

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.
'I know you will suffer, too, but you are going away from here, you are going into fresh scenes, where you will have much work to do, little time to think; but I must stay here alone—here, where we have been so happy, everything reminding me of you, every one gone whom I love—Auntie, Guy, Mr. Vaughan, Vera—all, all gone; and now you, I must see the church without you, a stranger in your place. Oh! it will all be so very, very unbearable!'

Inexpressibly grieved at her keen sense of the suffering before her, Hugh wavered.
'I cannot leave you like this, Mabel—it would drive you mad. Either I must give up the voyage, and let things take their chance out there, or we must be married quietly at once, and you must go with me. Jessie would never wish to keep you if she knew all the misery entailed.'

'Oh! Hugh, let me say all I feel to you while you are with me; but for worlds do not speak to Jessie about it. I cannot leave, her, it is quite impossible, it would be too cruel; and as for you giving up your duty simply to spare me pain, why, that is almost more impossible than the other. No, no, I know it must be only it is a relief to speak all out to you, Hugh, darling Hugh, while you are still here to listen to me.'

'I will do all I can to get back by Christmas,' began Hugh, trying to smile, but here his overstrained courage broke down, and for a few moments he was thoroughly unmanned. Leaning his head down upon the table, he actually sobbed aloud.

Then, womanlike, Mabel crushed her own grief down into the depths of her heart, that she might comfort him. A few minutes before she had been hopelessly dejected, but she began to smile it off bravely, trying to look, for his sake, on the brighter side of things. Six months, or, at longest, a year, was, after all, not so very far off, that they need break their hearts about it. It would be such a comfort to know that he was doing his duty, and in after years to remember that they had not allowed their love for one another to interfere with God's work, which Hugh was bound to prefer before all. In the meanwhile she would have his letters, he should hear from her by every mail; and then, too, it could never be as bad as it was last year, for were they not sure of each other's affection? And was not that assurance enough to soften the hardest trial that could befall either of them? With such arguments, Mabel succeeded in restoring to Hugh his wonted self-command, which had been severely tested by the sight of her distress.

He himself, no longer a young man, was too much accustomed to the disappointments of life to be utterly prostrated by any grief that might come to him. Happiness was a thing so new to him, that Hugh, while accepting the gift of Mabel's love had looked forward to his union with her with a half-fearful joy. When, at the last moment, he saw his heart's desire so nearly accomplished, then, for a whole long year (God grant it were only that), so suddenly removed from him, Hugh, if the sacrifice to be made had only concerned himself, would, after a short struggle, meekly have bowed his will to the will of Heaven, and almost without showing a symptom of pain it cost him, have laid down his newly found treasure before the shrine of duty.

But, since Mabel's fate had become bound up with his own, since it was no longer possible for him to endure alone, since all suffering that affected him must also be shared by her, Hugh found it far more difficult to accept sorrow with resignation. His own share of the cross, no matter how heavily it rested upon him, he would bear bravely, but to see its shadow reflected upon Mabel's life was a very different thing, and this it was which had led him to betray his weakness.

Mabel's courageous efforts to put a bright face on the matter were therefore extremely comforting to Hugh. Once more they talked it over, each trying, for the other's sake, to repress useless repining, both feeling relieved, when the morning came to an end, that their plans were definitely settled.

Mabel, having made up her mind that the interests of the Church required temporary separation from Hugh, and that if she refused, her principles of self-devotion and loyalty to the Church would become compromised, immediately betook herself to make the sacrifice demanded in a proper spirit.

Here again the deep loyalty of her character became conspicuous, her conduct showing that the ardent attachment she had always manifested for her Church was, after all, a sober reality, and not, as so many were inclined to believe, the mere romance of a poetical imagination. Often, in the sunny days of her girlhood, Mabel had wished for an opportunity in which she might give evidence of her devotion to her faith. The time had come when her fidelity was to be severely tested, but Mabel was as true as she was loving, and the opportunity was not suffered to go by unnoticed.

she had thought about it night and day. It was a severe struggle, the sort of struggle which always comes when the heart, having promised great things to God, suddenly finds itself face to face with the test of its fidelity. It shrinks then, it is inclined to draw back, to find some excuse for substituting another sacrifice in room of the one actually demanded. Fancy, with her soft, alluring coloring, which used to gild the Cross still in the far distance, hides her face before stern reality. The path leading upwards to the golden, misty light of the imagination, looked so beautiful, now lies dark, thorny, rugged, straight ahead, with no treacherous distance to 'lend enchantment to the view.'

