

Help the Priest.

Help the Priest! beside him standing
In his never-failing care:
Help! the layman too is priestly,
And may claim his rightful share.

Help! and not by money only,
But by labour—not too wise;
Where but one is found to labour,
There are fifty to advise.

Aid him, as his right hand aids him,
Ever moving at his will,
Never refuses, never upbraids him,
Gives him all its strength and skill.

Help him, as his right hand helps him,
Waiting, working, silently,
Instant to obey his pleasure,
Tongueless to attempt reply.

Harden! who may guess the burden
Which on Priestly shoulders lies;
Share it, you shall share the burden
Which the Priestly Office buys.

Help him! he has foes in plenty,
Tongues enough to criticize,
Eyes enough to watch his footsteps,
Whence he comes and whither hies.

Help! and not by money only;
Yet be sure who feeds the fold
Earns a wage of highest labour,
Grudge not Christ His well-earned gold.

Give him mind and give him leisure,
Least of help the cheque, the purse;
If you give him of your better,
Will you dare deny the worse?

So will he adorn the Altar,
So the stately Church will build,
Thus while helping poor and ailing
God of earth divinely gild.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Third Sunday in Lent.

THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT.

"Walk as children of light." (Eph. v. 8.)

It often happens, my dear brethren, that the devil chooses for his worst attacks upon us the very time when we are trying to draw nearer to God, when we have performed some good work for His honor and glory, or immediately after our conversion. And so, for our encouragement under such circumstances, our Lord permitted the devil to tempt him immediately after His forty days' fasting in the desert. The methods employed by the tempter are the same that he has used from the beginning, and that he still uses against the children of men; and so from our Lord's example we can meet and overcome the enemy of our souls.

As the devil began by appealing to our Lord's sense of hunger, so with us he appeals to our bodily appetites; for he knows that his strongest ally is our perverted passions, the flesh, that ever lusteth against the spirit. But mark the answer of our Lord: "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." And so when the devil assails us with evil thoughts or desires, we can give a like answer: "It is not for such things as these that God created me: man was not created simply to eat and drink and gratify his passions. I am something better than a brute. I am made for something higher and nobler, to do the will of God and thus attain to eternal union with Him."

Foiled in the attack, the enemy will perhaps have recourse to a subtler temptation—an appeal to our pride. Even as he asked our Lord to cast Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, so he will say to us: "Be not afraid to cast yourself into the ocean of sin; you are strong in virtue, and God's holy angels will protect you from harm. That immoral book, that evil company, that intoxicating drink cannot hurt you, whatever its effects might be on those who are weak." Answer him in the words of our Lord: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Who am I that I should presume on God's mercy, that I should expect His protection and the assistance of His grace, if I expose myself to the danger of sinning? I will not tempt God by trifling with His grace, foolishly trusting to my own strength.

Lastly, the devil puts before us the advantages of sin rather than God: "What does God propose to you?" he says: "mortification, penance, humiliation, poverty, suffering, the Cross." If any man will come after Me, says Christ, let him take up his cross and follow Me. But I will give you pleasure, the gratification of all your desires, the fulfillment of worldly ambition, riches, honor, and power. All these things I will give you, if you will but fall down and worship me."

Believe him not, O Christian soul for he was a liar from the beginning; his promises are but vain and illusory: he will not, he cannot keep them. The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve: for His service you were put into the world, and in that service alone can you find true peace and joy, whether here or hereafter.

If, then, we would overcome the tempter, let us prepare for his attacks after the example of our Divine Lord. During this season of Lent let us withdraw from Him into the desert—that is, from the vain pleasures of the world. Let us spend this time in fasting and prayer—for strength against temptations. Then, when the tempter comes, we shall be able with God's grace to repel him, as our Lord did, and the trial over, God will send His angels to fill us with heavenly consolation.

In the boy of to-day already walks the man of to-morrow. The shaping of the career of the man depends upon the training which the boy is receiving in his home. The parents who do not maintain a constant supervision over their boys, who, if not directly, yet indirectly, permit them to associate with evil companions, to spend much of their time on the street, to run about of nights, are sowing seed which they will one day reap with sorrow and confusion of face.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

When Leo XIII. Was a Boy.

