

good of nations, and indeed, of human society, and seek by common agreement for the means of arresting the harm that comes from the strife of classes and the slaughters of war, and of securing within and without their borders the benefits of peace. These, without doubt, are excellent endeavors, but their counsels will bear little fruit unless at the same time they can ensure that the precepts of justice and Christian charity are deeply rooted in souls. To day peace and war in society and in the state do not depend so much on the governors as on the multitudes. Deprived of the light of truth revealed by God, unused to the discipline of the laws of Christ, what wonder if the multitudes, the prey of blind passions, rush to their common ruin, instigated by clever agitators who seek nothing but their own advantage? Yet with the Church constituted by its Divine Founder, mistress of truth, guardian of justice and charity, alone and above all other things able to lead men to their common salvation, would it not be a work of civil wisdom on the part of rulers, not only to allow it to exercise its mission freely and without hindrance, but also to give it every assistance? And yet it is the opposite that happens; for generally the Church is treated, not as the creator and parent of all that forms the essence of civilization, but almost as if it must be regarded as the enemy of the human race.

The Holy Father's words may be allowed to speak for themselves. In history as it will be written a century from now, when the fullness of this war will be so manifestly apparent and its utter unreasonableness will form the worst possible commentary on our civilization, undoubtedly these words of the Holy Father will be quoted to show that the great Christian father of his people, the Vicar of Christ, recognized the holiness of the armed neutrality which was supposed to guarantee the peace of Europe.—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE RACE OF HEROES IS NOT DEAD

Among the many details of the progress of the war that are appearing in the daily press there is much of a thrilling and heroic character. An incident is related of the first engagement in which the British took part. A body of English cavalry suddenly came in sight of some German cuirassiers, and immediately without waiting to fire, charged at full speed. Both sides fought desperately. The trooper in question at the close of the engagement found himself wounded. On being asked how he got his wound, he replied: "I dunno. The first thing I knew was that my sword was sticking through a German's elbow and his through my wrist, but it had not cut any tendons." He added proudly, "I'll be out in two or three days."

The incident is another example of the curious psychological phenomenon of man's insensibility to pain in moments of intense mental excitement. It has, however, a much deeper significance. What must be expected of a struggle in which millions of such men are engaged, especially when their courage has been heightened by racial hatred, lust for battle and a growing resolve to avenge fancied or real atrocities? Certainly the race of heroes is not dead. And yet while we bow in admiration before such braveries, we shudder to think that the armies that are fighting all over Europe are made up of men like these. Is such reckless daring a specimen of what is to go on for months? If so, who will dare, when the war is over, to count up the number of homes filled with maidens and mothers weeping for their loved ones and refusing to be consoled.—America.

CATHOLIC BELGIUM

With the eyes of all nations focused on Belgium in her gallant defence against German aggression, a few facts about this little Catholic country will be of interest to our readers. We do not purpose dealing with Belgium from the historical standpoint. Its records may be found in any history, but en passant, it may be recalled that, from the period when Napoleon, under the plea of rescuing the country from tyranny, pillaged its inhabitants until, in the words of one of its magistrates, "he only left Belgium with eyes to weep," her people have been a race famed for liberty and religion. Frequently her Faith has been assailed, yet, today, despite all such attempts, Belgium is still Catholic to its innermost core.

TRUE TO THE FAITH

For the past one hundred years the country has fought against those who sought to deprive her of her priceless heritage of Faith. She fought the first French Republic, she rebelled against Napoleon, she opposed William I.; and against Liberals and the coalition of Liberals and Socialists she again offered strenuous and successful resistances. The census of 1905 gave a population of 7,180,547, and of this number about 70,000 were Protestants, about 8,000 were Jews, and a few thousands, in addition, believed in no religion. In Belgium the Church possesses six dioceses, of which the Metropolitan is the Archdiocese of Mechlin. The others are the suffragan bishoprics of Bruges, Ghent, Liege, Namur, and Tournai. Each diocese has its seminary and schools for the training of youths for the priesthood, and they also, jointly, maintain the Belgian

College in Rome, from which come a large number of the country's clergy. For theology there is the world-famed College of Louvain. Nine years ago the secular clergy numbered 5,419, while the regular priests totalled 6,287, with 293 houses. The religious orders had, also, 29,303 members, with 2,207 houses, these being chiefly engaged in teaching and in nursing the sick.

