the place they had left. little children run away when they see little children run away when they see the place they had left. "Even the me," he said bitterly. me, "he said officity. Once I was the gay and innocent as they are."-His eyes fell upon the rosary. He picked it up. "It's a long time since I've seen one of these, "he exclaimed. "My mother taught me to say it, when a lad. "I wonder if I could say a 'Hail Mary' now." Slowly he repeated the words of the Angelical Salutation, and when now. he finished, the tears were coursing down his cheeks. "Now, and at the down his cheeks. "Now, and at the hour of our death "he repeated. "I'm afraid that hour is not far distant now

"O Holy Mary, obtain for me the grace of a happy death !" Just then the sound of wheels was

heard in the distance, and a cart ap-peared, drawn by two great black "Weil, my friend," said the driver

as he paused beside the wayfarer who was seated on the roadside, "are you going far ?"

'Not as far as I'd like to," was the reply. "I have hurt my foot and lcannot walk. If I could get into the city, I'd go to the hospital.

Well, if you'll get in my cart, I'll take you straight to the city, and if I can find the hospital, I'll leave you there

"You're very kind," said the poor man. He climbed into the cart, and they

were soon under way. "We're near the city now," re-

marked the countryman, a few hours "There are a great many big later. buildings around us. I'd better ask where the hospital is." Just then a carriage approached

them. "Hullo," said the driver of the cart,

stopping his horses, "can you tell me, sir, where is the hospital?" "Which hospital?" said the occu-pant of the carriage, smiling.

"I don't care, sir, which one. One for the poor, I suppose. I've a man here with a bruised foot, and he wants to go to the hospital. He doesn't look as if he was over rich, unless he's a miser," and the man laughed heartily at his own wit. "Let me see the foot. I'm a doctor,

and if the man needs to go to the hos pital, I'll take him there myself.

He looked at the injured member, then shook his head gravely. "This needs instant attention," he said. "Just help me lift this poor man into " Thi my waggon. Is he a friend of yours ?'

'No, doctor, I just picked him up on the road." The transfer was soon made, and the

doctor's carriage, wheeling rapidly along, soon drew up before the door of the hospital. The doctor assured the Sister in charge that the foot would have to be amputated at once, and that the patient might die, as mortification had already set in.

"See if he has any affairs to settle," he said, "and I shall return with Dr Morton in half an hour to perform the operation.

"Well, Sister, how is the man whose foot was amputated last night ?" "He died about midnight, doctor

Indeed you performed a great act of charity yesterday. That poor man had been twenty years from the Sacraments and vesterday he picked up this rosary on a country road, some distance out of town. It reminded him of the piety of his youth, and he prayed to the Blessed Virgin to obtain for him the grace of a happy death. He received all the Sac raments in most edifying dispositions.

"I am very glad to have been in strumental in saving his soul, Sister, but, after all, I did very little."

the thin hand extended to receive it. The invalid gazed into the manly face bending over him, with a look of astonishment, then the old boyish expression seemed to come back again into the eyes, and, with a cry of joy, he recognized his long-lost son. Mr. Leary soon recovered his health and strength, and his declining years were blessed by the devotion of his son, who, showing the beads to his own children, often repeats to them the history of their Grandfather's Rosary. inic. J. S.

(Continued from last week.) AN APOSTLE OF ENGLAND. Father Dominic, the Passionist.

Australasian Catholic Record.

St. Jane Frances de Chantal used to say of St. Francis de Sales, that Bay of St. Francis de Sales, that "Zeal for the salvation of souls was his predominant passion." The same might be said of Father Dominic. He himself was a fire with Divine Love; and he sought to communicate this sweet fervour to others. Zsal is the outcome of love. "Si Deum amatis," urges St. Augustine, "omnes ad amorem Dei rapite." It priest that this zeal assumed definite While a novice and a student, form. he could only pray; but as a priest, he looked at himself in the light of St Antonine's definition : " Sacerdos, id est, sacra docens " A young priest, hidden away amongst the hills of Vetralla, his apostolate began by instructing and preaching to the poor, illiterate charcoal burners of the district. His manner of preaching was

simple, solid, clear-formed on the Gospel simplicity. He gave many missions and retreats in the land of his birth. He taught his students to be fervent, zealous mis sionaries. But his heart, the while, was with the children of the land of his vision-with the negatively ignor-