It was spring time in Italy seventy-nine years ago. The southern sun beamed radiantly from a sky whose charming blue was broken by never a cloud; its golden rays played brightly on the rolling Mediterranean, and shrouded in a luminous haze the jagged summits of the Apennines.

A light and elegant carriage, drawn by a span of beautiful horses, rolled swiftly along the route, from Anagni to Carpineto. Encompassed in the carriage alongside of his tutor was a boy seven years of age, Vincent Joachim Pecci, whose ardent glances drank in the whole magnificent landscape. The little fellow looked fragile, and almost too tall for his years. Graceful brown curls fell upon his neck and played about a face that was interesting, though not especially handsome. From the marked pallor of his countenance it was easy to guess that he had just recovered from a severe illness that must have confined him to his room for many weeks.

"How beautiful it all is!" exclaimed the boy, clasping his hands together; and he inhaled long draughts of the perfumed morning air. "How wise and good of the great God to make everything so splendid and so charming—mountains and valleys, forests and rivers, and the blue sky above us." It was indeed a delicious garden spot of earth through which the carriage bore them, and the grand panorama unrolling before the ravished eyes of Joachim was well calculated to affect his delicate and sensitive nature.

The tutor smilingly observed his young companion, whose enthusiasm had brought a tinge of color to his cheek, and said to him: "My dear Joachim, we should recognize the Creator in His works. This all-powerful God, who is goodness itself, has spread open before us the great book of nature, in order that by reading it we may learn to love and admire the Author of so many marvels. The little blade of grass that springs up in the meadow and the almost invisible flower that blooms by the wayside reveal to us the infinite Being as truly as does the mighty roaring of the thunder or the furious clamor of the ocean. We should feast our eyes upon the beauties of nature merely to let them afterward impress our souls. Indeed, those who know how to appreciate the beauty of this vast universe, masterpiece of God's handicraft, have, as a general rule, good and tender hearts. Only such souls as are clothed and dulled by sin and vice can gaze on nature's beauty with careless, inattentive eyes."

Suddenly the harmonious tranquility of the morning was broken by a discordant note—a cry as of one in pain. The travelers looked out, and saw, just a few rods ahead, a poor child in rags lying on the roadside, exposed to the fierce rays of the sun. He was sobbing bitterly; and as the carriage approached, he endeavored to rise and walk on, but sank back again upon the ground, for his right ankle was all swollen.

The carriage stopped; and the young traveler, jumping out, asked the little sufferer what the matter was. The boy, a poor young goatherd, replied:

"About ten minutes ago a milk cart came down the hill here at full speed. I hurried to get out of the way; but before I got across the road I was thrown down, and one of the wheels went over my ankle. Without stopping to help me or paying any attention to my cries, the milkman drove on. And oh, how my ankle hurts!"

Another spell of sobbing followed this explanation. Joachim immediately pushed his way through the hedge that bordered the road, and hurrying down a sloping bank, dipped his cap in a brook, bringing water to quench his thirst, then taking his white linen handkerchief, he bound it around the inflamed ankle. The little foot, brown as a berry, peeped out of this unusual wrapper like a weather-beaten stump out of a field of snow.

"Where do you live?" asked Joachim.

The lad mentioned a village several miles away in the mountains.

"Well, you can't go home now. You'll have to come with us to Carpineto. Your ankle will be attended to there."

The goatherd smiled his thanks; and, assisted by his young benefactor, rose to his feet and hobbled toward the carriage.

"What are you about, Joachim?" asked the tutor, in surprise.

"What am I about? Why, doing what every Christian ought to do—assisting the unfortunate."

"And are you going to bring him home? What will your papa and mamma say?"

"They will say that I did well. Can we leave this poor little sufferer here all alone? Wouldn't anybody else do as I am doing?"

So saying he helped the lad into the carriage; and, getting in himself, arranged one of the cushions under the swollen ankle. The tutor gave his pupil an encouraging tap on the cheek, and the horses set off with redoubled speed to Carpineto.

