"Sure if its His will that we should

lived and died here and I think we can manage to do the same. " The ceath of their little Brideen was

The ceath of their little Brideen was a sore loss to them, and strive as they might they could not shake off the loneliness that hung about the hearthstone. Sometimes they would speak of her together and Maurice would tell of her cute baby ways until Kitty had a good cry, and then the worthy couple would childe themselves for flying in the face of God.

the face of God.

Their lives ran on quietly in this manner until the morning on which Maurice discovered the chubby boy in the haystack. Then all changed. They decided to name him Joseph, and to place him under the protection of the good Saint, who so faithfully watched over that little Babe who lay in the

Everyone in the fishing village took

au interest in the lad, and the girls and boys would call daily at the cabin to see how he was growing. Good Father Doyle, the great hearted, whole solled pastor of Dingle parish, took a serial wide in little Joseph.

souled pastor of Dings pattern, special pride in little Joseph.
"You must train him right, Maurice," he would say, "and maybe some day he will be another champion of Erin's

woes."
"Thrue for you, Father," Maurice
would reply, "but I would rather see
him a plain Soggarth like yourself
than an O'Connell."

than an O'Connell."
Joseph grew up a fine, healthy boy, and by the time he reached his twelfth year was remarked for his piety and devotion. His foster parents, with the aid of good Father Doyle, sent him to school regularly, and taught him his

school regularly, and taught him his prayers and catechism. He was very

often, and say: "Poor lad, he has bue blood in his veins, if any one ever had. He came of a good family, whoever they

year he startled Kitty one day by say-

Simple-hearted Kitty burst into tears

Simple-hearted kitty burst into tears at the news, and taking him in her arms cried: "God bless you, Alanna, we will speak to Father Doyle about it. Sure we have no means to eddicate to the weak of the way."

you, an' it takes money to go to May-

Maynooth."

When he reached his fifteenth

be poor," Kit y would observe, "we must bear it. Maybe if we had riches

however, returned dden force of female dresses in There was a pause of nen they approached ond could hear some of encouragement, t sigh. The door at two ladies entered. strong enough to en-istinguish the counas perfectly as he d; but he had not d; but he nad not ecognising the sweet-ion of Emily Bury, s to act the stoic, he he winning kindness when she walked to-ld out her hand with

gladness. There are e world whose whole s to be composed of ad wishes of benevo-nappiness is made up they are able to con-cted back upon their r very manner informs y them—their smiles kind for mere acting tone of their voice ere turned to please country in the world erous natures of this than in Ireland, and and could one indivire highly gifted with Hunter. Hamond felt within him when she h he saw was not as-

sent life.
ot be so selfish, Mr. she, turning towards as to gratify my own ours remains yet uner time you shall tell Martha, all that has since our last meeting. d, Miss O'Brien, who u that you are more You have seen the lady distance, she tells me low voice to her fair it her hand grow cold thin her grasp—"For will you not be firm all that depends upon

to Miss O'Brien. "I frequently mentioned was most honorable to was most honorable to believe I can guess at which Mrs. Hunter ervant was enthusiastic occasion."
¡uite a little warrior,

Hunter, "but aproposink I hear one of my ating his drum a note readow. My absence me from some degree of ng. Make acquaintance you can, for I can tell id, this lady is worth Courage, "she again e, to Miss O'Brien, as "Was not that well will take care that norb you, or remain with-

ome embarrassment to gentleman took place it the room. The former ceasion into something weakness, assumed, in a n easy and natural car-mond, remembering his returned once more to Mr. Hunter, has made elieve, of the occasion me to request the favour w, "said Miss O'Brien,

red you in some degree t have been a painful know Miss O'Brien vere the friend of Lady ontinent?

t call her by that name."
ien. "She had reason
it herself—and in my t is an ungrateful sound. her as Emily Bury, for le she bore that name er esteen or love her." ere her friend long aftertand.

s, and that women should ads. This has become

ads. This has become known custom that even took for it. It keeps up petual adoration of the ment. Not long ago, a l of men on their way used the Boston Catheter was reased. The

illing .- St. Xavier Cal-

hat was raised.

E CONTINUED.

onored Custom. tell you that men and before a church should

When Sunday arrived the chapel was crowded, the peasantry coming from miles around to receive the blessing of the young Levite whose his tory was known to all. Father Doyle had the chapel beautifully decorated with flowers, and after Mass tendered a dinner to Father Joseph, Maurice,

their friends.

