

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, April 20.—The first day's debate on the Conseil d'Etat has resulted very much as might have been expected. M. Target's amendment in favour of keeping the Provisional Commission which now fulfils the functions of this body was defeated by a large majority, owing principally to M. Gambetta announcing on behalf of those members of the Left with whom he acts—

SPAIN. MADRID, May 17.—An official despatch from Marshal Serrano reports that he has established headquarters at Guadalupe.

ITALY. LIBERTY OF EDUCATION IN ITALY.—The Italian Government, anxious to rival the achievements of Prince Bismarck, has by a decree suppressed the college of St. Alessandro in Bergamo, under the pretext that the masters had not the requisite certificates, and that the spirit of the education given was contrary to the laws and the institutions of the State.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—The Prince of Wales has given great satisfaction in Rome by his conduct, which contrasted very favourably with that of the majority of the princess who have lately visited the city.

THE CARCASSONNE AFFAIR.—We have hitherto abstained from alluding to the atrocious accusations brought against a Convent at Carcassonne. They were too revolting in their character, and too obviously calumnious, to render it necessary that we should take any notice of them.

GERMANY. BERLIN, May 16.—The Reichstag has passed a resolution asking Government to submit for its action a draft of a law which shall regulate the licenses granted to religious orders, and provide for the punishment of all members of such organizations who are guilty of dangerous activity towards the State.

THE PRESIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT AND THE CHURCH.—The last of the vexatious measures against the Church in Prussia—

comes practically untenable, and it is impossible to reconcile the Divine law with human legislation, "we shall have to endure the grief of withdrawing our co-operation, and abandoning a field of labour which the Church has cultivated with so much love and so many sacrifices."

"What has the first year of the newly-erected German empire brought us? asks a recent number of the Universal Evangelist-Lutheran Church Gazette of Leipzig, and answers: "The transformation of our great towns into hotbeds of moral rotteness and decay after the type of Paris, the severance of our schools from the Church, the unchristianizing of the State and of marriages, instead of the freedom of the Church only its complete bondage, with a more and more threatening prospect of detriment to its guaranteed confession, all this we see partly realized before our eyes, partly on the eve of being so."

Such are the words of this leading organ of German Protestantism. What a commentary on those pious bulletins of victory which the God-fearing Emperor William used to issue from the battle-fields of France!

TURKEY.

SMYRNA, May 1.—Disturbances occurred here yesterday between the Greeks and the Jews, the former accusing the Jews of sacrificing an infant. Several persons were killed and wounded. The troops occupy the town, and a continuance of the disturbances is apprehended.

INDIA.

CALCUTTA, May 2.—The Government of India have removed Mr. Cowan from the service, with an expression of great regret in consideration of his past character.

CALCUTTA, May 3.—The Viceroy's order respecting the Kooka executions is very severe both on Mr. Cowan and Mr. Forsyth. It is proved that Mr. Cowan ordered six men to be shot after receiving Mr. Forsyth's order to act according to law. Mr. Forsyth subsequently endorsed all that was done. The Viceroy sees no evidence whatever that the execution was a necessity, and recommends that Mr. Forsyth should not again be placed in a position where similar control will be needed.

REV. FATHER BRUKES LECTURE.

(Continued from our 2nd Page.)

innocence, grace, receives the woman whose breath is the persistence of hell! Extraneous matter, Mary, the Virgin, takes the hand of Mary the Magdalene, and in the organized charity of the Church of God, the patient enters in to be saved and sanctified.

