be airaid of him, and liked to se

to be alraid of film, and lake to see him retrieve his mistress' ball.
Toward the end of December, on adding up their accounts, the children found that they were still 14s. 9d. stort of the year's subscription.
"Mother, what shall we do?" they

asked.

Lady Mary considered a moment.

I think that it would be very good for you and very good for Mrs. No berry, if you were to go and ask her to

to that. I will send for is out riding with her por little Edith has not ll lately. She had a r we arrived." think who the woman of the other visitors.

ying to find out for you

anage, and poor little a timid, delicate litte a having nightmares and her sleep. How Lady them to go out begging,

iders and. It seems to her uncalled for humilia-has extraordinary severe

subject of holy poverty, he considers that begging is a necessary part of a bliness. I don't approve However, as I was say.

an set a dog at them, and

ith nearly out of her wits, at a lion at her, and see if

tened,' was what Winifred

derful little saint already,

an believe it she prays an believe it she prays and morning to St. Vincent iten that woman's heart." stened with open eyes; remark she was about to toked by the appearance of a youngest, child Leve

s youngest child. In a annel frock, with no sash,

on, her hair hanging loose in, pale face, she stood in

taking a survey of the fore entering the drawing a her large dark eyes rested

erry she gave a scream and ary her head against her ulder.

woman who set her dog at sped. le!" cried Mrs. Noberry.

e it was entirely a mis-Mrs. Noberry: "the beg-ere are so very tiresome,

ld I guess for a moment

you mean to say that it

w in any case that they ody's children, "interposed isitor "I cannot conceive

other could have been so

ry rose. "I must ask you

ne," she said. Edith was ing and sobbing. She took ad moved toward the door,

rang forward to open it. her arms round the little

ry stooped and kissed her. e said. "May God reward ar kindness." ht have been the end; at

was an unfortunate begin-

is no chance of any intimacy Castle now," said Mrs.

e again. as her surprise, therefore, at

ady Mary's card upon her

days later, when she re-om a shopping expedition. tion for Maggie to go to tea

nildren became fast friends.

nded Maggie dropping her h's

g them in again in all sorts

hat is the great thing."
d and Edith showed her all

sures, and told her stories of

rge French picture book de-

er. She has never seen so a drawing of St. Francis of

izabeth of Hungary and St.

e Paul are our favorites," explained; "Edith prays to beth about your mother every cause her relations couldn't id her being so devoted to the

nd we both ask St. Vincent de

look after our orphanage. he said, compassion and

be their mothers according to cause their mothers according

have abandoned them. Isn't

y picture?"

e was much interested, and reverything she learned, at the
her mother when she got

fred and Edith don't have su-

eir tea, and get the money and that is why they wear eks. Will you let me be like

help an orphanage?"
see," said Mcs Noberry,

can collect more money than

d to keep our children through," Edith explained, "we hope

o toward Christmas presents

on't have Christmas preserts es?'' asked Maggie. now. Our friends and rela-to got to know what we like

n't you will be saints," said

gravely. ink I'd rather be a martyr"

your children;

ave made you adopt

eatures for

nds the Saints."

the birds before.

there must be some Lady Mary.

sitor explained: "Some nan set her dog at the they were out collecting

"On, mother!"
"I think that she would help you "But mother!"

You are no longer afraid of the

"Then you are still a little afraid of Maggie's mother?"
"Yes, rather."

Maggie's mother?"
"Yes, rather."
"Well, I feel sure you need not be.
And even if she should speak sharply
to you, that is a little thing to bear.
Offer it for the orphanage children."
So they went again. And this time
Mrs. Noberry recognized the blue
serge freeks and white straw hats com-

ing up the garden path.
"How do you do, my dears? I am sure Maggie will be charmed to see

you."
If you please, will you be so kind as to give a little money toward a home for orphan children, for the love of God ?

God?"
It was their formula.
The tears started to Mrs. Noberry's
yes. Her voice was unusually gentle
s she said. 'You have come to ask me again!'

me again!'
"Please don't be angry. Mother said she thought you would be sure to telp the orphans this time."
"How much do you want?"
"We want 14s 9d. to made up the

whole amcunt; but of course we should not think of asking you for as much as

Mrs. Noberry smiled.