The day of Joseph's ordination was a

the following Sunday when the young priest would be amongst them offering up the Holy Sacrifice in the little

kitty and the visiting priests.

Mr. and Mrs. Moloney shed happy tears when their son, in acknowledging the kindness of the aged pastor, paid a she kindness of the aged pastor, paid a she kindness of the aged pastor, paid tribute to the sacrifices and devotion of the poor Irish couple, whom he knew as

iather and mother.
"He received his first inspiration from their holy lives," he said, "and he prayed that God would reward them two fold for their kindness to him." He knew it would cost him a struggle and bring pain to their loving hearts when they heard his intention: he had volunteered for the White Mission in

Africa. The sorrow to Maurice and Kitty was a heavy one when the day arrived for the sailing of their foster son. Long and fervently they prayed for strength to bear the parting, and the goodness of Father Joseph, who visited them in the cabin and prayed with them, helped them to bear up in their trouble.

Surely, God only loaned him to us, wailed Kitty, "an' it is but right that we give him back to Him. I do not begradge him to God, but I feel lonely at the extrem."

ers, n Ding.e, theirs was a hard strug-gle, but they were a religious couple and trusted in God to better their con-Father Doyle, and that good man would go to the cabin of the Moloney's evening after evening to chat about his

"I always told you there was good in his face," he remarked one evening after reading an unusually lengthy we would have poor health, an' that would be a bigger loss." letter, in which Father Joseph gave a glowing account of life among the negroes. "He had the look of it. He has good friends somewhere, Maurice. Blood tells every time." would be a bigger ioss.

'Thrue for you, Kitty,'' Maurice would reply. 'Our fathers before us lived and died here and I think we can Blood tells every time.'

"As I used to tell Kitty here," spoke Maurice: "he was marked for God's service. He was always good an"

brought light to our cabin."
"Yes," tearfully assented Kitty, "Yes," tearfully assented Kitty, an' the light went out when he left. would not feel so lonely like if he were anywhere else but among the black naygurs. Sure the black devils are no company for Joseph."

"Hush, Kitty," said Father Doyle,

"all men are equal in the sight of God, and a black man's soul is as white as an Irishman's.'

In this way Father Joseph would be discussed by his friends, until one even ing, late in November, Father Doyle was noticed by Kitty walking slowly

was noticed by Kitty walking slowly down the road.

"Maurice," said the good woman, "run an' open the gate, quick. Father Doyle is coming down the lane, an' he looks as if he was in trouble."

"That's you! Woman alive, but you are always borrowing the black news," snapped Maurice.

As Kitty felt, the sorrowful news came—news that crushed them both and made Father Doyle cry like a child, as he read how Father Joseph had given up his young life, as hunhad given up his young life, as hun-dreds of other priests had, ministering

to the natives of Africa.
"He succumbed to the fever," wrote Father Doucet, the superior, "and we all mourn him deeply. He was the 'St. Anthony' of our band, faithful, patient and saintly. He labored for the blacks as he would for a brother. He bade me as a last request to write to you, Father Doyle, and to his parents, and to tell you he remembered you all daily in the Holy Sacrifice, and, dying, he prayed that God would watch over you prayers and cateenism. He was very fair looking, and there was an unmis-takable refinement about him which caused Father Doyle to shake his head all until some day you met in heaven. Two months before, while returning from a our of the missions farther up, he came to a convent, and there met a saintly nun, Sister Marie. Something drew his attention to her face (for he sel may be.
From the day of his discovery by
Maurice, nothing was heard of the relatives of the lad, and he grew up, knowing no other parents than the kindly dom spoke) to strangers and a resemblance to some one, somewhere whom he felt he knew, seemed to strike him. In general conversation he learned that the Sister had arrived at ing he would like to become a priest—that he wanted to go to college and study like Father Doyle, and help the

the White Mission from Ireland ten years before, shortly after her profession, and had been educated by the Sisters twenty miles from Dingle. Further conversation elicted the facts that her father, a British army officer, with his wife and one child had been with his wife and one child had been killed in the big windstorm which swept over the country and a little brother disappeared never to be heard from. She was adopted by the Sisters and spent her life with them, always

Maurice was fervently grateful when he heard what was in the bouchal's mind, and after supper hurried to the rectory to tell the good news to his and spent her life with them, aways praying for a reunion with her brother. "The meeting of brother and sister was a pathetic one," wrote the superior, "and a change came over Father are extatic." pastor.
"I have been watching the lad, crrefully, Maurice," said that good man, and I think he has a vocation. I will take charge of him myself, and I am sure there will be no brighter lad in all Maynorth." oseph. He moved as in an ecstation Joseph. He moved as in an ecstatic dream, always praying, always thanking God for His goodness to him. His sole thoughts were of the parents away back home in Ireland, and he intended writing and telling them of his meeting with Sister Marie, but was stricken with the fever on his return to the mission seph was sent to college, and as

Joseph was sent to college, and as Father Doyle predicted, made rapid progress in his studies. More and more he grew deeply religious, and when the year of his ordination came round, he was often styled "another St. Anthony" by his classmates.