The poor man, worn down and broken by poverty, exposed in his daily labor to the winds and the rains of Heaven, with failing health and drooping heart, lies down to die. There, by his bedside stands the wife, and round her, her group of little children. They depend upon his daily labor for their daily bread. Now, that hand that labored for them so long and so lovingly, is palsied and stricken by his side. Now his dying eyes are grieved with the sight of their misery. His ears are filled with the cry of the little ones for bread. "Oh, God!" exclaimed Jeremiah, "Thy hand is upon Thy people. The little ones have cried for bread, and there was no one to break it to them." The despair of their doom comes to embitter his dying moments. He looks from that bed of death out upon the gloomy world. He sees the wife of his bosom, consigned to a pauper's cell, to await a pauper's grave; and for these innocent faces that surround him, he sees no future but a future of ignominy and a career of crime;—of punishment without hope of amendment;—and of the loss of their souls in the great mass of the world's crimes and misdeeds. But whilst he thus mournfully brooding, with sad and despairing thoughts, what figure is this that crosses the threshold and casts its shadow on the floor of the house? Who is this, entering noiselessly, modestly, silently, shrouded and veiled, as a thing of Heaven, not of earth? He lifts his eyes and he beholds the mild and placid face of the Sister of Mercy, beaming purity, mixed with divine love, upon him. Now the sunshine of God is let in upon the darkness of his despairing soul. Now he hears a voice almost as gentle, almost as tender, almost as powerful as the voice of Him who whispered to the widow of Naim:—"Oh, aged woman, weep no more!" And she tells him to fear not; that her woman's hand will ensure protection for his children;—and education, grace, virtue, Heaven and God! I once remember I was called to attend a man, whom I have endeavored to describe to you. There were seven little children in the house. There was a woman, the mother of those children, the wife of him who was dying there. Two years before this man had fallen from a scaffold, and was so shattered that he was paralyzed; and for two years he had lain upon that bed, staring as well as dying. When I was called to visit this man, I spoke to him of the mercy of God. He looked upon me with a sullen and despairing eye. "This is the first time," he said, "that you have come to my bed-side." Said I: My friend, this is the first time that I knew you were sick. Had I known it, I would have come to you before. "No one,"—this was his answer;—"no one cares for me. And you come now to speak to me of the mercy of God! I have been on this bed for more than two years. I have seen that woman and her children starving for the last two years. And do you tell me that there is a God of Mercy above me!" I saw at once it was a case with which I could not deal. I left the house on the instant, and went straight to a convent of the Sisters of Mercy that was near. There I asked the Mother Superior, for God's sake, to send one or two of the Nuns to the house. They went. Next day I visited him. Oh, what a change I found! No longer the dull wailing of despair. He looked up boldly and cheerfully from his bed of sorrow;—no longer murmuring against the mercy of God, but with the deep thankfulness of a grateful heart. "Oh," said he, "I am so happy, Father, that I sent for you, not so much for anything you can do for me; but you sent me two angels of God from Heaven! They came into my house; and, for the first time in two long years, I learned to hope; to be sorry for my want of resignation; and to return, with love, to that God whom I dared to doubt!" Then he made his confession, and I prepared him for death. Patient he was, and resigned; and, in his last moments, when his voice was faltering;—when his voice became that of the departing spirit;—his last words were: You sent to me the angels of God, and they hold me that when I should be in my grave they would be mothers to my children! Oh, fair and beautiful Church, that knows so well how to console the afflicted, to bind up the wounds of the breaking heart; to lift up the bleeding and the drooping head. Every form of human misery, every form of wretchedness, whether sent from God

as a warning or a trial, or coming from men's own excesses and folly, and as a punishment for their sins—every form of human misery and affliction, as soon as it is seen, is softened and relieved by the gentlest, the tenderest, the sweetest agency—the touch of God through His consecrated ones. And it seems to the sufferer as if the word of the promise to come were fulfilled in time—the word which says: "The Lord Himself will wipe away every tear from the eyes of His elect, and will bind up every bleeding and wounded heart."

