# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

## MAY 2, 1891.

# Sing Me the Old Songs.

All the day long have I listened your singing Dear little niece, whose least note is an anihum. Listened, me thought, to the singing of anice such sweet harmony rings in the such sweet harmony rings in the

For such sweet harmony rings in the cadence Of your grand voice, that in compass is god-like, under a way in the spirit.

ike. That we are carried away in the spirit To that fair land that is promised the pressed.

Trained as your voice is, 'tis Nature is sing-

Nature, not st., which can charm where art islicit. As is full proved when you sing homely topics. Yet there's a rapture in hearing glad music as it rolls free in the suscan of Danke. Or when you sing in the softest Uastilian, Changing such to a sad song of Heine's.

Oh, may your gift be a blessing from

heaven, Cheering mankind in their journeyings thither! Sing not for fame, nor for gain, but as duty Prompts your kina nature to comfort the wretched; Be it your mission to sing for the Masses; And, since your songs are a promise of

heaven, Chant the grand psalms of inspired old hymnists.

Many a time in the days that are burled, Though still by me they are sadly lived over There was another who sang me sweet home

50Dg<sup>4</sup> In a loved voice that is silent forever. Dear little niece, you know well my sad

desiest, And the old melodies, hallowed by mem'ry; Old recollections are silring this evening, And the old heart-break, that nothing can

Asks for the songs that were sung by that

other. Sing my loved songs, though it pain me to hear them; Sings me the old songs as she used to sing them.

-Bruce Munro. Ottawa, March 12.

THE TRUE STORY OF A CON-VERSION.

That God in His overwhelming mercy is continually calling human souls from the depth of ignorance and schism into the glerious light of the one true Church is a fact too well known to us, both in Eng land and Americe, to require any special explanation. But in the countries of the explanation. But in the solution of the north of Europe-such as Denmark, Nor-way and Sweden - where the light of faith has been so long extinguished, such miracles of grace are more rare, and the account of the conversion of a lady of high rank in the first named country, through the intervection of the present Cardinal Mermillod, may not be unintersting to our readers across the Atlantic We will give it very nearly in her own words.

"Brought up by a good and plous mother in the beautiful old castle of H----, my sisters and myself were trained in the straitest sect of Lutheranism. I larned all that our popular histories tell us of the horrors of the Catholic religion, and never failed to thank God for the pure. never failed to thank God for the purch light which had been revealed to us. I remember trembling with indignation when the old professor who taught us used to dilate on the terrors of the loguisition. the intrigues of the Jesuits, the vices of the Popes, the brutality of Gregory VII., and the like. Then when he went on to speak of the immorality of the priests, the speak of the immorance of the priests, the ignorance of the monks, and the gradual but certain decay of the Catholic faith throughout the world, I felt myself greatly relieved, and used to look forward confidently to the glorious day when the pure Gcepel would be everywhere preached, when the Bible should be once more given when the Bible should be once more given back to souls groaning under the Cathoik yoke, and when the hymns of Luther would be sung in the basilica of St. Peter's, while all the idols which now filled it would be trampled under foot. I had never seen a Catholic in my life, for the mission of Svendborg did not then exist; and if I had ever met one I should have

had nothing else to do and the weather had nothing else to do and the woather was too hot to go ont in the middle of the day, my husband and I spent more than half our time in reading. I found out every day not only how sheard my ideas were about the ignor-ance, superstition and idolatry of Ostholics, but also that I really knew nothing whatever either of religion, phil-osophy or history. In the evening I used to meet and talk to village children, and when I told one of them once that he love, and I hastened to take my leave, not, however, before the superior had gently said she 'would pray for me.' I was much too indiguant at the moment to feel any gratitude for her prayers, and was only relieved when I got ourside and was only relieven when 1 got outse and heard the convent gates close behind me "Wnen I came back to the botel I mentioned my 'escapade' to my friends at the table d'hote, who could not find words strong enough to blams my impru dence. 'Thank God that you have been kept ssfely,' exclaimed one Augilean minister ; while a Calvinist added : 'To