Joachim's mother at first opened her eyes pretty wide at sight of the unexpected guest, whose exterior was not very attractive; but as soon as she heard the sad story she at once sent for the family physician, who in a short time was able to relieve the suffering lad.

Joachim was jubilant, and in his large beautiful eyes there twinkled tears of tenderness and joy.

"Did I not do right, mamma?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, my dear boy, you acted nobly," was the reply, as the proud and happy mother brushed back the brown curls and kissed him fondly.

We don't know whether or not the young goatherd of 1817 is still alive; but as mountaineers are a hardy race, he possibly is; and, in that case, we are sure he often tells his little grandchildren how tenderly he was aided long, long ago by the gentle young Joachim Pecci, whom the world knows nowadays as Pope Leo XIII.

Success.

What is "success?" When may a woman know that she has achieved it? In its accepted form it is worth a struggle? Does it crown with honors and esteem that will repay self-denial, self-repression, self-immolation such as it calls for? Most certainly it does not. Too much has been said and written, thought and done with an eye to its pursuit, and the false teaching that has resulted in an exaggerated idea of individual importance cannot too strongly be condemned. It is not true that each one of us has "a career," if we choose to follow it. It is not true that each one of us is of immense weight and importance as an example, a helper, a guide. "Every tub stands on its own bottom," says the unadorned Spanish proverb, and it conveys a valuable lesson. Each one of us is responsible, absolutely responsible, for the life we live. If it be evil, we are to blame and must suffer for it. If it be good, we may be thankful for the reward in all humility. But we need not think that we are forever making or marring the future, temporal or eternal, of those we encounter. The justice of God is too careful of the others for that. It is just as careful of each one of them as it is of us, and it will provide for each one every opportunity that is necessary for growth upward, independent of our presence or absence. Neither is it a burning question with the future of the world that we make "a success." A sweet and kindly thinker says some very apt and pregnant words on this subject: "It isn't absolutely necessary, you know, to have one's mind tremendously cultivated or to draw a salary with four figures in it in order to be able to say that one has made the most of life. A woman may work for nothing at home or toil all day in a mill and still be a much greater success than a college graduate. If one tries to make the very best of one's opportunities, if one tries to do right always under all circumstances, if one is unselfish, one may be sure that life will be a success in the real true sense."

The "real true sense!" That is the thing to consider. And when one thinks of the rest of soul and mind that will come to women when this horrible fever of senseless "ambition" is past, within the faithful and earnest workers within narrow limits are appreciated and imitated as they surely will be, one longs for the voice that shall startle the dreamers into clear-eyed wakefulness. The struggle for "an education" that means nothing and is not needed, the struggle for "a refinement and culture" that is not real, is poorly taught by the vulgar and uncultured, and is a hindrance to home comfort and filial affection—sooner or later this struggle will cease and women will be content to do "the next thing," the duty close at hand to day, without "yearning" or planning or dreaming of a future to be reached only by days and months and years of overtaxed brain and starved soul. The gentle teacher we have already quoted continues and ends thus:

"The very best ideal of life they (the girls) can set up is to be cheerful, to be unselfish, to do the duty nearest with all one's strength. Sometimes it is good for one to think that perhaps, after all, God meant us to be one of the little wheels in the great clockwork of the world, and you know that little wheels are quite as important to the proper running of a clock as the large ones."

Truly, ninety-nine hundred thousand out of each million of us are very little wheels indeed. It is time to acknowledge it. — Theo. in Catholic Standard and Times.

A PLEA FOR THE BOYS.

"Boys are often self-conscious, awkward and ungainly. This makes them by self-contradiction, lack the minor graces which facilitate intercourse. But one, sweet, kindly word can straighten out the tangled knot of future manhood, and make him feel all glorious within and without. The want of this goodly word will confirm the awkwardness and restrain the budding promise of the boy. Let a grown person go, but don't banish the boy from the home circle. Take out some of your useless bric-a-brac, cracked teapots, and esthetic crockery, and let God's image of your yourselves have right of way. Remove the furniture and make a space for living souls."

