

grave and say good-night
verta.

S OF CALIFORNIA.

THE FRANCISCANS—MRS.
ULD CANONIZE FATHER

of the Chicago Record Herald
San Diego, Cal., Aug. 21.
San Diego dates back to
red an expedition from
possession of what was
Alta, or upper California
Friar Marcos, a Franciscan
here as early as 1539,
the desert. In 1542 a
named Cabrillo, cruised
it, spent six days here at
a beautiful harbor, and
in honor of St. Michael,
anniversary he arrived,
or Portuguese, employed
of Spain, made a survey
nia coast and gave the
see on the maps to the
other points. He spent
San Diego Bay, but the
er actually took possession
ntry until July 10, 1769,
o Galvez, a soldier of
good conscience, landed
of the present city and
is now called "the old
a, a Franciscan monk, and
n, who was sent
astery at St. Fernando
sion of the Indians. They
then 200 head of cattle,
all kinds of seeds, grains,
alts and flowers with an
tools and implements, and
ed the pastoral, agricul-
tural industries which
e of California.

ry altar was erected in the
s where Father Serra cele-
Mass and blessed the waters
San Diego de Alcalá, as
tened, while Galvez un-
dard of Spain, and for-
sion of the country in
his royal master. A mission
a, a fort erected, the ruins
stand apart, and only palms
at that time still stood in the
azy atmosphere, while the
called the Indians to war-
s outside of the walls of

s a great deal of trouble
at first, but the monks
their confidence, and they
ed to the Roman Catholic
and kindly treatment of the
nians. The history of the
and civilization of the Cali-
and, under the direction of
ingenious and far-sighted
striking contrast with what
Virginia and New England.
a, after establishing his
Diego, moved gradually up
ending a chain of missions
nates apart, and teaching
ow to farm and raise fruits
ble and make their labor
As I have said, he was a
able man, and I wonder that
e had made a saint. I do not
y missionary in any part of
Catholic or Protestant—who
d more practical good for
atures; and his heroism,
his self-sacrifice, his
his public services for the
humanity certainly entitle
nization. He exercised
nce in his day than any
n the Pacific coast.

ished not less than fifteen
and caused the Indians of
e to be called Mission Indians.
ed irrigation and was the
in this part of the country.
sheep and cattle, olive
he; he not only converted the
the faith of Rome, but made
e, industrious, prosperous
on the time he offered the
on the beach of San Diego
sions were abolished by the
the republic, in 1834, he and
San Diego mission baptized
and, according to the
ought, the monks, millers,
nians, stone-cutters, musi-
makers, tanners, tilemakers,
shermen, barbers, basket-
sters, wood carvers and other
e professions.

the monks were taught by the
l remain—such as basket-
e and drawn work, leather
nembroidery in gold and silver
d considerable revenue is
the Indians in selling speci-
their handiwork to curi-
tourists. The records show
0 cattle, 60,000 horses ser-
e sheep and an immense
domestic animals, valued at
dollars, were grazing upon
stures at the time of the
on—that is, the suppression
monasteries by the Mexican
The total average income of
as at that time was more
0,000 a year. It is stated
e eighteen missions there
e property was wasted and des-
stolen. When the padres
the politicians intended to
them into money as rapidly
e to buy, and the property
by the avaricious Mexican

southern counties of California as that
of Cleopatra in Egypt. Everywhere
you go, places associated with "Ram-
ona" are pointed out to you, and there
are several spirited disputes concern-
ing rival claims.

"There's where 'Ramona' used
to live," is a familiar expression.
Many people believe that the book is
genuine history, but it is, I am assured,
pure fiction, although several of the
events and incidents have actually
occurred in the experience of different
people, and nearly all of the places
described can be identified. I do not
know of any other story that has a
stronger hold upon a community than
this distressing narrative of a poor
half-breed girl. Much of the novel,
too, is local history, particularly that
part which relates to the persecution of
the Indians, and to bring those facts
before the public, Mrs. Jackson wrote
it.