WORLD'S GREATEST CHARITY CENTRE

Belgium justly claims to be the greatest centre of charity in the world; in proportion to its size and population; nor are its good deeds confined to Belgium. All international charities appeal to its priests and laity. The country is the head of the Eucharistic Congresses, and two of its Prelates, Bishop Doutreloux of Liege, and Bishop Heylen of Namur, were its first presidents. Five sessions of the Congress have been held in Belgium, viz., at Liege, Antwerp, Brussels, Namur, and Tournai. Coming to missionary work, again Belgium occupies honored place. The priests of the Order of the Immaculate Heart of Mary have established missions in Mongolia and the Congo, and, in some cases, have sealed their faith with their blood. Belgian Jesuits labor in Calcutta and in West-Bengal, these missionaries being trained in the Apostolic school at Tournai. Louvain, the American Seminary founded in 1857, assists in the provision of priests for the United States and Canada, some of our own Archdiocesan clergy having been educated there.

WORLD-FAMED PRIESTS

Who has not burned with holy zeal for God's service, when reading the heroic work of Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai, or when listening to the story of the labors of Father Charles de Smedt, the Indian apostle of the Rocky Mountains, or Archbishop Seghers, who so tragically lost his life on his return journey from Alaska. These, and many others, claim Belgium as their land of birth. They have given their lives for the propagation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, content to do so uncomplained and unsung, preferring the eternal reward of heaven to the fleeting commendation of men.

The government of Belgium is a beacon light to the rulers of larger empires in the manner in which the clergy are treated. All religious workers have their stipends paid by government, which, in addition, allows for the erection and maintenance of religious buildings. Parishes are legally recognized, and the government also maintains diplomatic relations with the Holy See.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION

The Church is often accused of being hostile to education. Let Belgium refute this foul calumny. The country is honeycombed with schools, colleges and universities. There is the University of Louvain, with its 2,200 students, founded by Catholic Bishops. The University is surrounded by several institutes, one of which is the famous institute Philosophique, founded by Cardinal Mercier. The Episcopal Institute of Brussels, and the Notre Dame Jesuit College at Namur, prepare their pupils for the degrees of philosophy and letters. Belgium possesses also 90 free colleges for intermediate instruction, of which the Society of Jesus own 12 with 5,500 pupils.

Such is the brief resume of Catholic Belgium's church and educational work. It reveals a condition of things of which every Catholic may be proud. The student will lie with those who persistently and falsely accuse the Catholic Church of seeking to foster ignorance among her people. To such slanderers Belgium is a standing refutation of the baseless of their charge.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE MINISTRY OF KINDNESS

It is one of the properties of certain spoken words to convey a meaning, quite distinct not only from the intellectual sense attached to the articulated syllable, but also from the emotional sense conveyed by the tone of voice. The very make up of words, their combination of consonants and vowels has a power of suggestion all its own. This power of suggestion defies analysis; it seems to come partly from association and partly from what the rhetoricians call onomatopoeia; but its real source we do not know. And yet, like many another thing we can not explain, it undoubtedly exists. Such a power of suggestion is in the word kindness.

Kindness! What a character of gentleness invests the word, it cannot, simply cannot, be spoken harshly. If we would say it at all, we must say it kindly. It lingers on the lips like the memory of deeds of love, it seems loath to pass away, as if the world would be more cheerless for its going. Kindness! What a host of beautiful things the word implies! Sympathy of heart, tenderness of thought, meekness in speech, love in the eye, compassion in the touch—these and much more are the connotations of kindness.

Now if this be true of the mere word, of its expression in sound, what must be said of kindness itself, of its expression in deed? Kindness is one of God's best gifts to an unkind world. It drives gloom from darkened souls; it puts hope into fainting hearts; it sweetens sorrow; it lessens pain. It passes through the world like a ray of sunshine, disarming unsuspecting beauties of human character and calling forth a response from all that is best in man.

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What is it that opens the flood-gates of children's laughter, the sweetest music in all the world? It is kindness. What is it that gathers the tears of repentant love, the most priceless of all earth's many jewels? It is kindness. What is it that lightens the burden of weariness for those who labor, and soothes the pangs of those who suffer, and stays the torrent of angry passion, and calms the storm of lawless rebellion? Kindness; it is always kindness. Kindness breaks down the unholy barriers that pride and caste have erected between man and man. Kindness smoothes the pillow of death. Kindness takes the sting from failure. Kindness kindles courageous ambition. Kindness lifts the weary. Kindness leads back the wayward. Kindness walks close in the steps of the Saviour.

Of all the little virtues none is so beautiful as kindness, none has so wide an influence, none has so broad an apostolate, none is so potent for good. Of all the ministries that are open to man, the most effective, the most far reaching, the most consoling is kindness. All men cannot be learned, nor give themselves up to works of zeal; few indeed can sacrifice home and country and parents and kindred and friends and goods, so as to be free to labor for souls. But all can be kind. The sacred ministry of kindness is open to all. All can be apostles of kindness, all can partake of its sweetness, all can aspire to its holiness. The ministry of kindness is exalted, it is sublime, it is Christlike.—America.