to meet and talk to village children, and when I told one of them once that he worshipped the Biessed Virgin Mary the boy laughed in my face, and gave me so clear a theological answer that I was both ashamed and confused at my ignorance. Strangely enough, all this time I had never dreamed of becoming a Catholic myself. I studied the question as I should have done natural history or any other celence, without ever thinking of it as affecting my soul. The good canon came very often to see us both, and we became minister; while a Calvinst added: '1'o go (filke that \_\_sll alone-without glving us any warning! What if you had dis-repressed altogether and nover been allowed to come back?' A third said: 'You would not have been the first victim, I assure you. You do not know, perhaps, that there are vast subterranean chambers in Catholic convents where people are constantly inmured. I, who stretting my soli. The good come very often to see us both, and we became very fond of bim and used to enjoy the theological disputes we had together, in which, I am bound to say, we always came off second best. Rut his pottence speak to you, have known more than one pers to you, have known more that one person who, having ventured as you did to-day, have been entomed in cold, damp, dark dungeons, where an abjuration was extolled from them by dint of hunger and then ar came of scould dest. At this patched and sweetness were unalterable, even when Lueed to say to him: Yas! I see you are right; but as for me, nothing would ever induce me to become a Cath-

lil-usage." "I was horrified at these apparently truthful revelations, and took very good care never to venture again near a con-vent. After that I became indifferent to olic !! "At last I became secretly alarmed at In a loved woice that we have well my saw bear little niece, you know well my saw the subject. My that a seen and heard ied, and the little I had seen and heard ied, and the little I had seen and heard ied, and the little I had seen and heard ied, and the little I had seen and heard aver me (however absurd this may seem) a certainty that I knew all about it, and that the superiority of my education made Catholiciem no earthly danger to me. "Filled with this comfortable self com-desreet, superiority of where the superiority of the self of the superiority of the self of the se the inclination I felt growing in me to wards Catholicism I remembered all I had been taught about guarding my pure Protestant faith against the instituous wiles of the Papists; so that I resolved to go and con sult a noted Lutheran pastor at Geneva, to open my heart to him, and get him to reawsken my Protestant z al and strengthen me against the ravenlog wolves placency I went to Switzerland, where we passed the summer of 1881. If others who were striving to entrap and destroy prepare themselves by prayer and solitude to listen to the voice of God, my prepara-tion was of a different kind. We stayed my soul. I went accordingly and knocked at the pastor's house. It was his wife who at the pastor's house. It was his whice whice opened the door, together with haif a dozon little children, who were sent in different directions to look for their papa. He was not, however, to be found; and at a beautiful hotel in Geneva, which was at a beautiful hotel is Geneva, which was full of people of every nationality. Eng lish, Americans, Russians, Spanish, French, Poles, Austrians, even Turks met day by day around that table d'hote and made more or less acquaintance. We happened to be placed at a table near a Polish fam-ily — the Comtesse M — and her son, with whom we became very intimate till our accompinance signed into real friend. He was not, however, to be found; and his wife then suggested that I should tell his wife then suggested that I should explain her what I wanted and she would explain it all to her husband. Bat I had imbibed too many Catholic notions about confession to find such a proposal acceptable, and therefore begged her to ask the pastor to come and see ma. He did so several times; but when I propounded my diffiour acquaintance rivened into real friendour sequentiates formed into the international sector of the second sector of the second sector of the second sector is a second sector of the sector Comtesse M- was a fervent culties to him he answered me so vaguely and satisfactorily that I was more perand satisfactorily that I was more per-picked than ever. The canon had only asked me to pray to God for light, and this I did with my whole heart. My hus-band was in the same state of mind as myself; yet we neither of us thought it would be possible for us to become Cath-olics, knowing the very strong Protestant not only very clever and intelligent, but