Then, if the heart be poor and fanciful, loving the sweets of religion for their own sake only, it will turn back in terror, it will wax cowardly, finally abandoning the struggle, seeking for itself some more flowery path to the heaven beyond; but if, on the contrary, that heart be a truly loyal one—no fear!—it will be faithful unto death! It may shrink when, at first, the Cross, unadorned by Fancy's gilding, rises up sharp and clear before it; but the shrinking will be overcome, the rebellion will be stifled, the victory will assuredly be won.

So it was with Mabel. From that morning, until the actual moment of parting, no one could have detected a sign of flinching in her steady determination to accept the bitter trial which had come upon her. So bravely did she bear up that even Hugh scarcely realized how exceedingly she suffered. Mabel had set herself a task, and she accomplished it. There was to be no weeping, no regretting, no murmuring. Outwardly she showed a smiling face, preserving as much as possible up to the very last her cheerful manner, which almost deceived Hugh into thinking that she was more reconciled to his departure than he had dared to hope she would be.

Jessie was still far too ill to remember anything about the voyage to Australia; nor did she refer to it in any way. She could scarcely bear to have Mabel out of her sight, which fancy of hers considerably added to poor Mabel's trouble, for it was indeed hard to be kept during those last precious days so much away from Hugh. She submitted, nevertheless, very patiently, remaining long hours together with Jessie, striving to forget herself, that she might console and sustain her brother's wife through her heavy affliction.

The evenings Mabel generally contrived to devote to Hugh. The weather continuing lovely, they were able to be out late; and very precious in after days was the memory of those quiet hours of the Summer 'gloaming.' Only too swiftly did the ten days glide onwards to their end.

The ship was to sail on the 12th, and Hugh remained at Evanston up to the very last moment, leaving only on the morning of the 11th. That last day, at least, Mabel was determined to have entirely to herself; so when, as usual, she took in the tray with Jessie's breakfast, after wishing her good morning, she plunged boldly into the subject.

'Shall you be able to do without me?—just for one whole day, darling Jessie?'
'Oh! why, Mabel? Where are you going? Please do not leave me,' said Jessie nervously.
'I am not going away; only this is the 10th, you know. Hugh must leave to-morrow—this is his last day.'

'Hugh going?—where to? Surely not to Australia without you, Mabel?' returned Jessie, looking very bewildered.
'You could not spare me, could you, darling?'
'Jessie lay back on her pillow with a long-drawn sigh; there was a moment's silence, after which she said, 'Mabel, I am afraid I have been very selfish. I forgot all about you. I am so sorry.'

'How could you think of any one, or anything, Jessie, darling? Indeed, I never expected you would.'

'Well, but, Mabel, why need Hugh go? Why can't he arrange to stay here and leave the mission to take care of itself? You ought to be his first thought. There is so much for him to do here. What can I do without him? I know nothing about the estate, or the money; and then there are the children—oh! dear, oh! dear, what will become of us all if he goes away now?'

'Hugh has arranged all,' said Mabel, decidedly. 'Darling Jessie, Guy's will appoints your brother as guardian, conjointly with Hugh, and he understands all about managing an estate better than Hugh does. As for the children, you and I will take care of them together; and then you know Hugh will be home again early next year.'

'But, Mabel, can he go and leave you?'
'Well, you see, Jessie, I won't leave you; and Hugh thinks—we both think—that he must not neglect his duty just because I cannot go with him, so we have agreed to part for a time. Hugh sails from Southampton the day after to-morrow; and now you understand why I want to be all day with him.'

'You are a good little thing, Mabel,' said Lady Forrester, reflectively. 'It's more than I would do; but it is a great comfort to me to think I shall not lose you, at least for the present. I could not do without you, Mabel. You are my only consolation now—you are so—so like my poor darling who is gone.'

'There, don't cry, darling,' whispered Mabel, soothingly. 'Take

your breakfast now. I won't leave you.'
'But I must see Hugh—he must not go without saying good-bye to me,' pursued Jessie, after a pause. 'Ask him to come this afternoon, Mabel.'

