

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

"One day," said a priest whose labors covered a period of more than forty years, "I observed a strange little lamb among my flock when I came to hear the catechism. He was not entirely unknown to me, however; I recognized him as the son of a neighboring politician—a man noted for his violent and extravagant opinions, famous as a club orator, a denouncer of priests and so on. When I had finished with my class I went over to the child, sitting alone on one of the back benches. He arose politely with cap in hand, his eyes looked sad, his cheeks pale, his clothes though of good quality and well-made were put on carelessly and were very much soiled. One could see at once that this poor child lacked a mother's care."

"You go to school?" I inquired.

"Yes, Father, I do."

"But not to the Sisters?"

"No, Father. Papa does not like the Sisters or the Brothers."

"You have come here, I suppose, to learn something of your religion."

The child looked at me as though not exactly understanding.

"You wish to hear about the good God?"

He made a gesture of indifference.

"Why then do you come here?" I asked.

"If you are not desirous of learning something of God and His Holy Mother—the Blessed Virgin?"

Suddenly his face became animated—the dead eyes sparkled.

"Yes, Father," he said almost in a whisper. "Some one told me that the catechism children all had a mother—the Holy Virgin. That whether they had one at home or not, it made no difference, they would find one here. I was glad when I heard that, and so I came. Two large tears rolled down his cheeks as he added:

"Oh, Father, I need a mother so very, very much."

The cry of that sorrowful young heart touched me deeply. "Wait till the other children have been dismissed and then I will speak with you again," I said. When they had gone I returned to the little stranger.

"Come," I said, "I am going to take you to your mother." He gazed at me again as though not comprehending.

"To her," I continued, "who will take the place of your mother." I conducted him to the chapel which the children of Mary had but that morning adorned for the feast of her Nativity. When the boy raised his eyes to the beautiful white marble statue crowned by a diadem of gold, and standing in the midst of the loveliest offerings of the faithful he exclaimed:

"Oh, how grand! how beautiful! Do you think she will really take me for her little boy? She has one already in her arms—a dear little baby! Perhaps she does not need me; but oh, I have so longed for a mother, and now that I am ill, I want one more than ever."

"You are ill, then?" I said.

"I remarked that your face was very pale."

"Oh, yes, I am ill," he replied. "I have something here in my side which hurts me very much. The doctor says I must not go to school any more."

"How old are you?" I inquired.

"I am nearly nine," he said.

"And you can read?"

"Oh, yes, I can read very well. I have gone to school since I was five. Papa thought it was better, so I should not be so lonely at home. The cook told me that if papa would only let me come here I should find a kind mother. So I ran away this afternoon and came here."

"My child," I said, "you should not have done that, your father may be displeased."

"If you think so, I shall not tell him. He might not let me come again."

"Oh no, you must not do that. It would not be right to deceive him. Tell him that you have been here, and before you go I will give you a little catechism, and a lesson to study. If you wish the Holy Virgin to be your mother you must learn all about her and the Infant Jesus."

"Who is the Infant Jesus?" he asked.

"The Child you see in her arms. He is God."

"Oh well, give me the book, if you please, and I will learn it."

I gave him the catechism. He came back next day. His father was away from home he said; he had not been able to tell him. He knew the three questions I had given him to learn very well. The next day I gave him four more. On the following afternoon he did not come. Every time I had seen him he appeared paler, more exhausted, and had a perceptible difficulty in breathing. So a week passed and he came no more. At the risk of incurring the displeasure of his father, I resolved to pay a visit to my little friend, who, I felt certain, must be ill.

The servant ushered me into his room immediately. He was lying on a couch near the open window, looking very ill.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, Father," he said, extending both his thin little hands. His catechism was lying on the pillow beside him. "Now you can hear my lesson," he said. "I have taken a new one every day, and papa has helped me with it."

"Is it possible, dear child?" I said.

"How did that happen?"