"If the sister's fastidious regard for other boys, and various other repellent causes too numerous to mention, drive the lad away from the home circle, even eternity itself may prove too brief for the consequent regret. All young folks desire sympathy and friendship—boys as much as girls, girls as much as boys—and their griefs, troubles, successes, and delights are as intense and real to them as yours and mine."

"Let the visitors who are invited by your son be treated with kindness more than ordinary. He will bring his society to you instead of forming acquaintances from whom you pray he should be delivered; and the boy thus treated goes into the world with a shield against evil—a rampart even to

the blue sky of God against the assaults of vice; it is the memory of home and the parents who love him."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Married and Settled.

It is to be presumed that if you have married a wife you have done so to live as happily with her as human nature will allow. There will be minor differences of opinion, even in the best regulated households, but there ought to be none that can not be settled by a little yielding on both sides. No man or woman is always right, and there are times when fretfulness and ill-temper will obscure the fine qualities of the most good natured person. At such times words will be said and things done that will show how imperfect humanity is, even in the young husband, but when the perpetrator comes to a realizing sense that he is wrong he should acknowledge his fault. He will find, probably, that his equally inexperienced wife will meet him half way. I know a very good man who says an apology is a mistake, and so he is constantly misunderstood. If he would now and then make a concession, his own life and the lives of his wife and children would be much happier. He means well, but, in the words of the current saying, he don't know. Compromise is the basis of harmony in all the relations of life, and its universal employment is what statesmen and poets have longed for—"the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But this compromise in domestic affairs can never be effected if the husband is continually telling his wife's faults to his friends and acquaintances, or if she is advertising his petty failings to her neighbors, who like nothing better than a little matrimonial difference to gossip about. No matter what the faults of a married couple are they should keep them to themselves. It will do no good to publish them to the world. They can never be corrected in that way. There should be the utmost confidence between husband and wife, if there is to be any approach to happiness. If your wife does not come near the ideal that you imagine a good wife should be there is a way of indicating this without a quarrel. A woman is quick to take a gentle hint, unless she is morally depraved and will see nothing beyond the attainment of the means to gratify her whims and her passions. At all events, remember the honeymoon only lasts a short time, and that a young couple rarely live together six months without a disagreement. Do not consider this too seriously, as a rock ahead which will wreck your future lives. Do not let your temper get the better of your judgment, and to-morrow you will smile at the little disturbance in your voyage of life. If you agree with your wife to disagree on certain questions, without getting angry, you will never have any prolonged trouble in your home arising from what our Protestant friends call "incompatibility of temper," when they desire to obtain a divorce on slight cause or provocation.

Bear in mind that if you would have harmony in the house you must not keep all your good humor for those you meet beyond the portals of your home. Don't save all your smiles and politeness for the girls you used to know, and don't keep all your bright sayings for the men who were your chums before you became a Benedict. Because a woman has taken you for better or for worse, it does not follow that you should be always showing her what the dramatist calls the seamy side of a man's nature. You should be just as courteous in your treatment of her after marriage as you were before, and familiarity should never breed contempt between husband and wife.

There are some men who think it is mainly to be rude to their matrimonial partners. They delight in repeating the lying old rhyme which says:

"A woman, a dog and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be."

Such fellows as this always speak of a wife as "the old woman," when they should know there is no better or more expressive word than that of wife. In what are called polite circles a husband usually refers to his wife as Mrs. —, with the addition of his own surname.

This is no better, in its way, than "old woman." One is too familiar and the other too formal. Do not imagine from what I have said that "when a man marries his trouble begins." It begins with a human being's first tooth; perhaps sooner—Benedict Bell, in Sacred Heart Review.

Building Construction.

The best work is the work that is carefully planned beforehand; patchwork is seldom tolerable, and can never be admirable, and the man who, sitting down with his purpose, plans how to carry it out, with his eyes fixed on the future as well as the present, is the man who is doing lasting work.

