#### Glimpses of the Inner Life of This Exquisite Author.

In the course of a review of "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to His Family and friends," a volume prepared by Sydney Colvin and pub-lished by Methuen & Co., London, the

Weekly Register says : All England has now read this strong and exquisite author. Not to know his works would imply some abnormally sequestered condition of life on the part of the ignorant. But the letters now published were never penned with any reference to the world. They are the most direct letters ever written, they have no one and nothing in view except immediate communication and they are nearly all written to intimate friends. Few of them are addressed to his very nearest-parents or wife-but one to the latter has a memorable general interest, for it describes in narrative form and as though for public eyes that visit to the leper settlement at Molokai, which, as every one knows, produced the pamphlets in defense of

Father Damien. Stevenson had the strange good for tune of his fatal delicacy, or rather disease, of constitution—a buoyancy of spirit that carried him gaily from a boyhood beset with bad nights and evil dreams to that for y fifth year, which he took to be something near old age and which was harassed with too He was now and then much work. unhappy, but there is not a letter that does not prove how invincibly he grew happy again. That he was always happy enough to write letters so full of vitality as these without exception are, proves the brilliant physiological condition in which weak lungs may leave a man. His brain was fed by nimble and eager blood in quantities that the wounded lungs relieved by terrible and death menacing hemorrhagesquantities that submerged that brain and destroyed it as soon as the outlet 1883; was healed. He was used to the Sur thought of death; it was to him a buoyant thought full of courage, and he suffered enough to look serenely to wards the rest that was to come soon to his fragile body. He was never with out some solemnity in his gay mood. The threat which he recognized, his early religious training and the dis tinction of his own spirit kept him from the least touch of triviality or paltriness There never was a more responsible or a more independor a more conscious, or less equalid mind given to man than his, and, as we have said, the mind he had he improved by thought. His let ters, therefore, are cheerful but by no means frivolous reading. The most conspicuous moral qualities they show are courage and kindness. There were some of his companions in life and literature who held him to be far too much of a preacher; even now they detain us with apologies for his care for morality. But without his "morality"

fused to let character and the moral Take this passage from the Molokai letter to his wife. Stevenson, it will be remembered, paid a visit to the leper colony in 1889 on his voyage in the Pacific. He gives the place in a few words—the flat promontory, the little wooden town with its two churches, shut from the world by a wall of moun tain to the south and to the north

these would have had nothing of their

Louis." It was one with his genius

kindness; to these qualities his com

rades are indebted for every gentle and happy word written in the letters

by this scarcely breathing invalid. Being delicately sensitive and very

vividly humorous. Stevenson must have braved something when he re-

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opening upon the ocean :
Our lepers were sent out on the first boat, about a dozen, one poor child very horrid, one white man, leaving a large grown family behind him in Honululu, and then into the second stepped the Sisters and myself. I do not know how it would have been with me had the Sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly. I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy; I turned round to her, and said something like this: "Ladies, God Himself is here to give you welcome. I'm sure it is good for me to be beside you; I hope it will be blessed to me. I thank you for myself and the good you do me. It seemed to cheer her up; but indeed I had scarce hundreds of (God save us!) pantomine masks in poor human flesh, waiting to receive the Sisters and the new pa-

He recurs to the making of his own

little speech:
Partly I did it because I was
ashamed to do so, and remembered one
of my golden rules. "When you are ashamed to speak, speak up at once. But, mind you, that rule is only golden with strangers; with your own folks

there are other considerations.

During this visit, when he hardly brought himself to endure the sight of the lepers, Stevenson declares himself to have been strung too high for such repugnance by the courage, cheerfulwent daily to the Sisters' home, "a miracle of neatness," played croquet with seven leper girls, "got a little old maid meal served me by the Sisters" and took an interest in the seven leper girls, "got a little taken against all machinations of Protests" and took an interest in the seven leper girls, "got a little old maid meal served me by the Sisters" and took an interest in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the influence of consider some of the leading causes which, under the influence of the influence of the influence of the leading causes and obey thee, and yet for all that of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic natives in the seven leper girls, "got a little of his death by the Catholic n

THE LETTERS OF STEVENSON. dressing of dolls for the poor children of the place. He asks his friends in London to ask their dressmakers for pieces of silk for this distant purpose.