And thus, my friends, we see how beautifully charity is organized in the Catholic Church. Not one penny of your charity is wasted. Every farthing that you contribute will be expended wisely judiciously; and extended to its furthest length of usefulness in the service of God's poor of God's stricken ones. And, lest the poor might be humbled whilst they are relieved, lest they might be hurt in their feelings whilst consoled with the temporal doles that are lavished upon them, the Church of God, with a wisdom more than human, appoints as her ministers of the poor, those who, for the love of Christ, have become poor like them. Behold these nuns! They are the daughters of St. Francis. Seven hundred years ago, now, almost, there arose in the city of Assisi, in Umbria, in Italy, a man so filled with the ineffable love of Christ—so impregnated with the spirit of the Son of God, made man,—that, in the rapture of his prayer, the "stigmata"—the marks of the nails upon the hands and feet, of the thorns upon the brows, of the wounds upon the side of the Redeemer,—were given to Francis of Assisi. Men behold him and started from the sight, giving glory to God that they had caught a gleam of the glory of Christ upon earth.—He was the only saint of whom we read, that, without opening his lips, but simply coming and walking through the ways of the city, all eyes that beheld him were melted into tears of tenderness and divine love; and he "preached Christ and Him crucified," by merely showing the mortification, and the spirit, and the love of Christ which was upon him and in him. These are the daughters of this saint, inheriting his spirit, and he, in the Church, is the very ideal saint of divine and religious poverty. He would not have a shoe to his foot. He would not have a second coat. He would not have in his bag provision even for to-morrow; but waited, like the prophet of old, that it should come to him from God, at the hands of his benefactors;—the very ideal saint of poverty; and, therefore, of all others, the most devoted to himself, and in having his children minister unto God's poor. When there was a question of destroying the religious orders in Italy, and of passing a law that would not permit me, a Dominican, or these nuns, Franciscans, to dwell in the land,—just as if we were doing any harm to anybody;—as if we were doing our best to save and serve all the people;—when it was a question before the Parliament, Casare Catta, the celebrated historian, stood up in the assembly and said: "Men! before you make this law, abolishing all the religious men and women in the land, reflect for an instant. If any man amongst you, by some reverse of fortune, become poor,—if any man amongst you, in this enlightened age, is obliged to beg his daily bread; wouldn't you feel ashamed?—wouldn't you feel degraded to have to go to your fellow-man to ask him for alms? For me, if God should strike me with poverty, I would feel it a degradation. But I would not feel it a degradation to go to a Dominican or a Franciscan, and ask him, a brother pauper, to break his bread with me?"

It is fitting that they should have preachers for God's poor. It is fitting that the voice which speaks to you this evening,—although it comes from one wearing the habit of St. Dominic,—should speak to you in the language of Saint Francis of Assisi, who was the bosom friend of the great Dominic of Guzman. United in life, and in love highest of all, their children are united in that spiritual love which is the inheritance of God's consecrated ones on earth. And, therefore, it is a privilege and a glory to me to speak to you this evening in behalf of my Franciscan sisters. Yet, not in their behalf do I speak, but in behalf of the poor; nor in behalf of the poor, but in behalf of Christ, who identifies Himself with the poor; nor in behalf of Him, but in your own behalf; seeing that all your hopes of the glory of Heaven are bound up with the glory of whom I speak. It is your glory, and the glory of this special charity, that it was the first hospital founded in this State; that at a time when men, concentrating their energies to amass wealth, immersed in their business, trying to heap up accumulations, and gather riches and large possessions, never thought of their poor; or if the poor obtained themselves, brushed them out of their path, and told them to begone; then there came the Church of Christ into the midst of you. She sought not money, nor land, nor possessions. She brought out these poor nuns, vowed to poverty, despising all the things of the world; and leaving them behind them; she built up her hospital for the sick; she brought her children of St. Francis of Assisi, to minister to them, in mercy, in faith, and hope; the mercy, the gentleness of divine charity. Will they not say to you, "Blessed is the man, that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor?"

I hope I may have thrown some light into the minds of even one amongst you, this evening, and let me see how blessed is the man who knows his position concerning the needy and the poor. I hope that those to whom my words give no light, may, at least, be given encouragement to persevere. Persevere, Catholics of Holborn and Jersey City, in maintaining these Sisters, in filling their hands with your benefactions; in enabling them to pursue their calm but glorious career of charity and of mercy. I know that in this encouraging you, I am advancing the best interests of your souls; and that the mite that you give to-day, that might be given for pleasure, or selfishness,—that that mite shall return to you one day in the form of a crown, the crown of glory which will, one day, be set upon your heads, for ever and for ever, before the Throne of God, by the hands of the poor of Christ. Again, I say to you, will you hear the voice from the Throne: "Whatever you do to the poor, you do it unto Me!" Oh, may God send down His angel of mercy!—may the spirit of His mercy breathe amongst us!—may the charity which guides your mercy—the charity springing from an enlightened and pure faith, and from a true and substantial hope,—bring your reward;—that so, in the day when Faith shall perish with time,—when Hope shall be lost, either in joy or sorrow,—either in the fruition of Heaven, or in the despair of Hell,—that on that day you may be able to exclaim, when you first catch sight of the unveiled glory of the Saviour: "Oh, Christ, of all the beauties of God it is true, the greatest of these is Charity!"

