had resumed her knitting and he fell to work. While he weeded he hummed snatches of tunes to himself, and again Miss Hetty's hands fluttered nervously through the ice-wool shawl she was making, while her soft brown sightless eyes, beneath their half-closed lids, beeyes, beneath their half-closed lids, be-At dinner her manner was nervous and agitated; Nora could not understand it.

"I do not think I shall take a nap to-day, Nora," she said, when the meal was finished. "I will just go back, with my work, to the piazza."

"Very well, miss," said the faithful handmaiden, leading her to her accustomed place; "but do you feel just yourself? You look feverish."
"There is nothing the matter, Nora," replied Miss Hetty. "I prefer to sit here."

When Nora went back to her kitchen the tramp had finished his dinner. He sat, with one elbow on the table, surveying the comfortable room.

"That is Miss Bonsall?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Nora! "Miss Hetty Bonsall."

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ouch he was in of his dissipated

Bonsall."

"You and she occupy this large house alone?" he continued.

"We do," rejoined Nora, sharply; but we're not one bit afraid of tramps and thieves. We have a big dog that we let loose at night, and burglar alarms on all the doors and windows.

And we have very good neighbors.
The man smiled. The man smiled.

"You needn't fly up like that," he said. "You're a mighty fine cook, and I thank both you and your mistress for the good dinner I have just eaten. Do I look like a thief?"

"No, you don't," replied Nora.
"But I'll tell you what you do look like."

"What is that?"

"A tramp and a ne'er do well faller.

"A tramp and a ne'er do well, fallen from a good estate through arink and folly."

folly."
"You have guessed rightly." he replied. "That is precisely what I am."
Then the kind heart of the Irishwe man melted.

"Is it too late to turn over a new

leaf?" she asked, in a more gentle

The man's lips worked nervously for a moment. "I am afraid it is," he said; "at least, so I have loog thought—until this morning. But—if I could be allowed to stay in a home like this—for a while at least, until I could prove myself—there might be a chance. I am hardy—a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. I would make myself useful." would make myself useful."

would make myself uselfil.

"We don't need any one; we have a
boy to come in once or twice a week,"
began Nora. But Miss Hetty spoke

from the piazza.

"Let him stay, Nora. We will give him a chance. Tell him to stay."

"You hear what she says?" said the old woman. "God bless her kind heart! Now let us see what comes of it."

The man rose, stretched himself, heaved a long, deep sigh that was almost a groan. Then he took his battered cap from the corner of the kitchen

tered cap from the corner of the kitchen chair where he had hung it and went back to his weeding.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Hetty from the piazza, after a while.

"Bartle—call me Bartle," answered the new man of all-work, lifting his head from his task.

Miss Hetty did not speak again. When the work was finished, and he turned to ask for further orders, the porch was vacant. She had groped her way upstairs and was lying on her bed. Her eyes were closed, but she was not asleep. There were tears on the lashes asleep. There were tears on the lashes—tears that could not fall, precious pearls of remembrance born of that shadowy romance which had touched shadowy romance which had touched her life in its early spring, and which the voice of a stranger had vividly re-called, after more than thirty years. What was it she had feared? She would not even acknowledge it to her own soul, yet she had feared it. But now the dread had passed, she was herself

I was so glad so glad," she whis pered, lying on her white bed, "to hear that his name was Bartle; a name al together unknown to me. I have never

faithfully, and Nora daily vaunted his

He knows his business and he keeps his place," she said. "He's the quietest man, except for that way he has of humming to himself the queerest tunes. But I'm afraid he'll break out some

day."

"Let us hope he will not," Miss Hetty would rejoin, "and at any rate we shall not anticipate."

One day it came. Bartle had been lending a hand to some wood cutters by Miss Hetty's kind permission. When he came home that evening Nora closed the door between the kitchen and the dining Norm.

closed the door between the kitchen and the dining room.

"You are drunk, Bartle," she said.

"I am, Nora," he responded.

"Then out of this house you must go to-night. Miss Hetty has a mortal terror of a drunken man. You have been very ungrateful, Bartle."

"Right you are, Nora." he answered;

very ungrateful, Bartle."
"Right you are, Nora," he answered:
"right you are," as his head fell limply against the wall.
"Miss Hetty," Nora announced to her mistress, sitting at her supper, "Bartle is drunk. I have told him to go."

go."
"Miss Hetty's eyes widened. Ske
stood up. "Oh, yes, yes, Nora," she
exclaimed, "we cannot have a drunken

exclaimed, "we cannot have a drunken man about. It is too bad—we had such hopes of him. Call some of the neighbors to take him away."