QUEEN OF APOSTLES

THE LOVE OF THE MISSIONARY PRIEST ABSORBED IN GOD AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER

The saints, after spending their best talents in behalf of the glory of Mary, and leaving us beautiful works of the highest order of merit, finish always by asserting that they still lack words to express their admiration for the great Mother of God, and ask pardon for their innocent temerity in attempting to do so.

But since the mouth speaks from the abundance of the heart, writes Reverend M. J. Batavian, C. M., in Catholic Missions, why cannot I be permitted to join the others in their canticles of praise? Mary is the Mother of all, and each has the right to say, "Mother, I love you."

My subject is simple and precise; Mary is for all a mother and a queen, but she is especially such for our missionaries, because we, above all others, need her love and sweet protection.

But, before following the missionary from the cradle to the tomb, under the rays of this "Star of the Morning," I wish, in a word, to explain all that is in my mind.

You must acknowledge that the missionary is not a man like other men. By his desires, aspirations, his life and death, he is apart from the rest of humanity. In the flower of his youth, when the heart expands with joy of living, he voluntarily leaves parents, friends, country, family.

Where does he go? To the end of the world. What does he seek? Souls. What does he carry? His cross and rosary. He will suffer, he will preach about the new God and souls will be converted.

Where it is necessary to work, he will work; to suffer, he will suffer; if he must die, he will die, but he knows that Christianity will rise pure and strong where he has fallen and will bless his memory. What his life will be, he knows; his death he cannot guess, but he hopes it will be a martyr's.

One must acknowledge that the human heart, even the strongest and most energetic, needs to love. For that it was created. A heart? Certainly the missionary possesses one. If he apparently consents to treat it as nothing and crush under his feet the most tender and legitimate affections, it is because his heart is filled with an excess of higher love. He loves his God, his Jesus, whose sweet image appears to him each day, asking him to work for the conversion of souls. He loves this Master with all his strength. And how can he love Jesus without loving Mary, who gave Him to us? He cannot. Mary! O, how sweetly this name vibrates in the apostle's soul! Do you wish to know why? Listen:

There is, dominating the lives of missionaries, a venerated image, which consoles, appeases and smiles always. Star of our Heaven, Mary is also the love of our hearts. And this love is never cold, it must be confident, tender, childish, candid and in-

genuous, or it could not exist. Mary is not for us so much the Queen of Heaven and earth, a sublime creature who reaches divinity itself, as a mother, and, to quote M. Olier, "Our Lady and Mistress." It is she who is our ideal, the force that sustains our souls and directs them. Yes, I repeat, she is our ideal of strength, beauty and tenderness. She attracts us, charms us. We are not her servants, but her children, her chevaliers.

At the time of the Crusades, when a knight went to battle, he did not blush to incline his lance before one of the ladies of the tournament. We, chevaliers of Christ and Our Lady, are fighting in a rude crusade which will finish only at the end of the world.

Before whom do we bow? Before Mary, celestial vision, whose grace entices and charms.

Is it necessary to say she is our Mother? The love of a child for its mother is strong. It survives all. No man entirely forgets his mother. The wounded soldier calls on her after the battle, when he sees himself lost amongst the dead. She is his last thought.

We others, men and soldiers, we need a mother. We have one who never dies, who at the least sign from us, comes to us smiling, who ministers to us when we are sad, and consoles us when we weep.

"The energy of our acts, and the delicacy of our sentiments," says Father Coutra, "are virtues which, far from excluding, complete the heart." The heart of a father is the heart of a lion. One often sees rude men, hard to themselves and others, soften suddenly. Their faces light up with joyous smiles. It is because their little child has appeared again, one sees these same men transformed into children before their own mother, kissing her aged hands and renewing their youth.

Christians fall on their knees before Mary. They regard her lovingly and confidently, they give her tender names; they take her for their Lady.

As for us workers in the mission fields, without possessing lion's hearts, perhaps, we are, to say the least, soldiers as well as men in every sense of the word. That is why we have such devotion to Mary; the love of a child for its mother, tender and ardent, the love of a cavalier for his queen, of a Christian to the Virgin, the Virgin Martyr.

Ah, if you know how these lonely priests love their celestial Mother, and what vows these poor warriors who are apostles have made to her! They call her many endearing names. They assert that it is her fault if she is loved so much. They believe that Jesus can refuse her nothing.