Edith and I made a promise lorg ago that we would send enough each year to keep two children, and mother to keep two children, and mother to keep two children. nd father give us a large subscription but we have to save and earn and beg

"I know, Maggie has told me about it, and she would like to provide for an orphan too. How much does it cost to keep a child for a year?" Twelve pounds

She took the little girls into the drawing-room and counted out fourteen shillings from her purse, and nine pennies from a china bowl upon the

writing table.
"That is to complete your subscription," she said. Then she unlocked a drawer and took out a long, narrow paper book, from which she tore one sheet, and sat down to write. The children watched her without understanding what she was doing. She blotted it, folded it, placed it in an envelope and handed it to Edith.

"This is a check for 12 pounds," she said; "but don't thank me. You must thank St. Vincent de Paul for having softened my heart."—Violet Bullock-Webster in the English Mes-

A MARTYR OF THE PENAL DAYS.

In no time during the penal days did the fire of persecution burn more flerce-ly than in the reign of Queen Anne and the beginning of the reign of George I. No weapon that bigo'ry could invent was then left untried. The Baptists, as they were termed, were subjected to every kind of civil disability; but it was on the heads of the clergy, in an especial manner, that the full vials of heretic wrath were mercilessly poured. Nero did not gloat with more inhuman pleasure over the agonies of the early Christians converted into living torches to light the darkness of Rome than did our English rulers over the hanging, drawing, and quartering of the Catho-lic Bishops and priests both in this country and in England. The laws country and in England. The laws passed at that period and preserved in the statute book published by the government itself, bear ample testi mony to the horrors of the time. Even the elequences of Burke failed to despend ignate these enactments properly, for they seemed to be the product, not of perverted ingenuity of man, he mildly termed them, but the fierce onslaught of flends upon the Church of Ged. As a sample of those laws we may take that passed in 1703, aws we may take that passed in 1703, entitled "An act to Prevent the Further Growth of Popery," and followed immediately by another, called "An act for Registering the Popish Clarge."

The priest regarded this law of reg-The priest regarded this law of reg-tration as a kind of toleration, if not of protection, and believed that by complying with it, they would secure peace to follow their sacred calling and to minister to the spiritual necessities of their flocks. Little they dreamed it was a deep-laid plan to affect their ruin by giving them the choice of death Yet this was the dilemma or apostacy. Yet this was the dilemma in which an act passed in 1700 placed

In obedience to the government edict, most, if not all, of the parish priests got themselves registered. Among the number we find the name of Father Hegarty, or O'Hegarty, the subject of

Fortunately, tradition in the case of Father Hegarty has been both clear and abundant, owing to the fact that many of his collateral relatives still reside in the locality, and have treas-ured up every item of information re-garding him. Some of these, now far advanced in years, learned from their grandparents, who were almost con-temporaries of Father Hegarty, all the particulars of his birthplace, life, and cruel death. These traditions, given by persons in widely septrated parts of the locality, agree most, wonderfully. locality, agree most wonderfully, n in minute details. From these even in minute details. From we learn that Father Hegarty was we learn that very townland in which he born in the very townland in which he had was afterwards murdered; that he had a sister named Mary, to whom, on the occasion of her marriage with Thomas

The family resided on this small farm until they got a larger one from Colonel Vaughan as a reward for be traying the priest. This Vaughan came to Crunchana in command of the troops in 1707. No sooner had he taken up his residence than he began the work of priest-hunting, and of endeavoring to Protestant ze the inhabitants of the locality. Owing to a variety of circunstances, but especially owing to the fact that the peninsula had never recovered from the desolation spread over it in the preceddesolation spread over it in the preceding years by Chichester and his agents poverty something akin to famine prevailed in Inshowen, and materially assisted Vaughan in his missionary campaign. Like modern zealots, he believed the way to the soul of the people was to be found through their empty stomach; he at once had respect to the method of establishing course to the method of establishing coup kitchens for the starving poor, not by any means as an act of charity for the famishing people, but as a for the famishing people, but as a means of perverting them from their

faith. None, however, were permitted to partake of this soup till they had pub-licly attended the Protestant Church for three Sundays, and then they must take broth or soup publicly on Fri day—the one day it was ladded out to them. Those who consented to these them. Those who consented to these terms were rewarded with money or lands or both. Among the first to avail themselves of this offer was the brother in-law of Father Hegarty—Thomas Doherty, and his friends, and ever after they and their descendants were known as the "Friday Doherties."