ant English, whose servilely ungrate ful ancestors had laid their religion at the feet of an arrogant, adulterous king. For twenty eight years he waited, and watched, and wept-to convert Eugland. "He told one of convert Eighthd. In the tota of a nis fellow-religious," wrote the late Father Anderdon, S J., "that this desire consumed him; and that in a vision in which the Bleased Virgin had deigned to appear to him, she consoled him with the assurance that his desire would be one day granted ; and so it came to pass." It would be impossible in a short sketch, such as this pretends to be, to enumerate the phases of contradictions and heartburnings through which poor Father Dominic passed, ere the mission of his life opened out before him in 1841-when in his fiftieth year, broken in health, without money, without influence, un known-save to a few holy soulsa bleak, dark October morning he landed in England.

He had gone there, at the invitation of Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman, who had also generously presented us with a house and plot of land at Aston Hall, in Staffordshire. Father Dom-inic and his companion, Father Amadeus, took possession of the new mon-stery on the 17.h of February. Two postulants joined them on the very first day, and the four chanted matins at midnight, February 18 h. It was a cold frosty night ; but the religious, shivering under their poor, mean habits, with chattering teeth and habits, limbs benumbed, sang with joyous hearts. It was a fitting commencement for the sons of Christ's Passion, for on such another night had their Master begun His Mission.

on the understanding that our Fathers should take charge of the spiritus

enter the mission field. He wrote to the now famous D .: Gentili, who was The then preparing a residence for the Fathers of his order-the Rosminians -begging him to begin giving mis-slops. Father Pius thus states : "The sions. Father Plus thus states : "The Fathers of Charity scon after began those series of missions in England and in Ireland, which are not yet for gotten. Other religious did the same, so that missions became as common land." now as charity sermons used to be. This was all started by Father Dom

He was working courageously, but converts were not coming in in the numbers which he had expected. If it were possible for that brave heart to despond, it would then have done

Towards the end of the year, 1845, 80. however, his hopes were raised. Mr (atterwards Father) Dalgairns, with whom Father Dominic had correspondet since 1841, wrote the latter. asking permission to go to Aston Hall to be received into the Church. This was joyous news Yet it was but the beginning of that mighty exodus from the Anglican camp, which continues to marce Ronewards- even in strong er file-in our own day. Dalgairns invited Father Dominic to Littlemore, and he arrived there on the 8th of Ostober. In a letter to Father Felix, he raises the curtain on the scene that took place on that never to-beforgotten night in the annals of English-speaking Catholicity-the reception of John Henry Newman, the eader of English thought, and the best-known writer of the English language into the one, true, Catholic Church.

"I arrived in Oxford " (he writes in Italian) "sodden with rain, a few hours before mid-night. I went to Littlemore, and whilst I was drying myself before the fire I turned round and saw Mr. Newman kneeling before me, begging me to hear his confession and to receive him into the Catholic Church. There, just beside the fire, he began his confession. Next mornwent to Oxford and said Mass ning in a Catholic chapel which I found there. I came back to Littlemore in a heavy downpour of rain. Mr. Newman finished his confession, and Mr. Bowles and Mr. Staunton-both clergymen and in deacons' orders ac-cording to the Anglican rite-did the same. About 6 o'clock in the even ing, Ostober 9, I received the profes-sion of faith of the three gentlemen. I then baptized them conditionally, and went through the usual cerem ontes. Oa the following morning I said Mass in their own oratory, having procured the vestments and requisites from a good priest not far off, at which Messrs. Newman, Dalgairns, Bowles and Staunton communicated.

When this was over I was asked to go into the village to visit a Protestant gentleman. I received himself, his wife and two daughters into the Church. "This," he adds "I con-sider an ample reward for all I have suffered since I left Italy, and I expect that the results of such conversions will be incalculable."

When we compare the mere handful of Catholics in England fifty years ago with the strong battalion of today-England, whe now reckons amongst her most loyal subjects a Cardinal of Holy Church, 18 Bishops, 2,686 Priests, and over a million Cath-2,656 Friesds, and over a minimum dam olics, we are almost forced to think that Father Dominic spoke in pro-phecy: "Iam enim hiems tansiit, imber abilt et recessit. Flores apparuerant in terra nostra."

