

as my duties did not call me in the direction of their apartment, I had not seen any of the party described by the mother as a very beautiful woman, the girls lovely, and the boys remarkably handsome.

"About 9 o'clock my mother and I were in our little sitting-room, reading, when some one knocked at the door.

"I beg your pardon," said a very sweet voice as I opened it. "But they told me you were Catholics here, and would let me know the hours for Mass. I like to go in the mornings whenever I can."

The lady had advanced within the room while she was speaking. I thought I had never seen so beautiful a face, nor one so full of amiability and kindness. But before I could answer she had my mother's hand, and was exclaiming:

"Oh, Mrs. Donaldson!—you—you here! O dear, O dear, O dear!" My mother looked helplessly at me, but I had already recognized the stranger.

"It is Kathleen, mother! I said. You remember our Kathleen?" "And you, too, Miss Florence!" she cried. "Ah, you have changed! I would never have known you. But why are you here—working? What happened that you did not write to me? Why did you forsake me in that way?"

She drew us both to the sofa and sat in the middle, now looking at me, now at the other, while she was all crying. Checks—indeed tears ran down her cheeks—had accounted for ourselves, she told how her husband, in his occupation of carpenter, had secured some oil lands which had proved of enormous value. For years she had vainly endeavored to find some trace of us; "for I wanted you to share in my good fortune," she said.

We talked laughingly of Peter Breen, who, we hoped, was happily resting in a better land. She told us of her dear husband's death and of her children, whom we must see that very night. In the midst of it came a girlish voice, following a tap at the door.

"Mother, mother; are you here? We have been getting worried about you." "Is it you, Mary?" the mother said. "Come in, come in, dear—but first call Frank and the other girls and bring them here."

A black curly head was thrust in the doorway to learn the meaning of this extraordinary request, then disappeared. "I know there were only two persons in the world that mother could be so delighted to see," the child said afterwards when we had become acquainted.

In a few moments she returned with her brothers and sisters. "Here, children, dear," said Kathleen, gathering them all up to us in a loving embrace. "It is Mrs. Donaldson and Miss Florence, for whom I have been searching the world over, and of whom I have told you hundreds of times. Here they are, thank God! But they will not be here long. Tomorrow morning will change all this."

They proved to be as lovely, as affectionate and as grateful as their mother—those handsome unspoiled children. Glad in her gladness, rejoicing in her joy, they surrounded us and bore us off with them to their own rooms, where we talked and feasted till midnight. Next day we were the heroines of the place. Unashamed of the lowly station in which we had known her, Kathleen and her blessed family were all as happy and everywhere. Henceforward we were numbered among their own; and, though in spite of all entreaties, I declined to give up my position on the instant, summer found us established in their seashore cottage on the Sound.

My dear mother died several years after, with my arms about her, and Kathleen's hands in hers. The boys and girls are all married, but are constantly flitting about from the maternal nest. I believe I am almost as dear to them as their mother; and their little children call me "Aunt Florence."—Hope Willis in Ave Maria.

THE TWO KEYS.

Rev. P. A. Sheehan in the Dolphin.

Some fifty years after the great Florentine's death, there lived in an obscure street in Ravenna one of those artists in iron and brass, of which the towns in Italy then were full. You may see their handiwork still in Cathedral gates, in the grating around the sacramental altars in episcopal churches; and if you have not seen them, and entertain any lingering doubts, look up your Ruskin, and he will make you ashamed. These were the days when men worked slowly and devoutly, conscious that work was prayer, and that they were mere passing bread, and not for mere passing bread, but for the work of art, called faith. Well, this artist's name was Jacopo Secconi; and he had an only child, a daughter, whose name was Beatrice, called after the great poet who had made his last home at Ravenna.