Those who have read "Ramona" will
be interested to know that the ranch
she describes is still in existence and the
village of San Juan Capistrano—the home of the frogs,
called Capistrano—is an influential Mexican
family named Coutts. It is perhaps the
most typical and extensive of the old-
fashioned Mexican ranches now remain-
ing in California. The old padre—the
first character in the book—Father
Salvador, is said to have been a sketch
of Rev. Jose Maria Zubizarreta, under
whose direction the mission of San
Gabriel grew into great prosperity and
influence. It is also asserted, however,
that it is a pen portrait of Father San-
chez, late of the mission of Santa Bar-
bara, whose tomb in the monastery
grounds is shown to visitors.

The good and wise Father Serra lived
until August 28, 1784, when he died at
the mission of Monterey. His last
words were:

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the
harvest that He send laborers into His
vineyard."

These good men were hampered and
held down by opposition and obstacles
which the servants of God have met
with in all countries and in all times,
and it is astonishing that they accom-
plished as much as they did for it is ascer-
tained that there were never more than
four padres among the eighteen Cali-
fornia missions at any one time. There
were other good and great men as well
as Padre Serra, men equally devoted
and successful in the cause of their
work, but it so happened that Provi-
dence selected him for the founder and
leader of this memorable work.

Most of the missions are in ruins.
None of them has been entirely aban-
doned; several are being protected by
the Landmark Club, a society of
earnest, patriotic people in Los
Angeles, of which Charles F. Lummis
is president. The old San Diego mis-
sion, the first founded by Father
Serra in honor of "Le Sonora de Los
Dolores" (Our Lady of Sorrows), was
destroyed during the Mexican war,
and only a few crumbling walls re-
main to show the outlines of the
original buildings. The farm, which
was confiscated and sold to a Mexican
politician, was restored to the Church
in 1856, and is now used for an indus-
trial school for Indian children, from
the reservation in Southern California,
in care of the Sisters of St. Joseph.
The place is visited by all strangers
who come to San Diego, and is particu-
larly interesting because it contains
the first olive trees ever planted in
North America. The fine old orchard
is still bearing. The fruit is still con-
sidered superior to that produced by
any other trees, and "The Old Mis-
sion" brand of pickled olives and olive
oil are famous the world over. About
three miles above the mission you can
find a dam constructed by the monks
one hundred and twenty-five years ago,
which shows how thorough was their
workmanship and how skillful was their
engineering. From the reservoir it
created they obtained water to irrigate
their farms, and they carried it through
an aqueduct constructed of tiles im-
bedded in a mass of cobble stones.
This aqueduct passed through a deep,
precipitous gorge and crossed several
gulches fifteen to twenty feet wide.
The engineering was done by the monks
and the labor by the Indians.

San Luis Rey Mission, forty miles
north of San Diego, was the largest
and grandest of the religious establish-
ments. It was built in 1788, in honor
of Louis IX, King of France, and is
now being restored under the direction
of Father O'Keefe, a jolly, but earnest,
Franciscan, who is much beloved and
respected by the people of California.
He has already reconstructed the
church, and is now at work upon the
quadrangle, which is being rebuilt on
the same foundation, and after the
heavy arches, Moorish style. You are
familiar with the picture of it, I
have no doubt. When it is
completed the new monastery will
be used as a theological school.

All of the missions are extremely
interesting because of their picture-
que architecture and their history. It
is rather singular that the authorities at
Rome and the hierarchy of the Catholic
Church in the United States take so
little interest in their preservation.
Father O'Keefe has been at work re-
building the mission of San Luis Rey
since 1893, and has been unable to do
but very little at a time because of a
lack of funds. He is almost entirely
dependent upon the casual gifts of
tourists and other visitors who become
interested in his work and quietly slip
a greenback or gold piece into his
hand. Most of the money has been
contributed by Protestants.