"I am so weak you know, I can hardly see any more. The day before yesterday I could not read at all. And then papa came home and I told him about it. He was not cross at all. He said he wanted to do everything that pleased me, and I told him you said that if I wanted to have the Blessed Virgin for my mother I must learn about God and religion."

"What did your father say to that, my boy?"

"He said that was right—if I liked it. He took the book then and repeated the words over and over for me until I knew them by heart."

"I am pleased to hear that, my boy," I said.

"Father," said the child, "I know now what religion means, and I know, too, what my father does not believe in."

it. That is why my mamma was so unhappy before she died—two years ago. And I know that I am going to die; I shall have two mothers in heaven—my own and the Blessed Virgin."

I heard a heavy sigh behind us. The father had entered quietly, and now stood looking down at the sick boy. He received me very politely. When I left he accompanied me to the door and asked me to come again.

"The child is dying," he said.

"There is no hope for him—let him have what consolation he wishes. His mother would have liked it."

I went to see him daily after that. In a month he was ready for his First Communion—and death for him was ready also.

The day before he received his Lord for the first and last time his father said:

"Edmund, yours is a good innocent soul; you have faith. Ask the Blessed Virgin, in whom you believe, to cure you and I promise that I too will become a Christian."

The boy looked at him intently. "No, papa," he answered, "I do not want to be cured. I do not like to leave you, but I am longing to see my two mothers in heaven. If I lived I might grow up to be a bad man."

"Like your father," said the sorrowing parent, bitterly.

"No, papa," answered the child. "I do not think you are a bad man, but you have told me that once you were a little boy like me, saying your prayers every night and morning and loving the Blessed Virgin. How can I tell that I would not do the same if I should grow up to be a man?"

"You are right, Edmund. It might all happen as you say."

"But papa," the boy went on, "I will do this: I will ask the Blessed Virgin when I get to heaven to change your heart and make it like a little boy's again. And I am so sure she will do that, papa, that I am in a hurry to die, so that it may come to pass."

The father said nothing, but as he turned away from the couch I could see how hard and unyielding was the look that overspread his countenance.

When the final hour came the child passed quietly away in his sleep. The grief of the father was intense.

Throwing himself upon the dead body of his son he uttered the most awful imprecations, deying a God, Whom, he declared, did not exist, and objugating in the most outrageous manner the Mother whom his dead boy had so tenderly loved.

At the end of a fortnight he came to me—transformed. Something had impelled him, he said. He had fought against it, but vainly, and now, with the deepest sentiments of penitence, he asked to be reconciled to the God he had so long abandoned.

"The little boy in heaven has not been idle," he said. "Nor his mother, since he went."

His conversion was complete; he became as eloquent and influential for the good cause as he had been for the bad, and from that time till the day of his death was an instrument for the spiritual and temporal benefit of his fellow-parishioners. To what can such a change be attributed save to Mary Immaculate, through the prayers of an innocent child?—The Rosary Magazine.

ROMANCE OF A BALTIMORE BELLE.

Elizabeth Patterson, whose life was to know strange vicissitudes, was just blossoming into a radiant girlhood when the man who was to crush but never conquer her was making himself the master of Europe.

In the summer of 1803 the staid Dutch town of New York was thrown into the same sort of commotion that stirred the mighty city in 1902, at the advent of Prince Henry, when the brother of the great Napoleon sailed into port. Jerome Bonaparte, then a lad of nineteen, the idol of his mother's heart, the spoiled child of his family, had given himself a leave of absence from naval duty in the West Indies and come to New York for a holiday.

Shortly after his arrival Jerome, with his suite, accepted an invitation to visit Baltimore, and at the races then in progress he met the girl whose beauty was already of more than local note, Elizabeth Patterson. Jerome fell in love at first sight and vowed that he would make the lovely American his wife. Her level-headed parents saw the obstacles that lay in the way of such a union, and carried Elizabeth away to a country house in Virginia. But to no purpose. As soon as she returned Jerome procured a marriage license, and Elizabeth declared that she would rather be the wife of Jerome for one hour than of any other man for a lifetime.