"He is able to go by himself," rejoined Nora; "he is quiet enough."

"Very well. Send him away. I have a horror of a drunken man."

At the moment the orean-like tones

At that moment the organ-like tones At that moment the organ-like tones of a wonderful bass voice came from the kitchen. It was singing the "Drinking Song" from the "Huguenots." Miss Hetty's hands, resting lightly on the table in front of her began to tremble. With an intentness that seemed to carry her out of herself she listened until the song was finished. If the she leaned back in her tall chair as though exhausted, and said in a strained, unnatural voice:

"Do not send him away, Nora. Tell him to go to bed. We will give him another chance."

Mistress and man had very little in.

tercourse. Bartle took his orders from Nore, as was natural under the pecu-liar circumstances of Miss Hetty's affliction. But many and many a time he would pause in his work to cast a kindly, sympathetic glance, of which she was unconscious, on the cheerful, re-signed and still lovely face of her to

One day Miss Hetty and Nora had gone to spend the afternoon with a friend in the country. They had hired a carriage from the livery stable, and did not expect to return till late in the

whom he owed food, shelter and en-

The moon was flooding the piazza with light when they reached their own door. From the parlor came sounds of glorious music, played by a master hand. Half terrified Nora made her

"I'll go and see who it is," she said.
"No, no, stay here. I want to lis
ten," replied Miss Hetty, grasping the
old woman's hand tightly as she drew
her down beside her. Waltz followed
waltz, and rondo succeeded rondo. The mood of the player changed, and several selections from Chopin and Schumann were rendered in the most exquismann were rendered in the most exquis-ite manner. Then suddenly a magnifi-cent voice poured out the rollicking, tuneful notes of "Nancy Lee," and Nora prang to her feet.

"It's Bartle,' she cried. "He's drunk again, and this time he shall go."

go."
"No," answered Miss Hetty, clinging like a child to the old servant. "No," she sobbet, while tears coursed down her cheeks. "He must not go, he shall never go—now. Be patient with him, Nora—for my sake—but first help me upstairs. Then I am sure you can preval upon him to go to bed."

Perplexed, half indignant, fearful that the mind of her dearly beloved mistress was about to give way, yet true to her lifelong tradition which had made obedience to her mistress as will-

made obedience to her mistress as willing as it was absolute, Nora obeyed. The next day Destiny cut with one sharp blow the tangled skein which Nora had felt she would need all her wits to unravel. Coming down stairs alone, Miss Hetty slipped and fell, re alone, Miss Hetty slipped and left, re-ceiving injuries from which she never recovered. For several days she lay unconscious. This state was succeeded by intermitted periods of suffering. A woman was installed in Nora's place, and she devoted herself to taking care

and she devoted herself to taking care of her mistress.

One morning Miss Hetty asked:

"Is Bartie still here, Nora?"

"Yes, Miss Hetty, and doing fine. He's taken the pledge from Father Furlong. He never told us he was a Catholic, did he?"

"No, but I thought for some time that he was."

"I never dreamed of it. But he's been to confession and holy Communion for the first time in twenty years, he told me, and he's promised to go reg-

plar. "I am very, very glad to hear that," said Miss Hetty, and soon after seemed to fall asleep. One day, it was the one before the last, she asked for Bartle. Nora summoned him. He came softly into the room, and sat down beside

"I wanted to talk with you a little,

Bartle," she said, quite calmly. "You know I cannot get well."
"So they tell me," he answered,
"but I don't want to believe it."
"It is true bewerer." she continued "It is true, however," she continued

in the same quiet tone; and I wanted to tell you—before I go, how pleased I was to hear that you were doing so well and had been to the Sacraments."

"God helping me, I shall never drink

another drop," he said.
"Bartle, I have left you something in my will—enough to enable you to take care of yourself in your old age.

take care of yourself in your old age.
I have given it in trust to Father Furlong. You do not know why I have done this?"
"No, I certainly do not."
"Because you remind me of some one I once knew. It is your voice, especially, that recalls this friend to my recollections. I did not think there could ogether unknown to me. I have never lections. I did not think there could have been two voices in the world so much alike."

