's defence," Father Greer re-

Women's Rights and the Church.

and assistance possible, it was some considerable time before Michael Joyce was again a free man. Ere he was so, the police, started on a fresh track by Hester's photograph, and various items of news that had leaked out concerning Centain Deverill's life in his regiment. employed in attaining her object of raising women above the rank of slavery. The Church, by her doctrines of fraternity in Jesus Christ and equality before God, gives a divine sanction to the true status of woman, and proclaims that she ought not to be man's slave, but his companion. Hence, the amelioration of had been dismissed from the service and had been seen in the vicinity at the time of the murder. When charged ought not to be man's slave, but his status of woman, and proclaims that she ought not to be man's slave, but his companion. Hence, the amelioration of woman's lot was felt whenever Catholicity was preached, and woman began to gather the fruit of a doctrine which gather the fruit of a doctrine which it: and informed his accusers that his trial would take place before no earthly tribunal, for he was dying.

Hester Deane found herself quite a notable person on her return to London, and very much enjoyed telling the story in which she was so prominent a figure. Lately she ends it with:

"And would you believe it? Eleanor Lee—a most intense bigot I always told her she was—is now a Catholic-ity was preached, and woman began to gather the fruit of a doctrine which made a complete change in her condition by giving her a new existence. The dignity of woman is incompatible with corruption and licentiousness, and the Church, by the severity of her morality as well as by the lofty protection she affords to the delicate feeling for modesty, corrects. Durines manners. told her she was—is now a Catholic. Religious! Oh, yes, she was religious in a stern, severe way of her own at all times. Now if I had become a Roman of modesty, corrects, purifies manners, and makes women worthy to hold her place in the divine economy.—Ameritimes. Now if I had become a Roman it wouldn't have been wonderful. But

Conscience & Approval.

Right is the normal heart-beat which indicates health and vigor, while wrong indicates health and vigor, while wrong is that heart failure which foretells death. You can live without many things and still be comfortable, but if you try to live without the approval of your conscience, despair will creep over you as the shadows of evening creep over the earth at sundown. Religion teaches us to keep our faces toward beaven as the mariner watches the heaven, as the mariner watches the pole star, and to steer by what we see. To be true, just, kindly, is to bring heaven so near that when you die you will have but a step to go, and that step will take you within reach of a welcome that will make you glad that you have sacrified all else but kept your faith in the true and the right in tact.-George H. Hepworth.

be observed hurrying down the West Port towards the Grassmarket. He gave an occasional decisive ring to a large bell which he carried and which we introduce to gather his congrega-The Critical Habit. large bell which he carried and which was intended to gather his congregation as he went along, Reaching Regan's lodging house, Father Power darted up the stairs, and in a few seconds reappeared on the Grassmarket with a large following from this eminently respectable house. Proceeding to the head of the Grassmarket, attended by a hig gathering of people, he Do not drift into the critical habit. Have an opinion, and a sensible one, about everything, but when you come about everything, but when you come to judge people, remember that you see very little of what they really are, unless you winter and summer with them. Find the kindly, lovable nature of the man who knows little of books. Look for ed by a big gathering of people, he there and then, inagurated the meeting the beautiful self-sacrifice made daily by the beautiful self-sacrifice made daily by some men, who know nothing about pictures, and teach yourself day in and day out to look for the best in everything. It is the every-day joys and sorrows that go to make up life. It is not the one great sorrow, nor the one intense joy, it is the accumulation of with prayer and afterwards preached a characteristic sermon on devotion to our Blessed Lady. A unique feaure of this meeting, valuable, we believe, in practical results, was the giving to all who cared to take it, a twelve hours' who cared to take it, a which holds pledge from all intoxicating liquors. This pledge is binding from Saturday at noon till midnight. A very large percentage of the meeting thus pledged the little ones that constitute living, so do not be critical of the little faults, and be quick to find the little virtues and to praise them. So much that is good in people dies for want of encouragement. As I said before, have an opinion, and a well-thought-out one, about every-thing that comes into your life, but do What a marvellous conception of love! The eternal God, not satisfied with becoming man in order to suffer for him,

Their hearts are not open books, and Their hearts are not open books, and if you must be judged some day, give but in the excess of His love, called on His unsearchable wisdom to discover a means whereby He might unite Himself with us in the closest unity. He re-solved to conceal Himself under the ap-

Our Lord in the Tabernacle.