The priest is human. He likes sym-
pathy, friendship, help. His burden
is often heavy. He is glad to get
cordial co-operation, appreciation,
support, praise and encouragement,
cheer him in the midst of his loneli-
ness and trials.—Catholic Columbian.

In Mary we have a model of purity.
Her example is held up to our children
for their admiration and imitation. It
is bound to have an influence on their
conduct. Holy woman, immaculate
virgin, spotless mother of our Divine
Lord, pray for us.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETTO.

IMPRESSIONS OF A PILGRIM IN THE
MIRACULOUSLY TRANSLATED HOME OF
JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH.
Correspondence of The Catholic Standard and
Times.

Geneva, August 22, 1905.

This week we shall not conduct our
readers through the Eternal City. We
shall lead them instead to a little town
in the North-east of Italy, to the house
in which Mary Immaculate was born,
and in which the Word was made flesh.
As the holy house of Loretto has for
nearly eight centuries drawn to its
threshold so many millions—not only of
Catholics, but of almost every persua-
sion—an account of a pilgrimage made
by us should be welcome to the Catho-
lics of Philadelphia.

The town of Loretto stands on a
prominence on the east coast of the
Adriatic, some one hundred and fifty
miles from Rome. So far as history re-
cals, it has been, unlike nearly every
town in Italy, in no way famous. It
has produced neither a saint, a painter
nor a sculptor—one or all of whom an
Italian town can usually boast. Thus
it should have ended as it had lived—a
little sleepy hill hamlet, unknown out-
side its own little surrounding—did not
Providence choose it to hold one of His
most precious of earthly treasures. For,
outside the Holy Sepulchre and the
greater relics of the passion, none can
be more precious than the house in
which the Holy Family lived.

HISTORY OF THE HOLY HOUSE.

Before visiting the sacred dwelling
of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, let us
glance briefly at the strange historical
events that led to its translation to its
present site. This will help us to
reverence the actions of the Almighty,
no matter how singular they may ap-
pear to us.

We have it on tradition that, after
the Ascension, the dwelling of the
Mother of God was used as a chapel by
the Apostles for the celebration of the
divine mysteries. Little more is to be
said about it until the spread of Islam,
when Mohammedan fanaticism strove
to blot out Christianity and destroy all
relics of the Man-God. How far their
efforts were permitted success is known
to all. The Holy Sepulchre, Mount
Calvary, the whole of Palestine fell
under Mohammedan sway, and were
subjected to profanation. But there
was one relic jealously preserved from
all insults. The house in which His
mother was born and He Himself con-
ceived was carefully watched over by
Christ and removed to a place of safety
at the moment of danger.

On the morning of May 10, 1291, a
small band of woodmen going to fell
trees near Fime, by the Adriatic Sea,
suddenly halted at an open space. On
the spot which they had passed the
previous evening stood a small store
building, unlike anything that they had
ever seen in the neighborhood before.
With fear mingled with awe the wood-
cutters approached the strange edifice.
It stood on the grass, without any founda-
tion. Inside was an altar with a crucifix,
and a wooden statue of the
Blessed Virgin bearing the infant Jesus
in her arms. At the farther end were
a fireplace and some table vessels.
Such was the furniture of the holy
house of Nazareth on its first appear-
ance among us; such it may be seen to
day with very little alteration.

The alarm soon spread among the
multitudes to gaze upon the mysteri-
ous disappearance of the house of the
Holy Family from Palestine. Trusty
delegates were quickly despatched to
the Holy Land to inquire into the mat-
ter and take the measurements of the
foundation. The mystery was now
solved. Great was the joy of the de-
legates to find that both measurements
corresponded exactly, and that their
strange visitor was no other than the
hallowed home of Mary.