Bartle did not speak.
"That man, my, friend," she resumed with difficulty, "I have long lost sight of; he promised to make a great success. But should it have fallen out that cess. But should it have fallen out that he did not, whether through circum stances, or violent temptation, or some inherent weakness, as is often the case, who knows but that something might not have happened, or will happen at the end, to retrieve it all."

"That were impossible," said Bartle, hitterly.

bitterly.
"Or at least to encourage him for the

rest of his days to be a better man."
"At least a better man," he repeated, sadly.
"That we two old-time friends might

once again be friends—in heaven."
Bartle rose.
"With God's help, in heaven," he ex-

claimed fervently. She stretched forth her worn, trans-

parent hands.
"Good-by, John Redmond—good bytill heaven He clasped them in his own, while hot tears fell from his eyes upon the

wasted fingers.

"Good by, good-by," he gasped, and rushed, sobbing from the room. Miss Hetty turned her face to the wall. She neither wept nor sobbed; she had passed all chat—her soul was at peace.

neither wept nor sobbed; she had passed all that—her soul was at peace. Nothing mattered now but what was to come after.

The next morning she said quite complacently to her taithful nurse:

"Nora, in the top drawer of my desk you will find a little ivory box. There is nothing in it but a withered rose. Lay it with me in my ceffin. It was given me one day by the friend of whom I told you. I have always kept it. The one I gave him in exchange was never so treasured, I am sure," she added with a wan little smile. "Men do not cherish or remember things as women do. You hear what I am saying, Nora?

and hid them between the loosely tolded hands of her dead mistress. As she was leaving the room she met Bartle crossing the hall.

"Do you think I might see her now?" he asked reverantly.

"Do you think I might see her now?"
he asked, reverently.
"Indeed you might," was the reply;
"She thought well of you, Bartle."
He went in and closed the door. A
short, but fervent prayer beside the
blossom strewn bier, a long, long, wistful look at the gentle face, saintly and
beautiful in the embrace of that death
which is peace of God, then Bartle
turned slowly away. As he left the
spot, something dropped from his fingers into the flower banked coffin. It
was a withered rose.—Mary E. Mannix
in Benziger's Magazine. in Benziger's Magazine.

THE TORCH OF LIGHT AND CIVILIZATION.

recent address the Right Rev. In a recent address the Right Rev. John Gallagher, D. D. of Goulburn, Australia, told in the following eloquent and forcible words what the church has done for civilization. He

The Catholic church remained not a The Catholic church remained not a mere antique, not merely in the decrepitude of old age—not merely as strong as she was in the year of the Hegira, when Mahomet fled from Mecca to Medina, but having renewed her youth like the eagle, went forth with all the energy of her pristine vigor, carrying, together with the cross of the Saviour and the Book of His Gospel her other ten thousand instruments of her other ten thousand instruments

beneficence and enlightenment to the limits of the world. Hardly had she appeared on earth, when all at once, before the light of her teaching vanished the dark clouds of Grecian and Roman mythology emblazoned though they were by the fancy of their poets, though art had illumined them with countless forms of beauty. though the pen of the historian had woven them into the records of those countries which were loved so those countries which were loved so well. She it was that dashed from their pedestals those idols, which by falsities and lies had allowed the greatest part of mankind to forsake God, their Creator.

Having shown how the pagan philosophers were vanquished by the simple teachings of Jesus Christ, Bishop Gallagher said that for the first three cen turies of her existence the Roman emperors had, aided by the strength of their thirty legions, striven to extinguish the light of her teaching in the blood of her martyrs. Ignorant as they were that already on one of their seven hills, the Vatican, an humble fisherman had established a throne, and that from this throne his successor should, for all ages, rule over an empire larger in ex tent, more docile in obedience, more steadfast in its loyalty, than had ever been subject to the sword of imperial

When the eagles of the empire retired below, and a blade of grass refused to grow before the tread of Attila and his Huns, was it not a successor of the fisherman—St. Leo the Great—worthy predecessor and namesake of the still greater Leo, who had just been taken from them—whose calm dignity and heroic bravery stayed the progress of the barbarian and saved from his fury, to be the seed plants of new ages of progress, the last relies of an expiring civilization? Let them run their fingers down the pages of history for six centuries more, and come to the year 1090.

When, about these days, a successor of Mahomet, pursuing the traditions of his race, had subjected to the obedience of the Koran and the sword every nation outside Europe that was known to the civilization of the Old World, every knee that bent in profane homage to Allah and his prophet from the Pillars of Hercules to the walls of Bagdad, and the proud Sultan threatened to feed his war horse from the cats of the Vatican garden on the altars of St. Peter's.