You get lost in a wood because you cannot see more than a few yards ahead of you. A captain starts out from Liverpool for New York with his way marked down on his chart beforehand. He must stick to the particular curve which he takes up or he will not get quickly to port. Everything is made to serve that purpose: the sun and the compass and the stars are consulted, until at last, by the carrying out of a fixed purpose, he finds himself at the haven where he would be. In the old slavery days in the Southern States, when the slaves attempted to escape towards Canada, travelling by night and hiding by day, their guide was the north star, toward which, as you know, two of the stars in the Great Bear constantly point.

Again, not only is work better done

when planned before hand, but a man who has a purpose puts an intensity into his work which would otherwise be impossible. A life's purpose concentrates energy as a burning glass concentrates the sun's rays, and if you would seek the reason of the earnestness and effort that some men throw into their work, you will find it in the fact that they have before them some definite object in view. The merchant has the successful carrying on of his business, the soldier the victorious termination of a campaign, the apprentice the acquisition of the necessary skill and knowledge to enable him to perform his work.

Have you any such purpose in your life? Young as you are, have you put before yourself something other than mere self-pleasing—some vision on the Mount for the accomplishment of which you are willing to make some sacrifice, to offer some of the life-blood of heart and love and brain? Believe me, dear fellows, absence of purpose in life is one of the most fertile sources of shipwreck in the great cities where we live. It was when David ceased to go forth with the armies of Israel, and loitered at home when he should have been heading his regiments, that the grievous temptation came which brought his gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave. Progress toward a good object, pursued with earnest purpose, is in itself a safeguard to many a young man. When you stop the engines the ship begins to drift. Some of you are bicyclists; can any of you sit upon a machine when it is still? Do you not know that progress means safety? That velocity is necessary for equilibrium? Stop your machine and down you go: keep it full steam ahead, and your difficulty vanishes.

Finally, not only should a man have a purpose, but that purpose must be a right one. He must work according to the right pattern, or his work will end in smoke. "See that thou build according to the pattern," was the message that God sent sounding through the heart of His prophet as he went down from the Mount. How would God do this? How would God act? What would God say? There, if you will look for it, you shall find a pattern as perfect and as high as you can desire. If you would be a prophet, prophecy consists in catching some of God's thoughts and spelling them out so that the world may understand them, and the greater the prophet, the more he will find of God in the humbler things of life. He who spoke as never man spake, took the sparrows and lilies, the grass of the field, the sower, the little child, and spelled out God's name from such so-called trifles as these in such a way that they have never wholly lost the divine significance with which He has hallowed the humblest things. Have you not to build something? Not, I know, a tent, not, perhaps, a house; but, at least, a life and a character; you cannot help building, dear fellows. Has God no message for you this very day, when He tells you to build after a right pattern? Look upward, not downward. Look at your pattern on the Mount, and be not like that man that Bunyan tells of in his immortal allegory, working in the mire with a muckrake, while an unseen crown of glory vainly hovers above him. Build nobly, build truly, for build you must. You may build on the sand, you may throw together the bricks of your character, as it were; you may expect the hours and the minutes of your lives so that they shall provide no shelter for man or beast, so that no one shall be the wiser, or the better, or the happier, for your work, or you may so build as to construct everlasting habitations. Let me leave with you God's message to Moses: "See that you build according to the pattern shown you on the Mount."

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"Our Best Men."

Some of our jingo journals have whipped themselves into a mild fury because Cardinal Vaughan said lately that "in America the best men don't go into politics." Of course they don't and everybody knows it. The New York Sun's denial of so evident a fact reminds us of the London showman's description of the ostrich: "This bloomin' hamminal when 'unted, 'ides 'er 'ead in the sand, wainly imaginin' that because she can't see nobody, nobody cawn't see she." If the Sun reads its exchanges properly, it would see that all the editors in the country are scandalized by the corrupt doings of the other side; and many a bad politician has been scorched to a turn by The Sun in the heat of the election season. The plain people, too, have ideas about politicians, as these concluding lines of a homely ballad prove: He writes from in Denver, an' the story's mighty short; I just can't tell his mother—it'll crush her poor ole heart; An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her— Bill's in the 'ospital', but he don't say what it's fur.

—Ave Maria.

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