THE REIGN OF RUFINISM IN NEW YORK.—The increase in the number of highway robberies, midnight assaults and garrotting cases at the present time is calculated to awaken the liveliest apprehensions of all peaceable citizens. The records of the police actually teem with these alarming indications of reign of ruffianism and lawlessness, and the constituted guardians of the peace seem to be either powerless or unwilling to check the growing evil. Garrotting has become a favourite pastime with the unpleasant gentry that swarm on all our thoroughfares, even the most frequented. The immunity they enjoy is doubtless owing to the same cause that leaves the streets in such a filthy condition. Perhaps our authorities labour under the delusion that it is the duty of that mythical personage, the street cleaning contractor, to remove garroters and ruffians as well as other nuisances from the streets. In that case the broom will take the place of the baton, and the dust cart that of the prison van. The street cars are fruitful seminaries of crime, and in them some of the boldest outrages are committed.

Whether the conductors and drivers are in collusion with the thieves or are only afraid of them, one thing is certain, that a victim of an assault or robbery in one of these Jack Sheppard nurseries on wheels receives no assistance or commiseration from the driver or conductor. Vigilance committees have frequently been threatened by our sorely-oppressed citizens, and petitions and remonstrances have been sent to the Albany Solons, but still the evil is in full operation. We can only wait and hope for the day when New York thoroughfares will not be like Hounslow Heath of old, and citizens will not fear the grasp of the garrotter or the bludgeon of the ruffian.—N.Y. Herald.

THE WASHINGTON FOUNDLING ASYLUM.—The following, although from a Protestant journal, the Washington Sunday Gazette, breathes the spirit of Catholic charity: "One of the miracles of charity in Washington is the Foundling Asylum, situated on Twenty-fifth street, under the charge of five active sisters of one of the religious orders. The children are made comfortable and happy. There are now quite a large number of them in the institution, whose ages vary from a few days to five years. This institution received, at its inauguration on the first day, the sum of fifty cents from a poor contributor; while in the course of about fifteen years it has come into possession of a fine building, and is provided with such accommodations as only thoughtful kindness, with well employed means, has been able to supply. Surely no Christian heart which God has blessed with kindly sentiments, or that is conscious of the possession of wealth, could look upon the self-sacrificing kindness of these sisters without a thought to aid them in their noble and beneficent work.—Let such an one do this, and he shall see for himself how very far a little pecuniary aid will go to lighten just one great burden of suffering grown out of human lives."

The social relations described by a Mr. Smith, in a New York Court must have been—not to put too fine a point on it—"complicated." It appeared because he desired to bail out his son, who had been arraigned for an assault on Eliza Brownell. This woman married Smith's nephew, and went to New Orleans on her wedding tour, where she acted so badly that she was expelled from the hotel. Then she obtained a divorce from him and he threatened to kill her. She caused his arrest and had him sentenced to Blackwell's Island for one year. While he was confined there she formed the acquaintance of Smith (the narrator) and married him. After living with him three months she formed a fancy for her son, a mere boy, proposed marriage and ran away with him. Wearying of him, she obtained a divorce, and would have taken a fourth husband but for the jealousy of young Smith, who swore vengeance if she should again commit matrimony. The woman has had not more than twelve husbands altogether, and is not yet 28. She is credited with the greatest possible skill in procuring divorces. What the fair Eliza can have been created for is a mystery, unless it was intended that she should offset the modern Borgia tribe.

LONGEVITY.—Will temperance procure long life? Parr was an intemperate man, yet he lived over 150 years. Can we depend on comfort and regularity in our habits? Jenkyns, who lived 165 years, was an habitual bugar, often in the greatest want of the common necessities of life. Is a good climate the sure promoter of longevity? Jane Reeve lived to the age of 103 in the marshy county of Essex, England; Albona Marc reached 150 in the sultry interior of Ethiopia, and Drakenburg 146 in the shivering climate of the mountains of Norway. With such contrasts as these, how can we philosophize on the subject? Yet, on the point of regularity, we may hazard a question. Is it not probable that Parr might have lived longer if he had been a temperate man? Jenkyns, if he had not been subjected to such vicissitudes? A few more instances of great longevity may be mentioned. Thomas Carn died in London, in 1588, aged 207; an instance of longevity exceeding any other on modern record, but well authenticated in the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, a Russian died at Ekaterinosin, in 1813, whose age was between 200 and 202; and Don John Timvico de Lima died in Portugal, 1738, aged 192. Titus Fulonius, of Bononia, 150; Abraham Paha, of South Carolina, 142; Carton Petarch, of Hungary, 184; Dnuinus Radula, of Transylvania, 140; Countess Desmond, Ireland, 140; James Sand, England, 140; Margaret Patten, Scotland, 188; Richard Lloyd, Wales, 123; William Ellis, Liverpool, 130; Francis Bous, France, 121; James Byles, Oyster Bay, 118. John Gilley died at Augusta, Me., aged 124. Instances of great longevity are more frequent than is generally supposed, and it may be superfluous to continue them further here.—Weekly Examiner.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.—Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent when you are amongst persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their pursuit. Hugh Miller, the famous Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stonemason and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand helps to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away.