He visited his foster-parents every summer, and wrote to them regularly while away. His letters were beautiful in their expressions of gratitude to the devoted couple, to whom, he said, he owed his great happiness. With proud hearts Manrice and his good sion.
"He is buried by the side of our other martyrs," concluded the letter, "and I only hope that when our time comes we will be as worthy of heaven

as he."

"I only hope so," sobbed Maurice.

"My poor, poor boy!"

"May God grant him a place in heaven this night," wailed Kitty, "and may we prove ourselves worthy of his prayers."

"Amen," sobbed Father Doyle.—
Josephine B. Sullivan, in the Chicago New World. he owed his great happiness. With proud hearts Maurice and his good wife would pass the letters to their neighbors, and those who were able to read did so and told the contents to

New World.

THE TWO BANQUETS.

happy one for Maurice and Kitty, and early in the morning they attended Mass in the village chapel to pray for the intention of their boy. On their way home they were congratulated by their friends, and all looked forward to the following Sunday when the young ONE PREPARED BY GCD AND ONE FUR-NISHED BY MEN.

(The following address on the Eu-charist and Civilization was delivered at the Eucharistic Congress, held at Rome, by M. Godefroid Kurth, a distinguished professor of the University of Liege, whose monumental work of "The Source of Modern Civilization" is one of the masterpieces of contemporary literature. We commend Professor Kurth's address to our readers.

Ed. F. J.)
Praised be Jesus Christ! This for-Praised be Jesus Christi This formula so ancient and so redolent of Catholic love wells up from my heart to my lips to greet this vast and im posing assembly. It sums up in four words our faith, our hope and our love. Creation has no other end than to glorify that name at the mention of glorify that name at the mention of which every knee bends in Heaven, on earth and under the earth. Praised be Jesus Christ for having created us and for having redeemed, us, let Him be Jesus Christ for having created us and for having redeemed us; let Him be praised for bringing us together in one family under the authority of His Vicar; let Him be praised for having prepared for us the Eucharistic feast and for having invited us all, without expension to His divine banquet.

exception, to His divine banquet. When the imagination would crystal-When the imagination would erystardlize in a single figure of speech an idea of all the pleasures and joys of life it expresses it under the form of a banquet—the banquet of life. How fascinating and attractive becomes this word when employed by the poets or when used in the writings of moralists. It evokes the thought of a father of a It evokes the thought of a lather of a family beneficently lavishing unstinted hospitality upon his guests as if they were members of his own household. We picture to ourselves a table abundantly entire the holica food supplied with chains food supplied. dantly supplied with choice food which nourishes and strengthens all who par-take of it. We see the manifestations said Maurice, wiping a tear on the corner of his coatsleeve, "but we have no right to complain at all, at all. Sure, the Lord lendeth, an' the Lord taketh. We must be obedient to His will."
Regularly the lonely couple heard from the young missionary for the next five years. His letters were sent to

amongst them the riches of its horn of plenty. Thus viewed civilization's banquet is a symbol of the Eucha istic banquet, just as throughout all creation things in the natural order are symbols of things in the supernatural order.

of things in the supernatural order.
But, alas! How poignant the contrast between the symbol and the reality; between civilization's bacquet, which is the work of men, and the Eucharistic banquet, which is the work of God. The banquet set forth by civilization is in no sense

closely packed together, hasten to devour in a ravenous manner the precarious share that falls to their lot, for the Pagans themselves do not exhibit, which they have often to fight. How many, too, have to feed themselves on the crumbs that fall from the table, whilst article that fact and yet we refuse to abate a that fact and yet we refuse to abate a