The old man, for he was now old, never tired of speaking to his child of the great exile; and Bice never tired of questioning her father about Beatrice, and the wonders of purgatory and heaven. Once a month, however, a dark shadow would fall upon their threshold; a brother of Jacopo's, from Florence, who would come over to see his niece, for he loved her; but she would not love him. For, after that midday meal, the conversation of the two brothers invariably turned upon Dante and Florence, and Dante and Ravenna. No matter how it commenced, it veered steadily around to the everlasting topic, and on that they held directly contradictory views.

The Florentine stoutly maintained that Dante was in hell and eternally damned. "You say here," he would say, pointing his long finger and sweeping the whole of Ravenna in a circle, "Eccovi l'uomo che stavo all' Inferno!"

"Corpo di Bacco!" the brother would exclaim, "you deserve to go thither yourself for such a saying. God couldn't send such a man to hell. He could not give such a triumph to Satan!" "Dante hath sent priests and Bishops and Cardinals there," the brother would reply. "He hath filled his gloomy caverns with his enemies. He was vengeful and unforgiving. There is no place for such in heaven!" "I saw him here in exile," replied Jacopo, "when you, good Florentines, drove him out. I saw him walking our streets, a grave solitary man. My father used to point him out, and say: 'Look well, Jacopone, look well! That's a face that men will worship to the end of time!'"

"A bad, gloomy face, full of sourness and malice to God and man," the Florentine would reply. "Presence of the devil! No, no, no!" cried Jacopo. "But a great, solemn, marble face, chiselled all with a point of fire. I mind it well. He used to pass our door, always looking forward and upward, his cloak slung around him, and the folded beret on his head. Men used to kneel down and kiss the pavement where he had trod. God sent his angels and his Beatrice for him when he died."

"Pah!" would exclaim his brother, "that's a pious deceit. There are only two commandments, brother mine; and one of these is the greatest: 'Thou shalt love!' Believe me, your Dante has loved the Lasciate more than once since he died!" "Then where could God put him?" shouted Jacopo. "Did He create another circle for him lower down? No! no! God does not damn such souls as Dante's! I allow you he may be in purgatory for a short time, because we must all go thither for our sins and imperfections. But Dante damned! All heaven would cry out against it!"

So the controversy would rage, month after month, and Bice would listen with wondering, tearful eyes. But she hated her uncle cordially, and would refuse to kiss him when he went away. And for days Jacopo would work in a moody, silent, abstracted way, and sometimes he would pass and wipe the sweat from his brow, and say to himself: "Dante in hell! Yes, he was! All know that; but he is not. I swear it. He is not!"

And he would bring down his hammer furiously upon the iron; and Bice, cooking the midday meal, would tremble and cry.

But in the cool evening, when her work was done, and father had had his supper, and was pouring over the great black-letter pages of his great poet, Bice would steal down to the little church just around the corner, and pray long and earnestly. For she was a sweet, innocent child, and loved all things beautiful, and she loved all things beautiful in the soul of her good mother, who was dead; and lastly, she knelt before a favorite Madonna, and remembering her father's words, she prayed long and earnestly for the dead poet.

"Abandoned and rejected in life," she said, "like all great souls, he must not be neglected in death. God may hear the prayers of a child for the mightiest soul He has made for centuries."

And she always prayed in the poet's own words for they were as familiar as her father's Noster or Ave Maria, as no evening event by that she had to repeat one of the great cantos for her father.

Then, one soft summer evening, she fell asleep on the altar steps immediately after her prayers; and she had a dream. She saw a great sea in the dawn light, just waking up in the morning breeze, and fluted in long gentle plaits, that caught the pink light from the burning East. And lo! across the waters came a tiny boat, propelled neither by sail nor oar; and standing in the prow was a Soul—the Soul of a Woman, resplendent as the sun, and glowing in its crystal transparency, for Bice saw the Morning Star in the horizon. And the boat and the Soul came toward the sleeping child, until the latter beckoned and said: "Come hither, O Child of Mercy, and enter with me. I have come for thee!"

And Bice said: "Who art thou?" And the Soul answered: "I am the spirit of Beatrice. I have been sent for thee."