'Yes, Jessie, I will. And now tell me, will you spare me for to-day?'
'Of course, Mabel, go at once, dear. I will do without you—only let me see the children.'

'That will be good news for them,' said Mabel. 'Wilfrid has been breaking his heart about you, and Eva's eyes are so much better.'

'Ah! Eva's eyes!—that horrid journey to London! Oh! if I had never gone!'

'It could have made no difference, Jessie, darling.'

'No, I suppose not. But, there, run away, Mabel. God knows you'll have enough of me before you've had done; and I will not deprive Hugh of one moment.'

So Mabel and Hugh spent that last never-to-be-forgotten day together. Not in selfish repinings, or useless lamentations, did the precious moments glide away. One long, bright, sunny day—Mabel was determined it should be—the memory of which Hugh was to carry away with him to his far home beyond the seas. They talked quietly (scarcely alluding to their common heartache) of the future, with its hopes and its joys; of the present, with its duties and difficulties—both so surely working together for their eternal welfare.

In the afternoon Hugh went to pay Jessie a farewell visit. He had not seen her since the day of Guy's death, and he was much overcome by the sight of her, as she lay on the sofa, robed in her deep widow's mourning, looking but the shadow of her former self.

She was not strong enough to bear much talking, so Hugh remained only a quarter of an hour, then rose to say good-bye. She thanked him warmly for leaving Mabel with her, adding, she did not think she could live without her just then.

'I trust her, with you, Jessie,' responded Hugh, with a good deal of emotion. 'Guard my treasure for me. I could not leave you anything more precious. She is my all on earth, take care of her!'

'I will, indeed I will, Hugh,' said Jessie heartily. 'You shall have cause to repent that you lent her to me—believe me.'

'Was he to repent it? Poor Hugh! Jessie at least fully intended to be faithful to her promise.'

'And now, Hugh dear, dear Hugh, this is really the last,' said Mabel, some hours later, as they sat in the old spot, a spot of green grass, with a wooden background—from which a terrace sloped down to the sea—a fairy-ornament of Mabel's. 'There is the sea, Hugh, the beautiful, treacherous sea, which is so soon to take you from me; it looks calm enough now, but there will come many a rough day, and oh! how I shall tremble for you.'

'No need for that, Mabel. I shall soon be out of reach of any storms or winds that affect the English coasts.'

'Look at the sky, too, Hugh. Won't you carry that picture away with you? What a long, lovely day this has been, and now to end it, see that sky!'

The sun had almost disappeared, dipping down into the horizon, beyond the broad, blue expanse of ocean, leaving the western sky like a soft golden sea, upon whose placid bosom floated fairy islands of every shape and hue. Beyond this, and bordered by chains of snowy clouds, whose summits had caught the golden radiance of the setting sun, there seemed to stretch, far away as the eye could reach, a lake of turquoise blue, its rocks and shores gleaming with delicate rose-tints gradually shading off into purple, green, pearly-grey, or the yet deeper blue of aqua-marine. The beauty of the sky was reflected on the unrippled surface of the sea below, whose gentle waves scarcely made a sound as they rippled rather than broke upon the shore. Wood, water, beach, and rock glowed alike in the rich warm light of that Summer evening.

'Yes, Mabel,' returned Hugh, after a brief pause, during which, Mabel's hand clasped fondly in his, they silently gazed upon the peaceful scene. 'I shall scarcely see a more splendid sky than this, and shall often think of you, my darling! Ah! when shall we look at another sunset together?'

'When?—yes—when?' she repeated sadly. 'Do you know what I have been thinking about all day, Hugh?'

'What, darling?'

'Oh! Hugh.'

'Don't look so reproachful, my darling. But now, while we are on this subject, let me tell you how anxious I shall be to hear that they are not trying to influence you to change your religion.'

'I had almost forgotten those letters,' said Mabel, thoughtfully; 'but you need have no fear, Hugh. I will not become a Romanist. There must be reality in our own Church—I could not let you go now did I not believe that with my whole heart.'