"I have seen sights that cannot told, and heard stories that cannot be repeated; yet I never admired my poor race so much, nor (strange as it may seem) loved life more than in this settlement. \* \* \* And this, even settlement. \* \* \* And this, even though it was in great part Catholic, and my sympathies flow never with so much difficulty as toward Catholic virtues. Yet this was at the moment when he

was reconciled to the most terrible

mystery of the affliction of man, and to

the most dreadful physical degrada humanity, by virtion of our common tues purely, splendidly and exclusively Catholic! What he thought to be technically Catholic was What he thought be technically Catholic was keaping of a "pass-book heaven." It stirred him the to anger and laughter. Unluckily one of the Sisters had called the place, in his hearing, "the ticket office for heaven." How much mischief a little vulgar phrase may do! And yet it is spoken with complacence in its very valgarity, as something simple and therefore good. It is only in one direction that some Catholics fear to give scandal. It is certain that the Sister did herself injustice, and that she did not undertake her martyrdom at Molokai but with a full self-denial— not de nial to herself of pleasure, repose and natural happiness merely, but denial of the very self. "Having left all things, thou shalt leave also thyself,"

as says the "Imitation of Christ. Stevenson broke early from the re ligious "orthodoxy" of his parents, much as did Mr. Ruskin at somewha the same age, driven forth chiefly by the damnatory doctrines of their sect. He declared himself because to live a faise life was to him an impossibility, but all the more was the God he as knowledged in the solitude of his own conscience present in his life and in his art. This is his joyous programme in

Sursum Corda: Heave ahead: Here's luck : Art and blue heaven,

April and God's larks. Green reeds and the sky scattering river.

Enter God !

Ay, but you know until a man can write that "Enter God," he has made no art. None! Come, let us take counsel together and make some

He writes exquisitely to his father, who, though "orthodox" enough, was inclined to be sad, or at any rate re-

signed : A man who has gained a stone: whose son is better, and, after so many fears to the contrary, I dare to say, a credit to him whose business arranged, whose marriage is a picture - what I should call resignation in such a case as his would be to "take down his fiddle and play as loud as ever he could." That and nought else. And now, you dear old pious ingrate Christmas morning, think this what your mercies have been. We have spoken of his courage and

And again to his mother: Here am I on the threshold of another year, when, according to all human foresight, I should long ago have been resolved into my elements-here am I, who you were persuaded was born to disgrace you-and, I will do you the justice to add, on no such insufficient grounds—no very burning discredit when all is done; here am I married, and the marriage recognized to be a blessing of the first order. A 1 at Lloyd's. There is he, at his not first youth \* \* \* gaining a stone's weight, a thing of which I am incap-There are you; has the man no gratitude?

The letters, moreover, follow the whole course of the books we all know. Stevenson spoke freely and feelingly of his work while it was in progress, and always with candor and with un