At the moment of departure for heathen lands, the young apostles gather at the foot of the statue of the Queen of apostles, and, writing their names on a paper, they place it in a heart suspended on the neck of the statue of Mary. Their trust is wholly in her.

Sometimes, when overcome with fatigue or when difficulties seem insurmountable, these poor laborers for souls cry, "Good Mother, put yourself in my place, and me in yours! Do you think I would have the heart to leave you thus in misery and trouble?"

And again:

"Mary, you are so necessary to my body and my soul that if you did not exist I should have to invent you."

These exclamations are enough to show the ardent faith placed in the Mother of God. Her sweet influence hovers over the missionary in his cradle, takes him by the hand during life and leads him to his tomb and to Heaven in the end. Her sublime wisdom dominates his life, and her protection gives him courage to overcome evil that most otherwise appal his human strength.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THREE DAYS

One of the days I never worry about is yesterday, simply because I cannot change it if I would. If I did the best I knew how yesterday, but even if I hadn't what is the use of crying over spilt milk? Yesterday was mine; it is now God's.

Another day I do not worry about is to-morrow. It is bound to come, and if I dread it I am simply weakening myself when it arrives. The best plan is to prepare yourself for the future by improving the present, and then when it comes you will be ready for it, and it will be eager for you.

If I do not worry about yesterday or tomorrow, why should I worry about today? Why worry at all? Make it your practice to live one day at a time and see how finely it works out.

Any man can say no to temptation for just one day. Any man can bear his burden for a day. If he does that he will find himself able to do it every day and be the winner in the end. If we try to live two or three days at a time, one of them will upset us.

Look backward for inspiration; look forward for progress; look around you for material for stepping stones to higher things, and never despair. A man's house should be on the hilltop of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early and the evening taries so late that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in the valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest days.—Rev. Henry R. Rose, in Northern Light.

THE CORRECT THING IN CHURCH

To always be in time for Mass and other services in the Church.

To take holy water on entering the church.

To make the sign of the cross on the person and not in the air.

To genuflect on the right knee and to have it touch the floor.

To remember that the King of kings is present on the altar, and to order one's conduct accordingly.

To avoid whispering, laughing and looking about in church.

To walk gently up the aisle if one is unavoidably detained until after the services have begun.

To make a short act of adoration on bended knees after entering the pew.

To be devout and recollected at the different parts of the Mass.

To pay attention to the sermon, and make it the subject of one's thoughts during the day, as also during the week.

To remember when special collections are to be taken up, and to have a contribution ready in your hand.

To listen to the music as a means of elevating the heart to God.

For a gentleman occupying a pew to move in or rise and let ladies pass in before him.

To avoid coughing, moving the feet around or making any noise to the annoyance of clergy and people.

For a mother who has her child with her at church to get up and take it out when it begins to cry or fret.

To be punctilious in following the ceremonies of the Church, standing, kneeling, etc., at the proper times.

For non Catholics who go to Catholic churches to conform to the services, and to remember that this is a requirement of good breeding.

For Catholics to keep away from Protestant services. It is strictly prohibited to acknowledge heretical worship or assent to heretical doctrine.

For members of the choir to sing for the glory of God and not for their own.

To take an earnest Protestant to hear a good sermon.

To remain kneeling until the last prayers have been said and the priest has retired to the sacristy.—"Correct Thing for Catholics."

THE SUCCESSFUL WOMAN

The fact remains that the women who really constitute the backbone of any country are not the few brilliant women in public life, or the many working women in business life, although girls in the business world are making headway, and women in professional fields are successful.

The women who are doing the greatest work of the country are those who have always done it. They are those women who, through their pure characters and their sweet influences, make their homes a center of happiness, who rear wholesome children who, make their fathers and brothers and husbands and children happier and better because of their presence. Not what she does, but what she is, makes the successful woman.

The most fortunate women are those who are doing not the spectacular things, but just these simple duties that are sometimes spoken of with weariness or even with half contempt, but which should always be spoken of with reverence—woman's work.—Catholic Sentinel.

GOD'S OWN SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

The misery of human suffering often reaches down to such unpeakable depths that the fools amongst us are tempted to say in their shallow hearts: "There is no God." For, indeed, to a superficial mind there appears at times to be little evidence of the ever watchful, ever kind Providence of an Almighty Divinity controlling the blind fate of mankind.