with his brush and which the novelist, Sienkiewicz, has described for us with his pen. Joy does not reign at it. The fames of drankenness and the false those who angrily cry out: "We do not want His Kingdom to rule over The fames of drangenness and the laise smile of voluptuousness impart an appearance of joy. But the transition from pleasure to satiety and from satiety to disgust in short. Soon there will be need of detending with arms in hand this gloomy happiness, for here is the ourush of the famished come to A desperate combat rages between the overled and the starving around the well-piled banquet table. They call this "the struggle for existence." It is a term thoroughly characteristic of a registy, which recognizing not the law. break in the doors of the banquet hall. society, which recognizing not the law of God, regards existence as the weak prey of the stronger and more fortu nate. Lean over this cavern of human happiness and you will hear issuing from it, as in a vision of Dante Alghieri curses, blasphemies, cries of pain and despair commingled with the noise of

men fighting one another.
Far different is the Eucharistic ban-Far different is the Eucharistic ban-quet. All men are invited to it. Each one has his place at the table and his share in the feast. At that table, all are equal. It is only there that the word, equality, which at all times has been the rallying cry of all sorts of persecutors and the pretext for all sorts of oppression, is not sacrilegiously profaned. At the Communion rail human equality is enthroned. A pure and heavenly joy reigns at the table of the Lamb and is reflected in the countries. tenances of all the guests.

tenances of all the guests.

A supernatural brotherhood unites in the common love of the same Father all the children of the family and finds expression in the sweet word communion which designates at one and the same time the act of which we participate in the banquet, and the bond of union the banquet establishes between the guests. All are satisfied; all are strengthened by the divine nourishment which is the course of others. strengthened by the divine nourishment which is the source of eternal life. At this table at which joy reigns you hear the canticle of praise to the spouse. It is the triumphal chant of the divine wedding intoned by all the guests. It mounts heavenward as the prest and awastest note the as the purest and sweetest note the voice of man can waft to Paradise: Praised be Jesus Christ in the Holy

Such is the banquet furnished by men: and such the banquet prepared by God. The one in a riotous and Sacrament of the altar! by God. The one in a riotous and noisy feast incessantly consumes the resources and the wealth that have been accumulated by the toil of generations; the other by an unceasing miracle daily renews the sum total of the virtues and of the moral energies that produce its wealth.

There is a striking phenomenon, the most impressive in the history of humanity during the last two thousand years, which I shall call the maintenance of the equilibrium in the moral

ance of the equilibrium in the mora life of humanity. All commonwealths have at their disposal only a limited have at their disposal only a limited amount of resources in the moral order and they perish when these resources are exhausted. Like the immense reservoirs which furnish great cities with a supply of water, modern civilization daily suffers a loss which impoverishes it and its reservoir soon would be exhausted if from Heaven there did not flow into it springs which bring to it their contingent of abundant and limpid waters. Thus from the Eucharist there descends upon our dant and limpid waters. Thus from the Eucharist there descends upon our civilization supernatural help which keeps it at its normal level.

Unbelievers have no idea of these divine harmonies. The marvelous heights to which the word has been uplifted by to which the word has been do not the the supernatural operation of the Eucharist is, according to them, the natural result of the innate forces of humanity! All this progress has been the manity of the innate forces of humanity! All this progress has been the mount of the moun natural result of the innate forces of humanity! All this progress has been brought about solely and necessarily by a something which they do not understand, but which seems comprehensible to them when they bestow upon it the name of evolution. The social miracles wrought under their very eyes are due, they say, to the inherent virtues of human nature. As for the virtues the Church has invested with a religious character, all that will with a religious character, all that will be necessary to do will be to deprive them of that character, to debaptize them, to laicise them. Charity will be known as altruism and will continue to do in the name of men what it formerly did in the name of God; men will refuse to believe in a common father, and yet they will remain brothers; they will no longer recognize a Divine Legislator, but will go on obeying His

They assure us that the principles of

air, but it is there in the same way th delicate perfumes are that you breathe and know not whence they come. When the day shall have arrived when When the day shall have arrived when the divine aroma will have been extracted, vainly will you expind your lungs to take in the sweet breath of the spring. It will no longer bring to you its delicious scent. You will breath only the odor of decay.