And Bice answered: "I cannot go, for my father is old and feeble, and I may not leave him."

And the Soul said: "It is imperative that thou come; for thou alone holdest the keys of that place, where he, whom we love is detained."

And Bice entered; and they passed out over the shining waters that trembled beneath them, until they came to a shore, horrid with beehiving crags, which seemed to touch the sky, and beneath whose feet the sea swelled and made no sound. And they rode on the waves to the mouth of a gloomy cavern, vast and impenetrable, for the front was closed by a great iron gate, whose bars seemed red with fire, or the rust of eternity. And behind the bars was the figure of the great poet, wrapped in his gloomy mantle as if he were dead, and looking out over the shining sea with that same look of settled gloom and despair which Bice knew so well.

"Go forward, and open the gate, and liberate our Beloved!" "But Bice wept and said: 'Alas! How can I? I am but a child, and the gate is heavy, and the task is grievous!'"

But the Soul said: "Loose the keys at thy girdle, and go forward!" And Bice loosened them. And one tumbled, and the other was of silver, and the word "Charity," and it was of gold; and the other was of silver, and the word "Prayer" was stamped thereon. And going forward she lifted the former into the great rusty lock. The bolt shot backwards, but the gate would not yield. Then she fitted the silver key, and lo! the great iron barrier swung back heavily. And entering, the child caught the poet's hand, and drew him forth. And the gate swung back with horrid clangor. And, entering the boat, the three sped forward rapidly toward the dawn, which is infinity, which is heaven. And the poet, placing his hand on the child's head, said sweetly and solemnly: "Thrice blessed art thou, thou second Beatrice; for lo! what my Beatrice accomplished but in vision, thou hast verily wrought!"

"How now? how now? giovannetta mia!" said the aged sacristan, who he rattled his keys above the sleeping child. "What a strange cough hast thou chosen! But sleep comes lightly to the young. Surge! Alia! benedictus Domine!" he shouted.

He bent low and raised the face of the sleeping child. "Jesu! Maria! but she is dead!"

THE ROSARY.

As October is the month of the Holy Rosary a few thoughts on this devotion may prove interesting. It was an ancient custom in the East to offer crowns of roses to distinguished persons, and the early Christians loved to honor in this way the images of the Blessed Virgin and the relics of the martyrs.

An illustrious Bishop, St. Gregory, of Nazianzen, full of devotion towards the Mother of God, was inspired to substitute for the material crown of roses a spiritual crown of prayers, persuaded that it would be more acceptable to the Blessed Queen of the Church. With this idea he composed a long series of crown of prayers, which comprehended the most glorious titles, the sweetest praises, and the most excellent prerogatives of Mary.

In the seventh century St. Bridgid, one of the patron saints of Ireland, brought this pious thought to a greater perfection. She made the devotion introduced by St. Gregory available to all by substituting for the beautiful prayers he had composed the most popular and still more beautiful prayers of the creed, the Our Father and the Hail Mary. And in order to know by some material indication how many prayers had been recited, she adopted the custom of the anchorites of the Thebaid, and threaded beads of wood or stone in the form of a crown. Rosary signifies a crown of roses; and the prayers we daily recite form a wreath of spiritual roses with which in love we crown our Mother and our Queen.

The word chaplet means little crown. The rosary of the Blessed Virgin is composed of five decades, each of which consists of ten Hail Marys, preceded by one Our Father. St. Dominic, one of the greatest saints of Christianity, and one of the most devoted servants of the Blessed Virgin, was specially instructed in this devotion by the Mother of God herself.

In saying the Rosary we repeat the Holy Mary more often than the Our Father, not as often as the Blessed Virgin more than God, but because a devotion instituted in her honor, it is quite natural that the prayers it contains should be specially addressed to her. The rosary is not, as some unenlightened minds conceive, a devotion good for women.