Was it not a priest and saint, Peter the Hermit, who, at the bidding of another successor of the fisherman, Urban 11, made the churches and cathedrais of Europe ring with the thunders of an indignant and enthusiastic eloquence that reached to the very hearts of the people and called forth their faith and chivalry from the banks of the Thames tired below, and a blade of grass re-fused to grow before the tread of Attila

ple and called forth th chivalry from the banks of the Thames and the Seine, the Tiber and the Rhine to cross over barbarous lands and dangerous seas to rescue the sepulchre where the body of their Lord had been laid, and to save once more the religion, the civilization and the liberties of

And so one could go down the cen-turies. They would notice that in his whole discourses he did not speak of their holy Mother the church merely as a divine institution founded by their Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of

He did not speak of the church only in her doctrinal and sacramental system, as the guardian and infallible interpreter of revealed truth and sole interpreter of revealed truth and sole authorized dispenser of the mysteries of God, for in that sense there was no institution with which she could be compared. He merely spoke of her in her external and mundane and secular aspect, as the preserver of ancient civilization, the defender of civil and spiritual freedom, as the fashioner and moulder of Christian society. And from that point of view they would bear with him if he adduced one or two additional examples of what he meant.

bear with him if he adduced one or two additional examples of what he meant. When their Holy Mother church set about the work which her Divine Founder had given her to do she found woman in a degraded state, little else than a vile instrument of the lust and described of mer.

than a vite instrument of the data said despotism of man.

To day, whether as a cowering dove she seeks an asylum for timidity and weakness in "those deep solitudes and awful cells, where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells," or as a Sister of Classitz, growns her virginity with the contemplation dwells," or as a sister of Charity crowns her virginity with the sacrifice of youth, beauty and accomplishment, to the moulding of young souls; or as a daughter, wife or mother throws around the domestic hearth the sweet aroma of Christian piety and womanly love, she owed nearly all her dignity, all her supernatural elevation to the sublime teachings and sacramental graces of the Holy Catholic

centuries ago to lose the wealth, the greatness and the power of that mighty empire on whose wide dominion the sun was never said to set, rather than to con-cede to the guilty passions of a licen tious King, Henry VIII., for the dis-solution of the marriage bond and the rights of his lawful wife, the good

Queen Katherine of Aragon.

The elevation of woman, then from a position of lowliness, of degradation. of contempt, to the high and proper place which she now occupied of being the equal, the companion and the con soler of man, was, too, a work of social regeneration, the memory of which should not be allowed to die.

But ther, some say "we willingly admit all you claim for the old religion.

admit all you claim for the old religion. She exercised a mighty influence for good in the past. She kept the torch of learning ablaze during the darkness of the Middle Ages. She formed Christian society almost as we have it to-day, its laws, its customs, its institutions, its liberties, its civilization. But her time is past. Her period of usefulness is gone. She is fallen, never to rise again, she that gave laws to the nations. Her lot now is to be consigned as a beautiful relic of a glorious past. as a beautiful relic of a glorious past, to some glorious n useum of antiquities." Ah! they had not read her past history, or the history of the world correctly; they do not gauge her future destiny aright, who argue thus. She was still producing saints in plenty, whose aureola of glory was as bright in heaven as that which surrounds the brow of Agnes, or Ambrose, or Augustine; still refuting the theories of a false philosophy with a logic as convincing and a diction as winning as that which refuted the sophisms of Julian the Apostate; still battling for the rights of the church and spiritual freedom with the same heroic courage with which St. Thomas a Becket met Henry Logical Park will conferent in heatile. which St. Thomas a becket met heary II. of England; still confronting hostile kings with the same zeal with which Henry IV. of Germany was met by Hildebrand; still tending the garden of knowledge with the same assiduous care, pruning down the prurient sprouts cutting off the rotten branches, and nursing the tender buds of promise with the same unceasing watchfulness with which she gathered up and pre-served its scattered seeds during the long and dreary years that succeeded

the northern invasion.

She was still sending forth to the limits of the world, with the glad tidings of salvation to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, missionaries with heads as clear and hearts as warm, and souls as enthusiasing in her cause as ware these who with the northern invasion. nearts as warm, and souls as contained the in her cause as were those who with Augustine first proclaimed the truths of Christianity to the fair Saxon youth on Kentish strand, or with St. Patrick when he first lighted the Paschal fire on the hall of Tara.