Thus overflowing from the Eucharis the hangest the moral energies in all

Eucharistic banquet, which is the work of God. The banquet set forth by civilization is in no sense a true feast of hunanity. All are not admitted to it, and amongst those for whom that privilege has been reserved what inequality prevails in respect to their places at the table and the distribution of the good things of the banquet. The table itself is so mall that there is room at it only for a limited number of the guests, some of whom seated at their ease help themselves to the best dishes and indulge in uproarious mirth, whilst the greater number, closely packed together, hasten to deven the distribution of the greater number, or losely packed together, hasten to deven the first the comment of the skeptically inclined who ask us, do you see the series of the sease help themselves to the best dishes and indulge in uproarious mirth, whilst the greater number, closely packed together, hasten to deven the first the dear of the difference existing between the two banquets and in the modeling of the one which is the work of God. Utopia The wise ones will cry out: Perfection is not to be had in this world. Nevertheless, have we not been told "be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect?" An idle dream! Is the comment of the skeptically inclined who ask us, do you the crumbs that fall from the table, whilst outside there is an immense crowd eager to force its way into the banquet hall whilst casting angry and covetous looks upon the splendor of the gorgeous feast. This is not a feast. It is rather an orry like Nero's banquets which the painter, Couture, has portrayed for us with his brush and which the novelist, Sienklewicz, hear adactived for us with those who angrily cry out: "We do not want His Kingdom to rule over us," we with calm firmness reply: We will it that it should rule over you and

over us. What is there then to justify our hopes? With what lever do we purpose to uplift the world? Taere was a time when there rose up before Roman sostrongly to noble souls that for them it became the most powerful motive for embracing the faith of Jesus Christ. embracing the faith of Jesus Christ. That time is far removed from us. To many the austere and mortified life of the Christian who denies himself indulgences in carnal pleasures seems to belong to a period that has passed out of history for all time. Such a life, so far from being attractive, is a veritable scarecrow to more than one. Yet I am convinced that a day will come when society aroused from its drunken slumbers will put in the place of honor the society aroused from its drunken slum-bers will put in the place of honor the Christian principles of moral perfection tounded on the spirit of self sacrifice and of poverty. That day has not yet arrived. On the contrary, look where we may, we see crowds rushing after pleasure with a frenzied madness that has never been surpassed.

There was another period in history,

less renote from us than the Roman, when the Church stirred the civilized when the Church stirred the civilized world to its depths by appealing to the sentiment of human brotherhood. When our ancestors were told that Christians like themselves were persecuted in a corpor of the world for secuted in a corner of the world for Christ's sake the swords leaped from the scabbards and the West flung itself upon the Holy Land, both to avenge their oppressed brothers and to vindicate the honor of the Christian name that had been outraged. That time also has passed. Europe occupied with its trade and colonial interests and taken up with questions that beget national jealousies has lost all conception of its duty towards other members of the human family. Hundreds of thousands of Christians have been slaughtered under our very eyes with unheard of refinements of cruelty and not a single European power has lifted Christ's sake the swords leaped from unheard of refinements of cruelty and not a single European power has lifted a finger to stay the arm of the assassin when the lifting of a finger would have been sufficient. Such are the depths of commercial selfishness and indifference to which the society has sunk that

was before. That sentiment concerns itself with the need of bringing about greater justice in social relations, of a more equitable distribution of the benefits of civilization, and of establishing closer fraternal relations between the different classes of society. The modern world is not indifferent to the sufferings of the disinherited steeped in appreciated misery: it. moreover, ocunmerited misery; it, moreover, oc-cupies itself with devising ways and means of relieving this suffering, and in so doing it, all unknown to itself, comes in to touch with the Gospel. For comes in to touch with the Gospel. For irom the Gospel, as fron a divine source, flows that broad and deep stream of compassion which will never cease fertilizing the aridity of our so cial life. Whenever men are inspired with a sense of social justice and of the protherhood of man they unconsciously life of a workingman, willed to die the

death of a slave. The teachings of the Church, which she has transmitted down through the ages from the promulgation of the Gospel to the issuing of the Encyclical Rerum Novarum on the labor question, will then find in the twentieth century a fortile soil which will yield a hundred. a fertile soil which will yield a hundred fold. Here is where the Christian of to day should find a field for social to day should find a field for social endeavor. To us belongs the guidance of a movement which must lead inevitably to the glorification of the Gospel and which the enemy of mankind would like to control in order to switch it off into the abyss. This guidance belongs to us as a family inheritance for the humble and the lowly were always the favorites of the Church; it belongs to us because we alone have a full realizaus because we alone have a full realiza-tion of the extent and the limits of the morality will continue to shape public tion of the extent and the limits of the life as well as the lives of individuals because morality is in the air we breathe and constitutes a part of our atmosphere. Yes, morality is in the breathe and constitutes a part of our the movement; it belongs to us because

How Big Is Two Cents?

The average consumption of flour, per year, by each person in Canada, is about one barrel (196 lbs.).

Suppose you use an inferior flour at a saving of say 75 cents over the cost of a barrel of Royal Household Flour, that is just 61/2 cents a month —less than two cents per week.