From their readings in giving up the From their readiness in giving up the faith, Doherty and his sons became favorites of Colonel Vaughan, and as the sons were stout burly fellows, they became a kind of bodyguard to hin when he went into possession of the Castle came a kind of bedyguard to hin when he went into possession of the Castle of Buncrana, which, according to some, was built in 1713, or, according to others, a few years later. The result of this unhallowed friendship we shall see later on. When Colonel Vaughan made it known that, in addition to the government reward, he himself would give both lands and money to anyone who would betray Father Hegarty to him who would betray Father Hegarty to him the offer was too tempting to be resisted by Thomas Doherty and his sons. On their return home to Ballynary they talked freely over the matter; said as the reward was now so great there would be plenty to look for it, and the prest could not escape. Such being the case, they said they might as well have it as so ne other, and they determined to secure it. The poor wife and mother, having heard of their conspiracy, fell on her knees, and with streaming eyes begged them not to imbrue their hands in innocent imbrue their hands in innocent blood—in the blood of their own re-lative and God's anointed—but all in vain. She succeeded, however, in having word conveyed to her brother, who at once changed his hiding-place, and betook himself to that cave where he was afterwards betrayed, and where he

We said above that the act of registration of the parish priest had an object in view that the priests never anticipated. This became manifest in 1709, when the period of registration

expired. We come to see clearly the object of the registration of the clergy. It was not for the purpose of protecting them or giving them freedom in the exercise of their ministry, but of knowing for certain their whereabouts that they might at any moment be seized and obliged to deny their faith, or go to exile or death. It seemed a certain means of getting the country cleared of priests of every rank, for as parish priests were forbidden to have curates or assistants of any kind, when they priests were forbidden to have curates or assistants of any kind, when they would go, there would be no successors to take up their work, and the faith would then die out of sheer inantice. The seeming protection given by the Registration Act was merely the "protection that will was give to lamba". The seeming protection given by the Registration Act was merely the "protection that vultures give to lambs"—covering and devouring them. All the priests who had been registered in 1704 were now called upon to take the oath of abjuration, or abide the penalties. That oath was similar in its tenor to the Accession Oath still taken by the sovereign of these realms on coming to the Catholic faith had been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, M. D., visited the spot and, with a cocount, dug up the clay and brought a portion of it for analyzation to the College of Surgeons, Exinburgh, where Mr. O'Donnell was then studying.

The seeming protection given by the acceptance of the Catholic faith had been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, wie we feet the acceptance of the catholic faith had been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, wie we feet the pot and with a price of the catholic faith had been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, M. D., visited the spot and, with a price of the catholic faith had been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, M. D., visited the spot and, with a protein of it for analyzation to the catholic faith had been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, M. D., visited the spot and brought a protein faith and been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, M. D., visited the spot and brought a protein faith and been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, with a protein faith and been removed, two gentlemen, the Right Rev. Edward Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, Maginn, D. D., and Hugh O'Donnell, with a protein faith and been removed, and the protein faith and been removed.

the throne. In this same year had been passed an Act offering a bribe of £50 to anyon e who discovered and betrayed an Archbishop, Bishop, Vicar General, or other person exercising foreign ecclesiastical authority in this kingdom and siastical authority in this kingdom and what rendered this law particularly odious was that the bribe or reward thus offered was to be levied off the Catholic people alone. Now, since the Commons had declared that the prosecuting and informing against Punister secuting and informing against Papists was an honorable service," it is not strange that spies, informers, and priest hunters, became at once numer-

The priest hunter, had an infamous corps under his command, says Dean Cogan, designated priest hourds, whose duty was to track with the untiring duty was to track with the untilling and unrelenting scent of the blood hound, the fisures of the rock and of the caverns of the earth, where the poor, humble priest took refuge. Religion was now in a lamentable con dition. The wretched mud-wall, thatched chapels of which the Irish Catholics were then glad to have the use, were levelled or closed over the kingdom. In cities and towns the Catholic clergy were concealed in gar-rets or cellars, and in the country districts they were hid in unfrequent-ed caves, in the lonely woods, and in the ever-welcome homes of the poor Irish peasants. During these storms o pars oution the sacraments were dis-pensed in the dead of right, and during the week-days word would be sent round to the people where to meet their pastor on the following Sunday

morning.