Are you alone, weary heart, laboring in the great city? So is He who is hidden in the Tabernacle. Do you plead day and night for souls? So does Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Have you left your home and the beautiful country to labor for souls in the gloom and fog of the city? Jesus left heaven. Do your sacrifices seem of no avail, your labors fruitless? Do your appeals fall on deaf ears and stony hearts? Since He shed His last drop of Blood on Calvary, Our Divine Lord has pleaded with and for souls, and yet hearts refuse to the state of the state of the souls, and yet hearts refuse to the state of the st one with us, one soul, one spirit with us, endeavoring to communicate to our heart and soul His own aspirations and our Redeemer, is also our Physician and He will spare nothing to cure our ail-ments. All He wants is our good will labors fruitless? Do your appeals fall on deaf ears and stony hearts? Since He shed His last drop of Blood on Calvary, Our Divine Lord has pleaded with and for souls, and yet hearts refuse to heed His voice, and souls are lost because they will not heed; but still He pleads and waits. Do friends pass you by and forget you? Thousands daily pass by the church, with never a thought that God is there; why, then, should you complain? Courage! Take thought that God is there; why, then, should you complain? Courage! Take your crucifix in your hand, kneel before the Tabernacle, and learn that you are not alone in your labors or your prayers, not alone in your labors or your tears.

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We must never attempt to edify others by any sacrifice of principle, to show, for example, how free we are from any bigotry, or how independent of forms and ceremonies, or what liberty of spirit we have regarding the observances of certain positive precepts. This is only saying that we must not do evil that good may come. Yet there is no slight temptation to a man, especially if he has a little fit of unusual indiscretion upon him, to show others at some expense of strict principle that our holy religion is not so harsh and cruel as it seems to be to the votaries of the world. The attempt, "We are narrow if we do, or certain to get the Church into trouble, or sure to injure other Catholics' chances of moreover, is always as unsuccessful as it is wrong.—FABER: "Growth in Holiness," first edition published 1855.

The Burning Lamp.

Morning after morning the priest omes forth to renew the oblation of the spotless Victim. A few there are who, with bowed heads and lowly hearts, kneel about the altar. Softly rings the bell, telling that once again the Saviour has descended to earth as He came long

ago an infant to Bethlehem.

Soon it is all over. One by one the people silently steal away. The priest reverently departs. And He who wept is once more alone. Alone! A sympathetic friend out of all the multitude ever and anon finds his way to the feet of Jesus, the little lamp ceases not to flicker as it burns itself away in love,

but as for all else Jesus is alone. ing "Man, man, why do you thus abandor Me? Why do you thus abandor Oh, may we not well imagine Him say-Me? Why do you thus carelessly pass
Me by? Why do you thus leave Me alone?
Is it for this I consented to remain
always on earth? This solitude crushes
why heart. Me. This loneliness crushes My heart. Oh, man, man, come to Me, come to Me, to my comfort, now, and I will be your

solace for eternity! Hard indeed must be our hearts if we turn a deaf ear to this appeal of our loving Saviour!

Religion Begins in the Par sh.

The Sacred Heart Review makes lea for a greater centralization of in terest in the parish, on the principle, no doubt, that the parish is to the Church what the home is to the State "If we work around the parish church, the parish societies, the parish

share in the work: for they will that it is a part of the great whole at that it is a part of the great whole at which we are aiming; namely, that God's kingdom may come, and that His cause may triumph everywhere. And naturally, if we may not rather say, with a supernatural naturalness, they will desire to see their own parish rank foremost in the diocese in all good works. They will become imbued with that spirit of chivalrous loyalty and ardent devotion that can not rest content with doling out a stinted sum, but must lavish the ointment on the Saviour's feet."

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