Paschal fire on the hall of Tara.

Let them go to the observatories of China, and they would find them there the motions of the heavenly bodies, and explaining to that mysterious people the nature and the attributes of the great Being Who made these bodies out of nothing, who appointed the courses

Go to the mines of Siberia, and they would find the Polish confessors and martyrs exhorting, suffering for the faith. Sail to the islands of the ocean and they would find the countless worshippers in spirit and in truth, whom their labor and their zeal were forming for the Eternal Father there.

Or, take wings and fly to the very limits of the world, to the Far West land, where the Sioux, the Shawnee, or the Blackfeet dwell—or where the Mc-Kenzie pours its majestic waters to-wards the frozen ocean, and there—

"On the western slope of the mountains
Dwelled in his little village the black-robed
chief of the mission.
Much he teach as the people, and tells them of
Mary and Jesus,
High on the trunk of a tree that stands in the
mids of the village.
And o'ershadowed with grapevines, a crucifix
fastened.
Look with its agonized face on the multitudes
kneeling beneath it:
This is their rural chapel."

That which "the black-robed chief of the mission" was doing for his chil-dren "beyond the western slope of the mountains," in American and in every land, that same thirg they were striv montains," in American and in every land, that same thirg they were striving to do for the people in Australia, and it was to take the crucing from the control of the cont "high on the trunk of a tree ' place it in a church that they were gathered there that day.

CONSTANCY.

It is mostly the object to be gained that inspires and maintains the spirit of constancy, though virtue should be practical for its own worth. Hence we see men constant in somethings and in-constant in others. One man will be constant for example, in the pursuit of constant for example, in the pursuit of worldly wealth, another will follow pleasure unceasingly, another seek honor and worldly applause, and will struggle unceasingly to attain them. Again, in man's relations with his fellow-man motives of self-interest also have a large share in the direction they take. We see men become exclusive and attach themselves to a particular few and have no thought or concern for the vast multitude of their fellow heings. Sometimes it is friend. fellow beings. Sometimes it is friendship, sometimes it is gain that prompts ship, sometimes it is gain that prompts them to go to the greatest length for the friends they make. We see men, too, in their own regard act firmly and with constancy in some things, and act quite the contrary in others far more important, because they tollow their passions and tastes rather than the true minimizer of ristne and reaches. true principles of virtue and perfection

of character.

But he who offends in one, offends in But he who ofends in one, ofends in all—for constancy, to be a virtue, must be universal and lasting in all that is good. While it may rise to great heights when founded merely on human power and human motives, constancy attains its great heights when it is founded upon the spiritual and is animated by it, for then it has God's grace for its life and its endeavors, and His honor and glory first and above all for all its motives and undertakings. It is then we find real constancy, for a womanly love, sne owed nearly all ner dignity, all her supernatural elevation to the sublime teachings and sacramental graces of the Holy Catholic religion.

The church preferred nearly four is good, or, as the apostle says, "In

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Him we live, move and have our being.' God is ever constant and unchange able and will never fail those who love able and will never fail those who love Him and who put their trust in Him. Trials may come, but they will not overcome us; adversity may overtake us, but it will not crush us; ceath itself will not conquer us, for we will triumph still, yes and forever, in a glorious immortality. It is then that constancy will receive its crown. All the days and years of a man's selfthe days and years of a man's self-conquest will then be rewarded by the love of his Lord and master to whom he faithfully lived by dying constantly

While constancy should extend to all things worth striving for, it may be said that our best and most persistent efforts should be for the best and most important things. This our divine Lord, Eternal Wisdom, tells us when He bids us "Seek first the kingdom of He bids us "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice," and all other things worth having or striving for will be added there unto. It is in per-forming the chief duty of life that we shall do all the other duties devolving on us, for the greater always includes the less. In other words, being true to God we shall be true to man; laborto God we shall be true to man; laboring for heaven, we shall fulfill our part
to earth. Let us, then, ask God to
give us the grace to be constant. It is
what poor, weak, changeable nature
needs, even for honorable success in
this world, and what will always follow
under God's blessing if such success be
good for us. But we can assure our good for us. But we can assure our selves that we will never fail in our eternal interest-the salvation immortal soul—as long as we be faithful to God. He will ever be constant to us, for He had declared, "Blessed is the man who hopeth in the Lord for he will not be confounded."—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

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