alterable modesty and joy.
With one thought we put down the volumes—the profoundly Catholic sentiment which touches at all turns an author who believes himself to be born all of a piece with Presbyterianism. The expression of his hereditary and conventional views, when you suddenly come on it, seems almost an inter-polation. That traditional Stevenson is hardly more removed from the living, loving Stevenson than Hyde was from Jeykll. He was frankly ignorant of his own nearness to Catholicism because he was frankly ignorant of Cath olicism itself. Once he visited a Trappist monastery ; he saw the monks ; he observed the silence, he read the life of Mrs. Seton and found it dull, and when he went away he thanked God that he was "free to love and free to wander," as if that were the thanks said it when we were at the land giving of a covenanter and not of any stairs, and there was a great cro Satholic who did not happen to have a vocation. Going to confession he guessed to be in a Catholic a sort of spiritual dram drinking, the excitement of a morbid nature in need of it: he had so learned to ready it in the Scottish household to which his loyalty clung through all mutations and broaden ings. In a letter he addressed to the present writer he spoke of his envy of oresent writer he spoke of his envy of Cardinal Newman on hearing that "The Dream of Gerontius" had con-soled Gordon's last hours. Yet, he add-ed, he knew too little of the Church to know if the incident would not add to the sadness of the Cardinal in thinking of the doom of the heretic. Despite these observations, which were in him without being of him, when the end came it seemed fitting that Catholic prayers and Catholic hymns should be

equal appropriateness that the grandson of his wife-the boy Stevenson held dearest and the boy who learned from Stevenson what Stevenson really was, but did not know himself always to be -has been formally received into the Catholic Church.

# THE SERAPH OF ASSISI.

A Beautiful Tribute to the Saint from

"Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi would that he were here again !"
With these words of Tennyson, the Rev. W. Hudson Shaw, M. A., fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, closed a re-cent lecture on "Rome in the Middle Ages." Mr. Shaw is a non Catholic and this fact, taken in connection with his international reputation as a schol

cular interest his views concerning th life and works of the gentle seraph of Assisi. Mr. Shaw said in part : "Francis of Assist-shall I be rash enough to say what I think? You shall assail me for it if you choose— Francis of Assisi was the purest-hearted, the most lovable, the most adorable human being whom Christian history of eighteen centuries has re-

ar and lecturer, invests with parti-

vealed to us. "What are the chief facts of his life? St. Francis was born in Umbria in the little hillside city of Assissi in the year Francesco Bernadone during his early manhood was simply the spoiled darling of his native city—gay frivolous, lovable, generous, the leader of every mad revel, a richly dressed, fastidious, pleasure loving cavalier, strongly drawn to chivalry and knight hood as his highest ideals. At twentytwo he fell dangerously ill and was brought face to face with death. It was the turning point of his career. On his recovery he was filled with the disgust of himself, contempt for his useless, selfish life \* \* \* At a sumptuous banquet given at Assissi about this time Bernadone, master of the revels, sat silent and absorbed, and his friends rallied him on his morose-ness. 'See,' they said, 'Francesco is thinking of the wife he is going to 'It is true,' he answered marry.' 'It is true,' he answered eagerly; 'I am thinking of taking a wife more beautiful, richer, pure than you could ever imagine bride he meaut was the Lady Poverty, widowed now,' says Dante in his ' a thousand years and more.' He began humbly by attending the outcast lepers, whose loathsom. ores he had always abhorred, by re storing with his own hands the ruined Chapel of Santa Maria Degli Angeli. In the plain below Assisi that tiny chapel still stands. I have knelt in it ; it is to me the holiest, most sacred spot that Europe can show. 'There were dreamed,' it has been said, 'some of the noblest dreams which have soothed the pains of human-

nor staff, for the laborer is worthy of "This is what I want!" he cried. 'This is what I was seeking!' On the next day he preached in the streets of Assisi. Within a few Within a few greatest and purest religious impulse the world has known since the death of St. Paul, had begun its romantic

There is where the Portiuncula

Francis of Assisi heard the final call

and obeyed. On February 24, 1209, the words of the gospel for the day fell

on his ears. 'Freely ye have received; freely give. Provide neither silver

nor gold, nor brass in your purses;