not only very clever and intelligent, but a thorough woman of the world, so that with infinite tack abe never uttered a word that I could take amiss, in spite of the ridiculous things which I said to her on Output university that had here take Catholic subjects, which I had been told by my Luineran advisers. When her son came in and joined us, he was less in-dulgent, and I used to see that he was s dulgent, and I used to see that he was convulsed with laughter now and then at my stories of Popes and priests and nuns, I though he tried to lock grave and remain silent. He evidently thought mextraor-dinarily simple and credulous (not to say stupid) for believing such things, and I felt inclined to be angry with him, yet could not but admire his own strong and honest convictions, so that we remained

measure in order to test our real position ; and that was to ask the Lutheran pastor honest convictions, so that we remained good friends.

and that was to set the Lundrah passor to admit us to holy communion in his church. He, knowing our state of mind, hesitated to give us permission and, in fact, refused it. Then I said to him : "It was about that time that Monselg-nor Mermillod had returned from Sweden and settled himself at Monthoux, near Well, I feel I must have communion in and settled himself at Monthoux, near Geneve, a beautiful villa belooging to the Comtesse Elise de Montailleur, which she had piaced at his disposai. Comtesse M ——invit d me to go with her and pay him a little visit, saying it would Interest me to hear about his journey to the north, at d that he would be sure to receive me with kindness. I hesitated for a long time before I could make up my mind to visit a blahop of so terrible a sect as I still thought the Roman Catholics were, but at has yielded to her persuasions, saying to him what we had settled to do. I im-plored him to forget, for a moment, that he was a Catholic Bishop and advise me only as a kind and distincerested friend; for, of course, as a bishop, he could only condemn our intended action. He said only a few, wise words and did not attempt to dissuade us. last yielded to her persuasions, saying to myself, 'that he could not be more terrible than the brigands we had met in Corsica ; that my husband knew where I was going and would come and rescue me if sary, and that Comtess M - herself would protect me.' So, the next morn-ing, we started through the beautiful and if I had ever met one I should have been very careful to avoid so dangerous contact. The very idea that such a people existed filled me with a vague terror, mingled with a deep pity for their ignor-ance ard superstitions I had, in fact, wiss frontier and perceived on a heigh such a fear of meeting one that I remem-Swiss frontier and perceived on a height the church and house of Monthoux, partly hidden by the trees. Driving through a high gate, we came to a door covered with rosts and beautiful creeping plants, in the ber feeling guite faint when, in a railway carriage in Germany, I found myself for the first time face to face with a Catholic midet of a lovely garden, which door orened into a pretty sitting room on the ground floor. Whilet the servant went "The author of the Imitation says that 'those who travel much santify them selves with difficulty.' But he had evi-dently not been in northern lands. To ground floor. Whilst the servaut went to announce us, I made a rapid inventory of everything in the room so as to try and judge of the tastes of the owner. The pictures on the wails and the books and papers on the table all pleased my fastidious taste. Then the Bishop came in. Contesse M pre-sented me and he began to talk of his S redish journey, which put me at my ease at once. A little later he showed me some Danish newspapers which had been such people I should, on the contrary, strongly urge the need of travel to open their eyes; and advise them to leave countries where Catholicism does not exist countries where Catholicism does not exist and find out for themselves into what gross errors they had been led by those who speak only of the horrors and iniqui-ties of the Church of Rome. "God gave me this grace, for when I marited my husband's delicate health obliged us to go south, and in 1880 we started for the Island of Corsics. I was then just twanty one wars of age, and. ease at once. A fittle ister ne snowed me some Danish newspapers which had been sent to him, giving an account of several opisodes in his Scandicavian mission, and asked me to translate them for him, which I adading undertook to do. But mhan a started for the Island of Corsica. I was then just twenty one years of sge, and, although I carried a great Bible in my trunk, I practiced my religion very little. I used to like to go into the churches of Ajacelo, however, and feit a great sweet-ness in being able to pray at any time, kneeling on those marble pavements, where everything seemed to speak to me of God whereas in my Protestant home all the churches were shut except on Sun-I gladly undertook to do. But when a few words were said about religion I thought I ought to be on my guard, and I asked him not to make any attempt to convert me, as I was firmly resolved never to become a Catholic He only smiled and then he and Comtesse M began talking of serious things and of those eternal truths which are common to both Protest. all the churches were shut except on San auts and Catholics, while I listened with more and more interest, thinking of my good and plous mother and feeling that, days. I went there so often, in fact, that my husband became alarmed and forbade it. A Protestant pastor, strangely enough, interposed in my favor, telling my husband that it was, after all, an innocent good and pious mother and reading that good and pious mother and really important points. Before our visit ended the Bishop had wou not only my respect but my confidence and sflection. "A few days later, his scretary, Oanon pleasure; that there was no fear of my orthodoxy being affected, and that there was no reason why I should not enjoy the "A few days later, his accretary, Uanon Guillermin, came to fetch the translations I had promised him. We were then stay-ing at Veyrler-scous Salere, the great beat of Geneva having compelled us to leave the town for the summer. I happened to be out when the canon called and he found my husband alone. This was beauty of the Corsican churches ; so that the town for the summer. I happened to be out when the canon called and ho found my husband alone. This was really a providential circumstance, for they outered at once into a conversation on religious subjects, and my husband did not hestate to pour out freely all his pre-judtees and erronecus ideas as to the Catholic Ohurch; but only to find them dispelled one by one. He never made any objection after that to my server and formation and the server made any objection after that to my server made after that I was left alone. "One day I went to a great convent in the Rue 'Cours Grandval,' and, ringing at the cloister gate, asked to be allowed to visit it. It was the first time. I had not visit it. It was the first time I had ever seen any Catholic nuns close at hand and my object was pure curlosity. They were very kind to me and showed me all over very kind to me and showed me all over their beautiful gardens, which were full of roses and lilles. Then I was taken into the parlor, and there something that I add made them ask me if I were a Cath olic. My answer filled them with sur-price and pity, and when I went ont country where people had done without Catholicitm very well for upwards of three hundred years, the disgust they evidently felt for me wounded my self