MAKING ASPARAGUS BEDS.—In the garden for family purposes new asparagus beds should be made now without delay, though any time this month will answer. The best plan in making these beds is to excavate the earth, whether it is soil or not, to the depth of from twenty to twenty-four inches, remove all the dirt except the soil, and commence to fill up with a good layer of horse manure; press it well down, then a layer of soil, then manure again, leaving the richest manure for the last eight or ten inches. Plant two year old roots of the colossal variety, three feet apart each way, with the crown of the roots from six to eight inches beneath the surface. Keep the beds clear of all weeds, grass, etc. The plants will make considerable growth the first season, and the third season there will be some spires fit to cut. The fourth season, three years after planting, the bed may be considered in its full maturity. No salt should be applied until the bed is fully established. While there is no better fertilizer than salt for a bed once fully producing a crop, to be applied early in April and as soon after the fall dressing of manure is forked in as may be convenient—it is death to the young plants. Salt destroys the weeds and grass; and must be kept from box edging and young trees, or it will destroy them too.—German Garden Telegraph.

NOVIZE SEED.—A bushel of wheat contains 600,000 grains. If this quantity should be spread equally over an acre of ground it would give nearly 10 square inches of space for each plant; each plant would be a little more than three inches from the next, and there would be sixteen plants to each square foot.—If the seed were sown in drills nine inches apart, there would be a plant to each inch in the drill. It is well known that in broadcast sowing much seed is covered too deeply, and some not sufficiently, and thus possibly half of the seed sown is wasted. In drill sowing a much greater proportion of the seed produces returns, because of its even covering and

more regular germination. If each seed should produce but one perfect ear, the yield would be over 30 fold; but it is safe to say that every healthy wheat plant will produce at least three stalks, so that, should the whole of the seed sown mature, a crop of 90 that drill sowing will produce a better yield than broadcast sowing, as much more of the seed will successfully germinate and the expense of drill sowing being less than hand sowing and harrowing afterwards, we would advise all those who can buy or hire a drill to abandon broadcast sowing.—American Agriculturist.

FARMER'S ACCOUNTS.—One of our contemporaries truly remarks if a farmer kept an exact account with the cattle, the fields, the orchards, and the crops with which he has annual dealings, just as his more careful brother merchant does, he would find a spirit of business working into all his habits, and progress and push would inevitably follow.—The loose notion seems to be that here are the fields, and these the buildings and a living must somehow be got out of them. But that will not do in these days. Every agriculturist is bound to know that his accustomed diet causes a marked improvement.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one of butter, ten eggs, one pound of raisins, one of citron, one of currants. Chop and rub the fruit into one pound of flour. One cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda foamed in the molasses, one nutmeg, one-half cup of cloves and cinnamon. Put the fruit and flour in last. Stir in thoroughly. These ingredients make two loaves that will keep a year.

TO RELIEVE NEURALGIA.—A New Hampshire gentleman says: "Take two large table-spoonfuls of fine salt; mix them together in a small bottle; every time you have an acute affection of the facial nerves, or neuralgia, simply breathe the fumes into your nose from the bottle, and you will be immediately relieved."

BLEEDING AT THE LUNGS.—Say to those asking for remedies for bleeding at the lungs and lung complaints, to lay a thick flannel pad about the throat and lungs. Tell them to wear double, thick flannels and to protect the feet, throat, and whole person, so that it cannot receive a chill under any exposure.—Reuter.

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, GENERAL DEBILITY.—CARRIOT.—HYPOPHOSPHITES.—FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.—As this preparation is entirely different in its combination and effects from all other remedies called Hypophosphites, the public are cautioned that the genuine has the name of FELLOWS & CO. blown on the bottle. The signature of the inventor, James I. Fellows, is written with red ink across each label, and the price is \$1.50 per bottle.

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