Daring the four years subsequent begun His Mission. Dr. Wiseman offered us Aston Hall lish Church, Father Dominic was about and doing, though now broken

ment and brought on to Reading. a prelude to that of next month, which and brought on to Reading, a point of *Christian Home Education*." landlord of the Railway Hotel is to be "*Christian Home Education*." tred him in his house, and there, Let us look at the growth of the admitted him in his house, and there, upon the ground, with the crucifix to his lips, and his companion kneeling beside him, he breathed forth his soul shorily after mid day on August 27, 1849 - now exactly fifly years ago -in the fifty-eight year of his age and and the seventh of his apostolate in Eag

His death was sudden, but it was not unprepared. His whole life was a preparation for it. Had he not also on that very morning praved the Body and Blood of Carist to be that that day his strong viaticum? And when "God's finger touched him "he immediately answered "Fiat Volun tas Tua"—"Thy will be done." The satrifice which had been provisioned and accepted by him before the Virgin's altar in the Passionist Mon-astry at Paliano, was consummated. The chalice of suffering had been had drunk blood-red indeed, but he its last bitter dregs. His race was run. He bowed the meek knees of his soul and answered the Lord "Ecce venio" Thus closed the short apostolate of Father Dominic, the Passionist. Oswald Donnelly, C. P. Passionist Monastry, Goulburn.

OZANAM.

Frederic Ozanam founded the Soci ety of St. Vincent de Paul. This fact alone were enough to make him a Christian hero. But there is much else that is heroic in his life and character. In all times he would have been a man to look at, to study, to know, to follow ; but most of all had he lived in these dead level days. The Catholic Church has now great need of all her sons, and great need of strong souls to lead them. Faith grows cold over all the earth charity is failing ; the world is sick al-most unto death. It behooves each man in God's army to grow greater in his place, to be magnanimous, to be fit and ready to lead a foriorn hope, wherever infidelity or in difference shows a head. For such deeds the rank and file need leaders, living leaders, or the great name of leaders, who lived and fought in our own times, but have gone to their reward. Most of all we have need of beroes, who have led, or will lead, the way in deeds not above, but on a level with, the ordinary duties of our life. Such was Ozanam. It behooves us, therefore, in these days to look at him: which, happily, we can do in his living mirrors, the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, as well as in his written life.

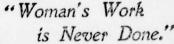
Outwardly there was no glory, nothing heroic about Ozanam; no beauty of face, no grace of manner, no strength of body, to excite instant admiration but a shyness, awkwardness, physical weakness, want of assurance, hiding almost altogether the strong, brigh soul within, and calling, not for hereworship, but rather for pity. He died at forty of the disease against which he had visibly struggled from his youth. Yet the natural genius and the Christian faith of the man has immor talized his name and given him and his memory that strange power over the minds and hearts of others, even in after generations, which is truly called greatness. Two words, better perhaps than any lengthy description, express the secret of Ozanam's greatness—a Christian Heart. And if we search his childhood and his youth for the evidence of the forces which combined to form in him a Christian heart, we shall find them again summed up in one other word, his mother.

Oa ! mothers of our Catholic children, if we could make you all know, in bout and doing, though now broken in we could make of the you are, what n health and suffering constantly. whatever station of life you are, what power you have ! Would that you all realized how much you can do for the Church by forming the hearts of your children ! Look at Ozanam's mother. She was not rich, she had fourteen chil dren, she depended entirely on her husband, a medical man. She had to occupy her enough, God knows ! mind and her time. Why should she add to her anxieties by directing and managing a society of zealous women, who made it their duty to watch in turn night and day by the beds of the sick poor? Was she bound to add to her family cares the daily task of visiting rom house to house the poor of her dis trict? But she had been destined to be the mother of the Founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and her heart must be big that she might give shape to his. A beautiful story is told of her old age. Her husband, seeing her longer fit for the fatigue of mounting to the fifth and sixth storles of the houses, where many of the poor were, forbade her ever to go higher than the fourth. But he himself was old and infirm. His wife, therefore, exacted as the condition of her promise that he too should no longer visit any one above the fourth story. The compact was made and kept for a long time, till one day Dr. Ozanam heard of a woman dying in awful destitution in the house he was visiting, but unfortunately in the sixth story. He hesitated a mo-ment. But his charity could brook no denial. As he scaled the forbidden stairs, he promised himself, between each labored breath, at any rate not to let the wife know. But, alas! she was the first person he saw in the sick voman's room ! She, too, had been resolving to keep this her solitary act of disobedience a strict secret. This was Ozanam's mother, and he tells us in one of his letters in after-life what she was to him in his childhood. "She seemed to me," he says, "the living image of the Church : the most perfect expression of Providence."