Yet it was not according to the
divine plan that the house should
remain here. On the night of Decem-
ber 10, 1291, a number of shepherds who
were watching their flocks near Ancona
suddenly saw a bright light coming
over the Adriatic to the shores of Italy,
and setting on the estate of a Lady
Lauretta. The people testified their
joy at the appearance of the holy
house among them, for by this time
its identity was fully established.

Pilgrimages were organized and feasts
observed in its honor in expectation of
having it perpetually among them. But
a disappointment was in store for them.
Amid all their joy the building was
miraculously changed again; on this
occasion to a hill a mile further inland.
The ground upon which it now rested
belonged jointly to two brothers. At
first free access was given to the house
by the brothers, but soon cupidity over-
came their sense of piety, and they
quarrelled about exclusive ownership of
the hill. A few months later the de-
voted treasure had been confided to them.
charge was suddenly taken from them.
It was again changed—this time on to
the public road, scarcely a hundred
yards distant from the disputed site.

The course of the road was imme-
diately diverted by the authorities, and
a magnificent shuck was soon reared
over the holy house. All that art and
wealth could do to embellish its sur-
roundings have been plentifully poured
out by Christendom. Popes, emperors
and millions of private individuals have
made pilgrimages to it, Pius IX. alone
having made no less than seven during
his pontificate. Princesses have con-
sidered it a privilege to sweep its floor
upon their knees, and outside, around
its walls, a turrow has been worn away
by the knees of the faithful.

Our own days vie with those of for-
mer times in reverence towards the
house of the Holy Family. From all
over the world multitudes come to pray
within its hallowed walls. It has been
known that forty thousand pilgrims
have visited the holy house in a single
day.

APPEARANCE OF THE HOLY HOUSE.

Let us now enter the great church
and walk up the nave to the spot where
the house of Nazareth stands. Twelve
capella, rich in mosaic and paintings,
are passed on the way; six more form a
semicircle around the little edifice,
while a glorious dome decorated with
paintings of Scriptural subjects soars

above it. A casing of Carrara marble
encloses the sacred building, giving the
whole a gorgeous appearance.

But inside everything is changed.
With good taste the interior of the
humble dwelling has been left as it was
found. The same blackened walls, the
same altar within a larger modern one
meet our eyes. Above, beside the
Crucifix, is the statue of the Blessed
Virgin. Nothing but the faces of Our
Lady and of the Divine Infant can be
discerned; the remaining portions are
covered by a glittering mass of gold
and jewels. At the fireplace where
Mary cooked for Jesus and Joseph we
have seen mothers and wives weeping
for hours together in supplication to
her who understands their wants so
well.

We shall not attempt to describe the
scenes of faith and devotion that are
enacted there. For seven hours every
morning the Holy Sacrifice is offered
up in the holy house continuously. No
pen can describe the impressions one
feels at such a moment. There where
Mary was born and rested, where
Gabriel stood to announce the joyful
tidings of the redemption to the humble
maiden, where the Second Person
of the Blessed Trinity took flesh in the
virgin womb—there we stood filled with
awe. We saw in spirit Mary spinning
in the corner or preparing the evening
meal for Jesus and Joseph. Again the
three sat around the table to their
frugal meal. All was simple, pure,
calm. Then the death of Joseph hap-
pened again. Mary whispered words of
love and comfort into his ear.

Then the day came when Jesus
departed to return no more, and Mary
went also to follow Him afar. The next
time we saw the little house tenanted
was after the tragedy on Calvary, when
Mary, with Peter and the other apostles,
came to celebrate Mass there. Again
Jesus came down from heaven at the
words of consecration pronounced by
Peter at the little altar, and was par-
taken of by His divine mother and His
faithful apostles.

We have seen all that is considered
worth seeing in the Old World—all its
personages, ceremonies and objects of
interest—but the sense of pleasure and
awe we derived from the frequent
visits was less than that which we ex-
perienced at the idea of receiving Jesus
Christ in the Holy Eucharist on the
spot upon which He became man.