But an inferior flour can yield only a portion of the nutriment you get out of "Royal Household" because cheap flours are poorly milled, contain a greater proportion of bran and shorts -the granules are not uniform-the bread is heavy—the texture is coarse —the flavor is tasteless or poor—the nutriment is not in it.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR, being perfectly milled, is uniform in texture—makes bread that is light and waferlike-white as snow-finely flavored—highest in nutriment

"Royal Household" is electrically purified and sterilized—backed up and guaranteed by its makers' reputation.

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

we alone have a programme worthy of humanity, an ideal in which the aspirations of all men can commingle. Beside the iniquitous table around which the orgy of a materialized civilization is in full swing we wish to place the com-munion table where all mankind filled with jvy may sit and where there will be fulfilled literally, as well as figuratively, these prophetic words of the Holy Scriptures: the poor shall eat and they shall be divinely satiated.—

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. LACK OF GOOD WILL.

It is precisely by this lack of good will that pagan goodness begins to differ from Christian. It is all very well to observe one's duties toward men, but how deplorably defective men, but now deplorably detected the reason which accepts such duties and yet refuses to admit any sense of duty towards God? Veracity, truthfulness, sobriety, kindliness, self-restraint in dealing with others are very meritial to the straint of the services. But if the modern world, taken as a whole, is insensible to the beauties of the law of moral perfection, and if it is no longer touched by the sufferings of the Christians in the East, there is, on the other hand, a sentiment to which it is more responsive to-day than it ever was before. That sentiment concerns greater justice aif by the aid of the supernatural power of divine grace. To speak the truth is a natural virtue, and so it is to be honest, reverent, and chaste. The natural law enjoins all these things, and their observance redounds to our advantage in every so, many ways. Edvantage in ever so many ways.
The Christian law enjoins them also, at the same time that it enlightens us to know the perfection of these observto know the perfection of these coservances and strengthens our wills to keep them with ease and constancy, even when they are most difficult. To the motive of duty it superadds the motive of love of God; for the abstract ideal it substitutes the personal model, Christ; over and above the human and external incentives to virtue it supplies through the Sacraments the very life and vigor of soul needed to persevere in its fulfilment.

Educational.

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED,

We teach full COMMERCIAL course. As well as full SHORTHAND course. Full CIVIL SERVICE course, Full TELEGRAPHY course, OUR GRADUATES IN EVERY DEPART

MENT ARE TO DAY FILLING THE BEST POSITIONS.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN ONT., CANADA. (G. TIR.) nmercial Course with Business College

features.

High School or Academic Course — Prepara tion for Professional Studies.

College or Arts Course — Preparation; to Degrees and Seminaries.

Board and Tuttion per Annum, \$140.00.

For Catalogue Address—

REV. JOHN FEHRENBACH, C. R., Pres.

MONTREAL

An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

Schools re open on September 6th.

For terms and other information apply to The President, 68 Drummond St, MONTREAL

TELEGRAPHY COURSE.

Susiness ofegs

ets — Telegraphy, Typewriting, Spelling, Penmanship, and Letter writing.

First class equipment of standard telegraphy instruments.

Five thousand additional operators will be needed in the next three years and very few are learning it. Now is the opportunity to learn.

Full particulars sent to any address free. C. A. Fleming, Principal. Owen Sound, Ont.

Assumption College, SANDWICH, ONT.

BANDWICH, ONT.

THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASS:
I ICAL and Commercial Courses. Terms
including all ordinary expenses. \$150 per agnum. For full particulars apply to
REV. D. CUSHING, C. S. B.



Western Ontario. There is no better in Canada. Enter now if possible. Catalogue free.

ELLIOTT & McLACHLAN, Principals.

Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion

By REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J. Author of "Lectures on Moral Principles and Medical Practice" and text books on Logic and Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy, Oratory and

Rhetoric. THIRD EDITION Price \$1.28 post-paid

Catholic Record Office, London, Canada

ay after the big wind, the orm, which brought such Ireland, that plain and en Maurice Maloney oy wedged in beside the

HER JOSEPH.

ing soundly. abby, blue-eyed lad, rich-d when lifted out of his y stout-armed Maurice, Maurice carried , to his wife Kitty, and see if there wer clothing by which they lew as to whose babe he as none. ish couple never had but

ir haired little girl, and on from them when she hird year. They looked vaif, looked at each other, e to Kitty's eyes when flaurice, it is God's will: im. doney and his wife had little cabin, eking out a stence for many years.

d to pay the rent, and t all. Like all poor farm-