godmother, gave me a beautiful rosary and crucifix blessed by the Pope. The day came, and the little church of

Monthoux was gaily decked with flowers by our sympathizing friends. "My husband made his confession first, I walking up and down in an agony out-side the church meanwhile, not knowing how great is the sweetness and case of the index of the second state of the under. that sacrament when once it is fully understood.

stood. "Then on two prie-deux, before the sitar, we knelt and both made our abjura-tion; after which Holy Mass was said, and we received from the Bishop's hand the Bread of Life. Then he deigned to give us the escrament of Confirmation, ad-dressing us in that piternal and beautiful language with which those who know him

language with which those who know him are so familiar. • Of the intense bappiness of that hour I caunot speak. We both seemed flooded with grace and blessings, and as if life would never be long enough to express our deep and heartfelt gratitude. • Nine years have now elapsed since that day, and each year has found us more therearbly contented and more deeply

that day, but each year has found at more thoroughly contented and more deeply gratefal for the infulte grace vouchsafed to us, while so many of our countrymen are planged in the darkness of heresy and abbre? schism

It is almost impossible for English or Americans who see and hear so much of Catholicity, and so many of whom have some friend or relation in that faith, to some friend or relation in that lattice believe the amount of ignorance, preju-dice, and actual violence which exist in the porthern countries of Europe against the Catholic Church. All we can do is to pray, and that earnestly, that the light may once more by youthafed to all "who may once more be vouchsafed to all "who sit in darkness and the shadow of death," sit in darances and the enadow of death, so that in God's good time all may be one in faith and hope and in that divine char-ity which "hopeth all thing," "believeth all things," and which "never faileth"— Mary Elizabeth Herbert in April Catholic World.