AUTHENTICITY OF THE HOUSE OF
LORETTO.

The enemies of the Church of Christ
never sleep. They have impugned
every doctrine of Christianity from
that of the Blessed Trinity to Papal in-
fallibility. Why, then, should some
not be found to declare the house of
Loretto to be spurious? Though it has
been shown beyond all doubt that the
little building miraculously standing at
Loretto, without any foundation what-
ever beyond the level floor, and the
house of Nazareth are one and the same,
many are found to deny it. Yet no
relic that we know of has been sub-
jected to so many tests. Not only have
the measurements of the walls and the
foundation from which they were torn
away been repeatedly taken, but the
stones and mortar of which the dwelling
is built have been several times chemi-
cally analyzed. Each time the analyst
declared—sometimes on oath—that the
residues, parts were of Pale-
stine origin, and that such were not to be
found in Italy.

Some time ago an incredulous archi-
tect obtained permission to remove all
the earth close to the building to find
a foundation. The search resulted in
the conversion of the unbeliever. The
house stood on what was once a street,
and dust similar to that lying on the
ground was drawn from under the walls.
People passed their sticks between the
building and the surface of the earth
and brought to light a decayed prickly-
bush crushed beneath the walls when
the burden was deposited by its heav-
enly bearers.

If time permitted, we would gladly
bring forward many other arguments of
the authenticity of the holy house.
Loretto. Perhaps at some other period
we shall do so, for it is a priceless trea-
sure and a fountain of devotion and
piety in a land into which the rest of
the world strives to pour its corruption
and impiety.

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

Where God is, there must man be
if he would know the happiness which
his heart craves, for nothing here satis-
fies him nor could he ever feel satisfac-
tion till he is in possession of God for-
ever. And so we look up to the
heavens and feel we see our home—
long to be with the God that made us,
to be with the God that made us
infinite glory of heaven. We realize
that all terrestrial things are passing
away and that we are passing with
them, and so good men put forth their
best efforts to make their end secure,
and, like the apostle, they declare, "We
have not here a lasting city, but we
seek one that is to come." "Where,"
to continue Paul's words, "eye hath
not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it
entered into the heart of man to con-
ceive what God hath in store for them
who love Him." How differently men
look upon the future. Some say there
is no future life, others acknowledge it
and strive to prepare themselves for
it, while a vast number fail to give God
the recognition, while counting the
moment upon His goodness that
He will one day bring them to
Himself and to happiness eternal.

How many, alas, are without any
thought or hope of heaven, and for that
reason gloat themselves with the things
of earth. Their appetites are gluttony,
they are indulged as far as
their passions are live selfishly for self
and do nothing but what will bring
them gain or gratification of some kind
or other, for they feel that what they
are to get must be got here, and as
life they realize is fast running away,
they run recklessly headlong to get
all that they can from it before death
brings it to a long last close.

Alas, how foolishly they act! If
such men would but look around them,
view all the beautiful things of nature

the earth with its bounteous products
for their sustenance; the heavens above
them with the glorious sun shining by
day and the moon and the stars
giving light by night, should they
not rise from these great blessings
of creation and find the glorious and
good Creator of all these things in an
infinite and kind and loving God, Who
has bestowed on man these things for
his moral existence in preparation for
an immortality of everlasting peace
and happiness, and love and serve
Him and keep His law, which He hath
written in every human heart?

The poor, benighted Indian will
speak of peace and rest with the great
Father; and few of even those who are
steeped in ignorance and darkness as
to things spiritual, but who have some
hope, dim though it may be, of a future
life where there will be rest and peace
and happiness, such as they did not
find in this world. And these hopes
influence to some degree their present
life and move them to follow a rule of
morality, crude and changeable though
it must necessarily be. For God's law
is written on their hearts, and its pre-
sence reveals itself from time to time
according to various circumstances.