The marriage took place on Christmas Eve of the same year at the home of the Pattersons. A Archbishop Carroll performing the ceremony. The bridal trip, which was not taken until a month later, was to the capital city of the young republic. The couple went by stage coach, and the horses ran away. Elizabeth, destined through life to look after her own interests, saved herself from injury by opening the door and jumping into a drist of snow.

While in Washington the pair were the guests of the French Minister, and everywhere they were received with distinguished consideration. But the anger of Napoleon knew no bounds. Mr. William Patterson, the father of the bride, and next to Charles Carroll, the richest man in America, sent his eldest son to Paris to negotiate some sort of peace.

The Bonaparte family were in-bred of the friendly, Napoleon refused to receive him. An act was passed annulling the marriage, Jerome was commanded to return to France, and all French vessels were forbidden to receive on board "the young person to whom Jerome had attached himself."

In September, 1804, General Armstrong, who was to replace Mr. Livingston as American Minister of Paris, offered to take Jerome and his wife to France. As members of a diplomatic household they could not have been refused admission. A delay of a few hours in the journey to New York de-

stroyed Elizabeth's only chance to plead her cause in person, and perhaps to win over, as she had won so many, the heart of the First Consul. The ship had sailed.

In March of the following year the couple departed from Baltimore in a ship belonging to Mr. Patterson. Their arrangements had been made with great secrecy, but, nevertheless, their departure was known two days after in Washington.

The ship reached Lisbon in April, and was met by the representative of Napoleon, who asked Miss Patterson what she could do for her. "Tell your master," answered the high-spirited girl, "that Madame Bonaparte is ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the imperial family."

Elizabeth was forbidden to land, and Jerome, taking a fond farewell of his wife—not dreaming that the parting was to be final—set out alone for France. The young wife sailed for Amsterdam, only to be thwarted again by the strong arm of Napoleon. Forbidden to land, the ship headed for England, and at Dover, under the protection of the powerful English Prime Minister, the younger Pitt, Elizabeth first set foot on foreign soil. Shortly afterward, on the 7th of July, 1805, at Camberwell, near London—her husband in France, her mother in America, strangers about her—Elizabeth's son was born. The infant was named Jerome for his father. Jerome had made his peace with Napoleon and been restored to favor. At their interview after the young man's return, the autocrat greeted him: "So, sir, you are the first of the family who has shamefully abandoned his post. It will require many splendid actions to wipe off that stain from your reputation. As to your love-affair with your little girl, I pay no attention to it."

Napoleon took the stand that Jerome's marriage was null both from the religious and the civil code, and he brought pressure to force the Pope to declare it so. The answer of Pius VII. is historic—that after mature deliberation he had been unable to discover any grounds on which the marriage could be annulled.

Napoleon offered Elizabeth a pension of sixty thousand francs on condition that she would return to America, and relinquish the name of Bonaparte. This annuity was paid until after Napoleon's own downfall, although the name was retained, at least in private.

In August, 1807, Jerome, never a very strong character, yielded to his iron brother, and married the daughter of the King of Westphalia. When he was made King of Westphalia he offered Elizabeth a home within his dominions, and a yearly pension of two hundred thousand francs. To this Elizabeth returned the famous reply, that Westphalia was a large kingdom, but not quite large enough for two queens; and in regard to the pension, having already accepted one from Napoleon, she preferred being sheltered under the wing of an eagle to being suspended from the bill of a goose. This bon mot won for her the admiration of Napoleon. Elizabeth never again saw her husband except for a fleeting glimpse in the Pitti Palace in Florence, and no word was spoken between them.

Traditions declare that Jerome whispered to his royal consort, "That was my American wife."

However Jerome during his life was very kind to his son, giving him an allowance, and having the youth frequently visit him. Other members of the Bonaparte family showed affection for the lad, notably Pauline, the mother of the Emperor Napoleon III. Another spent much of her time in Europe, and when the young Jerome, at the age of twenty-two, married a beautiful and charming American girl, her disappointment was very bitter. She thought that recognition as a Bonaparte would more likely come to him if he married into one of the great families of Europe.