NOT PREJUDICED AGAINST CATH-OLICS.

LETTER WRITTEN BY HENRY CLAY TO HIS GRAND-DAUGATER ABOUT

TO TAKE THE VEIL. Notre Dame, Ind, March 27 - The Bishop's Memorial Hall of the University Bishop's Biemorial Hall of the University of Notre Dame has received from Arch-bishop Jaussens, of the Archdlocese of New Orleans, the original of a letter written by Henry Cisy to his grand-daughter in 1849, when she was about to become a nun. This is the full text of the letter : "Ashland, October 27, 1849

olics, knowing the very strong Protestant feeling in both our families and the horror "MY DEAR GRAND DAUGHTER: I received and DEAR GRAND DAUGHTER: I received and read attentively your letter of the 10:h inst. My perusal of it touched and affected me greatly, as it did your grand-ma. It was full of feeling and sentiments, so justly conceived in such a true, Chris-tian suffit and marked by such affective which such a step would inspire in their minds. My only consolation was in going to Monthoux and having long talks with the Bishop, who, in spite of his over-whelming occupations, always found time tian spirit and marked by such affectionate whelming occupations, always is also time to give mean explanation of my difficul-ties and to say a few words of hope and encouragement, which were as balm to my troubled spirit. attachment to us and all your relations that we read it with the deepest interest. Walle we could not disapprove, we were seriously and sorrowfully concerned by your resolution to adopt the veil, and dedicate the rest of your life to the service "At last I resolved on a desperate of God ia a convent. Wa would not dis of God in a convent. We would not dis-approve it because you say that your determination has been deliberately formed, and because yon are solemnly convinced that it will be conducive to your present and future happiness. But your present and future happiness. But it is a grave and serious step, resembling in the separation from your felends and relations which it involves so much the awful separation which death itself brings about that we could not but feel intense

distress. "Your happiness, my dear grandchild, "Your happiness, my dear graduants, has ever been an object of intense surviey and solicitude with us. If it is to be promoted by the execution of the purpose you have in view, I would not, if I could, dissuade you from from it. I have no dissuade you from from it. I have no prejudices against the Catholic religion: on the contrary, I stucerely believe that ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, attempt to disuade us. "On the Sanday following, accordingly, after the table d'hote in the evening, when we had made a coplous repast, i announced to our astonished friends that we were going to the Protestant temple to make our communion. "In Denmark the custom is as follows: "After, what is a wild i confession." "After the table d'hote in the evening, world as the most pious Protestant. All that I hope is that you will not act on any suden impulse or ill considered and im-mature resolution; but that you will deliberately again and egain examine your own heart and consult your best judg-Typewriting. ment before you consummate your in-tention. Write me at Washington, and in the event of your taking the and in the event of your taking the ver-let me know what provision exlets for your support and comfort and whether any and what pecuniary aid may be proper or expedient from your friends. "Adlea, my dear grandabild, may God enlighten, guide and direct you; and if we never meet scale in this world, may we never meet again in this world, may we meet in the regions of eternity and there join my beloved daughter, your lamented mother. Such also are the prayers of your grandma. Your affection-tic grandfathar. H. Cray " ate grandfather. H. CLAY." May offers specially favorable circum hay oners specially tayorable circum-stances for driving catarrh out of the system, and every sufferer from this loath-some disease should use Nasal Balm for that purpose. It cares when all other remedies fail if the directions are faithfully othered is a nine bettle will evel will be adhered to. A single bottle will convince you of its merit. Sold by all dealers.