We do not see in what men so greatly surpass women either as regards the intellect, or still more, as regards the heart. In many cases women are superior to men. And so the saying, "Good for women!" is worth nothing. And what is there in the chaplet that is not good for every one? Is it the Our Father which is not good enough for men? Was not our Lord, and in the dawn light, just waking up in the morning breeze, and fluted in long gentle plaits, that caught the pink light from the burning East. And lo! across the waters came a tiny boat, propelled neither by sail nor oar; and standing in the prow was a Soul—the Soul of a Woman, resplendent as the sun, and glowing in its crystal transparency, for Bice saw the Morning Star in the horizon.

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THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

In this part of the ninth article of the Apostles' Creed we find a most beautiful and consoling portion of the doctrines taught by our Lord. For its better understanding and most thorough appreciation one must bear in mind the character of God's Church. This has been aptly defined as a vast Kingdom, of a varied membership. The relationship established finds its highest perfection in the enjoyment of God Himself.

These form the membership triumphant! But there others who have not as yet attained their last end. Those, for instance, who are being purified in the flames of purgatory and whose souls are still retained by the bodies they animate. All are citizens of the same kingdom: some triumphant, some suffering and some militant. All, however, are bound together in a close union for all are members of the mystical body of the Church whose head is Jesus Christ. St. Paul puts it thus: "For as in one body, we have many members, but all the members have not the same office, so we being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

All are united in one Lord, one baptism and one faith, seeking the same end, eternal happiness. The union and communion, therefore, between the members, though these be in different states, is quite clear. All being members of the same body, it also follows that all participate in one another's prayers and good works. But this means a communication between the various members. Hence a communion between the saints, members of the Church Triumphant, the souls in purgatory, members of the Church Suffering, and ourselves, members of the Church Militant.

The members of the Church Triumphant are in the position, therefore, of power. Greatly can they aid us by their intercession. This we should frequently seek, especially at the opening and closing of the day. "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead," we should never forget them. When released from their suffering and become members of the Church Triumphant they will not be forgetful of us. And as the most pleasing of Mass we should have it frequently offered for the souls departed.—Church Progress.

NOT FIT FOR HEAVEN.

The following passage from an address on Dante, delivered by Mr. Herbert Burrows at the South Place Chapel of the London Ethical Society—a body which does not believe in dogma—shows how the Catholic view of Purgatory appeals to all reasonable men: "Dante modified, as the Catholic Church has always modified, the hard and fast ideas of the future state. Ordinary Protestantism has always been in a most frightful middle way between the two. It has professedly been a pretty sure path to heaven—as to whether souls went straight there immediately after death, or whether, if some of them were not quite good enough for that, but a little too good for hell, what really became of them. And Protestants have never made up their minds. They have shied at the Catholic idea of purgatory, but they have had nothing to put in its place. And now, granting any orthodox idea at all as far the most logical idea. And Dante seized on it, and seized too, on the idea which I believe has always fixed the minds of very large numbers of Christian men and women, that if they were not quite fit for heaven, they certainly were not bad enough to be quite fit for hell, and that, therefore, a period of probation and purification was necessary. That is the *raison d'être* of 'Purgatorio,' in which eventually the soul may be purified and strengthened in the grace of God."

PIUS X. PRAISES WORKINGMEN.

The Pope last Monday held his first reception of any importance, over two thousand persons, for the most part working people from the quarters around St. Peter's, being admitted to his presence in the courtyard of Ia Pigna, one of the largest spaces inside the Vatican. In the portico looking onto the court was erected a small throne, which the Pope himself should not be surrounded by a canopy, as the ceremonial prescribed. As he smilingly seated himself on the throne he was greeted with a storm of applause.

The Pope rose, drew near to the steps of the portico, and, raising his hand for silence, said: "This demonstration of reverence and affection touches me, not because it is addressed to my person, but because it is addressed to Him whom I represent—Christ. It is an index of the faith animating your hearts. I am all the more pleased because the majority of you are workingmen, for Christ is the advocate of the workingmen, and the latter are faithful to Him."