But if we were wise, we should remember that this same human suffering is constantly the occasion of superhuman charity. Pity alone cannot kindle and keep alive the flame of such self-sacrificing love as we often see transpiring in the hearts of those who are suffering. The spark testifies the existence of a glowing furnace of Divine Love whence true charity borrows its intensity. Men could never be good with such constancy, if God were not the Supreme Good that inspires and sustains the efforts of His creatures. The existence of

true unselfishness in this world of evil is as sure a proof of the existence of God as the heroic charity of the Christian Saint is the supreme test of the truth of Christian Revelation.

This is the thought that was in the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson when he composed the following lines, which he wrote in the Guest-Book as a tribute to the Franciscan Sisters who labor so devoutly among the unfortunate lepers for whom Father Damien gave up his life.

TO MOTHER MARIANNE  
To see the infinite pity of this place,  
The mangled limb, the devastated face,  
The innocent sufferer, smiling at the rod;  
A foot were tempted to deny his God.  
He sees, he shrinks;—but if he gaze again,  
Lo, beauty springing from the breast of pain!  
He marks the Sisters on the mournful shores,  
And even a fool is silent and adores.

BOLOGNA, NURSURY OF POPES

Just as the eyes of the Catholic world turned to the city of Venice, eleven years ago, so now they turn to the city of Bologna, which has given to the Church His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. Bologna has the distinction of being closely associated with the history of twelve pontiffs of whom seven were born there. The Catholic Encyclopedia in mentioning Bishops of Bologna known to fame, states:

A number of the Bishops of Bologna were raised to the papal chair, as, for instance, John X, Cosimo Migliorati, who assumed the name of Innocent VII; Tomaso Parentucelli, later Nicholas V; Giuliano della Rovere, who became Julius II; Alessandro Ludovisi, or Gregory XV, and Prospero Lambertini or Benedict XIV. The last two mentioned were born in Bologna. . . . Bologna was also the birthplace of the two already mentioned: Honorius II (Lamberto Scannabecchi); Lucius II (Gherardo Gacani-amici dell' Orto); Alexander V (Pietro Filargo); Gregory XIII (Ugo Buoncompagni); and Innocent IX (Giannantonio Facchinetti.)

To this list of Popes furnished by Bologna, the Conclave of 1914 added the name of His Eminence Cardinal Giacomo della Chiesa, Our Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Benedict XV.

Bologna is the principal city of the Province of Bologna, Italy. It has a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand. The Etruscans who founded it named the city Felsina, but later it fell into the hands of a Gallic tribe called Boii, and the name was changed to Bononia, from which comes the present form. Its history, churches, palaces, and educational institutions make Bologna one of the most notable cities of Italy. Its university, one of the most ancient in Europe, had at one time ten thousand students. The city has an academy of fine arts, galleries of painting and sculpture, a school of music, a magnificent library, and many churches dating back to the early centuries of Christianity. The city played an important part in the history of Italy, in ancient and medieval days.

The first Bishop of Bologna is supposed to have been ordained by Pope St. Dionysius (270), "but," says the historian, "it may be maintained with certainty that Christianity, and likewise the episcopate in Bologna dates back to a more remote period." The see of Bologna was first subject to the Metropolitan of Milan, and later, to the authority of the Metropolitan of Ravenna. In 1106 it was placed directly under the Holy See, and finally, in 1582, under Gregory XIII, the Bishop of Bologna was raised to the dignity of a metropolitan, with seven suffragan sees, of which to-day only two—Icola and Faenza—are suffragan to Bologna.

After Bologna became an archiepiscopal see, almost all the metropolitans were cardinals. Cardinal Lorenzo Campeggi, known for the many embassies on which he was sent to Germany and England, in connection with the Reformation, and the marriage of Henry VIII., was one of Bologna's famous metropolitans.

The Cathedral in Bologna dates back to 910, when it was built to replace the ancient cathedral that stood outside the city walls.

It is interesting to note that Bologna was occupied by the French in 1706, was later made a part of the Cisalpine Republic, and afterwards of the Italian Kingdom. In 1814 it was seized by the Austrians, who in 1815 restored it to the Pope. Finally, in 1859 Romagna, which include Bologna, was annexed to the kingdom of Italy.

A little sermon is preached in an incident related by our esteemed German friend Monatsbote. A nobleman who had led a very wicked life lay ill unto death. In fact his servants thought he was dead and began to discuss the question: "Where has our master gone?"

"To heaven, I trust," said one domestic piously.

"To heaven? No, that he is not, I am certain," replied the other.

"Why so?"

"Why? Because heaven is a long way off, and when my master was going on a long journey, he used for some time to talk about it and prepare for it, but I never heard him speak of heaven, or saw him make any preparation for going; he can not, therefore, be gone thither."

The nobleman recovered, and so impressed was he by his servant's words that he mended his ways, and prepared himself worthily for the final journey.

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