But how different with the Christian
who has the light of revelation to il-
lumine his mind and feels the power of
grace to influence his heart and
strengthen his will? For him God is
near and he sees Him with the eyes of
faith. He has the divine word instruct-
ing him in the way he should go, and
he has the holy sacraments to strengthen
him on the road to eternal life. Such
a one realizes that he is not made for
this world, but for a life to come, and
he strives to live up to a standard of
morality that will one day entitle him
to be admitted to God, never to be
separated from Him.

But do not the enlightened owe a
debt to the less favored, namely, by
their lives of perfection to be an ex-
ample for their instruction? And this
is what our Lord meant when He said
to His followers, "So let your light
shine that others, seeing, they too may
glorify their Father Who is in heaven."

In this regard should not we Catho-
lics perfect ourselves by the frequent
worthy reception of the sacraments,
and then give examples to all of the
highest perfection and virtue, making
God known and loved, because of our
own constant acknowledgment of Him
and our own perfect love?

Is it not with us often as it is with
most others always, that we are taken
up so much with the things of this
world, its wealth, its honors, its plea-
sures, that we lose sight at least, for the
time being, of the things of heaven? Do we not sometimes
let the spirit of this world and its prin-
ciples take hold of us, which causes us
to lose the spirit and relish for the
things of God and eternity? And so
like the mere worldlings, we will run
after the things of everyday life which
evade our grasp or if we get them,
prove vain and unsatisfactory and on-
dation and perhaps lose our soul's sal-
vation for them, like so many have.

Our Lord warns us against this folly
and tells us we cannot serve two mas-
ters—God and man. We must choose
one or the other. He tells us what
world it profit if we gained the whole
world and lost our soul, and He bids
us not to run after the riches of this
world at which prove the eternal ruin
to so many, but that we should go
with the means He gives us by helping
our less favored brethren, in a word,
that we should lay up our treasures in
heaven by living well and doing good,
where the moth doth not enter nor the
rust consume.

Let us heed the words of our divine
Lord and Master. Let us keep united
with Him in these days of our pil-
grimage. He will be the companion of
our exile if we will give Him our heart
for His abode, and He will speak with
us and console and encourage us on the
way. Finally, when life's journey is
over, we will pass to our heavenly
home to the Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost, our true God to live and reign
with Him forever and ever.—Bishop
Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

One Way of Keeping Men Sober.

It is reported from England that
railway companies in Liverpool have
found a certain cure for inebriety.
They had arranged to run outward
trains for drunks on the night of a
recent holiday, but, to their great
surprise, there were no drunks, and,
consequently, no special trains were
required.

"The premature publication of our
intentions," explained the railway offi-
cial, "ruined our plans. Regular
topers, who before could not be relied
upon to travel home sober, have been
shamed into sobriety. The idea of
being placed in a compartment with
other drunks disgusted them, and,
consequently, they resolved to keep
sober. I consider we have done more
for the cause of temperance than any
amount of legislation could possibly
do."

We wish the railroads in this vicinity
would try this plan.

DEADLY ANAEMIA.

LEADS TO CONSUMPTION UNLESS PROMPTLY
CURED.

Many a young life might be saved
from consumption if simple anaemia
were promptly treated. Anaemia is
the doctors' name for weak, watery
blood. When the blood is in this con-
dition the lungs have no strength.
The whole system begins to break down.
Then the growing girl slips slowly into
decline, until at last the cough starts
and her doom is sealed. Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills can cure all weak, anemic
persons without doubt or difficulty.
They actually make new, rich, health-
giving blood—they cure anaemia
and prevent consumption. This has
been proved in thousands of cases.
Mrs. Edward Cochran, Meriton, Ont.,
says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured
my daughter Matilda, when I felt that
her case was hopeless. For more than
a year she was a sufferer from anaemia.
She gradually grew weak, was subject
to violent headaches, and dark circles
appeared under her eyes. She was
melancholy, had no appetite and com-
plained of being constantly tired. At



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