Christian heart, which we may say was Ozanam's most precious inheritance from his father and mother. It was possessed by the love of souls, and the desire to save them, to enlighten them with faith, to warm them with hope and charity, burned in it as a fire. At each stage of his short life's journey his heart seems to seize at once the quickest way of enkindling in other hearts the fires of its own charity. First, he is a law student, mixing with youths many of whom are attacked by the modern spirit of free-thought, of criti H cism, of indifference, of infidelity. spends his leisure hours in arming himself with intellectual weapons for the defence of the faith. He writes articles, he prepares a great work of Apologetics, he wins at eighteen the praise of such men as de Lamennais and Lumartine. As his years and faculties ripen, he, and a group of kindred spirits, young men all of them, form themselves into an Historical S. ciety (Conference d'Histoire). Lectures are given by able men every week, in defence of religion. Very soon the room, and then the hall, where they meet, is too small for the crowd of youths whom these intellectual feasts Then Ozanam and two friends attract. seek the Archolsnop of Paris, propose similar conferences in Notre Dame for the Parisian youth, and after the first and ineffective trial of a few preachers not suited to the task, Lacordaire appears, and the great conferences, which have continued to our own day, begin. But the idea of the conferences was not Ozanam's masterpiece. The conferences of Notre Dame are confined to Paris; the work of the Conferences or Society of St. Vincent de Paul be longs to the world. But this, too, like the conferences of Notre Dame, grew out of Ozanam's discussions in defence

of the Faith. More than once in these discussions, the rationalists and infidels with whom he and his young comrades argued had said: "Granted that with whom he and his young comrades argued had said: "Granted that Christianity worked wonders in the past, what is it doing now? It is dead. Show us your works." Then Ozanam and his friends said to one an other: "We, at any rate, deserve the reproach. What shall we do to prove the reality of our faith? Let us be up and doing." As they left the hall where the discussion had taken place, the idea and plan of the Society of St Vincent de Paul suddenly leaped into Ozanam's mind. That very night he and a friend visited a poor man and furnished him out of their own store with fuel for the rest of the winter Within a week the idea and plan had been adopted by some eight young men, who formed the centre of Ozan am's circle, and the first Conference of St. Vincent de Paul was established Only one of these eight men had passed and but just passed his twentieth year This was in 1833. By the end of 1834, the alms distributed by the Society had reached £100 000. Twenty years reached £100 000. after, the members of the Society num bered three thousand, scattered over France, Germany, Belgium, Denmark Spain, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Turkey, Asia, Africa, Ezgland, Ire-land, America and Australia. To what proportion the work has grown now it is not easy for us to say. Bu the charity which is its mainspring does not consist only in the giving of alms; it consists essentially in the giving of self, in personal service, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor. Has not Ozanam fulfilled his promise to the infidels with whom he argued in his youth ? Has he not ful-

filled it beyond all expectations, has he not proved that Catholicity is still



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St. Joseph's Academy, TORONTO.

Here the doctor's eves fell on rosary which the Sister held before him Sister, where did you say he

picked this up? Just let me see those beads a moment! I carved that y myself for my father I was a little country lad! rosary Do you see the shamrocks on them ? He was Irish to the backbone, and I carved those beads from little bones Then I took them to the good monks to make into a rosary and to bless them My poor old father was quite proud of me. I can tell you.

Is he still living, Doctor ?"

"I fear not. I left home twenty years ago to try and better myself. was employed as office-boy by a doctor, who took a liking to me and educated me. Travelling was not as easy in these days as it is to day, nor postage so cheap. I heard very little news of home, and when I at last went there, I learned that all the children had died of fever, and that my mother. who nursed them through it, died, and my father had gone away, no one knew where. I should like to find out who lost those beads though, I might find some trace of my poor father. Good day, Sister, I fear that I have de tained you too long."