It is not easy at this data to know whether there was any specific charge preferred against Father Hegarty, but it was enough that he had declined to take the oath of abjuration, as happily Doherty (the subsequent betrayer of the priest); her father gave a portion of his own farm as a dowry, and that of this marriage there were three sons born.

take the oath of abjuration, as happily the other priest had also done, and the other priest had also done, and this made him liable, as we have seen, to transportation in the first instance, and to death if he dared return again to the country. Besides, he was a dig-

nitary, being dean of the diocese, and we know that £50 was the reward for apprehending such as he. We are also to take into account that £50 at that than at present.

In an interesting little book, com-piled by the late Michael Harrin, of Cardonagh, published in Derry, in 1897, and entitled "Inishowen: Its History, Traditions, and Antiquities," an account is given of the scene and circumstances of the murder, which we have reason to believe is accurate, which, therefore, we have pleasure

in transcribing : In the village of Ballynary, about two miles northwest of Conerana, on the banks of the Swilly, is a sea cave which served as a hiding place for a humble and zealous priest of the name of O'Hegarty. From this wild seclu-sion he was accustomed to steal, under the shadow of night, to carry the minis-trations of his religion to the hearts of the faithful fisherman around the coast and the hardy mountaineer further inland. His retreat was unknown to all save his sister, who lived with her hand and fould fould in the contract of t her husband and family in the above named village. None of the family ever questioned her on the object of her journey, when she departed from her cottage in the grey dawn of each morning to carry him the provisions for the day. At last her husband sus-pecting her mission, was led by curiosity to watch her unseen, and so became acquainted with the hiding-place of her fugitive brother. This, once known, he had not the fidelity to once known, he had not the ductive weekep secret, for, tempted by the reward held out for such a discovery, he led a guard of soldiers from the garrison of Buncrana to apprehend the priest, his own brother-in aw in that lonely dwelling. Often did the poor wo-man return at morning from the entrance of the rude domicile charging her brother to be wary and endeavoring to cheer him with the hope that these ruthless times would pass away and be succeeded by others, when he could live in the habitations of men and go abroad in daylight in the service of His Divine Master. But the dawn was brightening; she might if she remained longer, be discovered, and her object at last suspected. She received the usual parting benediction and conmenced her toilsome ascent, when horror of horrors, there full before her, were the soldiers, descending by the same path to terminate that life she had so long and so anxiously labored to preserve. She called frantically to her brother that the guard was upon him. He rushed from the cave; above him were the soldiers, beneath the whole breadth of the deep-flowing Swilly, and deeming it the friendlier of the two. and putting his trust in God, he plunged

and putting his trustin God, he plunged into its depths with the bold, almost reckless, resolve of swimming to the opposite shore. The guard, seeing they were in danger of losing the object of their pursuit, or fearing that if they fired and killed him in the water they would have no evidence of the fast, called him to return and they would soare his life, but no dence of the fact, called him to return and they would spare his life, but no sconer had he gained the top of the precipice than they seized him, cat off his head, and buried his body on the spot where they had committed the deed. His poor sister, the informer's wife, seeing all that had been done, became a waying manica. Though features

became a raving maniac. Though feat of the soldiers' vengeance prevented the peasantry from marking his grave, yet was the memory of the place so engraven on their hearts and carefully transmitted from father to son, that the villager's children could at any the villager's children could at any time point out to the curious stranger that sad momento of the horrors of bygone days under the name of Hegarty's Rock. Long afterward, when civilization had made a proper impression on the governing classes, and when the disabilities imposed on the professors of the Catholic faith had been removed,

sovereign of these realms on coming to They afterwards raised a green mound on the spot, which now marks the place where the priest was interred.

We may add that the result of the analysis proved that human remains had been buried in the spot.

One statement in the foregoing narrative seems incorrect, viz., that the priest's sister, when she beheld the nurder of her brother, became a raving maniac. All the traditions in the locality testify the contrary. When she beheld the atrocious murder committed before her eyes, and saw that the band of soldiers was led by her own degenerate husband, she is said to have fallen on her bare knees and prayed to God that she might not die until she had seen vengence fall upon that husband and his sons. That prayer and imprecation, coming as it did from her broken heart, did not go unheard, for all three perpetrators of the crime met with a violent death.