'Never believe otherwise, my darling; and do not distress yourself with fears of the future sacrifices God may possibly ask of you. In all probability they are visionary; but 'as thy day so shall thy strength be,' you know, Mabel.'

So they talked on, and meanwhile the bright Summer evening drew to its close. It was quite dark when Hugh reluctantly took out his watch and found it was nearly 10 o'clock. Mabel rose from her seat.

'We must go home, Hugh. You are to be off very early. I must not let you stay up all night. Come now.'

She was cold, in spite of the warm Summer night, and Hugh felt his hand trembling as she laid it on his arm. Scarcely a word was spoken all the way back to the Castle—neither of them seemed able to utter a word, their hearts were too full; and both feared lest their courage should at the eleventh hour forsake them. Hugh, now that the actual moment of separation had come, needed all his strength to bear up at all, for, during the homeward walk, a foreboding had seized upon him—a foreboding he could neither account for nor shake off, that his happiness was about to slip away from him for ever on earth.

'If you were ill, Hugh,' Mabel had said to him ere they turned their backs upon the sea—'if you were ill, so ill that you could not come back to me, remember I would come out to you directly.'

'What, darling,' he had answered laughing, 'and face that 'teacherous sea,' as you call it, all alone, with all your horror of it? I should have to be at death's door indeed, my Mabel, before I would ask such a thing of you.'

'A thousand seas should not keep me from you, Hugh,' she had responded; and she saw the flashing of her resolute glance upwards, as though she took Heaven as a witness to the truth of her promise.

After that, silence fell upon them, and the terrible moment fast approaching became more terrible to Hugh because of his sudden nameless fear. Mabel remained courageous to the end, resolved not to give way until Hugh was no longer present to suffer by the sight of her sorrow. She drove back with a determined effort the tide of sickening anguish that was rising fast within her; and it was with a smile upon her face that she turned to Hugh for a final embrace.

He took her in his arms, pressing her again and yet again to his beating heart, in that long, delicious goodbye; she, meanwhile, resting passively upon his breast, looking up, without a tear, without a murmur, only with the sad, wistful wrapt gaze of unbounded love and confidence, into the silent agony of his hungry eyes.

No word was uttered, no vow asked or exchanged. Each knew the other too well, both were perfectly assured that their mutual love was a holy, a solemn thing, over which brooded God's own blessing—the true, the only bond of real union!

'Good-bye, Hugh, my darling Hugh!' whispered Mabel, when she felt she could endure no longer.

'Good-bye, my own, only darling!' he faltered hoarsely; after which, gently but firmly disengaging herself from his embrace, Mabel vanished into the house, and he saw her no more.

Hugh watched the dark door of the entrance hall close upon her with a feeling akin to despair. She was gone—gone perhaps for ever—and with her went his short dream of happiness.

There are some moments in life that will not bear describing. God in heaven knows their unutterable woe. It is best to alone should witness their weakness!

TO BE CONTINUED.

VICAR-GENERAL GAUTHIER.

REMEMBERED BY HIS PARISHIONERS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS PATRONAL FESTIVAL.

Brookville Times, Nov. 6.
Friday evening, Nov. 3, was an occasion which will long be remembered with happy recollection by the faithful people of St. Francis Xavier congregation, Brookville, it being the eve of the patronal feast of their beloved and popular pastor, Very Rev. Vicar-General Gauthier. The evening was all that could be desired, the sun shone brightly, a mild and gentle breeze wafted the last perfumes of the beautiful Indian summer days, through the trees, while all that remained of our beautiful fathers of the grove sang a hymn of thanksgiving to their Creator in melodious unison.

Fitting accompaniment to the above were the recues which took place at St. Francis Xavier School, and later in the evening in the pre-bytery of St. Francis Xavier. Precisely at 7 o'clock, p. m., the Very Rev. pastor, accompanied by Father McCarthy, C. C. of the parish, entered the girls' school, and was presented with a pure of gold, on behalf of the pupils of the school, by Miss Reta Ryan. The gift was accompanied by the following beautiful address, which was read with marked ability by Miss Katie Kehoe:

To the Very Rev. Charles Gauthier, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Kingston:
Your Reverend and Beloved Father—Once again it is our honored privilege to gather around you at this festive season, in order that we may renew the expressions of our love, gratitude and veneration.