As Doctor Leary made his rounds that morning the patients thought that he was very absent minded and noticed, too, that he had a rosary twined about his fingers which he looked at, from time to time, with a puzzled expression. At length, as he stood at the bedside of a new comeran old man who had been brought in the day before-the patient looked eagerly at the rosary and exclaimed : 'My dear old rosary ! I was afraid I should never find it again. Where did you get it, Doctor ?"

Are you sure it is yours, my friend ?" asked the Doctor, looking at him keenly.

"Sure? Indeed I am. My boy Johnny made them himself, and the monks chained them and blessed them.

"And now your boy Johnny gives them to you for the second time"

wants of the parish in which the pro-perty was situated. They were, alas! many; and Father Dominic wisely got his people together by giving a mission. Others besides the few Catholics of the district came-led thither " They laughed by a sinister motive. at him in the beginning," says Father Pius, " but towards the end they re verenced him." It was a case of-Fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Reverence soon took the place of

" His disinterestedness, contempt. his care in instructing the children, his attention to the wants and grievances of the poor, and above all, his zeal for the conversion of England, very soon won the hearts of the people of Aston." Converts soon came to be received, But his work was not circumic ibed by the limits of his parish. He b gan to give missions throughout the kingdom ; and it is worthy of note that he was the first to give a mission in Eng-land. There were other Orders in England before Fr. Dominic had come but they were localized and confined hemselves to parish work. In the beginning he was laughed at ; Dr Wise man alone encouraged him. But Dominic was not discouraged. "Si des-

paraveris lassus in die angustiae, im-minuedur fortitudo tua." He wrote to Rome for a few Fathers to come to England in order to assist him in the missionary field. His letter at the same time gives us a glimpse of the bitterness of his passion. "The harvest is great," he writes to the Father General, "and send me laborers, but laborers who are prepared to suffer much, to be laughed at and despised ; for there is no stint in the quantity of sufferings, derisions and mockeries which are to be had here. And in a letter to his old friend, Father Felix, he reiterates the same sad truth : " If I wrote a volume," he "I could not explain sufficiently 88.Y8, the difficulties, the heart burnings, and the crosses which God sends me.

Catholicism gains every day, but oh how much remains to be done." them to you for the second time" Father Dominic was anxious that then the up train stopped at the said the Doctor, placing the rosary in the other religious Orders should also station. He was put into a compart-

He continued to give missions with his companions throughout England. He founded two other houses, one in London, and the other at Sutton, Lancashire, and thus England became me of the provinces of our institute. His name," says the author of the Italian Life of St. Paul of the Cross, "had become famous in that kingdom among the Catholics, who looked upon him as a man of apostolic character and a holy religious." But the end was near; his sacrifice all but con summated. A new church at Aston Hall, which had been built under his watchful eye, was completed, and Father Dominic with a companion left London on the morning of the 27th of August, 1849, for Aston, in order to make becoming preparations for the solemn opening of the new temple. To quote the chronicles of the Order Both set out accordingly, went to Paddington, and took the most con venient train they could find, said their preparatory prayers, and trimmed themselves for the journey. " Father Louis, his companion, said that Father Dominic seemed to be suffering intense pain from the moment he left the house, but as he was so silent concerning his various ailments, and known to be suffering almost continually, no further notice was taken or questions asked by him. At Read ing the poor man began to complain, and at the little station of Pangbourne just beyond Reading, Father Dominic had to be carried out on the platform and was evidently in a dying condition.

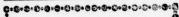
"Cholera was raging in various places at the time, so no one would let the dying priest into his house. Some straw was procured, and there lay the exhausted missionary on the bleak platform of a way-side station with only his companion by his side. It took him but a few minutes to arrange his spiritual concerns-tem poral he had none-to make provi-sional arrangements for the government of the houses, and receive abso lution from his brother-priest. Just

Now, let us look at the son of such a mother, and it is well we should do so now, not merely in connection with our present General Intention, but also as

alive, and gives proof of its life, of its divine life, by the wonderful works of its charity? It has been said of others: Being dead, he speaketh still. 0 Ozanam we can say : Being dead, he worketh still.-English Messenger of the Sacred Heart for September, 1899

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