She wrote to her father from Florence, "I should rather die than marry any one in Baltimore, but if my son does not feel as I do upon this subject, of course he is quite at liberty to act as he likes best." There was a decided difference of opinion between Elizabeth and her father on many subjects, and when he died in 1835, he showed his displeasure in his will.

Despite her wrong, Elizabeth always cherished a profound admiration for Napoleon, and in conversation not infrequently made herself his political partisan. His opposition to her arose from reasons of state, she always declared, and not from any personal dislike. Nor did she admit any doubt that in his heart of hearts her husband placed her as a woman of singular fascination. Aaron Burr met her as a bride in Washington, and wrote to his daughter Theodosia, that Elizabeth was "a charming little woman with sense, spirit, and sprightliness." The uncle of Jerome's second wife declared his surprise on meeting Elizabeth, that any man ever could have abandoned her. Burr Bonaparte said that if she was not Queen of Westphalia she was at least queen of hearts. Talleyrand, Gortschakoff, Madame de Stael, and Lady Morgan among many others, expressed their admiration for the unfortunate American. Her wit was keen, ready and unsparring. The poet Moore thought her beautiful, but cold and cynical.

This brilliant, embittered, singular woman outlived friends and enemies alike. Her son's death occurred nine years before her own, and she saw the downfall of all the Bonapartes, the rise of the French Republic on the ashes of the Second Empire, and the death of a dethroned Napoleon in exile in England. Despite her frank expression of dislike to America, Madame Bonaparte ended her days in a boarding-house of her native city, dying in 1879, at the venerable age of ninety-five. Her grave is in a small triangle in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, a spot which she selected herself, saying that as she had been alone in life so she wished to be in death. She left a fortune of nearly \$2,000,000. Her grandson lives in Baltimore, and is among the city's foremost citizens.—Benziger's Magazine.

WHY CONVERTS COME TO US.

Sacred Heart Review.

At a mission given to the non-Catholics in the Cathedral of Chicago by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C. S. P., there were over a thousand non-Catholics in attendance each evening. Most of these non-Catholics were people of more than ordinary intelligence, with considerable refinement, and many of them of notable standing in the social world. This latter fact was indicated not only by their intelligent appearance, but by the searching character of the questions that were placed in the Question Box.

That it is possible to secure an audience of this character when the only question to be treated is that of religion and particularly of the old and despised Catholic Church is a condition of tremendous significance. The facility with which the American people run after fads is well known. So that if the attraction were the latest cult or emanation of some new heresy one might readily understand the reason for the crowd. But there was no sensationalism. It was the plain, straightforward preaching of Christian truth that the world has listened to for nearly two thousand years. There is only one explanation of the eager interest to know what the Catholic Church teaches, and that is the complete breaking down of all teaching authority outside the Church. The people are anxious to know the truth. They have been drinking from broken cisterns, and their thirst has not been allayed. They have gone here and there in search of some satisfying doctrine, but in every instance they have been disappointed, so they are coming back to the perennial fountain of the Church.

Protestantism as an organized religion has disintegrated in most of the large cities of the West, but there is no place in which this has come about so completely as in the city of Chicago. Not long ago at one time there were ten Protestant churches for sale. As another evidence of the demoralized condition of religion had come to outside the Catholic Church, it was creditably stated that a number of enterprising money-makers bought up one of these vacant churches, hired a chorus of good voices, and ran the church merely as a money-making affair, in the same way and with as much indifference to right and wrong as they would run a dime museum.

Little wonder that as the churches go to pieces the real earnest souls look for religious teachers who will speak with authority, and for a religious Church that will satisfy the deepest aspirations of their soul. They are being persuaded that the old Catholic Church is still staunch and safe. It has borne the burden of souls through the ages to a haven of rest, and it still knows how to guide the present generation safely over the rocks and shoals of our modern life.