A hundred years before the crime met.

romantic region had been overrun by the sleuth hounds of Chichester, who lacerated the entire peasantry, but now the bloodhounds of Anne sprang at the threats of the priests in par-ticular. They were to be exterminated and the method adopted for their extermination seemed, according to human calculation, absolutely certain of success. No curates were permitted nor assistants of any kind, therefore there would be no successors to the present parish priests. The parish priests had parish priests. The parish priests had been registered, and were consequently known, and by the Act of 1709 they were called on to take the oath of abju-ration—in other words to deny their faith, or else go into exile or suffer death. Under all these fiendish de-vices of our legislators nothing but a special mercy of God could have perpecial mercy of God count may say: "This is the victory that may say: "This is the victory that warrament the world, our faith." Bemay say: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." Between the Scylla and Charybdis was Father Hegarty placed. Had he taken the oath of abjuration, had he been recreant to his God and sworn that to be blagshemons and idolatrons which he

The second of th

knew to be sacred and divine, ther being dean of the diocese, and ow that £50 was the reward for one of the might have lived at ease and enjoyed the pension wrung from the poverty of his down trodden fellow Catholics. But he nobly spurned the piece, the perfering to be ranked among the white-terming to be ranked among the white-

and encouraged them to cling closer to the Rock of Ages.—Bishop J. K. Doherty, in Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

THE WOMAN AND THE DEVIL.

Once upon a time the devil whispered into the ear of a young girl and what he said was, "You are very fair." But she tossed back her sunny curls, and smiled carelessly, as who would say

"Beauty is my birthright; I need give it no thought."

After a few years the tempter came again, and listening to her sweet voice uplifted in song, he applaused raptur ously. He touched her white fingers as they compelled divine harmonies from the ivory keys or wrought colormarvels upon canvas, and he said, "You have rare gifts."

But she brushed him aside, and said, "If I have, I thank God!" it no thought.

If I have, I thank God! Then the devil assumed his favorite guise of tawny Fortune and he mur

mured: "Darling of the world, you are beautiful, gitted, charming. You have the refined tastes of a connoisseur—extravagant tastes. Why not gratify your self and a world that waits to adore you? Here is one who will help you to supremacy. He admires you; admire his money. Why need you trouble yourself about his character? Once his wife, you may have distintrouble yourself about his character?
Once his wife, you may have distinguished social position, a fine establishment, foreign travel, the gratification of every artistic longing—"
But she interrupted him disdainfully.
"All these are too cheap to purchase my soul," she said. "I cannot be bought."

By and by the Enemy threw a mighty temptation in her way and eagerly watched her struggling with the great est force of her life. When her passionate heart leaped high in rebellion against an inexorable decree, the Devil came to her and said softly. "You love?" and sobbing, she answered, "I

Then the Devil chuckled, for he felt almost sure of her now. Bending to her ear once more he whispered, "He loves you!" The sudden glow of joy in her face delighted the Arch-Fiend, and in his exultation he made a diabolical error. "Yes, he loves you, he loves you." he repeated bolical error. "Yes, he loves you, he loves you, he loves you!" he repeated again and again, calling the lightning flash of joy into her tear-bright eyes; "he loves you; he would sacrifice his soul for you!"

The woman regained her command as the Devil blundered in his triumph the Devil blundered in his trumplin;
"He would sacrifice his soul for me?"
she repeated. "Oh, no, no, no, no!
he shall not—I love him too well for
that!" Tearing the thought of the
forbidden one from her and trampling ner sharpest feelings under her tender ner snarpost teerings detect her tender little feet, she arose and stood erect, pale, pure snd strong, so that the Devil defeated and ashamed was forced

to slink away.

The thought of her victory annoyed the Fiend; he determined to assail her again. In the meantime he had plenty work to do; there were many to of work to do; there were man, to be tempted in the temptations she had so heroically resisted. So it happened that long years passed before he troubled her anew, and when he re-turned he found her greatly altered. Her luxuriantly flowing golden hair had grown gray and scant: her once satiny fairness was creped with wrinkles; he lissome grace had stiffened to angular-ity: there was a suspicion of primness in her thin lips and drooping eyes.

works, and the world approved her sacrifices.