We regret that circumstances intervened, which precluded the possibility of celebrating Saint Charles day, with the usual solemnity, but we hope, our gratitude as vicars upon earth, the Divine Master whom to follow, you spared all earthly honors, will Himself be your abundant reward for your personal test day.

Delight to accept, with the homage of our united wish that you may enjoy many happy returns of Saint Charles Day.

The very reverend pastor, in replying to the address, dwelt eloquently upon the cheerfulness and respectful demeanor ever shown him by the young ladies of this school, and the rapid and almost marvelous advancement made in their studies, both religious and secular. He expressed his warmest thanks to the pupils for their valuable gift and their beautiful address, and complimented them on having for teachers the ever zealous and saintly Sisters de Notre Dame, whose fame as teachers is nearly world-wide.

About 3 o'clock a similar scene took place in the boys' school, where a deputation of eight little boys—John English, Thomas O'Brien, Leonard Shields, Frank Beehler, Fred. Gillierhan, James Fitzgibbon, Langdon Leclair and James Daley—on behalf of the boys of the school, presented their pastor with a magnificent parlor set, accompanied by the following poetical address, which was delivered with singular skill by Master Leonard Shields:

Dear pastor, we've assembled
On this bright November eve,
To tender you our greeting,
Your blessing to receive;
To tell you of our grateful hearts,
That children love to tell—
The tale of our devotedness,
To him we love so well.
The tale of our affection deep,
And true and strong,
Who has cheered our path so long.

There is music for our boyish ears
In every word you speak;
There is comfort for our weary hearts
In everything you say;
In your kind and welcome smile,
While your mild and gentle manners
Bring us peace and joy to us,
And increase our daily joys.

Then may Heaven's choicest treasures
Sift your path this coming year;
May your work be crowned by victory,
May your sky be always clear.
May the stars of love shine on you,
And increase your daily joys.
And its rays reflect upon us,
Your Loving Parish Boys.

The Vicar-General thanked the boys heartily for their beautiful testimony of their respect and veneration for him, not as a man but as the pastor sent by Almighty God to testify to the glorious work which had been accomplished by Very Rev. Vicar-General Gauthier in this parish, and spoke feelingly of the kind and fatherly treatment which had been accorded to him by the Very Rev. gentleman since his advent to Brookville; he then dwelt upon the beauties of a Catholic education, declaring that it was the only system of education in the world which educated the whole man—the soul, the heart, the mind and the body; and lastly he complimented the pupils on having such excellent and zealous teachers to direct them in this the most important stage in their lives.

About 7 o'clock in the evening a deputation of the young ladies of the society of the Children of Mary waited upon the Vicar-General at the deanery and presented him with an elaborate address, accompanied by a magnificent and costly beaver cloth cloak of the satate style. In their address the young ladies thanked their beloved pastor for the great and glorious privileges which he had accorded to them by establishing in their midst the beautiful sodality of the Children of Mary, a sodality which has for its object the education of the world which educated the whole man—the soul, the heart, the mind and the body; and lastly he complimented the pupils on having such excellent and zealous teachers to direct them in this the most important stage in their lives.

About 8 o'clock in the evening another beautiful gift was presented in the shape of a magnificent camel hair dressing gown trimmed with crimson velvet, cord and tassel, also a beautiful baretta and stock. This costly and elegant present was the gift of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul Hospital.

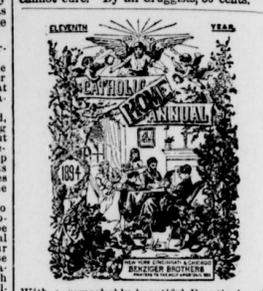
Up to a late hour in the evening a constant stream of congratulations in most cases accompanied by valuable gifts, continued to pour into the deanery, all testifying to the unbounded love and veneration of the good people of Brookville for their distinguished pastor.

It would not be meet to close the above sketch without referring to the generous and graceful act of courtesy and respect paid to the distinguished priest, about a week since, by a few Protestant admirers of Brookville, who, after returning from the World's Fair at Chicago, presented the Vicar-General with a purse of \$150, requesting him to visit the great exhibition, which he would so much more enjoy owing to the fact of his having travelled extensively through Europe and other parts of the world from which the exhibits came.

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