In the Inquiry Class that Father Conway has organized there are nearly two hundred. The majority of these will ultimately find rest in the bosom of the Church.

After a recent mission to non-Catholics in a western city one of the leading men of the town wrote to one of the missionaries to this effect: "I have always esteemed Father (mentioning the pastor's name) for his own personal qualities of upright manhood, but I attribute the mission and have learnt a great deal of the beauty and excellence of the Catholic Church, and I now esteem him also for what he represents." It is an invariable rule—the better the Catholic Church is known the more she is respected and loved.

REV. A. P. DOYLE.

CATH LIC REVERENCE FOR RELICS.

The poet in the following verse touched the motive of Catholic reverence for relics and things that have been intimately associated with our Lord and His saints:

If Time had spared some edifice
Of N. Zeph's Carpenter raised,
Few relics of the ages gone
Would be by men so much revered.

The Protestant opposition to a proper reverence for things made sacred by association has always been a puzzle to the Catholic mind. It seems so very unnatural. In the natural order of life honor, respect, love and reverence heroes, images and relics. The places where the great and good have lived, the scenes of their noted actions, their relics, are held in profound respect. In this country Mt. Vernon, Plymouth Rock, Bunker Hill, are objects of national reverence. The portraits of our loved and revered ones, looks of hair, all souvenirs and relics, the heart clings to with a natural fondness.

If we thus honor, and rightly, loved ones, political heroes and benefactors of society, why should we fail to give a like or a greater honor to the heroes of the Christian faith whose lives are like lamps to us?

Would not the Christian who believes not in relics, touch with reverence the same relic that garment that healed the sick woman in the Gospel, or the handkerchief that received the gift of healing from the touch of the Apostles, or the bones of the prophet that restored the dead man to life?

The existing generation absolutely cut off from the past generation would be like the branches of a tree severed from the roots. It is only by relics of one kind or another that we get into intellectual and sympathetic touch with our ancestors who once played their parts on this stage of existence and passing away, as we are playing ours and passing. All that they have left us in the intellectual, moral or physical order are relics or reminders of

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DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS FOR CONSTIPATION

their lives and activities. Man is a creature of imitation and must have patterns; he finds those patterns in the relics of the past. In them he finds the inspiration to high motives and noble deeds. The impulse to preserve the relics of the past, to love the lovable, to venerate the good and noble that they call to mind, is one of those elements that go to make up our human nature, one of those marks that distinguish man from the brute.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

God Sees it—God Wills it?

What divine things these words contain and impart when they are gently and piously uttered! Peace, courage, light, strength, they give all these, as the fruits when the flower yields its nourishing juice, as the instrument yields its perfume, as the instrument yields its harmony. God sees it, God wills it; words fallen from Heaven to guide and uphold me! To you may the graceful image of the oriental poet be truly applied, "A word is a vase of perfumed essence, when uttered it exhales its sweet fragrance and embalsms the soul."

—Golden Sands.

A LITTLE TYRANT.

THE TROUBLE NOT DUE TO ORIGINAL SIN.

There is no tyrant like a teething baby. His temper isn't due to original sin, however; the tyrant suffers more than the rest of the family. He don't know what is the matter. They do. The trouble is they do not always know what to do for his lordship. An Ontario mother writes to tell what is best to do. "When my baby was teething," she says, "he was so cross and restless that I hardly knew what to do with him. He had a poor appetite and ate but little, and was growing thin. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they made a great change. He now rests well; has a splendid appetite, and gives me no trouble at all."

This is the experience not only of Mr. D. K. Schroeder, of Hanover, Ont., but also of thousands of mothers all over the Dominion. A baby teething is cross because his blood is heated and his little bowels constipated or unhealthily relaxed, and his system heated by the effort of getting the teeth through the gums. Baby's Own Tablets act like magic not only in this, but in all ailments of little ones. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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RUTS

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

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