The Devil hid himself in her thin shadow, and followed her watchfully. He saw that her face glad whenever some plausible beneficiary called blessings upon her head and that she seemed that ill release to the part of such great numbers of Protest ants is a benefit to us, because the work of conversion can be prosecuted with more fruit among those who have lost, than among those who retain, their ancient convictions. This onlines the conversion can be prosecuted with more fruit among those who retain, their ancient convictions. This onlines have the loss of their ancestral faith on the part of such great numbers of Protest ants is a benefit to us, because the work of conversion can be prosecuted with more fruit among those who retain, their ancient convictions. ings upon her head and that she seemed but ill-pleased when free souled sin-cerity offered brief-worded thanks for her favors. The Fiend exulted; he

had her measure new.
So he slid beside her and said, "You are a heroine; who but you could have overcome temptations so nobly?" She overcome temptations so nonly repaised and echoing the suggestion, flushed with pride in self. And the Devil, noting the success of his insinuation, went on: "Who is so good as you? Who so charitable, so pious, so

gentle?"
The woman's face looked almost girl ishly reseate again in its complacent irradiation. "Many people are heed-less and ungrateful," continued the Tempter, and she nodded in confirma-"Your heroic sacrifices not been appreciated at their just value; sometimes your best intentions are misunderstood. But you, you can afford to overlook ingratitude or indifference, for selfish as the world is, it recognizes your benevolence; it loves you living it will honor you dead."

The woman bowed reverently to her wn image thus conjured and the old

Davil smiled. "O sinless one," continued the All-Sinful, "high will be your place in heaven, radiant the halo encircling your head! You conquered the temp tations of your youth; in your age your hands are filled with deeds of mercy. Mighty should be your reward, for your virtues are so many and so uni-form that no one living can judge where-

in you excel!"
"But I can judge for myself," she said, proudly. "I know that my great

said, proudly. "I know that my great est virtue is humility."
"True," assented the False One, gloating in her arrogance. "In all else you are merely the best of good women, but in your humility you are a sairt."
Then the woman, falling upon her

the Scylla and Charybdis was Hegarty placed. Had he taken hof abjuration, had he been reto his God and sworn that to be mous and idolatrous which he

robed band described by St. John. That Father Hegarty died for his faith and for his fidelity to the duties of his sacred calling there is not the shadow of a doubt, and it was the death of martyrs such as he that strengthened the faith of the people and except age.

What is meant by

Irish Monthly.

PROTESTANTISM AND AGNOSTI-

It would be a mere truism to remark

ance of a formidable adversary. We have heard, too, Catholics say that the loss of their ancestral faith on the

seems to be the result of a too super ficial outlook; and the triumph of

rationalism, or agnosticism, over Protestant Christianity ought not to be a

cause of satisfaction to any Christian.

No doubt, to win an earnest, religious soul, that has no axed belief beyond a

love of Christ may be an easier task than would be the conversion of the

same soul if it cherished the picture of

the Master as refracted through Luth eranism or Presbyterianism.

the unity of Christendom is once more

to return—and to doubt such a consum-mation is to have 'little confidence in

the conquering power of Christ's Church—one can scarcely believe that,

short of some new Pentecostal out-pour

ing on the clergy in every land, reunion

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Rev. James J. Fox

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saved herself from vanity and avarice and forbidden love, only to 1083 her soul at last in the baser idolatry of Self-Righteousness. — Honor Walsh in passion was a cold ember; who had

MONTREAL

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that one of the most striking movements in the religious world for the last twenty or thirty years, is the rapid process of disintegration that the rapid process of the rapid process of the rapid process of disintegration that the rapid process of t has been going on in degmatic belief among Protestant denominations, threatening the total extinction of all

For terms and other information apply to

historic confessions among them. Rankling memories of the long con-flict of three hundred years that Pro-The President, 68 Drummond St., testantism has waged against us, might naturally beget a frame of mind that finds satisfaction in the disappear-MONTREAL

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gie.
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pe so. A saint is one who loves
e than anything," said Edith.
's very brave!"
remember the day I gave you
fpenny? Well, I had to eat
'tor cinner as a punishment,'
't you like cabbage?"
to it; but I ate it all up, and
or another helping, Like St.
e." e."
ver heard of St. Laurence eat-bage!" exclaimed Edith, much exactly cabbage," Maggie exwas roasted on e he said, "Turn me on the

it was just like him!" cried d; she recognized the martyr ie was often at the Castle now, netimes "Spark" accompanied dith had long since learned not