The smell of the cork won't cure you. Rest assured of that, Madam. That's common sense in a nutshell. Do not take a dose or so of the Placed's Facerite Pro-

Madam. That's common take a dose or a nutshell. Do not take a dose or so of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-scription and expect to feel well immediately. You may find mar-velously speedy effects from its use, but chronic, or lingering, dis-eases, which have had possession of the system for years, can't be cured in a day. Such maladies are gen-erally slow in their inception, slow in their progress, and must be cured, if at all, by slow degrees and regular stages. Bereaverance in the use of the

and regular stages. Perseverance in the use of the tion"

Perseverance in the use of the tion" produces health. Wonder "Favorite Prescription" for a rea-is that there's a woman willing to sonable length of time will cure suffer when there's a *guaranteed* all those chronic weaknesses, ir-

# Toucational.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY. Under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Amberst-burg, Ontario. This educational establish-ment highly recommends itself to the favor of parents and useful education. The scholastic year, completing ten months, opens at the begluning of September and closes in July. Terms, haif yearly in advance, Board and Tultion, per and the scholastic year and use of Plano, \$34 are in Frawing and Painting, \$15:00; Bed and Bedding, \$10:00; Washing, \$12:00. For further information, apply to the Sister Superion. COLLECCE SAND. Flower for Each Day of the Month of 10 Month of May. A Flower Every Evening for Mary..... The Month of May, by A. M. S.... Month of Mary, by Dr. Bussl. The Month of Mary for Religious Com-A SSUMPTION COLLEGE, SAND. 75 Loretto.... Mater Admirabilis..... A Crown for our Queen, by Rev. A. J. A with, ORT. The studies embrace the Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per snnum. For full particulars apply to the REV. D. CUSRING, C. d. B. First Communion Pictures For Girls, or Boys, French or English, 6ix10, per dozen..... For Boys, or Girls, French or English, Complete Classical, Philosophical and 9x12, per dcz9n..... For Girls, with figures, Sacred Heart, Commercial Courses, and Shorthand and French or English, size 12x18, per doz.. 72 French of English, size lasts, per doz., 72 For Further particulars apply to

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"After what is called 'confession,' which consists in an exbertation from the pastor, while the penitents say nothing, pastor, while the pentents and imposes his every one goes up to the communion table and kneels, while the minister pro-nonness the absolution and imposes his nonnees the absolution and imposes his hands on the head of each person, after which he gives them the bread and wine. But in Geneva, as the pastor's wife told But in Geneva, as the pastor's whe told me, this antiquated but reverent mode of action is entirely 'out of fashion.' Every one stays in his or her place while the minister sits on a little stool, and then the communicants rise and receive the bread and wine standing before him. This was and wine standing before him. This was the last time that we either of us set our foot in a Protestant church. If we had our doubts before, we then acquired a blessed certainty that the truth was only to be found in the Catholic faith. This was

"We walked home in silence towards

"We walked home in stience towards the hotel. It was late and the moon had just risen behind Mont Blance. When we came to the bridge, my husband atopped and, pointing in the direction of Monthoux said to me: 'I have had enough of this. We cannot lose our souls to please our families, and cannot resist

to please our families, and cannot resist God's grace any longer under the pretext of wanting still further time for reflection. I see clearly which is the true Caurch of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I am deter-mined to belong to it. If you think as I

mined to belong to it. If you think as I do, let us go to morrow to Monthoux and ask mous-igneur to receive us?' "My joy may be imagined. I had never dared hops that my dearest hus-band would so soon share my convictions; and now all difficulties had vanished, and together we were to take this, the most important step in our whole lives! The next morping my husband was not your

Severe Cold Cured.

Severe Cold Cured. DEAR SIRS — My mother was attacked with a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and, on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried. MRS KENNEDY, Hamilton, Ont.

MRS. BARNHART, cor. Pratt and Broad-MRS. BARNHART, cor. Pratt and Broad-way, has been a sufferer for twelve years through Rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, until recommended to try DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

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# From the Pacific Coast.

We quote from a letter recently received from Miss Eleanor Pope, Port Haney, B C. " For sore throat. coughs, croup, bruises, etc., Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best thing I have ever used."

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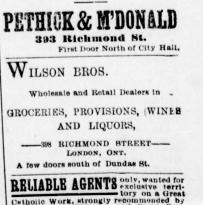
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