neither scrip nor two coats, nor shoes

career. " Francis was not a man of splendid intellect or a learned scholar. He had no new doctrines to teach. His dogmas were extremely few and simple. His preaching was plain and unadorned. He conquered mankind not by his theology, but by his lifea life so purely selfless, so exquisitely gentle, so full of divinest compassion and tenderness that it must remain so long as the world lasts one of surpassed glories of Christianity It is entirely impossible for any human being ever to love his fellows, especially the disinherited, the outcast and the suffering, more devoutly than Brother Francis. He was brought up, as his biographer, St. Bonaventure, says, by divine love for every creature of God. The only malediction he is known to have ever uttered was against a fierce swine which had killed a lamb. From his Christ like piety no man, however degraded, was shut out. 'Whoever shall come to the brothers,' so ran his rule, 'friend or enemy, thief or robber, let him be lovingly received.' One day three bandits of evil fame, starving, asked help from a certain Franciscan, Angelo. He drove them away with anger and reproaches. Francis, hearing of it, reproved him sternly. 'I command thee,' he said, by thine obedience to take at once this loaf and this wine, and go and seek the robbers by hill and vale until you have found them, and kneel before them and pray them in my name no longer to do wrong, but to

"Scarcely less wonderful than his all embracing love was his invincible humility. He became the idol of the people; whole cities went forth to meet him as he approached—he cared nothing for it but remained to the end ing for it but remained to the end a brother once said to him. Everybody follows thee; everyone desires to

cause the Most High willed it thus, answered Francis. 'He chose me answered Francis. 'He chose me because He could find no smaller man, nor one more worthless, and He wished to confound the nobility and grandeur, the strength, the and the learning of this world. beauty

"And now one final word. Is this life of Francis of Assisi, we are forced to ask ourselves, anything more, after all, than a picturesque episode of medi-eval history, an old world relic, beau-tiful as the ivied traceries of ruined tiful as the abbey and of as little present utility? Has he any message to which our time is likely to listen? Let us be honest he has not. To this age, which dreads, as Carlyle said, only hell, the hell of not making money, which exalted the brute god Mammon, as no age, not even that of imperial Rome, ever ex-alted it before, St. Francis is unintelligible, he speaks in vain. But the nineteenth century is dying; ere long we shall be ringing in the new era.

"Meanwhile one trusts hat in more lands than Italy, in other religions than his own, wherever tenderness and courage, purity and humility and Christ like life are held in reverence, wherever tenderness there are hundreds of thousands of men and women ready to re-echo · Sweet St. Fran Tennyson's prayer: cis of Assisi.' Wo here again.'" Would that he were

#### OLD FATHER WALSH.

An Instance of True Heroism. General Thomas L James, president

of the Lincoln National Bank, of this city, told me the other day of what had appealed to him as one of the greatest cases of heroism that had come to his

knowledge.
"It was during the time that I was postmaster of New York," said he, that one of the most fatal yellowfever epidemics that ever cursed a community swept over the South. The dread disease made its appearance at a very early day, and the news of its horrible and devastating progress was read with alarm and sorrow by all the people in the North.

"The clerks and carriers of the post-office, always quick to respond to the cry of distress, put their hands in their pockets and raised \$1,200, which a committee of their number brough to me with the request that I see that proper disposition was made of it.

I took the money down to the office of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who was then treasurer of all funds raised for this purpose in New York, and sent in When Mr. Morgan came out I told him the nature of my visit. How shall we dispose of this? askel as he took the money. I told him that I would leave the whole matter in his hands.

" Finally Mr. Morgan asked me how many of the donors of the money were Catholics. I told him about half.

"'Then,' he exclaimed, 'we'll divide this in two, and send one-half to some committees of Protestants, and be disposed of?'