The Pontiff went on to say that the workman who is satisfied with his condition finds in it a true pleasure, shedding sweetness about Him. "The words," continued Pope Pius, "are the first that I address to the Romans. Be satisfied with your condition, provide education for your children, and I assure you in the name of the Holy Ghost that the blessing of God, which I so much invoke for you and your families, will be given."

BE THERE A WILL WISDOM POINTS THE WAY. The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed, and the resolution to lead his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste with his ailments, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal. Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

Don't Delay to Become a Member of the League.

"Where there is a will there is a way." So many say that they would join the League, but that it is not in their power, and they will wait until it is. Why not join the League in some other church, or still better, get a Hand Book (price only 5c), which will tell you all about it, and get some or all devout members of your Church to join with you, and after you have a few members, ask your pastor to start the League. Don't lose all the indulgences and blessing by waiting, but act at once. In a great many places a large number have joined the League long before it was started in their church.

NEW POPE'S HUMBLE ORIGIN.

PIUS X. GAVE OF SIMPLE, PIOUS AND INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE OF LOWLY CONDITIONS.

From the London Truth. The two Sarto sisters, who kept house for the Pope at Venice, will come to live near him in a convent in Rome, but not as nuns. He has spoiled them by worldly success. They kept no servants, hired no facchino to bring home what marketing they wanted, never appeared in his patriarchal gondola and were lauded by their neighbors as simple, pious charitable women. Another sister is wife of an innkeeper in her native village. One of the Pope's two brothers is a carabinieri and the other the postmaster of a district in which he served as letter carrier for twenty years.

We should not jump to the conclusion that the Pope is vulgar and his family dreadful people. English folk born and reared in such lowly conditions would be. The Anglo Saxons are the youngest children of European civilization, and have not yet had time and opportunity to throw off the dross of barbarism. Italian civilization has its roots almost in prehistoric times, for history knows little of the Etruscans. Modern Italy has always in various ways kept up a high standard of culture. If her robe in the Renaissance was bloodstained, it was of magnificent brocade, and she valued the sweet virtues of the humble class. Most of the sixteenth century Virgins and all those of Raphael are contadine.

France, in point of far-back origin and culture, stands next to Italy, and it is why she can be a republic. These Sarto women are content with the costume their mother wore before them, as Mme. Loubet mere is satisfied with the close white coil neckerchief, coarse wide apron and plain, full skirt of the south of France farmer's wife. The Pope's sisters were pointed out to M. Chaumie, the Minister of Public Instruction, and his secretary when they went to Venice to be present at the laying of the Comanie foundation stone. These gentlemen saw them sitting at a distance on folding stools in the Square of St. Mark, making lace and chatting with other women who might have been gondoliers' wives. Their brother had been on the far-off platform blessing with civic dignities and court personages whom the King had sent to represent him.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every new year find you a better man.—Benjamin Franklin.

A LETTER TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Jas. E. Harley, Worthington, Ont., gives permission to publish the following letter for the benefit of other mothers who have young children in their homes. She says: "I have many reasons to be grateful to Baby's Own Tablets, and to recommend them to other mothers. Our little girl, and now about fourteen months old, and since she was two months old, I cannot speak too highly of them. Since I came here about a year ago, my mother who has small children has asked me what I gave our baby to keep her in what even health, and I have replied 'absolutely nothing but Baby's Own Tablets.' Now nearly every child here gets the Tablets when a medicine is needed, and the old-fashioned crude medicines, such as castor oil and soothing syring, which are so often discarded. Our family doctor also strongly praises the Tablets, and says they are a wonderful medicine for children. Accept my thanks for all the good your Tablets have done my little one, and I hope other mothers will profit by my experience."

Baby's Own Tablets can be given with absolute safety, and the youngest, frailest child, and minor ailments of little ones. Sold by all medicine dealers mailed at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

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