"I told him that I would like \$300 sent to New Orleans and the other \$300 sent to the six Sisters of Charity at Memphis, whose noble work in behalf of the fever sufferers had attracted world wide attention. This band of world wide attention. This band of heroic workers was led and assisted by I had heard spoke of as Valsh.' plague waxed hotter and more deadly. Nothing to the North but its was a priest whom I had heard spoke of as

'Old Father Walsh.'
"Well, the plague waxed hotter and hotter and still was talked of in the North but its was awful work, and all possible means were devised to send succor to the vic-

"Presently 'our boys' at the postoffice raised another \$1,200 and sent me with it to Mr. Morgan as before. "Mr. Morgan sent the \$300 to New

Orleans, and then, one day, wrote me asking for the address of some one in Memphis to whom to send the remain der. I was somewhat surprised at the letter, as I imagined Mr. Morgan already knew whom to send the money to. However I went to certain prominent Catholic in the city to again refresh my memory as to the whereabouts of the six Sisters, and he told me that they had all died of the fever and that almost no one was left in Memphis to carry on their work. When I told this to Mr. Morgan I don't think I ever saw a man so moved by anything before. The news seemed to daze him. He remained silent for a moment, and then murmured half to himself: 'That's

heroism, that's heroism!"
"Sometime afterward one of my clerks brought a young priest into my office and introduced him to me. His hair was prematurely white, but he seemed to be not more than thirty five years old. I was amazed to find that he was 'Old Father Walsh,' the hero of Memphis, and the only survivor of that band of seven heroic workers.

## CARDINAL GIBBONS

On the Diffusion f the Christian Re-

Cardinal Gibbons preached last Sunday at the Baltimore Cathedral on "The Diffusion of the Christian Relig-

ion."
"The prophet Isaiah," said the Car dinal, " beautifully portrays the future glory of the Christian Church. The growth and expansion of Christ's kingdom on earth must be regarded as a miraculous event. But as Almighty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely in thought as a miraculous event. But as Allinguty guileless and lovely guileless and guilel agencies and secondary causes it may be interesting and instructive to us to

may be attributed to the sublime and beautiful teachings of Christianity. The Christian religion proclaimed then, as it does now, teachings which satisfied the highest aspiration of the human intellect and gratified the legitimate cravings of the human hear It proclaimed truths which had bafil d

the researches of the most profourd philosopher of pagan antiquity and which baffle the investigations of thinkers of our day who are not guided by the light of revelation. The Cardinal said that the Christian

religion gave the pagan world a retional idea of God, that the religion of Christ gave man a sublime conception of his Creator and also a rational idea of himself, that the Christian religion not only gave light to man's intellect, but peace to his heart, appealing to the universal human race vithout distinction of rank or condition, charging the rich not to be high minded and comforting the poor with the old story of God who became poor for the sake of all. Another cause, he said, that contributed power fully to development of the Christian religion was the irreproachable lives of the primitive Christians; that they aided the apostles not only by their edifying example, but also by their zealous co operation ; that they were all missionaries on a limited scale.

"Let us now bring home to ourselves these historical facts that I have set before you," continued the Car-dinal, "and let us make a practical application of them to curselves. The Gospel which is preached to you brings you the same blessed message of light and pence and hope which it brought to the primitive Christians. Our fore fathers eagerly embraced Christianity at the risk, and often at the sacrifice. of their lives. No such sacrifice is exacted of you. But it is just because our faith costs us little that we do not esteem it at its due value. who amasses a fortune by his own individual exertion appreciates his wealth far more than the son who falls heir to it. We are the heirs of this blessed kingdom, and how many alas are there who let it slip from their hands, and who, like Esau, sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. us preserve this treasure of faith as the apple of our eye." The Cardinal said that the perfume

of faith should be diffused among family and social relations. He said the latty should co operate with the clergy in the development of the Christian religion, and first by the open and manly profession of faith. "You can co operate with us by your generous offerings in the cause of religion and charity by helping us to build up the walls of Jerusalem and by contributing to the decency of divine worship, said the Cardinal in concluding . "Above all, you can co operate with us by the rectitude of your private ives and the influence of your example. Having your conversation good among the Gentiles, that whenever they speak of you as evil doers, considering you the other to some of Catholies. Now by your good works, they may glorify how would you like the Catholic half to God in the day of visitation. When God visits them by the light of His grace and removes from their eyes the scales of prejudice, your virtues will shine resplendent before them. Let your light, then, so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

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